The gift of
John J. May,
of Dorchester.
27 Aug., 1858.
THE
WANDERING JEW.
BY EUGÈNE SÜE.
A NEW AND ELEGANT TRANSLATION.
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED
BY THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS OF PARIS.
IN TWO VOLUMES.
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THE SECRETARY.
THE WANDERING JEW.

PART XII.

THE PROMISES OF RODIN.

CHAPTER I.

THE UNKNOWN.

The following scene occurred the day after that on which Father d'Aigrigny had been so rudely thrust by Rodin into the subaltern post which the socius had previously filled.

* * * * * *

The Rue Clovis is one of the most lonely parts of the quarter of La Montagne Sainte Geneviève; and, at the time of this recital, the house numbered 4 in this street consisted of a principal building, traversed by a dark alley, which led to a small, dark court, at the bottom of which was a second building in a most dilapidated condition.

The ground floor of the first was converted into a shop, half under ground, where were sold coals, wood in bundles, some vegetables, and milk.

Nine o'clock had struck, and the shopkeeper, named Mother Arsène, an old woman with a gentle but sickly face, wearing a gown of brown dimity, and a red cotton handkerchief round her head, was standing on the bottom step of the flight which led to her cave, and was finishing the display of her stock—that is, on one side of her door she placed a tin milk pail, and on the other some bundles of withered vegetables, and some cabbages with faded, yellow heads. At the bottom of the staircase, in the shadow of the cellar, might be seen the glare from the burning embers of a little stove.

The shop, which was close to the alley, served for a porter's lodge, and the fruit-woman was the portress.

At this moment a charming little creature came out of the house, and entered, light and gayly, into Mother Arsène's.

It was the young girl called Rose-Pompon, the intimate friend of the Queen Bacchanal—Rose-Pompon, who was temporarily a widow, and whose bacchic, but respectful Cicasbeo, was, as we are aware, Nini-Moulin, that orthodox out-and-out (chicard), who, when need was, transformed himself, after his revels, into Jacques Dumolin the religious writer; passing thus easily from a wanton dance to ultramontane polemics—from the "stormy tulip" to a Catholic pamphlet.

Rose-Pompon had just left her bed, as appeared by the disorder of her early and whimsical toilet. For want, no doubt, of some other headdress, she had placed jauntily on her lovely light-brown hair, so silky and carefully adjusted, a foraging cap, borrowed from her gay costume of débardeur. Nothing could be more attractive than her countenance at seventeen years of age; rosy, fresh, dimpled, and brilliantly lighted up by two animated and sparkling blue eyes. Rose-Pompon was wrapped so closely from her throat to her feet in a Scotch mantle, with its red and green checks somewhat faded, as to suggest the idea of a scanty under-dress; while her bare feet, so white that it was scarcely possible to tell if she had on stockings or not, were incased in small red-morocco slippers with silver buckles. It was easy to perceive that she had something in her hand, which her cloak concealed.

"Good-day, Mademoiselle Rose-Pompon," said Mother Arsène, with a kindly air; "you are early to-day—didn't you dance last night!"
"Oh, do not talk to me about it, Mother Arsène; I had no heart for dancing, for poor Céphysè (the Queen Bacchanal, sister of La Mayeux) was weeping all night, and would not be consoled, because her lover is in prison!"

"By the way," said the fruit-woman, "by the way, mademoiselle, I must tell you something about your friend Céphysè. I hope it will not offend you?"

"Am I ever offended?" said Rose-Pompon, shrugging her shoulders.

"Don't you think that when M. Philemon returns he will scold me?"

"Scold you! why?"

"Because of his lodging, which you occupy."

"Why, Mother Arsène, did not Philemon tell you that I was mistress of his two rooms in his absence, as I was of himself?"

"It is not on your account that I speak, mademoiselle, but your friend Céphysè, whom you have also brought here to the lodging of M. Philemon."

"And where would she have gone but for me, my good Mother Arsène? After her lover had been arrested she did not dare return to her own rooms, because they owed all sorts of rent. So, seeing her trouble, I said to her, 'Come and lodge at Philemon's; when he comes back we will find some other place for you.'"

"Indeed, mademoiselle, if you are sure that M. Philemon will not be angry, why, it is all the same thing to me."

"Angry at what? because we break his crockery? His crockery is so choice! Yesterday I broke the last cup, and only see what an odd thing I have to fetch the milk in!"

And Rose-Pompon, laughing heartily, thrust her pretty white arm from her cloak, and showed Mother Arsène one of those colossal Champagne glasses which hold nearly a bottle.

"Ah!" said the astonished fruit-woman; "why, it looks like a crystal trumpet!"

"It is Philemon's state glass, with which he was presented when they made him a canotier-flamand (a species of aquatic Odd Fellow, à la Francaise)," said Rose-Pompon, gravely.

"Really," said Mother Arsène, "I am quite ashamed that you should have to put your milk in such a thing."

"So am I; for if I should meet any one on the staircase, holding this glass in my hand like a wax candle, I should so laugh that I should break Philemon's last relic of domestic elegance, and he would overwhelm me with his malediction."

"There is no fear of your meeting any one; the lodger on the first floor is gone out, and the second is a very late riser."

"Talking of lodgers," said Rose-Pompon, "haven't you a chamber to let on the second floor, at the bottom of the court? I was thinking of it for Céphysè when Philemon comes back."

"Yes, there is a miserable little closet under the tiles, over the two rooms tenanted by the old gentleman who is so very mysterious," said Mother Arsène.

"Yes, Father Charlemagne; don't you know anything more about him?"

"No, mademoiselle; only that he came here this morning at daybreak and put back the outside shutters. 'Have you received a letter for me, dear madame?' he said; he is always so polite, the worthy gentleman. 'No, sir,' I replied. 'Well, then, don't disturb yourself, my dear madame; I shall call again.' And away he went."

"Doesn't he ever sleep in the house?"

"Never. Probably he lodges somewhere else, for he only comes here for a few hours in the day about every four or five days."

"And does he come alone?"

"Always alone."

"Are you sure he never brings in any young puss of a niece or cousin with him? for if so, Philemon would quit the lodgings," said Rose-Pompon, with an air of decorum that was very amusing.
“M. Charlemagne! a woman in his rooms! Ah! the poor dear man!” said the fruitress, lifting her hands to heaven; “if you did but see him with his greasy hat, his threadbare coat, his patched umbrella, and his stupid look—why, he looks more like a saint than anything else!”

“But, Mother Arsène, what can he be doing alone for hours in that doghole at the bottom of the court, where one can hardly see clear at noonday?”

“That is what I want to know, mademoiselle. What can he do? It cannot be to amuse himself with his furniture, for all that consists of a truckle-bed, a stove, a chair, and an old trunk.”

“It is almost as brilliant as Philemon’s,” said Rose-Pompon.

“Well, in spite of that, mademoiselle, he has as much fear of anybody going in as if they were thieves and his furniture was made of massive gold. He has put on the door a safety-lock at his own expense, and never leaves the key with me; and, then, he always lights the fire in his stove himself, because he will not allow any person to enter his rooms.”

“He is old, you say?”

“Yes, mademoiselle, between fifty and sixty.”

“And ugly?”

“Only fancy two small, snaky eyes, as if bored with a gimblet, in a face as pale as a corpse—so pale, indeed, that his lips are white—that is his face. As to his behaviour, the worthy old gentleman is so polite, and so often takes his hat off to make a low bow, that it is quite embarrassing.”

“But I want to know,” said Rose-Pompon, “what he can be doing all alone in his two rooms. Well, if Cephyse takes the cabinet over him when Philemon comes back, we may have some amusement in finding out. How much do you ask for this cabinet?”

“Really, mademoiselle, it is in such a miserable condition, that the proprietor will let it, I dare say, for fifty or fifty-five francs a year; for there is hardly space to put a stove in, and it is only lighted by a fanlight as large as a snuff-box.”

“Poor Cephyse!” said Rose-Pompon, with a sigh, and shaking her head sorrowfully; “after having had so much pleasure, after having spent so much money with Jacques Rennepont, to live there, and return to living by her needle! She must have courage, indeed, to do that!”

“Why, to speak the truth, it is a long way from that cabinet to the carriage and four horses in which Mademoiselle Céphyse came to fetch you the other day, with all those merry maskers who were so gay, particularly the stout man in the silver-paper helmet, with the long feather and the top-boots: what a droll fellow he was!”

“Yes, Nini-Moulin, who has not his equal for dancing the 'forbidden fruit.' You should just see him vis-à-vis with Céphyse, the Queen Bacchanal. Poor laughing girl! poor riotous little dear! if she makes any disturbance now, it is in weeping.”

“Ah! the follies of youth—the follies of youth!” said the fruitress.

“But, Mother Arsène, you were once young yourself, you know.”

“Faith, that is about all I can say, to tell the truth. I have always been pretty much as you see me now.”

“And your lovers, Mother Arsène?”

“My lovers! ah, yes! Well, in the first place, I was ugly; and, then, I was too well taken care of.”

“Your mother, then, kept a sharp lookout after you?”

“No, mademoiselle; but I was harnessed—”

“Harnessed! what do you mean?” said Rose-Pompon, astonished, and interrupting the fruit-woman.

“Ys, mademoiselle, harnessed to a water-cart with my brother. And so, you see, when we had tugged like two real horses for eight or ten hours a day, I had not the heart to think of fun and frolic.”
THE WANDERING JEW.

"Poor Mother Arsène! what a horrid trade!" said Rose-Pompon, with interest.

"In winter particularly—in the frosty weather—it was the hardest. I and my brother were obliged to wear shoes with long, rough nails, because it was so slippery."

"And to put a woman to such work! it makes my heart ache. And yet we must not harness dogs!"* added Rose-Pompon, very sensibly.

"True enough," resumed Mother Arsène; "animals are sometimes more fortunate than human beings: but you see one must live. Where the beast is tethered it must graze, but it was hard. I got a complaint in my lungs by it—that was no fault of mine. The sort of collar with which I was harnessed, when I pulled pressed very hard on my chest; sometimes I could not breathe for it: so I left my harness and took a shop. Still I will say, that if I had had opportunity and kind usage, I might, perhaps, have been like so many young creatures, who begin by laughing and end—"

"By the reverse! True, Mother Arsène; but all the world has not courage enough to take to harness in order to live prudently. Besides, one always finds an excuse, and says we should amuse ourselves when we are young and agreeable; besides, one is not always only seventeen: well, well, and then by-and-by comes the end of the world, or, perhaps, one marries."

"Why, now, mademoiselle, I should say the better way was to begin with that."

"Yes, but one is too ignorant—one does not know how to wheedle the men, or frighten them; as long as you are simple and credulous they laugh at you. Why, Mother Arsène, I could tell you what would startle all nature to hear, if I liked; but it is enough to have had one's troubles, without amusing one's self by thinking them over again."

"What, mademoiselle! have you, so young and gay, had your troubles?"

"I have, indeed, Mother Arsène; at fifteen and a half I began to shed tears, which were not dried up before sixteen. That is trial enough, I hope."

"Were you deceived, mademoiselle?"

"Worse! as has been done to so many other poor girls, who, no more than myself, have desired to do wrong. My story is short. My father and mother were country people near St. Valery, but so poor that, out of five children which they had, they were obliged to send me, at eight years of age, to my aunt, who was a housekeeper here in Paris. The good soul took me out of charity, and it was a great deal for her, for her earnings were small. When I was eleven, she sent me to work in one of the manufactories of the Faubourg Saint Antoine. I do not wish to say any ill of the masters of these factories, but it is all the same to them if little boys and little girls are huddled together with young women and young men from eighteen to twenty years of age, who are also huddled together. So you may suppose that there are bad folks there, as everywhere, and they are not particular either in words or in actions; and, I ask you, what example is this for children, who see and understand more than they seem to? So you see as one grows up one becomes accustomed to hear and see things every day, which at last do not shock one at all."

* There are in France very tender laws in favour of the canine race, which it is forbidden to harness for draught.
"That is true, as you say, Mademoiselle Rose-Pompon. Poor children! there's no one to take care of them—no father, no mother—they are at their work—"

"Yes, yes, Mother Arsène, and they soon begin to say of a young girl who has made a slip, she is a this or a that; but if people only knew the reason of things, perhaps they would pity, rather than blame. Well, to return to myself, I really was at fifteen a very nice little girl. One day I had a complaint to make to the first clerk in the factory, so I went to his room, and he told me that he would set the matter right, and would even protect me, if I would listen to him; and then he tried to kiss me, and I struggled with him; then he said, 'You refuse me? well, then, you sha'n't work here any longer; I dismiss you from the factory!' "

"The wicked fellow!" said Mother Arsène.

"I went home in tears, and poor aunt encouraged me not to give way, but to get a situation elsewhere. I tried, but it was impossible: the factories were all full. A misfortune never comes alone; my aunt fell ill, and we had not a sou in the house. I took courage and returned to the factory, and again entreated the clerk, but in vain. 'So much the worse for you,' said he, 'to reject a good offer; for if you had behaved properly, why, by-and-by, very probably, I would have married you.' But I need not go on, Mother Arsène—misery was on the one hand; I had no work; my aunt was sick: the clerk said perhaps he would marry me—I did as others have done before me."

"And afterward, when you asked him to marry you?"

"He laughed in my face, and at the end of six months left me. Then I wept all the tears in my body, so that none were left. I was ill with it; but, like every one else, I became consoled. At last I met with Philemon, and on him I have revenged myself. I am his tyrant!" added Rose-Pompon, with a tragic air. And as she said so, the cloud of sadness which had overshadowed her pretty face as she told her history to Mother Arsène passed away.

"It is true!" said Mother Arsène, reflecting for a short time: "a poor girl is deceived; who is to defend her? who will protect her? Ah! how often it happens that we are not to blame for the wicked acts we may commit, for—"

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Rose-Pompon, interrupting the fruit-woman, and gazing eagerly on the other side of the street, "if there is not Nini-Moulin! Isn't he early? I wonder what he can want with me!" and Rose-Pompon drew her mantle still more carefully around her.

Jacques Dumoulin advanced, his hat stuck on one side, his nose rubi—
cund, and his eye twinkling. He wore a loose paletot, which displayed the large proportions of his portly figure; his two hands, one of which carried a large cane, placed gun fashion against his shoulder, were thrust into the vast pockets of his garment. At the moment of his approaching the portress, evidently with the design of asking her some question, he perceived Rose-Pompon.

"Holla!" cried he, "my ward up already? that is right! And behold me come to give you my blessing at the earliest blush of dawn."

So saying, Nini-Moulin extended his arms, and advanced toward Rose-Pompon, who drew back.

"How, ungrateful child!" exclaimed the religious writer; "do you refuse my paternal embrace and morning blessing?"

"Thank you; I never accept paternal embraces from any one but Philemon! He wrote to me yesterday, and sent me a small box of raisins, two geese, a bottle of ratafia, and an eel! a droll present, was it not? I kept the ratafia, and changed all the rest away for two such loves of pigeons, which I have put into Philemon's chamber, a very pretty little dovecot. And, better still, my dear isaband is coming back to me with seven hundred francs, given to him by his highly respectable family, for the purpose of learning the bass-viol, the cornet-a-piston, and the speaking-trumpet, to make him irresistible in society, and enable him to find a wife with 'plenty of tin,' as you call it, my early friend."

"Well, my pet child, we will taste the ratafia, and make merry until he comes with his seven hundred francs."

As he spoke, Nini-Moulin slapped the pockets of his waistcoat, which returned a metallic sound, and added,

"I came to invite you to embellish my life to-day, the next, and the day after—that is, if your heart—"

"If you mean decent and paternal amusements, my heart will not say no."

"Nothing can be more correct than my intentions. I will be your grandfather, great-grandfather—nay, a family portrait. Let us see! Promenade, dinner, the theatre, fancy ball, and supper afterward: will that suit you?"

"Yes, upon condition that poor Céphyse goes with us. It will serve to divert her."

"Céphyse shall go."

"Why, what has happened to you, my fat friend? Has anybody left you a fortune?"

"Better than that, rosiest of damask roses! I am appointed principal editor to a religious journal! And as I must be very sober and staid while in the precincts of the saintly concern, I have stipulated for a month's salary in advance, with three days' liberty to spend it. On these conditions I have agreed to be a holy man for twenty-seven days out of the thirty, and to be as grave and stupid as the journal itself."

"You a journal! What a droll one it must be; why, it will be dancing all manner of forbidden steps upon the tables of the cafés!"

"Yes, it will be droll, but not to everybody. They are all most pious saints who pay the piper. They do not consider the money, provided the journal is biting, tearing, burning, bruising, exterminating, assassinating. On my word, I have never been more violent and savage," added Nini, with a loud laugh. "I shall water the freshest gashes with my venom of the first growth, or with my gall of the most espar-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr-kling effervescence!" And Nini-Moulin imitated the noise of a bottle of Champagne when the cork bursts out, and Rose-Pompon laughed loudly.

"And what do you call your pious journal?" she asked.

"It is called 'The Love of One's Neighbour.'"

"Good! a very pretty name."
"But it has another."
"Let's hear it."
"The Love of One's Neighbour; or, the Exterminator of the Incredulous, the Indifferent, the Lukewarm, and others:' with this motto, 'Those who are not with us are against us.'"
"That is what Philemon says in his fights in the public houses, when he lays about him."
"A proof that the genius of the Eagle of Meaux is universal. I only reproach him with one thing, and that is his jealousy of Molière."
"Bah! an actor's jealousy!" said Rose-Pompon.
"Wicked Puss!" said Nini-Moulin, shaking his finger at her.
"Do you mean to exterminate Madame de Sainte-Colombe? She is rather lukewarm, eh? When's the wedding to be?"
"On the contrary, my journal is useful with her. Only think—chief editor! It is a superb position. The saints patronize me, thrust me forward, support me, bless me! I mean to lay hands on the Sainte-Colombe, and then a life—a life to death itself!"

At this moment a postman entered the shop and gave a letter to the green-grocer, saying, "For M. Charlemagne. Paid."
"Ah!" said Rose-Pompon, "it is for the little mysterious old fellow with his odd ways. Does it come from a long way off?"
"I think it does; from Italy—Rome," said Nini-Moulin, looking at the letter as the fruit-woman held it in her hand. "Who," said he, "is this wonderful little old man?"
"Only imagine, my bulky friend," said Rose-Pompon, "an old worthy, who has two rooms at the bottom of the courtyard. He never sleeps there, but comes to shut himself up from time to time for hours, without allowing any person to go nigh him; and no one can make out what he does."
"He is a conspirator or a coiner," said Nini-Moulin, laughing.
"Poor, dear man!" said Mother Arsène; "where is his false money, then? He always pays me in honest sous for the morsel of bread and black radish which I give him for breakfast, whenever he does breakfast."
"And what is the name of this mysterious elderly?" asked Nini-Moulin.
"M. Charlemagne," said the fruit-woman. "But see, talk of the devil and you see his horns!"
"Where are his horns?"
"Look! the little old man down there, coming by that house. He walks with his neck bent and his umbrella under his arm."
"Monsieur Rodin!" exclaimed Nini-Moulin; and, receding quickly, he descended three steps, that he might not be seen. Then he added, "And you say he is called—"
"M. Charlemagne. Do you know him?" inquired the green-grocer.
"What the devil can he be after here with a false name?" said Jacques Dumoulin, speaking to himself in a low voice.
"What, do you know him?" asked Rose-Pompon, in a tone of impatience. "You seem dumbfounded!"
"And this gentleman has here two rooms, and makes mysterious visits?" said Jacques Dumoulin, more and more surprised.
"Yes," replied Rose-Pompon. "You may see his windows from Philemon's dovecot."
"Quick! quick! Let us get down the alley, that he may not meet me," said Dumoulin. And, without having been seen by Rodin, he glided from the shop into the alley, and from the alley went up the staircase which led to the apartment occupied by Rose-Pompon.
"Good-day, Monsieur Charlemagne!" said Mother Arsène to Rodin, who came to the threshold of her door. "To see you twice in one day is a pleasure. Indeed; for you are so seldom here—"
"You are too kind, my dear madam," said Rodin, with a courteous salute. And then he entered the fruit-woman's shop.
CHAPTER II.

THE RETREAT.

Never shone upon an expression of more simple candour than Rodin's when he entered Mother Arsène's shop; and, leaning his two hands on the handle of his umbrella, said,

"I am very sorry, my dear madam, to have awakened you so early this morning."

"Worthy sir, you come so seldom that I cannot have anything to reproach you with."

"Why, my excellent madam, I live in the country, and can only come from time to time to my apartments here to attend to my little affairs."

"By-the-way, sir, the letter which you expected yesterday came this morning; it is a thick packet, and comes from a considerable distance. Here it is," said the fruit-woman, drawing the letter from her pocket; "there was no postage to pay."

"Thank you, my dear madam," said Rodin, taking the letter with assumed indifference, and putting it in the side pocket of his great-coat, which he buttoned up carefully.

"Are you going up stairs, sir?"

"Yes, my dear lady."

"Then I will arrange your little provision," said Mother Arsène. "I suppose, worthy sir, it is to be as usual?"

"Yes, just the same."

"I will have it all ready in a twinkling."

So saying, the green-grocer took an old basket, and having placed in it three or four bits of peat for burning, a little bundle of split wood, and some charcoal,
she covered these combustibles with a cabbage leaf; then going to the innermost recess of her shop, she took from a bin a large round loaf, from which she cut a slice. After which she picked out, with the eye of a connoisseur, a magnificent black radish* from a bundle of these roots, cut it in two, and, making a hole in it, filled it with coarse salt, put the two pieces together again, and placed them carefully beside the bread on the cabbage leaf, which separated the fuel from the eatables. Then taking from her stove some lighted charcoal, she put it in a wooden shoe filled with cinders, which she also placed in the basket. Going then to the last step of the staircase, Mother Arsène said to Rodin,

"Here is your basket, sir."

"A thousand thanks, dear madam," replied Rodin; and, thrusting his hand into his trousers' pocket, he took out eight sous, which he handed one by one to the fruit-woman, and said, as he took the basket from her, "By-and-by, when I come down again, I will return your basket, as usual."

"Quite at your service, kind sir—quite at your service," said Mother Arsène. Rodin put his umbrella under his left arm, took in his right hand the basket, went into the dark alley, crossed a small court, and, with an active step, went up to the second story of a building very much out of repair. When he had arrived there, taking a key from his pocket, he opened an outer door, which he shut carefully after him.

The first room of the two he occupied was completely unfurnished; and as to the second, it is impossible to imagine any retreat more squalid and comfortless.

A paper, so old, soiled, and torn that its original shade was not to be ascertained, covered the walls. A rickety truckle-bed, covered with a moth-eaten counterpane, and a wretched mattress; a stool; a small table of worm-eaten wood; a stove of gray earthen-ware, as crackled as the porcelain of Japan; an old trunk with a padlock, placed under the bed: such was the furniture of this dilapidated doghole.

A narrow window, with dirty panes of glass, scarcely lighted this room, almost entirely deprived of air and light by the height of the building which fronted on the street. Two old pocket-handkerchiefs, fastened together by pins, and movable on rings, which traversed a piece of packthread stretched from side to side of the window, served for curtains. The loose and broken planks, which showed the plastering below the floor, proved the utter carelessness of the lodger in this abode.

After having closed the door, Rodin threw his hat and umbrella on the truckle-bed, placed the basket on the floor, and, taking out the bread and black radish, deposited them on the table. Then, kneeling before his stove, he piled up his combustibles therein, and lighted them, by blowing on the hot charcoal he had brought in the wooden shoe with a strong and powerful lung.

When, as the phrase goes, the stove began to draw, Rodin spread his two handkerchiefs, which were his curtains, on the packthread; and then, believing himself quite concealed from all eyes, he took from his pocket the letter which Mother Arsène had given him. As he did so, he drew out several papers and other things; one of these papers, soiled and rumpled, and folded into a small parcel, fell on the table and opened. It contained a Cross of the Legion of Honour, in silver, which time had blackened, and the red riband of the cross had almost lost its primitive colour.

At the sight of this cross, which he put in his pocket, with the medal which Faringheah had stolen from Djalma, Rodin shrugged his shoulders, and gave a contemptuous and sardonic smile. He then pulled out his large silver watch, and placed it on the table beside the letter from Rome.

He contemplated the letter with a singular mixture of mistrust and hope, fear and impatient curiosity. After a moment's reflection, he was about to unseal the envelope, but threw it suddenly on the table, as if, by a strange caprice, he

* This species of radish, which is of the size of a table turnip, but longer, is little known out of France, where it is popular with the poorer classes.
desired to prolong for some moments the anguish of an uncertainty as painful and exciting as the emotions of gaming.

Looking at his watch, Rodin resolved not to open the letter until the hand should mark half past nine, of which it wanted seven minutes.

By one of those childish and odd beliefs in fatality, from which the greatest minds are not exempt, Rodin said to himself, "I am burning with desire to open this letter. If I do not open it until half past nine o'clock, then the news it conveys will be favourable!"

To employ these minutes, Rodin walked a few paces in his chamber, and then placed himself in admiring contemplation before two old yellow engravings, eaten up by age, and fastened to the wall by two rusty nails.

The first of these objects of art, the only ornaments with which Rodin had ever decorated this wretched place, was one of those coarsely designed pictures, coloured in red, yellow, green, and blue, which are sold at fairs. An Italian inscription announced that this engraving had been done at Rome.

It represented a woman covered with rags, carrying a wallet, and having on her knees a little child. A hideous fortune-teller was holding in her swarthy hands the hand of the infant, and appeared to be divining its future fate, for these words were coming out of her mouth, in large blue letters: "Sarà papa" (He will be pope).

The second of these objects of art, which seemed to inspire Rodin with profound meditation, was an excellent copperplate engraving, of which the careful finish, the drawing at once bold and accurate, contrasted strangely with the coarse daubing of the other print.

This rare and magnificent engraving, for which Rodin had paid six Louis (an enormous luxury), represented a youth clothed in tatters. The ugliness of his features was compensated by the intelligent expression of his strongly marked physiognomy. Seated on a stone, surrounded by a herd of swine which he was keeping, his pale face was seen as he leaned on his elbow, and rested his chin in the palm of his hand.

The pensive and thoughtful attitude of the young man, clothed like a mendicant, the power of his expansive forehead, the keen expression of his penetrating eye, the firmness of his shrewd mouth, seemed to announce an unconquerable resolution, united with a superior understanding and the most skilful address.

Below this figure the pontifical attributes encircled a medallion, in the centre
of which was seen the head of an old man; the strongly marked lines of his face recalled in a striking manner, and in spite of their senility, the features of the young keeper of the herd.

This engraving had for its title, "The Youth of Sixtus Quintus;" and the painted picture, "The Prediction."

Looking at these engravings nearer and nearer, with an eye that grew more and more ardent and inquiring, as if it had asked for inspiration or hope from them, Rodin had gone so close that, standing with his right hand behind his head, he was leaning with his elbow against the wall, while, thrusting his left hand into the pocket of his black trousers, he thus threw aside one of the skirts of his old olive great-coat. For several minutes he maintained this meditative attitude.

Rodin, as we have said, came seldom to this retreat. By the rules of his Order, he had up to this time lived with Father d'Aigrigny, whose surveillance was specially confided to him. No member of the congregation, especially in the subaltern position which Rodin had filled up to that time, was allowed to shut himself up at his own home, or even possess a piece of furniture fastened with a key; so that nothing interfered with the exercise of a mutual and incessant espionage, one of the most powerful modes of action and servitude employed by the Company of Jesus.

For the sake of various combinations, which were personally important to him, though connected with the general interests of his Order, Rodin had taken the lodging in the Rue Clovis unknown to any one.

It was from the depths of this unknown retreat that the socius corresponded directly with the most eminent and influential personages of the Sacred College.

It may, perhaps, be remembered that, at the beginning of this history, when Rodin wrote to Rome that Father d'Aigrigny, having received the order to leave France without seeing his dying mother, had hesitated to set out— it may be remembered, we say, that Rodin had added, in the shape of a postscript at the bottom of the note, which announced to the general of the Order the hesitation of Father d'Aigrigny:

"Assure the prince-cardinal that he may rely on me, but that I expect, in his turn, he will serve me with activity."

This familiar way of corresponding with the most powerful dignitary of the Order, the almost protecting tone of recommendation which Rodin addressed to a prince-cardinal, sufficiently proved that the socius, notwithstanding his apparent subalternship, was at this epoch considered a man of great importance by many princes of the Church, and other dignitaries, who wrote to him in Paris, under an assumed name, and in cipher, with every precaution.

After several moments of meditation before the portrait of Sixtus Quintus, Rodin came slowly to the table where he had placed the letter, which, by a sort of superstitious delay, he had deferred opening, spite of his eager curiosity.

As it still wanted a few minutes before the hand marked half past nine o'clock, Rodin, that no time might be lost, prepared his frugal breakfast very methodically. He placed on the table beside an inkstand, garnished with pens, the bread and black radish: then, sitting on his stool, and having the stove, as it were, between his legs, he drew from his pocket a horn-handled knife, the sharp blade of which was three quarters worn away; and, alternately cutting a morsel of bread and a morsel of radish, he began his frugal repast with a keen appetite, fixing his eye on the hand of his watch.

When the fated moment arrived, Rodin broke open the envelope with a trembling hand. It contained two letters. The first seemed to give him but very indifferent satisfaction, for, after some moments, he shrugged his shoulders, rapped impatiently on the table with the handle of his knife, struck the letter disdainfully away with his dirty hand, and then perused the second, holding his bread in one hand.

* According to the tradition, it was predicted to the mother of Sixtus Quintus that he should be pope, and that he would, in his early youth, be a keeper of flocks and herds.

† Vide No. 3, p. 116.
hand, and with the other dipping his radish mechanically into the coarse salt spread on a corner of the table.

Suddenly the hand remained motionless. As he advanced in the perusal of his reading, he seemed more and more interested, surprised, and struck.

Rising suddenly, he ran to the window, as if to assure himself by a second examination of the ciphers of the letter that he was not in error, so greatly had what he read taken him by surprise.

Rodin, no doubt, discovered that he had deciphered the letter precisely, for, letting fall his arms, not with dismay, but with the surprise of a satisfaction as unforeseen as extraordinary, he remained for some time with his head lowered, his look fixed; the only mark of joy exhibited was by a sort of sonorous, rapid, and prolonged breathing.

Men as bold in their ambition as patient and determined in their hidden policy, are astonished at their success, when that success incrediblj surpasses their sagacious and prudent forecast. Rodin was in this position: thanks to prodigies of cunning, address, and dissimulation; thanks to immense promises of corruption; thanks, in short, to a singular admixture of admiration, alarm, and confidence, with which his genius had inspired many influential persons, Rodin learned from the pontifical government that, in a possible and probable result, he might, within a given time, aspire, with a chance of success, to a position which has but too often excited the fear, hatred, or envy of sovereigns, and which has been sometimes occupied by great and good men, by abominable wretches, or by persons sprung from the very dregs of society.

But, in order that Rodin might the more surely attain his aim, it was absolutely requisite for him to succeed in what he had engaged to effect without violence, and solely by the play of the passions skilfully handled; that is to say, to assure to the Company of Jesus the possession of the property of the Rennepont family—a possession which had in it a double and immense consequence; for Rodin, according to his personal views, thought to make of his Order (the chief of which was at his command) a footstool and a means of intimidation.

His first impression of surprise passed—an impression which, be it said, was but a kind of modesty of ambition, a mistrust of self, very common with men of really superior minds—Rodin contemplated more coolly and more logically the matter before him, and almost reproached himself for his emotion.

Yet soon afterward, by a whimsical contradiction, and again giving way to one of those puerile ideas before which man often bows when he knows or thinks himself perfectly alone, Rodin rose suddenly, took the letter which had so agreeably astonished him, and actually open-
ed it before the eyes of the picture of the young herdsman who became pope; then shaking his head disdainfully and triumphantly, and darting at the portrait his reptile glance, he said, between his teeth, while with his dirty finger he touched the pontifical emblems, "Well, brother! and I, too, perchance!"

After this weak display, Rodin resumed his seat; and, as if the good news he had received had sharpened his appetite, he placed the letter before him, that he might read it again, and, fixing his eyes on it, began to gnaw his hard bread and black radish with a kind of furious joy, while he hummed an old air of the Litanies.

There was something strange, grand, and even fearful, in the opposite qualities of this immense ambition, already almost justified by events, and bounded, if we may so say, in such a wretched shelter.

Father d'Aigrigny, a man, if not very superior, at least of a real value, of high rank by birth, very proud, well placed in the great world, had never dared even to conceive the thought of pretending to that at which Rodin aimed from the first. The only hope of Father d'Aigrigny—and he thought that presumptuous—was to be one day elected general of his Order—an order that embraced the whole world.

The difference of the ambitious daring in these two men is conceivable. When a man of superior mind, of a sound and active nature, concentrating all the force of his soul and body on one only thought, obstinately practises, as Rodin had done, chastity, frugality, the voluntary renunciation of every indulgence of heart or senses, that man seldom revolts against the sacred ordinances of his Creator but for the profit of some monster and absorbing passion—some infernal divinity, which, by an unholy compact, demands from him, in exchange for a redoubtable power, the annihilation of every noble impulse, every worthy attraction, every tender instinct with which the Lord, in his eternal wisdom, in his inexhaustible munificence, has so paternally endowed his creature.

During the mute scene that we have just described, Rodin had not observed that the curtains of one of the windows on the third floor of the building that overlooked the room in which he was had been somewhat drawn aside, and half disclosed the sly features of Rose-Pompon and the Silenus visage of Nini-Moulin.

Consequently, Rodin, in spite of his rampart of pocket-handkerchiefs, had not kept out the anxious and curious scrutiny of the two Coryphee of the "Stormy Tulip."
THE MOTHER ARSENE.
CHAPTER III.

THE UNEXPECTED VISIT.

Rodin, although he had experienced the utmost surprise on the perusal of the second letter from Rome, would not allow his astonishment to betray itself in his reply. His frugal breakfast ended, he took a sheet of paper and wrote rapidly, and in cipher, the following note, in that abrupt and concise style which was habitual to him, when he was not obliged to restrain himself:

"What you tell me does not surprise me: I had foreseen it all. Indecision and baseness always produce such results. It is not enough: heretic Russia cuts the throat of Catholic Poland; Rome blesses the murderers and curses the victims.*

"I would have it so.

"In return, Russia guaranties to Rome, through Austria, the bloody repression of the patriots of Romagna.

"I would still have it so.

"The bands of cut-throats of the good Cardinal Albani are not sufficiently numerous for the massacre of the impious Liberals: they are weary

"That is not as I would have it.

"They must advance—"

At the moment when Rodin wrote these last words, his attention was suddenly attracted by the clear and sweet voice of Rose-Pompon, who, knowing Beranger's ballads by heart, had opened Philemon's window, and, leaning against the bar in front, sang, with much expression, this couplet of the immortal song-writer:

"Tis sin to say that God, who did create
And doth support us all, is angry ever;
Bright wine, that with firm friendship well doth mate,
He gives, with love, whose influence faeth never.
Come, then, your aid, ye trio, lend,
To scare away dull mood,
And, glass in hand, let's all depend
On God, who guards the good!"

This song, commenced in such a divine spirit, contrasted so strangely with the cold cruelty of the lines written by Rodin, that he shuddered and bit his lips with rage when he heard this strain of the great and truly Christian poet, who had struck such hard blows at the evil Church.

Rodin waited a few minutes in angry impatience, expecting that the voice would continue; but Rose-Pompon was silent, or, at least, only hummed, and then passed into another air, that of the "Good Pope," which she sang without the words.

Rodin, not daring to look out and see who was this impertinent singer, shrugged his shoulders, resumed his pen, and continued:

* We read in the "Affairs of Rome" this admirable remark on Rome, from the pen of the most evangelical genius of our times:

"So long as the struggle between Poland and her oppressors remained doubtful, the official Roman journal did not contain a word which could offend the people, victorious in so many struggles; but no sooner had the avenging vengeance of the czar begun the lengthened punishment of the whole nation given over to the sword, to exile, and slavery, than the same journal could not find language insulting enough to heap on those whom fortune had abandoned. We ought, perhaps, be wrong to attribute this unworthy baseness to the direct interference of the pontifical government. It had laid down the law which Russia had enforced: it had said, WOULDST THOU LIVE? THEN THOU WILT KEEP THOU{ THERE, CLOSE TO THE SCAFFOLD; AND AS THEY SHALL PASS DO THOU CURSE THE VICTIMS!"—Lamennais, Affaires de Rome, p. 110.
20 THE WANDERING JEW.

"Another thing: it has become necessary to stir up the Independents in all countries, to excite the philosophizing mania of Europe, to make Liberalism lash itself into a foam, to rouse against Rome all that is vociferous against her. To that end, proclaim in the face of the world the three following propositions:

1st. It is abominable to maintain that we can acquire salvation, in any profession of faith, if our lives are pure.

2d. It is hateful and absurd to grant the people liberty of conscience.

3d. There cannot be too much horror excited against the liberty of the press.*

"We must induce the weak man to declare these propositions strictly orthodox in every particular—to boast their good effect on despotic governments, on true Catholics, on the muzzlers of the people. He will be taken in the snare. The propositions enunciated, the tempest will burst forth. A general rising against Rome; a wide-spreadingschism; the Sacred College divided into three parties—one approving, the other blaming, and the third trembling. The weak man, still more alarmed than he is at this moment at allowing Poland to be massacred, will recoil before the clamours, reproaches, threats, and violent ruptures he himself has created.

"That suits me admirably.

"Then for our venerable father to shake the conscience of the weak man—to disturb his mind—to affright his soul! To sum up: overwhelm him with disgust—divide his councils—isolatethis—alarm him—redouble the ferocious ardour of the good Albanit—rouse the appetite of the Sanfedists!—hand over the Liberals to their tender appetites—pillage, violation, massacre, as at Cesena—a real flowing tide of Carbonari blood! The weak man will have the after-gulp of it—so many murders in his name! He will recoil—he will recoil! each day will accumulate his remorse—each night his horror—each moment his anguish! And the abdication which he threatens at this moment will come at last—perchance too soon; that is the only danger at present, and you must look to it.

"In case of abdication, I am down in the list of the Grand Penitentiary. Instead of confiding to a general the control of our Order, the best militia of the holy seat, myself shall command it. Henceforth that militia will give me no uneasiness; for instance, the Jansenists and the Praetorean Guards were always troublesome to authority: why? because they were able to organize themselves as the defenders of power, beyond power itself: hence their means of intimidation.

* We find the following passages in the "Encyclical Letter," addressed by the pope to all the bishops in France, in 1839, desiring that they and their flocks should conform to these instructions, though they were in direct opposition to the laws of the land and the rights of citizens.

Need we say that M. de Lamennais protested, with all the power of his genius and great heart, against such odious maxims as those which we subjoin in all their ultramontane candour?

"We now arrive," says the holy father, "at another cause, with which we groan to see the Church, at this time, afflicted—that is, that inédiusion or per verre opinion which is spreading on all sides, through the wiles of the wicked, and, according to which, ETERNAL SALVATION MAY BE ACQUIRED BY ANY PROFESSION OF FAITH, PROVIDED THE LIVES ARE RIGHT AND HONORABLE. It will not be difficult for you, in a matter so clear and evident, to reject an error so fatal to the people confused in your care."

Is this not clear enough? A warning to us who are confided to the cares of pastors! This is not all. Here is an Italian monk, the ultramontane chief of our bishops, who cancels, with a scratch of his pen, one of our most sacred rights—a right which has cost the country torrents of blood, shed in religious wars.

"From this infected source of indifferentism," continues the holy father, "flows the absurd and erroneous maxim, or, rather, the insane idea, that we must assure and guarantee to each and all the liberty of conscience. We prepare the way for this pernicious error by the full and unlimited liberty of opinion, which spreads far and wide, to the misfortune of religious and civil society."

It is plain that the holy father orders his bishops to inspire their flocks with horror at one of the fundamental laws of society. Let us conclude our extracts by a fulmination of the said holy father, not less violent or less conclusive, against the dragon of the press:

"Then we have that dreadful liberty, which can never be held in too great horror, THE LIBERTY FOR A BOOKSELLER TO PUBLISH ANY WRITINGS WHATSOEVER; a liberty which some dare to request, and extend with as much publicity as absurdity!"—Encyclical Letter of Pope Gregory XVI (the present pope) to the bishops of France.

† Pope Gregory XVI. had scarcely mounted the pontifical throne, when he learned the revolt of Bologna. His first movement was to appeal to the Austrians, and excite the Sanfedists. Cardinal Albani beat the Liberals at Cerea, his troops pillaged the churches, sacked the city, violated the women. At Forli the bands committed assassinations with the utmost confidence. In 1833 the Sanfedists showed themselves, in open day, with medals of the effigies of the Duke of Modena and the holy father, letters patent in the name of the apostolic congregation, privileges, and indulgences. The Sanfedists took literally the following oath: I swear to elevate the throne and the altar on the bones of the infamous Liberals, and to exterminate them, without pity for the cries of children, or the tears of old men and women. The crimes committed by these ruffians surpassed all bounds: the court of Rome regularized the anarchy, and organized the Sanfedists, or volunteer corps, to which they granted new privileges.—La Revolution et les Revolutionnaires en Italie: Revue des Deux Mondes 15th Nov., 1844.
"Clement XIV. A fool. To destroy, abolish our Order, was an absurd fault. Defend it—establish its innocence—declare himself its general—this is what he should have done. The Order, thenceforward at his mercy, would have consented to everything. He should have absorbed us—enfeoffed us to the holy chair—which had then no reason to fear our services! Clement XIV. died of the cholic. Verbum sap! If the case should so result, I shall not die that death."

Again Rose-Pompon's voice was heard clear and vibrating. Rodin jumped from his chair in anger, but soon as he heard the following couplet, which he did not know (he had not his Béranger, as had Philemon's widow), the Jesuit, accessible to certain fancies whimsically superstitious, remained stupefied and almost frightened at the singular coincidence. It is the Good Pope of Béranger who says:

"And what are kings but fools at best,
Or robbers puffed with pride?
Who clothe their crimes in ermine vest,
And—die like all beside!
I can absolve them all for gold,
Or change their sceptre to a staff—
Brave boys, laugh—
Laugh and sing—
Dance and spring—
While I dart the thunderbold!
Heaven's lightning's mine—
I am divine!"

Rodin half rose from his chair with outstretched neck and his eye fixed, while Rose-Pompon, fluttering like a bee from flower to flower of her collection of songs, now began to sing the delightful song of Colebri.

Hearing no more, the Jesuit resumed his seat in a sort of amazement; but, after a few moments' reflection, his face suddenly brightened; he perceived a happy presage in this singular incident.

He resumed his pen, and his first words smacked, as it were, of his strange trust in fatality:

"I was never more confident of success than at this moment—another reason why nothing should be neglected. Every presentiment should have increase of zeal. Another thought has just occurred to me; we shall act here in concert. I have established an ultra-Catholic journal, 'The Love of One's Neighbour;' by its ultramontane, tyrannous, and anti-freedom fury, it will be believed to be the organ of Rome. I shall give all possible credibility to these reports. Fresh fuel for the flames.

"All this goes as I would have it.
"I shall open the question of the right of instruction—the Liberals of the first class will support us. Asses that they are! they will admit us to the common right, when our privileges, immunities, influence in confessional, our obedience to Rome put us without the pale of the common right, through the very advantages that we enjoy. Double asses! they think us disarmed, because they are so themselves as against us."
"Burning questions—irritating disputes—fresh disgust for the weak man! Every rivulet swells the torrent.
"That all works as I would have it.
"To sum up in two words, the end is abdication! the means, eternal worry—incessant torture! The Rennepont inheritance will pay for the election—price fixed—goods sold!"

Rodin suddenly stopped writing, thinking he heard some noise at the door of the room, which opened on the staircase; he listened, held his breath; all was still again, and, thinking he was deceived, he resumed his pen:

"I take upon myself the Rennepont affair, that unique pivot of our temporal combinations. It must be renewed on a different system; we must now play on interests, the springs of the passions, instead of the stupid blows of the club stricken by Father d'Aigrigny, who has nearly ruined the whole affair. Still, he has many useful points—knowledge of the world, powers of persuasion, a quick and penetrating glance; but then only one gamut, and not great enough to know how to make himself little. From his mediocrity I shall derive due advantages; there are bits of utility still left. I have used at the precise moment the power plenipotentiary of the reverend father general. I shall tell Father d'Aigrigny, if I see fit, the secret engagements between myself and the general; up to this time I have let him contemplate for this inheritance the destination you know: good ideas, but untimely—the same end by another route.

"The information, wrong—there are more than two hundred millions; the period having elapsed, what was in doubt is now certain, and we have a wide field before us.

"The Rennepont affair is at this moment mine in a twofold sense. Before three months have elapsed these two hundred millions shall be ours by the free consent of the heirs. This must be; for if this fails, the temporal object escapes me; my chances are diminished by one half. I have asked for full powers; time presses, and I shall act as if I had them. Information is necessary for my plans—I expect it from you. I must have it; you understand me? The high influence of your brother at the court of Vienna will serve you. I wish to have the most precise details as to the real position of the Duke de Reichstadt at this moment, the Napoleon II. of the imperial party. Can we—yes or no—have, through your brother, a secret correspondence with the prince, unknown to those who are about him?

"Advise me on this speedily, for it is urgent. This note goes to-day; I shall complete it to-morrow. It will reach you, as usual, by the little shop-keeper."

At the moment when Rodin had placed this letter under a double cover and sealed it, he thought he again heard a noise outside the door.

He listened.

After a few moments' silence, several raps at his door were plainly heard in the room.

Rodin started: it was the first time that any person had ever knocked at the door in almost a year that he had tenanted the rooms.

Putting hastily into his great-coat pocket the letter he had just written, the Jesuit opened the old trunk concealed under his truckle-bed, took thence a packet of papers wrapped in a ragged pocket-handkerchief, placed in the parcel the two letters in cipher which he had just received, and carefully locked the trunk.

The knocking continued with increased impatience.

Rodin took the green-grocer's basket in his hand, his umbrella under his arm, and, much disturbed, went to see who this troublesome visitor could be. o

He opened the door, and found himself face to face with Rose-Pompon, the
persevering singer, who, making him a low and graceful courtesy, said, with an
air of the greatest simplicity in the world,
"Is this Monsieur Rodin, if you please?"

CHAPTER IV.
A FRIENDLY SERVICE.

Rodin, however great his surprise and uneasiness, betrayed no outward mark
of perturbation; he first carefully closed the door after him, remarking the in-
quisitive looks of the young girl, and then said, pleasantly enough,
"Whom did you wish to see, my good girl?"
"M. Rodin," answered Rose-Pompon, opening her large blue eyes to their
utmost width, and looking him full in the face.
"Ah!" replied Rodin, preparing to descend the stairs, "it is not here—I
don't know the name—you had better inquire above or below."
"Well!" exclaimed Rose-Pompon, shrugging her shoulders; "a very pretty
joke for a man of your age! Just as if every one didn't know that your name
is Rodin!"
"Charlemagne," said the socius, bowing; "Charlemagne, at your service, if
there is anything I can do for you."
"You can do me no service," replied Rose-Pompon, with a majestic air; then
added, mischievously, "What! I suppose we have our little private reasons for
playing at hide-and-seek here, and changing our name to prevent the good
woman at home from hearing of our naughty tricks?"
“Come, my good girl!” said the socius, smiling in a fatherly way, “you seem to know my character. I am, indeed, an old man with a young heart, and nothing delights me more than to see the happiness of young people. Amuse yourself, even at my expense; but let me go down the stairs, for my time is precious;” and again Rodin essayed to descend.

“M. Rodin!” cried Rose-Pompon, in a solemn voice, “I have something very particular to communicate to you. I want to consult you upon an affair of the heart.”

“Why, you little madcap, have you nobody at home you can tease, that you come and play your pranks off upon me!”

“I live here, M. Rodin!” answered Rose-Pompon, purposely pronouncing the name with considerable emphasis.

“You do? I did not know I had so pretty a neighbour.”

“Yes, M. Rodin, I have been lodging here these six months.”

“Have you, really? Whereabout?”

“On the third floor, in the front building, M. Rodin.”

“Then it was you I heard singing so prettily just now?”

“The very same, Monsieur Rodin.”

“Upon my word, you afforded me a great treat.”

“It’s very polite of you to say so, M. Rodin.”

“And of course you are residing here in the bosom of your respectable family?”

“Of course I am, M. Rodin!” answered Rose-Pompon, casting down her eyes, and speaking in a tone of candid naïveté; “I live with my grandfather Philemon and my grandmother Bacchanal, who is just a queen, neither more nor less.”

Rodin had been as yet in a state of indefinable apprehension from his ignorance of the manner in which Rose-Pompon had contrived to possess herself of his real name; but when he heard her allude to the Queen Bacchanal, and learned that she inhabited this house, he found a very agreeable recompense for all he had been made to suffer through the unexpected appearance of Rose-Pompon. It was, in fact, essential to the plans of Rodin to discover the abode of the Queen Bacchanal, the mistress of Couche-tout-Nu and the sister of La Mayeux, the latter having, since her conversation with the superior of the convent, and her part in the attempted escape of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, been signalized as a dangerous person.

And, more than this, Rodin, after what he had already learned, hoped, by a little skilful management, to draw from Rose-Pompon the name of the person from whom she had learned that M. Charlemagne and M. Rodin were the same. Scarcely, then, had the young girl uttered the name of the Queen Bacchanal, when, with a clasp of the hands, Rodin assumed an expression of mingled surprise and interest.

“My good girl,” he exclaimed, “let me beg of you to leave off jesting, and tell me whether the person you style the Queen Bacchanal is sister to a deformed young seamstress.”

“Yes, sir,” answered Rose-Pompon, on her side exhibiting no little astonishment; “her name is Céphyse Soliveau, and she is my friend.”

“Ah!” said Rodin, thoughtfully; “she is your friend, is she?”

“Yes, sir; my intimate friend.”

“And do you love her?”

“Quite as much as if she were my sister. Poor girl! I do all I can for her, but that is not much. But how comes a respectable person of your age to know the Queen Bacchanal? Ha! now it is easy to guess why you hide yourself under a false name!”

“My good girl,” said Rodin, sadly, “I cannot laugh with you now.” And the tone in which he spoke was so mournful, that Rose-Pompon reproached herself for her jest, and she said,
"But how do you know Céphyse?"

"I do not know her, but a fine young fellow who loves her to distraction."

"Jacques Rennepon?"

"Otherwise called Couche-tout-Nu, who at this moment," said Rodin, heaving a sigh, "is in prison for debt; I saw him there last night."

"You did!" exclaimed Rose-Pompon, clapping her hands; "how very odd! But come, come with me to Philemon's apartments, and give poor Céphyse all the news you can about Jacques, for she is dreadfully low-spirited about him."

"My good girl, I wish it were in my power to give her any good news of this young man, whom I love, spite of his follies. Alas!" added Rodin, assuming an air of ingenuous benevolence, "which of us has not his follies?"

"I believe you!" said Rose-Pompon, swaying herself from side to side, as if still imagining she wore her masquerade costume of the débardeur.

"I will go farther," said Rodin, "and confess it is for those very follies I love Jacques; for after all, say what you will, the finest hearts, the most generous natures are always found among those who freely spend their gold for others."

"Well, I declare!" cried Rose-Pompon, enchanted with Rodin's code of philosophy, "you are a fine old gentleman. But why won't you come and see poor Céphyse, and tell her about Jacques?"

"What is the good of my telling her what she knows, that Jacques is in prison? What I should like to do would be to extricate the poor fellow from his unfortunate situation."

"Oh, sir!" cried Rose-Pompon, "only do that—get Jacques out of prison, and see how Céphyse and I will hug you."

"It would be throwing your kindness away, my little madame!" said Rodin, smiling; "but of this be assured, I need no reward to make me do a little good when I can."

"But you hope to get Jacques out of prison, don't you, sir?"

Rodin shook his head, and replied, with an air of vexation and regret,

"I did certainly entertain that hope; but, unfortunately, things are now completely changed."

"Why so?" asked Rose-Pompon, with surprise.

"That bad joke you play off, in calling me Rodin instead of Charlemagne, must seem to you very amusing, no doubt, my dear. Of course I know it did not originate with you; somebody has said to you, 'Go and tell M. Charlemagne that his name is Rodin; it will be very comical.'"

"That's true!" replied Rose-Pompon. "I'm sure I never should have thought of such a thing; how should I know that your name was Rodin unless somebody told me?"

"Well, then, this unknown joker has, without intending it, done a serious injury to poor Jacques Rennepon."

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“Oh, good gracious!” exclaimed Rose-Pompon, quite overcome with grief, and regretting the part she had played at the instigation of Nini-Moulin; “is it possible that all this mischief comes of my having called you Rodin instead of Charlemagne? But what can this joke have to do with any service you intended to render Jacques?”

“That, my dear, I am not at liberty to tell you. I am sorry for poor Jacques. But now let me pass, if you please.”

“Oh, pray don’t go yet, sir!” cried Rose-Pompon. “If I tell you the name of the person who set me on to call you M. Rodin, will you then interest yourself for poor Jacques?”

“My good girl, I desire to find out nobody’s secrets. You have been merely the tool of some person whose anger it might be dangerous to provoke; and I have no desire to make enemies, notwithstanding the interest I take in Jacques Rennepont.”

Rose-Pompon understood nothing of the fears expressed by Rodin, whose expectations were realized by her exclaiming, after a short pause, “I can’t comprehend what you are afraid of, sir; but, for my own part, I am so miserable to think I have been the cause of any injury to Jacques, that I will tell you, of my own free-will, all about it. Perhaps, by speaking the exact truth, I may help Jacques after all.”

“Truth,” replied Rodin, sententiously, “often clears up the most incomprehensible things.”

“And besides,” continued Rose-Pompon, “if anybody has done wrong, it is Nini-Moulin. Why should he set me on to say foolish things that would hurt the lover of poor Céphysée? I’ll tell you exactly how it was, sir. Nini-Moulin, who is very fond of a joke, saw you in the street, and the portress told him your name was ‘M. Charlemagne.’ ‘No,’ said he to me; ‘his name is Rodin. Let us have a lark! Go knock at his door and call him M. Rodin; you will see what a start you will give him!’ He made me promise not to say he had anything to do with it. But since I find that I have done harm to poor Jacques, I won’t hold my tongue any longer.”

At the name of Nini-Moulin, an involuntary expression of surprise escaped Rodin. The pamphleteer, to whom had been committed the editorship of the journal entitled “The Love of One’s Neighbour,” was not personally an object to be dreaded. But, with his loquacious propensity to communicate all he knew, which came on after he had been drinking, Nini might be troublesome, more especially if Rodin should have frequent occasion to visit the house in carrying out his plans upon Couche-tout-Nuth through the medium of the Queen Baccanal. This possible inconvenience the socius determined, therefore, to guard against.

“So then, my good girl,” he said, “it is a M. Desmoulins who got up this silly joke?”

“No, not Desmoulins,” answered Rose-Pompon, “but Dumoulin. He writes in the newspapers, and defends all sorts of bigots for the sake of the money he gets; for, certainly, if Nini-Moulin be a saint, his patrons must be St. Soifard and St. Chicard,” as he says himself.”

“The gentleman seems to be very facetious.”

“Oh, he is a very good fellow, I can assure you!”

“Stop a bit—stop a bit,” cried Rodin, as if trying to collect his ideas; “is he not a man about thirty-six years of age—stout—fresh-coloured?”

“Yes,” cried Rose-Pompon; “with a complexion the colour of red wine, and a nose pimpled all over like a mulberry.”

“The very same,” said Rodin. “Ah, then, the joke is of no consequence; M. Dumoulin is a very excellent man, excepting, perhaps, being a little too fond of pleasure.”

1 The above names are not translatabile, farther than by saying they resemble in meaning the words Saint Drinker and Saint Larker.
"Then, sir, you will still try to help poor Jacques—will you not, spite of this stupid jest of Nini-Moulin's?"

"I will do my best."

"And I suppose, sir, I had better not let Nini-Moulin know of my telling you it was he set me on to call you M. Rodin?"

"Why not, my dear? Let me advise you at all times to speak the truth candidly."

"Oh, but Nini was so very particular that I should not mention his name."

"Your motive was so good, that I can see no objection to your informing him of it. However, my dear, it is your affair, and not mine; therefore do as you please."

"And may I mention to Céphyse your kind intentions toward Jacques?"

"Candour, my dear girl, never hurts. No harm can ever arise from speaking of things as they are."

"Poor Céphyse! won't she be glad?" said Rose, joyously; "I'm sure she wanted something to cheer her up."

"Only remember not to exaggerate; I do not promise actually to release Jacques from prison—all I say is, I will try. However, one thing you may safely engage in my name; for I doubt not since poor Jacques's imprisonment your friend is badly off, and—"

"Alas, monsieur!"

"Well, then, I promise a trifling assistance, which your friend shall receive in the course of the day, that she may have the means of living honestly; and if she behaves correctly—why, then, I say, by-and-by—we shall see."

"Ah, sir, you little know in what good time you have come to the relief of poor Céphyse—you will be her good angel. Well, whether your name be Rodin or Charlemagne, all I can say is, you are an excellent man."

"Come, come, my dear," said Rodin, interrupting her, "do not exaggerate. Call me nothing more than a well-meaning old man, my good girl. But see now how one thing leads to another! Who would have thought when, just now, you knocked at my door, which annoyed me, I confess, who would have thought it was a neighbour who would put me in the way of performing a good action? Now, go and comfort your friend. This evening shall bring her pecuniary aid, and consolation and hope. There are still some good people in the world, thank God."

"Ah, sir, you are proof of that!"

"Nay, the thing is simple enough. What enjoyment have the aged, except to promote the happiness of the young?"

All this was uttered by Rodin in a tone of such exquisite benevolence, that Rose-Pompon felt her eyes fill with tears, and exclaimed,

"Ah, sir, Céphyse and I are only two poor girls—not so good as many, no doubt; but, for all that, our hearts are not bad. And if you should ever be ill, send for us, and we will watch and tend you like sisters. That is all we have to offer; but, when Philemon returns, I will make him go through fire and water to serve you—that I promise you; and so Céphyse will engage for Jacques, I am sure, that he shall serve you with his life."

"That makes good what I said to you, my dear—giddy-headed people often have warm hearts. Now, then, farewell, till we meet again!"

So saying, Rodin, taking up the basket he had laid down beside his umbrella, prepared to descend the stairs.

"Let me carry your basket for you," said Rose-Pompon, taking it from the hands of Rodin, spite of all his attempts to detain it: "you will walk better without it; and take hold of my arm: the staircase is so dark, you might slip and hurt yourself."

"Thank you, my dear! I will accept your kind offer; for I am not very strong."

And so, paternally leaning on the right arm of Rose-Pompon, while she car-
ried his basket in her left hand, Rodin descended the staircase, and crossed the courtyard.

"Look!" said Rose-Pompon, all of a sudden, to Rodin; "do you see that broad face stuck against the window of the room on the third floor? That is Nini-Moulin! Do you know him? Is he the person you thought?"

"The same," said Rodin, making a friendly nod to Jacques Dumoulin, who, much disconcerted, abruptly withdrew from the window.

"Poor fellow! He thinks he has offended me with his little joke," said Rodin, smilingly; "but he is wrong."

The latter words were accompanied by a sinister contraction of the lips, which passed unobserved by Rose-Pompon.

"Now, then, my good girl," he said, as together they entered the alley, "I have no longer need of your assistance; so make haste back to your friend, and carry her the good news you have to tell her."

"Yes, that I will; for I am all impatience to tell her what a dear man you are!" So saying, Rose-Pompon darted up the staircase.

"Halloo! halloo!" cried Rodin; "what a wild little thing it is! She is running off with my basket!"

"O dear, so I am! I beg your pardon, sir! Poor Céphylse! won't she be half mad with joy? Good-by, sir—good-by!" And the light, buoyant figure of Rose-Pompon disappeared amid the intricacies of the staircase, which she climbed with an eager, bounding step.

Rodin then emerged from the alley.

"Here is your basket, my good madam," said he, as he stood on the threshold of Mother Arsène's shop. "I am extremely obliged to you for your great kindness!"

"Oh, pray, sir, do not name such a trifle! I shall always be delighted to serve you! I hope the radish turned out good?"
"Excellent, my good madam. Succulent and juicy."
"I'm very glad to hear it! Shall we see you again soon, sir?"
"I hope so. Can you direct me to a postoffice near here?"
"Yes, sir. If you turn to the left, the third house is a grocer's shop—there you will find a postoffice."
"A thousand thanks!"
"I'll be bound, now," said Mother Arsène, probably moved to gayety by her contact with Rose-Pompon and Nini-Moulin, "that it is a loveletter for your sweetheart."
"Ha! ha! ha!" said Rodin, jerking himself into a sort of convulsive laugh. Then, all at once resuming his accustomed seriousness, he made a profound bow to the fruit-woman, saying, "Your most obedient, humble servant!"

With these words, he passed into the street.

We shall now conduct our readers to the house of Doctor Baleinier, where Mademoiselle de Cardoville was still confined.

CHAPTER V.

INSIDIOUS COUNSELS.

DRIENNE DE CARDOVILLE had been confined in the house of Dr. Baleinier more strictly than ever since the nocturnal attempt of Agricola and Dagobert; after which the soldier, though severely wounded, had contrived, thanks to the intrepidity of Agricola, aided by the heroic Killjoy, to regain the little door of the convent-garden, and escape along the Boulevard with the young smith.

Four o'clock had struck; and Adrienne, since the preceding day, had been placed in a chamber in the second story of the house, where a grated window, shaded by an outside blind, only allowed a feeble light to penetrate the apartment.

The young lady, since her conversation with La Mayeux, expected to be delivered speedily, through the intervention of her friends; but she felt great uneasiness with respect to Agricola and Dagobert. Knowing nothing of the result of the struggle which had taken place between her would-be liberators and the people of the lunatic asylum and the convent, it was in vain she inquired of her keepers; they would not reply to her interrogatories.

These fresh incidents exasperated the bitter resentment of Adrienne against the Princess de Saint-Dizier, Father d'Aigrigny, and their creatures.
The slight paleness of her lovely face, her beautiful eyes, which appeared somewhat dimmed, betrayed her recent anguish. Seated at a small table, with her head resting on one of her hands, and half hidden in the long tresses of her golden hair, she was turning over the leaves of a book, when the door suddenly opened, and M. Baleinier entered.

The doctor, a Jesuit of the "short gown," the docile and passive instrument of the will of his Order, was, as we have said, but half in the confidence of Father d'Aigrigny and the Princess de Saint-Dizier. He did not know the purpose of Mademoiselle de Cardoville's imprisonment; he was also ignorant of the abrupt change of position which had taken place on the previous day between Father d'Aigrigny and Rodin, after the reading of the will of Marius de Rennepont. The doctor had received only on the previous evening an order from Father d'Aigrigny (then obeying the instructions of Rodin) to shut up Mademoiselle de Cardoville still more closely, redouble his severity toward her, and endeavour, in short, to compel her (by what means we shall presently show) to renounce her intention of prosecuting her persecutors hereafter.

At the sight of the doctor, Mademoiselle de Cardoville could not conceal the aversion and disdain with which this man inspired her.

M. Baleinier, on the contrary, always smiling, always bland, approached Adrienne with perfect ease and self-possession, and stopped a few paces from her, as if to examine the young lady's features attentively: he then said, as if satisfied with the observation which he had made,

"Come! the unfortunate events of the night before last have not had so bad an effect as I feared; the air better, the complexion is more settled, the gesture more composed; the eyes are still too animated, but no longer with that unnatural lustre. You were going on so well: now the cure will be delayed, for the unfortunate transaction of the night before last has excited you more than you yourself can believe; but, luckily, by great care, your restoration will not, I trust, be thrown back any great length of time."

Although accustomed to the audacity of the brother of the Order, Mademoiselle de Cardoville could not help saying, with a smile of bitter disdain,

"What a barefaced probity is yours, sir! what effrontery in your zeal to gain your money fairly! Never a moment without your mask—always with trick, with falsehood on your lips. Really, if this disgraceful farce is as fatiguing to you as it is disgusting and contemptible to me, you are not too well paid for your labour."

"Alas!" said the doctor, in an accent of regret; "always this distressing idea that you have no occasion for our attentions! that I am acting a farce when I talk to you of the afflicting state in which you were when we were compelled to bring you here. But, except this little proof of rebellious insanity, your position is marvellously melliorated; you are going on to a perfect cure. Hereafter your excellent heart will do me justice, and one day I shall be appreciated as I ought to be."

"You are right, sir! Yes, the day is at hand when you will 'be appreciated as you ought to be!'" responded Adrienne, with emphasis.

"Still that other fixed idea!" said the doctor, with a kind of commiseration.

"Come, come, be reasonable! think no more of such childish imaginings."

"Give up my intention to appeal to the laws for reparation to myself, and retribution for you and your accomplices? never, sir! oh, never!"

"Very good!" said the doctor,shrugging his shoulders; "once out of here, you will have other things to think of, of my charming enemy."

"You are generous enough to forget the wrong you do; but I, sir, have a better memory."

"Let us talk seriously. Have you really the idea of applying to the laws?" asked Dr. Baleinier, in a serious tone.

"Yes, sir! and you know what I decide upon I decide upon firmly."

"Well, then, I beg of you, I entreat you not to follow up that intention!"
said the doctor, in a most emphatic tone; "I ask it of you as a favour, and for the sake of your own interest."

"I think, sir, that you are somewhat confounding your interests with mine."

"Let us see, now," said Dr. Baleinier, with assumed impatience, and as if he was assured of convincing Mademoiselle de Cardoville; "would you really have the courage to plunge into despair two persons filled with nobleness of heart and generosity?"

"Only two! the jest would be more complete if you would say three. Yourself, sir, my aunt, and the Abbé d'Aigrigny; for these are, no doubt, the generous personages in whose name you invoke my pity."

"Mademoiselle, I did not allude to myself, nor your aunt, nor the Abbé d'Aigrigny."

"To whom, then, did you refer, sir?" said Mademoiselle de Cardoville, with surprise.

"I referred to two poor devils who, no doubt, sent by those you call your friends, obtained entrance the other night into the adjoining convent, and came thence into this garden. The reports you heard were shots fired at them."

"Alas! I was afraid it was so; and they refused to tell me whether or not they were wounded," said Adrienne, with painful emotion.

"One of them was wounded, though only slightly; for he contrived to keep on his legs and get away from the persons who pursued him."

"Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Cardoville, clasping her hands fervently.

"Nothing can be more praiseworthy than your joy on learning that they have
escaped; but, then, by what strange contradiction would you set justice on their heels? That is a singular mode, really, to acknowledge their devotion to your service."

"What do you mean, sir?" inquired Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

"For if they are apprehended," continued Dr. Baleinier, not appearing to notice the question, "as they were guilty of escalade with forcible entry during the night, they will be assuredly sentenced to the galleys."

"Heaven! and for me?"

"It would be for you, and, what is worse, through you, that they would be thus sentenced."

"Through me, sir?"

"Certainly, if you follow out your intentions of vengeance against your aunt and Father d'Aigrigny (I do not think of myself, for I am quite protected); if, in a word, you persist in your determination to appeal to the law for having been unjustly immured in this house."

"Sir, I do not understand you; explain yourself!" said Adrienne, with increasing uneasiness.

"Why, child as you are!" exclaimed the Jesuit of the short robe, with an impressive tone, "do you think, then, that when justice is once set on the track of an affair, its course can be checked where and when one chooses? When you leave this house, you will lodge your complaint against me and your family. Is it not so? Well, what will follow? Justice will take the affair up, obtain every information, summon witnesses, and enter into the most minute investigations. What will then result? Why, let this nocturnal escalade, which the superior of the convent has a certain interest in keeping quiet for fear of scandal; let this nocturnal attempt, I say—which I, for my part, do not desire to have brought before the public—be once divulged, and as it involves a very grave offence, which incurs a disgraceful punishment, justice will take the initiative, and set its agents on the pursuit of these offenders; and if, as is probable, they are still in Paris, detained by any duties, or by their business, or under the idea that they are in perfect security (which they may believe, thinking that they have only acted on an honourable motive), they will be arrested; and who will have provoked their apprehension? Yourself, by deposing against us."

"Ah, sir! that would be horrible; it is impossible—"

"On the contrary, it would be very possible," said M. Baleinier; "and so, while I and the superior of the convent, who, after all, have the only right to complain, desire nothing but to keep this annoying affair perfectly quiet, it is you—you, for whom these poor fellows have risked the galleys—you who will hand them over to justice."

Although Mademoiselle de Cardoville was not completely the dupe of the Jesuit of the short robe, she guessed that the sentiments of clemency which he pretended to have toward Dagobert and his son would be regulated by the part she might take in prosecuting or abandoning the legitimate vengeance which she desired to obtain from the law.

In fact, Rodin, whose instructions the doctor followed, although unconscious of it, was too cunning to say to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, "If you attempt any quest of justice, Dagobert and his son shall be denounced," while they could arrive at the same end by inspiring Adrienne with such fears for her two liberators as would turn her from her purpose. Without knowing the real law of the case, Mademoiselle de Cardoville had too much good sense not to see that Dagobert and Agricola might, indeed, be greatly injured by their nocturnal attempt, and thus be involved in most terrible consequences.

Yet when she reflected on all she had suffered in this house, and summing up all the just resentments which had accumulated in the depths of her heart, Adrienne found it hard to renounce the pleasure of unmasking and exposing such vile machinations in the face of open day.

Doctor Baleinier looked at her, whom he believed his dupe, with crafty attention, quite assured that he penetrated the cause of her silence and hesitation.
"But, sir," she resumed, without being able to conceal her trouble, "admitting that I should be disposed, from any motive, not to lodge a complaint, to forget the evil that has been heaped upon me, when shall I leave this house?"

"I cannot answer that question, for I am unable to decide on the time when you will be radically cured," said the doctor, with a benignant smile; "you are on the highroad thither, but—"

"Still this insolent and absurd farce," exclaimed Mademoiselle de Cardoville, indignantly interrupting the doctor. "I ask you, and, if it be necessary, I beg of you to tell me how much time longer I shall be immured in this horrible abode? for I am to leave it some day, I suppose."

"Certainly—I hope so," replied the Jesuit of the short robe, with an air of apparent regret; "but I cannot say precisely when. Besides, I must tell you frankly that every precaution has been taken to prevent any repetition of such attempts as we had the night before last. The most rigorous watch has been established, in order that you may not have any communication without; and this is all done for your good, and that your poor head may not be excited again so dangerously—"

"Then, sir," said Adrienne, almost affrighted, "the days I have spent here may be considered days of liberty in comparison with those which are now in store for me?"

"Your benefit is the first consideration," replied the doctor, with an affectionate air.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville, feeling the impotence of her indignation and despair, heaved a bitter sigh, and hid her face in her hands.

At this instant rapid steps were heard without, and one of the women-keepers entered, after having knocked at the door.

"Sir," she said, with a frightened look, "there are two gentlemen down stairs who demand to see you and this young lady."

Adrienne raised her head; her eyes were bathed in tears.

"What are the names of these persons?" inquired Dr. Baleinier, greatly astonished.
"One of them told me," answered the keeper, "to say to the doctor that he was a magistrate, and had come to execute a judicial duty concerning Made- moiselle de Cardoville."

"A magistrate!" exclaimed the Jesuit of the short robe, becoming purple, and unable to repress his surprise and disquietude.

"Oh, Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Adrienne, rising quickly, and her face beaming with hope through her tears; "my friends have been warned, and the hour of justice is at hand."

"Beg these persons to come up stairs," said Dr. Baleiniéro to the keeper, after a moment's reflection.

Then, with his countenance more and more moved and troubled, the Jesuit of the short robe went toward Adrienne with a severe and almost threatening look, which contrasted strangely with his habitual placidity and hypocritical smile, and said, in a low tone,

"Take care, mademoiselle; do not congratulate yourself too soon."

"I do not fear you now!" replied Mademoiselle de Cardoville, her eye lighted up and radiant with hope; "M. de Montbron, no doubt, has returned to Paris, and has been informed: it is he who accompanies the magistrate, and he comes to free me!"

Then Adrienne added, in a tone of bitter irony,

"I pity you, sir—you and your coadjutors."

"Mademoiselle," exclaimed M. Baleiniéro, unable to conceal his increasing trepidation, "I repeat, take care—remember what I have said to you! your complaint will necessarily include—you understand, necessarily—the revelation of all that occurred the other night: take care—the fate, the honour of the soldier and his son are in your hands; reflect—they have the galleys before them."

"Oh, I am not your dupe, sir! you threaten me covertly: have the courage to tell me that, if I complain to this magistrate, you will instantly denounce the soldier and his son."

"I repeat, that, if you make a complaint, those persons are utterly lost," replied the lay Jesuit, in ambiguous terms.

Disturbed by the real danger which there might be in the threats of the doctor, Adrienne exclaimed,

"But, then, sir, if this magistrate questions me, do you think I will utter a falsehood?"

"You will reply, and tell the truth. Besides," said M. Baleiniéro, rapidly, in the hope of achieving his purpose, "you will reply that you were in such an excited state of mind for some days that it was thought advisable, for your health's sake, to conduct you hither without apprising you, but that now you are much better, and are convinced of the utility of the precautions that were taken for your benefit. I will confirm all this; for, after all, it is the truth."

"Never!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Cardoville, indignantly; "I will never be an accomplice in so infamous a falsehood. I will never so degrade myself as to justify the indignities under which I suffered."

"Here is the magistrate," said Dr. Baleiniério, hearing a noise outside the door.

"Take care—"

The door opened at this moment; and, to the utter astonishment of the doctor, Rodin appeared, accompanied by a man dressed in black, and of a lofty and stern demeanour.

Rodin, for the sake of working out his plans, and, from the deepest motives of crafty prudence (which we shall reveal hereafter), far from notifying Father d'Aigrigny and the doctor of the unexpected visit which he intended to pay at the madhouse, attended by a magistrate, had, on the contrary, on the previous evening, as we know, given an order to Dr. Baleiniéro to confine Mademoiselle de Cardoville still more strictly.

We must imagine the increase of the doctor's amazement when he saw the officer of justice, whose unexpected presence and imposing aspect already
THE WANDERING JEW.

greatly disquieted him, when he saw him enter, accompanied by Rodin, the humble and obscure secretary of the Abbé d'Aigrigny.

As they entered, Rodin, still meanly dressed, had, with a gesture at once compassionate and respectful, pointed out Mademoiselle de Cardoville to the magistrate. Then, while the latter, who could not repress a movement of admiration at the sight of Adrienne's exceeding beauty, seemed to examine her with as much surprise as interest, the Jesuit humbly retired a few paces into the background.

Dr. Baleinier, astounded, and hoping to make Rodin understand him, made repeated signs of intelligence to him, endeavouring to interrogate him as to the unexpected arrival of the magistrate.

Another subject of surprise for Dr. Baleinier: Rodin did not appear to recognise him, or to understand his expressive pantomime, but gazed at him in affected wonder.

At length, when the doctor, out of all patience, redoubled his mute interrogatories, Rodin, advancing a step, stretched out his bent neck toward him, and said, in a very loud voice,

"What is it you want with me, doctor?"

At these words, which completely disconcerted Baleinier, and broke the silence that had reigned for some seconds, the magistrate turned round, and Rodin added, with the most imperturbable sang-froid,

"Since we came in the doctor has been making all sorts of mysterious signs to me. I imagine that he has something very particular to communicate; but, as I have no secrets, I beg he will be so good as explain aloud what he means."

This reply, so embarrassing to Dr. Baleinier, pronounced in an offensive tone, and accompanied by a look of icy coldness, again-plunged the doctor into astonishment so great, that for several moments he was wholly unable to reply.

Unquestionably the magistrate was struck by this fact, and the silence that followed, for he threw on Dr. Baleinier a look of extreme severity.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville, who had expected to see M. de Montbron enter, remained also in a state of extreme surprise.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ACCUSER.

Baleinier, for a moment disconcerted by the unexpected presence of a magistrate, and the inexplicable conduct of Rodin, soon returned his composure, and thus addressed his brother of the short robe:

"If I endeavoured to make myself understood by signs, it was because, while desirous of showing my respect for the silence which this gentleman (and he looked at the magistrate) has kept since he entered my house, I wished also to testify my surprise at a visit with which I did not expect to be honoured."

"It is to this young lady that I will explain the motive of my silence, sir, while I beg her to excuse it," replied the magistrate; and, bowing slightly to Adrienne, he continued to address her. "I have had laid before me, mademoiselle, in your name, so very serious a charge, that I could not help remaining for an instant mute and observant in your presence, endeavouring to read in your countenance, your attitude, if the accusation deposed to in my presence was founded in truth; and I have now every reason to believe that it is so."

"May I know, sir," inquired Doctor Baleinier, in a tone firm, but perfectly polite, "to whom I have the honour of addressing myself?"
"Sir, I am a magistrate; and I come here to do my duty in a matter to which my attention has been directed."

"Will you, sir, deign to explain yourself?" asked the doctor, with a bow.

"Sir," answered the magistrate, whose name was M. de Gernande, a man about fifty years of age, of firm mind and upright principles, and who knew perfectly how to unite the austere duties of his office with the most gentlemanly politeness, "sir, you are accused of having committed a very gross error, not to make use of a more severe expression. As to the nature of this error, I should prefer to believe that you, sir, one of the princes of science, have been completely deceived in your medical opinion, than suspect you of having forgotten all that is most sacred in the exercise of a profession which is almost sacerdotal—"

"When, sir, you have specified the facts," responded the Jesuit of the short robe, with a certain hauteur, "it will be easy for me to prove that my scientific knowledge, as well as my conscience, is free from the slightest reproach."

"Mademoiselle," said M. de Gernande, addressing Adrienne, "is it true that you were brought to this house by stratagem?"

"Sir," exclaimed M. Baleinier, "allow me to observe that the way in which you put that question reflects painfully on me."

"Sir, it is to mademoiselle that I have the honour to address myself," replied M. de Gernande, sternly; "and I am the only judge of the propriety of my questions."

Adrienne was about to reply in the affirmative to the magistrate's question, when an expressive look from Dr. Baleinier reminded her that, perhaps, she should thereby expose Dagobert and his son to a vindictive prosecution.

It was no low and common feeling of vengeance which animated Adrienne, but a legitimate indignation against the most hateful hypocrisy: she would have thought it cowardly not to unmask this; but desirous to conciliate, if possible, she said to the magistrate, in a voice full of sweetness and dignity,

"Sir, allow me, in my turn, to ask you a question."

"By all means, mademoiselle."

"Shall you consider the reply I make as a formal denunciation?"

"I am here, mademoiselle, to discover the truth; no consideration should induce you to conceal it."

"Assuredly not, sir," replied Adrienne; "but, suppose that, having just grounds of complaint, I expose them to you in order to obtain your authority for leaving this house, shall I hereafter be free not to follow up the charge that has been made before you?"

"You may unquestionably abandon such charge, mademoiselle, but justice will take up your cause in the name of society, if it has been maltreated in your person."

"Would forgiveness, then, be denied me, sir? A contemptuous forgetfulness of the ills I have suffered would adequately avenge me."

"You may concede your personal forgiveness and forgetfulness, mademoiselle; but I have the honour to repeat to you that society cannot evince the same indulgence if you have been the victim of a culpable machination; and I have every fear that such has been the case. The manner in which you express yourself, the generosity of your expressions, the calmness, the dignity of your attitude—all combine to make me believe that the truth has been declared before me."

"I hope, sir," interposed Doctor Baleinier, who had now resumed all his habitual phlegm, "that you will, at least, inform me by whom this deposition was made."

"It has been affirmed to me, sir," replied the magistrate, in a tone of severity, "that mademoiselle was brought hither by stratagem."

"By stratagem?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is true that mademoiselle was brought hither by stratagem," replied the Jesuit of the short robe, after a moment's pause.
"You acknowledge it, then?" said M. de Gernande.

"I do, sir; I confess that I employed a means which we are, unfortunately, compelled to use when the persons who have need of our cares have not the consciousness of their unhappy condition."

"But, sir," said the magistrate, "it is asserted that Mademoiselle de Cardoville never had any need of your cares."

"That is a question of legal medicine, which the law alone is not called upon to decide, sir, and which must be examined in all its bearings," said Dr. Baleinier, regaining his usual assurance.

"The question will, in effect, be the more seriously examined, inasmuch as you are charged with having immured Mademoiselle de Cardoville, although she was in perfect possession of her reason."

"And may I ask for what end?" said Dr. Baleinier, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, and in an ironical tone; "for what purpose would I commit such an indignity, admitting, for an instant, that my reputation does not place me above such an odious and absurd accusation?"

"You have acted, sir, with the purpose of aiding a family plot got up against Mademoiselle de Cardoville with an avaricious design."

"And who, sir, has dared to make so calumnious an accusation?" exclaimed Dr. Baleinier, with wrathful indignation.

"Who has had the audacity to accuse a respectable man—and I will add, respected by all—of having been an accomplice in such an infamous transaction?"

"I," said Rodin, coldly.

"You!" exclaimed Dr. Baleinier; and, recoiling two or three steps, he seemed thunderstruck.

"Yes, it is I who accuse you," responded Rodin, in a sharp, clear voice.

"Yes, it was this gentleman who, this very morning, armed with adequate proofs, came to demand my intervention in favour of Mademoiselle de Cardoville," said the magistrate, who retreated a step, that Adrienne might perceive her defender.

During this scene Rodin's name had not yet been mentioned. Mademoiselle de Cardoville had often heard the secretary of the Abbé d'Aigrigny mentioned in terms of obloquy, but, never having seen him, she was ignorant that her liberator was no other than this Jesuit; and she therefore looked at him with a glance of mingled curiosity, surprise, interest, and gratitude.

The cadaverous countenance of Rodin, his repulsive ugliness, his sordid attire, would, some days before, have excited in Adrienne a disgust, perhaps unconquerable; but the young girl remembering that La Mayeux, poor, mean, deformed, and clothed in rags, was endowed, spite of her unprepossessing exterior, with one of the noblest hearts that can beat in a human bosom, this recollection was singularly favourable to the Jesuit. Mademoiselle de Cardoville forgot that he was ugly and squalid, and only reflected that he was old, seemed poor, and came to rescue her.

Dr. Baleinier, spite of his craft—spite of his bold-faced hypocrisy—spite of his presence of mind, could not disguise the extent to which Rodin's denuncia-
tion affected him; he was bewildered when he remembered that it was the im-
placable voice of Rodin, through the wicket of the chamber, that had prevented
him—him, Baleinier, from yielding to the pity with which the despairing anguish
of this unhappy young lady, who almost doubted her own sanity, had inspired
him.

And it was he, Rodin—he, so inexorable—he, the attendant demon, the de-
voted subaltern of Father d'Aigrigny, who denounced the doctor, and brought a
magistrate to obtain the release of Adrienne, when, the evening previous, Father
d'Aigrigny had commanded him to redouble his severity toward her!

The Jesuit of the short robe persuaded himself that Rodin betrayed Father
d'Aigrigny most infamously; that the friends of Mademoiselle de Cardoville had
corrupted and seduced the miserable secretary; and then Dr. Baleinier, exas-
pered at what he considered a base treachery, exclaimed again, with indigna-
tion, and in a voice half choked with rage,

"It is you, then, sir, who have dared to accuse me—you, who but a few days
since—"

Then, reflecting that to accuse Rodin as an accomplice was to accuse himself,
he assumed an air of excessive emotion, and continued, with bitterness,

"Ah! sir, sir! you are the last person I should have thought capable of pre-
ferring so shameless a denunciation: it is infamous!"

"And who better than myself could denounce such infamy?" said Rodin, in
an abrupt and harsh tone. "Was I not in a position to learn, but unfortunately
too late, the machinations of which Mademoiselle de Cardoville and others had
been the victims? What, then, was my duty as an honest man? To inform
the magistrate, prove to him what I advanced, and accompany him hither; and
this is what I have done."

"Then, Mr. Magistrate," resumed Dr. Baleinier, "it is not only myself whom
this man accuses, but he dares also to accuse—"

"I accusé the Abbé d'Aigrigny," interrupted Rodin, in a loud and piercing
voice; "I accuse Madame de Saint-Dizier; I accuse you, sir—you, sir, of hav-
ing, from base and interested motives, immured Mademoiselle de Cardoville in
this house, and the daughters of Marshal Simon in the adjoining convent. Is
this clear?"

"Alas! it is but too true," said Adrienne; "I have seen the poor girls, who
made signs to me of their deep despair."

The accusation of Rodin relative to the orphan girls was a fresh and formida-
ble blow for Dr. Baleinier. He was then thoroughly convinced that the traitor
had completely passed over to the enemy's camp. Being, therefore, desirous to
put an end to his embarrassing position, he said to the magistrate, endeavouring
to assume as good a countenance as he could, in spite of his deep emotion,

"I might, sir, confine myself to silence, and thus evince my contempt for such
charges, until a judicial investigation shall have stamped them with some author-
yty; but, strong in the rectitude of my conscience, I address myself to Made-
moiselle de Cardoville, and I entreat her to say if, this very morning, I did not
announce to her that her health would soon be in so satisfactory a state that she
might leave this house. I adjure mademoiselle, by her well-known sincerity, to
answer me if such was not my language; and if, when I said so, I was not alone
with her, and if—"

"Well, sir!" said Rodin, insolently interrupting Baleinier; "suppose this
dear young lady avows this from pure generosity, what does it prove in your
favour? Nothing at all—"

"What, sir!" exclaimed the doctor; "do you venture—"

"I venture to unmask you without asking your leave; it is unpleasant, no
doubt; but what does all you have just said amount to? Why, that, alone with
Mademoiselle de Cardoville, you spoke to her as if she were really insane. Very
conclusive, really!"

"But, sir—" said the doctor.
"But, sir," interrupted Rodin, without allowing him to continue, "it is evident that, in anticipation of what has happened, in order to have a hole to creep out of, you feigned to be persuaded of your execrable falsehood, even in the presence of this poor young lady, that hereafter, if requisite, you might appeal to the fact of your assumed conviction. Come, come! it is not to people of right mind and good hearts that such stories must be told."

"Really, sir—" exclaimed Baleinier, much exasperated.

"Really, sir," said Rodin, in a still louder voice, which completely drowned the doctor's; "is it true, or is it not, that you hold in reserve the evasion of throwing this infamous immurement on a scientific error? I say yes; and I add, that you think yourself out of the scrape, because you now say, 'Thanks to my care, mademoiselle has recovered her reason; what more is required?'

"I affirm that, sir, and I maintain it."

"You maintain a falsehood; for it is proved that the reason of mademoiselle was never, for an instant, deranged."

"And I, sir, maintain that it was completely impaired."

"I am prepared to prove the contrary," answered Rodin.

"You!" exclaimed the doctor; "and by what means can you do that?"

"Excuse me there!" replied Rodin, with an ironical smile. "You will understand my reasons for being silent at present." Then, assuming an indignant air, he added, "It reflects no small disgrace on you, sir, to permit the discussion of such a subject in the presence of this young lady. She might be spared this fresh trial to her feelings."

"Sir?"

"I say again, sir, shame on you for permitting this lady to be harassed by so distressing a conversation; your conduct is alike unmanly, whether you speak truth or falsehood."

"This is past all endurance!" exclaimed the Jesuit of the short robe, exasperated beyond all restraint; "and I think the magistrate shows undue partiality in permitting me to be assailed with such gross calumnies."

"Sir!" answered M. de Gernande, sternly, "I have the right not only to permit, but even to provoke any controversy that may serve to elicit the truth. It appears to me, even by your own confession, that Mademoiselle de Cardoville is in a condition to admit of her immediate return to her family."

"Why," said the doctor, "I certainly see no positive reason against it; what I insist on is, that the cure is not sufficiently confirmed, and that I must decline being answerable for what may occur."

"You may do that, sir," said Rodin, "as it is not likely that the young lady will seek to avail herself of your skill hereafter."

"I have, therefore, no occasion to employ my authority to compel you to afford immediate egress to Mademoiselle de Cardoville," said the magistrate to the doctor.

"The young lady is free to depart," answered Baleinier; "perfectly so."

"As for the question of your having immured the lady under a false charge of madness, the affair being in the hands of the judicial authorities, you will be heard at the proper time."

"I am under no fears, sir," said Dr. Baleinier, affecting composure; "my conscience exculpates me."

"I trust it may prove so," said M. de Gernande; "for however appearances may be against persons, more especially those occupying such a position as yours, we are always rejoiced when they prove their innocence." Then, addressing Adrienne, he said, "I can well understand, mademoiselle, how painful such a scene as this must be to your generosity and your delicacy. It will be optional with you either to institute a civil process against Dr. Baleinier, or allow justice to take its course. One word more; that noble-hearted person," pointing to Rodin, "who has so fearlessly and disinterestedly espoused your cause, told me he had reason to believe you would take charge of the daughters of
Marshal Simon: I am now going to demand them from the convent, whither they, also, were conveyed under a false pretext."

"Indeed, sir," replied Adrienne, "from the moment I heard of the arrival of Marshal Simon's daughters in Paris, my intention was to receive them beneath my roof; these young ladies are my near relatives, and it will be at once my duty and pleasure to treat them as sisters. I shall, therefore, feel my obligations to you doubly great if you will intrust them to my care."

"It appears to me," replied M. de Gernande, "that I can in no way better promote their interests." Then, addressing Dr. Baleinier, he said, "Have you any objection, sir, to my bringing the Mesdemoiselles Simon here? If not, I will bring them while Mademoiselle de Cardoville is preparing for her departure; they can then go with their relative."

"I beg Mademoiselle de Cardoville will make use of this house as though it were her own while awaiting her departure; my carriage shall be at her disposal."

"Mademoiselle," said the magistrate, approaching Adrienne, "without pre-judging the question, which will shortly be brought before the courts, I may, at least, express my regret at not having been applied to sooner on your behalf. I might have spared you some days of cruel suffering, for you must have had much to endure."

"One happy recollection," said Adrienne, with graceful dignity, "will remain even of these days of suffering, that of the interest you have taken in my case, for which I trust to thank you more fully when again beneath my own roof; not for the justice you have accorded me, but for the benevolent, I would even venture to sey paternal manner in which you have done it; and I trust, sir," added Mademoiselle de Cardoville, with one of her sweetest smiles, "to prove to you that what is called my cure is genuine."

M. de Gernande bowed respectfully to Mademoiselle de Cardoville. During the short conversation between them, they had turned their backs on Dr. Baleinier and Rodin. The latter, profiting by the circumstance, quickly thrust into the hands of the doctor a billet he had written with a pencil in the bottom of his hat. Baleinier cast a look of wonder at Rodin, who replied to the glance by carrying his thumb to his forehead, and drawing it twice across in a vertical direction; this done, he resumed his usual impassive manner.

All this passed so rapidly, that, when M. de Gernande turned, Rodin was standing at some distance from Doctor Baleinier, and regarding Mademoiselle de Cardoville with respectful interest.

"Allow me to conduct you down stairs, sir," said the doctor, preceding the magistrate, on whom Adrienne bestowed a farewell salutation, replete with graceful affability.
Rodin now remained alone with Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

Having conducted M. de Gernande to the outer door, Dr. Baleinier made haste to read the billet given him by Rodin. It ran thus:

"The magistrate will go to the convent by the street. Do you hasten across the garden, and tell the superior to obey the order I have given relative to the two young girls; it is of the utmost importance."

The sign made by Rodin, as well as the tenor of this note, convinced Baleinier, almost staggering as he was beneath the multiplied surprises of the day, that the secretary of the Rev. Father d'Aigrigny, so far from attempting to betray his Order, was still acting for the greater glory of the Lord. Still, while obeying, Dr. Baleinier sought in vain to comprehend the inexplicable conduct of Rodin in disclosing to the authorities an affair it was so necessary to keep concealed, and which might, in its results, so fearfully involve Father d'Aigrigny, the Princess de Saint-Dizier, and Baleinier himself.

We will now return to Rodin, whom we left alone with Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EX-SECRETARY OF FATHER D'AIGRIGNY.

s soon as the magistrate and Dr. Baleinier had disappeared, Mademoiselle de Cardoville, whose countenance was radiant with joy, cried, as she looked at Rodin with a mixture of respect and gratitude,

"At last, thanks to you, sir, I am free! Free! oh, I never knew before that there was so much delight, expansiveness, and ecstasy in that adorable word liberty!"

And Adrienne's bosom palpitated, her rosy nostrils expanded, her vermilion lips half opened, as if she inspired with supreme enjoyment a pure and vivifying air.

"I have been but a few days in this horrible house," she continued, "but I have suffered enough in my captivity to make a vow to release annually some poor prisoners confined for debt. This vow may appear to you rather antiquated," she added, with a smile, "but we must not borrow from the middle ages merely their furniture and looking-glasses. Thanks, then, sir, doubly; for I make you a participator in this thought of deliverance, which, as you see, springs up amid the happiness I owe to you, and with which you seem moved—touched. Ah! let my joy tell you my gratitude, and repay you for your generous succour!" said the young maiden, enthusiastically.

Mademoiselle had, in fact, remarked a complete change in the countenance of Rodin. This man, lately so stern, so rude, so inflexible with Dr. Baleinier, seemed now under the influence of the most gentle and tender sentiments. His small viperous eyes, half veiled by their dropping lids, were fixed on Adrienne with an expression of indescribable interest. Then, as if he would shake off these impressions, he said, as if speaking to himself,

"Come, no weakness! time is too precious—my mission is not yet fulfilled. No, it is not, my dear young lady," he added, addressing Adrienne; "so we will talk of gratitude hereafter. Let us now talk quickly of you and your family. Do you know what has occurred?"

Adrienne regarded the Jesuit with surprise, and said to him,
"What has occurred, sir?"

"Do you know the real motive of your immurement in this house? Do you know what has made Madame de Saint-Dizier and the Abbé d'Aigrigny act as they have done?"

On hearing these detested names pronounced, the features of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, which but a moment before had been radiant with happiness, became saddened, and she replied, with bitterness,

"Hatred, sir, no doubt, animated Madame de Saint-Dizier against me."

"Yes, hatred; and, moreover, the desire to despoil you of an immense fortune."

"Me, sir! and how?"

"You do not, then, know, my dear young lady, the interest which you had in being, on the 13th of February, in the Rue Saint François for an inheritance?"

"I knew nothing of this date or of these details, sir; but I knew, imperfectly, by some family papers, and through a very extraordinary circumstance, that one of our ancestors—"

"Had bequeathed an enormous sum to be divided among his descendants, was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"What, unfortunately, you did not know, my dear young lady, is, that the heirs were bound to be present on the 13th of February, at a fixed hour; and that, the day and hour past, those who did not present themselves were to be dispossessed. Do you now comprehend, my dear young lady, why you were shut up here?"

"Oh, yes, I do!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Cardoville; "to the hatred which my aunt bore me she joined cupidity; all is now explained. The daughters of General Simon, co-heiresses with me, have been, in like manner, immured."

"And yet," exclaimed Rodin, "you and they are not the sole victims."

"Who are the others, sir?"

"A young Indian—"

"Prince Djalma!" asked Adrienne, eagerly.

"Has been nearly poisoned by a narcotic for the same motive."

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed the young lady, clasping her hands with horror; "how horrible! He! he! the young prince whose character is said to be so noble and generous! But I had sent to the Château de Cardoville—"

"A man in whom you could confide to bring the prince to Paris: I know that, my dear young lady; but by a stratagem that person was removed, and the young Indian delivered up to his enemies."

"And where is he at this moment?"

"I have but vague traces of him: I only know that he is in Paris; but I do not despair of recovering him. I will make every search that paternal anxiety can suggest: for one cannot too much admire the rare qualities of this poor king's son. What a heart! my dear young lady, what a heart! Oh! it is a heart of gold! as bright and pure as the gold of his native country!"

"But the prince must be found, sir!" said Adrienne, with emotion; "nothing must be neglected to effect this. I conjure you to set about it! He is my relative: he is here alone, without help, without resource."

"He is, indeed," observed Rodin, with sympathy; "poor child—for he is still a child, only eighteen or nineteen years of age—thrown into the heart of Paris, into this hell, with his young, ardent, wild passions—with his simplicity and his trusting confidence—to what dangers would he not be exposed!"

"First we must find him, sir," said Adrienne, energetically, "and then withdraw him from these dangers. Before I was shut up here, when I learned his arrival in France, I sent a trusty person to offer him the services of an unknown friend. I now see that this idea, with which my aunt reproached me as so foolish, was very sensible, and I abide by it more strongly than ever. The prince belongs to my family, and I owe him a generous hospitality. I intended for him the pavilion which I occupied at my aunt's."
"And you, my dear young lady!

"This very day I shall go and inhabit a house which I had been for some time fitting up, having resolved on leaving Madame de Saint-Dizier, and living alone and as I please. Now, sir, since it is your mission to be the good genius of our family, be as generous to the Prince Djalma as you have been to me and the daughters of General Simon. I entreat you to discover the retreat of the poor king's son, as you call him; keep my secret, and conduct him to the pavilion which an unknown friend offers him. Let him not disturb himself about anything; all his wants shall be provided for, and he shall live, as he ought to do, like a prince."

"Yes, he will live like a prince, thanks to your regal munificence. But never was tender interest better placed. It is enough to see, as I have seen, his handsome, melancholy countenance, in order—"

"What! have you seen him, sir?" inquired Adrienne, interrupting Rodin.

"Yes, my dear young lady, I saw him for about two hours, and more was not requisite to appreciate him. His charming features are the mirror of his soul!"

"And where did you see him, sir?"

"At your ancient Chateau de Cardoville, my dear young lady; not far from which the tempest had cast him, and where I had gone to—"

Then, after a moment's hesitation, Rodin added, as if carried away in spite of himself,

"Eh! where I had gone to commit a very shameless, disgraceful, and infamous act, I must confess."

"You, sir! at the Chateau de Cardoville! and to do a shameless act?" exclaimed Adrienne de Cardoville, greatly surprised.

"Alas! yes, my dear young lady," replied Rodin, frankly. "In a word, I had instructions from the Abbé d'Aigrigny to place your old land-steward in the alternative of being sent away, or of lending himself to an unworthy transaction—yes, to something very closely akin to spying and slander; but the honest and worthy man refused."

"Who, then, are you, sir?" asked Mademoiselle de Cardoville, more and more astonished.

"I am—Rodin—the ex-secretary of the Abbé d'Aigrigny; a very insignificant person, as you see."

It is impossible to describe the tone of the Jesuit, at once humble and ingenuous, as he uttered these words, which he accompanied with a lowly reverence.

At this disclosure Mademoiselle de Cardoville started back.

As we have said, Adrienne had sometimes heard of Rodin, the humble secretary of the Abbé d'Aigrigny, as a sort of machine, obedient and passive. That was not all. The land-steward of Cardoville, when writing to Adrienne on the subject of Prince Djalma, complained of the perfidious and disloyal proposals of Rodin. She felt, therefore, a vague distrust arise in her mind when she learned that her liberator was the man who had played so odious a part. Still this unfavourable sentiment was balanced by what she owed to Rodin, and by the accu-
sation which he had just so plainly made against the Abbé d'Aigrigny before the magistrate; and then, again, by the very avowal of the Jesuit, who, accusing himself, anticipated every reproach that could be made against him.

Still it was with a kind of cold reserve that Mademoiselle de Cardoville continued the conversation which she had commenced with as much frankness as enthusiasm and sympathy.

Rodin saw the impression that had been made—he expected it—and was not the least in the world disconcerted when Mademoiselle de Cardoville said to him, as she looked him full in the face, and fastened on him her piercing gaze,

"Oh! you are Monsieur Rodin—the secretary of the Abbé d'Aigrigny?"

"Say ex-secretary, if you please, dear young lady," replied the Jesuit; "for you must know that I shall never again place my feet in the residence of the Abbé d'Aigrigny. I have converted him into an implacable enemy, and I am consequently thrust into the streets. But no matter! What do I say? But so much the better, since, at this cost, the wicked are unmasked and honest people saved!"

These words, uttered very simply, but with a degree of dignity, roused the pity of Adrienne's heart. She thought that, after all, the poor old man spoke the truth. The hatred of the Abbé d'Aigrigny, thus unmasked, would, of course, be inexorable; and, after all, Rodin had braved it to make a noble disclosure.

Still Mademoiselle de Cardoville replied, coldly,

"Since you knew, sir, that the offers you were charged to make to the landsteward of Cardoville were so disgraceful and perfidious, why did you consent to be the bearer of them?"

"Why! why!" answered Rodin, with a sort of painful impatience; "because I was at that time completely under the charm of the Abbé d'Aigrigny, one of the most prodigiously artful men, and—I only learned the day before yesterday—one of the most prodigiously dangerous men in the world. He had overcome my scruples by persuading me that the end justifies the means; and I must confess that the end he proposed was great and seducing. But the day before yesterday I was most cruelly disabused—a peal of thunder awakened me. I pray you," added Rodin, with a sort of confusion and embarrassment, "do not let us speak again of my disgraceful journey to Cardoville. Although I was but the ignorant and blind instrument, I am as much shamed and vexed as if I had acted for myself. It oppressles me—weighs on my heart. I entreat you, then, let us rather speak of yourself, and what concerns you; for the soul dilates at generous sentiments as the chest expands in a pure and salubrious air."

Rodin had made so spontaneous an avowal of his fault, had explained it so naturally, and appeared so sincerely contrite, that Adrienne, whose suspicions had no other grounds, felt her distrust gradually decrease.

"So, then, it was at Cardoville," she continued, still keeping her eyes fixed on Rodin, "that you saw the Prince Djalma?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, and from that brief interview my affection for him began. I will, therefore, fulfil my task to the end. Be tranquil, my dear lady; the prince shall not be the victim of this infamous conspiracy any more than yourself or the daughters of General Simon, although, unfortunately, it has not stopped there."

"Whom, then, has it threatened besides?"

"M. Hardy, a man of honour and worth, also your kinsman, and equally interested in this succession, has been withdrawn from Paris by infamous treachery; and then another heir, an unfortunate artisan, falling into a snare skilfully laid for him, has been thrown into prison for debt."

"But, sir," said Adrienne, quickly, "for whose profit was this abominable conspiracy, which actually frightens me, concocted?"

"For the profit of the Abbé d'Aigrigny," replied Rodin.

"For him! And how? to what end? He was not an heir!"

"It is too long to explain, to you now, my dear young lady; you will know all one day. Only be assured that your family has no enemy more inveterate than the Abbé d'Aigrigny!"
"Sir," said Adrienne, yielding to a last suspicion; "I will speak frankly with you. What have I done to deserve or to inspire you with the lively interest which you testify toward me, and which you extend, in fact, to all the members of my family?"

"Indeed, my dear young lady," exclaimed Rodin, with a smile, "if I were to tell you, you would only laugh at me, or not believe me."

"Speak, I beg of you, sir. Do not doubt either me or yourself."

"Well, then, I am interested in, devoted to you, because your heart is generous, your mind elevated, your disposition independent and haughty. Once attached to you, those belonging to you, who are, besides, also worthy of interest, are not indifferent to me. To serve them is still to serve you."

"But, sir, admitting that you judge me worthy of the too flattering compliments you are pleased to address to me, how could you judge of my heart, my mind, my disposition?"

"I will tell you, my dear young lady. But first I ought to make a confession of which I am greatly ashamed. Even if you were not so wonderfully gifted, what you have suffered since your arrival in this house ought surely to excite for you the interest of every man with a heart in his bosom!"

"I think so, sir."

"I might, then, thus explain my interest in you. But still, I confess, that would not be sufficient for me. Had you been only Mademoiselle de Cardoville, very rich, very noble, and very lovely, then, no doubt, your ill usage would have excited my pity. But I should have said to myself, 'This poor young lady is greatly to be pitied, no doubt; but, then, what can a poor man like me do? My only resource is my situation as secretary of the Abbé d'Aigrigny, and it is he that I must first attack. He is all-powerful—I am nothing! To contend with him is to ruin myself, without hope of saving this ill-used young lady.' Then, on the contrary, knowing what you were, my dear young lady, I revolted, even inferior as I was! 'No, no,' I said, 'a thousand times no! So intelligent an understanding, so noble a heart, shall not be the victims of an abominable conspiracy. Perhaps I shall be destroyed in the struggle; but, at least, I shall have dared to attempt it.'"

It is impossible to describe the mixture of intelligence, energy, and feeling with which Rodin pronounced these words.

As often occurs with persons excessively uncouth and repulsive, so soon as they have contrived to make their ugliness disregarded, that very ugliness becomes a matter of interest and commiseration; and we say, "What a pity that such a mind, such a soul, should occupy such a frame!" and we are struck, and, as it were, softened by the contrast.

It was thus Mademoiselle de Cardoville began to feel for Rodin; for in the same proportion that he had shown himself brutal and insolent to Dr. Baleinier had he been simple and kind to her.

One thing only excited the curiosity of Mademoiselle de Cardoville: it was to know how Rodin had conceived the devotion and admiration with which she had inspired him.

"Excuse my indiscreet and obstinate curiosity, sir; but I should like to know—"

"How I acquired the knowledge of your character, is it not? Indeed, my dear young lady, nothing is more simple. In two words I will tell you. The Abbé d'Aigrigny considered me as a mere writing machine, a dull, mute, blind tool."

"I thought M. d'Aigrigny had more penetration?"

"And you think rightly, my dear young lady. He is a man of unexampled sagacity; but I deceived him by affecting more than simplicity. Do not on that account think me false. No! I am proud—yes, proud in my way; and my pride consists in never appearing above my situation, however subaltern it may be. Do you know why? Because then, however haughty my superiors may be, I say to myself, They do not know my value; and then it is not myself, but the inferiority of my position, which they humiliates. By this I gain two things: my self-love is not offended, and I do not hate anybody."
"Yes, I comprehend this sort of pride," said Adrienne, more and more struck with Rodin's original turn of mind.

"But let us return to what concerns you, my dear young lady. On the evening before the 13th of February, the Abbé d'Aigrigny brought me a paper written in short-hand. 'Write out this interrogatory, and add that this document comes to support the decision of a family council, which declares, according to the report of Dr. Baleinier, the state of mind of Mademoiselle de Cardoville to be so alarming as to require her being shut up in a lunatic asylum.'"

"Yes," said Adrienne, with bitterness, "it was concerning a long conversation which I had with my aunt, Madame de Saint-Dizier, and which was written unknown to me."

"Well, I was alone with my short-hand memorial, and began to transcribe it. At the end of ten lines I became struck with astonishment. I did not know whether I was asleep or awake. 'What! mad!' I cried; 'Mademoiselle de Cardoville mad! Why, they are mad who dare to assert such a monstrous falsehood!' More and more interested, I continued my perusal; and I completed it. Ah! then what shall I say to you? What I experienced then, my dear young lady, cannot be expressed. It was tenderness—joy—enthusiasm!"

"Sir!" said Adrienne.

"Yes, my dear young lady—enthusiasm! Do not let this word shock your modesty. Learn that those ideas, so new, so independent, so courageous, which you uttered with so much energy before your aunt, are, without your knowing it, precisely similar to those entertained by a person for whom you will one day feel the most religious respect."

"Of whom do you speak, sir?" inquired Mademoiselle de Cardoville, more and more interested.

After a moment's apparent hesitation, Rodin replied:

"No, no; it is useless now to inform you. All I can say to you, my dear young lady, is, that, my perusal finished, I ran to the Abbé d'Aigrigny to convince him of the mistake under which he laboured with respect to you. I could not meet with him; but yesterday morning I told him, unreservedly, my opinion; he appeared only astonished that I had any opinion at all; a haughty silence was the manner in which all my arguments were treated. I believed his integrity deceived. I urged him, but in vain. He ordered me to follow him to the house where the will of your ancestor was to be opened. I was so blind with respect to the Abbé d'Aigrigny, that, before my eyes could be opened, it required the successive arrivals of the soldier, his son, and then Marshal Simon's father. Their indignation unveiled to me the extent of a conspiracy planned with consummate skill. Then I understood why they kept you here shut up as a lunatic; then I understood why the daughters of Marshal Simon had been taken to the convent. Then, in fact, a thousand recollections crowded upon me: fragments of letters, memoranda, which had been given to me to decipher or copy, and of which, until then, I had not divined the signification, suddenly opened my eyes as to the object of this odious machination. To show, at the moment, the sudden horror I felt at these infamies, would be to lose all. This error I did not commit. I contended in cunning with the Abbé d'Aigrigny. I appeared even more avaricious than himself. If this immense inheritance had been about to become my own, I could not have evinced a more fierce and pitiless desire for the prey. Thanks to this stratagem, the Abbé d'Aigrigny had not the slightest suspicion. A providential chance having rescued the inheritance from his hands, he left the house in the utmost consternation; I, in unutterable joy; for I had now the means of saving, of avenging you, my dear young lady. Last evening I went to my office as usual; during the abbé's absence I had time to peruse the whole correspondence relative to the inheritance, so that I could gather up all the threads of this enormous conspiracy. Oh, then, my dear young lady! before the discoveries I made, and which, but for this circumstance, I never could have made, I remained aghast—thunderstruck!"
"What discoveries, sir?"

"There are secrets terrible for those who possess them; therefore do not insist on knowing, my dear young lady; but, in my scrutiny, the league, formed by an insatiable cupidity against you and your kinsfolk, was laid bare in all its dark audacity. Then the deep and lively interest which I already felt for you increased and extended itself to the other innocent victims of this infernal scheme. In spite of my weakness, I determined to risk all to unmask the Abbé d'Aigrigny; I collected the proofs requisite to give to my deposition a sufficient authority, and this morning I left the house of the abbé without telling him of my plans, as he might have had recourse to some violent means to detain me. Still it would have been base in me to attack him without warning. So, once out of his house, I wrote to him that I had in my hands such proofs of his unworthy conduct as would justify me in attacking him openly in the face of daylight. I would accuse him—let him defend himself. I then went to a magistrate, and you know—"

At this moment the door opened, and one of the women-keepers appeared, who said to Rodin,

"Sir, the messenger you and the judge sent to the Rue Brise-Miche has returned."

"Has he left the letter?"

"Yes, sir; which was sent up stairs instantly."

"Very well; you may go."

The keeper left the apartment.

CHAPTER VIII.

SYMPATHY.

If Mademoiselle de Cardoville had any suspicions remaining as to the sincerity of Rodin's devotion to her, they must have disappeared before arguments which, unfortunately, were so natural and irresistible. How was it possible to suspect the least concert between the Abbé d'Aigrigny and his secretary, when this latter, so completely unveiling the machinations of his master, gave him up to the tribunals? going, perhaps, farther than Mademoiselle de Cardoville herself would have done. What secret plotting of the Jesuit could she suspect? Nothing, at most, beyond that of seeking to acquire, by his services, the profitable protection of this young lady. And did he not protest against this supposition, by declaring that it was not to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, the lovely, noble, and rich, he was devoted, but to the young girl with the lofty and generous heart? And then, finally, as Rodin himself said, "What man, unless he were a wretch, but must be interested in the fate of Adrienne?"

A singular feeling, a remarkable mixture of curiosity, wonder, and interest, united with Mademoiselle de Cardoville's gratitude toward Rodin; still, recognising beneath this lowly exterior a very superior mind, a grave suspicion suddenly occurred to her.

"Sir," she said to Rodin, "I always tell persons whom I esteem the unpleasant doubts with which they inspire me, in order that they may justify themselves and excuse me, if I am deceived."
Rodin looked at Mademoiselle de Cardoville with surprise, and, appearing mentally to con over the suspicions he could have inspired, after a moment's silence, he replied,

"Perhaps you refer to my journey to Cardoville, and my shameful propositions to your good and worthy land-steward? I—"

"No, no, sir," said Adrienne, interrupting him; "you made this confession to me spontaneously; and I can understand that, blinded as to M. d'Aigrigny's character, you have passively executed instructions at which your heart revolted. But how is it that, with your unquestionable abilities, you occupied under him, for so long a time, so humble a position?"

"True," said Rodin, smiling; "that must surprise you very much, and to my discredit, my dear young lady; for a man of some capacity, who remains for a long time in an humble post, has evidently some radical vice—some bad or degrading passion."

"It is, sir, generally true."

"And personally true, as far as I am concerned."

"What, sir! do you avow this?"

"Alas! I avow that I have a bad quality, to which, for forty years, I have sacrificed every prospect of attaining a suitable position."

"And this quality, sir?"

"Since I must make the degrading confession to you, it is idleness—yes, idleness; a horror of all activity of mind, of all moral responsibility, of all commencement of anything. With the twelve hundred francs which the Abbé d'Aigrigny gave me, I was the happiest man in the world. I had faith in the nobleness of his views; his thought was mine—his will was mine; my work done, I returned to my little chamber, lighted my fire, dined on vegetables; then taking up some little-known philosophical work, and dreaming over it, I gave full freedom to my mind, which, restrained all day, now carried me through the most delicious theories and utopianisms. Then, from the elevation of my exalted feeling, exalted by the boldness of my thoughts, I seemed to rule over my master and the greatest geniuses of the earth. This fever lasted some three or four hours, after which I slept like a tired man, and every morning I went cheerfully to my work, sure of my next day's bread, careless for the future, living on little, awaiting impatiently the joys of my solitary evening, and saying to myself, while I scribbled away like a stupid machine, Eh—eh! still, if I were so inclined—"

"Assuredly you might as well as another, better than many others, have attained a high position," said Adrienne, singularly affected by the practical philosophy of Rodin.

"Yes, I believe I might have attained it; but, if I had, what good was it? You see, my dear young lady, what often renders people of a certain merit inexplicable to the million is, that they so frequently content themselves with saying, If I liked!"

"But, then, sir; without caring much for the luxuries of life, there is a certain attainment of comfort which age renders almost indispensable, but which you entirely renounce."

"Undeceive yourself, my dear young lady," said Rodin, smiling craftily; "I am a real Sybarite; I must have a good garment, a good fire, a good mattress, a good piece of bread, a good radish, well flavoured with the best gray salt, good clear water; and still, despite this complication of my tastes, my twelve hundred francs are more than enough, and I really save—something." 

"And, now you are out of employ, how do you propose to live, sir?" asked Adrienne, more and more interested in the eccentricity of this man, and desirous of putting his disinterestedness to the test.

"I have by me a small purse, sufficient to maintain me here until the last knot in Father d'Aigrigny's black plot is unravelled. I owe myself this reparation for having been his dupe. Three or four days will be enough, I hope, for
After that, I am certain to procure some humble appointment in my province with a collector there. It is not long since a person who took an interest in me offered me this, but then I was unwilling to leave Father d'Aigriigny, spite of the great advantages which this proposition opened to me. Only imagine, my dear young lady, eight hundred francs; yes, eight hundred francs, board and lodging. As I am rather surly, I should have preferred living by myself; but, you know, as I should have so much, I must have put up with this small inconvenience."

We cannot attempt to delineate Rodin's ingenuity in making these little household confidences, so grossly lying as they were, to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, whose last suspicion disappeared before them.

"What, sir!" she said to the Jesuit, in a tone of interest, "do you leave Paris in three or four days?"

"I hope so, my dear young lady, and for many reasons," he said, in a mysterious tone; "but it will be very precious to me," he went on in a serious and earnest air, looking tenderly at Adrienne, "to carry away with me, at least, the conviction that you felt kindly toward me for having, in the mere perusal of your conversation with the Princess de Saint-Dizier, discovered in you an elevation of character unequalled in our days in a young person of your age and condition."

"Ah, sir," said Adrienne, with a smile, "do not suppose that you are bound so speedily to return to me the sincere praises which I have bestowed on your superiority of mind. I should prefer ingratitude."

"Oh, I do not flatter you, my dear young lady; what good would that be? We shall not be likely to meet again; no, no, I do not flatter you—I comprehend you, that's all; and what may seem odd to you is, that your appearance completes the idea I had formed of you, my dear young lady, in reading your interview with your aunt; some points in your character, which, until then, were obscure to me, are now perfectly cleared up."
“Really, sir, you astonish me more and more.”

“How so? I tell you my impressions; I perfectly explain to myself now, for instance, your adoration of the beautiful, your religious worship of refined sensuality, your ardent aspirations for a better world, your bold contempt for many degrading and servile customs to which women are subjected: yes, now I comprehend the noble pride with which you contemplate the crowd of vain, conceited, and absurd men, for whom woman is but a creature belonging to them, by the laws which they have made, after their own image, which is by no means handsome. According to these tyrants, woman, an inferior being, whose soul a council of cardinals designed to recognise, by a majority of two, ought to consider herself a thousand times too happy to be the slave of these petty pachas who, old at thirty, worn-out, wearied of every excess, desirous of repose in their exhaustion, think, as they term it, of coming to an end, which they illustrate by marrying a poor young girl who, for her part, is desirous, on the contrary, to make a beginning.”

Mademoiselle de Cardoville would certainly have smiled at the satiric descriptions of Rodin, if she had not been singularly struck by hearing him express himself in terms so appropriate to her own ideas. When, for the first time in her life, she saw this dangerous man, Adrienne forgot, or, rather, did not know that she had encountered a Jesuit of wonderful mind; and that this class unites the knowledge and mysterious resources of the police spy with the deep sagacity of a confessor; diabolic priests who, by means of some information, some avowals, and some letters, can construct a character as Cuvierre reconstructed a body from certain zoological fragments.

Adrienne, far from interrupting Rodin, listened with increasing curiosity. Sure of the effect he produced, Rodin continued, in an indignant tone,

“And your aunt and the Abbé d’Aigrigny treated you as a lunatic because you revolted against the future yoke of such bashaws— because, hating the disgraceful vices of slavery, you desired to be independent, with the loyal qualities which belong to independence; free with the proud virtues of freedom—”

“But, sir,” said Adrienne, more and more surprised, “how can my thoughts be thus familiar to you?”

“In the first place, I knew you perfectly, thanks to your conversation with Madame de Saint-Dizier; and then, if by chance we should be both pursuing the same end, though by different means,” added Rodin, with intense cunning, and looking significantly at Mademoiselle de Cardoville, “why should not our convictions be the same?”

“I do not understand you, sir; to what end do you allude?”

“The end which all noble, generous, and independent minds incessantly pursue; some acting like you, my dear young lady, from feeling, from instinct, without knowing, perhaps, the high destiny which they are called on to fulfil. Thus, for instance, when you revelled in the most refined enjoyments— when you surrounded yourself with all that delights the senses— do you believe that you only yielded to a love of the beautiful, to the desire of exquisite enjoyment? No, no—a thousand times no; for then you would only have been an imperfect and selfish creature—a mere egotist of refined taste—nothing more; and that, at your age, would have been frightful, my dear young lady, positively frightful.”

“Do you, sir, pronounce this severe judgment on me?” asked Adrienne, with uneasiness, so much did this man impose upon her, in spite of herself.

“Certainly I should pronounce it against you if you loved luxury for luxury’s sake; but no, no—a very different sentiment animates you,” added the Jesuit; “so let us reason together a little. Experiencing the passionate desire of all these enjoyments, you feel their value or their want more acutely than any other person. Is it not true?”

“It is, sir,” replied Adrienne, greatly interested

“Your gratitude and your interest, then, are already compulsorily bestowed on those who, poor, laborious, and unknown, procure for you those wonders of luxury which you cannot dispense with?”
"My feeling of gratitude is so great, sir," answered Adrienne, more and more overjoyed to find herself so well understood or divined, "that one day I had inscribed on a chef-d'œuvre of gold plate, instead of the name of the seller, the name of the maker, a poor artist, until then unknown, and who subsequently obtained the reputation he deserved."

"You see I was not wrong," said Rodin; "the love of these enjoyments renders you grateful to those who procure them for you; and that is not all. Look at me, for instance, neither better nor worse than my fellows, but accustomed to privations, which are of no consequence in the world to me. Well, the privations of my neighbour touch me, consequently, much less than they do you, my dear young lady; for your habits of living make you, of necessity, more compassionate for misfortune than any other person. You would suffer too much from want not to pity and succour those who are suffering."

"Indeed, sir," said Adrienne, who began to find herself under the fatal spell of Rodin, "the more I hear you, the more I am convinced that you defend a thousand times better than I those ideas which have brought upon me the reproaches of Madame de Saint-Dizier and the Abbé d'Aigrigny. Oh, speak! speak, sir! I cannot tell you with what delight, what pride I listen to you!"

And, attentive, excited, her eyes fastened on the Jesuit with as much interest as sympathy and curiosity, Adrienne, by a graceful and habitual movement of the head, threw back the long curls of her golden hair, as if better to gaze on Rodin, who replied,

"And you are astonished, my dear young lady, at not having been understood by your aunt and the Abbé d'Aigrigny? But what have you in common with these hypocritical, jealous, crafty spirits, such as I now know them to be? Will you have another proof of their hateful blindness? Among what they styled your monstrous follies, which was the most wicked, the most damnable? Why, it was your resolution to live henceforth alone, and as you pleased—to dispose freely of your present and your future; they found that odious, detestable, immoral. And yet was your resolution dictated by a foolish love of liberty? No. By an ill-regulated aversion to all restraint and direction? No. By the sole desire of making yourself singular? No; for then I should have blamed you severely."

"In truth, other reasons actuated me, sir, I assure you," said Adrienne, eagerly, becoming very jealous of the esteem with which her character had inspired Rodin.

"Eh! I know well enough that your motives were and could but be excellent," continued the Jesuit. "Wherefore did you take a resolution so warmly assailed? Was it to brave established usages? No; you respected them so long as the hatred of Madame de Saint-Dizier did not force you to withdraw yourself from her harsh guardianship. Were you desirous to live alone in order to avoid the eyes of the world? No; for you would be a hundred times more in view in this singular way of life than in any other. Were you, in short, desirous of employing your liberty badly? No—a thousand times no! To do ill, people seek the shade— isolation. Placed, on the contrary, as you will be, all the jealous and envious eyes of the vulgar herd will be constantly directed to you. Why, then, did you take so bold and so unusual a determination, and so remarkable in a young person of your age? Shall I tell you, my dear young lady? Well, then, you were desirous of proving, in your own person, that every female, with purity of heart, right principles, firm character, and independent conduct, may nobly and proudly leave that humiliating tutelage which custom imposes on her! Yes, instead of leading the life of a slave in revolt—a life fatally devoted to hypocrisy or vice—you would live in the sight of all, frank, independent, and respected. In fine, you wish to have, like man, a free will, entire responsibility for all acts of life, in order to prove that a woman, completely left to herself, can equal a man in reason, in wisdom, in correctness, and surpass him in delicacy and dignity. This is your idea, my dear young
lady. Your example is noble, it is grand. Will it be imitated? I hope so! But your noble attempt will always place you high, believe me."

The eyes of mademoiselle shone with a proud and soft brilliancy, her cheeks were slightly flushed, her bosom palpitated, and she raised her beautiful head with a gesture of involuntary pride; and, at length, completely under the charm of this diabolical man, she cried,

"But, sir, who are you, then, to know—to analyze thus my secret thoughts, to read in my soul more clearly than I read myself, to give a new life, a fresh impulse to those ideas of independence which have so long germed in my bosom? Who are you, indeed, who make me seem so strong in my own eyes, that now I feel that I may accomplish a mission honourable to myself, and perhaps useful to those of my sisters who suffer a hard servitude? Once more, sir, who are you?"

"Who am I, mademoiselle?" answered Rodin, with a smile replete with sincerity. "I have already told you that I am a poor old fellow, who, for forty years, after having every day served as a machine to write down the ideas of others, returns each evening into his retreat, where he permits himself to indulge in his own lucubrations—a good fellow who, from his garret, assists, and even takes a small part in the movement of free spirits, who are marching onward toward an end more near, perhaps, than some suppose. Thus, my dear young lady, as I told you just now, you and I tend to the same result. You without thinking it, and in continuing to obey your rare and divine instincts. So, believe me, live—live always charming, always free, always happy! That is your mission; it is more full of providence than you may suppose. Yes, continue to surround yourself with every luxury of art and enjoyment. Refine your senses, purify your tastes by the exquisite selection of your pleasures. Reign by mind, by grace, by purity over the weak and hideous flock of men, who, from to-morrow, seeing you free and alone, will come and buzz around you. They will think you an easy prey, within the reach of their cupidity, their egotism, their contemptible weakness. Ridicule and stigmatize their absurd pretensions. Be queen of this world, and be worthy to be respected as a queen. Love, shine, enjoy—that is your part here below: do not doubt that! All those flowers which Heaven has shed on you so abundantly will one day bear fruits ripe and plentiful. You will be supposed to live only for pleasure, while, in fact, you will have lived for the most noble end to which a great and beautiful mind can devote itself. Then, perhaps, some years hence we may meet again, you still more lovely and beloved, I still more old and obscure; but no matter: a secret voice now says to you, I am certain, that between us two so dissimilar there is a secret link, a mysterious communion which henceforth nothing can destroy."

As he pronounced these last words with an accent so full of emotion that Adrienne trembled, Rodin imperceptibly drew nearer to her, as it were, without walking, but by dragging his feet along, and gliding over the floor with a sort of slow motion like that of a reptile; he had spoken with so much energy, so much warmth, that his pale face was slightly flushed, and his repulsive ugliness almost disappeared in the sparkling glances of his small yellow eyes, then fully opened, round, and staring, which he fastened steadfastly on Adrienne, who, with her lips half open, and her breathing oppressed, could not take her gaze from that of the Jesuit. He ceased speaking, but she listened still. What this lovely young girl experienced at the sight of this little, miserable, dirty, ugly old man was inexplicable. The comparison, so vulgar, yet so true, of the fearful fascination of the serpent over the bird may, however, give some idea of this strange impression. Rodin's tactic was skilful and sure.

Up to this time Mademoiselle de Cardoville had not reasoned either on her tastes or her instincts, but had given herself up to them because they were harmless and delightful. How happy and proud, then, must she be to hear a man endowed with a superior mind, not only praise her inclinations, for which she
nated formerly been so sharply blamed, but congratulate her upon them as noble and divine.

If Rodin had only addressed himself to Adrienne's self-love, he would have been caught in his own perfidious snare, for she had not the slightest vanity; but he addressed himself to all that was elevated and noble in the heart of this young creature, and what he appeared to encourage and admire in her was really worthy of encouragement and admiration. How was it possible for her not to be the dupe of language which concealed such dark and malicious plans?

Struck by the singular intelligence of the Jesuit, feeling her curiosity greatly excited by some mysterious words which he had designedly let drop, not understanding the singular power which this pernicious man already exercised over her mind, feeling a respectful compassion when she reflected that a man of his age and intellect was in a most precarious position, Adrienne said to him, with her natural cordiality,

"A man of your merit and your heart, sir, ought not to be at the mercy of circumstances. Some of your words have opened fresh horizons to me. I feel that in many points your advice will be very useful to me in future. In coming to rescue me from this house, in devoting yourself to other persons of my family, you have testified an interest in me that I cannot forget without ingratitude. A position very humble but certain has been taken from you. Allow me to—"

"Not another word, my dear young lady," said Rodin, interrupting Mademoiselle de Cardoville, with an air of vexation. "I feel the deepest sympathy for you. I honour myself for having ideas in common with your own; in short, I firmly believe that some day you will have advice to ask of the poor old philosopher! In consequence of that, I ought to maintain with respect to you the most perfect independence."

"But, sir, it is, on the contrary, I who shall be obliged if you will accept what I desire so earnestly to offer you."

"Oh, my dear young lady," said Rodin, smiling, "I know your generosity would always make the debt light and easy; but once again, I cannot accept anything from you. One day, perhaps, you will know why."

"One day?"

"It is impossible for me to say more. And then, supposing that I should owe you any obligation, how could I tell you of all there is in you that is good and beautiful? Hereafter, if you owe me much for my advice, so much the better; I shall only be the more at my ease to blame you if I find cause to blame."

"But, then, sir, is gratitude toward you forbidden?"

"No, no," said Rodin, with apparent emotion. "Oh, believe me, there will come a solemn moment when you will be able to acquit yourself in a manner equally worthy of yourself and me."

The conversation was interrupted by the keeper, who came in and said to Adrienne,

[See cut, on page 58.]

"Mademoiselle, there is down below a little humpbacked workgirl who wants to speak with you. According to the new orders of the doctor, you are at liberty to receive whomsoever you please; so I have come to ask if I shall bring her up. She is so badly dressed that I did not dare."

"Bring her up directly," said Adrienne, quickly recognising La Mayeux by the keeper's description.

"The doctor has also given orders to have his carriage placed at your command. Shall I desire the coachman to harness the horses?"

"Yes, in a quarter of an hour," replied Adrienne; and the woman left the apartment. Then turning to Rodin,

"The magistrate will not be long now before he returns with Marshal Simon's daughters, I should think!"
"I should think not, my dear young lady. But who is this young deformed workgirl?" asked Rodin, with an air of indifference.

"She is the adopted sister of a worthy artisan, who risked all to snatch me from this prison, sir!" replied Adrienne, with emotion. "This young workgirl is a rare and excellent creature. Never was mind more exalted, heart more generous, hidden beneath an exterior less—"

Pausing when she thought of Rodin, who seemed to her almost to unite the same physical and moral contrasts as La Mayeux, Adrienne added, looking with inimitable grace at the Jesuit, who was astonished at her sudden pause,

"No; this noble girl is not the only person who proves how real nobility of soul and superiority of mind may render indifferent the vain advantage due only to chance or wealth!"

As Adrienne uttered these last words, La Mayeux entered the apartment.
ADEMOISELLE DE CARDOVILLE advanced rapidly to meet La Mayeux, and, extending her arms, said to her, in a voice filled with emotion,

"Come, come—there is now no grating to separate us!"

At this allusion, which recalled to her that her poor and toiling hand had been respectfully kissed by this beautiful and rich patrician, the young workgirl experienced a sensation of gratitude at once delightful and proud. But, as she hesitated to reply to her cordial reception, Adrienne embraced her with touching earnestness.

When La Mayeux saw herself encircled in the lovely arms of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and felt the fresh and rosy lips of the young lady applied with sisterly affection to her pale cheeks, she burst into tears, unable to utter a word.
Rodin, who had retreated into a corner, contemplated this scene with secret uneasiness. Aware of the refusal, full of dignity, which La Mayeux had given to the perfidious temptations of the superior of the convent of Sainte Marie—knowing the deep devotion of this generous creature for Agricola, a devotion which had testified itself so boldly with regard to Mademoiselle de Cardoville a few days before—the Jesuit did not like to see Adrienne display her desire to increase this regard. He thought wisely, that we should never disdain an enemy or a friend, however insignificant. And his enemy was any one who devoted herself to Mademoiselle de Cardoville: moreover, we know that Rodin united to a marvellous firmness of character certain superstitious weaknesses; he felt uneasy at the singular impression of fear with which La Mayeux inspired him; and he determined to remember this presentiment or this foresight.

Delicate minds have in the smallest things nice and graceful instincts. Thus, after La Mayeux had shed many and sweet tears of gratitude, Adrienne, taking a richly embroidered handkerchief, wiped away with gentle hand the moist evidences which inundated the melancholy face of the young workgirl.

This action, so spontaneously kind, saved La Mayeux from humiliation; for, alas! humiliation and suffering are the two abysses which are forever on each side of the unfortunate! And thus for misfortune, the least attention is almost invariably a double obligation!

Perhaps a smile of disdain may attend the instance we are about to deduce; but the poor Mayeux, not daring to draw from her pocket her old ragged handkerchief, would have remained long blinded by her tears if Mademoiselle de Cardoville had not come to her assistance.

"You are so good! Ah, you are so nobly charitable, mademoiselle!"

This was all that the workgirl could say, in a deeply-affected voice, and more touched by the attention of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, perhaps, than she would have been by an actual service.

"Look at her, sir," said Adrienne to Rodin, who came quickly toward her.

"Yes," added the young patrician, with pride, "here is a treasure I have discovered. Look, sir, and love her as I love her—honour her as I honour her. Here is one of those hearts which we are seeking for."

"And which we find, thank God!" said Rodin to Adrienne, bowing to the workgirl.

La Mayeux raised her eyes slowly to the Jesuit, and—strange!—at the sight of that cadaverous countenance, which smiled benignantly on her, the young girl shuddered. She had never before seen this man, yet she instantly felt for him almost the same impression of fear and dislike which he had just experienced toward her. Usually timid and embarrassed, La Mayeux could not take her eyes from Rodin. Her heart palpitated violently, as at the approach of some great danger. And as the worthy creature only feared for those whom she loved, she drew near to Adrienne involuntarily, still keeping her eyes fixed on Rodin.

[See cut, on next page.]

He was too keen a physiognomist not to perceive the disagreeable impression he had made, and felt his instinctive aversion against the workgirl increase.

Instead of lowering his eyes before her, he appeared to scrutinize her with an attention so sustained that Mademoiselle de Cardoville was surprised at it.

"Pardon, my dear young girl," said Rodin, with the air of one trying to collect his thoughts, and addressing La Mayeux, "pardon me, but I think I am not deceived. Did you not go a few days since to the convent of Sainte Marie, close by?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! I thought so—it is you! What was I thinking of?" he exclaimed; "it was you! I ought to have recognised you sooner."
"What are you speaking of, sir?" inquired Adrienne.

"Ah, you are right, my dear young lady," said Rodin, pointing to La Mayeux. "There is a heart—such a noble one as we are seeking. If you knew with what dignity, with what courage this poor child, who was out of work—and for her to want work is to want everything—if you knew, I say, with what dignity she repulsed the degrading wages which the superior of the convent had the indignity to offer her, on condition of undertaking to play the spy in the family where she proposed to place her."

"Oh, it is infamous!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Cardoville, with disgust.

"Such a proposition to this poor child—to her!"

"Mademoiselle," said La Mayeux, bitterly, "I had no work—I was poor. They did not know me; they thought they might propose anything to me."

"And I say," said Rodin, "that it was a twofold indignity on the part of the superior to tempt misery, and that it was doubly great in you to refuse."

"Sir!" said La Mayeux, with modest embarrassment.

"Oh, no one intimidates me," continued Rodin. "Praise or blame, I say bluntly what comes into my thoughts. Ask this dear young lady," and he pointed to Adrienne. "I will, therefore, tell you openly that I think as much and as highly of you as Mademoiselle de Cardoville herself does."

"Believe me, my dear girl," said Adrienne, "there are praises which honour, recompense, and encourage; and those of M. Rodin are among the number. I know it—oh, yes, I know it!"

"But, my dear young lady, you must not cast on me all the honour of this opinion."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Is not this dear girl the adopted sister of Agricola Baudoin, the brave arti
san, the energetic and popular poet? Well, is not the regard of such a man the best guarantee in the world? and does it not authorize us to jump at a conclusion?" added Rodin, with a smile.

"You are right, sir," said Adrienne; "for, without knowing this dear girl, I began to interest myself deeply in her lot from the day when her adopted brother spoke to me of her. He expressed himself with so much warmth and feeling, that I at once esteemed a young girl capable of inspiring so noble an attachment."

These words of Adrienne, combined with another circumstance, affected La Mayeux so powerfully, that her wan countenance became purple.

We know that the poor girl loved Agricola with an ardour as passionate as it was painful and hidden; and any allusion, however indirect, to this fatal sentiment gave her a cruel embarrassment.

At the moment when Mademoiselle de Cardoville spoke of Agricola's attachment for her, La Mayeux had met the keen and penetrating glance of Rodin fastened on her. Alone with Adrienne, the young workgirl, on hearing the smith's name mentioned, would only have experienced a passing emotion; but it seemed to her that the Jesuit, who had already inspired her with involuntary alarm, read in her heart, and surprised in it, the secret of the fatal love of which she was the victim. Thence the deep blush of the poor girl, her visible and painful embarrassment, which had struck Adrienne.

A mind subtle and quick as Rodin's always seeks the cause of the smallest effect: putting various circumstances together, he saw on one side a deformed but remarkably intelligent girl, capable of intense devotion, and, on the other, a young artisan, handsome, bold, sensible, and open-hearted. "Brought up together, and sympathizing with each other on many points, they must have the affection of brother and sister," he thought; "but a sisterly love does not cause a blush in the cheek. Can she be in love with Agricola?"

On the highroad to this discovery, Rodin was desirous to push his investigation to the end; and remarking the surprise which the visible trouble of La Mayeux caused to Adrienne, he said to the latter, smiling, and looking significantly toward La Mayeux,

"Ha! you see, my dear young lady, how she blushes, poor girl, when one alludes to the strong attachment of this worthy artisan for her!"

La Mayeux stooped her head, overwhelmed with confusion.

After a moment's pause, during which Rodin kept silence, in order to give his malignant shaft time to penetrate deeply into the heart of the poor girl, the executioner resumed:

"You see, my dear young lady, how it affects her!"

Then, after another pause, perceiving that La Mayeux changed from scarlet to a ghastly paleness, and trembled in every limb, the Jesuit feared he had gone too far, for Adrienne said to La Mayeux, with interest,

"My dear girl, why are you thus agitated?"

"It is plain enough," replied Rodin, with the utmost simplicity; for, knowing what he wished to ascertain, his policy was not to suspect anything. "It is quite plain; this dear girl has the modesty of a good and tender sister for her brother. By loving him, by assimilating herself with him, when he is praised it appears to her as though she were praised herself."

"And as she is modest as excellent," added Adrienne, taking La Mayeux's hands, "the smallest praise either of her adopted brother or herself troubles her, as we have seen, which is really childish, and for which I shall scold her as she deserves."

Mademoiselle de Cardoville spoke sincerely, for the explanation Rodin had given seemed to her really very plausible.

Like all persons who, fearing every moment to have their painful secret discovered, become assured as quickly as they become alarmed, La Mayeux persuaded herself—she was compelled to do so that she might not sink from shame
—that the last words of Rodin were sincere, and that he did not suspect the love she had for Agricola. Then her agony diminished, and she found a few words to say to Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

"Excuse me, mademoiselle," she said, timidly; "I am so little accustomed to such kindness as yours, that I make but a bad return for your goodness to me."

"My goodness, my poor girl!" answered Adrienne; "I have done nothing for you yet. But, thank God! from to-day I may keep my promise, and recompense your devotion to me, your courageous resignation, your worthy love of work, and the noble disposition, of which you have given so many proofs in the midst of the most cruel trials. In a word, from this day forth, if you like, we will not part."

"Mademoiselle, you are too good," said La Mayeux, in a trembling voice; "but I—"

"Oh, take courage," said Adrienne, interrupting her, and guessing her reply. "If you will accept my offer, I shall be able to reconcile, with my somewhat egotistical desire to have you constantly with me, the independence of your disposition, your industrious habits, your love of retirement, and your desire to devote yourself to all that deserve commiseration. And, even, I will not conceal from you, it is by giving you the means of satisfying your generous inclinations that I rely on seducing you, and fixing you with me."

"But what have I done, mademoiselle," said La Mayeux, with simplicity, "to deserve so much gratitude on your part? Is it not you, on the contrary, who began by showing yourself so generous to my adopted brother?"

"Oh, I do not speak to you of gratitude," said Adrienne; "we are quits. But I speak of the affection and sincere friendship which I offer to you."

"Friendship! for me, mademoiselle?"

"Come, come," said Adrienne, with a lovely smile, "do not be proud because you have the advantage of the position. And besides, I have taken it into my head that you shall be my friend; and you will see it will be so. But, now I think of it—it is rather late, to be sure—what lucky chance brings you here?"

"This morning M. Dagobert received a letter, in which he was requested to come here, where, it said, he would have good news relative to that which is
most interesting to him of anything in the world. Believing that it concerned the Misses Simon, he said to me, 'La Mayeux, you have taken so much interest in what concerns my dear children, that you must come with me. You will see my joy at finding them, and that will be your reward.'"

Adrienne looked at Rodin, who made an affirmative sign with his head, and said,

"Yes, yes, my dear young lady; it was I who wrote to the brave soldier, but without signing or explaining myself any farther. You will know why."

"How is it, then, my dear girl, that you have come alone?"

"Alas, mademoiselle, I was, when I came, so overcome by your reception of me, that I could not tell you all my fears."

"What fears?" asked Rodin.

"Knowing that you were here, mademoiselle, I supposed that it was you who had sent this letter to M. Dagobert. I told him so, and he was of the same opinion as myself. When we arrived, his impatience was so great that he inquired at the door if the young orphan ladies were in this house, and he described them. They told him 'No; that they were not here. Then, in spite of my entreaties, he would go to the convent to inquire after them."

"What imprudence!" exclaimed Adrienne.

"After what took place the other night!" added Rodin, shrugging his shoulders.

"It was in vain I told him," continued La Mayeux, "that the letter did not positively announce that the orphans would be given up to him, but that he would get some particulars about them: he would not listen to me, and said, 'If I learn nothing, I will come back to you here: but they were in the convent the day before yesterday, and, now that all is discovered, they cannot refuse them to me.'"

"And with such a head," said Rodin, with a smile, "all discussion is useless."

"I trust he will not be recognised," said Adrienne, reflecting on Dr. Baleinier's threats.

"That is not likely," said Rodin, "for they would not allow him to enter the door. That I hope will be the greatest vexation he will have; and the magistrate cannot now be long before he returns with the young ladies. I am not wanted here any longer, and other cares call me hence. I must search for Prince Djalma: be so kind as to inform me when and where I may see you, my dear young lady, that I may inform you of my researches, and agree upon all that concerns the young prince, if, as I hope, those researches have good results."

"You will find me in my new abode, whither I propose going upon leaving this place; it is in the Rue d'Anjou, and is known as the Hôtel de Beaulieu. But," added Adrienne, after reflecting for several minutes, "upon consideration, it does not appear to me correct, or, indeed, for several reasons, prudent to allow Prince Djalma to occupy the pavilion in which I used to reside in the Hôtel de Saint-Dizier. A short time since I saw a charming little residence, elegantly furnished, and ready for immediate occupation. A few tasteful embellishments, which might be effected in twenty-four hours, would make it a delightful abode. Yes, yes, that will be a thousand times better," continued M. de Cardoville, after a fresh silence, "and it will enable me to preserve a more strict incognito."

"Do I understand, then," said Rodin, whose schemes were dangerously threatened by this new resolution on the part of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, "that you desire the prince to be kept in ignorance?"

"I not only desire that my name be concealed from him, but that he be kept in ignorance that such a person as myself is in existence—at least for the present. Hereafter—in a month, perhaps; I must be guided by circumstances."

"But," said Rodin, concealing his disappointment, "will it not be difficult to preserve the secret?"

"Had the prince inhabited my pavilion, the vicinity of my aunt might have enlightened him, and the fear of that is one of my reasons for altering my project; but the prince will now be situated in a distant neighbourhood, the Rue Blanche. Who will inform him of that which he is not to know? One of my oldest friends,
THE JUDGE OF INSTRUCTION
M. Norval, yourself, and this good girl”—pointing to La Mayeux—“on whose discretion I rely as on your own, are the only depositories of my secret, which, therefore, will be well kept. To-morrow we will discuss this subject at greater length. First of all, you must find this unfortunate young prince.”

However provoked at the sudden determination taken by Adrienne with respect to Djalma, Rodin constrained himself, and replied,

“Your wish shall be strictly attended to; and to-morrow, with your permission, I will wait upon you to give an account of what but just now you were pleased to style my providential mission.”

“To-morrow, then, I shall expect you with impatience,” said Adrienne, kindly; “allow me to reckon upon your friendship, as you may depend on mine. You will need to be indulgent, for I perceive that I shall have frequent occasion for your advice and assistance, much as I owe you already.”

“You can never owe me enough, my dear young lady,” said Rodin, proceeding slowly to the door, after a profound bow to Adrienne.

Just as he was issuing forth he encountered Dagobert.

“Ha!” exclaimed the soldier, seizing the Jesuit by the collar with a vigorous grasp, “at last I have got one of them.”
ADEMOISELLE DE CARDOVILLE,
on seeing Dagobert seize Rodin
so rudely by the collar, cried out
in alarm, and advanced several
paces toward the soldier.

"In Heaven's name, sir, what
are you doing?"

"What am I doing?" replied
the soldier, sternly, and without
releasing Rodin, while he turned
his head toward Adrienne, whom
he did not know. "I profit by
the occasion to throttle one of
the wretches of that renegade's
gang, until he will tell me where
my poor children are."

"You are choking me!" said
the Jesuit, with a half-strangled
voice, and trying to release him-
self from the soldier's clutch.

"Where are the orphans,
since they are not here, and they shut the door of the convent in my face without
giving me any reply?" exclaimed Dagobert, in a voice of thunder.

"Help!" murmured Rodin.

"It is frightful!" exclaimed Adrienne; and, pale and trembling, she addressed
Dagobert, with her hands clasped, and saying, "Mercy, sir! hear me! hear him!"

"M. Dagobert," cried La Mayeux, seizing the arm of Dagobert with her
weak hands, and pointing to Adrienne, "this is Mademoiselle de Cardoville! what violence you are using in her presence—and you must, no doubt, be mis-
taken."

At the name of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, the benefactress of his son, the
soldier turned quickly, and let go his grip of Rodin, who, purple with rage and
suffocation, adjusted his collar and cravat in haste.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle!" said Dagobert, going toward Adrienne, still
pale with fright; "I did not know who you were, but my first impulse carried
me away, in spite of myself."

"But what cause of anger has this gentleman given you?" asked Adrienne;
"if you had listened to me you would know—"

"Excuse me if I interrupt you, mademoiselle," said the soldier, repressing
his ire. Then turning to Rodin, who had reassumed his calmness, "Thank the
lady, and be off with you; if you stay here, I will not answer for myself."

"One word only, my dear sir," said Rodin; "I—"

"I tell you I will not answer for myself if you remain here!" cried Dagobert,
stamping his foot.

"But, in the name of Heaven, tell me the cause of this anger," said Adrienne;
"and, above all, be not deceived by appearances, but calm yourself, and listen."

"Calm myself, mademoiselle!" exclaimed Dagobert, with despair in his ac-
cepts; "but I can only think of one thing, mademoiselle, and that is the arrival
of Marshal Simon, who will be in Paris to-day or to-morrow."

"Can it be possible?" said Adrienne.

Rodin made a movement of surprise and joy.
"Yesterday evening," said Dagobert, "I received a letter from the marshal, who has landed at Havre. For the last three days I have tried every means, hoping to have the orphans restored to me, since the plots of these wretches have failed (and he pointed to Rodin with a fresh burst of anger); but no, they are planning some fresh infamy—nothing is too atrocious for them!"

"But, sir," said Rodin, advancing, "permit me to—"

"Leave the room!" cried Dagobert, whose irritation and anxiety redoubled when he remembered that from one moment to another Marshal Simon might arrive in Paris. "Go, I say! for if it were not for mademoiselle, I should at least have my revenge on one of you."

Rodin made a sign to Adrienne, whom he prudently approached, pointed to Dagobert with a gesture of pity, and said to him,

"I will go, sir; and the more willingly that I was leaving the apartment when you came into it."

Then going close to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, the Jesuit said, in a low voice,

"Poor soldier! grief distracts him, and he will not hear me. Explain all to him, my dear young lady; he will be finely caught then," he added, with a sly expression. "But in the mean time," he continued, while rummaging in the side pocket of his great-coat, and drawing out a small packet, "give him this, I beg of you, my dear young lady; this is my vengeance; it will be sufficient for me."

And as Adrienne, taking the small packet in her hand, looked at the Jesuit with astonishment, he placed his forefinger on his lip, as if to impose silence on her, reached the door by walking backward on the points of his toes, and left the room, after having cast another look of commiseration on Dagobert, who, in deep distress, with his head bowed down, and his hands crossed over his breast, remained silent to all the anxious consolations offered him by La Mayeux.

When Rodin had left the room, Adrienne, approaching the soldier, said to him, in her gentle voice, and with an expression of deep interest,

"Your abrupt entrance prevented me from asking you a question in which I am much interested: how is your wound?"

"Thank you, mademoiselle," said Dagobert, starting from his painful reverie, "thank you; it is no great matter, and I have not had time to think of it. I am sorry to have been so rude in your presence as to turn this rogue out of the room, but my temper gets the better of me, and at the sight of these scoundrels my blood is up in a moment."

"And yet, believe me, you have been too prompt in your judgment of the person who was here just now."

"Too prompt, mademoiselle! Oh! it is not to-day that I met him for the first time. He was with that renegade, the Abbé d'Aigrigny."

"He was; but that does not prevent him from being an honest and excellent man."

"He?" exclaimed Dagobert.

"Yes; at this moment there is but one thought occupies his mind, and that is to restore your dear children to you."

"He?" said Dagobert, looking at Adrienne as if he could not believe what he heard; "he restore my children to me?"

"Yes, and sooner, perhaps, than you suppose."

"Mademoiselle," said Dagobert, suddenly, "he deceives you; you are the dupe of this old vagabond."

"No," said Adrienne, shaking her head, and smiling, "I have proofs of his sincerity; the first is, that it is he who has enabled me to leave this house."

"Can it be possible?" said Dagobert, amazed.

"Quite true; and, what is more, here is something which may, perhaps, reconcile him with you," said Adrienne, giving him the small packet which Rodin had confided to her before he left the apartment. "Unwilling to exasperate you farther by his presence, he said to me, 'Mademoiselle, give this to the brave soldier; it will be my vengeance.!'"
Dagobert looked at Mademoiselle de Cardoville with surprise, and opened the small parcel mechanically. When he had unfolded it, and recognised his silver cross, blackened by years, and the old faded red riband, which had been stolen from him at the inn of the White Falcon, with his papers, he exclaimed, with a broken voice and beating heart,

"My cross! my cross! It is my cross!"

And in the enthusiasm of his joy he pressed the silver star against his grizzled mustache.

Adrienne and La Mayeux felt themselves deeply affected by the soldier's emotion, who exclaimed, hastening to the door at which Rodin had gone out,

"After a service done to Marshal Simon, to my wife, or my son, no one could confer a greater favour on myself. And you answer for this worthy man, do you, mademoiselle? and I have abused him, ill treated him in your presence! He has a right to an apology, and he shall have it—he shall have it!"

So saying, Dagobert went out of the room hastily, crossed two rooms, reached the staircase, and, descending rapidly, caught Rodin on the bottom stair.

"Sir," said the soldier, in a voice of emotion, and taking him by the arm, "you must return immediately."

"It would be as well, my dear sir," said Rodin, stopping good-humouredly, "if you would make up your mind; only a moment since you ordered me out, and now you order me back again. Where is all this to end?"

"But a moment ago I was wrong, and when I am wrong I make reparation. I have abused you, assaulted you before witnesses, and before witnesses I wish to apologise."
"But—my dear sir, I thank you—but—I am in haste."

"What is your haste to me? I tell you you must come up stairs again directly. If not—if not," continued Dagobert, taking the Jesuit's hand, and pressing it with equal warmth and compunction, "if not, the joy you have caused me in restoring my cross will be incomplete."

"If that is the case, my good friend, let us go up stairs again directly."

"Not only have you restored to me my cross, which I—I—have—have—wept over; but don't mention that," said Dagobert, with eagerness; "but this young lady tells me that, thanks to you, these poor children—be sure it is no false hope—is it really true? is it really true?"

"Eh! eh! how inquisitive he is!" said Rodin, with a sly smile. Then he added, "Come, come, make your mind easy; you shall have your two angels, old rough-and-ready."

And the Jesuit returned up the staircase.

"Will they be restored to me to-day?" exclaimed Dagobert; and as Rodin went up the stairs he stopped him suddenly by the sleeve.

"Now, my good friend, are we to stop?" said the Jesuit. "Are we to go up, or are we to go down? Really, you knock me about like a shuttlecock."

"True, true! up stairs we will understand each other better. Come, then, quickly," said Dagobert.

Then taking Rodin by the arm, he hurried him along, and brought him triumphantly into the apartment, where Adrienne and La Mayeux had remained, greatly surprised at the sudden disappearance of the soldier.

"Here he is! here he is!" said Dagobert, entering; "I overtook him at the bottom of the staircase."

"And you made me return at a sharp pace," added Rodin, somewhat out of wind.

"Now, sir," said Dagobert, with a serious voice, "I declare before mademoiselle that I was wrong to assault you, to abuse you. I offer my apologies, sir; and I am assured, and joyfully, that I owe you, oh! much—very much; and I swear to you that, when I owe, I pay."

And Dagobert extended his hand with much heartiness to Rodin, who shook it in a friendly manner, adding,

"Eh! what does all this mean? What is the great service of which you speak?"

"This!" said Dagobert, making his cross glitter in Rodin's eyes; "but you do not know what it is to me to have the cross restored!"

"On the contrary, supposing that you must have a great regard for it, I thought to have the pleasure of giving it to you myself, and that was the reason why I brought it. But, between ourselves, you gave me, when we met, such a familiar reception, that I really had not time."

"Sir," said Dagobert, confused, "I assure you that I repent excessively what I did."

"I know it, my worthy friend, and so do not let us say another word about it. But I see you were fond of your cross."

"Fond of it, sir!" exclaimed Dagobert; "why, this cross" (and he kissed it) "is my relic. He who gave it me was my saint, and he had touched it."

"What!" said Rodin, affecting to look at the cross with as much curiosity as respectful admiration; "what! Napoleon—the great Napoleon—has touched it with his own hand—his own victorious hand—that noble star of honour?"

"Yes, sir, with his own hand he placed it here on my bleeding breast as a heal-all for my fifth wound. So, you see, I believe that if I were bursting with hunger, between my food and my cross I should not hesitate, in order that I might have it on my breast in dying. But enough, enough! let us talk of something else. This is very foolish for an old soldier," added Dagobert, rubbing his hand across his eyes; then, as if ashamed of denying what he felt, "Yes," he said, lifting up his head quickly, and disclosing the tear that was rolling down his
cheek, "yes, I weep with joy at having found my cross—my cross which the
emperor gave me with his victorious hand, as this worthy gentleman says."

"Blessed, then, be my poor old hand which has restored to you so valuable a
treasure!" said Rodin, with emotion. Then he added, "The day will be a
happy one for everybody, as I told you this morning in my letter."

"That letter without any signature?" inquired the soldier, more and more
surprised; "did that letter come from you?"

"Yes, it was I who wrote it. Only, fearing some new plot from the Abbé
d'Aigrigny, I was not willing, you must know, to explain myself more clearly."

"Then I shall see the orphans again?"

Rodin made an affirmative nod with his head, full of benevolence.

"Yes, forthwith—in a moment, perhaps," said Adrienne, with a smile. "Well,
was I right when I told you that you had misjudged this gentleman?"

"And why did he not tell me when I first saw him?" cried Dagobert, in the
fulness of his joy.

"For the very trifling reason, my good friend," answered Rodin, "that your
first act upon entering was to endeavour to strangle me."

"True, true! I was too hasty. But how could it be otherwise, when I had
always seen you assisting the Abbé d'Aigrigny in his villany against us; and
therefore, naturally enough, my first impulse led me—"

"This young lady," said Rodin, bowing to Adrienne, "will tell you how un-
consciously I have been made to assist the unprincipled schemes of others; but
so soon as I perceived their designs, I hastened to quit the wrong road I had
taken for the straightforward path of rectitude."

To the inquiring look of Dagobert, Adrienne returned a smiling nod of assent.

"That I did not sign the letter I sent you, my worthy friend, was because I
feared my name might excite your doubts of my sincerity; and my motive for
requesting you to come hither, instead of proceeding to the convent, was that, as
well as this dear lady, I was apprehensive of your being recognised by the por-
ter or gardener, and the attempt of the other night might make such a circum-
stance dangerous to you."

"But," said Adrienne, "now I remember Dr. Baleinier is acquainted with all
that took place, and threatened to place M. Dagobert and his son in the hands
of justice if I took any proceedings against himself."

"Be under no fear, my dear young lady," replied Rodin; "it will be for you
henceforward to impose conditions; place confidence in me. As for you, my
good friend, your troubles are over."

"Yes!" exclaimed Adrienne; "an upright and benevolent magistrate has gone
to the convent to demand the daughters of General Simon, whom he will bring
hither. He concurs with me in thinking it would be better for them to reside
with me, but I cannot decide upon this without your consent, for it was to you
their mother intrusted them."

"Oh, mademoiselle," replied Dagobert, "let me thank you from my heart;
my children will find a second parent in you. Only, after the severe lesson I
have had, I must ask your permission not to leave the door of their chamber
night or day; and should they accompany you abroad, you must give me leave
to follow them at a respectful distance, as Killjoy would, who has shown him-
self a more watchful guardian than I. When once the marshal returns—and he
may be daily expected—the guard will be relieved. And please God that he
can be soon!"

"Amen!" responded Rodin, in a firm voice. "I join with you in praying for
the speedy arrival of the marshal, for he will have a terrible account to settle
with the Abbé d'Aigrigny on behalf of his daughters; and yet the marshal does
not know all."

"And have you no fear for the renegade?" inquired Dagobert, persuaded that
the marquis would soon find himself in the presence of the marshal.

"I have no fears to waste on traitors," responded Rodin; "and when Mar-
shal Simon has once returned—"
Then, after a pause of several moments, he said,

"Only let the marshal deign to hear what I have to tell him, and he will know all the conduct of M. d'Aigrigny; he will learn that his dearest friends, as well as himself, have been objects of the hatred of this dangerous man."

"How so?" inquired Dagobert.

"How so?" answered Rodin; "you yourself are an example of what I assert."

"I?"

"Do you suppose that chance alone brought about the scene at the inn of the White Falcon, near Leipsic?"

"Who told you of that?" asked Dagobert, struck with surprise.

"If you took up the quarrel Morok sought to fasten on you," continued the Jesuit, without replying to Dagobert, "you would be arrested as a brawler; if you avoided it, then you were to be seized for want of papers, and thrown into prison, as was the case, together with the poor orphans. Now, do you know what was the object of this violence? To prevent you from being here on the 13th of February."

"The longer I listen to you," said Adrienne, "the more I am terrified at the audacity of the Abbé d'Aigrigny, and the vast extent of his power. In truth," she continued, "if I did not know that your words are worthy of all credence—"

"You would doubt them, would you not?" said Dagobert; "so it is with me; I cannot believe that this renegade, villain as he is, can have had an understanding with the brute-tamer away off in Saxony. Besides, how could he know that the children and I would pass through Leipsic? It is impossible, my good man."

"In truth, sir," resumed Adrienne, "I fear that your indignation, just as it is, against the Abbé d'Aigrigny carries you too far, and that you ascribe to him a power and an extent of agencies almost beyond possibility."

After a short silence, during which Rodin alternately regarded Adrienne and Dagobert with a sort of commiseration, he said,

"And how should your cross have found its way into the hands of the Abbé d'Aigrigny had he not been in correspondence with Morok?"

"In good truth, sir," replied Dagobert, "the excess of my joy put that question out of my head. But tell me, by what chance did it fall into your possession?"

"Simply in consequence of those relations between M. d'Aigrigny and Leipsic which you and this dear lady appear to doubt."

"But how did the cross come to you at Paris?"

"Answer me one question. You were arrested at Leipsic for want of papers, were you not?"

"Yes; but I could never imagine by what means my papers and money disappeared from my bag. I thought I had been unfortunate enough to lose them."

Rodin shrugged his shoulders, and replied,

"They were stolen from you at the inn of the White Falcon by Goliath, one of the emissaries of Morok, who forwarded them and the cross to the Abbé d'Aigrigny, in proof of having executed his orders concerning you and the orphans. It was but the day before yesterday I had the key to this black transaction; both cross and papers were deposited among the records of the Abbé d'Aigrigny, and the papers were of such bulk that I durst not attempt their removal. Still, hoping to meet you this morning, after the letter I had addressed to you, and knowing what store an old soldier of the emperor sets by his cross—a sacred relic, as you call it—I did not hesitate, but put it in my pocket; for, after all, said I, it is only a restitution, and I must not allow any delicacy to dissuade me from conveying it back to its owner."

"You could not have done a more praiseworthy action," said Adrienne; "and I for one, by reason of the deep interest I take in M. Dagobert, feel personally grateful to you for it."
Then pausing for a few seconds, she resumed, anxiously,
"But tell me, what is the nature of that terrible power with which M. d'Aigrigny seems armed, that he can thus extend his schemes even to foreign lands!"
"Hush!" cried Rodin, in a low whisper, and looking around him with a terrified gaze; "hush! hush! for the love of Heaven do not question me on that subject!"

CHAPTER III.

REVELATIONS.

ADEMOISELLE DE CARDOVILLE, great-
ly astonished at Rodin's alarm when
she asked him for an explanation of
the formidable and widely-extended
power which the Abbé d'Aigrigny
exercised, said to him,
"But, sir, what is there so strange
in the question that I have just asked
of you?"

Rodin, after a moment's silence,
looking about him with admirably
feigned disquietude, replied, in a low
voice,
"Once again, mademoiselle, do
not interrogate me on so terrible a
matter! the walls of this house have
ears, as the saying is."

Adrienne and Dagobert looked at
each other with increased surprise.
La Mayeux, with an instinct of
inconceivable pertinacity, continued to entertain a sentiment of invincible mistrust against Rodin. Sometimes she looked at him covertly, endeavouring to penetrate beneath the mask of the man who thus inspired her with dread. One moment the Jesuit met the uneasy look of La Mayeux obstinately fixed upon him, and then he made her a slight, but benevolent, nod of the head, at which the young girl, alarmed at being thus detected, turned away her eyes and shuddered.

"No, no, my dear young lady," continued Rodin, with a sigh, when he saw that Mademoiselle de Cardoville was astonished at his silence, "do not question me as to the Abbé d'Aigrigny's power."

"But once more, sir," said Adrienne, "why this hesitation in replying to me? What is there to fear?"

"Ah! my dear young lady," continued Rodin, with a shudder, "these persons are so powerful—their animosity is so terrible!"

"Take courage, sir; I owe you too much to permit my aid ever to be wanting to you."

"Oh! my dear young lady," exclaimed Rodin, as though almost offended, "judge of me better, I beseech you. Do you suppose that it is for myself I fear? No, no, I am too obscure, too inoffensive! But it is you, it is Marshal Simon, and all the other persons of your family, who have everything to fear. Indeed, my dear young lady, I assure you again that you must not press me. There are secrets fatal to those who possess them."

"But, sir, is it not best to know the dangers with which one is menaced?"

"When one knows the manoeuvres of one's enemy, at least one can defend himself," said Dagobert. "I like an attack in open day better than an ambuscade."

"And I must tell you," added Adrienne, "that the few words you have spoken have filled me with uneasiness."

"Then, since it must be so, my dear young lady," replied the Jesuit, appearing to make a great effort, "since you cannot comprehend my obscure hints, I will be more explicit. But remember," he added, in a serious tone, "remember that your solicitation has compelled me to tell you that of which you had, perhaps, better remain ignorant."

"I beg you to speak out, sir," said Adrienne.

Rodin, drawing close to Adrienne, Dagobert, and La Mayeux, said to them, with a mysterious air, "Have you never heard of a powerful association which extends its net over the whole earth; which has associates, agents, and members in all classes of society; which has had, and still has, the ear of kings and grandees—an all-powerful association which, with a word, elevates its creatures to the most exalted position, and, with a word also, casts them back into the nothingness whence it alone could draw them?"

"Oh, sir!" replied Adrienne, "what can this formidable association be? I never heard it mentioned."

"I believe you, my dear young lady, and yet your ignorance on this subject astonishes me excessively."

"Astonishes you? and wherefore?"

"Because you have lived so long with your aunt, and so often seen the Abbé d'Aigrigny."

"I have lived at Madame de Saint-Dizier's, but not with her, for she inspired me with a legitimate aversion in a thousand ways."

"In truth, my dear young lady, my remark was not just; it was there more than elsewhere, and especially before you, that they would keep profound silence as to this association; and yet it was through it that Madame de Saint-Dizier enjoyed such influence under the last reign. Well, then, now you shall know it. It is the aid of this association which makes the Abbé d'Aigrigny so dangerous; by it he has been able to watch, pursue, and reach the different members of your family, some in Siberia, some in India, and others in the midst of the mountains of America; for, as I told you, by chance, the day before yes-
The Wandering Jew.

Yesterday, in looking over the papers of the Abbé d'Aigrigny, I was led to suspect, and then convinced of his affiliation with this society, of which he is the most active and intelligent chief.

"But, sir, the name—the name of this society?" inquired Adrienne.

"Well—it is—" and Rodin paused.

"It is—" said Adrienne, as deeply interested as Dagobert and La Mayeux; "it is—"

Rodin looked about him, drew by a sign the other actors in this scene still closer to him, and said, in a low voice, and laying emphasis on each syllable, "It is—the Society of Jesus!" and he shuddered.

"The Jesuits!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Cardoville, unable to repress a burst of laughter, which was the more hearty, because, after the mysterious preamble of Rodin, she expected a revelation in her opinion infinitely more terrible. "The Jesuits!" she repeated, still laughing; "why, they only exist in books—they are but historical personages—very fearful, I dare say; but why thus disguise Madame de Saint-Dizier and M. d'Aigrigny? Such as they are, do they not fully justify my disdain and aversion?"

After having silently listened to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, Rodin answered, with a serious and earnest air,

"Your blindness alarms me, my dear young lady; the past ought to make you fear for the future; for you, more than any person, have already suffered by the sinister conduct of this society, the existence of which you look upon as a dream."

"I, sir?" said Adrienne, smiling, although somewhat surprised.

"You!"

"And in what way?"

"Do you ask me, my dear young lady? Do you really ask me—you, who have been shut up here as a lunatic? Have I still to tell you that the master of this house is one of the most devoted lay members of this company, and, as such, the blind instrument of the Abbé d'Aigrigny?"

"Thus," said Adrienne, but without any smile this time, "M. Baleinier—"

"Obeyed the Abbé d'Aigrigny, the most dreaded chief of this dread society. He uses his genius for evil. But, it must be confessed, he is a man of genius; and, therefore, when you leave this house, you and your family ought to concentrate all your vigilance, all your suspicions on him; for, believe me, I know him. He does not consider the game as lost; you must expect fresh attacks—no doubt of another nature, but, for that very reason, still more dangerous."

"Luckily you forewarn us, my worthy sir," said Dagobert; "and you will be with us."

"I can do but little, my good friend; but that little is at the service of honest people," said Rodin.
“Now,” said Adrienne, with a pensive air, completely persuaded by the conviction of Rodin’s manner, “now I can understand the inconceivable influence which my aunt exercised, and which I attributed solely to her connexion with powerful persons. I thought it probable that she and the Abbé d’Aigrigny were associated with some dark intrigues, of which religion was the veil; but I was far from believing what you now tell me.”

“And of how many things you are still in ignorance,” resumed Rodin. “If you knew, my dear young lady, with what art these people surround you, unknown to yourself, with agents who are devoted to them! When they have an interest in knowing it, not an action or gesture of yours escapes them. Then, by degrees, they act silently, quietly, and in the dark. They circumvent you by all possible means, from flattery to terror; they seduce or alarm you, in order to control you, without your consciousness of their authority. Such is their aim; and, it must be allowed, they attain it frequently with a hateful skill.”

Rodin spoke with so much sincerity that Adrienne trembled; then, reproaching herself for her fears, she said,

“And yet—no, I never can believe in so infernal a power. Again I say, the influence of these ambitious priests is of a by-gone age. Heaven be praised, they have disappeared forever!”

“Yes, they have disappeared, for they know how to disperse and disappear under certain circumstances. But it is then, especially, that they are the most dangerous; for the mistrust which they inspire vanishes, and they work in darkness. Oh! my dear young lady, if you knew their frightful ability! In my hatred for all that is oppressive, cowardly, and hypocritical, I had studied the history of this terrible company before I knew that the Abbé d’Aigrigny was a member of it. Oh, it is frightful! If you only knew what means they employ! I tell you that, by their diabolical stratagems, the purest appearances often conceal horrible snares.” And Rodin’s glance seemed accidentally to fall on La Mayeux; but, seeing that Adrienne did not perceive his insinuation, the Jesuit resumed: “In a word, if you are the object of their pursuit, if it be their interest to ensnare you, from that instant mistrust all that surrounds you; suspect the most noble attachments, the most tender affections; for these monsters sometimes contrive to corrupt your best friends, and to employ them as auxiliaries against you—the more to be dreaded, as your confidence is the more absolute.”

“It is impossible,” said Adrienne, who revolted at this; “you exaggerate. No, no; hell has never dreamed of treacheries so horrible!”

“Alas! my dear young lady, one of your relatives, M. Hardy, one of the most frank and generous of men, has been in this way the victim of an infamous treachery. Do you know what the reading of your ancestor’s will has taught us? Why, that he died a victim to the hatred of these people, and that at this time, after a hundred and fifty years, his descendants are still the objects of hatred to this undying society.”

“Oh, sir, this terrifies me!” said Adrienne, her blood running cold at the thought. “But is there no defence against such assaults?”

“Prudence, my dear young lady, the most careful reserve, and an endless distrust of all who approach you.”

“But such a life is frightful, sir; it is torture to be thus a prey to suspicions, doubts, and perpetual fears.”

“No doubt; and well do these monsters know it! It is in that their strength lies; and they often triumph by the very excess of the precautions which are taken against them. Thus, my dear young lady, and you, my worthy and brave soldier, for the sake of all that is dear to you, beware, and do not give your confidence lightly. You have nearly been their victims, and they will always be your implacable enemies. And you, too, poor and interesting child,” added the Jesuit, addressing La Mayeux, “follow my advice. Fear them, and sleep with one eye open, as the proverb says.”
"I, sir!" said La Mayeux. "What have I done? what have I to fear?"

"What have you done? Do you not tenderly love this dear young lady, your protectress? Did you not attempt to aid her? Are you not the adopted sister of the son of this intrepid soldier, the worthy Agricola? Alas, poor girl! are these not titles sufficient for their hatred, notwithstanding your obscurity? Ah, my dear young lady, do not think that I exaggerate! Reflect, reflect! Remember what I have told the faithful companion in arms of Marshal Simon of his imprisonment at Leipsic. Remember what has occurred to yourself, who were brought here in spite of all law and all justice. Then you will see that there is no exaggeration in my picture of the occult powers of this company. Be always on your guard; and, especially, my dear young lady, in all doubtful cases, have no fear of addressing yourself to me. In three days I have learned enough, by my own experience, of their mode of action, to detect a snare, a stratagem, or a danger, and to defend you from it."

"Under such circumstances, sir," replied Mademoiselle de Cardoville, "and if my gratitude were out of sight, would not my interest point you out as my safest adviser?"

According to the habitual tactics of the sons of Loyola, who sometimes deny their very existence in order to escape from their adversaries—sometimes, on the contrary, boldly proclaim the active power of their organization in order to intimidate the weak—Rodin had laughed in the face of the land-steward of Cardoville, when he had alluded to the existence of the Jesuits, while at this moment, in exposing their means of action, he had succeeded in inspiring Mademoiselle de Cardoville with a certain degree of alarm, which would increase on reflection, and ultimately promote the sinister projects which he meditated.

La Mayeux still had a fear of Rodin; yet, when she heard him unmask to
Adrienne the sinister power of the Order which he said was so redoubtable, the young workgirl, far from suspecting the Jesuit of denouncing thus an association of which he was a member, felt grateful to him, almost in spite of herself, for the important advice which he had given to Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

The glance she now gave him (which Rodin observed also, for he watched the young girl with close attention) was full of gratitude and wonder.

Guessing her thought, desirous of increasing its effect, and of endeavouring to eradicate the distrust of La Mayeux, and, above all, to anticipate a disclosure which must be made sooner or later, the Jesuit appeared to have forgotten something very important, and exclaimed, striking his forehead,

“What was I thinking of?”

Then addressing La Mayeux,

“Do you know, my dearyoung lady, where your sister is?”

Equally abashed and saddened at the question, La Mayeux replied, blushing deeply, for she remembered her last meeting with the Queen Bacchanal,

“I have not seen my sister for some days, sir.”

“Well, my dear girl, she is not very happy,” said Rodin. “I have promised one of her friends to send her some small assistance; and, having spoken to one of my friends, this is what he gave me for her.” And he drew from his pocket a rouleau sealed up, which he gave to La Mayeux, who was as much affected as astonished.

“You have a sister who is unhappy, and I knew nothing of it!” said Adrienne to the workwoman. “Ah, my child, that’s wrong!”

“Do not blame her,” said Rodin. “In the first place, she did not know that her sister was unhappy, and then she could not ask you, my dear young lady, to interest yourself for her.”

And, as Mademoiselle de Cardoville looked at Rodin with astonishment, he added, addressing himself to La Mayeux,

“Is it not true, my girl?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the workgirl, lowering her eyes and blushing again. Then she added, with quickness and anxiety,

“But my sister, sir, where did you see her? Where is she? In what way is she unhappy?”

“It would be too long to tell you now, my dear girl; but go as quickly as you can to the Rue Clovis, to the green-grocer’s shop, ask to speak to your sister from M. Charlemagne, or M. Rodin, whichever you please—for I am known there under my baptismal as well as my family name—and you will learn all. Only tell your sister that, if she conducts herself properly, and continues to adhere to her good resolutions, there are persons who will take an interest in her welfare.”

La Mayeux, more and more astonished, was about to reply to Rodin, when the door opened, and M. de Gernande entered.

The magistrate’s countenance was serious, and even sad.

“What are Marshal Simon’s daughters?” exclaimed Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

“Unfortunately, they have not accompanied me,” replied the magistrate.

“And where are they, sir? what has become of them? They were in the convent the day before yesterday!” cried Dagobert, aghast at this complete destruction of his hopes.

Scarceiy had the soldier uttered these words, when, profiting by the movement of the actors in this scene, who gathered round the magistrate, Rodin retreated a few steps, reached the door quickly, and withdrew, without any one observing his exit.

While the soldier, thus completely driven to despair, was gazing at M. de Gernande, and awaiting his reply in the deepest anguish, Adrienne said to the magistrate,

“But, sir, when you reached the convent, what answer did the superior make to you on the subject of the two girls?”
"The superior refused all explanation, mademoiselle. 'You assert, sir,' she said to me, 'that the young persons you speak of are detained here against their will. Well, then, since the law gives you the right to examine this house, exercise that power, and search it.' 'But, madam, be so kind as to answer positively,' I said to the superior: 'Do you declare yourself completely a stranger to the abduction of the young girls whom I am here to demand?' 'I have nothing to say on the subject, sir. You say you are authorized to make a search—make it, then!' Unable to obtain any other explanations," added the magistrate, "I have searched the convent in every part, and had every apartment opened. I regret to say I have not found any trace of the young ladies.'

"They have been taken to some other place!" exclaimed Dagobert; "and who knows! very ill, perhaps! They will kill them—they will kill them!" he exclaimed, in agonized accents.

"After such a refusal, what can we do? What is next to be thought of? Ah, pray, sir, aid us with your advice—you, our counsellor, our aid!" said Adrienne, turning to speak to Rodin, whom she thought behind her. "What would be—"

Then, perceiving that the Jesuit had suddenly disappeared, she said to La Mayeux, with uneasiness,

"Where is M. Rodin?"

"I do not know, mademoiselle," replied La Mayeux, looking about her; "he is not here."

"It is very singular," said Adrienne, "that he has disappeared so suddenly!"

"Didn't I tell you he was a traitor?" exclaimed Dagobert, stamping on the floor with rage. "Ah, they understand each other!"

"No, no," cried Mademoiselle de Cardoville, "do not think so; but the departure of M. Rodin is exceedingly to be lamented; for in this dilemma, owing to the situation which M. Rodin occupied under M. d'Aigrigny, he might, perhaps, afford us very useful information."

"I assure you, mademoiselle, that I almost relied upon it," said M. de Gernande; "and I returned here not only to inform you of my want of success, but to ask of this worthy and conscientious man, who has so boldly unveiled these odious machinations, to aid us with his advice."

Strange to say, for some time Dagobert had been so deeply absorbed, that he had not paid the slightest attention to what the magistrate said, although on a subject in which he was so much interested. He did not even remark the departure of M. de Gernande, who withdrew, after having promised Adrienne to leave no means untried to learn the truth concerning the disappearance of the orphans.

Uneasy at Dagobert's silence, and desirous of leaving the house immediately, and of inducing him to accompany her, Adrienne, after having exchanged a glance with La Mayeux, approached the soldier, when rapid footsteps were heard without, and a manly voice was heard exclaiming, impatiently,

"Where is he? where is he?"

At this voice Dagobert started violently, gave a cry, and was bounding to the door, when it opened.

Marshal Simon entered.
THE MARSHAL SIMON.
CHAPTER IV.

PIERRE SIMON.

MARSHAL PIERRE SIMON, duc de Ligny, was of tall stature, plainly dressed in a blue frock-coat, buttoned to the top, and in the first button-hole was a small piece of red riband. It was impossible to see a physiognomy more frank, more open, and of more chivalrous distinction than the marshal's. His forehead was broad, his nose aquiline, the chin strongly defined, the complexion tanned by the suns of India. His hair, cut very short, was gray about the temples, but his eyebrows were still of jet black, as well as his large, drooping mustache; his free, bold, and decided carriage evinced his military habits; a man of the people, a man of war and energy, the warm cordiality of his language breathed benevolence and sympathy. As enlightened as intrepid, as generous as sincere, there was in him most especially a high degree of plebeian pride; while others were proud of noble birth, he was proud of his obscure origin, because it had been ennobled by the fine character of his father, a stern Republican, and an intelligent and industrious artisan, who had been for forty years the honour, boast, and example of all workmen.

When he gratefully accepted the aristocratic title with which the emperor had invested him, Pierre Simon had acted like those delicate-minded persons who, receiving with the warmth of friendship a gift perfectly useless, accept it with gratitude, for the sake of the hand that presents it.

The religious adoration of Pierre Simon for the emperor had never been blind; in proportion as his devotion and ardent love for his idol had been instinctive, and, as we may term it, irresistible, so was his admiration serious and rational. Far from resembling those swordsmen who love battle only for battle's sake, not only did Marshal Simon admire his hero as the greatest captain in the world, but he admired him, above all, because he knew that the emperor had only made or carried on war in the hope of one day giving peace to the whole world; and if peace, acceded to by glory and power, is great, fertile, and magnificent, peace yielded through weakness or cowardice is barren, miserable, and dishonourable.

The son of an artisan, Pierre Simon admired the emperor, also, because this imperial partizan had always known how to work gloriously on the popular mind; and, remembering the people from whom himself had sprung, had fraternally invited them to enjoy with him all the pomps of aristocracy and royalty.

The features of Marshal Simon as he entered the chamber gave evidence of the deep feelings which were struggling within his breast, but at the sight of Dagobert a bright flush of joy illumined his manly countenance, as, hurrying with extended arms toward the soldier, he exclaimed,

"My friend! my old friend!"

Dagobert received in silence the warm and grateful pressure of the marshal, who, releasing him from his arms, and fixing on him a tearful gaze, said, in an agitated voice, and with quivering lips,
"You arrived in time to be present on the 13th of February, did you not?"
"I did, general; but everything is put off four months."
"And my wife— my child?"

Dagobert shuddered at this question; he drooped his head and was silent.

"Are they not here?" inquired Pierre Simon, with more surprise than uneasiness. "I learned at your house that neither my wife nor child was there, but that I should find you here, and, without a moment's pause, I came. Are they not here?"

"General," replied Dagobert, turning pale; "general—" Then, wiping from his brows the cold perspiration which bedewed them, he strove in vain to continue; his parched throat deprived him of all power to speak.

"You terrify me!" cried Pierre Simon, becoming as pallid as the soldier himself, and seizing him by the arm.

At this moment Adrienne advanced, her charming face beaming with mournful sympathy. Pitying the embarrassment of Dagobert, she sought to relieve him, and addressing Pierre Simon in a voice of compassionating gentleness, she said, "Permit me to introduce myself as Adrienne de Cardoville, a kinswoman of your dear children."

Equally struck by the splendid beauty of Adrienne and by her words, Pierre Simon started back with surprise, while, in an agitated manner, he exclaimed, "You, mademoiselle, the relative of— my— children?"

And as he emphatically pronounced the last words he gazed in bewildered inquiry on Dagobert.

"Yes, marshal," replied Adrienne, quickly, "of your children; and the affection of those charming twin-sisters—"

"Twin-sisters!" cried Pierre Simon, interrupting Mademoiselle de Cardoville with a burst of joy impossible to describe. "Two daughters instead of one! Oh, what a source of happiness to their mother!" Then, addressing Adrienne, he added, "Your pardon, mademoiselle, for so uncourteously omitting to thank you for the welcome tidings you have given me. My only excuse is my joy at finding, after a separation of seventeen years from my wife, that I have now three claimants on my affection instead of two. Instruct me, I pray you, in the full extent of the debt of gratitude I owe you. You belong to our family; I am, doubtless, beneath your roof, where my wife and children have also found shelter. Is it not so? If you think my abrupt appearance may be too much for them, I will wait; but, mademoiselle, let me entreat of you, who I am sure are as good as beautiful, to take pity on my impatience, and make known my arrival as quickly as possible."

Dagobert, more and more agitated, avoided the eyes of the marshal, while his frame shook like a leaf, and Adrienne cast down her eyes in silence, shrinking from the pain of inflicting a terrible blow on the marshal.

Surprised at this silence, Pierre Simon gazed alternately on the soldier and Mademoiselle de Cardoville, when, struck by the dejection of their countenances, he exclaimed,

"Dagobert, what is this fearful thing you are concealing from me?"

"General," replied the soldier, "indeed—I—"

"Mademoiselle," cried Pierre Simon, "for pity tell me frankly what it is. My anxiety is horrible. Does any danger threaten my wife or my children? Perhaps they are ill. Oh, speak, speak!"

"Your daughters, marshal," said Adrienne, kindly, "have been slightly indisposed, the result of their long journey; but there is nothing to apprehend on their account—"

"Gracious Heaven!" interrupted the marshal; "'tis then, my wife who is in danger?"

"Arm yourself with courage," said Mademoiselle de Cardoville, sorrowfully; "you must look for consolation in the tender affection of the two angels who are left to you."
"General," said Dagobert, in a firm and solemn voice, "I left Siberia in company of—your daughters only."

"And their mother—their mother!" exclaimed Simon, in a tone of agony.

"The day after her death," replied the old soldier, "I set out with her two children."

"Dead!" cried Pierre Simon, with heart-rending grief; "dead!"

A mournful silence only answered him.

At this unexpected blow he staggered, supported himself for an instant by holding the back of a chair, and then, sinking into it, concealed his features with his hands.

For some time nothing was heard but stifled sobs, for not only did Pierre Simon passionately love his wife (for the many reasons mentioned at the commencement of this history), but, by one of those singular compromises which a man, long and cruelly tried, is apt to make with destiny, he promised himself a smiling future to indemnify him for so many years of sorrow. Unlike some persons, whom a long succession of calamities makes indifferent, Pierre Simon relied on a happiness as great as had been his misfortunes; his wife and child were the indispensable, the sole elements of the felicity he expected; if his wife had survived her children, she could no more have replaced them than they were able to replace her in his affections. Whether this was weakness or cupidity of heart, it was so; and we dwell upon it, because his deep and unfading grief was to exercise a marked influence on the future lot of Marshal Simon.

Adrienne and Dagobert had respected the grief of the bereaved husband, who, when he had given vent to his tears, raised his manly countenance, now pale as marble, drew his hand across his eyes, rose from his chair, and, addressing Adrienne, said,
"Excuse me, mademoiselle; I could not restrain my first emotion. With your permission I will retire. I have painful details to ask from the faithful friend who did not leave my wife until she had breathed her last. Let me beg to be conducted to my poor girls—my motherless children—" And again the sobs of the marshal checked his utterance.

"Unhappily," replied Mademoiselle de Cardoville, "although but a short time since we expected the arrival of your children, our hopes have been disappoint ed." Pierre Simon looked silently at Adrienne, as though he had either not heard or comprehended her reply. "But pray take courage," she added; "we must not yet despair."

"Despair!" repeated the marshal, mechanically, looking from Mademoiselle de Cardoville to Dagobert. "Gracious God! despair! Of what?"

"Of seeing your daughters again," said Adrienne; "for the presence of their father will give a fresh force to our researches."

"Researches?" cried Pierre Simon; "then my children are not here?"

"They are not," said Adrienne; "they have been surreptitiously removed from the affectionate care of the worthy man who brought them hither from the very extremity of Russia, and placed in a convent."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Pierre Simon, advancing to Dagobert, with flashing eyes and threatening mien, "you shall answer to me for this!"

"Do not blame him," interposed Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

"General," said Dagobert, in a firm, though dejected voice, "I deserve your reproaches. It is my fault. Forced to leave Paris, I left them in my wife's care. Her head was turned by her confessor, who persuaded her the children would be better off in a convent than with us: she believed him, and permitted them to be taken away. Now they declare at the convent that they know nothing of them. This is the whole truth of the matter. Do with me what you will; I shall endure it without a murmur."

"This is past belief!" cried Pierre Simon, pointing to Dagobert with a gesture of indignation. "Whom shall I trust, since he has deceived me?"

"Ah! marshal," interposed Mademoiselle de Cardoville, "spare your reproaches; believe not what he says. He risked life and honour in endeavouring to remove the children from the convent; nor is he the only person whose efforts have failed; a magistrate, spite of the legal authority with which he was invested, was not more successful; neither his decided tone with the superior, nor the most minute search through every part of the convent, has been of any avail."

"But where is this convent?" exclaimed Marshal Simon, assuming an air of proud defiance, while his pale and agitated countenance bespoke grief and anger. "Do these people know of what a parent is capable whose children are stolen from him?"

At the moment when Marshal Simon, turning to Dagobert, pronounced these words, Rodin, holding Rose and Blanche by the hand, appeared at the open door. As the exclamation of the marshal fell on his ear, he almost started with joy, and a gleam of fiendish pleasure lit up his sinister features at finding Pierre Simon arrived at a more opportune moment than he had ventured to hope for.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville was the first to perceive the presence of Rodin, and, hastening toward him, she exclaimed,

"Ah, I was not wrong! still and ever our providence!"

"My children," said Rodin to the sisters, while he pointed to Pierre Simon, "that is your father!"

"Sir," cried Adrienne, running to Rose and Blanche, "your children! Here they are!"

As Pierre Simon turned, the sisters threw themselves upon his neck, and for several minutes no sound was heard but mingled sobs, kisses, and expressions of delight.
“Come and enjoy the happiness you have caused,” said Mademoiselle de Cardoville, drying her eyes, and turning to Rodin, who, standing within the doorway, and leaning against one side of it, appeared to contemplate the scene before him with the purest sympathy.

Dagobert, at the sight of the children led in by Rodin, was so overcome, that he remained as though spell-bound; but, at the words of Adrienne, the excess of his gratitude seemed almost to deprive him of his senses, for, throwing himself at the feet of Rodin, and clasping his hands as in prayer, he exclaimed,

“You have saved me in restoring these children!”

“Ah, monsieur!” said La Mayeux, yielding to the general enthusiasm, “may Heaven reward you!”

“My good friends,” said Rodin, as though overpowered by his emotions, “this is too much—in truth, more than I am able to bear. Make my apologies to the marshal, and tell him I am more than paid by the sight of his happiness!”

“Nay,” said Adrienne, “do not leave us till you are known to the marshal. Let him, at least, see you.”

“Stay, you who have saved us all!” cried Dagobert, striving to detain Rodin.

“My dear young lady,” said Rodin, addressing Adrienne, “Providence thinks more of the good that remains to be done than of that already accomplished. Would it not be better for me to occupy myself in endeavours to discover Prince Djalma? My task is still unfinished, and the moments are precious. Come,” he continued, gently freeing himself from the grasp of Dagobert, “the day has been as propitious as I could have desired. The Abbé d’Aigrigny is unmasked; you, my dear young lady, are restored to liberty; my brave soldier here has recovered his cross; La Mayeux is assured of a friend and protectress, and the
marshals embraces his children. I have had something to do with all these joys, and my share of them is ample—my heart is satisfied. Adieu, my friends, till we meet again."

So saying, Rodin, respectfully and affectionately saluting, by a wave of his hand, Adrienne, Dagobert, and La Mayeux, disappeared, first by a look directing their attention to Marshal Simon, who, seated between his daughters, and alternately caressing and weeping over them, appeared wholly unconscious of what was passing around him.

An hour after this scene Mademoiselle de Cardoville, La Mayeux, with Marshal Simon, his daughters, and Dagobert, had left the house of Dr. Baleinier.

On terminating this episode, let us add two words of moral on the subject of lunatic asylums and convents.

We have said, and we repeat, that the law which now regulates the superintendence of lunatic asylums appears to us insufficient. Facts recently brought before the tribunals, and other facts of a most important character, which have been confided to us, seem plainly to prove this insufficiency.

No doubt magistrates have power to visit lunatic asylums, and this visit is even appointed; but we know from a sure source that the numerous and incessant occupations of the magistrates, whose power to discharge their duties is frequently very inadequate to the amount of those duties, render these inspections so rare that they are merely illusory.

It appears to us that it would be useful to require inspections at least every fortnight, particularly devoted to the surveillance of lunatic asylums, consisting of a doctor and a magistrate, in order that complaints might be submitted to a cross-examination.

No doubt justice is never wrong when sufficiently instructed; but there are so many formalities, so many difficulties, and especially when the unfortunate complainant has need to seek its aid, being, as he is, in a state of suspicion, isolation, and compulsory confinement, and has not out of doors one friend to take up his defence and appeal in his name to the constituted authorities!

Is it not, then, the duty of the civil power to anticipate these appeals by periodical visitations fitly appointed? And what we say of lunatic asylums may apply, perhaps even more strongly, to convents for females, to seminaries, and religious houses filled with large numbers.

Facts also very recent, very plain, and with which all France has rung, have unfortunately proved that violence, sequestrations, barbarous treatment, compulsion of female minors, illegal imprisonment accompanied by torture, are, if not frequent, at least possible in these religious houses.

It has required singular chances and horrid brutalities to make these detestable actions reach the knowledge of the public. How many other victims have been, and, perhaps, are still buried in these vast, silent mansions, where no profane eye ever dares to penetrate, and which, from the immunities conceded to the clergy, escape the surveillance of the civil power?

Is it not deplorable that these houses are not subjected also to periodical visitations, consisting, if it be desired, of a chaplain, a magistrate, or some other person appointed by the municipal authority?

If nothing unlawful is perpetrated, and only what is humane and charitable allowed in these establishments, which have all the character, and, consequently, all the responsibility of public establishments, why is this revolt, this fierce indignation of the priest-party, when what they call their franchises are discussed?

There is something above the laws deliberated and promulgated at Rome: it is the law of France, the law common to all, which gives protection to all, and which, in its turn, demands respect and obedience from all.
URING three days Mademoiselle de Cardoville had ceased to be an inmate of Dr. Baleine's house.

The following scene took place in a small house in the Rue Blanche, where Djalma had been conducted in the name of an unknown protector.

The reader will picture a pretty circular apartment, hung with Indian stuff of pearl-gray ground with purple devices, relieved by threads of gold; the ceiling toward the centre was hidden beneath similar draperies, fastened and drawn together by a thick silken cord; at each end of this cord, which dropped unequally, was suspended, in the form of an acorn, a small Indian lamp of gold filigree, exquisitely fashioned.

By one of those ingenious combinations so common in barbarous countries, these lamps served also for perfume-burners: small plates of crystal, blue in colour, chased down each side with arabesque ornaments, and lighted by a lamp within, alone with an azure so limpid that these golden lamps appeared like constellations of transparent sapphires: light clouds of whitish vapour rose from time to time about the two lamps, and filled the vacant space with balmy odour.

Daylight only entered this saloon (it was about two o'clock in the afternoon) by passing through a small conservatory, visible through a window of plate-glass, which formed the door also, and which was constructed to disappear in the thickness of the wall by sliding along a groove made in the floor. A Chinese blind could be lowered at pleasure, and conceal or replace this glass.

Some dwarf palm-trees, musas, and other Indian plants, with thick leaves and of a deep green colour, were arranged in clumps in this conservatory, and served as perspective and relief to two large checkered masses of exotic flowers, separated by a small path paved with Japanese blue and yellow tiles, which terminated at the foot of the plate-glass door.

The light, already much obstructed by the network of leaves through which it struggled, had a hue of singular softness, combining with the azure light of the perfumed lamps and the silvery brightness of the blazing fire in a tall fireplace of Oriental porphyry.

In this somewhat obscure apartment, strongly impregnated with sweet odours, mingled with aromatic perfume of Persian tobacco, a man with brown and hanging locks, wearing a long gown of dark green, fastened round his loins with a checkered girdle, was kneeling on a splendid Turkey carpet, carefully refreshing the fire in the golden bowl of a houka, the long and flexible pipe of which, after having rolled its coils on the carpet like a scarlet serpent with silver scales, terminated between the round and slender fingers of Djalma, who was indolently extended on a divan.

The young prince had his head uncovered; his jet-black hair, with its bluish shades, parted down his forehead, fell undulating and soft around his face and neck of antique beauty, and of a warm, transparent hue, like amber or topaz. Leaning on a cushion, he reposed his chin on the palm of his right hand, while
the wide sleeve of his tunic, falling back nearly to the bend of the elbow, showed on his arm, as round as a woman's, the mysterious emblems formerly tattooed in India by the needle of the Strangler.

The son of Kadja-Sing held in his left hand the amber mouthpiece of his pipe. His tunic of magnificent white cashmere, of which the border was embroidered with a thousand colours, reached to his knees, and was confined round his slender and well-formed waist by the large folds of an orange shawl. The well-turned and symmetrical calf of one of the legs of this Asiatic Antinous, half revealed by a fold of his tunic, was clad in a sort of gaiter, fitting closely, made of crimson velvet embroidered in silver, and hollowed out over the instep, where it met a small slipper of white morocco with a red heel.

Djalma's countenance, at once soft and masculine, expressed that melancholy and contemplative calm habitual to Indians and Arabs—those happy and privileged individuals who, by a rare mixture, unite the meditative indolence of the dreamer with the powerful energy of the man of action; sometimes delicate,
nervous, and as easily excited as women, at other times as resolute, fierce, and sanguinary as bandits.

And this half feminine comparison, applied to the moral nature of Arabs and Indians when they are not roused by the excitement of battle or the scent of carnage, may be almost applied to them physically; for if, like high-bred women, they have small heads, hands, and feet, delicate joints, and figures as slender as they are supple, this delicate envelope always covers muscles of steel, and a spring and vigour purely virile.

Djalma’s long eyes, like black diamonds set in bluish mother-of-pearl, wandered mechanically from the exotic flowers to the ceiling, and from time to time he applied the amber of his houka to his lips; then, after a short inspiration, half opening his red lips strongly defined on the dazzling enamel of his teeth, he breathed forth a small spiral wreath of smoke, freshly aromatized by the rose-water through which it had been drawn.

“Shall I put more tobacco in the houka?” asked the man who was kneeling on the ground, turning his face toward Djalma, and displaying the sharp and sinister features of Faringhea the Strangler.

The young prince remained mute; either from his Oriental contempt for certain races he disdained to reply to the Métis, or, absorbed in his reveries, he did not hear him.

The Strangler was silent and crouched on the carpet; there, with his legs crossed, his elbows on his knees, his chin on his two hands, and his eyes steadfastly fixed on Djalma, he awaited the reply or the orders of him whose sire was called the Father of the Generous.

How could Faringhea, the sanguinary disciple of Bohwanie, the deity of murder, have accepted or sought for an office so menial? How could this man, whose mind was of no common order, whose persuasive eloquence and determined energy had obtained so many valuable proselytes for the service of the good work, have brought himself to occupy the inferior situation he now held? Or what ground was there for expecting that, profiting by the blind confidence of the young prince, the individual in question would respect the life of the son of Kadje-Sing? And, last of all, how dared he to incur the risk of continually meeting Rodin, to whom he was so well known, under circumstances by no means advantageous? The conclusion of our history will answer all these questions. All that we shall now say on the subject is, that, after a long conversation with Rodin on the preceding evening, the Strangler had departed with serious air and downcast eyes.

After a long silence, during which Djalma appeared solely occupied in observing the thin vapour of smoke as it mounted from his houka and spread itself in the air, without troubling himself to regard Faringhea, he addressed him in that style, at once concise and hyperbolical, so peculiar to the nations of the East, saying,

“The hour is past—he of the kind heart comes not! He will come yet. His word is his word.”

“You have spoken well, my lord,” answered Faringhea; “when the good man came three days ago to visit you in this house, whither some wretches, for their own evil purposes, had caused you to be conveyed in a deep slumber (to which state I, your faithful and devoted follower, had likewise been reduced), he said to you, ‘The unknown friend who sent to bring you from the Château de Cardoville sends me to you, prince. Rely on me—follow me without fear; a dwelling worthy of your rank is provided for you.’ Then he said, ‘Promise me not to leave this house until you see me again; your safety requires it. In three days I will return; you will then be at liberty to act as you please.’ You agreed to do as he wished you, my lord; and during the last three days you have not once left this house.”

“Still I wait the coming of the old man with impatience,” replied Djalma, “for this solitude wearies and oppresses me; there must be so many things to admire in Paris.”
Djalma ceased speaking, and a second time relapsed into a deep revery. After several minutes passed thus, the son of Kadja-Sing suddenly exclaimed, in a tone at once haughty, impatient, and listless,

"Speak!"

"Of what shall I discourse to my lord?"

"Of what you will," answered Djalma, with contemptuous indifference, and fixing his half-closed eyes on the ceiling. "I am pursued incessantly by one thought—one idea. I wish to be relieved of it. Speak, then."

Faringheas cast a scrutinizing glance on the features of the young Indian, which were suffused with a faint red.

"My lord," said the Métis, "I guess your thought."

Djalma shook his head without looking at the Strangler, who resumed:

"My lord thinks of the lovely women of Paris."

"Silence, slave!" exclaimed Djalma, turning abruptly on his sofa, as though some painful wound had been touched to the quick.

Faringheas said no more.

At the end of a few moments Djalma, throwing from him the pipe of his houka, and concealing his eyes with his hands, exclaimed,

"Your words are preferable to your silence. Accursed be my thoughts, accursed the spirit which calls up such fancies!"

"And why should my lord seek to fly his thoughts? You are now nineteen years of age. Your youth has been passed either in war or in prison; and, until the present hour, you have remained as unconscious of the power of love as our fellow-traveller, the young Christian priest, Gabriel."

Although Faringhea had in no way departed from his usual respectful and deferential tone, the prince felt a slight irony pervade the words of the Métis, particularly when he alluded to his ignorance of the tender passion.

Djalma replied, in a tone at once haughty and severe,

"I would not pass for a barbarian among these civilized people, and therefore I rejoice that my heart is as virgin snow."

"My lord speaks riddles to his servant."

"I could love a woman pure and innocent as was my mother when my father received her to his arms; and here, to obtain one like her, we must be pure ourselves."

At this idea Faringhea could not conceal a sardonic smile.

"And wherefore dost thou laugh, slave?" demanded the young prince, imperiously.

"Among these civilized people nothing would excite more ridicule than the idea of a person marrying with such primitive notions of virgin innocence."

"Thou liest, slave! He would be ridiculed only should he espouse a wife less pure than himself."

"Then, instead of mere ridicule, he would be tormented to madness by the pitiless raillery of all around him."

"'Tis false! 'tis false! or, if true, where learnedst thou this?"

"I have seen the women of this country at the Isle of France and at Pondicherry, my lord. Besides which, I learned much during our voyage from a young French officer, with whom I conversed while you talked with the Christian priest Gabriel."

"Then, like our sultans in their harems, the people of the civilized world exact from their females a purity they do not themselves possess?"

"Those who have the least are most scrupulous in requiring it from their wives."

"To demand that which is not equally given is the conduct of a master to a slave. And how can that be done here?"

"By the law that might is right; just the same as with us, my lord."

"And what do the females in this case?"

"They prevent their husbands from making themselves ridiculous."
"And for the wife who deceives," said Djalma, springing suddenly up, and fixing on Faringhea a fierce glance, while his eyes glittered with fury, "is she put to death?"

"Even so, my lord; as with us, a woman caught in crime is a woman dead."

"Since, then, these civilized people are equally despotic with ourselves, why do they not shut up their wives, as we do ours, to compel their fidelity?"

"Because, my lord, they are civilized like barbarians, and barbarous like the civilized."

"Your words are deplorable, if they be true," replied Djalma, with a pensive air. Then he added, with some excitement, and using the figurative and mystical language of his country,

"In truth, slave, what thou sayest afflicts me greatly; for as two drops of heavenly dew mixing together in the calyx of a flower, so are two hearts mingling in a holy and virgin love; like two rays of fire, uniting in one bright and imperishable flame, are those glowing joys, those unfading delights which wait upon two tender lovers joined in marriage."

As he spoke, Djalma trembled perceptibly, his nostrils expanded, the pale gold hue of his complexion became flushed, and the young prince fell back in deep reflection.

Faringhea, having remarked this emotion, resumed:

"And if, like the proud and bright king-bird* of our country, the sultan of our woods, you should prefer numerous and varied pleasures to sole and solitary loves—young, handsome, rich as you are, monseigneur, if you seek for seductive Parisian females, those lovely phantoms of your dreams, those charming hours of your nights—if you cast on them looks that resemble a defiance, suppliant as a prayer or burning as a desire, do you not think that every half downcast eye will inflame at your glances of fire? Then there will not be the monotonous delights of a single love—the heaviest chain in our existence. No! there will be the thousand delights of the harem, but that harem peopled with free and proud women whom happy love will make your slaves. Pure and self-restrained hitherto, you will not now commit excess. Then, believe me, ardent and magnificent, it is you, son of our land, who will become the love, the pride, the idolatry of these women; and these women, the most attractive in the world, will soon have eyes and passion but for you!"

Djalma had listened to Faringhea in eager silence. The expression of the young Indian’s features had completely altered; they no longer displayed the melancholy and dreamy youth, invoking the holy memory of his mother, and finding only in the dew of heaven, in the calyx of flowers, images sufficiently pure to paint the chastity, the love he dreamed of: it was not even the young man blushing with modest ardour in thinking of the delights of a legitimate union. No; the incitement of Faringhea had suddenly lighted up a subterranean fire. The burning countenance of Djalma, his eyes by turns sparkling and closed, the deep and echoing inspiration of his chest betokened the fire in his blood and the excitement of his passions, the more energetic as they had been until then repressed.

In a moment darting from the divan, active, vigorous, and light as a young tiger, Djalma seized Faringhea by the throat, exclaiming,

[See cut, on page 94.]

"Your words burn like poison!"

"Monseigneur," said Faringhea, without offering the slightest resistance, "your slave is your slave."

This submission disarmed the prince.

"My life belongs to you," said the Métis.

"’Tis mine belongs to thee, slave!" exclaimed Djalma, repulsing him. "This moment I was hanging at thy lips, swallowing thy dangerous lies."

* A variety of the bird of Paradise, very peculiar in its habits and instincts.
"Lies, monseigneur! Only do you appear among these women, and their looks will confirm my words."

"These women love me? me, who have only lived hitherto in war and in the forests?"

"When they remember that, so young, you have already had your bloody chases of men and tigers, they will adore you, monseigneur."

"Thou liest!"

"I tell you, monseigneur, when they see your hand, which, as delicate as their own, has yet been so often dipped in the blood of your enemies, they will kiss it; and kiss it again when they think that in our forests, with your loaded carbine, and poniard between your teeth, you have smiled at the roars of the lion and the panther for which you lay in wait."

"But I am a savage—a barbarian—"

"And therefore they will be at your feet; they will be at once terrified and charmed when they reflect on all the violence, all the fury, all the passion of jealousy, excitement, and love to which a man of your blood, your youth, and your ardour will give way. To-day, soft and tender; to-morrow, gloomy and fierce; next day, ardent and impassioned; such will you be, such should you be, to attract them. Yes; let a cry of rage escape between two kisses, let a dagger gleam between two caresses, let them but be frightened, exhausted, palpitating between love and fear, and you will be to them, not a man, but a god!"

"Dost thou think so?" said Djalma, carried away, in spite of himself, by the wild eloquence of the Strangler.
"You know—you feel that I speak the truth," exclaimed Faringhea, extending his arms toward Djalma.

"Yes, indeed," replied Djalma, with eye of flame and expanded nostrils, as he paced up and down the apartment, as it were, by wild leaps and bounds; "I do not know if I am in my senses, or if I am drunk, but it seems as though you had spoken truly: yes, I feel it, I shall be loved with madness—with fury, because I shall love with madness and fury. They will tremble with pleasure and fear, because I myself, while I think of it, tremble with happiness and dread. Slave, thou sayest truly; and this love will be something overwhelming and terrific."

As Djalma spoke, he was resplendent in his display of excited sensuality. It was a rare sight—a man who had reached, pure and self-restrained, an age when the instincts of love, which the Almighty has so admirably ingrafted on his creatures, begin to develop themselves in their all-powerful energy—instincts which, repressed, falsified, or perverted, may destroy the reason, or turn it to unbridled dissipation or horrid crimes, but which, directed toward a great and noble passion, may, and ought, by their very violence, to raise a man, through devotion and tenderness, to the extreme limits of the ideal.

"Ah, this woman! this woman! before whom I shall tremble, and who will tremble before me—where is she?" exclaimed Djalma, in increased excitement.

"Shall I ever, ever find her?"

"One is a difficulty, monseigneur," said Faringhea, with sardonic coolness: "he who seeks for one woman rarely finds her in this land; but he who seeks women will be embarrassed to make his choice."

At the moment when the Métis made this impertinent reply to Djalma, there was seen to stop at the small garden-gate of this house, which opened upon a deserted corner, a chariot of extreme elegance, with blue body on white wheels, picked out with blue also. This chariot was drawn by two superb blood bay horses with black manes; the mountings of the harness were silver, as were the buttons of the servants, who wore a blue livery with white collars. On the hammercloth, of blue also, and trimmed with white fringe, as well as on the panels of the doors, was a coat-of-arms in a lozenge, without crest or coro-net, as is usual on the carriages of unmarried ladies.

There were two females in this chariot, Mademoiselle de Cardoville and Florine.
CHAPTER VI.

THE SLEEPING APARTMENT.

REVIOUS to a continuance of the narrative, in order to explain the arrival of Mademoiselle de Cardoville at the garden-door of the house occupied by Djalma, it is necessary to take a retrospective glance.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville, on leaving Doctor Baleinier's house, had established herself in the Rue d'Anjou. For several of the last months of her residence with her aunt, Adrienne had been secretly furnishing this house, the splendour and elegance of which had been materially increased by all the marvels of taste and art from the pavilion of the Hôtel de Saint-Dizier.

The world thought it very extraordinary that a young lady of the age and rank of Mademoiselle de Cardoville should determine on living alone, free, and keeping house like a bachelor, a young widow, or an emancipated minor. The world appeared to be ignorant that Mademoiselle de Cardoville possessed what men who have reached their majority, or a majority twice told, do not always possess—a firm and decided character, a lofty imagination, a generous heart, and abundant common sense.

Judging that she should require for the direction of her servants and the superintendence of her household persons of fidelity, Adrienne had written to the land-steward of the Cardoville estate and his wife, old servants of the family, to come instantly to Paris, intending M. Dupont to fulfil the functions of a steward, and his wife those of housekeeper. An old friend of Mademoiselle de Cardoville's father, the Comte de Montbron, a remarkably high-spirited old gentleman, and formerly a leader in the fashionable world, and always a great connoisseur in matters of taste, had advised Adrienne to play the princess and have a squire, introducing to her, as fitted for that office, a man very well educated and past the prime of life, who, being passionately fond of horses, after having ruined himself in England, at Newmarket, Epsom, and Tattersall's, had been reduced, as frequently happens to gentlemen in that country, to drive a stage-coach, finding in that occupation a means of getting an honest living, and also of gratifying his passion for horses. Such was M. de Bonneville, the protégé of the Comte de Montbron. His age and knowledge of the world were such as permitted him to attend Mademoiselle de Cardoville on horseback; he could, better than any other, superintend her stables and the keeping up of her carriages. Consequently he accepted the employment with gratitude, and, thanks to his enlightened zeal, the turn-out of Mademoiselle de Cardoville rivalled the most elegant in Paris.

Hébe, Georgette, and Florine were all again in attendance on their young lady.

The last had been in the service of the Princess de Saint-Dizier, in order to keep up her character of spy to the profit of the superior of the convent of
GEORGETTE.
Sainte Marie; but when the Rennepont affair took the new turn given to it by Rodin, it was resolved that Florine, if it could be so contrived, should return to her old service with Mademoiselle de Cardoville, this post of confidence placing the miserable girl in a position to render important and dark services to those who held her fate in their hands and constrained her to this infamous treachery.

Unfortunately, everything had tended to favour this machination.

We know that Florine, in an interview with La Mayeux a few days after Mademoiselle de Cardoville had been confined at Dr. Baleinier's, yielding to a feeling of remorse, had given the little workwoman very useful advice in the interests of Adrienne, by desiring that Agricola should not give to Madame de Saint-Dizier the papers he had found in the secret panel in the pavilion, and trust them to no one but Mademoiselle de Cardoville herself, who, told of this subsequently by La Mayeux, felt her confidence in, and interest for, Florine redoubled by this fact, and took her back into her service with almost gratitude, employing her in an affair that was highly confidential, namely, the superintendence of the arrangements of the house engaged for Djalma's dwelling.

As to La Mayeux, yielding to the solicitations of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and finding that she could no longer be useful to Dagobert's wife, of whom we shall speak by-and-by, she had consented to remain in the hotel of the Rue d'Anjou with Adrienne, who, with that sound sagacity which marked her character, had intrusted to the little seamstress, who also served her as a secretary, the department of assistance and almsgiving.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville had at first thought of keeping La Mayeux with her simply as her friend, desirous of thus honouring and exalting her honesty in labour, resignation in sorrow, and intelligence in poverty; but, knowing the natural dignity of the young girl, she feared, and with reason, that, notwithstanding the extreme delicacy with which her sisterly hospitality might be offered to La Mayeux, she would only perceive in it charity in disguise. Adrienne therefore preferred, while she treated her as a friend, to give her a confidential occupation. In this way the nice sensibility of the seamstress was not offended, since she earned her livelihood by fulfilling duties which were gratifying to her charitable and sympathizing nature.

In truth, no one was better qualified than La Mayeux to accept the holy mission confided to her by Adrienne; her severe experience of misfortune, the excellence of her pure soul, the elevation of her mind, her activity, her penetration into the painful secrets of the unfortunate and suffering, and her intimate knowledge of the poor and laborious classes, all declared with what tact and good sense the excellent creature would second the generous intentions of Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

We will now allude to several circumstances which had on this day preceded Mademoiselle de Cardoville's arrival at the garden-door of the house in the Rue Blanche.

Although it was ten o'clock in the morning, the shutters of Adrienne's sleeping-room, hermetically closed, did not allow a ray of daylight to penetrate into the apartment, which was only lighted by a spherical lamp of Oriental alabaster, suspended from the ceiling by three long silver chains.

The chamber, which had a dome, was arranged like a tent in the form of an octagon. From the top to the ground it was hung with white silk, covered with long white muslin draperies, puffed out and kept along the sides of the wall by bands, fastened at certain intervals by large ivory knobs.

Two doors, also of ivory, elaborately inlaid with mother-of-pearl, led, the one to the bath and the other to the toilet-room—a sort of small temple raised to the worship of Beauty, and furnished as it had been in the pavilion of the Hôtel Saint-Dizier.

Two other sides of the room were occupied by windows, completely concealed by draperies. In front of the bed was (enclosing fire-irons of carved and massa-
ive silver) a Pentelic marble chimney-piece, a real snow of crystal, on which were carved two exquisite caryatides and a frieze of birds and flowers. Above this frieze, and cut transparently in the marble with marvellous delicacy, was a sort of basket, of oval shape and elegant design, which supplied the place of the mantel-piece, and was ornamented with a mass of red camellias, whose leaves of a brilliant green, and flowers of light carmine hue, were the only colours which would have justly harmonized with the virgin whiteness of this charming retreat.

Then, half environed by the waves of white muslin, which fell from the dome like light clouds, was seen the very low bed, with its feet of ivory richly sculptured, and resting on the ermine carpet which decked the floor. Except a plinth, also of ivory, beautifully carved, and decorated with mother-of-pearl, the bed was entirely lined with white satin, wadded and worked like a vast scent-bag.

The cambric curtains, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, being a little disturbed, revealed the end of a mattress covered with white silk, and the corner of a light watered-silk quilt; and in the apartment an equal and regulated temperature was kept up, like that of a fine spring day.

By a singular scruple, arising out of the same sentiment as that which had made Adrienne inscribe on a gem of goldsmith's work the name of the workman instead of that of the seller, she had chosen that all these objects, which were so sumptuous and refined, should be made by artisans chosen from among the most intelligent, most industrious, and most honest of their class, to whom she had supplied the material, so that they could add to the price of their handiwork the amount of profit which the dealers in speculating on their labours would have added; and this increase of gain, which was very considerable, had afforded much happiness and ease to a hundred necessitous families, who, thus blessing Adrienne's munificence, gave her, as she said, the right to enjoy her luxury as an action that was right and good.

Nothing could be more fresh, more charming than the interior of this sleeping-chamber.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville had just awakened, and was reposing in the midst of these waves of muslin, lace, cambric, and white silk in an attitude full of soft-
ness and grace. During the night she never wore any covering on her splendid golden hair (a certain mode by which to preserve it in all its beauties, according to the Greeks). At night her women arranged the long curls of her silky locks in flat tresses, forming two long and thick bandeaux, which, falling low enough, almost entirely concealed her small ear, of which only the rosy tip was visible, and then were intermingled with the large knot twisted up at the back of her head.

This headdress, borrowed from the antique Greek, suited the pure and delicate features of Mademoiselle de Cardoville admirably, and made her appear so youthful, that, instead of being eighteen years old, she seemed hardly fifteen. Her hair thus gathered closely about her temples lost its light and brilliant hue, and would have appeared almost brown, had it not been for the golden hues which played here and there in the undulation of her tresses.

Plunged in a matutinal torpor, whose warm drowsiness is so propitious to soft reveries, Adrienne was reclining on her pillow, her head somewhat bent, which heightened the ideal contour of her naked neck and shoulders; her smiling lips, moist and rosy, were, like her cheeks, as cool as if she had just bathed them in frozen water; her snowy lids half concealed her large and soft dark-brown eyes, which now gazed languidly on vacancy, and now rested complacently on the red flowers and green leaves of the basket of camellias.

Who can depict the unutterable serenity of Adrienne's awaking—the awaking of a soul so lovely and chaste in a body so chaste and lovely—the awaking of a heart as pure as the fresh and balmy breath of youth which stirred in her virgin bosom, as virgin white as "unsunned snows!"

The mingled thoughts which, since her waking, seemed gently to agitate Adrienne, absorbed her more and more: her head was bent over her bosom, and her beautiful arms hung down upon the couch, while her features, without becoming sad, assumed an expression of touching melancholy.

Her most anxious desire was accomplished—she was about to live independent and alone; but her affectionate, delicate, expansive, and wonderfully perfect nature perceived that God had not gifted her with all these treasures that they should be concealed in a cold and selfish solitude. She felt all that love could inspire of the great and the beautiful, both to herself and to him who should be worthy of her.

Full of reliance in the strength and nobility of her character, proud of the example which she desired to set to other women, knowing that all eyes were fixed on her with envy, she only felt, perhaps, too much self-confidence; and, far from having any distrust that she should make an improper choice, she only feared that she should not find a fit selection to choose from, so purified was her taste. If, moreover, she should meet with her ideal, she had a mode of scrutiny so strange and yet so just, so extraordinary and yet so well ordered, as to the independence and dignity which (in her opinion) women ought to maintain with respect to man, that, inexorably determined to make no concession on that point, she asked herself if the man of her choice would ever accept the conditions (until then unheard of) which she should impose upon him.

Recalling to her memory the possible pretenders whom, up to this period, she had met in the world, she recollected the picture, so unfortunately correct, which Rodin had traced with caustic severity, when talking of men who might offer. She remembered, too, and not without a certain degree of pride, the encouragement which that artful man had given her, not in flattering her, but in urging her to pursue the accomplishment of a design that was really so great, generous, and admirable.

The current or the caprice of Adrienne's thoughts soon led her to think of Djalma.

While she congratulated herself for fulfilling to this relative of royal blood the duties of a royal hospitality, the young girl was far from making the young prince the hero of her future destiny.
She argued, and not without reason, that this half savage, possessed of passions which, if not absolutely unconquerable, were as yet unconquered, must inevitably be doomed to pass through many severe ordeals, and to undergo the most complete transformation, as regarded his tastes, views, pursuits, and ideas. Now, as Mademoiselle de Cardoville was by no means of a masculine nature, nor had the smallest liking for notoriety or exercising sway, she felt no inclination to take upon herself the civilization of the young Indian; therefore, in spite of the interest she took in him, or, rather, from that very interest, she had resolved not to make herself known to him till two or three months should have elapsed; and still farther determined, even if chance should make him acquainted with their relationship, not to receive him at her own house. Her wish was, if not to try him, at least, to leave him free master of his actions and inclinations, that he might take his own unfettered bias, whether for good or evil. Still, unwilling to abandon him, all defenceless as he was, to the perils of a Parisian life, she had taken the Comte de Montbron into her confidence, and besought him to introduce Prince Djalma into the best society of Paris, and afford him the benefit of the count's personal experience.

M. de Montbron had lent a ready acquiescence to the request of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, feeling, as he said, the greatest possible pleasure in presenting his young royal tiger to the first company Paris contained, and putting him in competition with the most polished élégans of the day, as a candidate for the smiles and favour of the Parisian belles; offering to bet to any amount on the success of his wild pupil.

"For my own part, my dear count," said Mademoiselle de Cardoville, "my resolution is not to be shaken. You have yourself told me of the effect Prince Djalma's appearance in the fashionable world will produce. An Indian of nineteen years, possessed of surpassing beauty, proud and unbroken as the lion of the forest—he will be, you say, as new as extraordinary; and, doubtless, will quickly be marked down as worthy the pursuit of our civilization coquets, who will seek to attract his notice and engage his attention with a perseverance and spirit which makes me fear for our young friend's chance of escape from their wiles. Now, seriously, my dear count, I feel not the slightest inclination to enter the lists with the many lovely females who will unhesitatingly throw themselves within reach of the claws of your young barbarian, in whom I take a deep interest; in the first place, because he is my relative; in the second, because he is young, brave, and handsome; and, thirdly and principally, because he is not disfigured by wearing our horrible European costume: these claims on my regard are not, however, sufficiently powerful to induce me to change my mind for
the present; added to which, the good old philosopher, my recently acquired friend, has given me some very excellent advice concerning this young Indian, which has even been approved and confirmed by you, my dear count, who, certainly, are not the least bit of a philosopher, which is, for some time only to receive visitors, and not to accept of any invitations; by which means I shall effectually avoid the awkwardness of meeting my royal relative, and, at the same time, be able carefully to select even my most indifferent guests; for, as my establishment is well appointed, and my position in society quite original, the curious of both sexes will be but too happy to be admitted to a dwelling where they flatter themselves so many scandalous little facts may be gleaned touching its eccentric mistress and her equally singular tastes and habits; from all of which I promise myself infinite amusement.”

And when M. de Montbron inquired whether the poor, young, royal tiger were doomed to be banished for a long period from her, Adrienne replied,

“As nearly all the persons to whom you will introduce him are among my visiting acquaintances, I shall thus be enabled, in a manner most amusing to myself, to hear the various opinions entertained respecting my royal cousin. If certain individuals of your sex speak highly of him, while some among my own find infinite fault with him, I shall have great hopes of his being all I desire to find him. In a word, the opinion I shall arrive at by separating the true from the false (and you may trust to my sagacity to do so), will prolong or abridge what you are pleased to call the exile of my royal protegé.”

Such were the intentions of Mademoiselle de Cardoville up to the very morning in which, in company with Florine, she repaired to the house inhabited by him. In fact, she had resolved not to make herself known to him before the expiration of the next two or three months.

After having, on the morning we have been describing, long pondered over the probabilities and chances of finding what her heart desired, Adrienne fell into a deep and fresh train of thought.

Rich in all the charms of youthful beauty, the fascinating woman heaved a gentle sigh, as though struck by some new and mournful idea, threw her white arms languidly over her head, and, turning her cheek on her pillow, lay for several minutes as though entranced, absorbed in the vastness of her thoughts. Thus extended, motionless, beneath the delicate coverings which enfolded her graceful form, she might have been taken for some admirable work of sculpture half revealed beneath a bed of snow.

All at once Adrienne started up, passed her hand lightly over her forehead, and rang for the attendance of her women. As the silver sounds issued from the bell the two doors of ivory gently opened, and Geogette appeared at the threshold of the dressing-room, while Lutine, the beautiful little black and tan spaniel, with its golden collar, sprang forward, and, with loud and glad barkings, welcomed the waking of its mistress. On the threshold of the bath-chamber stood Hebe.

At the end of this apartment, lighted only from the top, and covered with a carpet of green morocco, checkered with golden wreaths, stood a large crystal bath formed like a lengthened shell. The only joinings in this masterpiece of elegance were concealed beneath the graceful twinings of the wreaths of silver flowers springing upward from the pedestal of the bath, also formed of the most exquisitely carved silver, and representing children sporting with dolphins amid branches of natural coral and azure shells.

Nothing could have produced a more smiling, light, and tasteful appearance than this mixture of bright scarlet with the sea-shells, contrasting so chastely with the dead-silver ground. The sweet balsamic odours which arose from the clear, warm, and perfumed element, already prepared in the crystal shell, diffused
themselvesthroughouttheroom, and enteredthesleepingapartmentlikeathing dew.

As Adrienne observed Hebe, in her pretty and becoming costume, standing withalongwhiterappproached acrosseher round and dimpled arm, she said, “Where is Florine, my goodgirl?”

“Shehasbeendownstairs these two hours, madam. She was sent for uponsomevery important and pressingbusiness.”

“Doyou know who sentfor her?”

“Theyoungperson youemployasyoursecretary, madam. Shewent out
everylearthis morning, and, on herreturn, aske dto see Florine, who immedi-
atelywent to her, and has notsincesubmitted.”

“No doubtthis absence is relativetosome important affair my amiable ais-
er has in hand,” said Adrienne, smilingwithpleasureat the thought of all the
good she shouldbe enabledto effectthrough the medium of La Mayeux. She
thenbeckoned Hebet o approach the bed.

About two hours afterward, Adrienne, dressed with her usual taste and ele-
gance, dismissed her women, and requested to sees La Mayeux, whom she treat-
ed with marked deference, and always received alone.

The young seamstressentered, pale, agitated, and trembling, saying, in a
voice unsteady from powerful emotion,

“Ah, mademoiselle, my presentiments were buttoowell founded! You are
betrayed!”

“Ofwhatpresentiments are you speaking, my deargirl, and who isbetraying
me?”

“M. Rodin!” replied La Mayeux.
CHAPTER VII.

DOUBTS.

EXCESSIVELY surprised at the accusation made by La Mayeux against Rodin, Mademoiselle de Cardoville looked at the young girl with amazement.

Before we continue this scene, let us say that La Mayeux had thrown off her old miserable garments, and was dressed in black, with as much simplicity as good taste. This colour of sorrow seemed to announce her renunciation of all human vanities, the eternal mourning of her heart, and the austere duties which her devotion to the misfortunes of others imposed upon her. With this black gown La Mayeux wore a large falling collar, as white and neat as her little gauze cap with gray ribands, which, exposing her two bands of beautiful brown hair, surrounded her pale face, with its soft blue eyes. Her long and meager hands, protected from the cold by gloves, were not as they had been, mottled and violet-coloured, but of a whiteness almost transparent.

The agitated features of La Mayeux expressed extreme disquietude, and Mademoiselle de Cardoville, excessively surprised, exclaimed,

"What do you say!"

"Mademoiselle, M. Rodin is betraying you!"

"He! Impossible—"

"Ah, mademoiselle, my presentiments did not deceive me!"

"Your presentiments!"

"The first time I was in M. Rodin's presence I was, in spite of myself, overcome with dread; my heart was pained to the core, and I was frightened for you, mademoiselle."

"For me!" said Adrienne; "and why not for yourself, my dear friend?"

"I do not know, mademoiselle, but such was my first sensation. And this alarm was so invincible, that, notwithstanding the benevolence which M. Rodin evinced for my sister, he still inspired me with fear."

"That is very strange! No one understands better than I do the almost irresistible influence of sympathies and aversions; but in this instance—but—" added Adrienne, after a moment's consideration, "no matter: tell me how these suspicions have been converted into certainty to-day."

"Yesterday I went to my sister, Céphyse, with the succour which M. Rodin had given me for her in the name of a charitable person. I did not find Céphyse in the house of the friend who had sheltered her, and I requested the portress to tell my sister that I would come again this morning. I did so; but I must ask your pardon, mademoiselle, for some necessary details—"

"Speak—speak, my friend!"

"The young girl who has sheltered my sister at her lodgings," continued poor La Mayeux, very much embarrassed, casting down her eyes and blushing, "does not lead the most correct life in the world. An individual whom she has joined in several parties of pleasure, called M. Dumoulin, had told her M. Rodin's real name, who occupied a small apartment in the same house, where he called himself M. Charlemagne."

"He told us as much at M. Baleinier's; and yesterday, again, referring to the
circumstance, he explained to me the necessity he was under, for certain reasons, of having a retired lodging in this remote quarter—reasons which were satisfactory to me."

"Well, then, yesterday M. Rodin had a visit there from M. the Abbé d'Aigrigny."

"The Abbé d'Aigrigny!" cried Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

"Yes, mademoiselle; and he remained for two hours shut up with M. Rodin."

"My dear girl, they must have deceived you."

"This is what they told me, mademoiselle. The Abbé d'Aigrigny had called on the previous evening to see M. Rodin, and, not finding him, left his name with the portress, written on paper, and these words, 'I shall call again in two hours.' The young girl I have mentioned to you, mademoiselle, saw this paper; and as everything connected with M. Rodin seems very mysterious, she had the curiosity to watch for M. the Abbé d'Aigrigny, in the porter's lodge, and two hours afterward he returned and found M. Rodin within."

"No, no," said Adrienne, starting; "it must be impossible—it is a mistake."

"I do not think so, mademoiselle; for, knowing how important this discovery was, I begged the young girl to give me, as nearly as possible, the Abbé d'Aigrigny's description."

"Well?"

"The Abbé d'Aigrigny," said she, "is about forty years of age, tall and erect, dressed very plainly, but with care; his eyes are gray, very large and penetrating; his eyebrows thick, his hair chestnut, his face very closely shaved, and his whole appearance striking."

"This is true," said Adrienne, unable to believe what she heard. "The description is accurate."

"Desirous of having the most precise details," added La Mayeux, "I asked the portress if M. Rodin and the Abbé d'Aigrigny seemed angry with each other when she saw them leave the house, but she said 'No;' and that the abbé had only said to M. Rodin, as he left the door, 'To-morrow I will write to you—that's understood.'"

"Is it a dream?" said Adrienne, applying her two hands to her forehead with a sort of stupor. "I cannot doubt your words, my poor friend, and yet it was M. Rodin who sent you himself to that house to take assistance to your sister, and thus exposed himself to your detection of his secret rendezvous with the Abbé d'Aigrigny. For a traitor, that would be very mal-à-droit."

"True, and I made the same reflection myself; still, the meeting of these two men appeared to me so menacing for you, mademoiselle, that I came here in the greatest terror."

Dispositionsof extreme frankness are induced with great difficulty to suspect treachery: the more infamous it is, the more they doubt it. Adrienne's mind was of this class, and, moreover, one of the qualities of that mind was rectitude; thus, although La Mayeux's recital had made a great impression on her, she remarked,

"Still, my dear friend, do not let us alarm ourselves unnecessarily—do not let us believe in evil too suddenly. Let us both try to set ourselves right by reasoning: let us recall the facts. M. Rodin opened Dr. Baleinier's house-door to me, and in my presence made his charge against the Abbé d'Aigrigny; by his threats he compelled the superior of the convent to restore to Marshal Simon his daughters; he has, too, discovered Prince Djalma's retreat, and faithfully executed my instructions as to my young relative. Yesterday, only, he gave me some most useful advice. Is not this true?"

"No doubt, mademoiselle."

"Now, it may be, looking at things in their worst light, that M. Rodin has some concealed motive, and hopes to be generously rewarded by us; but, up to this moment, his disinterestedness has been complete."

"That is equally true, mademoiselle," said the poor Mayeux, compelled, like Adrienne, to give way before the evidence of facts.
"Now, let us consider the possibility of this treason. To coalesce with the Abbé d'Aigrigny to betray me! but betray me, where? how? on what point? What have I to fear? Is it not, on the contrary, the Abbé d'Aigrigny and Madame de Saint-Dizier who have to render a fearful account to justice for the ill they have done me?"

"But, then, mademoiselle, how can we explain the meeting of two men who have so many motives to hate each other and keep separate? May not this conceal some sinister project? And, then, mademoiselle, it is not I alone who think so."

"What do you mean?"

"This morning when I came here I was so much agitated that Mademoiselle Florine asked me the cause of my trouble, and I know how much she is attached to you."

"It is impossible to be more devoted than she is to me, and, you know, you told me yourself of the service she rendered me during my confinement at Dr. Baleinier's."

"Well, mademoiselle, on my return this morning, thinking it necessary to inform you of all this as speedily as possible, I told Mademoiselle Florine all. Like me, and perhaps worse than myself, she was alarmed at the meeting between Rodin and M. d'Aigrigny. After a moment's reflection, she said, 'I think it is useless to awaken mademoiselle; if she knows this treachery two or three hours hence, it will be all the same, and during that time I may, perhaps, be able to discover something. I have an idea, which I think a good one: excuse me with mademoiselle, and I will soon return.' Then Mademoiselle Florine sent for a coach, and went out."

"Florine is an excellent girl," said Mademoiselle de Cardoville, with a smile, for reflection had completely reassured her; "but I think in this case her zeal and warm heart have misled her, as they have you, my good friend. Do you know that we are two giddy-pated damsels, you and I, for not having before thought of a thing which ought at once to have tranquillized us?"

"What is that, mademoiselle?"

"The Abbé d'Aigrigny is in much dread of M. Rodin, and perhaps went to this retreat to ask his mercy. Do you not think with me, that this explanation is not merely satisfactory, but the only one that is reasonable?"

"Perhaps, mademoiselle," said La Mayeux, after a moment's reflection; "yes, that is probable." Then, after a moment's silence, and as if she had yielded to a conviction superior to all possible reasoning, she exclaimed, "And yet, no, no;
believe me, mademoiselle, they are deceiving you; I feel it: all appearances are against what I declare; but, believe me, these presentiments are too strong not to be true. And do you not divine too clearly the most secret instincts of my heart for me, in my turn, not to divine the dangers which threaten you?"

"What do you mean? what have I divined?" asked Mademoiselle de Cardoville, involuntarily struck and affected by the tone of La Mayeux, so full of conviction and alarm, who continued:

"What have you divined? Alas! all the concealed susceptibilities of an unhappy creature to whom Fate has given a life apart; and you must know very well that, if I have been hitherto silent, it is not from ignorance of what I owe you; for who, indeed, informed you, mademoiselle, that the only means of making me accept your benefits without blushing would be to attach me to you, by giving me functions which would render me useful to the unfortunate, whose lot I shared so long? Who informed you, when you wished me henceforth to take my seat at your table as your friend—me, a poor workgirl, in whom you sought to elevate labour, resignation, and probity, when I replied to you by tears of gratitude and regret—that it was not a false modesty, but the consciousness of my deformity, which made me refuse? Who informed you that, without that, I should have accepted with pride in the name of my sisters of the people? For you replied to me in these touching words, 'I understand your refusal, my friend; it is no false modesty that dictates it, but a sentiment of dignity which I love and respect.' Who still informed you," continued La Mayeux, with increasing animation, "that I should be so happy to find a solitary retreat in this magnificent mansion, whose splendour dazzles me? Who informed you of that which made you choose, as you have done, an apartment by far too handsome, which you have destined for me? Who informed you that, without envying the elegance of the charming women who are about you—and whom I already love, because they love you—I should always, by an involuntary comparison, feel embarrassed and ashamed before them? Who told you that you should always think to send them away when you send for me here, mademoiselle? Yes, who has, in truth, revealed to you all those painful and secret susceptibilities of a position so distressing as mine? Who has revealed these to you? God, no doubt; he who, in his infinite greatness, created worlds, and who knows, in his paternal care, how to protect the smallest insect concealed in the grass. And will you not allow the gratitude of a heart which you have divined so well to exalt itself, in its turn, into a divining of that which may injure you? No, no, mademoiselle, some have the instinct of self-preservation; others, more fortunate still, have the instinct of the preservation of others whom they love. This instinct God has graciously given to me. You are betrayed, I say—you are betrayed!"

And La Mayeux, with animated look, and her cheeks slightly tinted with emotion, spoke these last words so energetically, and with a gesture so decisive, that Mademoiselle de Cardoville, already shaken by the language of the young girl, now shared her apprehensions.

Moreover, although she had already appreciated the superior understanding, the remarkable good sense of this poor child of the people, Mademoiselle de Cardoville had never heard La Mayeux express herself with so much eloquence—an eloquence the more touching, as it had its source in the most noble sentiments. This circumstance added still more to the impression which Adrienne experienced. At the moment when she was about to reply to La Mayeux some one knocked at the door of the saloon in which this scene was passing, and Florine entered.

When she saw the disturbed countenance of her chamberwoman, Mademoiselle de Cardoville said to her, quickly,

"Well, Florine, what news do you bring? where do you come from, my girl?"

"From the Hôtel de Saint-Dizier, mademoiselle."

"And why did you go there?" inquired Mademoiselle de Cardoville, with surprise.
"This morning mademoiselle (and Florine pointed to La Mayeux) told me of her suspicions and uneasiness, which I shared. The Abbé d'Aigrigny's visit to M. Rodin appeared to me of most serious import, and I thought that if M. Rodin had been, during the last few hours, to the Hôtel Saint-Dizier, there could be no doubt of his treachery."

"Well," said Adrienne, more and more troubled, "well?"

"Mademoiselle had desired me to attend to the removal of the furniture from the pavilion, and several things still remained. To get access to the apartments it was requisite to apply to Madame Grivois, and thus I had an excuse for returning to the hotel."

"Well, Florine; well—go on."

"I tried to sound Madame Grivois as to M. Rodin, but it was in vain."

"She mistrusted you, mademoiselle," said La Mayeux; "you might have expected that."

"I asked her," continued Florine, "if M. Rodin had been seen at the hotel lately. She replied evasively. Then, despairing of learning anything, I left Madame Grivois, and, that my visit might not inspire any suspicion, I went to the pavilion, when, as I turned into one of the walks, what should I see a few paces from me, and going toward the small garden-gate, but M. Rodin, who believed, no doubt, that he could go out more privately that way!"

"Mademoiselle! do you hear?" exclaimed La Mayeux, clasping her hands in a supplicating manner. "Surely you will be convinced by evidence."

"He at the Princess de Saint-Dizier's!" cried Mademoiselle de Cardoville, whose look, usually so mild, was now one of severest indignation, adding, in a voice that shook slightly, "Go on, Florine."

"At the sight of M. Rodin I stopped," resumed Florine, "and, retreating quickly, I reached the pavilion without being seen, and entered the small passage which leads to the street. The windows look out upon the garden-door. I opened one, and, leaving the outer blinds still shut, I saw a hackney-coach, which was awaiting M. Rodin, who, a few minutes afterward, got into it, saying to the coachman, 'Rue Blanche, No. 39.' "

"The prince's residence!" cried Mademoiselle de Cardoville. "Yes, mademoiselle."

"M. Rodin was to see him to-day," said Adrienne, reflecting.

"No doubt, if he betrayed you, mademoiselle, he would also betray the prince, who will become his victim much more easily than yourself."

"Infamous! infamous! infamous!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Cardoville, rising, her features contracted by painful anger; "unequalled treachery! This is enough to make me doubt everybody—even to doubt myself."

"Oh, mademoiselle, it is frightful! is it not?" said La Mayeux, with a shudder.

"But, then, why rescue me and mine? Why denounce the Abbé d'Aigrigny?" inquired Mademoiselle de Cardoville; "really, one's senses are disturbed by it. It is an abyss. Oh, what a fearful thing is doubt!"

"As I returned," said Florine, casting a tender and devoted look at her mistress, "I thought of a means which would allow mademoiselle to learn what the facts really are, but we have not a moment to lose."

"What do you mean?" inquired Adrienne, looking at Florine in great surprise.

"M. Rodin will be alone with the prince," said Florine.

"Unquestionably," said Adrienne.

"The prince is still in the small apartment which opens into the conservatory, and there he will receive M. Rodin."

"Well, what then?" said Adrienne.

"This conservatory, which I have arranged, as mademoiselle desired, has its only exit by a small door opening on a narrow lane. By this the gardener enters every morning, in order that he may not cross the rooms. When he has finished his work, he does not return that day."

"THE WANDERING JEW. 109"
"What do you mean? What is your plan?" asked Adrienne, looking at Florine, more and more surprised.

"The clumps of trees are so disposed that, when the blind which conceals the glass-door separating the saloon from the conservatory is not lowered, we could, I think, without being seen, approach near enough to hear what is said in the other room. It was always by this door I entered lately to superintend the arrangements. The gardener had a key, and I another. Fortunately I have mine yet, and before the lapse of another hour mademoiselle may learn what ought to be her real opinion of M. Rodin; for if he deceives the prince, he deceives her also."

"What do you mean?" said Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

"Mademoiselle goes this instant with me; well, we reach the door in the lone alley; I enter alone, for precaution's sake, and, if the occasion appears favourable, I return—"

"Eavesdropping!" said Mademoiselle de Cardoville, scornfully, and interrupting Florine; "can you think of such a thing?"

"Pardon, mademoiselle," said the young girl, lowering her eyes, with a confused and distressed air; "you have your suspicions, and this appears to me the sole means by which you can confirm or destroy them."

"Sink so low as go and listen to a conversation! Never!" replied Adrienne.

"Mademoiselle," said La Mayeux, suddenly, after having been thoughtful for some time, "allow me to tell you that Mademoiselle Florine is right; the means are painful, but can alone determine you, perhaps forever, as to M. Rodin; and then, too, in spite of the evidence of facts—in spite of almost the certainty of my presentiments, the most guilty appearances may be deceitful. It was I who first accused M. Rodin to you, and I should not forgive myself all my life if I have wrongfully charged him. Unquestionably it is as you say, mademoiselle, painful to spy, to overhear a conversation—"

Then, making a violent and painful effort over herself, La Mayeux added, while she endeavoured to restrain the tears of shame which veiled her eyes,

"But as it, perhaps, may save you, mademoiselle; for if it be a treachery, the future is most fearful—I will go, if you please, in your place—to—"

"Not another word, I entreat," cried Mademoiselle de Cardoville, interrupting La Mayeux. "Allow you to do—you, my poor friend, and solely for my interest—what appears to me degrading! Never!"

Then addressing Florine,

"Go and tell M. de Bonneville to have the carriage got ready this moment."
"You consent, then?" exclaimed Florine, clasping her hands, unable to repress her joy, and her eyes became moist with tears.

"Yes—I consent," replied Adrienne, in a voice of deep emotion; "if it is a war, a war to the knife, they seek to direct against me, I must prepare for the struggle. It would, indeed, be weakness and self-deceit not to put myself on my guard. No doubt the step is repugnant, and wounds me deeply, but it is the only means of terminating suspicions which would be a constant torment to me, and, perhaps, of preventing greater mischiefs. Then, for very important reasons, this conversation of M. Rodin and Prince Djalma may be doubly decisive for me as to the confidence or the inexorable hatred I shall have for M. Rodin. So, quick, Florine; a cloak, a bonnet, and my carriage; you shall accompany me. You, my friend, await me here, I request of you," she added, addressing La Mayeux.

Half an hour after this conversation, Adrienne's carriage stopped, as we have described, at the small garden-gate in the Rue Blanche.

Florine entered the conservatory, and soon returned, saying to her mistress, "The blind is down, mademoiselle, and M. Rodin has just entered the prince's apartment."

Mademoiselle de Cardoville was then present (though unseen) at the following scene which passed between Rodin and Djalma.

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**CHAPTER VIII.**

**THE LETTER.**

Some moments before the arrival of Mademoiselle de Cardoville in the conservatory, Rodin had been introduced by Faringhea to the prince, who, still under the intense excitement in which the words of the Métis had plunged him, had not perceived the entrance of the Jesuit.

Rodin, surprised at the emotion visible in Djalma's features, and his almost wild appearance, made an interrogative sign to Faringhea, who replied, unseen by Djalma, and by signs, thus: after having placed his forefinger on his heart and his forehead, he pointed with his finger to the burning brasier which was in the fireplace.

This pantomime signified that the head and heart of Djalma were in flames. Rodin doubtless understood, for an imperceptible smile of satisfaction played on his corpse-like lips, and he said, in a low voice, to Faringhea,

"I wish to be alone with the prince; pull down the blind, and see that no one interrupts us."

The Métis bowed; then touching a spring placed near the plate-glass door, it retreated into the thickness of the wall as the blind fell; then, again bowing, the Métis left the apartment. It was a short time after his departure that Mademoiselle de Cardoville and Florine reached the conservatory, which was only separated from the apartment where Djalma was by the transparent thickness of the white silk blind, worked with large coloured birds.

"The noise of the door which Faringhea shut as he went out seemed to recall the young Indian to himself; his features, still slightly animated, had resumed their habitual expression of calm and sweetness. He started, passed his hands over his forehead, looked about him, as if he was recovering from a deep reverie, then advancing to Rodin with an air at once respectful and embarrassed, he said to him, employing an appellation habitually used in his country to old men,

"Pardon, my father."

And then, according to the deferential custom of young persons to the old, he sought to take Rodin's hand and carry it to his lips, but the Jesuit refused this homage by retreating a few steps.
"And for what do you ask pardon, my dear prince?" he said to Djalma.

"I was dreaming when you came in, and did not instantly address you. Again, pardon, father."

"And again I pardon you, my dear prince; but let us talk a little, if you will; resume your place on the sofa and your pipe, if you choose."

But Djalma, instead of complying with Rodin's invitation, and stretching himself on the divan, as was usual with him, seated himself in an arm-chair, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the old man with the good heart, as he called the Jesuit.

"Really, your ceremony makes me uncomfortable, my dear prince," said Rodin to him. "You are here in your own house in the bosom of India, or, at least, we desire that you should think you are there."

"Many things here recall my country to me," said Djalma, in a low and gentle voice. "Your kindnesses remind me of my father, and of him who has replaced him," added the Indian, thinking of Marshal Simon, of whose arrival he had been, for certain reasons, kept in ignorance up to that time.

After a moment's silence he added, cordially, and extending his hand to Rodin,

"You are here, and I am happy."

"I comprehend your joy, my dear prince, for I come to release you from your imprisonment—to open your cage. I had begged you to submit to this brief voluntary confinement only for your own interest."

"Then to-morrow I may go out?"

"This very day, my dear prince."
THE CHAMBER OF THE INN OF THE WHITE FALCON.
The young Indian reflected for an instant, and then said,

"I have friends, since I am here in this palace which does not belong to me?"

"Yes, you have friends, excellent friends," replied Rodin.

At these words Djalma's countenance seemed to expand more fully, the noblest sentiments were suddenly imprinted on his varying and expressive physiognomy: his large black eyes became slightly moistened, and, after a short silence, he rose, saying to Rodin, with a tremulous voice,

"Come!"

"Where, my dear prince?" inquired the other, greatly surprised.

"To thank my friends. I have waited three days—it is a long time."

"Permit me, my dear prince—permit me—I have a great deal to say to you on this point; be so good as resume your seat."

Djalma seated himself quietly in his arm-chair.

Rodin continued:

"It is true—you have friends, or, rather, you have a friend; friends are very rare."

"But you?"

"True—you have two friends, then, my dear prince: me, whom you know, and another whom you do not know, and who desires to remain unknown to you."

"Wherefore?"

"Wherefore?" replied Rodin, after a short embarrassment; "because the happiness which he finds in giving you proofs of his friendship—because his tranquillity—are the price of this mystery."

"Why should he who does good conceal himself!"

"Sometimes to conceal the good he does, my dear prince."

"I profit by this friendship—why should he conceal himself from me?"

The repeated wherefores of the young Indian seemed to perplex Rodin, who, nevertheless, replied,

"I have told you, my dear prince, that your secret friend would, perhaps, have his tranquillity compromised if he were known."

"If he were known for my friend?"

"Precisely so, dear prince."

Djalma's features assumed an expression of melancholy dignity; he raised his head disdainfully, and said, in a stern and haughty voice,

"Since this friend conceals himself, it is he who blushes for me, or I who ought to blush for him; I do not accept hospitality but from persons of whom I am worthy, or who are worthy of me: I leave this house."

And as he said this, Djalma rose so resolutely, that Rodin exclaimed,

"But listen to me, then, my dear prince; you are, allow me to say it, remarkably hasty and impetuous. Although we have endeavoured to recall to you your beautiful country, we are here in the heart of Europe, the heart of France, the heart of Paris: this consideration ought somewhat to modify your mode of viewing things, and I entreat you to listen to me."

Notwithstanding Djalma's complete ignorance of certain social conventions, he had too much good sense, too much right feeling, not to be amenable to reason when it appeared to him to be reason, and Rodin's words calmed him. With that ingenuous modesty usually inherent in natures full of strength and generosity, he replied, gently,

"Father, you are right; I am not in my own country: here habits are different. I will reflect on this."

Despite his cunning and plasticity, Rodin found himself sometimes defeated by the uncultivated turns of mind and the unforeseen ideas of the young Indian. He saw him now, to his great surprise, remain pensive for some minutes; after which Djalma continued, in a tone calm but full of conviction,

"I have obeyed you, my father; I have reflected."

"Well, my dear prince?"

"In no country in the world, under no pretext whatsoever, ought a man of honour, who has friendship for a man of honour, to conceal it."
"But if it is dangerous for him to avow this friendship?" said Rodin, extremely uneasy at the turn which the conversation was taking.

Djalma looked at the Jesuit with disdainful astonishment, and made no reply.

"I understand your silence, my dear prince; a brave man should face danger: true; but if it were you that the danger threatened, in case this friendship were discovered, would not this man of honour be excusable, even praiseworthy, if he desired to rest unknown?"

"I will accept nothing from a friend who believes me capable of denying him through cowardice."

"Dear prince, hear me."

"Adieu, father."

"Reflect."

"I have said!" added Djalma, in a brief and almost kingly tone, and advancing toward the door.

"Eh! but suppose it were a woman who was the party concerned!" exclaimed Rodin, driven to his wits' end, and hastening toward him, for he was really alarmed to see Djalma thus determined to leave the house, and so completely overturn all his projects.

At these last words of Rodin the Indian stopped abruptly.

"A woman?" he said, starting, and turning crimson; "is a woman concerned?"

"Yes, there is a woman concerned," answered Rodin; "do you now understand her reserve and the secrecy with which she is obliged to envelope the proofs of affection she is desirous of giving you?"

"A woman?" repeated Djalma, in a tremulous voice, and clasping his hands with fervour; and his fine features expressed his excited feeling. "A woman?" he repeated; "a Parisian?"
"Yes, my dear prince, since you compel me to this indiscretion, I must own the fact to you; it is—it concerns a veritable Parian—a worthy matron—virtue itself—and whose advanced years call for all your respect."

"Is she very aged?" inquired poor Djalma, whose charming vision had melted suddenly into air.

"Some years my senior," replied Rodin, with an ironical smile, expecting to see the young man express a kind of comic spite or angry regret. He did neither.

To the amorous, impassioned enthusiasm which had for an instant beamed on the features of the prince, succeeded a respectful and tender expression; he looked at Rodin with deep emotion, and said to him, in soft accents,

"This woman is, then, to me as a mother?"

It is impossible to depict the charm (so pious, melancholy, and tender) with which the Indian uttered the words "a mother."

"Just so, dear prince; this respectable lady seeks to be a mother to you, but I cannot reveal to you the cause of the affection which she bears you; only believe me, this affection is sincere: the cause of it is honourable, and, if I do not reveal this secret, it is because with us the secrets of all women, young or old, are sacred."

"That is just, and her secret shall be sacred for me; without seeing her, I will love her with respect, as we love God without seeing him."

"Now, dear prince, let me tell you the intentions of your maternal friend. This house will always remain at your disposal, if it pleases you. French servants, a carriage and horses, will be at your orders: all the expenses of your establishment will be paid. Then, as the son of a king ought to live royally, I have left, in the next apartment, a casket containing five hundred Louis. Every month a like sum will be sent to you. If that is not sufficient for what we call your private expenses, you must tell me, and I will increase it."

Djalma made a movement, and Rodin hastened to add,

"I must tell you also, my dear prince, that your delicacy may rest perfectly content. In the first place, one accepts of any and every thing from a mother; then, as in three months hence you will be in possession of an enormous inheritance, it will be easy for you, if this obligation weighs upon you (at the utmost the sum can scarcely reach four or five thousand Louis), to repay these advances; therefore do not economize or spare—satisfy all your fancies. It is wished that you should appear in the leading ranks of Parian fashion as the son of a king, surnamed the Father of the Generous, should do. Thus, once again, I entreat you, do not be restrained by any false delicacy; and, if this sum is not sufficient—"

"I will ask for more; my mother is right—a king's son should live like a king."

Such was the Indian's reply, in perfect simplicity, and without appearing the least astonished at these superb offers; and it was very natural. Djalma would have done what was done for him; for we know what are the traditions of the prodigal magnificence and splendid hospitality of Indian princes. Djalma had been as deeply excited as grateful when he learned that a female loved him with maternal affection. As to the luxury with which she desired to enrich him, he accepted it without astonishment and without scruple.

This resignation was another rebuff for Rodin, who had prepared several excellent arguments to induce the prince to accept.

"Well, then, this is all clearly understood, my dear prince," said the Jesuit.

"Now, as it is necessary that you should see the world, and enter it by the best gate, as we say, one of the friends of your maternal protectress, M. le Comte de Montbron, an old man full of experience, and belonging to the highest society, will present you in the principal circles of Paris—"

"Why do not you present me, father?"

"Alas, my dear prince, look at me, and tell me if that is a part for me to play. No, no, I live alone and in retirement. And, besides," added Rodin, after a
brief silence, and fixing on the young prince a penetrating and inquisitive look, as if he would have submitted him to a kind of experiment by the following words: "and then, you see, M. de Montbron would be better able than I, in the world with which he mixes, to enlighten you as to the snares that may be spread for you; for, if you have friends, you have also enemies, you know—base enemies, who have abused your confidence in an infamous manner, and have ill-used you. And as, unfortunately, their power is equal to their wickedness, it might be, perhaps, prudent to try and avoid them—to fly them, instead of resisting them face to face.

At the recollection of his enemies, at the thought of flying from them, Djalma shook from head to foot, his features became suddenly of a livid paleness, his eyes, which were widely opened, and whose pupils were thus encircled with white, sparkled with dark fire. Never did disdain, hatred, and the thirst of vengeance light up a human countenance more terribly. His upper lip, as red as blood, disclosing his small, white, and close-set teeth, while it curled up convulsively, and gave his face, just now so charming, an expression of ferocity so brutal that Rodin rose from his chair and cried,

"What ails you, prince? You frighten me."

Djalma made no reply. Half leaning on his seat, his hands clenched with rage, he seemed to fasten himself to one of the arms of his chair, for fear of giving way to an excess of fearful passion. At this moment it chanced that the amber top of his houka rolled under his feet, and such was the violent tension which contracted all the Indian's nerves, and, notwithstanding his youthful and slender appearance, such was his strength, that, with one motion of his foot, he pulverized the amber to atoms, despite its excessive hardness.

"In the name of Heaven, prince, what ails you?" inquired Rodin.

"Thus will I crush my base enemies!" exclaimed Djalma, with a threatening and inflamed look.

Then, as if these words had consummated his rage, he bounded from his seat, and, with haggard eyes, paced up and down the apartment for several seconds with rapid strides, as if he were seeking some weapon, uttering from time to time a sort of hoarse cry, which he tried to stifle by pressing his clenched fists against his mouth, while his jaws quivered convulsively. It was the impotent rage of a wild beast thirsting for carnage.

The young Indian was thus of grand and savage beauty: it was evident that those divine instincts of sanguinary ardour and blind intrepidity, raised to such a pitch by the horror of treachery and cowardice, when directed to war or those giant hunts of India, more slaughtering than even battle itself, would make of Djalma what he was—a hero!

Rodin gazed with deep and sinister delight at the maddened impetuosity of the young Indian, who, under certain circumstances, would assuredly give way to terrible explosions.

Suddenly, to the great surprise of the Jesuit, this tempest calmed. Djalma's fury was appeased, because reflection told him how vain was this display. Ashamed of his childish fury, he cast down his eyes. His features remained pale and sombre; and then, with a calmness the more to be dreaded after the violent gust of passion to which he had given way, he said to Rodin,

"Father, to-day you must lead me before my enemies."

"For what, my dear prince? what would you do?"

"Kill these cowards."

"Kill them! You do not think of such a thing?"

"Faringhea will aid me."

"Once again, reflect that you are not here on the banks of the Ganges, where a man slays his enemy as he would a tiger in the chase."

"We fight with a noble foe; we kill a traitor like an accursed dog," replied Djalma, with as much conviction as calmness.

"Ah, prince, you whose father was called the Father of the Generous!" said
Rodin, in a serious tone, "what joy could you find in striking creatures as cowardly as they are wicked?"

"To destroy what is dangerous is a duty."

"But, then, prince, revenge!"

"I do not revenge myself on a serpent," said the prince, with bitter haughtiness; "I crush it!"

"But, my dear prince, here we do not get rid of our enemies in this way; if we have to complain of them—"

"Women and children complain," said Djalma, interrupting Rodin; "men strike."

"Yes, on the banks of the Ganges, my dear prince, but not here. Here society takes your cause in hand, examines it, judges it, and, if need be, punishes."

"In my own offences I am judge and executioner."

"I pray of you to listen to me. You have escaped the odious snares of your enemies, have you not? Well, suppose that has been effected by the devotedness of the venerable female who has for you the tenderness of a mother: now, if she asked you to pardon them, she who has saved you from them, what should you do?"

The Indian bowed his head, and remained for some moments without making any reply.

Profting by his hesitation, Rodin continued:

"I might say to you, prince, I know your enemies, but, in the fear of seeing you commit some terrible imprudence, I will conceal their names from you forever. Nevertheless, I swear to you that if the estimable person who loves you as a son finds it just and useful that I should tell you their names, I will tell you. But, until she has so empowered me, I shall be silent."

Djalma looked at Rodin with a sombre and angry air.

At this moment Faringhea entered, and said to Rodin,

"A man has been to your house to take a letter to you; they told him that you were here, and he has come. Must I take the letter? he says it comes from M. l'Abbé d'Aigrigny."

"Certainly," said Rodin; then he added, "that is, with the prince's permission."

Djalma made a sign with his head. Faringhea went out.

"You will excuse me, dear prince; I expected this morning a very important letter, and as it was delayed, being unwilling to fail in seeing you, I left word at home that it should be forwarded to me here."

Some instants afterward Faringhea returned with a letter, which he gave to Rodin, after which the Métis left the apartment.
CHAPTER IX.

ADRIENNE AND Djalma.

As soon as Faringheahad left the apartment, Rodin took the letter from the Abbé d'Aigrigny in one hand, while with the other he appeared searching for something, first in the side pocket of his great-coat, then in the hinder one, next in the pocket of his trousers; but not discovering what he sought, he laid the letter upon the threadbare knee of his black trousers, while both hands were busily occupied in feeling in all directions for what he required, his manner indicating vexation and uneasiness.

All these cleverly enacted pantomimic gestures were crowned by the exclamation of "God bless me, how very unfortunate!"

"What is the matter?" inquired Djalma, roused from the reverie into which he had been for several minutes plunged.

"My dear prince," replied Rodin, "the most trifling and common occurrence has befallen me, and yet it is a matter of serious annoyance and inconvenience under present circumstances. I have either lost or forgotten my spectacles, and, what with the imperfect light here, and the wretched state to which labour and old age have reduced my sight, I cannot manage to read this letter, which is of the first importance, for I am expected to return an answer at once prompt, decisive, and categorical—a yes or no—and, unfortunately, time presses: it is most unfortunate! If, indeed," added Rodin, laying considerable emphasis on his words, without, however, looking at Djalma, though seeking to attract his attention, "if, indeed, there were any person who could read it for me; but no, no; that is out of the question."

"Father," said Djalma, kindly, "will you allow me to read it for you? be assured that as soon as I have done so I shall forget every word that it contains."

"You!" exclaimed Rodin, as though the proposition of the young Indian had been alike preposterous and dangerous. "Impossible, prince! You read this letter? you V"

"Then pardon me for having proposed it," said Djalma, mildly.

"And yet," resumed Rodin, after a brief consideration, and as though speaking to himself, "why not?" Then addressing Djalma, he added, "Would you really have the goodness to read it for me, my dear prince? I should not have ventured to ask such a thing."

So saying, Rodin gave the letter to Djalma, who read it aloud, as follows:

"Your visit of this morning to the Hôtel Saint-Dizier, according to the account I have received of it, can only be considered as a fresh aggression on your part. You will find herein the last proposition, of which you have been notified. It may possibly fall equally with the arrangement I endeavoured to persuade you to enter into when I called upon you yesterday in the Rue Clovis.

"After the long and painful explanation which then took place, I promised to write to you; I keep my promise, and now send you my ultimatum.

"And first, by way of warning, take care. If you persist in maintaining an unequal struggle, you will expose yourself even to the hatred of those you foolishly seek to protect. There are a thousand ways of ruining you in their estimation by enlightening them on your schemes, and of convincing them you have been concerned in the conspiracy against them, which you now pretend to veil, and that not from generosity, but cupidity."

Although Djalma had the instinctive delicacy to perceive the impropriety of questioning Rodin respecting this letter, he involuntarily turned an inquiring look toward the Jesuit as he pronounced these last words.
"Yes, my dear prince," said Rodin, pointing to his old and faded garments, "they accuse me of cupidity."

"And who are your protégés?"

"Who are they?" repeated Rodin, with feigned hesitation, as if embarrassed how to reply; "who are they? Oh, I'll tell you! Poor, unfortunate beings—poor, but worthy—entitled to considerable wealth, for which they are now contending in a lawsuit, but are threatened with annihilation by some all-powerful personages, who, however, are not sufficiently known to enable me to unmask them for the advantage of my poor protégés; poor and humble myself, I naturally espouse the cause of those who are poor and humble. But pray continue reading."

Djalma resumed:

"You have, therefore, everything to fear in opposing us, and nothing to hope for in espousing the part of those you call your friends, but who may be more justly styled your dupes; for as your disinterestedness would, if real, be inexplicable, so is it beyond a doubt that it is merely assumed, to conceal your avaricious views. And even viewing it in this light, we are disposed to offer you an ample compensation, with the additional recommendation of our offers being tangible and of immediate fulfilment, while the hopes you may have formed, from the gratitude of your friends, are vague and uncertain. To come to the point, the following are the terms to which you are required to accede: You shall leave Paris before twelve o'clock to-night at the very latest, and bind yourself not to return for six months.

Unable to restrain a movement of surprise, Djalma again looked at Rodin.

"To be sure," said the latter; "the suit of my poor protégés will be decided before then, and, by sending me out of the way, they deprive them of my watchful superintendence and counsel. Does not this strike you, my dear prince?" said Rodin, with bitter indignation. "But have the kindness to continue, and pardon me for having interrupted you; but such unblushing assurance was too much for me."

Djalma read as follows:

"And that we may be assured of your absence from Paris during the six months specified, you will go to the house of a person known to us in Germany, who will show you every attention, but with whom you must necessarily abide until the prescribed term shall have expired."

"Yes," said Rodin, "a voluntary prison."

"Upon these conditions you will receive a monthly allowance of 1000 francs, from the date of your departure from Paris; 10,000 francs before you go, and 20,000 more at the termination of the six months. This will be fully secured to you, and, at the expiration of the time, a situation, both honourable and independent, will be provided for you."

Djalma having paused from the excess of his involuntary indignation, Rodin exclaimed,

"Let me request of you to proceed. My dear prince, pray read the conclusion of this epistle; it will serve to give you some idea of what is passing in the bosom of our civilization."

Djalma resumed:

"You are sufficiently aware of the state of things, and of our position, to be assured that, in removing you to a distance, our only aim is to be freed from an opponent who is rather annoying than dangerous. Be not blinded by your former success. The progress of your denunciation will be stopped, because it was calumnious; and the magistrate before whom you preferred it will lament his undue partiality. You are at liberty to make what use you please of this letter. We know what we write, and to whom we write. You will receive this
letter at three o'clock. If, by the expiration of an hour, we have not your full
and unequivocal assent, written, and subscribed by your own hand, at the bottom
of this letter, war begins again between us, and from this very night."

The letter concluded, Djalma looked at Rodin, who said,
"Give me leave to call Faringhea."

So saying, he touched the bell, which had scarcely sounded before the Métis
appeared.

Rodin, receiving the letter from Djalma, tore it in half, crushed it together in
his hand, and then gave it to the Métis, saying,
"You will give this paper to the person who waits, and tell him that is my
only reply to its base and insolent contents! You understand—its base and in-
solent contents!"

"I will faithfully deliver your words," replied the Métis, and left the room.

"This may be a dangerous warfare for you, my father," said the Indian.

"Yes, my dear prince, perhaps dangerous; but I do not as you do—seek to
kill my enemies because they are base and cowardly; I wage war with them
under the ægis of the law. Follow my example;" then, seeing the features of
Djalma again overcast, Rodin added, "I am wrong. I will not again intrude
my advice upon this subject. Promise me only to refer the question to the
judgment of your excellent maternal protectress, whom I shall see to-morrow.
If she consents, I will tell you the name of your enemies, but not otherwise."

"And is this friend, this second mother," said Djalma, "a person by whose
decision I may be guided?"

"Is she?" exclaimed Rodin, clasping his hands, and assuming an appearance
of increasing enthusiasm; "is she? Nay, the universe contains not a more
noble, generous, or heroic mind than that of your protectress; were you really
her son, whom she loved with all the tenderness of maternal affection, and if it
became a question whether you should choose between death and cowardice, she
would say, 'Die, my son! I can at least die with you!'"

"Oh, noble lady!" exclaimed Djalma, with enthusiastic ardour; "such was
my own mother!"

"But for your protectress," continued Rodin, with still increasing warmth,
and contriving to approach the silken blind which masked the green-house, to-
ward which he cast a sidelong and uneasy glance. "Picture to yourself the liv-
ing personification of honour, courage, and goodness—of undeviating truth—
the chivalrous frankness of the noblest man, united with the graceful pride of one
who not only has never sullied her lips by falsehood, has never deigned to con-
ceal a thought, but who would prefer death to employing the least of those petty
artifices, deceptions, and concealments almost forced upon women by their posi-
tion in social life."

It would be difficult to express the admiration which glowed in the features
of Djalma as he listened to this animated description; his eyes sparkled, his
cheeks were flushed, and his heart beat high with enthusiastic delight.

"Noble youth!" cried Rodin, taking another step toward the blind; "I love
to see your ardent feelings depicted on your handsome features while I thus
speak of your unknown protectress. Ah, she well deserves that almost religious
adoration with which we regard noble hearts and lofty characters."

"I feel assured of it!" exclaimed Djalma, with excitement; "my heart is
filled with admiration and wonder; for my mother is dead, and yet such a wom-
an lives."

"She does; for the consolation of the afflicted—to be the pride of her sex—to
teach the world to worship truth and detest falsehood she exists. Never has
falsehood or artifice tarnished her mind, stainless as the sword of a gallant knight.
Only a few days since this adorable woman made use of an expression I shall
remember to the last hour of my life: 'Sir,' said she, 'the moment I have cause
to suspect one whom I love or esteem—'"
Rodin was prevented from completing his sentence; the blind, so violently shaken from without that its spring broke, ran suddenly up, and, to the utter astonishment of Djalma, revealed the form of Mademoiselle de Cardoville. The covering had fallen from the shoulders of Adrienne, and, during the violence of her movement to reach the blind, her hat, the strings of which were not tied, had dropped to the ground.

Having so hastily left her own house, Adrienne had merely thrown a cloak over the elegant and tasteful costume she frequently wore when at home; and so radiant with beauty did she appear among the blooming plants and green foliage by which she was surrounded, that Djalma believed himself under the influence of a dream.

With distended gaze, clasped hands, and bending forward as though in the act of prayer, he remained transfixed with admiration. Mademoiselle de Cardoville, much agitated, her cheeks slightly flushed, did not enter the saloon, but remained at the entrance to the green-house. All this had taken place in less time than is required to describe it, and scarcely had the blind sprang up when Rodin, with well-feigned surprise, exclaimed,

"You here, mademoiselle?"

"Yes," said Adrienne, in a tremulous voice; "I come to complete the sentence you had begun. I once told you that, when any doubt arose in my mind, I declared it to the suspected individual without reserve; yet I have failed in this
act of justice toward you. I came here as a spy upon your proceedings, when your reply to the letter of the Abbé d'Aigrigny afforded me another proof of your sincerity. I suspected your integrity at the very moment when you were asserting my frankness. For the first time in my life I have stooped to artifice. This weakness deserves its punishment, and I am receiving it; a reparation, and that I now make; apologies, and I here tender them." Then addressing Djalma, she added, "Now, prince, secrecy is no longer possible. I am Mademoiselle de Cardoville, your relative, and I hope you will accept from a sister the same hospitality you would have accepted from a mother."

But Djalma answered not. Plunged in ecstatic contemplation of a creature more dazzlingly lovely than even his wildest dreams had portrayed, he experienced a sort of delirium which, paralyzing thought and reflection, seemed to concentrate his whole being in the one faculty of sight; and, in the same manner as the feverish patient seeks in vain to quench his unextinguishable thirst, so did the ardent gaze of the young Indian appear to revel with devouring eagerness in the rare perfections of this lovely woman.

And, indeed, two more exquisite models of the human form were never brought into each other's presence. Adrienne and Djalma were the living types of male and female beauty. There appeared something providential and predestined in the meeting of these two beings so fresh in youth and vigour—so full of warm and generous impulses—so heroically proud and daring; who, strange to say, knew each other's moral value even before they had met; for if the words of Rodin had kindled in the heart of Djalma an admiration, as sudden as it was deep and enthusiastic, of the noble qualities of that unknown benefactor whom he now found in Mademoiselle de Cardoville, so had the latter, in her turn, been moved, touched, and terrified during the conversation she had just overheard between Rodin and Djalma, as the latter had, by turns, exposed the delicacy of his sentiments, the excellency of his heart, and the violent impetuosity of his character; neither had she been able to restrain a movement of surprise, almost of admiration, at the uncommon beauty of the young prince, which was quickly followed by a feeling at once strange and painful—a sort of electric shock, which appeared to pass throughout her whole frame as her eyes encountered those of Djalma.

Deeply agitated by the powerful impression she had received, Adrienne sought to conceal her emotion by addressing Rodin, and soliciting his pardon for having suspected him; but the prolonged silence of the prince gave additional strength to her embarrassment. Raising her eyes a second time to Djalma, as though to ask for his reply to her sisterly offers, she encountered the fixed and ardent gaze of the Indian riveted on her countenance with an almost wildness of expression, which made her cast down her eyes with mingled terror, sadness, and wounded pride, and she congratulated herself on having foreseen the absolute necessity for keeping the prince from her presence, so great was the feeling of alarm occasioned by his ardour and impetuosity. Desiring to bring this trying situation to a close, she said to Rodin, in a low and trembling voice,

"I pray you, sir, to speak to the prince, and repeat to him my offers. I cannot remain here longer."

So saying, Adrienne moved for the purpose of rejoining Florine, but with a sudden bound the young Indian sprang forward as a tiger darts upon the prey about to be snatched from him. Terrified at the wild and ardent expression which lit up the features of the Indian, Adrienne drew back, uttering a loud cry.

At this sound Djalma recovered himself, and recalled all that had occurred; then, his eyes filled with tears of shame and regret, his countenance marked with the deepest contrition, he threw himself on his knees before Adrienne, and, raising his clasped hands toward her, exclaimed, in a voice at once sweet, supplicating, and timid,

"Oh, stay! stay! Do not leave me! So long I have been awaiting you."

To this prayer, uttered with all the timid persuasiveness of a child, but with a resignation which contrasted strangely with the almost savage impetuosity that
had so greatly alarmed Adrienne, she replied, while making signs to Florine to expedite their departure,

"Prince, it is impossible for me to remain here longer."

"But you will return!" said Djalma, making a violent effort to restrain his tears; "I shall again behold you!"

"Never! never!" cried Mademoiselle de Cardoville, in a faint voice.

Then, profiting by the consternation into which her reply had thrown the prince, Adrienne quickly disappeared behind a large clump of plants.

At the moment when Florine, hastening after her mistress, passed before Rodin, the latter said, in a low and hurried voice,

"We must finish with La Mayeux to-morrow."

Florine shuddered, but, without making any reply, she also disappeared behind the shrubs.

Overwhelmed, crushed, Djalma remained kneeling as Adrienne had left him, his head drooping on his breast, while his faultless features, in lieu of rage or impatience, were marked only by an expression of the deepest sorrow, and large tears trickled down his cheeks.

As Rodin approached him he rose, but trembling so violently that he could barely reach the divan, on which he fell, covering his face with his hands.

Drawing near him, with a tender and commiserating air, Rodin murmured,

"Alas, I dreaded this! I wished that you should not know your benefactress; nay, I even told you she was old. Can you guess why, my dear prince?"

Djalma made no reply, but, letting fall his hands, turned toward Rodin, his face still bathed in tears.

"Because I knew the surpassing loveliness of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and how quickly young persons of your age are fascinated by beauty; and," pursued Rodin, "I wished, my dear prince, to spare you the painful trial to your feelings, since your young and charming protectress is tenderly attached to a young and handsome man of this city."

At these words, Djalma pressed both hands on his heart, as though to still some severe pain, and uttered a wild and frantic cry; then his head fell back, and he sunk senseless on the divan.

Rodin eyed him coolly for several moments; then, preparing to go, he said, while brushing his old hat with the sleeve of his greasy threadbare coat,

"Come, it works—it works!"
CHAPTER X.

CONFIDENCES AND COUNSELS.

It was night. Nine o'clock had just struck.

It was the evening of the day when Mademoiselle de Cardoville had, for the first time, seen Djalma. Florine, pale, agitated, and trembling, had just entered, with a light in her hand, into a sleeping apartment furnished with much simplicity, but yet very comfortable.

This room was one of those which La Mayeux occupied at Adrienne's house. It was on the ground floor, and had two entrances, one from the garden, and the other from the courtyard; it was on this side that persons came who were desirous of seeing La Mayeux to obtain assistance. An antechamber and a receiving-room formed the suite with the bedroom, into which Florine had just entered with a disturbed and almost frightened air, hardly touching the carpet with the points of her satin shoes, holding her breath and listening to every sound.

Placing her light on the mantel-piece, the chambermaid, after a hasty glance around the chamber, went to a mahogany bureau, surmounted by a very pretty bookcase, well filled. The key was in the drawers, all three of which Florine searched. They contained various petitions for aid, and some notes in La Mayeux's handwriting. What Florine was seeking for was not there. A case containing three smaller drawers separated the table from the bookcase, and these were also examined, but to no purpose. Florine made a gesture of vexation, looked about her, listened again with anxiety, and then observing a small cupboard, made there also an unavailing search.

At the foot of the bed was a small door leading to a dressing-room, into which Florine entered, and at first sought uselessly in a large closet, in which hung several black dresses newly made for La Mayeux by Mademoiselle de Cardoville's order. Seeing on the ground, at the extremity of this cupboard, and half hidden by a cloak, an old trunk, Florine hastily opened it, and found therein, very carefully folded up, the miserable worn-out garments in which La Mayeux was clad when she had entered this abode of splendour.

Florine started; an involuntary emotion contracted her features; but reflecting that she must not let her heart soften, but obey the implacable mandates of Rodin, she shut the trunk and the dressing-room door, and returned into the bedroom.

After having again examined the bureau an idea crossed her mind: not content with again searching the smaller drawers, she quite drew out one, hoping to find what she sought between the back of the drawers and the bureau, but she saw nothing. The second attempt was more successful, and she found hidden a thick copybook. She made a movement of surprise, for she expected to find something else; but she took the manuscript, and, opening it, turned the leaves over rapidly. After having run her eye over several pages she appeared satisfied, and was about to put the copybook in her pocket, but, after a moment's reflection, she replaced it where she had found it, put all again into its former state, took up her candlestick, and left the apartment without having been detected, having assured herself that La Mayeux would be with Mademoiselle de Cardoville for some hours.

The day after Florine's search, La Mayeux, alone in her sleeping-room, was seated in an arm-chair by the chimney corner, where a good fire was blazing. A thick carpet covered the floor; through the curtains of the window was seen a large garden; the deep silence was unbroken but by the regular noise of the pendulum of a time-piece and the crackling of the fire.
La Mayeux, with her two hands leaning on the arms of her chair, was enjoying a feeling of happiness to which she had not given way so completely since her residence in the hotel. For her, so long accustomed to cruel privations, there was an inexpressible charm in the quiet of this retreat, in the smiling appearance of the garden, and, above all, in the consciousness of owing the enjoyment she experienced to the resignation and energy she had evinced in the midst of severe trials, now happily ended.

An elderly woman, of mild and gentle appearance, who had been, by Adrienne's express orders, attached to the service of La Mayeux, entered, and said to her,

"Mademoiselle, there is a young man who wants to speak to you directly on a very urgent matter; he says his name is Agricola Baudoin."

At this name La Mayeux uttered a slight cry of surprise, blushed slightly, and, rising, ran to the door which led to the adjoining apartment, where she found Agricola.

"Good-day, my dear Mayeux," said the smith, cordially embracing the young girl, whose cheek became burning and crimsoned under his fraternal kisses.

"Ah!" she cried suddenly, looking at Agricola with alarm, "what is this black bandage over your forehead? Have you been wounded?"

"Oh, it is nothing, really nothing—do not think of it. I will tell you all about it presently; but, first of all, I have something very important to communicate to you."

"Come, then, into the next room, where we shall be alone," said La Mayeux, leading Agricola.

Notwithstanding the great uneasiness which displayed itself on Agricola's features, he could not repress a smile of pleasure as he entered the young girl's room and looked about him.

"Capital, my dear Mayeux; this is the way I always wished to see you lodged, and I can recognise the kind hand of Mademoiselle de Cardoville. What a heart! what a soul! You do not know that she wrote to me the day before yesterday to thank me for what I had done for her, sending me a plain gold pin, which, she added, I could accept, for it had no value except that of having been worn by her mother. If you knew how much I was touched by the delicacy of the gift."

"Nothing should astonish you from a heart like hers," replied La Mayeux.

"But your wound—your wound."

"Directly, my good Mayeux; I have so many things to tell you. Let me begin with that which is most important, for it is in a very serious matter that I require your good advice. You know what confidence I have in your excellent heart and sound judgment; and then, after that, I shall ask a service from you—yes, a great service," added the smith, in a serious and almost solemn tone, which astonished La Mayeux. "But let me begin with what does not concern myself."

"Make haste, then."

"After my mother had gone with Gabriel to a small curacy which he has procured in the country, and my father took up his abode with Marshal Simon and his daughters, I went, as you know, to reside at the factory of M. Hardy, in the general house. Well, this morning—but I should first say that M. Hardy, after his return from a long journey which he lately made, has again gone away on business for some days. Well, this morning, at breakfast-time, I had been working a little after the last stroke of the clock, and was leaving the workshop to go to our eating-room, when I saw a lady alight from a hackney-coach, who, entering the yard, came quickly toward me. I saw she was fair, although her veil was half way down her face, and as gentle as she was pretty; she was dressed like a person of consequence. Struck with her paleness, her uneasy and alarmed look, I inquired what she sought. 'Sir,' she said, in a trembling voice, and seeming to make a great effort, 'are you one of the workmen of
this establishment?" 'Yes, madam.' 'Is M. Hardy in danger?' she cried. 'M. Hardy, madam, has not yet returned to the factory.' 'What!' she exclaimed, 'did not M. Hardy return here yesterday evening? Has he not been dangerously wounded by a machine while in his work-rooms?' And as she pronounced these words, the lips of this young lady trembled, and I saw large tears falling down her cheeks. 'Thank Heaven, madam, nothing is more untrue,' said I; 'for M. Hardy has not yet returned, but is expected to-morrow or next day.' 'Then, sir, you tell me truly, M. Hardy has not arrived, and is not injured?' added the pretty lady, wiping her eyes. 'I tell you the truth, madam; if M. Hardy was in danger, I should not be so tranquil while speaking with you.' 'Oh, thanks, thanks!' exclaimed the young lady. Then she expressed her gratitude to me with an air so happy, so touching, that I was quite moved at it. Then suddenly, and as if ashamed of the step she had taken, she dropped her veil and left me hastily, going out of the yard and entering the coach which had brought her. I said to myself, She is a lady who takes an interest in M. Hardy, and who has been alarmed by some false report."

"She loves him, doubtless," said La Mayeux, quite affected; "and, in her trouble, has perhaps committed an imprudence in coming to make these inquiries."

"You are right. I saw her get into the hackney-coach with interest, for her emotion had quite gained upon me. Well, away goes the coach. But what should I see a few instants afterward? A hack cabriolet, which the young lady did not see, concealed as it was by the angle of a wall; and, at the moment when it drove off, I clearly distinguished a man sitting beside the coachman, who made him a sign to follow in the same road that the hackney-coach was taking."

"The poor young lady was followed!" said La Mayeux, with uneasiness.

"No doubt. So I ran after the hackney-coach, which I overtook; and at one of the windows, through the blind, I said to the young lady, as I ran by the side of the coach-door, 'Madam, be on your guard; you are followed by a cabriolet.'"

"Good! good! Agricola! And what did she say?"

"I heard her exclaim, 'Oh, heavens!' in a tone of deep alarm. The coach went on. Presently the cabriolet passed before me, and I saw by the side of the driver a tall, stout, red-faced man, who, having seen me run after the hackney-coach, had, perhaps, a suspicion of something, for he looked at me with a disturbed air."

"And when will M. Hardy arrive?" inquired La Mayeux.

"To-morrow or next day; and now, my good Mayeux, advise me. This
DJALMA IN PARIS.
young lady loves M. Hardy, that is evident. She is, no doubt, married, for she
had a very embarrassed look as she talked with me, and uttered a cry of so
much terror when she learned that she was followed. What ought I to do? I
have a great mind to ask advice of old Simon; but he is so very rigid in his no-
tions. And, then, a love affair at his time of life! While you, my dear Mayeux,
who are so delicate and sensible, you will comprehend the thing so well."

The young workgirl started slightly, and smiled bitterly. Agricola, who did
not perceive it, continued:

"Then I said to myself, there is no one but La Mayeux who can advise me
in this matter. If M. Hardy returns to-morrow, ought I or ought I not to tell
him all that has passed?"

"Listen to me!" exclaimed La Mayeux, suddenly interrupting Agricola, and
appearing to collect her thoughts. "When I went to the convent of Sainte
Marie to ask the superior for work, she proposed to me to enter as daily needle-
woman into a house where I was to watch—it is useless to conceal the word—
to spy—"

"Wretch of a woman!"

"And do you know," said La Mayeux, "do you know what family they want-
ed me to enter to carry on this unworthy system! It was at a Madame de Fre-
mont's, or Brémont's, I do not quite remember which—a very religious lady,
whose daughter, a young married lady, I was to espyparticularly, as the supe-
rior said she received the too assiduous attentions of a manufacturer."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Agricola; "if this manufacturer should be—"

"M. Hardy. I have too many reasons not to forget the name, which the su-
perior let fall. Since then so many events have transpired that I had forgotten
the circumstance. It is, therefore, most probable that this young lady is the one
of whom she spoke to me at the convent."

"And what interest could the superior of the convent have in this espionage?"
asked the smith.

"I do not know; but you see the interest which she has is still in full force;
for the young lady has been watched, and perhaps at this hour has been denoun-
ced—dishonoured. Ah! it is dreadful to think of!"

Then, seeing that Agricola shuddered violently, La Mayeux added, "But what
ails you, then?"

"Why not?" said the smith, speaking to himself; "if all that—why should it
not all proceed from the same hand? The superior of a convent may have a
good understanding with an abbé. But, then, for what purpose—to what end?"

"Explain yourself, Agricola!" said La Mayeux. "And your wound—how
did you receive that? Pray satisfy me on that point."

"Why, it was of my wound I was going to speak; for, really, the more I re-
spect the more the adventure of this young lady appears to me connected with
other circumstances."

"What do you mean?"

"You must know that for some days past there have been some singular do-
ings in the neighbourhood of our manufactory. In the first place, as we are in
Lent, an abbé from Paris—a tall, handsome man, they say—has been preaching
in the little village of Villiers, which is but a quarter of a league from our work-
shops. This abbé has taken occasion in his discourse to calumniate and assail
M. Hardy."

"In what way?"

"M. Hardy had drawn up a set of rules and regulations for our work, and the
profits which he allows us. This document is followed by several maxims as noble
as they are plain and simple, with some precepts of fraternity, which all the world
can comprehend, extracted from different philosophers and different religions.
Because M. Hardy has selected the most pure from among different religious
precepts, this abbé has taken upon himself to decide that M. Hardy has no reli-
gion; and, taking this conclusion for his theme, he has not only attacked him
from the pulpit, but pointed out our factory as a focus of perdition, corruption, and damnation, because on Sunday, instead of going to hear sermons, or to the public house, our workmen, their wives and children, pass the day in working in their little gardens, in reading, singing in chorus, or dancing with their families in our general house. This abbé has gone so far as to say that such a mass of atheists, for so he calls us, will draw down the wrath of Heaven on the country; that there is much talk of the cholera, which is advancing; and it will be possible that, owing to our impious vicinity, all the environs will be smitten with this avenging scourge."

"To say such things to ignorant hearers," exclaimed La Mayeux, "is to risk exciting them to terrible actions."

"That is what the abbé is driving at."

"What do you mean?"

"The inhabitants of the environs, excited besides, no doubt, by some other malcontents, show themselves hostile to the workmen of our factory; and they have displayed, if not their hatred, at least their envy. Seeing us live in common, well lodged, well fed, well clothed, active, gay, and industrious, their jealousy is still farther excited by the abbé's preachings and the malevolent suggestions of some badly-disposed fellows, whom I have recognised as some of the worst workmen of M. Tripeaud, our rival manufacturer. All these disturbances begin to produce their fruits, and we have had two or three open quarrels with the inhabitants of the environs. It was in one of these rows that I had a blow on the head from a stone."
“Are you sure it is nothing serious, Agricola?” asked La Mayeux, anxiously.

“Nothing of consequence, I assure you; but the enemies of M. Hardy have not confined themselves to preaching only; they have employed something even still more dangerous.”

“What can that be?”

“I and almost all my comrades used our muskets pretty well in July; but it does not suit us at present, for very good reasons, to take up our arms again. This is not everybody’s opinion, very likely; we blame no one, but we have our own opinions; and the elder Simon, who is as brave as his son, and as patriotic as any man breathing, approves and directs us. Well, for some days past we have found all round the factory, in the garden, in the yards, placards, in which we read: ‘You are cowards, selfish cowards; because chance has given you a good master, you remain indifferent to the misery of your brethren and the means of emancipating them. Your own good fortune enervates you.’”

“Oh, Agricola, what a fearful persistence in wickedness!”

“Is it not? And these things have begun to have some influence over several of our younger comrades, as, after all, when generous and noble feelings are addressed, there is always an echo. Already some seeds of division are developed in our workrooms, which, to this time, have been so fraternally united: we feel that some secret ferment exists, and a cold distrust with several has displaced our wonted cordiality. Now, if I tell you I am almost certain that these placards, thrown over the walls of the factory, which have excited among us some displays of discord, have been spread by the emissaries of this preaching abbe, don’t you think that all this, combined with what occurred this morning with respect to the young lady, proves that M. Hardy has for some time past had a number of enemies?”

“The matter appears to me as alarming as it does to you, Agricola,” said La Mayeux, “and to be of so serious a nature that M. Hardy alone can properly decide it. As for the affair of the lady, I advise you, as soon as M. Hardy returns home, to see him, and, however delicate may be the communication, tell him all that happened.”

“There I scarcely know how to act, for will it not seem as though I sought to meddle with his private affairs?”

“Had not this lady been followed, I should have partaken your scruples; but you see she was watched, and probably has incurred danger. Therefore, in my opinion, it is a matter of duty to apprise M. Hardy. Even supposing, as is probable, that the lady is married, would it not be better, for a thousand reasons, that M. Hardy should be informed of everything?”

“You are right, my dear Mayeux, and M. Hardy shall know all; but, now that we have decided upon the affairs of others, let us have a little talk about mine—yes, of my affairs! for I have to speak to you of a matter upon which my future happiness may depend,” said the smith, in a tone so serious that La Mayeux was affected by it. “You know,” said Agricola, after a short silence, “that from my earliest infancy I have been in the habit of telling you everything that occurred to me.”

“Yes, Agricola,” replied La Mayeux, extending her thin and delicate hand, which the young man cordially pressed; “I know you have.”

“I am not quite right about telling you positively everything, for I did not mention my little love affairs, because, though one might tell one’s sister whatever follies one might commit, there are some things not proper to mention to so good and right-minded a girl as you.”

“Thank you, Agricola,” answered La Mayeux, casting down her eyes, and struggling heroically with the pain she felt. “I have perceived this reserve, and I thank you for it.”

“But while I made it a rule never to speak to you of my love affairs, I always said to myself, ‘If anything serious takes place—in a word, if I ever think of
marriage, then, as a man first makes a confidant of his sister before he speaks to his parents, my good Mayeux shall be the first to know it.'"

"You are very good, Agricola."

"Well, then, the something serious has happened; I am over head and ears in love, and I want to be married."

At these words the poor girl felt as though paralyzed; her blood seemed to freeze in her veins; for a few seconds she felt as though the hand of death was on her: her heart ceased to beat, and seemed not to break, but, as it were, to dissolve, to become annihilated; but the first agony over, like the martyrs, who found, in the very excess of their sufferings, a power enabling them to smile amid their tortures, the unhappy girl found, in her dread of revealing the secret of her absurd and fatal passion, a power which enabled her, after a short pause, to look up with a calmness almost amounting to serenity, and to say, in a steady voice,

"Indeed! You are seriously in love?"

"Oh, my dear Mayeux, for the last four days I have thought of nothing but my passion."

"Then you have only been in love four days?"

"No longer; but time has nothing to do with it."

"Is she very beautiful?"

"A shape like a nymph; fair as a lily; with large, blue eyes—large as—sweet, as gentle in their expression as—yours!"

"You flatter me, Agricola."

"No, it is Angela I flatter; for that is her name. Is it not a pretty name? Tell me, my good Mayeux."

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"It is, indeed," said the poor girl, comparing, with mournful bitterness, the contrast between this pleasing appellation and her own sobriquet of La Mayeux, pronounced even by the generous Agricola, without a thought. She repeated, with desperate calmness, "Angélia! it is a very pretty name."

"Well, you must know that the name is appropriate, not only for her person, but for her heart. In a word, it is a heart almost equal to your own."

"Then," said La Mayeux, forcing a smile, "it seems that her eyes and her heart are like mine: we must resemble each other closely."

Agricola perceived not the bitter irony concealed under La Mayeux's words; he therefore replied, with a tenderness as sincere as trying to his auditor,

"Do you suppose, my dear Mayeux, I could feel a serious affection for any one who, in disposition, mind, heart, did not greatly remind me of you?"

"Come, brother," said La Mayeux, smiling (yes, the wretched girl had the courage, the strength to smile), "you are disposed to be gallant to-day; but tell me, where did you become acquainted with this charming person?"

"She is the sister of a fellow-workman: her mother is the head needlewoman who makes all the workmen's linen. During the last year she found that she required assistance; and, as it is one of the rules of our association to give the preference to the relations of members, Madame Bertin (this is the name of my companion's mother) sent for her daughter from Lille, where she was living with one of her aunts; and for the last five days she has been in our linen establishment. The first time I saw her I stayed more than three hours in the evening, talking with herself, her mother, and brother. My heart was gone. The next day, and the day after, my love kept increasing, till I am fairly over head and ears, and bent upon marriage, if you do not disapprove; for—don't be astonished—everything depends upon you. I shall not say a word to my father or mother until I have your opinion."

"Agricola, I do not know what you mean."

"You know how implicitly I believe in that singular instinct you possess. How often have you said to me, Agricola, mistrust such a one; love this person; place confidence in another. Never have I found you wrong. Now I want you to do me the same service. You must ask a day from Mademoiselle de Cardoville. I will take you to the manufactory. I have mentioned you to Madame Bertin and her daughter as a beloved sister; and, according to the impression Angélia makes upon you, I declare my love or no. Perhaps you may consider this childish, but I cannot help it."

"So let it be," replied La Mayeux, with heroic courage; "I will see Angélia, and then give you my sincere opinion."

"Of that I feel sure, but when will you come?"

"I must inquire of Mademoiselle de Cardoville what day she can spare me, and then I will let you know."

"Thanks, my good Mayeux," said Agricola, with fervour. Then he added, smiling, "Bring your best judgment, that which you reserve for great occasions."

"No joking, brother," said La Mayeux, in a voice of mournful earnestness: "this is a serious matter, and involves the happiness of your life."

At this moment some one knocked gently at the door.

"Come in!" said La Mayeux.

Florine appeared.

"Mademoiselle de Cardoville begs you will go to her if you are not engaged," said Florine to La Mayeux.

The latter rose, and, addressing the smith, said,

"If you can wait a few minutes, Agricola, I will inquire of Mademoiselle de Cardoville what day I can dispose of, and return and tell you." So saying, the young girl went out, leaving Agricola and Florine together.

"I should have been glad to offer my thanks to Mademoiselle de Cardoville to-day," said Agricola, "but that I feared to be intrusive."

"My young lady is somewhat indisposed to-day," said Florine, "and has
seen no one; but I am sure that she will receive you with pleasure when she is
better."

La Mayeux here returned, and said to Agricola,
"If you will call for me to-morrow, about three o'clock—then I shall not lose
my whole day—I will accompany you to the manufactory; and in the evening
you can see me home again."
"At three o'clock to-morrow, my good Mayeux."

The evening of the same day, when all was still in the hotel, La Mayeux,
who had remained with Mademoiselle de Cardoville till ten o'clock, entered her
bedchamber, the door of which she locked; then, finding herself at last alone,
and free from all constraint, she threw herself on her knees before an arm-chair,
and burst into tears. Long did the young girl weep; when, at length, her
eyes refused to shed more tears, she arose, dried her eyes, and, approaching her
desk, removed from its hiding-place the manuscript so hastily perused by Flo-
rine the preceding night, and continued for several hours to write in its pages.

CHAPTER XI.

LA MAYEUX'S JOURNAL.

ot until a late hour did La Mayeux cease writing in
the book discovered and scrutinized on the previous
evening by Florine, who had not dared to abstract it
before she had acquainted with its contents the per-
sons under whose directions she was acting, and re-
ceived their final instructions.
Let us explain the existence of this manuscript be-
fore we open it to the reader.
From the day on which La Mayeux had discovered
her love for Agricola, the first word of this manuscript
had been written.
Endowed with a disposition essentially loving, and
yet feeling herself always restrained by fear of ridi-
cule—a fear whose painful excess was La Mayeux's only weakness—to whom
could this unfortunate girl confide the secret of her fatal passion but to paper—
to that mute confidant of brooding or wounded hearts, that patient, silent friend
which, if it do not respond to the woes of the unhappy, at least always listens to,
always remembers them?

When her heart was full of emotions, sometimes sad and sweet, sometimes
bitter and distressing, the poor seamstress, finding a melancholy charm in these
mute and solitary declarations, sometimes in a poetic form, simple and touching,
sometimes in simple prose, had, by degrees, become accustomed to exercise no
reserves in relation to Agricola; although he was at the bottom of all her thoughts,
certain reflections which were produced in her by the sight of beauty, happy
love, maternity, riches, and misfortune, were too strongly imbued with her sense
of her own personal appearance, so unfortunately unprepossessing, to allow of
her ever communicating them to Agricola.

Such, then, was the journal of this daughter of the people, plain, deformed,
and wretched, but endowed with an angelic soul and a bright intelligence, de-
veloped by reading, meditation, and solitude—pages unknown, but which yet
contained views clear-sighted and profound as to men and things, taken from that
stand-point in which fate had placed this unfortunate girl.

The following lines, interrupted in places, or blurred by tears, according to
the course of emotions which La Mayeux had felt on the previous evening on
learning the deep love of Agricola for Angèla, formed the last pages of this
journal:
The Wandering Jew.

Friday, March 3, 1832.

"My night had not been disturbed by any painful dream, and I rose this morning without any sad presentiment.

"I was calm, tranquil, when Agricola came.

"He did not appear to me agitated, but was, as he always is, simple and affectionate. He first told me of an event relative to M. Hardy, and then, without hesitation, said to me,

"'For the last four days I have been desperately in love; so deep has been the impression that I think of marrying, and I have come to ask your advice about it.'

"It was in these terms that a disclosure, so overwhelming to me, was made, naturally and cordially, as we sat by the fire, I on one side and Agricola on the other, as if we were only discoursing of the most commonplace affairs. Yet what more is necessary to break a heart? A person enters your room, embraces you as a brother, sits down, talks with you, and then— Oh, Heaven, I shall lose my senses!

"I am calmer. Courage, courage, poor heart! If some day misfortunes shall again crush me, I will reperuse these lines, written under the impression of the most intense grief I can ever feel, and I will say to myself, 'What is this present sorrow to the agony that is past?'

"How cruel is this agony of mine! It is forbidden, ridiculous, shameful. I would not dare confess it even to the tenderest, the most indulgent mother.

"Alas! there are fearful miseries, which yet give a right to people to shrug their shoulders with pity or disdain. Alas, there are, indeed, forbidden griefs!

"Agricola has asked me to go to-morrow and see the young girl of whom he is enamoured, and whom he will wed, if the instinct of my heart advises him to this marriage. This thought is the most agonizing of all which have afflicted me since he so pitilessly told me of his love.

"Pitilessly! No, Agricola—no, no, my brother—forgive this unjust cry of a suffering heart. Thou dost not know, thou couldst not suppose, that I love thee more earnestly than thou lovest, or ever canst love, this charming creature.

"The shape and figure of a nymph, fair as a lily, with blue eyes, as large, and almost as soft, as yours.

"It was thus he drew her portrait!

"Poor Agricola, how he would have suffered if he had but known how each word cut me to the soul!

"Never did I feel more poignantly than at this moment the deep commiseration, the tender pity with which a good and affectionate being may inspire you, while, in his sincere ignorance, he wounds you to death, and smiles at you.

"Thus I blame him not; far from it; I but pity him for all the pain he would experience should he detect the grief he causes me.

"How strange! Agricola never appeared to me handsomer than he was today. How his manly face was excited when he mentioned the uneasiness of that young and handsome lady! When I heard him talk of the anguish of a woman who risks her reputation for the man she loves, I felt my heart palpitate violently, my hands burned like fire, a soft languor spread over my senses. Absurdity! derision! what right have I— I—to be affected thus?

"I remember that, while he was speaking to me, I threw one look at the mirror. I was proud of being so well dressed, although he did not notice it; no matter; I thought my cap became me, that my hair was glossy, and my look was soft. I thought Agricola so handsome, that I fancied myself less ugly than usual! No doubt to excuse myself in my own eyes for daring to love him.

"After all, what happened to-day must have occurred some day or other.

"Yes (and the thought is consolatory for those who love life), death itself is nothing, inasmuch as it must come some day or other.

"What has always preserved me from suicide—that last idea of the wretch S
who prefers going to God to remaining among God's creatures—has been a sentiment of duty. One should not think only of one's self.

"I said to myself also, 'God is good, always good, since the most forlorn of human beings find some one to love, some one to whom they devote themselves. How has it been that I, so weak and insignificant, have always been able to be useful to some one?'

"Yet to-day I was sorely tempted to end my life. Neither Agricola nor his mother has any farther need of me. Yes, but then those unfortunates of whom Mademoiselle de Cardoville has made me the helper. My benefactress herself, although she scolded me kindly for the obstinacy of my suspicions of that man—I am more than ever afraid for her, I more than ever feel that she is threatened, more than ever have I faith in the utility of my presence near her.

"I must live, therefore—live to go to-morrow and see this young girl, whom Agricola loves so fondly!

"Merciful Heaven! why has it ever been my lot to experience grief, but never hatred? Methinks there must be a bitter delight in hating; it is a passion so common with many; perhaps I may hate this girl Angèla, as he called her, when he said, 'Is not Angèla a pretty name, La Mayeux?'

"The idea of mixing up a name so full of grace, and the derisive nickname which describes my deformity!

"Poor Agricola! poor brother! Goodness, then, is sometimes as cruelly blind as malignity itself.

"And why should I hate this young girl? Did she steal from me the beauty which has ensnared him? Why cherish unkindly feelings because God has made her beautiful?

"Before I had learned all the consequences of my ugliness, I often asked myself, with bitter curiosity, how it came to pass that the Creator endowed his creatures so differently?"
"A long acquaintance with sorrow has taught me to reflect calmly, and I am persuaded that to beauty and ugliness are attached the two finest emotions of the soul—admiration and compassion.

"Such as myself admire those who are beautiful, like Angela and Agricola; while they look with a gentle compassion on creatures resembling me.

"Sometimes, in spite of our better judgment, we entertain senseless hopes! Because Agricola, from motives of propriety, forbore to tell me of his love affairs, as he says, I persuaded myself that he had none, that he loved me, and that the fear of ridicule prevented him, as myself, from confessing it. Nay, I even wrote verses on the occasion; and, perhaps, they are the least faulty of all.

"How strange is my position! If I love I am an object of ridicule; while the person who should love me would be still more derided.

"How could I lose sight of that certainty so far as to endure the agony which wrung my heart, and wrings it still! yet I bless God that my sufferings engender no hatred. No, I will not hate this girl; I will act as becomes a sister to the last. I will listen to my heart; I have an instinct for the preservation of others—it will enlighten and guide me.

"My only fear is that tears will flow at the sight of this girl, that I shall be unable to subdue my emotion.

"But, gracious Heaven! what a revelation would those tears be for Agricola!

"Oh! never, never! the hour that discloses to him my insensate passion shall be the last of my life; there would then exist for me something stronger than duty—the necessity of escaping from a shame, which would forever burn me like red-hot iron.

"But no, I will be calm. Have I not already undergone tortures in his presence? I will be 'calm.' No personal feeling must be allowed to obscure that second sight, so penetrating where those I love are concerned.

"Oh! painful, painful task! for the dread of being influenced by a wrong feeling in judging of Angela must not make me too indulgent in my estimate of her. I might, in that case, involve the happiness of Agricola, who leaves the decision in my hands.

"What a poor creature I am! how I deceive myself! Agricola asks my opinion, because he feels sure I could not have the painful resolution to oppose his passion. Or he will say, 'No matter, I love Angela, and will take my chance of the future.'

"But if my advice and the instinct of my heart are not to guide him, if he has resolved, why should I undertake a mission so cruel as that of to-morrow?

"Why? To obey him. Has he not said, 'Come'?

"In my devotion to him, how often have I asked, in the most secret recesses of my heart, whether it could be possible that he ever thought of loving me otherwise than as a sister; if he ever thought what a devoted wife he would have in me?

"But why should he think of that? So long as he would or will, I have been and shall be as devoted to him as though I were his wife, his sister, or his mother! Why should he think of that? Do we ever wish to have that which we have already?

"I married to him! Heavens! This wild but enrapturing dream, these thoughts of celestial sweetness which include every feeling from love to maternity, are they not forbidden to me under penalty of a derision exactly corresponding with that which would assail me if I assume a dress and manners prohibited by ugliness and deformity?

"I should like to know if, in the darkest hours of my poverty, I suffered more than I suffer now at the knowledge of Agricola's approaching marriage. Cold, hunger, misery, would they have drowned this cruel agony, or would this cruel agony have made me insensible to them?
"No, this irony is wrong; it does not become me to entertain such thoughts. Why is my anguish so profound? In what respect have the esteem, the respect, and the affection of Agricola changed? I complain; but how would it be if, as too often is the case, I was beautiful, loving, devoted, and he preferred to me one less beautiful, less loving, less devoted than I? Should I not be a thousand times more wretched? For then I could, and I should, blame him, while now I can never throw a reproachful thought on him for never thinking of a union whose absurdity would make it impossible.

"And if he had thought of it, could I be selfish enough to consent?"

"I have begun to write many pages of my journal as I began this—with a heart steeped in bitterness; and almost always, as I said to the paper what I never would have said to mortal ear, my spirit has grown calm, and resignation has followed. Resignation! It is my saint smiling through tears; it suffers, loves, and never hopes."

The journal ended here. It was evident, by the frequent traces of tears, how bitter had been the sufferings of the writer. In truth, worn out by so many emotions, toward morning La Mayeux had replaced the journal behind the drawer, not imagining it to be in greater security there than elsewhere—for she could suspect no abuse of confidence—but less exposed to view than if kept in one of the drawers she often opened in the presence of others.

In pursuance of her resolution, worthily to perform her duty to the end, the courageous girl had awaited the coming of Agricola, and with him had departed for the manufactory of M. Hardy.

Florine, aware of the absence of La Mayeux, but detained a part of the day by her duties to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and preferring, likewise, to wait till night for the execution of the fresh orders she had requested and received since her letter giving an account of La Mayeux's journal—Florine, certain of not being disturbed, waited till night had set in, and then proceeded to the apartment of the young seamstress.

Acquainted with the spot where the manuscript was deposited, she went at once to the desk, took out the drawer, and, drawing from her pocket a sealed letter, prepared to substitute it for the manuscript.

At that moment she trembled so violently as to be obliged to hold by the table for support. As has been said, all good feeling was not extinct in the heart of Florine; she obeyed the orders given her, but deeply felt the ignominy and treachery of her conduct; had it been only herself who was concerned, no doubt she would have had the courage to brave everything rather than exist under so disgraceful a subjection. But, unhappily, it was not so; her disgrace would have carried a mortal blow to one she loved better than her own life; she therefore resigned herself, though not without severe struggles, to play the infamous part allotted her.

Although generally ignorant of the purpose for which she acted, and especially in relation to La Mayeux's journal, she vaguely foresaw that the removal of the manuscript and the substitution of the letter were fraught with direful consequences to the poor girl; for she had not forgotten those ill-omened words spoken by Rodin the day preceding, "We must get rid of La Mayeux to-morrow!"

What could be mean by those words? In what way could the letter he had commanded her to place in the room of the manuscript effect that purpose?

She knew not; but she knew that the clear-sighted devotion of La Mayeux caused a well-founded uneasiness to the enemies of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and that even she herself, Florine, ran the risk of being one day discovered in her treacheries by the young needlewoman.

This last apprehension put an end to the scruples of Florine, who, putting the
letter where the journal had been, replaced the drawer, and, concealing the manuscript under her apron, stole cautiously from the chamber of La Mayeux.

CHAPTER XII.

LA MAYEUX'S JOURNAL.

Florine, returning to her chamber some hours after she had hidden there the manuscript she had abstracted from La Mayeux's apartment, giving way to her curiosity, proceeded to look through it.

She soon felt an increasing interest, an involuntary emotion in reading those secret reflections of the young workgirl.

Among several pieces of poetry, all of which breathed a passionate love for Agricola—a love so deep, so unalloyed, so sincere, that Florine was touched by them, and forgot the deformity which exposed La Mayeux to ridicule—among several pieces of poetry were various fragments, thoughts, or narratives, relating to various subjects. We will quote a few, in order to justify the profound impression which their reading excited in Florine.

Fragments of La Mayeux's Journal.

"To-day was my birthday. Up to this evening I had clung to a foolish hope. "Yesterday I had gone down into Madame Baudoin's room to dress a small wound she had in her leg; when I went in, Agricola was there; I am certain he was talking to his mother of me, for they were silent directly, and exchanged a significant smile. I then observed, as I passed the chest of drawers, a pretty card-board box, with a pincushion on the lid. I felt myself blush with happiness; I thought this little present was for me, but I pretended not to see anything. While I was on my knees by his mother, Agricola went out, and I
observed that he took the pretty box with him. Madame Baudoin was never more kind and motherly to me than she was on that evening. I thought she went to bed earlier than usual. It was that I might leave her earlier, I thought, the sooner to enjoy the surprise Agricola had in store for me.

"Oh, how my heart beat as I went up stairs quickly to my room! I remained for a moment without opening the door, that my happiness might last the longer.

"At length I went in, my eyes dimmed with tears of joy. I looked on my table—on my chair—on my bed; there was nothing; the little box was not there. My heart was chilled; but I said to myself, 'It will be to-morrow, for to-day is only the eve of my birthday.'

"The day passed—the evening came—nothing! the pretty box was not for me. There was a pincushion on the lid; it could only be for a female. To whom had Agricola given it?

"How I am pained at this moment!

"The idea I indulged that Agricola would congratulate me on my birthday was silly; I am ashamed to confess it, even to myself. But it would have proved to me that he had not forgotten that I have another name besides La Mayeux, by which I am always called. My susceptibility on this point is so distressing, so deep-seated, that it is impossible for me not to experience a moment of shame and chagrin whenever I am thus called La Mayeux; and yet from my infancy I have had no other name.

"That is the reason why I should have been so happy if Agricola had availed himself of my birthday to call me once by my unpretending name—Madeleine. *

"Happily, he will forever remain in ignorance of this wish and this regret."

Florine, more and more moved at the perusal of this page of such painful simplicity, turned over several leaves, and continued:

"I have just attended the funeral of poor little Victoire Herbin, our neighbour. Her father, a carpet-maker, has gone to work by the month a long way from Paris. She died at nineteen years of age, without a relative near her. Her death was not painful, and the worthy woman who watched by her to the last moment told us she said nothing but these words : 'At last! at last!' And that as with satisfaction, the nurse added.

"Poor girl! she had become so wasted! At fifteen years she was like a rosebud—and so pretty, so fresh! her chestnut hair as soft as silk. But by degrees she pined away. Her business, as a comber of wool mattresses, killed her. She had been, as I may say, for a long time poisoned by the effluvia from the wool; and her occupation was the more unwholesome and dangerous as she worked for poor people, whose bedding is usually made up of refuse.*

"She had the courage of a lion and the resignation of an angel, and always said to me, in her small, soft voice, interrupted, at times, by a short, dry cough, 'I cannot last long; going on as I do, breathing vitriol-powder and lime all day; I vomit blood, and have sometimes such cramps in my stomach that I faint away.'

"'Try another employment,' I said to her.

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* We read in the *Ruche Populaire* (the Public Hive), an excellent compilation, edited by a body of workmen, of which we have already spoken:

"**MATTRESS COMBERS.**—The dust which escapes from the wool makes combing an occupation very injurious to the health, and the mischief is increased by the frauds of trade. When a sheep is killed, the neck of the wool is dyed in blood, and it must be made white again in order to sell it. For this purpose it is dipped in lime, which, after having effected the bleaching, partly remains. Then it is the workwoman who suffers, for when she is at her work the lime becomes detached in the form of dust, and is drawn into the lungs by the inspiration; it frequently causes cramps in the stomach and vomitings, which bring on a wretched state of health. The greater part of the carders give up the employment, and those who still persist in it have, at least, a catarrh or asthma, which ends in death.

"Then there is the hair, of which even the dearest, that which is called the sample, is not pure. We may judge by this what must be the commonest sort, which the workwomen call the vitriol hair, which consists of the refuse of great hair, dogs' hair, and the finest bristles, which are first dipped in vitriol, then into dye, to burn and disguise the foreign particles, such as straw, thorns, and even morsels of flesh, which can scarcely be cleared away, and which are frequently met with in working this hair, whence flies out a dust as noisome as the lime which comes from the wool. *
"What time have I to learn any other?" she replied; 'and if I could, it is now too late. I am affected, that I feel; it was not my fault," added the poor girl; 'I did not choose my occupation—it was my father who chose it. Fortunately, he has no need of me; and when one is dead there is no more trouble—no more fear of want of work.'

"Victoire made this sad, commonplace remark with great sincerity and a kind of satisfaction; and now she is dead, saying, as she expired, 'At last! at last!'"

"Still, it is very painful to reflect that the labour which the poor are compelled to follow to get bread is often a protracted suicide!

"I said so to Agricola the other day, and he replied that there were many other deadly occupations. The workmen employed in making aqua fortis, white-lead, and minium, or red paint, among others, are attacked by incurable complaints, of which they die.

"'Do you know,' added Agricola, 'do you' know that they say, when they are going to their destructive factories, "We are going to the slaughter-house?"

"These words were so fearfully true, that I shuddered. 'And this occurs in our time!' I said, with sorrow; 'all this is known! Among so many powerful and great persons, does not one think of the mortality which decimates his fellows, compelled thus to eat bread that destroys them?'

"'Why, Mayeux,' replied Agricola, 'when men are enlisted to be killed in war, great care is taken of them; but nobody thinks of managing to make men live except my employer, M. Hardy. And people say, "Bah! the hunger, misery, or suffering of the working classes, what is that? It is not a question of politics." They are deceived,' added Agricola; 'IT IS MORE THAN A QUESTION OF POLITICS.'

"As Victoire did not leave enough to pay for a church service, there was only the presenting of the body under the porch, for there is not even a simple death-mass for the poor; and then, as we could not give eighteen francs to the curé, no priest accompanied the pauper hearse to the common ground for burials.

"If funeral ceremonies thus shortened, unattended, and cut down, are sufficient in a religious point of view, why devise any other? Is it from cupidity? If these are, on the other hand, inadequate, why make the indigent the sole victim of such inadequacy?

"But why trouble ourselves with the pomps, the incense, and the singing, of which persons appear to be more or less prodigal or sparing? They are but vain and terrestrial things, and of these the soul has no farther care, when, glorious, it returns to the hands of Him who gave it.
"Yesterday Agricola made me read an article in a newspaper, in which, by turns, great blame, and bitter and disdainful irony were employed to assail what was called the *pernicious tendency* of certain of the people to instruct themselves to write, read poetry, and sometimes compose verses.

"Rational enjoyments are interdicted to us by our poverty. Is it humane to reproach us with endeavouring to acquire the enjoyments of the mind?

"What ill can result if, every evening, after a hard day's labour, cut off from every other pleasure or amusement, I please myself, unknown to others, in putting certain verses together, or in writing in this journal the impressions, good or bad, which I have felt?

"Is Agricola a worse workman because, when he returns home to his mother, he employs his Sunday in composing one of those popular songs which elevate the labours of the artisan, and which say to all, Hope and Brotherhood? Is not this a more worthy use of his time than if he passed it in the public house?

"Ah! those who blame us for these innocent and noble diversions from our painful toils and ills are deceived when they suppose that, in proportion as our intelligence increases and refines itself, we support more impatiently our privations and misery, and that our irritation is increased against the happy of this world.

"Even admitting that it were so, although it is not, would it not be better to have an informed and enlightened opponent, whose reason and feeling could be appealed to, than an ignorant, brutal, and implacable enemy?

"But no; on the contrary, hatreds are effaced in proportion as the mind is developed—as the horizon of fellow-feeling is enlarged. We can thus compre-
ARRIVAL OF THE SHIPWRECKED AT THE CHATEAU DE CARDOVILLE.
hend moral griefs; and then we see that the rich, too, frequently have deep sufferings, and that the similarity of misfortune creates a common bond of sympathy.

"Alas! they, too, lose, and bitterly bewail, idolized children, beloved wives, adored parents; they, too, especially women, in the midst of luxury and splendour, often have broken hearts, suffering spirits, and many bitter tears shed in secret.

"Let them have no fears on this point.

"By becoming informed and their equals in understanding, the people learn to pity the rich if they are unfortunate and good, and to pity them still more if they are fortunate and wicked.

"What happiness! what a day of delight! I hardly know how to contain my joy! Oh, yes! man is good, humane, charitable! Oh, yes! the Creator has implanted in him all generous instincts, and, unless he be a monstrous exception, he never does ill voluntarily.

"I saw what follows just now. I do not wait until evening to write it, for delay (if I may say so) would chill it in my heart.

"I was going with some work required in great haste, and, passing the Place du Temple, a few steps before me I saw a child not more than twelve years of age, with bare head and feet, in spite of the cold, clad only in a pair of trousers and a smock-frock all in rags, leading by the bridle a large fat cart-horse, not drawing, but still having his harness on. From time to time the horse stopped and refused to stir, and the child, not having a whip to make him go on, in vain tugged at the rein; the horse remained stock-still. Then the poor little fellow exclaimed, 'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' and cried bitterly, while he looked around him to ask assistance from some of the passers-by.

"His dear little face expressed such great affliction, that, without reflecting, I attempted a thing which I cannot now think of without smiling, for I must have appeared very odd indeed.

"I have a horrible fear of horses, and still greater dread of making myself conspicuous; but I did not think of either, and armed myself with courage. I had an umbrella in my hand, and going to the horse, with the energy of an ant which seeks to shake a large stone with a morsel of straw, I gave him, with all my might, a blow with my umbrella on his hind quarters.

"Ah, thank you, my good lady! cried the child, drying his tears; 'give him another blow, if you please, and perhaps he will go on!'

"I redoubled my blow with great heroism, but the horse, either from ill temper or idleness, bent his knees, lay down, and rolled on the ground; in so doing, he became entangled in his harness, broke it, and smashed his large wooden collar. I had moved away as quickly as I could, for fear of being kicked. The child, at the sight of this fresh disaster, threw himself on his knees in the middle of the street, and, clasping his hands, shouted, 'Help! help!'

"The cry was heard, several of the passers-by gathered round, and a beating, much more effectual than mine, was administered to the restive brute, which got up; but in such a condition—without his harness!

"'My master will beat me,' cried the child, with renewed sobs; 'I am two hours behind my time, for the horse would not move on, and now see his broken harness! My master will beat me and turn me away, and then what will become of me, for I have no father or mother?'

"At these words, uttered with a voice of despair, a worthy shopkeeper of the Temple, who was looking on, said, kindly,

"'No father or mother! Come, don't be downhearted, my poor boy; there are ways and means in the Temple; we can mend your harness, and, if my gossips are of my mind, you shan't go with bare head and feet in such weather as this.'

"Her speech was hailed with acclamation; they led the child and horse away,
and while some were engaged in repairing the harness, one shopkeeper gave him a cap, another a pair of stockings, another a pair of shoes, another a good waistcoat, and in a quarter of an hour the boy was warmly clad, the harness repaired, and a tall lad of eighteen, with a whip, which he snapped about the ears of the horse as a warning, said to the child, who was looking at his clothes and the shopkeepers as if he thought himself the hero of a fairy-tale,

"'Where does your master live, my boy?'

"'Quay of the Canal Saint Martin, sir,' was the reply, in a voice broken and trembling with joy.

"'Well, then,' added the young man, 'I will assist you in leading your horse, which will go well enough with me, and I will tell your master that the delay is not your fault. He ought not to trust a restive horse with a child so young as you.'

"As they were going, the poor little fellow said timidly to the shopkeeper, taking off his hat,

"'Madam, will you let me kiss you?'

"And tears of gratitude filled his eyes. That boy had a good heart.

"This scene of public charity moved me delightfully, and I followed with my eyes, as long as I could, the young man and the child, who could now scarcely keep up with the horse, which had speedily become obedient from fear of the whip. Well, I repeat it with pride, the creature is naturally good and full of pity; nothing could be more spontaneous than this movement of tenderness in the crowd when the poor boy exclaimed, 'What will become of me? I have neither father nor mother!'

"Unhappy child! Yes, no father or mother, said I to myself; belonging to a brutish master, who scarcely clothes him with rags, and maltreats him—sleeping, no doubt, in some corner of a stable. Poor child! he is still gentle and good in spite of misery and misfortune. I saw plainly that he was more grateful than rejoiced at the kindness done to him; but perhaps this good disposition, abandoned, without support, without advice, without aid, perverted by ill-treatment will become fierce, exasperated; then will come the age of passions, then bad excitements.

"'Ah! with the neglected, outcast poor, virtue is doubly holy and to be respected.

"'This morning, after having, as usual, gently scolded me for not going to mass, Agricola's mother said to me, and it was so touching from the mouth of so devout a believer,

"'Fortunately, I pray more for you than myself, my poor Mayeux; the good God will hear me, and you will, I hope, only go into purgatory!'

"Good soul! worthy creature! She said these words with so much kindness, so much earnestness, with a belief so fervent in the happy result of her pious intervention, that I felt my eyes grow moist, and I threw myself on her neck as sincerely and seriously grateful as if I believed in purgatory.
THE WANDERING JEW.

"This has been a fortunate day for me; I think I shall find work; and I owe this good fortune to a young woman full of kind feeling and goodness. She is to take me to-morrow to the convent of Sainte Marie, where she thinks she can find employment for me."

Florine, already deeply affected by the perusal of this journal, started at the passage in which La Mayeux spoke of her, and continued:

"I shall never forget the interest, the delicate benevolence with which this young person received me—me, so poor and wretched! That does not astonish me, however, for she was in Mademoiselle de Cardoville's service. She is worthy to be about the person of Agricola's benefactress. It will be always pleasant to me to recall her name, which is as pretty and winning as her countenance: it is Florine. I am nothing—I possess nothing; but if the fervent wishes of a heart deeply impressed with gratitude be heard, Mademoiselle Florine will be happy, very happy.

"Alas! I am reduced to offer up nothing but wishes for her: I can do nothing but recollect and love her."

These lines, which so simply spake the gratitude of La Mayeux, gave the last blow to Florine's hesitation. She could no longer resist the generous temptation which assailed her.

As she had read the various fragments of the journal, her affection and respect for La Mayeux had increased; and she felt more acutely than ever how infamous it was to surrender, perhaps to sarcasm and disdain, the most secret thoughts of the poor girl. Fortunately, good is often as contagious as evil. Purified by the noble thoughts she had read, having strengthened her failing virtue in this pure source, Florine, yielding at last to one of those good impulses which sometimes controlled her, left her apartment, taking the manuscript with her, and resolved, if La Mayeux had not returned, to replace it whence she had taken it, and tell Rodin that the second time her search after the journal had been useless, La Mayeux having doubtless detected the first attempt to abstract it.
CHAPTER XIII.

THE DISCOVERY.

In the interval which had preceded Florine's resolution to repair her unworthy abuse of confidence, La Mayeux, after a faithful discharge of her painful duty, had returned from visiting the manufactory. Equally struck with Agricola by the innocent beauty, good sense, and sweetness of character exhibited by Angela, La Mayeux, after a long interview, had, with magnanimous sincerity, advised the smith to marry her. The following scene was enacted before Florine, having read the manuscript, had brought herself to the praiseworthy intention of returning it.

It was ten o'clock in the evening; La Mayeux, just returned to the Hôtel de Cardoville, had gone into her chamber, and, exhausted by her emotions, had thrown herself into an arm-chair. Silence reigned throughout the house, only interrupted by the violence of the wind as it swayed the trees in the garden. A single light burned in the chamber, the hangings of which were of dark green, whose sombre tint, added to the black dress she wore, served to heighten the ordinary paleness of La Mayeux.

Seated beside the fire, her head drooping on her breast, her hands clasped on her knees, the mild yet melancholy and resigned countenance of the seamstress bore that look of satisfaction which springs from the consciousness of duties performed.

Like all those whom a long acquaintance with misfortune has accustomed to bear their grief without exaggeration, as too habitual a visitor to require any parade, La Mayeux was incapable of long indulging in vain regrets for what was now decided. "The blow had been sudden and painful, and would doubtless long
rankle in the heart; but it would soon become one of those chronic sorrows which formed part of her existence. And still the noble-minded being, scarcely accusing her severe destiny, found sources of consolation even amid her distress. She had been soothed by the demonstrations of regard bestowed on her by Angela, and she had felt a sort of pride in the undoubting confidence, the delight with which Agricola listened to her favourable prognostics, which seemed to give him assurances of happiness.

"And," argued La Mayeux, mentally, "at least I shall no more be disturbed (even in spite of my better judgment), not by false hopes, but by suppositions as absurd as unfounded: the marriage of Agricola will put an end to all the wild fancies of my poor brain."

And, last of all, La Mayeux felt a genuine consolation in having passed firmly through this severe trial, and concealed her love for Agricola; for the reader has already been told how great was the horror felt by the poor girl at the idea of the ridicule she believed would follow the discovery of her insensate passion.

After remaining long absorbed in her revery, La Mayeux arose and walked slowly toward her desk.

"My only recompense," she said, as she prepared her writing materials, "will be to confide this new grief to the sad and silent witness of my sorrows. I shall, at least, have kept the engagement entered into with myself; for, believing from the bottom of my heart that the young girl is qualified to secure his happiness, I have given him my conscientious advice to marry; perhaps in years to come, when I shall read over what I have written, I may find a compensation for my present sufferings."

So saying, La Mayeux drew out the drawer; a cry of astonishment escaped her at the absence of her journal, but this was quickly turned to fear when she perceived in its place a letter addressed to herself.

The poor girl became deathly pale, her knees trembled, and she grew faint; but, gaining a factitious energy even from her terror, she exerted herself sufficiently to break the seal.

As she did so, a note for five hundred francs fell on the table, while La Mayeux read the following lines:

"Madeleine,

The account given in your journal of your love for Agricola is so amusing and original that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of acquainting him with the violent passion he has excited, which he is far from suspecting, but of which he cannot be insensible. Advantage will be taken of the opportunity to admit a number of persons to share in the amusement afforded by your journal, of which they would otherwise be deprived. Should written copies and extracts be insufficient, it will be printed: good things cannot be too widely known. Some will weep over it, others will laugh; what may strike one as grand, will appear ridiculous to another: such is the world. But one thing is certain: your journal will make a sensation, you may be sure. As you may take a fancy to run away from your triumph, and as you had only rags to your back when you entered, through charity, the house where you now affect to play the lady and mistress, for which you are by no means a good figure, a gift of five hundred francs is made to you to pay you for your paper, and that you may not be left destitute in case you should be modest enough to hide yourself from the compliments with which you will be overwhelmed to-morrow, as your journal is already in circulation.

"One of your tribe,

"A real Mayeux."

The coarse and insolent mockery of this letter, which was designedly written as though coming from a servant jealous of the introduction of La Mayeux into the establishment, had been calculated with fiendish skilfulness, and was sure to produce all the effect desired.
"Gracious God!" were the only words that fell from the lips of the wretched girl in her stupor and affliction.

If the reader will recall the passionate tenderness with which she had revealed her love for her adopted brother; the many passages in her journal in which she speaks of the wounds Agricola had unconsciously inflicted on her; and, lastly, her dread of ridicule, he may form some idea of her despair after the perusal of this infamous epistle.

The heart-broken girl thought not for an instant of the noble sentiments, the touching incidents recorded in her journal; the one idea which filled her half-distracted brain was, that the following day Agricola, Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and an insolent and mocking crowd would be aware of her ridiculous passion, and would pitilessly laugh her to scorn.

So stunning, so unexpected was this blow, that, for a time, La Mayeux staggered under its violence, and remained passive, crushed; but with reflection came the consciousness of a terrible necessity. She must leave forever the hospitable roof which had sheltered her after so many misfortunes. The extreme timidity, the sensitive delicacy of the poor girl, would not permit her to remain an instant longer in a dwelling where the innermost secrets of her heart had thus been surprised, profaned, and, doubtless, given up to scorn and derision.

She dreamed not of seeking justice or vengeance at the hands of Mademoiselle de Cardoville; to excite anger and disturbance in the house at the moment of leaving it would have been considered by her ungrateful to her benefactress. It mattered not what motive could have led to the abstraction of her journal, or who had written the insulting letter. What could a knowledge of either avail her, determined as she was to fly from the humiliations with which she was threatened?

As had been hoped, a vague idea took possession of her mind, that the outrage had been committed by some menial jealous of the kindness and consideration bestowed on her by Mademoiselle de Cardoville. Thus, then, the poor girl thought, with despairing agony, those pages, so painfully confidential, which she would not have intrusted to the most tender and indulgent mother, because, written, as it were, with the blood of her wounds, they too faithfully and cruelly described the writhings of her stricken heart—those pages would excite, perhaps were even now exciting, the jeers and vulgar jests of the servants of the hotel.

The money accompanying this letter, and the insulting manner in which it was offered, served to confirm her suspicions. No doubt the sender feared that a dread of poverty might prevent her from leaving the house. The determination of La Mayeux was taken with that calm and decided resignation so habitual to her. She rose, her eyes sparkling with unnatural brilliancy, but shedding no tear; too many had flowed within the last twenty-four hours. With a cold and trembling hand, she wrote these words on a slip of paper, which she left beside the bank-note for five hundred francs:

"May Mademoiselle de Cardoville be blessed for her goodness to me, and may she pardon my abrupt departure from a house in which I can remain no longer."

This done, La Mayeux cast into the fire the infamous letter, which seemed to scorch her hands. Then giving a last glance at her chamber, furnished almost luxuriously, she shuddered with involuntary dread as she thought of the misery which awaited her—misery exceeding all she had experienced, for the mother of Agricola had departed with Gabriel. The unfortunate girl could no longer depend upon the almost maternal tenderness of the wife of Dagobert.

A lonely, solitary life, imbittered by the thought that her fatal love was the derision of all, perhaps of Agricola himself, was her prospect for the future. But from such a vista of wretchedness her very soul recoiled. Then a dark thought
suggested itself to her mind; a tremor passed over her, while a smile of bitter
exultation played over her pallid features.

Resolved to depart, she proceeded toward the door, but, in passing the fire-
place, she saw herself reflected in the glass, her death-like countenance con-
trasting strongly with her black dress. Then she remembered that the clothes
she wore were not her own; and remembered the passage in the letter remind-
ing her of the ragged garments she had on when she first entered that house.

"True," she cried, with a smile of bitterness, as she looked at her black dress;
"I might be accused of theft."

So saying, the young girl, taking her candle, entered her dressing-room, and
resumed the miserable garments she had preserved as a sort of pious remem-
brance of her past misfortunes.

At this moment only the tears of La Mayeux broke forth abundantly. She
wept, not at seeing herself thus again clad in the livery of poverty, but from
gratitude; for the comforts to which she now bade an eternal adieu recalled to
her mind the kindness and delicate attentions of Mademoiselle de Cardoville,
and, yielding to an almost involuntary burst of feeling, she threw herself (when
she had put on her former wretched attire) on her knees, in the midst of her
chamber, and, mentally apostrophizing Mademoiselle de Cardoville, she exclam-
ed, in a voice broken by convulsive sobs,

"Farewell forever! you who called me your friend—your sister."

In sudden terror La Mayeux rose; she heard some one stealthily approaching by the
passage which led from the gar-
den to one of the doors of her
apartment, the other door open-
ing upon the reception-room.

It was Florine, who (unfor-
tunately too late) was returning
with the manuscript. Alarmed
and driven to desperation by
the sound of footsteps, and be-
lieving herself already the scorn
and ridicule of the house, La
Mayeux rushed forth, and, fly-
ing through the ante-room, reached the courtyard, tapped against the windows of the por-
ter's lodge, and, as soon as the
gate was opened, darted into
the street.

The door closed after her,
and La Mayeux had left the
Hôtel de Cardoville.

Thus was Adrienne deprived of a faithful, vigilant, and devoted guardian,
while Rodin was freed from an active, penetrating antagonist, whom he had al-
ways, and with just cause, dreaded.

Having (as has been seen) divined the love of La Mayeux for Agricola, know-
ing her skill in poesy, and arguing therefrom that she had probably written in
secret some verses relating to this fatal passion, he had instructed Florine to
search for some written proofs of her love. Hence the coarse and galling epis-
tle, of the contents of which, it is but justice to Florine to say, she was ignorant, having received it in reply to her account of the journal, which she had, in the first instance, merely glanced over, without taking it away.

As we have said, Florine, influenced by a too tardy repentance, only reached the chamber of La Mayeux at the moment when the latter was flying in wild despair from the hotel.

Perceiving a light in the dressing-closet, Florine hastened thither. On a chair she saw the black dress just taken off by La Mayeux, and, at a little distance, the old trunk, now open and empty, in which the poor girl had preserved her wretched attire of former days.

Heart-stricken by this sight, Florine ran to the desk. The disorder in which the various articles were left, the bank-note of five hundred francs, beside which lay the few lines addressed to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, proved the fatal consequences of her obedience to the orders of Rodin, and that La Mayeux had left the house forever.

Perceiving that her repentance had come too late, Florine resigned herself, with a sigh, to the necessity of forwarding the manuscript to Rodin. Then, obliged to console herself for the evil she wrought by evil itself, she reflected that the absence of La Mayeux would make her treachery less hazardous.

The second day after these events Adrienne received the following note from Rodin, in reply to one which she had written informing him of the inexplicable departure of La Mayeux:

"My dear Young Lady,

"Being obliged to proceed this morning to the manufactory of the worthy M. Hardy, whither I am summoned on an important affair, I am unable to wait upon you and offer my most humble respects. You ask me, 'What am I to think of the sudden disappearance of this poor girl?' In truth, the question is beyond my power to answer; no doubt future events will explain it to her credit. Only remember what I said to you at Dr. Baleinier's touching a certain society, and the secret emissaries with which it perfidiously surrounds those whom it has a motive for watching.

"I accuse no one, but let us simply recall facts. I have been accused by this poor girl, and I am, as you know, the most faithful of your servants.

"She was penniless, yet in her desk is found the sum of five hundred francs! You have loaded her with benefits, yet she leaves your roof without explaining the cause of her unjustifiable flight.

"Still, my dear young lady, I draw no conclusions; I abhor the idea of condemning unheard. But reflect, and be well upon your guard; you have possibly escaped some great danger. To redouble your circumspection and mistrust is the respectful advice of your very humble and most obedient servant,

"Rodin."
PART XIV.
THE FACTORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE GATHERING OF THE WOLVES.

ARRIVED now in the progress of our tale to a new scene of Rodin's machinations, we are brought to the morning of a Sunday, the same day on which Mademoiselle de Cardoviile had received his letter relative to the disappearance of La Mayeux.

Two men were conversing at a table in one of the public houses in the small village of Villiers, a short distance from M. Hardy's factory.

This village was chiefly inhabited by quarriers and stone-cutters, employed in working the neighbouring stone-pits. Nothing can be more severe, more exhausting, and worse paid than the labours of these artisans; and thus, as Agricola had told La Mayeux, they made a painful comparison between their lot, miserable as it was, and the almost incredible ease and comfort which the workmen of M. Hardy enjoyed, thanks to his generous and sagacious management, as well as the principles of association which he had established among them.

Misfortune and ignorance always originate great evils; misfortune is easily soured, and ignorance but too often follows noxious counsels. For a long time the good fortune of M. Hardy's workmen had been naturally envied, but had not as yet excited jealousy or hatred. So soon, however, as the secret enemies of this manufacturer, set on by M. Tripeaud his rival, had an object in altering this peaceable state of things, it was changed.

With diabolical pertinacity and address, they contrived to excite the worst passions. They commenced, by chosen emissaries, by working upon certain stone-cutters of the neighbourhood, whose irregular lives had aggravated their miseries. Notorious by their turbulence, bold and active, these men exercised a dangerous influence over their peaceable, hard-working companions, well meaning, but easily intimidated by violence. These dangerous ringleaders, already soured by misfortune, had their jealous hatred excited by pointing out to them the comfort and consideration enjoyed by M. Hardy's workmen. They went farther. The inflammatory preachings of an abbé, a member of the Order, coming from Paris expressly to preach during Lent against M. Hardy, had had immense influence over these workmen's wives, who, while their husbands were at the public house, crowded to hear his discourses. Taking advantage of the growing alarm excited by the approach of the cholera, he filled their weak and credulous imaginations with terror by pointing to the factory of M. Hardy as a focus of corruption and damnation, capable of drawing down the vengeance of Heaven, and, consequently, this avenging scourge, upon the district. The men, already bitterly envious, were, moreover, constantly worked upon by their wives, who, excited by the abbé's preaching, raved and uttered maledictions against
this stronghold of atheists, which would draw down such miseries on their country.

Some bad fellows belonging to the workshops of Baron Tripeaud, and bribed by him (we have before alluded to the interest which this honourable person had in M. Hardy’s ruin), had increased the general irritation, and wrought it to a pitch by raising one of these terrible questions of companionship which, in our days, still unhappily cause bloodshed from time to time.

A great number of M. Hardy’s workmen, before entering into his employ, had become members of a companionship, or fraternity, called the Dévoraux (Devourers), while many of the stone-cutters and quarriers of the vicinity belonged to a society called the Loups (Wolves); and, from time immemorial, rivalry the most inveterate had existed between the Wolves and the Devourers, and led to many bloody strife, the more to be deplored, as, in many points of view, the institution of companionships is excellent, inasmuch as it is founded on the fruitful and powerful principle of association. Unfortunately, instead of including all bodies of the state in one fraternal communion, companionship has been broken up into factions of distinct societies, whose rivalries often break out in fierce and sanguinary collisions.*

For eight days the Wolves, thus excited at all points, longed for an opportunity and excuse to come to loggerheads with the Devourers; but as these latter did not frequent the public houses, and seldom left the factory during the week, this had hitherto been impracticable, and the Wolves were compelled to await the Sunday with fierce impatience.

Moreover, a great number of quarriers and stone-cutters, peaceable men and good workmen, had refused, although Wolves themselves, to join in this hostile manifestation against the Devourers of M. Hardy’s factory, and the ringleaders had been obliged to raise recruits among the vagabonds and scamps of the barriers, whom the prospect of tumult and disorder had easily induced to enrol themselves under the flag of the warlike Wolves.

Such was the muttering fermentation which agitated the little village of Villiers, while the two men to whom we have alluded were seated at table in the public house.

These men had obtained a private room.

One of them was still young, and tolerably well clad; but his open waistcoat, his loosely-tied cravat, his shirt stained with wine, his haggard countenance, his swollen veins, and red eyes betokened that a night of dissipation had preceded this morning, while his heavy movement, his hoarse voice, and his glance, now dull and now sparkling, testified that to the drunkenness of the previous night were now added the first approaches of a renewed inebriety.

The companion of this man said to him, as they jingled their glasses together,  
“Your health, my boy!”

“Yours!” replied the young fellow; “although I am half inclined to believe that you are the devil.”

“I the devil?”

* We should say, to the praise of the working classes, that these scenes become more rare in proportion as they become better informed and have more consciousness of their own dignity. We should, also, attribute these better tenacities to the right influence of an excellent work on companionship, published by M. Agricola Perdiguiers, called *Avignonais la-Verte, a Working Carpenter.* In this work, filled with information and curious details as to various societies of companionship, M. Agricola Perdiguiers protests, with the indignation of an honest man, against scenes of violence capable of injuring all that is useful and practicable in companionship; and this work, written with remarkable clearness, reason, and moderation, is not only an excellent work, but a noble and praiseworthy act; for M. Agricola Perdiguiers has had for a long time to contend strongly to bring back his associates to sensible and peaceable notions. Let us add, that M. Perdiguiers has instituted, by the aid of no resources but his own, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, an unpretending establishment of the greatest utility to the working classes. He lodges in his house, a model of order and good conduct, about forty or fifty working carpenters, to whom, every evening, after the day’s work, he gives a course of lectures on geometry and linear architecture applied to the cutting of wood. We have been present at one of these courses, and it is impossible that lectures should be more clearly delivered, or made more easy to the understanding. At ten o’clock in the evening, after the conclusion of the lecture, all the lodgers of M. Perdiguiers go to their humble beds (they are forced, by the low price of wages, to sleep usually four in such small room). M. Perdiguiers told us that study and instruction are such powerful modes of moralizing, that in six years he had sent away but one of his lodgers. “At the end of two or three years,” he said to us, “the ill-disposed feel that this is no place for them, and leave of their own accord.” We are happy, then, to render our public testimony to a man filled with information, right feeling, and the most noble devotion to the working classes. — EUGÈNE SUE.
"Yes."
"And why, pray?"
"How did you know me?"
"Are you sorry I ever knew you?"
"Who told you I was confined in Sainte Pelagie?"
"Did I release you from jail?"
"Why did you do it?"
"Because my heart is good."
"You love me, perhaps—much about as the butcher loves the ox he drives to the slaughter-house."
"You are insane."
"A man does not pay ten thousand francs for another without some motive."
"I have a motive."
"What is it? what do you want with me?"
"A jolly companion, who spends his money freely, and passes all his nights as you did the last. Good wine, good cheer, pretty girls, and merry songs! It is not a bad trade, is it?"

After remaining silent for a moment, the young man replied, with a sullen air,
"Why, the evening before I left the prison, did you make it one of the conditions of my freedom that I should write to my mistress that I would never see her again? Why did you insist that I should give you this letter?"
"What a sigh! Do you think still of her?"
"Perpetually."
"You are wrong. Your mistress is far from Paris at this moment; I saw her go away in a diligence before I returned to release you from Sainte Pelagie."
"Yes, I was choking in that jail, and, to get out, I would have sold my soul to the devil; you thought as much, and therefore came to me, only, instead of my soul, you took Céphyse away from me—poor Queen Bacchana! But why—in the fiend's name, will you tell me why?"
"A man who has a mistress with whom he is so infatuated as you with this girl, ceases to be a man, and, in a time of trial, would want spirit."
"What time of trial?"
"Let us drink!"
"You make me drink too much brandy."
"Pooh! Look—see me."
"It is that frightens me; it seems so devilish. A bottle of brandy does not make you wink. You have a cast-iron inside, and a head of marble."
"I have travelled a good deal in Russia, and there one drinks to warm one's self."
"And here to excite one's self; but let us drink if you will, only it must be wine."
"Pshaw! Wine is good for children; men, like us, drink brandy."
“Well, then, let's have brandy; it burns, and one's head whirls, and then one sees all the flames of hell?"
"Come, I like you now."
“When you said just this minute that I was infatuated about Céphyse, and that in a time of trial I should want spirit, what time did you allude to?"
"Let us drink!"
“One moment, if you please. You see, comrade, that I am not a bigger fool than my neighbour, and, by the few words you have let drop, I guess something."
"Do you?"
“You know I have been a workman, and am acquainted with a great many others; that I am a good sort of fellow enough, and popular with my comrades, and you wish to make use of me as a sort of lure to attract others."
"Well!"
“You are employed to get up a riot—some emissary of a party desirous of a revolt."
"Continue."
“And you are acting for a nameless association, which carries on its business by discharges of musketry."
"Are you a coward?"
"I? I burned powder in July, and as boldly as any one."
"Are you inclined to burn more?"
"Ah! why, this sort of fire-works is as good as another; but, in my opinion, revolutions are more agreeable than useful. I got in the Barricades of the Three Days was to burn my trousers and lose my waistcoat. This is all the people gained in my person. It's all very fine to hear 'Forward! to the charge!' but what good has come of it?"
"You know some of M. Hardy's workmen?"
"Oh! is that the reason you have brought me here?"
"It is; and you will see directly several of the workmen from his factory."
"Some of the lads from M. Hardy's wishing for a row? They are too well off for that: you mistake."
"You will see before long."
“They who are so comfortable, what have they to complain of?"
“What! when their comrades, not having a good master, are dying of hunger and misery, and they are called to join them, do you believe they will remain deaf to that appeal? M. Hardy is the exception; but let the people give 'one long pull, strong pull, and pull altogether,' and the exception becomes the rule, and every one is content."
“There is reason in what you say; only the 'long pull' must, indeed, be 'a strong pull,' if it makes a good and honest man of my hound of an employer, the Baron Tripeaud, who has made me what I am—a good-for-nothing scamp."
“M. Hardy's men are coming—you are their comrade—you have no interest in deceiving them—they will believe you; lend me your assistance to induce them—"
"To do what?"
“To leave the factory where they are becoming enervated, and getting so selfish as to forget the wrongs of their brothers—"
“But, if they leave the factory, how are they to get a living?"
“They shall be provided for until the great day."
"
"And what are they to do till then?"
"What you did last night—drink, laugh, and sing; and for work learn the military exercises in their rooms."
"And what induces these workmen to come here?"
"Some one has already spoken to them; handbills have been distributed among them, in which they are reproached for their indifference toward their brothers. Well, now, will you support me?"
"I will, and the more because I am beginning to support myself with considerable difficulty. Céphye was the only person in the world I cared about. I feel I am in a downhill condition, and you are shoving me down still lower; but let the ball roll! if one must go to the devil, it is of very little consequence by what means. Let us drink!"
"Yes, let's drink to our jolly next night's revel; the last was but a mere rehearsal."
"What stuff are you made of—you! I look at you; but I have not seen you once, even for a moment, blush or smile, or appear excited; you are like a man made of cast-iron."
"I am no longer fifteen years of age, and I must have something else to make me laugh; but to-night I shall laugh—yes, to-night."
"I do not know if it is the brandy, or what it is, but devil rock me if you don't make me shudder when you say you shall laugh to-night!"
So saying, the young man rose from his seat, staggering; he was getting drunk again. There was a knock at the door.
"Come in!"
The landlord entered.
"What is it?"
"There is a young man below who says his name's Olivier; he asks for M. Morok."
"I am he; tell him to come up."
The landlord left the room.
"This is one of our men, but he is alone," said Morok, whose coarse features expressed disappointment. "Alone! that surprises me. I expected several. Do you know him?"
"Olivier! yes; a fair young man, I think."
"We shall see; here he is."
And a young man, with an open countenance, at once bold and intelligent, entered the room.
"Ah, Couche-tout-Nu!" he exclaimed, at the sight of Morok's companion.
"Yes, here I am. Why, it is an age since we met, Olivier!"
"But easily explained, my boy, as we do not work in the same factory."
"But are you alone?" asked Morok.
And, pointing to Couche-tout-Nu, he added,
"You may speak before him; he is one of us. But, again, why are you alone?"
"I am alone, but I have come in the name of my comrades."
"Ah!" said Morok, with a sigh of satisfaction. "They consent."
"They refuse, and so do I."
"What! refuse! Then they have no more firmness than women," exclaimed Morok, grinding his teeth with rage.
"Listen!" said Olivier, calmly; "we have received your letters—seen your agent: we have had the proof that he was, in fact, affiliated with secret societies, with several of whose members we are acquainted."
[See cut, on page 160.]
"Well, and why do you hesitate?"
"In the first place, we have no evidence that these societies are ready for a movement."
"But I tell you they are."
"He—he—says it," said Couche-tout-Nu, stammering, "and I confirm it Forward! on, my boys!"

"That is not sufficient," continued Olivier; "and, moreover, we have reflected upon it. For the last eight days the workshop has been divided. Yesterday we had a very warm, and even painful discussion; but this morning old M. Simon came to us, and we talked the affair over with him. He convinced us, and now we shall wait; if the outbreak comes, then we shall see—"

"Is this your final resolve?"

"Decidedly."

"Silence!" exclaimed Couche-tout-Nu, suddenly, listening and trying to steady himself on his tottering legs; "there is a noise as of a crowd of people at a distance."

And there was heard a murmuring sound, which grew louder every instant, and by degrees increased into a decided tumult.

"What can it be?" said Olivier, surprised.

"Now," said Morok, with a sinister smile, "I remember the landlord told me when I came in that there was a great ferment in the village against the factory. If you and your comrades had separated yourselves from the other workmen of M. Hardy, as I believed, these people who are beginning to clamour would have been with you instead of against you."

"This rendezvous, then, was a scheme contrived to excite one party of M. Hardy's workmen against the other!" exclaimed Olivier; "you hoped that we should make common cause with persons who have been excited against the factory, and that—"

The young man could not continue. A terrific burst of cries, hisses, and yells made the public house re-echo again.

At the same moment the landlord burst into the room, pale and trembling, and exclaimed,
THE ABBE DUBOIS.
"Gentlemen, is there any person here belonging to the manufactory of M. Hardy?"

"I do," said Olivier.

"Then it is all up with you; the Wolves have come in crowds inquiring for Devourers from M. Hardy's, and demanding battle; unless, indeed, the Devourers are willing to forsake the manufactory and join with them."

"A regular snare," cried Olivier, regarding Morok and Couche-tout-Nu with a threatening air; "had my comrades chanced to be here, we should have been led into a pretty scrape."

"A snare," said Couche-tout-Nu, stammering; "I—Olivier—never!"

"Let the Devourers come out and fight, or join with the Wolves!" burst in one simultaneous shout from the infuriated crowd, who were pressing to attack the house.

"Come!" exclaimed the master of the inn, as, without giving Olivier time to reply, he seized him by the arm, and, drawing him to a window which opened on the roof of a low pent-house, he added,

"Jump from this window; slide down and gain the open fields; there is still time."

And seeing the young man hesitate, the terrified landlord added,

"What chance have you against two hundred? A minute longer, and you are lost. Do you hear them? They have entered the courtyard, and are coming up stairs."

And he was right; for at this instant the cries, yells, and other discordant noises were heard with redoubled violence, while the wooden staircase, leading to the first floor, shook beneath the rapid trampling of the crowd, who exclaimed,

"Let the Devourers turn out and fight!"

"Olivier," cried Couche-tout-Nu, almost sobered by the danger, "save yourself!"

But scarcely had he uttered the words, when the door of the adjoining large saloon was burst open with a fearful crash.

"Here they are!" exclaimed the landlord, clasping his hands in affright; then, running to Olivier, he almost forced him out of the window; for the young man still hesitated.

Having closed the window, the landlord returned to Morok at the moment when the latter was leaving the room to proceed to the large saloon into which the leaders of the Wolf party had forced their way, while their companions were shouting on the staircase and in the courtyard.

Eight or ten of these rash men, who were, unknown to themselves, urged on to this disorder, had rushed into the saloon armed with thick bludgeons, while their countenances were inflamed by rage and intoxication.

A quarryman, of Herculean strength-proportions, with an old red handkerchief tied around his head, and hanging in rags on his shoulders, and wearing a miserable, half-worn goat-skin, appeared to direct the movements of the party. He bore in his hand a heavy crowbar; and, advancing with glaring eyeballs and threatening aspect, made directly for the adjoining room, affecting to drive back Morok, and exclaiming, in a voice of thunder,

"Where are the Devourers? The Wolves want to devour them!"

The landlord quickly opened the door, saying,

"There is no one here, my friends; see for yourselves."

"It is true," returned the quarryman, much surprised, after having thrown a hasty glance round the room. "Where are they, then? We were told there were fifteen or more of them here. They should have gone with us to attack the manufactory, or there would have been a fight, and the Wolves would have bitten."

"If they have not come," said a second voice, "they will; we must wait for them."
"Yes, yes!" resounded from many voices, "let us wait."

"If the Wolves are anxious to see the Devourers," said Morok, "why do they not go and howl around the manufactory where these atheistical miscreants are to be found? At the first howl of the Wolves they would come out, and there would be a fight."

"There would be—a fight," repeated Couche-tout-Nu, mechanically.

"Unless," added Morok, "the Wolves fear the Devourers."

"If you talk of fear," exclaimed the gigantic quarryman, in a voice of thunder, and advancing toward Morok, "you shall go along with us and see."

Many voices shouted, "Who dares say the Wolves fear the Devourers?"

"It would be the first time if they did!"

"A fight, a fight! Let us make an end!"

"It is time to make things square and equal. Why have we so many grievances, while they enjoy every comfort?"

"They say the quarrymen are stupid brutes, good for nothing but to work in the wheels of the quarries, like so many turnspits," said an emissary of Baron Tripeaud.

"And that they would take the skin from our backs and make themselves caps with them," cried another.

"Neither they nor their wives go to mass; they are Pagans—dogs!" added an emissary of the preacher.

"And, as our curé said, such conduct would bring the cholera upon us."

"That's true! I heard the curé say so from his pulpit."

"So did our wives!"

"Down with the Devourers, who want to bring the cholera upon us!"

"A fight! a fight!" screamed a full chorus.

"Off to the manufactory, then, my brave Wolves!" exclaimed Morok, in a stentorian voice, "to the manufactory!"

"Ay, ay! to the manufactory! to the manufactory!" re-echoed the crowd, with infuriated shouts; and by this time both saloon and staircase were filled.

Their phrensiéd cries recalled Couche-tout-Nu for a moment to himself, and, whispering Morok, he said,

"Is it bloodshed you want, then? I'll have nothing to do with it."

"We shall have time to give the alarm at the factory," replied Morok; "we will slip away on the road thither." Then, calling in a loud voice to the landlord, who was all aghast at this uproar, he said,

"Bring brandy, that we may drink to the health of the brave Wolves. I'll stand the treat."

With these words, he flung some silver to the landlord, who disappeared, and quickly returned, bearing several bottles of brandy and glasses.

"What do you mean by offering us glasses?" cried Morok. "Do you suppose that comrades, such as we are, drink to each other in glasses?" And knocking the cork out of the bottle, he held the neck to his lips, and after having drunk, passed it to the gigantic quarryman.

"With all my heart!" exclaimed the latter. "Here's to our friend and his treat! and I say he's a cur that refuses. This will sharpen the fangs of the Wolves."

"Help yourselves, friends," said Morok, distributing the bottles among the crowd.

"There will be blood at the end of all this," murmured Couche-tout-Nu, comprehending, in spite of his intoxicated condition, all the dangers of this furious excitement.

The crowd left the tavern and hurried toward the establishment of M. Hardy. Such of the workpeople and inhabitants of the village as had kept aloof from these hostile measures (and they formed a majority), did not show themselves as the tumultuous rabble passed through the principal street; but a large body of women, made fanatic by the preaching of the abbé, cheered them on.
At the head of the rioters marched the Herculean quarryman, brandishing his formidable crowbar, while behind him flocked, in wild disorder, a crowd of desperate men, some carrying bludgeons and others stones; their brains on fire with copious libations of brandy, they were in a state of almost frantic excitement; the expression of their flushed and inflamed countenances was terrible; the most frightful consequences might be expected from this outbreak of ungoverned passions.

Holding each other by the arm, and walking four or five abreast, the Wolves wrought themselves up still more by singing their war-songs, repeating the choruses with increasing wildness. The last couplet ran thus:

"Let's on, brave boys, with courage bold,
Let's raise our arm with strength;
Prudence, avast! for now behold
We face our foes at length!
Sons of a king of glorious name,
Shame blanches not our cheek!
Then let us bravely seek,
Or death, or lasting fame.
Sons of King Solomon the Great are we;
Then let one daring effort see
Us dead, or free!"

Morok and Couche-tout-Nu had disappeared while the tumultuous crowd were rushing from the public house to repair to the factory of M. Hardy.
CHAPTER II.

THE "MAISON COMMUNE."

Passing from this scene of tumult, where the Wolves, as we have seen, were preparing for a furious attack against the Devourers, the factory of M. Hardy presented the appearance that morning of a holiday quite in accordance with the serenity of the sky; for the wind was northerly, and the weather cold enough for a fine day in March.

Nine o'clock had just struck by the clock of the Maison Commune of the workmen, which was separated from the workshops by a wide walk, planted with trees.

The rising sun threw its beams on this imposing mass of buildings, situated a league from Paris, in a spot as pleasant as healthy, whence could be seen the wooded and picturesque hills which, on this side, overlook the great city.

Nothing could be more simple and cheerful than the Maison Commune of the workpeople. The roof of red tiles projected beyond the white walls, intersected here and there by large courses of bricks, which contrasted agreeably with the green colour of the outside blinds of the first and second stories.

These buildings, exposed to the south and east, were surrounded by a vast garden of ten acres; in some places planted with trees in quincunxes, in others cultivated as kitchen-gardens and orchards.

Before we continue this description, which may, perhaps, seem almost magical, let us first declare, that the marvels of which we are about to sketch the picture ought not to be considered as Utopian or dreams; on the contrary, nothing is more actual, and, let us add, and not only add, but prove (and in these times such a proof will give singular weight and interest to the assertion), these marvels were the result of an excellent speculation, and eventually formed an investment as profitable as certain.

To undertake a worthy, useful, and great work; to imbue a considerable number of human creatures with an ideal state of comfort, when compared with the frightful and almost murderous destiny to which they are so often condemned; to instruct them, and elevate them in their own eyes; to make them prefer to the low pleasures of the public house, or, rather, to those coarse delights which these unhappy persons seek there to their ruin, in order to escape the consciousness of their miserable destiny—to make them prefer to this the pleasures of the mind, the amusements of the arts; to make mankind moral through happiness; in a word, thanks to a noble commencement, to an example of easy copy, to take a place among the benefactors of society, and, at the same time, to find it a most remunerative matter—all this appears fabulous. Such was, however, the secret of the marvels of which we write.

Let us now enter the factory.

Agricola, ignorant of the disappearance of La Mayeux, gave himself up to the brightest hopes when he thought of Angela; and finished his toilet with no small care, in order to go and see his betrothed.

Let us say two words of the lodgings which the smith occupied in the Maison
Commune at the incredibly low price of sixty-five francs a year, like the other single men.

This lodging was on the second floor, and consisted of a very nice bedchamber and closet, looking to the south and to the garden. The floor, made of deal, was perfectly white; the iron bedstead had a sack of corn leaves, an excellent mattress, and soft blankets; a gas-pipe and a calorific tube gave, when needed, light and comfortable warmth to the apartment, which was decorated with a pretty Indian paper, with curtains to match. A chest of drawers, a walnut-tree table, several chairs, &c., a small bookcase, completed Agricola's furniture; while in the closet, which was large and light, were a chest to hold clothes, a table for the toilet, and a large zinc basin, over which was a tap, supplying water at will.

If we compare this agreeable, wholesome, and convenient apartment to the dark, cold, and dilapidated attic, for which the worthy fellow paid ninety francs a year in his mother's house, to reach which, he had to walk every night more than a league and a half, we may understand the sacrifice he made to his affection for that excellent woman.

Agricola, after having cast a last satisfactory glance in his looking-glass, after combing his moustache and large imperiale, left the chamber to go and join Angela in the common laundry. The passage along which he passed was large, lighted from above, and boarded with deal, which was kept as white as snow.

Notwithstanding the seeds of discord thrown, some times since, by M. Hardy's enemies in the midst of this association of workmen, until then so fraternally united, there were heard joyful songs in almost every room along the corridor; and Agricola, as he passed by several open doors, exchanged a hearty "good-morning" with many of his comrades.

The smith ran quickly down the staircase, crossed the bowling-green planted with trees, in the midst of which a fountain threw out sparkling jets of water, and reached the other wing of the building. There was the room in which a party of wives and daughters of the associated workmen, who were not employed in the factory, made up linen. This arrangement, added to the saving made in the purchase of the materials wholesale, reduced immensely the retail cost of every article.

After having crossed the linen-room, a very large apartment looking into the garden, very airy* in the summer and very warm in the winter, Agricola went and rapped at the door of the room of Angela's mother.

If we have a few words to say with respect to this apartment, which was on the first floor, looking to the east, and with a view of the garden, it is because it offered a sample of the housekeeper's dwelling in the Association at a rent, still incredibly low, of 125 francs the year.

A sort of entrance from the corridor led to a very large apartment, on each side of which was a chamber somewhat smaller, intended for a family when the sons or daughters were too old to sleep any longer in one of the two dormitories, arranged like the dormitories at schools, and intended for children of both sexes. Every night the care of these dormitories was intrusted to the father or mother of a family belonging to the Association.

The apartment to which we now refer was, like the rest, entirely destitute of any kitchen materials, all the meals being had in common in another part of the building, and, therefore, was kept with great order and cleanliness. A good-sized carpet, a comfortable arm-chair, some pretty cups and saucers on a shelf of deal nicely varnished, several pictures hung from the walls, a clock of gilt

* M. Adolphe Bobierre, in a small work lately published (De F'Air considéré sous le Rapport de la Salubrité), enters into singular details as to the indispensable necessity for the renewal of air for the preservation of health. It results from the experience of science, that, to preserve a man in a wholesome condition, he requires six to ten cubic metres (eight to twelve yards) of fresh and renewed air every hour. One shudders, then, in reflecting on the dark and stifling workshops where such quantities of workmen are crowded together. Among the excellent conclusions of M. Bobierre's pamphlet we may quote the following, joining with him in calling the attention of the Council of Health, which daily does so much good, to this: "As soon as any workshop has more than ten workmen, it should be inspected by delegates of the Committee of Health, who should certify that its arrangements are not such as to affect the health of the artisans who are employed there."
brass, a bed, a chest of drawers, and *secrétaire* of mahogany, announced that the lodgers in these rooms added some trifling superfluities to their necessary furniture.

Angéla, who from this time may be considered as the betrothed of Agricola, justified in every particular the flattering portrait drawn by the smith at his interview with poor La Mayeux. This charming young girl, who was about seventeen years of age, dressed with equal simplicity and neatness, was seated beside her mother. When Agricola entered, she blushed slightly as she saw him.

"Mademoiselle," said the smith, "I have come to fulfill my promise, if your mother consents."

"Certainly, M. Agricola, I consent," replied the young girl's mother, cordially; "she would not go over the *Maison Commune* and the buildings either with her father, her brother, or me, that she might have the pleasure of seeing them to-day (Sunday) with you. So much the better for her, as you, who talk so well, can do the honours of the house to her who is a stranger in it, and for the last hour she has been waiting for you with the greatest impatience."

"Excuse me, mademoiselle," said Agricola, gayly; "while I was thinking of the pleasure of seeing you, I forgot the hour. This is the only excuse I can offer."

"Ah, mother!" said the young girl, in a tone of gentle reproach, and blushing deeply, "why did you say that?"

"Is it true or not? I did not say it reproachfully, quite the contrary. Go, my dear; M. Agricola will explain to you better than I can how much all the workpeople of the factory are indebted to M. Hardy."

"M. Agricola," said Angéla, tying the ribands of her very pretty cap, "what a pity your good little adopted sister is not with us!"

"What, La Mayeux? You are right, mademoiselle; but it is only a pleasure delayed; the visit she paid us yesterday was not the last."

The young girl, after having kissed her mother, went out, taking Agricola's arm.

"Indeed, M. Agricola," said Angéla, "if you knew how much I was surprised when I came into this nice house—I, who had been accustomed to see so much misery among the poor working people in the country—misery which I have shared too—while here everybody seems so happy, so contented! It is like a fairy tale. Really, I think I must be dreaming; and when I ask my mother for an explanation of this fairy tale, she replies, ‘M. Agricola will explain all this to you.‘"

"Do you know why the task gives me so much pleasure, mademoiselle?" said Agricola, with a tone at once serious and tender. "It is because nothing could happen more à propos."

"..."
"How, M. Agricola?"

"To show you this house, and point out to you all the advantages of our Association, is as if I were to say to you, 'Here, mademoiselle, the artisan, certain of the present and of the future, is not compelled, like so many of his fraternity, to renounce the sweetest hopes of the heart—the desire of choosing a companion for life, in the fear of uniting his own misery to another misery.'"

Angéla looked down and blushed.

"Here the workman may, without uneasiness, give himself up to the hope of the sweet enjoyment of a family, sure that he will not hereafter be heart-broken by the horrible privations of those who are most dear to him: here, thanks to order, labour, the right application of each man's ability, men, women, and children live happy and content. In a word, in order to explain all this to you," added Agricola, smiling, and with a tender glance, "it is to prove to you, mademoiselle, that here nothing can be more reasonable than to love—nothing wiser than to marry."

"M. Agricola," replied Angéla, with a voice full of emotion, and blushing still deeper, "suppose we begin our walk."

"Instantly, mademoiselle," replied the smith, delighted at the agitation he had caused in this ingenuous breast; "here we are close to the dormitory of the little girls; the little warblers have left their nests this long time; let us go in."

"Willingly, M. Agricola."

The young smith and Angéla entered a spacious dormitory, closely resembling that of a well-regulated school. The small iron beds were symmetrically arranged; at each extremity were the beds of two married women who had families, and who, in turns, were the superintendents.

"Oh, how nicely this dormitory is arranged, M. Agricola! how beautifully clean! Who attends to it so carefully?"

"The children themselves. There are no servants here, and there is an immense rivalry existing among these infants who can best make their beds, and it amuses them quite as much as if they were making their dolls' beds. Little girls, as you must be aware, are very fond of playing at housekeeping. Well, here they play at it in earnest, and it is remarkably well done—"

"Ah! I understand; their natural inclinations for certain amusements are brought into play here."

"That is the whole secret; you will see them in each department very usefully employed, and overjoyed at the importance which their occupations give them."

"Ah! M. Agricola," said Angéla, timidly, "when we compare these nice dormitories, so healthy and so warm, to those wretched garrets, cold as ice, where the children are huddled together on wretched sacks of straw, shivering with cold, as is the case with almost all the working people in our provinces—"

"And in Paris, mademoiselle, it is still worse."

"Oh! how good, generous, and, moreover, how rich M. Hardy must be, to spend so much money in doing so much good!"

"I shall very much astonish you, mademoiselle," said Agricola, smiling; "so much so, that, perhaps, you will not believe me."

"Why not, M. Agricola?"

"Assuredly there is not a kinder-hearted, more generous man in the world than M. Hardy; he does good for the sake of good, without thinking of his interest; but suppose, mademoiselle, he was the most selfish, interested, avaricious man in the world, he would find an enormous profit in making us all as happy and comfortable as we are."

"Can that be possible, M. Agricola? You say so, and I must believe you; but if to do so much good is so easy, and even so profitable, why is not more of it done?"

"Ah, mademoiselle! three conditions are required, very rarely combined in the same person: knowledge—power—will!"
"Alas! yes, those who know perhaps cannot."
"And those who can do not know, or will not."
"But how does M. Hardy find so much advantage in the good which he enables you to enjoy?"
"That I will explain to you presently, mademoiselle."
"Oh, what a delightful smell of fruit!" said Angéla, suddenly.
"It is the general fruit-room, which is close by; and I will bet that you will see, near at hand, several of our small birds of the dormitory employed, not in stealing, but at work."

Agricola opened a door and led Angéla into a good-sized room, with shelves, on which winter fruits were nicely arranged, and several children from seven to eight years of age, clad neatly and warmly, and rosy with health, were gayly employed, under the superintendence of a woman, in picking out and examining the spoiled fruit.

"You see," said Agricola, "that everywhere, and as much as possible, we employ children: these occupations are amusements for them, and suit the stir and activity of their age, and so the time of women and young girls is devoted to much more useful occupation."

"True, M. Agricola; and, really, how very wisely all this is arranged!"
"And if you saw the little children in the kitchen, you would be surprised at the services they render; with one or two women to direct them, they do the work of eight or ten servants."

"Why," said Angéla, smiling, "at this age children are so fond of playing at preparing the dinner, that these must be delighted."
"Precisely; and so, under the idea of playing at gardening, it is they who in the garden weed the ground, gather the fruit and vegetables, wall the flowers, rake the walks, &c.; in a word, this army of working youngsters, who usually await ten or twelve years of age before they can be of any service, are here made very useful; and, except three hours school-time—quite enough for them—from the age of six or seven years their amusements are, in fact, serious occupations, and these dear little things, by the saving of the more powerful arms, which their work effects, earn more than they cost; and, mademoiselle, do you not think that in the sight of infancy thus mingling in all labours, there is something soft, pure, and almost sacred, which puts a right restraint on words and actions? The coarsest man respects childhood."}

"The more I reflect, the more I see how greatly all this is calculated to effect general benefit," said Angéla, with warmth.

"But it has not been effected without trouble; there was prejudice to subdue, habit to overcome. But look, mademoiselle, here is the common kitchen," added the smith, with a smile; "is it not as imposing as the kitchen of a bar-rack or some large boarding-school?"

In truth, the kitchen of the Maison Commune was immense. All the utensils were clean and shining, and, thanks to arrangements as remarkable as they are economical in modern science (always denied to the poorer classes, to whom they are of most importance, because they can only be carried on upon a large scale), not only were the fireplace and the stoves kept alight with half the quantity of fuel which each private kitchen would have used, but the excess of heat was made to diffuse an equal temperature throughout all the chambers of the Maison Commune.

There, also, under the direction of two active women, the children were use-fully employed. Nothing could be more comic than their serious attention to their work; and it was the same in the bake-house, where was made, at a vast reduction of cost (by buying the wheat at wholesale), that excellent household bread, a wholesome and nutritive mixture of pure wheat flour and rye, so preferable to that white and light bread which too often acquires those qualities by the aid of unwholesome substances.

"Good-day, Madame Bertrand," said Agricola, gayly, to a matron who was
gravely contemplating the slow evolutions of several spits worthy of Gamachø's wedding, so gloriously were they laden with pieces of beef, mutton, and veal, which were beginning to assume a delicious gold-brown colour that was most appetizing. "Good-day, Madame Bertrand," said Agricola; "according to custom, I cannot pass the kitchen-door, and I wish to introduce this young lady to its acquaintance, as she has only been here a few days."

"Oh! pray look in and admire, particularly that young party round the table; see how industrious and well-behaved they are."

So saying, the matron pointed with a large basting-ladle she held, as a sort of culinary sceptre, to a group of children of both sexes, deeply absorbed in the various occupations intrusted to them, such as peeling potatoes, picking herbs, &c.

"Why, we shall have a Belshazzar's feast, Madame Bertrand!" said Agricola, smiling.

"To be sure we shall, my lad, as we do every day. Here is to-day's bill of fare. Good vegetable soup, with the meat boiled in it, roast beef, and potatoes, salad, cheese, and fruit; and to-day, being Sunday, we are to have baked plum-puddings, which are in hand by Mother Denis at the bake-house; the oven is heating now."

"Upon my word, Madame Bertrand, your description makes me desperately hungry," said Agricola, sportively. "Ah! it is very easy to know when it has been your turn to preside over the kitchen," he added, in a flattering tone.

"Go along with you! making game of an old woman," said the chief of the victualling department, gayly.

"One thing surprises me above all, M. Agricola," said Angèla to her compan-
'ion, as they proceeded onward; "it is the scanty and unwholesome food of the working class in our part of the country compared with what I see here."

"And yet we don't spend more than twenty-five sous a day in being better fed here than we could be for three times the sum in Paris."

"It seems incredible; and how do you account for this!"

"It is one of the magical wonders produced by the wand of M. Hardy. I will explain it all to you directly."

"Oh, how I long to see this good M. Hardy!"

"Then you will soon have your wish gratified; perhaps to-day, for we expect him every minute; but here we are at the refectory, which you have never seen, since your family, like most others, prefer having their meals sent to them. See what a nice, cheerful room it is, looking out on the garden, and opposite the fountain."

The refectory was a large hall, having ten windows looking out upon a well-kept garden; tables, covered with oilcloth, were ranged down each side, so that in winter the room served as a general rendezvous for the different workmen who, when the labours of the day were ended, preferred assembling here to passing the evening alone, and amused themselves, according to their tastes, in reading, conversation with cards, or any light occupation, here in an apartment well warmed and brilliantly lighted by gas.

"But," said Agricola, "you will be better pleased with this room when I tell you that twice a week we have a ball here, and on two evenings we get up a concert."

"Do you, indeed?"

"Yes," replied the smith, with a sort of pride, "we have among us several excellent musicians, quite able to furnish the necessary music for our balls; and then, twice a week, we practice singing all together, men, women, and children. Unfortunately, during the past week our concerts have been interrupted by some disturbances in the factory."

"How charming it must be to hear so many voices all singing together!"

"I can assure you it produces a very fine effect, and M. Hardy has always greatly encouraged a mode of recreation, which he says (and with much reason) exercises so powerful an influence on the mind and manners. One winter he had here, at his own expense, two pupils of the celebrated M. Wilhelm, since which time our singing has greatly improved; and really, Mademoiselle Angela, without vanity, I may say that it is impossible to imagine anything more affecting than to hear two hundred voices chanting some hymn in praise of liberty and labour. You will hear them, and then I feel sure you will agree that there is something grand and elevating in this volume of sound."

"Indeed, I doubt it not; but how delightful to live here, where all is joy—for labour, thus blended with amusement, must become a pleasure."

"Alas!" replied Agricola, "we have our share in the common lot of griefs and sorrows. Do you see that building standing apart from the factory?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Our infirmary; happily, thanks to our wholesome food, pure air, and excellent regulations, it is very seldom full. An annual subscription enables us to have a skilful doctor; besides which we have a club, so managed that, in case of illness, a member of it receives two thirds of what he would earn if in health."

"What an excellent plan! But what is that I see on the other side of the green?"

"It is the wash-house and laundry, where there is a continual supply of hot and cold water. The shed adjoining is the drying-house; farther still are the granaries and stables for the use of the horses employed in the manufactory."

"And now, M. Agricola, are you going to tell me the secret of all these wonders?"

* We were among the number of those admitted to the admirable concerts of the "Orphéon," where more than one thousand workpeople, men, women, and children, sang with marvellous precision and effect.
"In ten minutes, mademoiselle, all will be made clear to you."

Unfortunately, the curiosity of Angèla was not to be immediately gratified. The young couple were now close to a paling which bounded the garden on the side where the principal alley ran, separating the workshops from the Maison Commune. All at once the distant sound of trumpets and other martial music came swelling on the breeze; then the quick tread of two rapidly-approaching horses, followed by the appearance of a general officer, mounted on a handsome long-tailed, coal-black charger, with crimson housings. The officer wore the dress adopted under Napoleon; that is, high boots, reaching above his knees, and white breeches; his blue uniform glittered with golden embroidery; the broad red riband of the Legion of Honour passed over his right epaulet, which had four silver stars, and his hat, deeply bordered with gold, displayed the white plume, the distinction of the marshals of France.

A more imposing specimen of a brave, chivalric soldier, on his warlike steed, could not be presented to the eye.

When Marshal Simon (for it was he) reached the place where Angèla and Agricola were standing, he pulled his horse up suddenly, descended lightly, and threw the reins to a servant in livery, who followed him on horseback.

"Where shall I wait, M. le Duc?" demanded the groom.

"At the end of the alley," replied the marshal. Then, taking off his hat respectfully, he walked quickly on, still holding it in his hand, to meet some person who was as yet unseen by Angèla and Agricola.

This person now made his appearance at the other end of the walk—an old man, with a countenance energetic and intelligent; he wore a clean blouse, a cloth cap covered his long white locks, and, with his hands in his pockets, he was contentedly smoking an old meerschaum.

"Good-day, my dear father" cried the marshal, warmly embracing the old
workman, who, after holding him in a tight embrace, exclaimed, observing that he continued to keep his hat off,

"Put on your hat, my boy. But," he added, smilingly, "how gay you are today!"

"I have just come from a review close by, father, and I availed myself of the opportunity to pay you an early visit."

"Then I shall not have the pleasure of seeing my dear little granddaughters, as usual, on Sunday."

"Yes, father, they are coming; the carriage will bring them and Dagobert."

"But what has occurred, my good lad? You appear to be serious."

"The truth is, father," replied the marshal, with an appearance of painful emotion, "I have to speak to you upon some very serious subjects."

"Come in with me, then," said the old man, growing uneasy.

And the marshal and his father, turning in the circuitous path, disappeared. Angela could not restrain her surprise at finding a glittering general officer, styled by his attendant "M. le Duc," was son to an old working man, dressed in a blouse; she looked at Agricola with a bewildered air, and said,

"M. Agricola, this old man in the blouse—"

"Is the father of the Marshal Duc de Ligny, the friend—yes," continued Agricola, in a tone of deep feeling, "I may say, the friend of my father, who for twenty years fought under his command."

"So high in rank," said Angela, "yet so tender and respectful to his father! Ah, the marshal must possess a noble heart! But why does he permit his father to work for his living?"

"Because that father would not give up his employment or the manufactory for any inducement that could be held out to him; he was born a workman, and a workman he will die—though his son is a duke and a marshal of France."

CHAPTER III.

THE SECRET.

After Angela had recovered from the natural astonishment caused by the arrival of Marshal Simon, Agricola said to her, smilingly,

"I must not avail myself of this little interruption to our conversation to evade my promise of telling you the secret of all the wonders of our Maison Communale."

"Oh," replied Angela, "I should not have allowed you to escape its performance. I am too much interested in what you have told me already."

"Then please to listen, while I explain how M. Hardy, by the witchcraft of three cabalistic words, has wrought all these marvels: Association, Community, Fraternity. We have learned to know the value of these words, which have effected advantages equally great to M. Hardy and ourselves."

"That is the point which strikes me as so remarkable, M. Agricola."

"Suppose, mademoiselle, that, instead of being what he is, M. Hardy had been a narrow-hearted man, thinking merely of his own gain, and saying, 'What do I require to make my manufactory return a good profit? first-rate workmen, strict
"Economy, judicious occupation of the time of the workpeople; in short, the most economical mode of producing, and perfection of product, in order to obtain the best prices."

"Certainly, M. Agricola, no manufacturer could desire more!"

"Well, mademoiselle, all these points might have been accomplished, as they have been: but how? In merely a speculative view, M. Hardy would have said, 'If my workpeople live far from the manufactory, it will cost them time to come and go; as they must rise earlier in the morning, they will sleep less; to take from the repose so necessary to a working man is a false calculation; as the health of the artisan suffers, so will his work. Then, in bad weather, the long journey would be still worse; the workman arriving wet and shivering, what could be expected from his labour?'"

"That is unfortunately true, M. Agricola; when at Lille, I reached the manufactory wet to the skin: I shivered all day at my work."

"Well, mademoiselle, the calculating manufacturer would say, 'Now, by lodging my workpeople close to the factory, I obviate this difficulty. Let us calculate: the married artisan pays as an average price, in Paris, about 250 francs a year; for that he has two miserable rooms, with a small closet, dark, confined, and ill-ventilated, in some close, unhealthy neighbourhood. There he lives, cramped up with his family, himself ailing and enfeebled, and what labour can be expected from a weakened frame? As for the single workmen, who require a smaller lodging, they usually pay about 150 francs a year. Now let us reckon: I employ 146 married workmen; these men pay, altogether, for the wretched dog-holes they inhabit, 36,500 francs per annum. I also employ 115 unmarried men, who pay, in the whole, 17,280 francs annually, making a total of 50,000 francs for rent, the interest of a million.'"

"Really, M. Agricola! what a sum produced by uniting the price of so many wretched lodgings!"

"Yes, mademoiselle—50,000 francs a year! the rent of a millionaire. 'So then,' says our speculator, 'to persuade my workmen to give up their dwellings in Paris, I will offer them great advantages; I will reduce what they now pay for rent to one half, and, instead of unwholesome chambers, they shall have large, airy apartments, warmed and lighted at a small cost; thus 146 married men will pay me only 125 francs for rent, and 115 single men, 75 francs; making a total of from 26 to 27,000 francs. A building large enough to accommodate such a number of persons will cost me at the most 500,000 francs. I shall then, at least, get five per cent. for my money, and a safe investment, since I can always pay myself out of the wages of my workpeople.'"

"Ah, M. Agricola! I begin to see how advantageous it is to do good, even in a pecuniary light!"

"And I," answered Agricola, "am almost sure that all affairs conducted with honour and integrity are profitable in the end; but to return to our speculator. 'Now,' he says, 'my workmen are comfortably lodged close to their work, consequently they enter upon their employment cheerful, and able to perform their labour. But that is not enough; the English workman, living upon good and solid food, and drinking excellent beer, can in the same time perform twice as much work as the French workman, partaking only of poor nourishment, more enfeebling than strengthening, owing to adulteration. My workpeople would then work better, in proportion as they were better fed; but how can I effect this? by acting upon the same plan as that adopted in barracks, schools, and in prisons,"

* This estimate is correct, though perhaps a little exaggerated. A similar building, about a mile from Paris, near Montrouge, with all the vast dependencies, such as kitchen, wash-houses, scullery, &c., reservoir for gas, water, apparatus for heating the rooms, &c., and surrounded by a garden of ten acres, would have cost, at the period of this history, scarcely 500,000 francs; and these details are confirmed by the opinion of an experienced builder especially consulted. This, then, is clearly proved, that for the price usually paid by workmen for their small lodgings, the same number of men might be comfortably and healthily accommodated by the owner of the building, who would receive ten per cent, for the interest of his money.

† This was abundantly proved during the making of the railroad at Rouen; those French labourers who, having no family, chose to adopt the English mode of living, were able to perform almost double their usual labour when comforted and invigorated by an abundant and nourishing diet.
which is to club together, and so provide an amount of comfort impossible to realize by any single effort, or without such a combination. Now, if my 280 workmen, instead of each making a miserable attempt at cookery, would join, and only have one really good and excellent table, what an infinite advantage for them, and for me also. Two or three active, industrious women would be sufficient, with the assistance of children, to prepare the repasts. Then, instead of buying wood and coals in small quantities, and at almost double price, my workpeople, with my guarantee for the payment (and I should always have security in their wages), might, by clubbing together, lay in large stocks of wood, flour, butter, oil, wine, &c., by purchasing them first-hand; by this means they would get pure and wholesome wine for three or four sous the bottle, instead of paying twelve or fifteen for an adulterated beverage. Every week the Association would provide a live ox, and as many sheep as necessary. The housewives would make the bread after the country fashion, so that, by following out this plan, and observing due order and economy, my men might have for twenty or twenty-five sous a day a good and abundant living."

"Ah, M. Agricola! now it is all explained!"

"Oh, but you have not heard all, mademoiselle; our calculating speculator would thus continue the argument: 'So far I have managed to lodge, warm, and feed my workpeople at a saving of half. Now let us see what is to be done as to clothing them. In all probability my plan as regards the former arrangements will ensure their perfect health, and health is the workman's stock in trade; the Association I propose to form will then be in a condition to purchase, still under my guarantee for the payment (which their wages secure to me), at wholesale prices, warm and substantial materials, good linen, and different species of stuffs, which the wives of the married men can make up into garments as well as a tailor. Then, so large a consumption of hats, caps, shoes, boots, &c., being required, the Association might obtain them at a very considerable reduction of price.' Now, then, Mademoiselle Angèle, what say you to our speculator?"

"I can only say," replied the young girl, with charming simplicity, "that what you tell me is almost beyond belief, and yet so simple."

"You are right, for nothing is more simple than doing well, and yet men seem to overlook that. Observe, however, that hitherto our man of business has spoken only with a view to his own particular interest, taking no account of the value of fraternity, the solidity, the support to be derived from such an Association, not reflecting that a state of comfort softens and improves the nature of man, never recalling to his mind the imperative duty of the strong to aid and support the weak, forgetting this one great maxim, 'That every honest, industrious, and active man has a positive right to exact from society both employment and wages proportionate to the wants of his condition.' No, no, the speculator we have been considering thinks only of the nett profit; yet, you see, he has found the way, not only to invest his money to advantage, but to secure important advantages from the comforts of his workpeople."

"Yes, M. Agricola, I see that plainly."

"Then what will you say when I shall have proved to you that our speculator has also a great interest in giving his workmen, in addition to their wages, a certain proportion in the profit?"

"That seems difficult, M. Agricola."

"Listen to me a few minutes and you will be convinced."

While thus conversing, Angela and Agricola had reached the gate of the garden belonging to the Maison Commune.

An elderly woman, dressed very neatly, though plainly, approached Agricola, and said,

"Has M. Hardy returned to the manufactuy yet, sir?"

* We have already observed that wood, when purchased in retail, costs nearly twice the sum paid by such as can buy it in large quantities; the same rule holds good with all articles bought in small quantities, both the fractional parts of the weight and price being in favour of the seller.
II.—Z
"No, madam; but we expect him every minute."
"Do you think he will be here to-day?"
"To-day or to-morrow, madam."
"I suppose, sir, you cannot tell me at what hour to-morrow he is likely to be here?"
"I believe no one knows that; but the porter belonging to the manufactory, who is also M. Hardy's porter, may be able to tell you."
"Thank you, sir."
"M. Agricola," said Angèla, when the woman was gone, "did it not strike you that the woman who has just left us was very pale and agitated?"
"I observed it equally with yourself, mademoiselle; and I even fancied I saw tears in her eyes."
"Yes, she seemed to have been weeping bitterly, poor thing! I dare say she came to ask some favour of M. Hardy; but what is the matter with you, M. Agricola? you appear thoughtful."
Agricola felt a vague presentiment that the visit of this elderly female, who seemed so melancholy, had some connexion with the adventure of the young and pretty lady who, three days before, had come so disconsolate and wretched to make inquiries for M. Hardy, and who had learned, too late, perhaps, that she was watched and followed.
"Pardon me, mademoiselle," said Agricola; "but the coming of this female reminded me of a circumstance of which, unfortunately, I cannot speak to you, as it is not my own secret."
"Oh, never mind, M. Agricola," replied the young girl, with a smile; "I am not inquisitive, and what you were telling me interests me so much that I have no wish to hear you speak of anything else."
"Well, then, mademoiselle, a few more words, and you will be as fully initiated into all the secrets of our Association as I am myself."
"I listen with pleasure, M. Agricola."
"Let us still look at the matter from the point of view of the calculating speculator. He would say, 'Here are my workmen in the best possible condition for working well; what is the next step to obtain the largest profits? To make cheap—to sell dear. But there is no cheapness unless the raw material be purchased economically—unless the work itself be done in the best manner, and quickly. But, in spite of my watchfulness, how can I prevent my workmen from wasting the material? How can I engage them, each in his particular department, to find out and use the most simple and least expensive method?'"
"True, M. Agricola, how is that to be done?"
"And that is not all; our man will say, 'In order to sell my products well, they must be of the best—irreproachable. My workpeople do pretty well: that is not sufficient; they must produce masterpieces.'"
"But, M. Agricola, when their task is sufficiently well done, what interest have the workmen to over-exert themselves in order to produce masterpieces?"
"That is the word, Mademoiselle Angèle; what interest have they? Our speculator says, 'My workmen must have an interest in economizing the raw material—interest in employing their time fully—interest in discovering the best modes of production—interest that what they produce shall be masterpieces. Then my aim is achieved. Well, let me interest my workmen in the profits which I derive from their economy, activity, zeal, and skill. The better they work, the better I shall sell; the better their share, the better also mine.'"
"Oh, now I understand, M. Agricola."
"And our speculator would speculate well. Before he was interested, the workman would say, 'Oh, it's of no consequence to me that I do more in the day or make better work; what do I gain by it? nothing! For a limited salary, limited duty. Now, on the contrary, I have an interest in exhibiting zeal and economy, and therefore the whole thing is changed. I redouble my activity, I stimulate that of others. If a comrade is idle, and causes any injury to the factory,
I have a right to say to him, 'Brother, we are suffering more or less by your laziness, or from the harm you are doing to our common interest.'"

"And then with what ardour, courage, and hope the work would be done, M. Agricola!"

"It is on that our speculator has calculated; and he will say then, 'Treasures of experience and practical knowledge are often hidden in workshops, for want of a good will, opportunity, or encouragement; excellent workmen, instead of putting out their skill, and making improvements as they might, follow the old routine with indifference. How lamentable! for an intelligent man, engaged all his life in some peculiar occupation, must discover, in progress of time, a thousand modes of working better and faster. I will found, then, a sort of consulting committee, on which I will place my principal overlookers and my best workmen; our interest is now common; and from this combination of practical intelligence much useful and new information must arise.' The speculator is not deceived; and soon struck by the incredible resources, the thousand and one new, ingenious, and perfect ideas, suddenly elicited by the workmen, 'You good-for-nothing fellows,' he exclaims, 'you knew all this and never told me! What has cost me, these ten years, a hundred francs to make, has now only cost fifty francs, besides an enormous saving of time.' 'Master,' replies a workman, who is as shrewd as his neighbour, 'what interest had I that you should save fifty per cent. on an article? None! Now it is a different affair. You give me, besides my wages, a share in your profits; you elevate me in my own eyes by consulting my experience, my knowledge; instead of treating me as an inferior being, you take me into council; and now it is my interest, it is my duty, to tell you all I know, and to endeavour to learn more.' So you see, Mademoiselle Angéla, how the speculator would organize his workshops, so as to make his rivals ashamed of themselves, and envious of him. Now if, instead of this mere calculating speculator, we have a man who, joining to a knowledge of figures the tender and generous feelings of a noble heart and great elevation of mind—one who would extend his care not only to the physical condition, but to the moral enlightenment of his workmen, seeking, by every possible means, to develop their understanding and elevate their hearts; and, strong in the authority with which his benevolence invests him, feeling deeply that he on whom depends the good or evil of three hundred human creatures should also look after their souls, would guide those whom he no longer calls his workpeople, but his brothers, in the most noble paths—would endeavour to excite in them a taste for learning, for the arts, and would make them happy in, and proud of, a position which is but too often assumed,
with the tears of bitterness and of despair. Well, Mademoiselle Angéla, this man is—but what do I see? He could not arrive more opportunely among us than while we are pronouncing a benediction. Here he is; it is M. Hardy!

"Ah, Monsieur Agricola!" said Angéla, drying her tears, "it is with hands clasped in gratitude that we ought to receive him."

"Look! See if that noble and benevolent face is not the image of his admirable heart!"

At this instant a travelling chariot, in which were M. Hardy and M. de Blessac, the unworthy friend who deceived him so infamously, entered the courtyard of the factory.

And now a few words in reference to the facts which we have endeavoured to exhibit dramatically, and which are connected with the organization of labour—a question of paramount importance, which will again occupy our attention before the end of this book.

In spite of the speeches, more or less official, of persons more or less serious (it seems to us as though this weighty epithet were somewhat abused), as to the increasing prosperity of the country, there is one fact beyond all dispute:

It is, that the working classes of society have never been more miserable, for wages have never been less adequate to the wants of those classes, however moderate.

An indisputable proof of what we assert is found in the tendency—and we cannot too highly praise it—of the rich classes to aid those who are suffering so much distress.

Charitable institutions, houses of refuge for poor children, philanthropic establishments, &c., &c., prove sufficiently that the happy in this world foresee, in spite of official assurances as to the state of general prosperity, that terrible and threatening evils are fermenting in the depths of society.

How generoussoever may be these isolated and individual attempts, they are and must be more than insufficient.

Persons in power can alone take the initiative effectually; but they carefully avoid it.

The serious people discuss seriously the importance of our diplomatic relations with Monomotapa, or some other matter equally serious; and they abandon to the chances of private commiseration, to the uncertainties of the good or bad inclination of capitalists and manufacturers, the fate of an immense, intelligent, and hard-working population, becoming hourly more and more enlightened as to their rights and their strength, but so depressed by the evils of a reckless rivalry, that they are often in want of the work which affords them, at best, but the scantiest means of existence.

Let it be so that serious persons do not deign to think of these formidable miseries.

Statesmen smile with pity at the mere idea of attaching their names to an initiative, which would surround them with a beneficent popularity.

Let it be so that all prefer to await the moment when the social question will burst like a clap of thunder. Then, in the midst of this fearful commotion which will shake the world, we shall see what will become of the serious questions and the serious men of our times.

To dispel, or, at least, to retard this awful future, we must, then, address ourselves to private sympathies, in the name of happiness, of tranquillity, and the general safety.

We have said, long since, IF THE RICH BUT KNEW! Well, we repeat, to the honour of humanity, when the rich know, they often do good with intelligence and generosity.

Let us endeavour to prove to them, and to those also on whom depends the fate of an innumerable body of workmen, that they may be blessed and adored, without loosening their purse-strings.
THE WANDERING JEW.

We have spoken of the *Maison Commune*, in which the workmen are lodged at such low rents in salubrious and well-aired apartments.

This excellent institution was on the point of being realized in 1829, through the charitable intentions of Mademoiselle Amélie de Vitrolles.* At this time in England, Lord Ashley is at the head of a company which has similar intentions, and offers to the shareholders a *minimum* of interest at £4 per cent.

Why should not France follow such an example—an example which would have, moreover, the advantage of giving to the poorer classes the first rudiments and the first means of association?

The immense advantages of living in common are manifest; they strike all minds; but the people are not enabled to found establishments indispensable to these communities. What immense services, then, the rich would render by placing the working classes in a condition to enjoy these precious advantages! What loss would it be to them to build a house which would contain fifty sets of salubrious apartments, provided the interest of their money was assured? and it would be very easy to guaranty that.

Why does not the "Institut," which gives annually, as subjects of competition to young artists, plans of palaces, churches, theatres, &c., &c., require the plan of a large establishment intended for the lodging of the working classes, who might there unite all the best advantages of economy and salubrity?

Why does not the Municipal Council of Paris, whose good will and paternal anxiety for the suffering classes have been so often manifested, establish in the populous *arrondissements* models of *Maisons Communes*, where they would try the first specimens of a life in common? The desire of being admitted into these establishments would be a powerful lever of emulation and morals, and also a hope for working people; and hope is something.

The city of Paris would thus make a good investment, do a good action, and, perhaps, by its example, induce the ruling powers to throw off their pitiless indifference.

Why, in short, do not the capitalists who establish manufactories profit by this idea of uniting the *Maisons Communes* of the workmen to their mills or factories?

A very considerable advantage would accrue to the employers themselves in these times of desperate rivalry, as thus: the reduction of salary is the more afflicting and unendurable for the workman, as he is forced to dispense with things of the first necessity; but if, living alone, three francs are scarcely sufficient for his support, and the employer offers him the means of living on half that sum, thanks to association, the artisan's wages might, at the time of a commercial crisis, be reduced one half without his feeling this diminution too severely; and it would be better than an entire stoppage of work and consequent cessation of wages.

We trust we have proved the advantage, utility, and facility of establishing *Maisons Communes* for workmen.

We have, then, established this: That it would be not only the strictest justice that the workmen should participate in profits resulting from his labour and his intelligence, but that this just division would profit the master himself.

We are not now putting forth hypotheses, or even projects that may be realized, but facts already accomplished.

One of our best friends, a very extensive manufacturer, whose heart is equal

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* See the "Democratie Pacifique" of the 19th of October, 1844.
to his head, has established a consulting committee of workpeople, and has al-
lowed them (besides their wages) to enjoy a proportional share in the profits of
his undertaking, and already have the results surpassed all hopes. In order to
give this excellent example every possible facility of execution, should any minds,
at once sagacious and generous, desire to follow it, we add at the end of the
chapter the bases of this organization.

We would only remark, that the existing condition of things, and other con-
siderations, have not at first allowed of all the workpeople employed availing
themselves of the profits awarded to them, and which some day they will all en-
joy.

We can affirm that, from the fourth meeting of this consulting committee, the
worthy manufacturer, to whom we refer, had obtained such results from the ap-
peal he made to the practical information of the workmen, that he was enabled
at once to assume thirty thousand francs (£1200) a year as the profits which would
result from the saving and improvement in the manufacture.

To sum up:
There are in every trade or calling three powers, three agents, three movers,
whose rights should be equally respected:
The capitalist, who supplies the money;
The intelligent individual, who directs the working;
The workman, who produces the work.

Up to this time the workman has had a very small portion, wholly inade-
quate to his wants. Would it not be just—humane to pay him better, and that
directly or indirectly, either by the comfort which association offers, or by giv-
ning him a portion of the profit arising in part from his labours?

Admitting, even at the worst, and after taking into consideration the ruinous
effects of unregulated rivalry, that this increase of salary would diminish, in some
small degree, the profits of the employer and the director; would they not do
not only a generous and equitable thing, but even a profitable one, by placing
their fortune and business out of the reach of injury, since they would have de-
prived the workpeople of every legitimate excuse for disturbance, or of severe
and well-founded recriminations?

In a word, those appear to us wise and prudent who ensure their property
against fire.

We have said that M. Hardy and M. de Blessac had arrived at the factory.
Shortly afterward, from the Paris side, was seen advancing a humble hackney-
coach, which drove also toward the factory.
In this vehicle was Rodin.

The following are the main rules we have above referred to:

The regulation which treats of the functions of the committee is preceded by
the following considerations, as honourable for the master as the men:

"We are glad to acknowledge that each supervisor, each overseer, and each
workman contributes in his sphere of labour to those qualities which are most
conspicuous in the produce of our manufactures. They ought, therefore, to share
in the profits they occasion, and continue to devote themselves to the progress
which is still to be made. It is evident that a great benefit would result from a
combination of the knowledge and ideas of all. We have, therefore, formed the
committee, whose duties will be hereafter regulated.

"We have had for our object, in forming this institution, the increase, by fre-
quent exchange of ideas among the workmen, who, until now, have lived and
worked almost entirely isolated, the total of each one's knowledge, and to initiate
them in the general principles of a wholesome and right administration. From
this combination of the best strength of the workshop around the head of the
establishment will arise the double profit of an intellectual and bodily meliora-
tion of the workmen, and an increased prosperity of the manufacture.
"Admitting, moreover, as just, that the exertion of each should be recompensed, we have resolved that on the nett profits of the house, all expenses and outgoings deducted, there shall be allowed five per cent., which shall be divided in equal portions among the members of the committee (with the exception of the president, vice-president, and secretary), and paid to them every year on the 31st of December.

"This premium shall be increased one per cent. every time that the committee shall admit three fresh members.

"Morality, good conduct, skill, and various aptitudes for labour, have determined our choice in selecting those workmen of whom we first form our committee. Granting these members the power of proposing the addition of fresh members, whose admission will be founded on the same qualifications, and who will be elected by the committee itself, we would present to all the workmen of our workshops an aim, which it will depend on themselves to attain sooner or later.

"Their endeavours to fulfil all their duties by completing their work in the most perfect manner, and their behaviour out of working-hours, will, in turns, open to them the door of the committee. They will also be entitled to enjoy a just and fair proportion in the advantages resulting from the success which our manufactures may obtain, a success to which they will have contributed, and which cannot but increase through the good understanding and the fruitful rivalry that (we question not) will reign among the members of the committee."

Extract from the arrangements relative to the consulting committee, consisting of a president (supervisor of the establishment), a vice-president, a secretary, and fourteen members, four of whom are overseers, and ten workmen, of the most intelligent, in the various departments.

"Article 6. Three members, when met, shall have the right to propose the addition of a new member, whose name shall be inscribed, in order that his admission be discussed at the following meeting. This admission shall be decreed when, on ballot, the member proposed shall obtain two thirds of the suffrages of the members assembled.

"Article 7. The committee shall, at its monthly sittings, occupy itself:

"1st. In devising means to remedy the inconveniences which each day present themselves in manufacturing.

"2d. In proposing better and more economical means of establishing a fabric of goods, especially intended for exportation, and thus effectually, by the superiority of our make, defeating foreign competition.

"3d. The means of arriving at the greatest degree of economy in the use of materials, without injuring the strength and quality of the goods manufactured.

"4th. To propose and discuss propositions which shall be brought forward by the president, or other of the committee, looking especially to the improvements and perfection of the manufactures.

"5th. Finally, to place the price of work in equality with the real value of the goods produced."

We add, on our own part, that, according to the information which M. —— has kindly given us, the share of profit of each of his workmen (besides his regular wages) will be, at least, from three hundred to three hundred and fifty francs a year. We regret most poignantly that the modest feelings of M. —— do not allow us to reveal in these pages the name, as honourable as honoured, of the worthy individual who has set this admirable example.
CHAPTER IV.

DISCLOSURES.

ENDING the visit of Angéla and Agricola to the Maison Commune, the band of Wolves, increasing in numbers as they advanced by the addition of many idlers from the public houses, had continued its progress toward the factory, whither also the hackney-coach which had brought Rodin from Paris was slowly advancing.

M. Hardy, descending from the carriage with his friend M. de Blessac, had entered the drawing-room of the house which he occupied near the manufactory.

M. Hardy was of middle stature, elegantly and slightly made, and his appearance betokened a temperament essentially nervous and excitable. His brow was high and expansive, his complexion pale, his eyes black, and equally mild and penetrating, his physiognomy frank, intelligent, and attractive.

One word will paint the character of M. Hardy. His mother called him "the Sensitive Plant;" and indeed his was one of those exquisitely fine and delicate organizations, as expansive and affectionate as noble and generous, and so highly susceptible that, at the least harsh contact, they shrink back and concentrate upon themselves.

When, united to this excessive sensibility, were a passionate love for the fine arts, a highly refined understanding, and tastes essentially pure, and we consider the thousand deceptions and frauds of which M. Hardy had been the victim in his mercantile career, we cannot but wonder how a heart, so delicate and tender, had not been broken to pieces a thousand times in the incessant struggle against reckless and pitiless rivalries.

M. Hardy had, indeed, suffered severely. Compelled to follow a mercantile career in order to meet honourably the responsibilities of his father, a model of rectitude and probity, whose affairs had been somewhat embarrassed owing to the events of 1815, he had acquired by his exertions and abilities an elevated position in the mercantile world; but, to achieve this end, what low cunning had he not to contend against, what perfidious rivalries to experience, what hostile competition to encounter!

Excitable as he was, M. Hardy must have sunk a thousand times under his feelings of painful indignation at baseness, of bitter disgust at dishonesty, but for the wise and firm support of his mother. On his return to her, after a day of wearying struggle or hateful deception, he suddenly found himself transported into an atmosphere of purity so gracious, of serenity so entire, that he immediately lost the recollection of the tormenting things which had so deeply grieved him. The wounds of his mind were closed when he came in contact with the great and noble soul of his mother, and thus his love for her was little less than idolatry. When he lost her, he experienced one of those silent but deep sor-
rows, which forming, as we may say, a part and parcel of our existence, have yet occasionally their days of melancholy sweetness.

A short time after this deep affliction, M. Hardy connected himself more closely with his workmen. He had always been just and kind to them, but although the void which his mother left in his heart must be ever unfilled, he felt a redoubled regard rise within him, feeling the greater need to see around him happy faces in proportion as he suffered; and very soon the wonderful ameliorations which he wrought in the physical and moral condition of all around him served as an occupation to his sorrow. Thus he gradually withdrew himself from the world, and concentrated his existence in three affections—a tender and devoted friendship, which seemed to combine all his past friendships, a love as sincere and ardent as a last love, and a paternal attachment for his workpeople.

His days passed, therefore, in the midst of the little world which he had filled with gratitude and respect for himself; a world which he had formed after his own model, in order to find therein a refuge from the painful realities he so abhorred, and to surround himself with good, intelligent, and happy beings, capable of responding to all the noble thoughts which had now become to him of greater and greater necessity.

Thus, after many sorrows, M. Hardy, arrived at the prime of life, possessing a sincere friend, a mistress worthy of his love, and assured of the deepest attachment of his workpeople, had attained, at the time of this recital, the utmost sum of felicity for which he could hope since his mother's decease.* * * * * * * *

M. de Blessac, the bosom friend of M. Hardy, had for a long time been worthy of his affection; but we have seen by what diabolical means Father d'Aigrigny and Rodin had contrived to convert M. de Blessac (until then upright and sincere) into the tool of their machinations.

The two friends, who had suffered a little during their journey from the keenness of the north wind, were warming themselves before a good fire burning in the drawing-room of M. Hardy.

"Ah! my dear Marcel, I am decidedly growing old," said M. Hardy, with a smile, as he addressed M. de Blessac, "and I feel more than ever the want of home. To leave my usual occupations becomes really painful, and I feel ill-disposed to everything that compels me to quit this happy corner of the earth."

"And when I remember," replied M. de Blessac, unable to subdue a slight blush, "when I remember, my friend, that it was for me you undertook some time ago such a long journey!"

"Well, my dear Marcel, did you not, in your turn, come to accompany me in an excursion which, without you, would have been as tiresome as it has been charming?"
"But, my friend, what a difference! I have contracted to you a debt which
I can never properly pay."
"Come, come, my dear Marcel, is there between us two any distinction of
mine and thine? Where attachment exists, is it not as delightful, as good to
give as to receive?"
"Noble heart! noble heart!"
"Say happy heart. Oh, yes! happy in that affection for which its latest pulses
must beat."
"And who should deserve happiness in this world, my dear friend, if it be not
you?"
"To what do I owe this happiness? To the affections which I found here
ready to sustain me, when, deprived of the support of my mother, who was
my whole strength, I felt myself (I own the weakness) almost incapable of sup-
porting adversity."
"You, my friend, so determined in character, so resolutu in doing good!
You, whom I have seen struggling with as much energy as courage to carry out
triumphantly an honest and just scheme!"
"True, but the more I advance in my career, the more do repulsive and dis-
gusting things call up my aversion, and the less do I feel my power of facing
them."
"You would have courage enough, my friend, if any occasion presented itself."
"My dear Marcel," replied M. Hardy, with gentle and repressed emotion,
"I have often told you my mother was my courage. When, my friend, I was
with her, my heart tore by some black ingratitude, or revolted at some sordid
cheatery, taking my two hands between her two venerable hands, she said to
me, in her sweet and serious voice, 'My dear child, it is rogues and villains who
ought to be distressed; let us pity the wicked; let us forget the wickedness;
let us think only of the good'—then, my friend, my heart, painfully smitten,
expanded beneath the holy influence of this maternal advice, and every day I
found in her presence the necessary strength to begin next day the struggle
against the sad necessities of my condition. Fortunately, God has willed it,
that, after having lost this beloved mother, I have been able to link my exist-
ence to those affections, without which, I confess, I should feel myself weak and
unprotected, for you can scarcely believe, Marcel, the support, the strength I
find in your friendship."
"Speak no more of me, my friend," continued De Blessac, hiding his embarras-
sment. "Let us talk of another affection, almost as gentle and tender as that
of a mother."
"I understand you, my good Marcel," replied M. Hardy. "I have concealed
nothing from you, because in a most serious matter I have had recourse to the
counsels of your friendship. Yes, I think that every day of my life my adora-
tion for that woman increases, the only one I have ever passionately loved,
the only one whom now I shall ever love; and then, too, if I must tell all, my
mother, not knowing how dear Marguerite was to me, so often praised her, that
my love is almost sacred in my eyes."
"And, then, there are such strange coincidences between the character of
Madame de Noisy and your own, my friend; her idolatry for her mother par-
ticularly."
"True, Marcel; and this characteristic of Marguerite has often been to me a
source of equal admiration and torment. How often has she said to me with
her usual frankness, 'I have sacrificed all for you; but I would sacrifice you for
my mother.'"
"Happily, my friend, you can never fear that you will see Madame de Noisy
exposed to that cruel struggle. Her mother has long since given up the idea, as
you tell me, of returning to America, where M. de Noisy, who is perfectly care-
less about his wife, appears fixed forever. Thanks to the discreet devotion of
the worthy woman who brought Marguerite up, your love is buried in the deep-
est mystery. What could now trouble it?"
"Nothing! oh, nothing!" exclaimed M. Hardy. "I have even almost guarantees for its duration."

"What do you mean, my friend?"

"I do not know that I ought to tell you."

"Am I indiscreet, my friend?"

"You, my dear Marcel! I never fancied so for a moment," said M. Hardy, in a friendly but reproachful tone: "no; but I do not like to tell you of my happiness until it is complete; and there is still something wanting to the certainty of a delightful project."

A servant entered at this moment, who said to M. Hardy,

"Sir, there is an old gentleman who desires to see you on very pressing business."

"Already!" said M. Hardy, with slight impatience. "Will you allow me, my friend?"

M. de Blessac rose to withdraw into another room; but M. Hardy stopped him, smiling and saying, "No, no, remain. Your presence will abridge the interview."

"But if it be on business, my friend?"

"I transact that always openly, as you are aware." Then, turning to the servant,

"Desire the gentleman to come in."

"The postillion wishes to know if he shall go," said the servant.

"Certainly not. He will have to take M. de Blessac to Paris; let him wait."

The servant left the room, and returned immediately with Rodin, whom De Blessac did not know, as his treachery had been arranged by another agent.

"M. Hardy?" said Rodin, bowing respectfully, and looking first at one and then at the other of the two friends.

"I am he, sir, at your service," replied the manufacturer, in a bland tone; for, at the sight of this old, humble, and meanly-clad person, he thought he had come to ask for assistance.

"François Hardy!" repeated Rodin, as if he wished to make quite sure of the identity of the person.
"I have already had the honour to inform you, sir, that I am he."
"I have a private communication to make to you, sir," said Rodin.
"You may speak out, sir; this gentleman is my friend," said M. Hardy, looking toward M. de Blessac.
"But it is to you only that I wish to speak, sir," replied Rodin.
M. de Blessac was about to retire, when M. Hardy detained him by a glance, saying kindly to Rodin, fearing that the presence of a third person might annoy him if he was about to ask for alms,
"Sir, allow me to ask if it is on your own account or mine that you wish our interview to be private."
"Yours, sir; yours only," replied Rodin.
"Then, sir," replied M. Hardy, in great astonishment, "you may speak out. I have no secrets from this gentleman."
After a momentary silence, Rodin, addressing himself to M. Hardy, resumed the subject, saying,
"Sir, I know that you are worthy of the universal esteem in which you are held; you have a claim upon the sympathy of every honest heart."
"I am glad you think so, sir."
"I come as an honest man to render you a service."
"May I inquire the nature of this service, sir?"
"It is to expose an infamous deception practised on you, and by which you have been treacherously betrayed."
"You must be deceived, sir."
"I have undeniable proofs of what I advance."
"Proofs?"
"Written evidence of the perfidy I come to unmask; in a word, you have been basely deceived by a man you believed your friend."
"And his name?"
"M. Marcel de Blessac!" replied Rodin.
The person thus alluded to started at these words. A livid paleness overspread his features, and with difficulty he exclaimed, "Sir!"
Without looking at his friend, or perceiving his excessive agitation, M. Hardy caught him by the hand, exclaiming, with affectionate warmth, "Silence, my friend!" Then, with indignation sparkling in his eyes, he cried to Rodin, on whom he continued to gaze with supreme contempt,
"So then, it is M. de Blessac whom you accuse!"
"Is it?" answered Rodin, firmly.
"Do you know him?"
"I never saw him in my life."*
"Then how dare you utter his name? And of what do you accuse him?"
"Two words, if you please, sir," said Rodin, with an agitation he appeared striving to repress. "Supposing that one honourable man saw another equally honourable about to be murdered by a villain, would he do right or wrong in calling for assistance?"
"Of course he would do right, sir. But what connexion can this have with—"
"In my opinion, sir, there are certain acts of treachery as criminal as murder, and I am here to interpose between the executioner and his victim."
"Executioner! victim!" exclaimed M. Hardy, more and more surprised.
"I presume you are acquainted with the handwriting of M. de Blessac?" said Rodin.
"I am, sir."
"Then read this," said Rodin, taking from his pocket a letter, which he presented to M. Hardy, who, for the first time, casting his eyes upon his friend, started at beholding the mortal paleness of his countenance; for M. de Blessac possessed not the daring effrontery requisite for such as engage in treacherous proceedings.
"Marcel!" exclaimed M. Hardy, in terror, at this unexpected sight. "Marcel! for Heaven's sake, what means your silence—your paleness?"

"Marcel!" exclaimed M. Rodin, feigning the most painful astonishment. "Is this M. de Blessac? If I had known that—"

"Do you not hear what this man says, Marcel?" cried M. Hardy, seizing the hand of M. de Blessac; "he asserts that you have shamefully deceived me."

But the hand he grasped was cold as ice.

"God of heaven!" continued M. Hardy, shrinking back with a horrible dread, "he speaks not; he attempts not to reply."

"Since I find myself in the presence of M. de Blessac," said Rodin, "I am obliged to ask him if he can deny having addressed several letters to the Rue Milieu des Ursins, in Paris, under cover to M. Rodin."

M. de Blessac still preserved silence.

Unwilling to believe either his eyes or his ears, M. Hardy convulsively tore open the letter given him by Rodin, and hastily perused a few lines, occasionally breaking out in exclamations, expressive of the deep anguish he endured. He had no need to complete the reading to receive conviction of the black treachery of M. de Blessac. He staggered, and for a moment consciousness abandoned him: at this horrible discovery he was seized as with a vertigo; his brain reeled at the first look into the abyss of infamy that was opened before him. The hateful letter fell from his trembling hands. But soon indignation, rage, and scorn succeeding, he darted, pale and terrible, upon M. de Blessac.

"Wretch!" he exclaimed, with a menacing gesture—then, stopping at the moment when about to strike, he continued, with frightful calmness, "No! it would defile my hand!" Then he added, turning to Rodin, who had stepped forward to interpose, "It is your honest hand I should rather grasp, for you have had the courage to unmask a traitor and a villain."

"Sir!" cried M. de Blessac, sinking with shame, "I am at your disposal; and—"

He stopped, unable to continue. A noise of voices resounded from without the door, which opened violently, and an aged female rushed in, notwithstanding the efforts of a servant to prevent her, saying, in an agitated tone, "I tell you I must speak to your master!" At the voice and appearance of the pale, trembling, and distressed woman who stood before him, M. Hardy forgot alike M. de Blessac, Rodin, and the treachery practised upon himself. Starting with alarm, he exclaimed,

"Madame Duparc, what has happened?"
"Alas, monsieur, a heavy misfortune!"
"Marguerite?" exclaimed M. Hardy, in heart-rending tones.
"She has gone, sir."
"Gone!" repeated M. Hardy, terrified, as though the ground had opened beneath his feet.
"Marguerite gone?" he cried.

"All is discovered, and three days ago she was taken away by her mother," said the unhappy woman, in a faltering voice.

"Gone! Marguerite gone!" persisted M. Hardy. "Oh, it cannot be true! You are deceiving me;" and, without waiting for explanation, he rushed, bewildered and distracted, out of the house, hastened to the courtyard, where his carriage, to which post-horses had been attached, was waiting for M. de Blessac, and, springing into it, said to the postillion, "To Paris with all the speed you can!"

At the moment when the vehicle was proceeding with the rapidity of lightning along the road to Paris, the strong wind which prevailed brought the distant noise made by the Wolves, as they chanted forth their war-song, while hurrying to attack the manufactory.
CHAPTER V.

THE ATTACK.

EPT thus suddenly by M. Hardy, Rodin, who had not anticipated this abrupt departure, was going slowly to his coach, when he paused for a moment, starting with joy and surprise on seeing, at some distance, Marshal Simon and his father going toward one of the wings of the Maison Commune, for something had delayed, until this moment, the conversation of the father and son.

"Good!" said Rodin; "better and better! Now if my man has but found out and decided that little Rose-Pompon—"

At this instant the wind, which was still rising, brought to the Jesuit's ear the nearer sound of the war-song of the Wolves.

After having listened a moment very attentively to this distant noise, with his foot on the step, Rodin said, as he seated himself in the vehicle,

"The worthy Joshua Van Dael of Java little thinks, at this moment, that his bills on the Baron Tripcaud are in a fair way to become valuable."

And the hackney-coach went on toward the barrier.

Several workmen, who were on the point of starting for Paris to convey the reply of their comrades to certain propositions relative to secret societies, had been under the necessity of having a private conversation with the father of Marshal Simon, and hence the delay in his conversation with his son.

The old workman, the foreman of the factory, occupied two very pleasant rooms on the ground floor, at the extremity of one of the wings of the Maison Commune; a small garden of about sixty feet square, which he amused himself by cultivating, was close under his windows. The glass door which led to this was open, and allowed the sunbeams, warm for the month of March, to penetrate the simple apartment into which the artisan in his blouse, and the Marshal of France in his full uniform, now entered. Then the marshal, taking his father's hands in his own, said to him, in a voice so sad that the old man started at it,

"Father, I am very unhappy;" and a painful expression, until then repressed, suddenly darkened the noble features of the marshal.

"You unhappy?" exclaimed the elder Simon, with uneasiness, and going close to him.

"I will tell you all, my father," replied the marshal, in a tremulous voice, "for I require the counsel of your inflexible integrity."

"With respect to honour and loyalty, you have no occasion to ask counsel of any one."

"Yes, my father, you only can draw me from an uncertainty which is agonizing to me."

"Explain yourself, I beg of you."

"For some days my daughters have appeared under constraint—dejected. During the first moments of our meeting they were wild with joy and happiness; all at once that has changed, and they are, each day, more and more sad. Yesterday I surprised a tear in their eyes, and, filled with emotion, I clasped them to my heart, entreating them to tell me their grief. They made no reply, but threw their arms round my neck, and bedewed my cheeks with tears."
"That is very strange! To what can you attribute this change?"

"Sometimes I fear that I have not sufficiently concealed from them my sorrow at their mother's death; and the dear angels perhaps mourn because they see themselves insufficient for my happiness. Yet, strange to say, they seem not only to understand, but to share my sorrow. Yesterday Blanche said to me, 'How happy we should all be again if our mother was with us!'"

"They share your grief, and do not reproach you for it. The cause of their melancholy has another source."

"So I say, father; but what can it be? My imagination is exhausted in trying to find it out. What shall I say? Sometimes I go so far as to imagine that some fell demon has glided in between me and my children. The idea is absurd, I know; but when reason is at fault, we sometimes give ourselves up to the wildest suppositions."

"Who could desire to come between you and your children?"

"No one; that I know well enough."

"Come, come, Pierre," said the old workman, kindly, "wait—have patience—watch and scrutinize these poor young hearts with that solicitude which you feel, and I will answer for it you will discover some secret, no doubt, very innocent."

"Yes," said the marshal, looking steadfastly at his father; "yes, but to penetrate this secret, I ought never to leave them."

"Why should you leave them?" inquired the old man, surprised at the mournful air of his son. "Are you not now to be always with them—with me?"

"Who knows?" replied the marshal, with a sigh.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, in the first place, father, you know all the duties that keep me here. You know, too, those which may remove me from you, from my daughters, and my other child."

"What child?"

"The son of my old friend, the Indian prince."

"Djalma? Has anything happened to him?"

"Father, he alarms me."

"He?"

At this moment a loud noise, brought up by a violent gust of wind, was heard in the distance: the uproar was so great that the marshal paused a moment, and then added,

"What can that be?"

After having for an instant listened to the deadened sounds which became weaker and passed away with the wind, the old man said,

"Some noisy, tipsy singers from the Barriers, who are roving about."

"The sounds appeared to come from a large body of persons," replied the marshal.

He and his father again listened, but the noise had ceased.

"You were saying," resumed the old workman, "that this young Indian alarmed you. In what way?"

"I have told you, father, of his mad and unhappy passion for Mademoiselle de Cardoville."

"And does that frighten you, my son?" asked the old man, looking at him with surprise. "Djalma is only eighteen years of age, and at his time of life one love drives out another."

"If it were a mere commonplace love, father, you would say truly; but reflect, to the most dazzling beauty, Mademoiselle de Cardoville, as you know, unites the most noble, most generous disposition; and by a series of fatal circumstances—oh! yes, most fatal—Djalma has had an opportunity of appreciating the rare value of this elevated soul."

"You are right; and this is more serious than I thought."

"You have no idea of the ravages which his passion has made on this ardent
and untameable child. Sometimes to his painful depression succeeds the excitement of a savage ferocity. Yesterday I surprised him suddenly, as, with blood-shot eye, his features spasmodic with rage, and giving way to a wild phrensy, he was stabbing, with his poniard, a red cloth cushion, exclaiming, 'Blood—I have

his blood!' 'In Heaven's name!' I exclaimed, 'what means this madness?' 'I am killing the man,' he replied, in a gloomy voice, and with a wild air. He meant some rival whom he thought he had.'

"There is really something terrible in such a passion, in such a heart," said the old man.

"At other times," continued the marshal, "he directs his rage against Mademoiselle de Cardoville; and at others, against himself. I have been obliged to remove all his arms; for a man who came from Java with him, and who appears much attached to him, told me he suspected that he had some thoughts of suicide."

"Unhappy boy!"

"Well, my father," said Maréchal Simon, with deep bitterness, "it is at the moment when my daughters and this child of my adoption demand all my care, that I am, perhaps, on the eve of forsaking them."

"Forsaking them?"

"Yes, to satisfy a duty which is even more sacred than those imposed by friendship or ties of blood," said the marshal, with an accent so grave and solemn, that his father, full of emotion, exclaimed,

"What duty is it?"

"Father," said the marshal, after remaining pensive for a moment, "who made me what I am? Who gave me the title of duke, the baton of marshal?"

"Napoleon!"

"For you, a stern republican, I know he lost all his greatness when, from the first citizen of a republic, he became emperor."

"I lamented the weakness," sighed old Simon, "that converted a demigod into a man."

"But for me, father, for me, a soldier, who have fought constantly by his side, under his eyes; for me, whom he raised from the lowest ranks of the army to the highest; for me, whom he overwhelmed with kindness and affection, he was ever more than a hero. He has been a friend; and there was as much gratitude
as admiration in my idolatry of him. Exiled, I would have shared his exile; but the favour was refused me! Then I conspired and drew my sword against those who had despoiled his son of the crown which France had given him."

"And in your position you did rightly, Pierre; for, without sharing your admiration, I understand your gratitude; projects of exile, conspiracy, I have approved of all, as you know."

"Well, this disinherited son, in whose name I have conspired, is seventeen years of age, and now able to wield his father's sword."

"Napoleon II.!!" exclaimed the old man, looking at his son with extreme surprise and anxiety. "The King of Rome!"

"King! no, he is no longer King Napoleon—no, he is no longer called Napoleon; they have given him some Austrian name, for they were afraid of his other name—everything makes them afraid; and so, do you know what they are doing with the emperor's son?" inquired the marshal, with painful excitement; "they are torturing him—killing him by inches!"

"Who told you this?"

"One who knows, and who has said the truth—the dreadful truth. Yes, the emperor's son is struggling against a precocious death; his eyes are turned toward France; he waits—waits, and no one goes to him—no one; not one among all the men whom his father made as great as they were once small; not one—not one thinks of the consecrated child whom they are suffocating, and who is dying."

"And you—you think—"

"Yes, but to think, it was necessary that I should know, not have a doubt: it was not from the same source that I gathered all my information; I must accurately learn the cruel fate of this boy, to whom I also have taken an oath; for one day, as I have told you, the emperor, the proud and fond parent, pointing to him in his cradle, said to me, 'My old friend, you will be to the son as you have been to the father! for those who love us love our France also.'"

"Yes, I know it. You have often repeated those words to me; and, like yourself, I have been moved by them."

"Well, father, if, learning as I have done, how the son of the emperor suffers, I have seen—seen to a certainty—the most convincing proofs that I am not deceived; if I have seen a letter from a high personage at the court of Vienna, who offers to a man faithful to the worship of the emperor the means of entering into communication with the King of Rome, and, perhaps, of rescuing him from his executioners—"

"And then," said the artisan, looking steadfastly at his son, "when once Napoleon II. is free!"

"Then!" exclaimed the marshal: dropping his voice, he added, "Father, do you think that France is insensible to the humiliation she endures? Do you believe the remembrance of the emperor is worn out? No, no; it is in these days of abasement for our country that his sacred name is silently invoked. What would it be, then, if this glorious name again appeared on the frontier, revived in his son? Do you not believe that the heart of all France would beat for him?"

"This is a conspiracy against the existing government, with Napoleon II. as the war-cry," replied the old man. "It is a serious matter."

"Father, I told you that I was very unhappy; well, am I not?" cried the marshal. "Not only do I ask myself if I ought to abandon my children and you, to throw myself into all the hazards of so daring an enterprise, but whether I am not pledged to the existing government, which, in recognising my title and my rank, has not favoured me, but done me justice. What ought I to do? To abandon all I love dearest, or remain insensible to the tortures of the son of the emperor—that emperor to whom I owe everything, to whom, personally, I have sworn fidelity both to himself and his child? Ought I to lose this only occasion of, perhaps, saving him? or ought I to conspire for him? Tell me if I exaggerate what is due to the memory of the emperor! Speak, my father—
decide. During the whole sleepless night I have endeavoured to single out of this chaos the right line prescribed by honour; and yet I have gone from one indecision to another. You only, my father, I repeat it, you alone can guide me."

After remaining a few instants lost in reflection, the old man was about to reply to his son, when some person, after having run across the small garden, opened the door, and entered with great consternation into the room in which Marshal Simon and his father were.

It was Olivier, the young workman, who had escaped from the public house in the village, where the Wolves had assembled.

"M. Simon! M. Simon!" he exclaimed, pale and breathless, "they are here! they are come! they are going to attack the factory!"

"Who?" cried the old man, rising quickly.

"The Wolves, some quarrymen and stonemasons, and a crowd of idlers and vagabonds, who have joined them on their way. Hark! don't you hear them? They are calling out 'Death to the Devourers!'"

In fact, the noises grew more and more distinct.

"It was their noise I heard just now," said the marshal, also rising from his chair.

"There are more than two hundred, M. Simon," said Olivier. "They are armed with stones and clubs; and, unfortunately, the greater part of the workmen of the factory are in Paris. There are not forty of us left; the women and children have run to their apartments shrieking with affright. Don't you hear them?"

And the ceiling resounded beneath hasty footsteps.

"Will they make an attack in earnest?" said the marshal to his father, who grew more and more uneasy.

"I have no doubt of it," replied the old man. "There is nothing more fierce than these trade quarrels; moreover, for some time past, every mode has been employed to excite the people of the vicinity against the factory."

"If you are so inferior in numbers," said the marshal, "we must first barricade all the doors, and then—"

He could not finish. A loud burst of savage cries made the very windows shake, so near and so astounding, that the marshal, his father, and the young workman went instantly into the garden, bounded on one side by a tolerably high wall, beyond which were the fields.

The violence, the shoutings, and uproar redoubled; a shower of stones and huge flints, intended to break the windows of the house, dashed in several panes on the first floor, or, striking on the wall, fell in the garden, where the marshal and his father were standing.

Singular fatality! The old man was struck on the head by a large stone, and staggered, then stooping forward, fell, bleeding, into the arms of Marshal Simon, while resounded without, with increasing fury, the fierce cries of "Battle and Death to the Devourers!"
CHAPTER VI.

The Wolves and the Devourers.

It was a fearful thing to see this unrestrained mob whose first hostilities had been so disastrous to Marshal Simon's father.

One wing of the Maison Commune, where the garden wall ended on that side, looked upon the open fields; and it was here that the Wolves had begun their attack.

The haste of the march, the halts which the troop had made at two public houses on the way, the burning impatience for the struggle, had more and more urged these men to fierce excitement.

The first volley of stones having been thrown, the majority of the assailants looked for fresh weapons on the ground: some, to pick up their supplies with greater ease, held their sticks between their teeth, others had put them against the wall; and here and there several groups clustered tumultuously around the ring leaders of the party. The best clothed of these men wore blouses, or smock-frocks, with caps; others were covered only with rags; for, as we have already said, a considerable number of the idlers of the Barriers, and vagabonds of all descriptions, with hang-dog countenances, had joined the troop of Wolves from idleness or curiosity. Several hideous women, clad in squalid tatters, who seemed to start up suddenly to accompany this villainous mob, associated with them, and, by their shrieks and language, still more inflamed their excited minds. One of these, tall, stout, with purple complexion, drunken eyes, and toothless gums, had a handkerchief bound round her head, from beneath which her yellow and dishevelled hair escaped in tangled masses. She had a ragged gown, and a brown check shawl crossed over her breast, and tied in a knot behind. This hag seemed greatly enraged. She had tucked up her torn sleeves; in one hand
she brandished a thick club, and in the other she held a large stone. Her companions called her Ciboule (Onion).

This horrible wretch exclaimed, in a hoarse voice,

"How I long to bite the women of this factory! I'll bleed 'em!"

These savage words were received with loud applause by her companions, and with brutal shouts of "Vive Ciboule!" which excited her to madness.

Among the other ring leaders was a little thin man, pale and weasel-faced, having his black beard all round his chin and throat. He wore a scarlet Greek cap; and his long, new blouse covered a very well-made pair of cloth trousers, and boots of the best quality. This man was evidently of a different class in life from the others of the mob; and it was he who particularly took the lead in charging the workmen of the factory with insulting the inhabitants of the environs: he shouted loudly, but had neither stick nor stone. A stout man, with very red face, whose bass voice seemed as if it belonged to a chorister, said to him,

"What! then you will not fire on these impious hounds, whose sins may draw down the cholera on the country, as monsieur the curé says."

"I will fire better than you," replied the weasel-faced man, with a peculiar and sinister smile.

"And what will you fire with?"

"Perhaps with this stone," replied the little man, picking up a large flint; but as he stooped a bag, nearly filled, but very light, which appeared to have been fastened under his blouse, fell to the ground.

"Mind, you'll lose your bag and your cotton balls," said the other; "it does not seem very heavy."

"They are samples of wool," replied the weasel-faced man, picking up the bag with much haste, and concealing it under his blouse; then he added, "But attention! for I think the quarrier is going to speak."

The individual who exercised the most complete ascendancy over the excited assemblage was this fierce quarrier. His gigantic height so completely elevated him above the multitude that they could always see his enormous head enveloped in a ragged red handkerchief; his Herculean shoulders, covered with a yellow goat-skin, towered above the rest of this malevolent and swarming crowd, which was interspersed here and there with women's caps, like so many white points.

Seeing to what a pitch of exasperation the multitude had reached, the small number of honest but misled workmen, who had been dragged into the dangerous enterprise under pretence of a trade quarrel, dreading the consequences of the struggle, endeavoured, but too late, to leave the party; but, huddled together in the midst of the most hostile of the group, fearing to be branded as cowards, or to be attacked by the majority of the party they had joined, were awaiting a more favourable opportunity to effect their escape.

A profound silence succeeded the savage shouts that had accompanied the first volley of stones, which was broken by the stentorian voice of the quarrier.

"The Wolves have howled," he exclaimed; "we will wait a moment and see if the Devourers will reply and give battle."

"We must get them all out of the factory, and try and make them fight on neutral ground," said the little weasel-faced man, who appeared to be the "standing counsel" of the band, "or it will be a violation of domicil."

"Violation! what do we care for violation!" cried the horrible hag called Ciboule; "either inside or outside, I will tear out some of the eyes of those pole-cats in the factory."

"Yes, yes!" shouted the other hideous beldams, as ragged and raving as Ciboule, "yes! you men are not to have it all to yourselves."

"We will have our share!"

"The women of the factory say that all the women of the neighbourhood are drunkards and strumpets," exclaimed the little weasel-faced man.

"We'll pay 'em off for that!"
"We women must have our share in the battle!"
"This is our affair!"
"As they have singers in their Maison Commune," shouted Ciboule, "we'll teach them the air of 'au secours! on m'assassine!'—help! I am murdered!"
This brutal jest was hailed with cries, bravos, and tremendous stamping of feet, to which the stentor voice of the quarrier put an end by shouting, "Silence!"
"Silence! silence!" echoed the crowd; "hark to the quarrier!"

"If the Devourers are such curs as not to dare venture out after the second volley of stones, there is a door I see there; we will break in by that, and track them to their holes."
"It would be better to draw them out, so that not one of them remain in the interior of the factory," said the little weasel-faced man, who evidently had some design of his own.
"Oh, let's fight where we can!" exclaimed the quarrier, with a voice of thunder, "so that we can get them to 'the scratch,' that's all. We can fight on the edge of a wall, or the roof of a house, can't we, Wolves?"
"Yes, yes!" said the mob, excited by the quarrier's savage air; "if they won't come out, we'll force our way in."
"We'll see the inside of their palace!"
"These pagans haven't even a chapel," said the bass voice; "M. le curé has damned them all."
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"Why should they live in a palace, and we in dog-holes?"
"Why, Hardy's workpeople say that dog-holes are too good for such scum of the earth as you," cried the little man with the weasel face.
"Yes, yes! they did say so."
"Then we'll smash everything before us!"
"We'll demolish their fine bazar!"
"We'll turn their house out of windows!"

"And when we have made the drabs sing one of their squalling ditties," screamed Ciboule, "we'll make 'em dance to the music of good blows."

"Now, then, my Wolves, attention!" cried the quarrier, in his stentorian voice; "one volley more, and if the Devourers will not leave their holes, then down with the door."

This proposition was received with fierce uproar; and the quarrier, whose voice was heard above the tumult, exclaimed, at the top of his powerful lungs,
"Now, then, Wolves, attention! stones in hand, and together. Are you ready?"
"All ready."

"Then fire!"

And, for the second time, a cloud of stones and heavy flints were dashed furiously against the façade of the Maison Commune, which looked upon the fields. Some of those projectiles broke the window-panes which had escaped the first attack; and to the sharp sound of the smashed windows were added fierce shouts, all uttered simultaneously and like a threatening chorus, by this crowd, drunken with its own excess.

"Battle and death to the Devourers!"

But these cries became literally frantic when, through the broken windows, the assailants saw women running backward and forward, terrified, some carrying children, others tossing their arms in the air and calling for help, while some, more bold, opened the windows and leaned out to close the exterior shutters.

"Ah! the ants are moving," shouted Ciboule, stooping to pick up a stone; "we will help them with a few flints."

And the stone flung by the masculine and practised hand of the beldam struck an unlucky woman, who, leaning out of the window, was trying to draw the shutter toward her.

"A hit! I have touched the bull's eye!" exclaimed the hideous creature.
"Well aimed! well hit, Ciboule!" cried a voice.
"Ciboule forever!"
"Come out, you Devourers, if you dare!"
"They have said a hundred times that the people of the neighbourhood were too great cowards even to come and look at their house," said the little weasel-faced man.

"They're making up their minds."

"If they won't come out," shouted the quarrier, in a voice of thunder, "we'll smoke 'em out!"
"Yes! so we will."
"Let us drive in the door!"
"We must find 'em!"
"Come on! come on!"

And the crowd, headed by the quarrier, who was closely followed by Ciboule, brandishing a stick, marched forward, with a loud uproar, toward a large door which was at a short distance.

The resounding earth seemed to tremble beneath the hasty trampling of the mob, which was then silent; and this confused, and, as it were, subterranean noise, seemed even more threatening than the loud shouting.

The Wolves soon reached the door, which was of massive oak.

At the moment when the quarrier raised his heavy stone-cutter's hammer to strike against the door, it suddenly opened.
Some of the more resolute of the assailants were about to rush in by this entrance, but the quarrier retreated, extending his arms as if to moderate their ardour, and silence his party, who then grouped themselves around him.

The half-opened door revealed a body of workmen (unfortunately but very few) whose countenances bespoke resolution. They were hastily armed with pitchforks, iron tongs, and clubs. Agricola, at their head, held in his hand his heavy smith's hammer.

The young workman was very pale, but it was easy to see by the sparkle of his eyes, his bold air, and his determined demeanour, that his father's blood was boiling in his veins, and that, in such a struggle, he would become a terrible antagonist. Yet he restrained himself, and said to the quarrier, in a firm voice,

"What do you want?"
"Battle!" shouted the quarrier, with a voice of thunder.
"Yes, yes! battle!" echoed the crowd.
"Silence, my Wolves!" cried the quarrier, turning round, and extending his large hand toward the multitude.

Then, addressing Agricola,
"The Wolves demand battle."
"With whom?"
"With the Devourers."
"There are no Devourers here," replied Agricola; "there are none but peaceable workmen; so retire."
"Well, then, the Wolves will eat the peaceable workmen."
"The Wolves will not eat any one," said Agricola, looking full in the face at the quarrier, who approached him with a threatening aspect; "and the Wolves will make none afraid but little children."
"Oh, you think so?" said the quarrier, with a ferocious grin.

Then uplifting his heavy stonecutter's hammer, he put it close to Agricola's nose, saying,
"Is this a thing to laugh at?"
"And this?" said Agricola, who by a rapid motion met and vigorously repulsed the stonecutter's hammer with his smith's hammer.
"Iron against iron! hammer against hammer! I like that," said the quarrier.

"We do not know or care what you like," replied Agricola, hardly containing himself; "you have broken our windows, frightened our women, and wounded, perhaps killed, the oldest workman in the factory, who is at this moment in his son's arms;" and Agricola's voice quivered in spite of himself; "that is enough, I should think."

"No! the Wolves are more hungry than that," replied the quarrier; "you must come out; you set of curs, and give us battle."
"Yes, battle! Make them come out!" shouted the mob, yelling, hissing, shaking their sticks, and closing up, so as to narrow still more the small space which separated them from the door.

"We do not want battle," replied Agricola, "and we shall not leave this place; but, if you are foolhardy enough, pass this;" and Agricola threw his cap on the threshold, and put his foot on it with an intrepid air. "Yes; if you pass this, then you will attack us in our home, and you will be responsible for all that happens."

"In your home, or elsewhere, we will fight. The Wolves will eat the Devourers; so now for your attack," said the savage quarrier, raising his hammer against Agricola.

But the latter, moving aside by a rapid motion of his body, avoided the blow, and dashed his hammer at the breast of the quarrier, who was driven back a
step or two; but, recovering his balance, rushed furiously at Agricola, shouting, "Forward, my Wolves!"
CHAPTER VII.

THE RETURN.

The contest between Agricola and the quarryman was the signal for a general mêlée of the most determined and sanguinary kind. A dense mass of the assailants, following closely in the quarry's wake, pressed toward this point of attack with irresistible fury; while a considerable portion of the besiegers, unable to pass the confused heap of struggling beings, who were trampling on each other in fearful confusion, broke down a trellis, and, pouring upon the workmen belonging to the factory, hemmed them in between two fires. For a time the attacked party resisted courageously; but perceiving Ciboule, followed by some of her horrible associates and several of the loose hangers-on of the Barriers, whose evil countenances sufficiently attested their lawless designs, rushing up the staircase leading to the Maison Commune, where the women and children had taken refuge, the greater number precipitately pursued, in dread of the consequences to the weaker part of the establishment. Seeing the interruption offered to their progress, some of Ciboule's companions turned quickly round upon the workmen, and effectually cutoff the pursuit by the staircase, while the hag herself and a rabble of both sexes made their way, without molestation, into the chambers they approached, plundering or destroying all that fell in their way.

A door, which at first resisted their efforts, was quickly broken open, and Ciboule, brandishing her staff, and half wild with savage triumph, rushed in, madened by the uproar. Within the apartment was a second door, conducting to an inner apartment, and before it knelt a beautiful girl (it was Angèla), who seemed as though she had previously endeavoured to defend the entrance against the intruders by throwing her slender weight against the door by which the rioters had entered. Pale as marble, the terrified girl, without rising from her knees, exclaimed, in supplicating tones,

"I implore of you not to harm my mother!"

"Ay, ay!" screamed the hag, "we will tackle you first; your mother shall come next!" and, suitting the action to the word, Ciboule grasped the half-fainting girl, trying to scratch her face, while her companions occupied themselves in smashing the various articles of furniture with their bludgeons, or in stealing whatever was portable. Struggling alike to escape from the rage of Ciboule, and to prevent her entering the chamber in which her mother had taken refuge, Angèla uttered loud and piercing cries; while her mother, leaning from her window, called upon Agricola to come to their assistance. The smith had commenced a second deadly encounter with the quarryman. Their hammers were useless in the close quarters to which they had now come. With glaring eyes, balls and clenched teeth, chest against chest, wresting, twisting in each other's firm embrace, each strove by every art to throw his antagonist. Agricola, who was stooping, held the left leg of his adversary under his right arm, having accomplished this manoeuvre when bending to avoid a violent kick aimed at him by his enemy; but such was the Herculean power possessed by the chief of the Wolves, that, although obliged to support himself entirely on one leg, he stood fixed and immovable as a tower of stone. With the hand which was free (the other was gripped by Agricola as though fixed in a vice) he sought, by repeated blows, to break the jaws of the young smith, who, with bent head, was using his forehead with all his might against his adversary's chest.

"Here goes to knock all the teeth out of the Devourer's mouth!" cried the quarryman. "He will devour no more!"

"You are no Wolf!" exclaimed the young smith, redoubling his efforts.
"The real Wolves are brave fellows, who would be ashamed to fight ten against one."

"Wolf or not, I mean to smash your teeth for you!"

"Look out for your leg, then!"

So saying, the smith gave so violent a wrench to the quarryman's leg, that, uttering a scream of agony, the latter, suddenly stretching out his head, bit Agricola deep on the side of his neck. The pain occasioned by this brutal attack caused the smith to let go his assailant's leg, when, making an almost superhuman effort, the quarryman threw himself with all his weight upon Agricola, who staggered and fell under him.

At this instant the mother of Angela, leaning from one of the upper windows, screamed out, in accents of distress, "Help! help! M. Agricola; my child is murdered!"

"Let me go!" exclaimed Agricola, gasping for breath; "let me go, I say, and, upon the word of an honest man, I promise to finish our quarrel to-morrow, or when you please!"

"No, no! no second-hand dishes for me. I like my meat when it is hot," returned the quarryman, seizing the smith by the throat with one hand, while with the other he held him down, trying at the same time to kneel upon his chest.

"Help! for God's sake, help!" reiterated Angela's mother, in a distracted voice, "or my daughter will be murdered!"

"Mercy, mercy! I ask for mercy," exclaimed Agricola, striving by the most desperate efforts to escape from his adversary. "Let me go, I say!"

"I am too hungry!" replied the quarryman.

Rendered furious by his dread of the peril Angela might be in, Agricola redoubled his efforts, when, just as his strength was failing him, an unexpected turn was given to the combat. The quarryman felt himself seized by a sharp set of teeth on the fleshy part of his leg, while three or four powerful blows, dealt by a vigorous arm, were applied to his head. Letting go his hold, he fell upon one hand and knee, while with the other hand he tried to parry the blows, which ceased, however, as soon as Agricola was at liberty.

"Thanks, dear father!" cried the smith, rising up; "you have saved my life. Heaven grant it may not be too late to save that of Angela!"

"Run, run, my boy! never mind me!" exclaimed Dagobert; and, without waiting for a second bidding, Agricola rushed on toward the Maison Commune.

Accompanied by Killjoy, Dagobert, as has been already mentioned, had attended the daughters of Marshal Simon to visit their grandfather. Arriving in the midst of the tumult, the soldier had rallied a party of the terrified workmen,
and set them to defend the entrance of the chamber into which the father of the marshal had been carried; and it was from this post that the old veteran had observed the danger of his son.

A rush of combatants soon separated Dagobert from the quarrier, who lay extended on the ground for some moments without consciousness.

Agricola, flying on the wings of impatience, soon reached the staircase, and, wrought up to more than his usual energy by the danger of her he loved, cleared his way through the opposing crowd, who in vain disputed his passage, and rushed toward the corridor on which opened the chamber of Angela. At the moment when he arrived there, the poor girl was mechanically defending her face with her two hands against Ciboule, who had fallen upon her like a hyena on her prey, and was endeavouring to scratch and tear her cheeks.

Agricola, with the speed of thought, rushed at the horrible hag, seized her by her yellow and matted locks with irresistible strength, and, flinging her from him, stretched her on her back with a violent and effective jerk.

Ciboule, though so rudely attacked, still exasperated with rage, rose instantly. At this moment several workmen, who had followed Agricola, were gaining the advantage in the contest, and while the smith lifted Angela half fainting in his arms, and conveyed her to another chamber, Ciboule and her gang were forcibly driven away from this part of the house.

After the first rally, the very small number of real Wolves, who, as Agricola said, were steady workmen who had had the weakness to allow themselves to be ensnared into this enterprise under a pretext of a companionship quarrel, seeing the excess which the ruffians, who had accompanied them against their wills, had committed—these brave Wolves, we must state, suddenly took part with the Devourers.
"It is no longer a question of Wolves and Devourers," said one of the most determined Wolves to Olivier, with whom he had been boldly and freely fighting. "Here are none but honest workmen, who ought to unite to get rid of a gang of robbers, who have only come to rifle and rob."

"Yes," added another, "it was against our wishes that they began to break the windows of your house."

"It was the quarryman who begun all the riot," said another. "The real Wolves repudiate it altogether. He will suffer for this."

"We may bully and squabble a bit with each other, but we do not esteem one another the less."

This defection of a portion of the assailants, unhappily but a very small portion, still gave fresh courage to the workmen of the factory, and all Wolves and Devourers, although greatly inferior in numbers, united against the scamps of the Barriers and the other vagabonds who were advancing to such deplorable lengths.

One band of these wretches, excited and stimulated by the little weasel-faced man, the secret emissary of Baron Tripeaud, went in a body to the workshops of M. Hardy. Then there commenced a lamentable devastation, for these ruffians, full of rage and destruction, broke remorselessly machinery of the most costly description and tools of the most delicate construction; goods half completed were pitilessly destroyed, and a savage emulation exciting these villains, the workshops, so lately models of economical arrangement and orderly toil, now presented but broken fragments. The yards were blocked up with goods of all descriptions, which were flung out of the windows with fierce shouts or bursts of atrocious laughter. Then, too, thanks to the suggestions of the little weasel-faced man, M. Hardy's books of business, those commercial archives so indispensible to the merchant, were flung to the winds, torn, trampled under foot by a sort of infernal ring, composed of all that was most foul and infamous in this assemblage—men and women, dirty, ragged, and destructive, who had taken each other by the hand and were circling round while uttering horrid shrieks and clamour.

Strange and painful contrast! Within hearing of these horrible scenes of tumult and devastation, a scene of painful and imposing calmness was going on in the chamber of Marshal Simon's father, where several devoted men were watching.

The old workman was stretched on a bed, his head wrapped in a bandage; his features were livid, his respiration oppressed, and his eyes fixed, but without any sight in them. Marshal Simon, standing at the head of the bed, bending over his parent, was gazing with anxiety and despair for the smallest sign of sense in the dying man, whose sinking pulse a doctor was feeling. Rose and Blanche, brought by Dagobert, were kneeling at the bed with their hands clasped, their eyes bathed in tears. A little farther off, and half hidden in the shadow of the chamber—for the hours had flown, and night had come on—was Dagobert, with his arms folded over his breast, and his features working convulsively.

There reigned a profound and solemn silence in the apartment, broken from time to time by the stifled sobs of Rose and Blanche, or by the painful breathing of old M. Simon.

The eyes of the marshal were dry, gloomy, and burning; he never moved them from off his father's face unless to interrogate the doctor by his look.

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* We beg it may be understood by the reader that it is only the necessity of our story which has assigned to the Wolves the character of aggressors. While we are endeavoring to illustrate one of the abuses of companionship, which, by-the-way, are daily diminishing, we would not willingly assign a character of savage hostility to one party more than the other—to the Wolves more than to the Devourers. The Wolves, who are stonemasons, are usually very hard-working, intelligent workmen, whose position is the more deserving of interest, insasmuch as their labours, of almost mathematical precision, are severe and toilsome, and as their business sometimes stands still during three or four months of the year, it being one of those which the winter inevitably precludes. A great many Wolves, in order to learn their trade thoroughly, follow every evening a course of lectures on linear geometry, applied to the cutting of stones, analogous to those taught by M. Agricola Ferdiguier for carpenters. Several stonemasons exhibited an architectural model in plaster at the last exhibitions.
There are singular fatalities. This doctor was M. Baleinier. The maison de santé of the doctor was close to the barrier nearest the factory, and, being famous in the environs, they had run to his house first to seek medical assistance.

Suddenly Dr. Baleinier made a movement. Marshal Simon, who had not taken his eyes from off him, cried, “Hope!”

“At least, M. le Duc, the pulse is somewhat stronger.”

“He is saved!” exclaimed the marshal.

“Don’t give way to false hopes, M. le Duc,” replied the doctor, gravely; “the pulse is recovering, but it is the result of the powerful stimuli which I have applied to his feet; but I cannot pronounce what may be the issue of this crisis.”

“My father, my father! do you hear me?” exclaimed the marshal, when he saw the old man make a slight movement of the head, and his eyelids worked gently.

In effect, he soon opened his eyes; and intelligence beamed in them once more.

“Father, you live! Do you recognise me?” exclaimed the marshal, overcome by joy and hope.

“Pierre, are you there?” said the old man, in a feeble tone. “Your hand; give—” and he moved a little.

“There, dear father,” cried the marshal, pressing the old man’s hand in his own.

Then, yielding to a burst of irrepressible joy, he threw his arms around his parent, and covered his hands, face, and gray hair with kisses, exclaiming,

“Thanks, thanks, my God! he is spared! he lives, he lives!”

At this instant the noise and tumult, occasioned by the renewal of the combat between the Wolves and Devowers, reached even the ears of the dying man.

“That noise, that noise!” he cried. “What means it, and those wild shouts! Are our people fighting?”

“It is all over now, I believe,” said the marshal, hoping to tranquillize his father.”

“Pierre,” said the old man, in a feeble, broken tone, “I have not—long to—”
"Dearest father!"

"My son, my beloved son! let me speak to you—while—I am yet able; let me tell you—"

"Sir," said Baleinier, earnestly, to the old workman, "Heaven may yet work a miracle in your favour. Seek to invoke its aid through the mediation of a priest. Let us send for some holy man."

"I thank you, sir," replied the old artisan; "but I need no priest. I have lived a long and an honest life, and fear not to resign my spirit to Him who gave it. But my last sighs shall be breathed in the arms of my worthy and excellent son."

"Talk not of dying, my father, I implore you," cried the marshal. "It cannot—not be!"

"Pierre," said the old man, in a tone which, though firm at first, became gradually weaker and weaker, "you asked me a short time since my advice—touching an affair of deep importance; and it almost seems as though the desire—to point out to you—what your duty to yourself and others requires of you—has recalled me for a time to life—for I could not die in peace—if I knew you were about to commit any action unworthy—of you or your family. Listen, then—my son—my brave, beloved son. At this solemn moment—a parent cannot give wrong counsel; you have a weighty and most serious duty to perform; therefore, as you would act as becomes a man of honour—and avoid disobedience to my dying commands—you must—unhesitatingly—"

The old man's voice became more and more feeble; and by the time he had uttered the last words, it was entirely unintelligible. The only words which, by bending closely over his father, the marshal could distinguish were, "Napoleon II.—oath—dishonour—my son." After which, the lips of the old workman continued for some time to move mechanically—all was over.

At the moment when M. Simon expired, the stillness of the night was disturbed by loud cries of "Fire, fire!" and flames burst out from a portion of the workrooms, filled with inflammable materials, into which the little weasel-faced man was seen to glide; while from afar might be heard the beating of drums, announcing the approach of a detachment of troops, sent for from the Barrier.* * * * * * *

Spite of every effort to subdue the fire, the flames had now for more than an hour preyed upon the manufactory; and, in the clear frostiness of the starlight night, it blazed and crackled as the strong northerly wind increased its fury. An individual was at this moment making his way across the fields, but prevented, by an elevation of the ground before him, from seeing the fire. This person was M. Hardy, who had chosen to walk home across the fields, in the hope of finding relief from the fever which preyed upon him—a fever deadly as the anguish shiver of a dying man.

He had been told but too true a tale: the adored mistress, the noble-minded woman whose affection would have consoled him for the fearful deception practised on him, had quitted France! Alas! there was no reason to doubt it. Marguerite had departed for America; and, in obedience to her mother's command, had not even written one line to reconcile him to her loss. Her mother had expected from her that she should thus bitterly expiate her forgetfulness of her marriage vows, and Marguerite had obeyed the stern decree. Often had she said to her lover, "I could never hesitate between my mother's wishes and your affection." Too faithfully had she followed this doctrine of maternal obedience; she was gone, and no hope remained. The ocean rolled its waters between himself and the object of his love, whom he knew to be too blindly obedient and submissive to her mother to leave a hope of ever again beholding her. No; all was ended between them, and each was to the other as though such a being had never existed; so that he could no more promise himself the soft sympathy of Marguerite's love to console him for the shock his heart had received in the treachery of his dearest friend. Thus, then, were the two most cherished objects of his soul torn away, plucked rudely from the heart in which they were enshrined, broken, destroyed forever, and that at the same time, almost by the same blow.
What, then, is left the poor, sensitive being his mother called her mimosa? where shall he seek consolation for his lost love? or whither turn for healing balm to cure those wounds perfidy and treachery had dealt by the hands of him he esteemed as a second brother? Bethink thee, thou heart-stricken mourner, of that blessed spot thou createdst after thine own image—of that happy, flourishing colony where, thanks to thee, labour reaps its reward and full enjoyments—think of the worthy fellows who hourly bless thy name, who hast rendered them prosperous and respectable as men, and whose well-merited gratitude will ever be yours. With them you will find a true and noble affection and gratitude; return, then, to the worthy artisans, who will hail thy coming with un mixed and unfeigned joy, and there be thine asylum, thy shelter, amid all the wreck of thy hopes and dreams of trust and affection.

The peaceful calm of this smiling retreat, the sight of the matchless happiness enjoyed there by the beings thou hast so largely benefited, will heal thy lacerated wounds and pour comfort into thy bleeding heart.

Yet a little farther, and thou mayest behold from the summit of yonder hill, afar off in the plain, that paradise of labour, and for such as labour, erected by thee, and where thou art deservedly worshipped and blessed as a god.

M. Hardy ascended the small elevation which had hitherto concealed the factory from his view.

At this moment the flames, which had been for a time repressed, broke out with additional fury from the windows of the Maison Commune, whither the conflagration had now extended.

A bright light, first white, and then glowing red and deep copper colour, illuminated the horizon for miles round.

M. Hardy gazed with a species of bewildered stupefaction at the appalling sight.

All at once an immense body of flames rushed up amid a whirlwind of smoke, accompanied by a shower of glittering sparks and pieces of fire, lighting up the country for a considerable distance, and bringing its glowing reflection to the very spot where M. Hardy stood. The violence of the northerly wind alternately driving and repressing the flames, which curled and wreathed beneath its influence, quickly brought to the ears of its wretched owner the hurried sounds of the alarm-bell belonging to the blazing factory.
A few days have elapsed since the burning down of M. Hardy's factory. The following scene takes place in the Rue Clovis, in the house where Rodin had a lodging, which he had now quitted, the house, also, inhabited by Rose-Pompon, who, without the slightest scruple, availed herself of the menage of her friend Philemon.

It was about noon; Rose-Pompon was alone in the student's chamber, breakfasting very gayly at the corner of her fire. But what a singular breakfast! what a peculiar fire! what an odd chamber!

Let the reader imagine a tolerably large apartment, lighted up by two windows without curtains; for, as the look-out was an open space, the occupier of the room had no fear of curious eyes. One side of the room served for dressing in, and there hung, on a large cloak-pin, the gallant Débardeur's costume, appertaining unto Rose-Pompon; not far from the waterman's vest, belonging unto the Philemon aforesaid, with his wide trousers of coarse gray cloth, as entirely smeared all over with tar as if this intrepid navigator had occupied the maintop of a frigate during a voyage round the world. A gown of Rose-Pompon's hung gracefully over the legs of a pair of pantaloons with feet to them, which seemed as if coming out of the bottom of the skirt. Placed on the lower shelf of a small bookcase, very dusty and neglected, there was, beside three old boots (why three boots?) and a considerable amount of empty bottles, a death's head, a souvenir of astrology and friendship, left to Philemon by a friend and fellow-student in medicine. With a pleasantry very common in the Pays Latin (the quarter in which the medical students in Paris most do congregate), this head held between its teeth, which were splendidly white, a clay tobacco-pipe, with a blackened bowl; besides this, the shining skull was half concealed beneath an old rakish-looking hat, put on knowingly on one side, and covered with faded flowers and ribbons. When Philemon was drunk, he used very gravely to contemplate this ossuary, and gave vent to sundry monologues of dithyrambic vein, relative to the philosophical connexion between death and the foolish joys of this life.

Two or three plaster masks, with their noses and chins more or less damaged, were nailed to the wall, testifying the temporary bent Philemon had had for the science of phrenology, that patient and reflective study, whence he had drawn the undeniable conclusion, that having, to an extraordinary degree, the bump of debt, it was necessary that he should resign himself to the fatality of his organization, which imposed on him a creditor as a vital necessity.

On the mantel-piece stood intact, and in all its majesty, the full-dress glass of the aquatic, having on the one side a china teapot, which had lost its spout, and on the other an inkstand of black wood, whose orifice was half concealed beneath a green and mossy bed of vegetation.

From time to time the silence of this retreat was interrupted by the cooing of the pigeons, to which Rose-Pompon had given a cordial hospitality in Philemon's study. Chilly as a quail, Rose-Pompon kept close to the fireside, and seemed to rejoice greatly in the soothing influence of the sunbeams which shone brightly upon her.

The whimsical little creature had on a very odd costume, but one which sin-
gularly brought out her fresh youth of seventeen, her *piquante* features, and her attractive manner, while her beautiful light hair was (as usual) carefully combed and arranged.

Rose-Pompon had, with great ingenuity, put on over her own *chemise* the large scarlet woollen shirt of Philemon, part of his rowing costume. The collar, open and falling down, showed the whiteness of the young girl's own garment, while her neck and dimpled shoulder were so fair that the scarlet shirt seemed reflected in them with a rosy tint. Her fresh and well-turned arms came from beneath the large tucked-up sleeves, and her well-formed legs, crossed over each other, were clad in a tight, white silk stocking, met at the ankle by a small slipper. A black silk handkerchief fastened the scarlet shirt round the wasp-like waist of Rose-Pompon, and gave to the attire a grace worthy of a modern Phidias, and perfectly original.

We have said that the fire at which Rose-Pompon sat was singular; our reader may judge. The extravagant jade, the prodigal puss, finding herself short of wood, was economically warming herself with Philemon's boot-trees, which, it must be confessed, offered to the eye a combustible that burned with admirable regularity.

We have also said that Rose-Pompon's breakfast was singular; let the reader judge. On a small table before her was the basin into which she had recently dipped her fresh and pretty face, in water no less fresh; from the bottom of this basin, now metamorphosed into a salad bowl, Rose-Pompon took, it must be confessed, with the tips of her fingers, some large leaves of salad, as green as grass, and seasoned with vinegar, enough to choke most persons; then she craunched these verdant vegetables with all the power of her small white teeth, whose enamel was proof against such dangers, while, as a beverage, she had mixed a glass of water in sirup of currants, and stirred up the mixture with a small wooden mustard-spoon. As a wind-up, there were a dozen olives in one of those little blue and opaque glass trays, that fetch about thirteen pence halfpenny; and her dessert consisted of nuts, which were roasting on a shovel nearly red-hot from the flames of Philemon's boot-trees.

That Rose-Pompon, with food of such incredible and wild taste, was worthy of her name from the brilliancy of her complexion, is one of those divine miracles which reveal the omnipotence of youth and health.

Rose-Pompon, having craunched her salad, was about to munch her olives, when a gentle tap was heard on the door, which was discreetly bolted.

"Who's there?" said Rose-Pompon.

"A friend— an old acquaintance," said a sonorous and mirthful voice; "why have you fastened your door?"

"What! is it you, Nini-Moulin?"

"Yes, my beloved pupil. Open instantly—my business is urgent."
"Open to you—really now—what, as I am? that would be nice!"

"I should say so! As you are now would be nice—very nice indeed! Ah! rosiest of all the roses that the little god Cupid ever nestled among—"

"Go—go, and preach Lent and morality in your newspaper, fat apostle!" said Rose-Pompon, returning the scarlet shirt to the rest of Philemon's costume

"Ah, now, are we really going to have a long talk in this way through the keyhole, for the extreme edification of all the neighbours?" said Nini-Moulin.

"You must reflect that I have very important things to tell you—things that will astonish your weak nerves."

"Well, then, give me time just to slip on my gown, you old plague!"

"Oh! if you are afraid of shocking my modesty, I beg you will not overrate my delicacy. I am not at all squeamish, and am quite willing to take you as you are."

"Here's a pretty darling for the sanctified elect!" said Rose-Pompon, opening the door with one hand, while with the other she finished fastening her dress about her nymph-like shape.

"Well, here you are, back again in your dove-cote, pretty bird of passage!" said Nini-Moulin, crossing his arms and looking at Rose-Pompon, with a serious air. "And whence have you arrived, I should like to know? For three whole days you have not perched here, naughty little dove!"

"Quite correct, Nini; I only returned last night. So, then, you called during my absence?"

"Every day, and sometimes twice a day, mademoiselle, for I have very serious things to talk to you about."

"Serious things! oh, then, what a laugh we shall have!"

"Quite the contrary; it is a very serious affair," said Nini-Moulin, seating himself. "But, in the first place, what have you been doing during the three days that you have deserted this domicil, so conjugal and Philemonic? I must know that before I say another word."

"Will you have some olives?" said Rose-Pompon, as she masticated one of the oleaginous berries.

"Oh! that's your answer; I take. Unhappy Philemon!"

"There's no unhappy Philemon in the case, slanderer. Clara has had a death in her house, and, during the first few days after the burial, she was afraid of sleeping alone all night."

"I thought Clara was quite well provided against all such alarms."

"Then, great viper, you are mistaken, for I went to the poor girl's to keep her company."

At this declaration, the religious writer hummed between his teeth, with an air perfectly incredulous and derisive.

"What! you mean to insinuate that I have been playing Philemon some tricks?" exclaimed Rose-Pompon, cracking a nut with all the indignation of virtue unjustly suspected.

"I did not say tricks, but one little trick, small, and couleur de Rose-Pompon."

"I repeat to you that it was not for my pleasure that I went away from here, on the contrary, for, during the time, poor dear Céphyse has gone away."

"Yes, the Queen Bacchanal has gone on her travels; Mother Arsène told me that. But when I talk to you of Philemon, you answer me with Céphyse, and that is not a clear way of reply."

"May I be eaten up by the black panther which they show at the Porte Sainte Martin, if I do not speak true. And, a propos of that, you must have two stalls, and take me to see these animals, my dear Nini-Moulin; they tell me these savage brutes are such loves."

"Why, are you mad?"

"Mad?"

"True, I may guide your youth as a rollicking grandpa, in the midst of tulips, more or less storm-blown; for I do not risk finding any of my pious paymasters
there; but to take you to a Lent spectacle, for there are nothing but the beasts to be seen, why, I should meet nothing but the 'elect,' and very nice I should look with you under my arm!"

"Put on a false nose, and straps under your trousers, my stout darling, and no one would know you."

"I am not talking about false noses, but of what I have to tell you, since you assure me you have no new love-affair on hand."

"I swear it," said Rose-Pompon, solemnly, extending her left hand horizontally, while with the right she conveyed a nut between her teeth, and then she added, with a surprised air, as she contemplated the crammed pockets of Nini-Moulin's paletot-sac,

"Ah! what great pockets you have got! What can you have stuffed in them?"

"Matters which concern you, Rose-Pompon," replied Dumoulin, in a serious tone.

"Me?!"

"Rose-Pompon," said Nini-Moulin, with a majestic air, "would you like a carriage? Can you prefer a splendid suite of rooms to this frightful dog-hole? Would you like to be a duchess?"

"Nonsense—more fun! Come, will you take some olives? if not, I shall finish them all—there's only one left."

Without replying to this gastronomic offer, Nini-Moulin rummaged in one of his pockets, whence he extracted a case containing a very pretty bracelet, which he dangled before the eyes of the young girl.

"Oh, what a love of a bracelet!" she said, clasping her two small hands together. "A green snake biting his tail—emblem of my love for Philemon."

"Don't mention Philemon's name, it annoys me," said Nini-Moulin, clasping the bracelet round Rose-Pompon's wrist, who made no opposition, but laughed like a mad thing, and said,

"It is a purchase you have had to make for some one, stout apostle, and you want to try the effect. Well, really, it is a very charming trinket."

"Rose-Pompon," replied Nini-Moulin, "will you or will you not have servants, an opera-box, and a thousand francs a month for the expenses of your toilet?"

"Still carrying on the joke! Go on, go on," said the young girl, making the bracelet sparkle while she ate the nuts. "But why do you keep on at the same jest? why don't you find some others?"

Nini-Moulin's hand again dived into his pocket, and this time he drew out a magnificent chain and châtelaine, which he put round Rose-Pompon's neck.

"Oh, what a duck of a chain!" exclaimed the young girl, looking alternately at the sparkling gem and the religious writer. "If you also selected this, you have really excellent taste; but ain't I a good girl to allow myself to be made into a show-window for your trinkets?"

"Rose-Pompon!" said Nini-Moulin, even more majestically than before, "these trifles are nothing compared with what you may aspire to, if you listen to the counsels of your old friend."

Rose-Pompon began to look at Dumoulin with surprise, and said to him, "What does this mean, Nini-Moulin? Explain, I beg of you. What counsels do you mean?"

Dumoulin made no reply, but again dishing his hand into his unworn pockets, he this time drew forth a parcel which he carefully untied. It was a splendid mantelet of black lace.

"What a superb one! I never saw its fellow! What a lovely pattern, and how splendidly embroidered!" said Rose-Pompon, examining it with close scrutiny, and, it must be added, with utter disinterestedness; then she added, "Why, have you got a whole shop in your pocket? Where did you get so many fine
"Perfectly serious."

"Your proposal to live as a great lady?"

"These jewels are the guarantee of the reality of these offers."

"And is it you, my poor dear Nini-Moulin, who propose this to me on behalf of another?"

"One minute, if you please," said the religious writer, with an air of comic solemnity; "you ought to know me too well, O most cherished of wards, not to feel quite sure I should be the last person to persuade you to any improper proceeding. No, I have too much self-respect for that, even if I could forget that my so doing would be an insult to Philemon, who has confided to me the charge of your virtue and morality!"

"Come, Nini-Moulin," said Rose-Pompon, more and more bewildered, "leave off talking all this nonsense; for, upon my word and honour, I don't understand a word you are saying."

"Yet nothing can be more simple. I—"

"Oh, now I see!" exclaimed Rose-Pompon, interrupting Nini-Moulin; "somebody has fallen in love with me, and sends you to offer me his hand and heart, with a few pretty little et ceteras, just to coax me to accept them. Why could not you have said so at once?"

"Somebody wanting to marry you!" cried Dumoulin, shrugging up his shoulders; "I should rather think not!"

"Nothing about being married!" cried Rose-Pompon, falling back into her original surprise.

"Nothing whatever, my little dear."
"But the proposals you have to make are strictly correct, are they not, my fat apostle?"
"Pure as your own eyes or diamonds of the first water." And here Dumoulin spoke the truth.
"You will not ask me to betray poor dear Philemon?"
"Not in the most trifling degree."
"Or bind me to be faithful to any one else?"
"Certainly not."
For a few moments Rose-Pompon remained utterly speechless from utter confusion of ideas; then, impatient at all this bewilderment, she exclaimed, "Come, now, do leave off all this nonsense. I am not quite such a simpleton as to imagine that anybody would think it worth while to set me up for a duchess for nothing; for what should there be in my appearance to induce any person to take so much trouble about me?" said the sly girl, with a well-assumed expression of modest humility.
"What should they see? Why, everything the heart could desire."
"But still," said Rose-Pompon, more and more perplexed, "what am I required to give in return for all this?"
"Nothing at all."
"Nothing?"
"Not so much even as this," said Nini-Moulin, biting the end of his nail.
"Well, then, if I am to give nothing, what shall I have to do?"
"Nothing in the world, but to look as pretty as possible, amuse yourself, and ride about in a carriage. So, you see, your duties will not be very fatiguing; added to which, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are assisting in a good action."
"By living like a duchess?"
"Yes; therefore pray do not ask me any farther questions, for, indeed, I could not answer them if I would; besides, you will not be obliged to remain against your will. Just try the life I propose to you: if it suits you, continue it; if not, you will be at liberty to return to your Philemonic establishment whenever you please."
"That is fair enough."
"Well, then, I say, try it. What do you risk by so doing?"
"Nothing, certainly; but I cannot persuade myself you are in earnest; besides," added she, hesitatingly, "I scarcely know whether I ought."

Nini-Moulin went to the window, opened it, and said to Rose-Pompon, who ran to see what he was looking at, "What is that before the door of the house?"
"A nice, pretty little carriage, upon my word! Oh dear! oh dear! how I should like to have just an hour's ride in it!"
"Well, then, you may have your wish as soon as you like, for that carriage is yours, and is there to await your orders."
"Waiting for me?" said Rose-Pompon; "why, must I make up my mind this very minute?"
"Or refuse altogether."
"Must I positively give an answer to-day?"
"This very minute."
"But where are you going to take me?"
"How should I know!"
"Not know where you yourself are to conduct me? Nonsense!"
"Indeed, I do not" (and again Dumoulin spoke the truth); "the coachman has his orders."
"Now do you know all this is excessively droll, Nini-Moulin?"
"I hope so; if it were not, where would be the pleasure?"
"You are right."
"So, then, you mean to accept my offer. That's well; I am delighted at it, both for your sake and my own."
"How for yours?"
"Because, by accepting what I propose, you will render me a great service."
"Render you a service? How! in what manner? what sort of a service?"
"Never mind how, provided you do serve and oblige me."
"Certainly; then I don't care about knowing how."
"Now, then, shall we go?"
"After all, why need I be afraid? They can't eat me or drink me," said Rose-Pompon, resolutely, as she skipped to a closet, and took from thence a pretty little pink cap, which she arranged before a cracked mirror, placing it so as to display her snow-white neck, with the silky roots of her glossy hair, thus giving to her youthful features a look of archness almost amounting to pleasure-seeking joy. "And now for my cloak," said she to Nini-Moulin, who appeared wonderfully relieved since she had made up her mind to accept his proposition.

"A cloak, indeed!" returned the cicisbeo, feeling for the last time in his last pocket—a regular wallet—from which he drew a magnificent Cashmere shawl, which he placed on the shoulders of Rose-Pompon.

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed the astonished girl, out of breath with so joyful a surprise, "what a love of a shawl! a real, downright Cashmere, I declare!" Then, with an expression of countenance indicative of the heroic determination of her mind, she added, "I have decided; yes, I will run whatever risks are before me!" So saying, she lightly descended the stairs, followed by Nini-Moulin: the worthy dealer in fruit and charcoal was, as usual, in her shop.

"Good-morning, mademoiselle," said she to the young girl; "you are up betimes this morning."

"Yes, so I am, Mother Arsène. Here is my key."

"Thank you, mademoiselle."

"Oh, my goodness!" said Rose-Pompon, turning quickly round to Nini-Moulin, and speaking in a low voice, drawing him, at the same time, to a distance from the porteress; "but now I think of it, suppose Philemon—"

"Suppose what?"

"That he should return!"

"Oh, the d— 1!" said Nini-Moulin, scratching his ear.

"Yes, what will Philemon say, I should like to know, if he arrives before I come back! Am I wanted for long?"

"You will be absent three or four months, I believe."

"Not more!"

"I think not."

"Oh, very well, then," said Rose-Pompon; then returning to the fruit-woman, she said, after a minute's reflection, "Mother Arsène, if Philemon should arrive, tell him I am gone out upon business."

"I will, mademoiselle."

"And tell him to wait till I come back, and not to be fidgety."

"I'll be sure to say so, mademoiselle."

"And desire him on no account to forget to feed my pigeons that are in his room."

"I'll not fail to give your message, mademoiselle."

"Good-by, Mother Arsène."

"Good-by, mademoiselle."

And with these parting words, Rose-Pompon triumphantly ascended the carriage in company with Nini-Moulin.

"D— I take me," said Jacques Dumoulin, "if I can guess what is to be the upshot of all this! However," he added, as the carriage drove rapidly from the Rue Clovis, "I have made up for my late blunder, and now I care nothing for the rest of the affair."
CHAPTER II.

THE SECRET.

The following scene occurred a few days after the carrying off of Rose-Pompon by Nini-Moulin.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville was seated, and in a deep revery, in her private room, hung with green damask, and having an ebony bookcase, relieved by tall caryatides of bronze.

By certain significant signs, it was evident that Mademoiselle de Cardoville had sought in the fine arts for distraction from sorrowful and serious reflections. Near an open piano was a harp, placed before a music-stand. On a table, covered with boxes of crayons and sketches, were several sheets of drawing-paper, covered with highly-coloured sketches. The greater number were of Asiatic scenery, warmed with all the glow of an Eastern sun.

Faithful to her fancy for dressing herself when at home in a picturesque manner, Mademoiselle de Cardoville resembled, on this occasion, one of those haughty portraits of Velasquez, with their noble and aristocratic look. Her gown was of black watered silk, very full in the skirt and very long in the waist, with slashed sleeves, puffed out with pink satin embroidered with jet tags. A Spanish frill, very much starched, reached almost to her chin, and was confined round her neck by a red riband. This collar sloped gradually over the pink satin corsage, laced with jet beads, and terminated in a point at the waist.

It is impossible to describe how perfectly this black dress, with its ample and bright folds, relieved by the pink and shining jet, harmonized with the dazzling whiteness of Adrienne’s skin, and the golden hues of her beautiful hair, which fell in long and silky ringlets down to her waist.

The young girl was half sitting, half reclining on a canseuse covered with green damask, the back of which was high toward the chimney, and gradually sloped down to the feet. A kind of light trellis of gilt metal, semicircular, about five feet high, was covered over with splendid passion-flowers, which were planted in a deep flower-box of ebony, whence the trellis proceeded, and thus covered the
couch with a sort of screen of foliage and large flowers, green without and purple within, and as highly enamelled as those flowers which we see on the Saxon porcelain. A sweet and delicate perfume, like violets and jasmine mingling, was emitted from the corollae of these splendid passiflores quadrangulosa.

It was strange to see the large quantity of new books (Adrienne had bought them two or three days before), only recently cut open, which were scattered about her, some on the couch, others on a small stand; and among others were large atlases, with engravings, lying on the splendid marten-skin carpet which was spread at the foot of the sofa. Still more strange, these books, of different size and by different authors, all treated of the same subject.

Adrienne's posture revealed a sort of melancholy depression: her cheeks were pale, while a light and bluish ring round her half-closed black eyes gave them an expression of the deepest sadness.

Many motives conspired to cause this dejection, and among others was the disappearance of La Mayeux: without entirely believing the pernicious insinuations of Rodin, who implied that in her fear of being unmasked by him she had not dared to remain in the house, Adrienne still experienced a cruel and heartfelt pain when she reflected that this young girl, in whom she had such faith, had fled from her almost sisterly hospitality without leaving her one word of grateful adieu; for they had taken care not to show to her benefactress the few lines which the poor seamstress had hastily written before she departed, and had only mentioned the note for 500 francs found in her bureau; and this fact, which was so inexplicable, had also contributed to excite most painful suspicions in the mind of Mademoiselle de Cardoville. She already experienced the sad effects of that mistrust of all and everything which Rodin had counselled; that distrust and reserve becoming the more powerful as, for the first time in her life, Mademoiselle de Cardoville, until then a stranger to falsehood, had a secret to conceal—a secret which was at once her happiness, her shame, and her torment.

Half reclining on her divan, thoughtful and melancholy, Adrienne, frequently lost in revery, turned over one of her newly-purchased volumes, when suddenly she gave a slight shriek of surprise; the hand which held the book trembled like a leaf, and she began to read with passionate attention and with the most eager curiosity. Soon her eyes kindled with enthusiasm, her smile became ineffably sweet, and she seemed at once proud, happy, and delighted; but at the moment when she had turned over another page, her features expressed disappointment and vexation.

Then, again, she recurred to that part which had caused her such delicious emotion; but this time she perused it with careful slowness, spelling, as it were, each page, and each line, and each word; then from time to time she paused, and then, pensively, with her brow bent, and leaning on her lovely hand, she seemed to ponder in deepest reflection over the passages which she had just read with such tender and enthusiastic love. Arriving soon at a passage which so deeply impressed her that a tear started in her eyes, she turned the volume suddenly to ascertain its author's name. For some seconds she contemplated this name with an expression of singular gratitude, and at length pressed it to her vermilion lips. After having, again and again, read and re-read the lines which had so affected her, and then, no doubt, forgetting the letter in the thought, she fell into a fit of musing, so deep that the volume slipped from her hand and fell on the floor.

During this revery the eyes of the young lady mechanically rested on a beautiful bas-relief, supported on an ebony easel, and placed near one of the windows.

The splendid bronze, recently cast from a plaster mould of the antique, represented the triumph of the Indian Bacchus, and never had the Grecian art attained higher perfection. The youthful conqueror, half clothed in a lion's skin, which did not conceal the juvenile purity and beauty of his limbs, bore the stamp of divinity, standing erect on a car drawn by two tigers, with an air at once mild
and commanding. He leaned with one hand on a thyrsus, and with the other
guided his savage team with tranquil majesty. By the rare mixture of grace,
strength, and calmness, it was easy to recognise the hero who had so boldly con-
tended with his fellow-men and the monsters of the forest.

The yellow tone of the light which was cast on this sculpture on one side
brought out the figure of the youthful deity admirably; and as the relief was
very high, thus lighted, it stood out like a splendid statue of pale gold from the
dark and shaded bronze ground.

When Adrienne had first glanced at this rare combination of divine perfection,
his features were calm and pensive; but her contemplation, at first almost me-
chanical, becoming more and more attentive and reflective, the young girl rose
suddenly from her seat, and, approaching slowly toward the bas-relief, appeared
to be gradually impressed with the singular resemblance.

Then a light tint began to suffuse the cheeks of Mademoiselle de Cardoville,
which gradually spread over her cheeks, brow, and neck. She approached
nearer to the bas-relief, and after having cast around her a furtive glance, as
though ashamed and fearing to be surprised in a guilty action, she twice raised
her head, trembling with emotion, in order to touch, with the tips of her rosy
fingers, the forehead of the Indian Bacchus.

But twice, with a sort of modest hesitation, she paused. At last the tempta-
tion became too strong, and giving way to the impulse, she, with her alabaster
finger, after having delicately caressed the pale, gold countenance of the young
god, pressed somewhat more tardily, for a second, his noble and pure fore
head.

At this pressure, light as it was, Adrienne seemed to undergo an electric shock,
and trembled violently; her eyes half closed, and after having swam for an in-
stant in their humid brilliancy, she raised them toward heaven and closed them
for an instant, as if they were weighed down by feeling; then her head fell back,
hers knees bent insensibly, her vermilion lips half opened to allow her warm
breath to escape, and her bosom throbbed as if all the force of youth and life ac-
celerated its beatings and impelled her blood; and then the burning countenance
of Adrienne betrayed, in spite of herself, a sort of joy at once timid and impas-
sioned, chaste and sensitive, whose expression was unutterably touching.

It is, in truth, unutterably touching to see a young virgin whose chaste brow
first blushes with secret love. Does not the Creator of all things love the body
of His creatures as well as the soul, His divine spark? Ought He not to be re-
ligiously glorified in the mind, as well as in the senses, with which He has so pa-
ternally gifted His creatures? Then they are impious blasphemers who seek to stifle
divine sensations, instead of guiding and harmonizing them with their heavenly
source.

Suddenly Mademoiselle de Cardoville shuddered, raised her head, opened
her eyes as if she were recovering from a dream, retreated quickly, and left the
bas-relief, and then made several turns in the apartment, greatly agitated, and
holding her burning hands to her forehead.

Then falling, almost exhausted, on a seat, her tears flowed abundantly; bitter
grief was depicted in her countenance, which thus revealed the fierce internal
contest under which she was suffering.

Then her tears gradually dried, and to this crisis of agony succeeded a sort
of violent anger, extreme indignation against herself, which might be guessed
from the words that escaped her.

"For the first time in my life I feel that I am weak and cowardly—oh! yes,
cowardly! very cowardly!"

The noise of a door which opened and shut roused Mademoiselle de
Cardoville from her painful revery. Georgette entered, and said to her mis-
tress,
"Will mademoiselle receive M. le Comte de Montbron?"

Adrienne, knowing good taste too well to betray to her women any annoyance at a visit ill-timed, said to Georgette,

"Did you say to M. de Montbron I was at home?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"Then, pray, ask him to come in."

Although Mademoiselle de Cardoville felt at this moment exceedingly annoyed at the arrival of M. de Montbron, yet we should say that she felt for him an affection that was almost filial, a high esteem, and at the same time, by a contrast which is, however, very common, she almost invariably found her opinion entirely opposed to his; and the consequence was, that when Mademoiselle de Cardoville had her mind perfectly free, discussions extremely gay and animated took place, in which, notwithstanding his vein of mockery and skepticism, his lengthened experience and profound knowledge of men and things, and (let us add) his worldly tact, M. de Montbron had not always the best of the debate, and he acknowledged his defeat with the gayest good humour.

Thus, that we may give some idea of the disagreements between the count and Adrienne, he had, before he became, as he said, her accomplice, always opposed (from other motives than those alleged by Madame de Saint-Dizier) her desire to live alone and as she chose, while, on the contrary, Rodin, assigning to the motives of the young girl on this point a certain degree of greatness, had acquired a sort of influence over her.

The Comte de Montbron, then turned sixty years of age, had been one of the most brilliant men of the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire: his extravagance, his bons-mots, his wit, his duels, his loves, his losses at play, had constantly occupied the society of the age in which he lived. As to his disposition, his heart, and his habits, we will add, that he had continued always on terms of the closest friendship with all his old mistresses. At the time when we present him to the reader, he was still a high and a lucky player; he had, as they used to say, a very aristocratic look, a decided manner, yet clever and somewhat sarcastic; his habits were those of the best society, with a sort of impertinent rillery, when he did not like his company; he was very tall and thin, and still graceful in his figure, and, moreover, youthful; his forehead was high and bald; his hair white and short; his gray whisker cut en croissant; his face was long; his nose aquiline; his blue eyes were very penetrating; and his teeth still in excellent preservation.

"Monsieur le Comte de Montbron," said Georgette, opening the door.

The count entered, and kissed Adrienne's hand with a kind of paternal familiarity.
"Now, then," said M. de Montbron to himself, "let us try and discover the truth I have come to learn, in order to prevent what may else perchance be a great calamity.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONFESSION.

Unwilling to expose the violence of the feelings by which she was agitated, Mademoiselle de Cardoville received M. de Montbron with a forced appearance of excessive gayety, while he, on his part, spite of his perfect self-possession, found himself somewhat at a loss how to commence the subject he was desirous of discussing with Adrienne, and therefore resolved (as it is commonly called) to feel his way before entering upon the serious conversation he intended to hold with her. After looking fixedly at his fair companion for some seconds, M. de Montbron shook his head, and said, with a half-mournful sigh,

"My dear child, I do not feel perfectly happy."

"What is the matter with you, my dear count?" said Adrienne, smiling; "are you suffering from headache? or does fortune frown just now?"

"Mine is, indeed, a pain in the heart!"

"Nay, nay, count! I cannot think it possible that the most skilful player in France should suffer more from the coolness of some adverse beauty, than he would experience were the dice unpropitious."

"Still, my dear child, I have a sore pain at my heart, and, stranger still, it is on your account."

"Upon my word, count," said Adrienne, laughing, "you will make me quite vain."

"Indeed, my child, I have no expectation that what I am about to say will in any way excite your vanity, for, in truth, I have to reproach you with neglecting your beauty. Look only at your pale, dejected, and careworn features, the melancholy which has hung about you for several days: I am sure—quite sure, all this has its origin in some secret source of grief."

"My dear M. de Montbron, your penetration is so justly acknowledged, that you may be fairly allowed to err for once in your judgment without its affecting your well-earned reputation; and certainly you err greatly in thinking me either sad or troubled with any secret sorrow; and if I durst venture to speak what I think without fear of being styled vain and conceited, I should say, I have never seemed more captivating than I do at this present moment."

"And yet such is not your real opinion, but put into your head by some false and perfidious whisperer. Is this flattering friend a female?"

"No," replied Adrienne, with a slight emotion, "it was my own heart, which never deceives me!" Then added, "Understand—if you can."

"Do you mean by that to imply that you rejoice in the difference your features present from what they did a few days ago, because you are proud of the internal suffering which preys upon you?" inquired M. de Montbron, examining Adrienne attentively. "In that case, then, I was right. You have some hidden grief. I am the more determined upon maintaining this assertion, because it affords me equal pain with yourself."

"Then, once for all, my kind friend, let me beseech you to banish such an idea from your mind, for it is impossible for any one to be more happy than myself. The simple thought that I am free—yes, at my age, wholly free and unfettered—is alone sufficient to preserve my beauty from fading or my spirits from failing."

"Yes, you are indeed free to torment yourself—free to be wretched how and in what manner you think fit."
II.—F
"Come, come, dear count," said Adrienne, "we shall begin our old habit of disputing over again. I begin to set you down as the ally of my aunt and the Abbé d'Aigrigny."

"I? Yes, certainly; much after the fashion that the Republicans are the allies of the Legitimists; they affect to be on friendly terms the better to compass each other's destruction. But, à propos of your detestable aunt, I heard that for the last few days a sort of conclave has been held at her house—that considerable agitation has been evinced by the various members of it—in fact, that it may be looked upon as a sort of peculiar commotion. Ah! your aunt is travelling a nice road!"

"What else can be expected from one whose life has presented such completely opposite tastes! There was a time when she was ambitious of enacting the part of the Goddess of Reason; now she seeks to be canonized as a saint. And wherefore should she not attain her wish, since she has well qualified herself to be admitted into the Saint's Calendar under the title of Saint Magdalen?"

"Say what you will of her, my dear child, it can never be more severe than she deserves; however, though certainly for very opposite reasons, I always was of her opinion as regarded your fancy for living alone."

"I know you were."

"And because I wish to see you a thousand times more free in every respect than you are at this moment, I advise you, faithfully and conscientiously—"

"To marry!"

"To be sure I would; and in that case your dear liberty, with all its consequences, would belong, not to Mademoiselle de Cardville, but to Madame— whatever you please; for we should have found you an excellent husband, who would have been responsible for your independence."
"And pray," said Adrienne, smiling, "who would have been responsible for this contemptible husband? And what woman would degrade herself so far as to accept a name laughed at and ridiculed by all? Not I, certainly!" continued the fair speaker, a little agitated. "No, no! my dear count; I alone will be answerable for my actions, whether right or wrong, and to my name shall be affixed the praise or blame of my words and opinions, for it would be as impossible to cast dishonour on the name of another as it would be for me to bear that name, unless it were surrounded with universal respect and esteem. Now, as I can answer for my own determination, never, by word or thought, to sully the name I received from my ancestors, and cannot possibly undertake for my husband (had I one) being equally tenacious of the purity of his, why, I prefer to remain as I am—Adrienne de Cardoville."

"No living creature ever indulged in such ideas."

"You say so," answered Adrienne, smiling, "because I object to the sight of a poor young girl being tied for life to some disagreeable, selfish individual—to barter her youth, her smiles, her freshness, for the dull privilege of being called his better half. Ah! the very notion makes me feel pettish. As well might a charming rose be obliged to become the better half of an ugly thistle! Come, come, dear count," said Adrienne, bursting into a laugh, "you must confess there is nothing very tempting in this conjugal metempsychosis!"

The false gayety and feverish excitement of Adrienne contrasted so strikingly with the paleness and suffering depicted in her countenance, it was so easy to perceive that all these forced spirits were merely intended to drown some internal grief, that M. de Montbron found himself deeply touched by the melancholy sight. Still concealing his emotion, he appeared, for a short space, to be deeply reflecting, and mechanically took up one of the books recently purchased and cut open, by which Adrienne was surrounded. After casting a hasty glance over it, he said, while striving to dissimulate the painful ideas awakened by the forced mirth of Mademoiselle de Cardoville,

"You terrible madcap! Well, let us have one more attempt to prove my case. Suppose, now, that I were only twenty years of age, and that you were to do me the honour of espousing me, you would then be styled Madame de Montbron, I suppose?"

"Perhaps I should."

"How do you mean perhaps? Why, if you were my wife, do you mean to say you would not bear my name?"

"My dear count," replied Adrienne, smiling sweetly, "cease to pursue a hypothesis which leaves me only regrets!"

All at once M. de Montbron made a sudden start, and surveyed Mademoiselle de Cardoville with an expression of profound surprise. During his conversation with Adrienne, the count had mechanically taken up the different volumes scattered about on the sofa on which they were both seated, and, with an equally natural action, had vaguely cast his eyes over their contents. The first book he opened bore for its title, "Modern History of India;" the second, "Travels in India;" the third, "Letters on India." More and more surprised, M. de Montbron continued his investigation, and found this Indian nomenclature followed up by the fourth volume, "Excursions in India;" the fifth, "Remembrances of India;" the sixth, "Notes of a Traveller to the East Indies."

Hence arose an astonishment so great, and for several reasons so profoundly agitating, that M. de Montbron found it impossible to conceal from the penetrating eyes of Mademoiselle de Cardoville how deeply it affected him.

Adrienne, however, having totally forgotten the presence of the accusing volumes by which she was surrounded, and instigated by an involuntary feeling of petulance, blushed somewhat in displeasure at the fixed gaze with which her companion seemed trying to read her innermost thoughts; then, resuming the usual frankness of her manner, she, in her turn, looked steadily in the face of M. de Montbron, and said, in the most natural manner possible,
"My dear count, what have you found to astonish you so greatly?"

But instead of a direct reply to her question, the count appeared even more absorbed and earnest than before, while, still contemplating the fair girl, he murmured forth, as if speaking to himself,

"No, no; it cannot be—it is impossible! and yet—"

"Would there be any objection to my knowing the subject of your monologue, my dear count?" said Adrienne, with a merry laugh.

"I beg your pardon, my child; but, in truth, my surprise has been too much for me at seeing—"

"Seeing what, pray?"

"Such evident marks of your all-absorbing interest in whatever appertains to India," said M. de Montbron, slowly pronouncing his words, and fixing a penetrating glance on the features of Adrienne as he uttered them.

"Well, and what do you infer from that?" inquired Adrienne, boldly.

"I infer nothing; but I am lost in conjectures as to the cause of this sudden passion—"

"Oh, you wonder I should have so geographical a taste, and probably think it too grave a study for one of my age! But, then, you know, my dear count, we must have some pursuit for our leisure hours; and besides, since I have been aware of my relationship to the half-civilized Indian, who writes himself my cousin and a petty prince, I have felt some curiosity to obtain an idea of the fortunate land which gave birth to my interesting, though savage protégé."

These latter words were spoken with a bitterness that struck M. de Montbron forcibly; still, therefore, continuing attentively to watch the expression of Adrienne's features, he merely replied,

"You appear to express yourself somewhat severely as regards the prince."

"Not at all; I speak with the utmost indifference."

"And yet he is deserving of a very different sentiment."

"Probably," answered Adrienne, coldly; "but it must be from a person of very different ideas to my own."

"He is so wretched!" said M. de Montbron, in a tone of unfeigned sympathy; "I saw him two days ago, and really it grieved me to the heart to behold his misery."

"And what have I to do with his sufferings!" exclaimed Adrienne, in a voice of painful impatience, almost amounting to anger.

"I should wish you, at least, to pity the torments he endures," replied the count, with a serious manner.

"Pity, and from me!" exclaimed Adrienne, with a look of offended pride; then, repressing her emotion, she said, coldly, "You are jesting, no doubt, M. de Montbron, when you ask me to take an interest in the love-sick torments of your pet prince."

These last words of Adrienne were pronounced with a manner so freezingly contemptuous, while her pale and painfully-contracted features betrayed so bitter a pride, that M. de Montbron said, sorrowfully,

"It is, then, true—too true! and I have not been deceived—I, who fancied that, from long years of faithful friendship, I had some claims on your confidence,
have been kept in the dark, while you have unbosomed yourself to another. This, I must confess, pains me deeply—severely."

"I do not understand you, M. de Montbron."

"It is useless," continued the count, carried away by the violence of his feelings, "to employ any farther concealment. I see but too plainly that there is no hope left for my poor boy—you love another!" And, seeing Adrienne start, as if taken by surprise, he continued, "Yes, yes; it is evidently so; your melancholy for several days past, your invincible indifference to all that concerns the prince, abundantly prove that you love—"

Offended at the manner in which the count assumed a knowledge of her heart, she replied, with proud dignity,

"You are doubtless aware, M. de Montbron, that a secret surprise is not a confidence, and, I must add, that your language greatly astonishes me."

"But, my dearest girl, if I use the sad privilege of experience—if I divine, if I venture openly to speak of the state of your heart—if I even go so far as to find fault with you for having bestowed your affections, it is because the life or death of that poor young prince, whom you know I love and cherish as fondly as though he were my son, is involved in the matter. No one can be acquainted with my interesting protégé, without feeling the most tender concern in all that refers to him; and from my heart I wish it had been otherwise, as regards the state of your affections."

"It would be strange, indeed," replied Adrienne, with increased coldness, mingled with bitter irony, "if the bestowal of my love (even admitting that my heart entertained such a feeling) should have so strange an influence on Prince Djalma! What can it import to him whom I love?" she added, with a sort of disdain that was almost painful to behold.

"What does it matter to him?" rejoined the astonished count. "My dearest child, you must permit me to say that 'tis you who indulges in jests far too cruel! Why, when the wretched youth, loving you with all the wild ardour of a first passion, has been driven by despair twice to seek in death a termination to the torments he has undergone on your account, you appear astonished that the fact of your loving another should become with him a question of life or death."

"Does he, then, love me?" asked the trembling girl, in a tone and manner impossible to describe.

"Does he? ay, better than a hundred lives! I can answer for it; I have seen it."

Adrienne appeared almost stupified at these words; a bright rush of blood suffused her before so pale countenance, then, quickly receding, left her paler than before, while her pale lips trembled as though with words she sought in vain to speak; then placing her hand against her heart, she appeared as though essaying to stay its throbbing.

Terrified at the rapid change in the features of Adrienne, as well as at her alarming agitation, M. de Montbron approached her hastily, saying, "For Heaven's sake, my child, what is the matter?"

But, instead of making any reply, she merely waved her hand, as though to allay his fears; and soon, indeed, the apprehensions of the count were set at rest, for the lovely countenance, which had been a few minutes before contracted by disdain, irony, and grief, appeared suddenly lit up by the softest, sweetest emotions; the sensations she experienced were so ineffably delicious that it seemed as though she were unwilling to break the blessed spell by pronouncing a single word; then suddenly came the distressing suggestion that she might still be under the influence of some illusion or deceit, and addressing M. de Montbron, she exclaimed, in a voice of agony,

"But you—you are not deceiving me—'tis true he loves me, is it not? Oh, speak and say so!"

"What I tell you?"

"Yes, yes—that Prince Djalma—"
"Loves you to distraction. Alas! 'tis but too true."

"No, no!" cried Adrienne, with the most enchanting simplicity, "it cannot be too true!"

"How?" exclaimed the count.

"But this female?" inquired Adrienne, as though the very question scorched her lips.

"What female?"

"She who was the cause of all his suffering."

"My child, I know of no other than yourself!"

"I? Oh, say that again! Say it was I only who occasioned all the agony the prince endured!"

"My beloved child, have confidence in me when I assure you that the prince has never felt a sigh for any one but yourself, and never have I known a more sincere or touching passion."

"'Tis, then, true—his heart has never loved another than myself? Oh, say I am right! Speak, dear friend!"

"You are, indeed; you, and you alone, are the object of his soul's idolatry."

"Yet I was told—"

"By whom?"

"By M. Rodin."

"That Djalma—"

"That two days after our meeting, the prince had fallen desperately in love with another, and that other utterly unworthy of him."

"M. Rodin told you so?" cried M. de Montbron, as though struck with some sudden idea; "why, he it was who plunged a dagger in the heart of Djama by telling him that you were passionately in love with another."

"I?"

"Which threw the unhappy prince into the state of despair I have described."

"And it was my distress at learning that Djalma's love was not for me that produced the grief and melancholy you observed in me."

"But it seems that you return his passion even as warmly as he loves you," exclaimed M. de Montbron, in a transport of joy.

"Oh, do I not?" responded Mademoiselle de Cardoville, clasping her hands in a paroxysm of delight.

Some gentle taps at the door here interrupted Adrienne.

"Some of the servants, doubtless," said the count; "strive to collect yourself."

"Come in," said Adrienne, in a voice that betrayed her deep emotion.

Florine appeared.

"What is it?" inquired her mistress.

"M. Rodin has just been; but fearing to disturb you, madam, he would not come in, but left word he would return in half an hour: will it be agreeable to you to receive him?"

"Yes, yes!" said the count, to Florine; "and though I should still be with your young lady, show him in all the same. Shall it not be so?" inquired M. de Montbron of Adrienne.

"Certainly," replied the happy girl, a gleam of indignation sparkling in her eyes at the recollection of Rodin's perfidy.

"The old villain!" exclaimed M. de Montbron; "I always suspected him."

Florine quitted the room leaving her mistress alone with M. de Montbron.
CHAPTER IV.

LOVE.

ADEMOISELLE DE CARDOVILLE's countenance was quite altered. For the first time, her beauty shone forth in all its lustre; until now veiled by indifference or depressed by grief, a dazzling sunbeam suddenly lighted it up.

The slight irritation caused by Rodin's perfidy had passed like an imperceptible shadow across the young maiden's brow. Of what import were now these falsehoods, these treacheries? Were they not now unveiled?

And for the future, what human power could come between herself and Djalma, now so sure of each other? Who would dare to struggle against these two beings, so resolute and strong in the irresistible potency of their youth, love, and liberty? Who would dare to follow them into that warm sphere in which they, so handsome, so happy, were about to be united in lasting love, protected and defended by their happiness, an armour that was proof against all attacks?

Florine had scarcely gone out, when Adrienne approached M. de Montbron with a rapid step. She seemed taller as she advanced, light, triumphant, and glowing. She was, indeed, a divinity walking on the clouds.

"When shall I see him?"

This was her first word to M. de Montbron.

"Why, to-morrow; he must be prepared for so much happiness; a sudden and unexpected joy may be too terrible to a disposition so ardent."

Adrienne remained for a moment pensive; then she said, suddenly,

"To-morrow—yes; not before to-morrow; I have a superstitious feeling in my heart."

"What is it?"

"You shall know: He loves me! This word expresses, includes everything—comprises all, is all; and I have a thousand questions on my lips in reference to him, still I will not ask one before to-morrow. No; because, by a revered fatality, to-morrow is a sacred anniversary. From now till then I shall live an age; but I can wait. Look here!"

Then, making a sign to M. de Montbron, she led him to the Indian Bacchus.

"What a strong likeness!" she observed to the count.

"In truth," he said, "it is strange."

"Strange?" replied Adrienne, smiling; "strange that a hero, that a demigod, that an ideal of beauty should resemble Djalma?"

"How you love him!" said Montbron, deeply moved, and almost dazzled at the happiness which shone in Adrienne's countenance.

"I must have suffered a good deal, must I not?" she said, after a moment's silence.

"If I had not decided on coming here to-day, without any assignable reason, what would have happened?"

"I do not know; I should have died, perhaps, for I am smitten here (and she put her hand upon her heart) incurably. But what would have been my death will now be my life."

"Horrible to think of!" said the count, with a shudder; "a passion, concentrated like yours, and as proud as you are—"
"Yes, proud, but not disdainful; and thus, on learning his love for another, and learning that the impression which I believed I had made on him at our first meeting was instantly effaced, I had renounced all hope without being able to renounce my love; and, instead of flying from my memory, I surrounded myself with all that could recall it. "When happiness is lost, there is still a bitter joy in suffering from those we love."

"I can now understand your Indian library."

Adrienne, without any reply, went to the stand, whence she took one of the newly cut open books with an expression of joy and happiness.

"Yes, I am very proud! Look! read that; read it aloud, I beg of you. I repeat, I can wait until to-morrow."

And with the tip of her beautiful finger she pointed out a passage to the count in the book which she presented to him.

She then went and, as it were, concealed herself on her caresse; and then, in an attitude profoundly attentive and listening, with her body leaning forward, and her hands crossed on the cushion, her chin leaning on her hand, her large eyes fixed with a kind of admiration on the Indian Bacchus in front of her, she seemed, in this impassioned depth of contemplation, to prepare to listen to M. de Montbron's reading.

He, very much surprised, began, after having looked at Adrienne, who said to him, in the softest and sweetest tone possible, "And very slowly, I entreat of you."

M. de Montbron read the following extract from the journal of a traveller in India:

"When I was in India, at Bombay, in 1829, they were talking in all English societies of a young hero, son of——"

The count paused for a second at the barbarous pronunciation of the name of Djalma's father; Adrienne said quickly, in a soft tone, "Son of Kadja-Sing."

"What a memory!" said the count, with a smile.

And he continued:

"A young hero, son of Kadja-Sing, king of Mundi. On his return from a distant and bloody expedition in the mountains against this Indian king, Colonel Drake was full of enthusiasm for this son of Kadja-Sing, called Djalma. Hardly out of boyhood, this young prince, in a deadly war, displayed such chivalric intrepidity, such a noble character, that they surnamed his father the Father of the Generous."

"How very touching," said the count, "is the custom of thus recompensing the sire in giving him a surname glorious for the son! it is noble. But how singular that you should fall in with this book!" added the count, with surprise; "I can easily comprehend that it is enough to excite even the coldest brain."

"Oh, you will see, you will see!" said Adrienne.

The count continued reading:

"Colonel Drake, one of the bravest and best soldiers in the British army, told me yesterday that, being dangerously wounded and taken prisoner by Prince Djalma, after a desperate resistance, he had been taken to the camp, which was in the village of——"

Here the same hesitation came over the count at meeting with a name even more difficult than the former; and, not willing to make the attempt even to pronounce it, he interrupted himself, and said to Adrienne,

"Ah! as for this, I must really give it up."

"And yet it is very easy," replied Adrienne; and with inexpressible sweetness she pronounced the following name, which is really very soft, "In the village of Shumshabad."

"You have an infallible mnemonic process for remembering geographical names," said the count; and he continued:

"Once arrived at the camp, Colonel Drake received the most kind hospitality, and Prince Djalma watched over him like a son. It was then that the colonel
became acquainted with certain facts which raised his enthusiasm for Prince Djal-
ma to the highest pitch. He related to me the following circumstances:

"In one of the battles the prince was attended by a young Indian, about
twelve years of age, to whom he was tenderly attached, and who was his page—
following him on horseback, bearing his spare weapons. This boy was idolized
by his mother, who, at the moment when the expedition set out, had confided
her boy to Prince Djalma, saying to him, with a stoicism worthy of antiquity,
'Let him be your brother.' 'He shall be my brother,' was the prince's reply. In
the midst of a sanguinary rout, the child was severely wounded, and his horse
was killed. The prince, at the peril of his life, and in spite of the hurry of a
precipitate retreat, rescued him, took him up behind him, and then dashed off:
they were pursued, and their horse wounded, but still he struggled on to a clump
of jungles, in the midst of which, after several vain efforts to advance, he fell,
exhausted. The child was incapable of proceeding; and the prince, taking him
up in his arms, plunged with him into the thickest of the jungle. The English
came up and searched the thicket, but the two escaped. After walking for a
day and a night, with forced march, counter-marches, stratagems, fatigues, and
unheard-of perils, the prince, still carrying the child, one of whose legs was se-
verely-injured, reached the camp of his father, when he only said, 'I promised his
mother that he should be my brother, and I have acted as a brother.'"

"It is admirable!" ex-
claimed the count.

"Continue, pray contin-
ue," said Adrienne, drop-
ning a tear, without taking
her eyes from the bas-relief,
which she continued to
contemplate with increas-
ing love.

The count read on :

"Another time, Prince
Djalma, followed by two
black slaves, went before
sunrise to a very wild spot
to carry off two small ti-
gers only a few days old.
The den had been marked;
the tiger and his mate were
absent in search of food.
One of the blacks entered
the den by a narrow open-
ing; the other, with Djal-
ma's aid, cut down with an
axe a large trunk of a tree,
in order to form a snare to
take the tiger or his mate.
On this side of the mouth
the cave was almost perpendicu-
lar. The prince climbed up with agility, in or-
der to lay the snare, with the help of the other black, when suddenly a frightful
roaring was heard, and in half a dozen bounds the female, returning from her
quest, reached the aperture of the den. The black who was laying the snare
with the prince had his skull laid open by a blow; the tree fell across the nar-
row entrance of the cave, preventing the dam from entering, and at the same time
barring the egress of the black, who was running out with the little cubs. Above,
about twenty feet higher, on a platform formed by rocks, the prince, lying on his
stomach, saw the fearful spectacle. The tigress, rendered furious by the cries of
her young, was gnawing the black's hands, who, from the inside of the den, was
endeavouring to keep hold of the trunk of the tree, which was his sole rampart, and was uttering dreadful cries."

"It is horrible indeed," said the count.

"Oh, go on, go on!" exclaimed Adrienne, with excitement; "you will see what the heroism of goodness can do."

The count proceeded:

"Suddenly the prince took his poniard between his teeth, tied his waist-belt to a point of the rock, took his hatchet in one hand, and with the other descended by the scarf, and alighted some paces from her, and, rapid as lightning, gave her two deadly stabs at the moment when the black, losing his strength, had let go the tree, and must have been torn to pieces."

"And you are astonished at the resemblance with this demigod, to whom even fable does not assign a devotion equally generous!" exclaimed the young girl, with increasing excitement.

"I am no longer surprised—I admire," said the count, with a voice of emotion; "and at these two noble traits my heart beats with enthusiasm as if I were but twenty years old."

"And the noble heart of this traveller beats like yours at the recital," said Adrienne, "as you will see."

"What makes the intrepidity of the prince the more admirable is, that, according to the principles of the Indian castes, a slave's life is of no importance: thus a king's son, risking his life to preserve a poor creature so low in estimation, obeyed an heroic instinct of charity that was truly Christian and hitherto unheard-of in this country. Two such traits, as Colonel Drake very justly observed, are enough to depict the man, and it is with a sentiment of deep respect and extreme admiration, I, an unknown traveller, have written Prince Djalma's name in my book of travels, experiencing, at the same time, a sort of sorrow when I ask myself what will be the future fate of this prince, lost in the depths of this wild country, now wholly devastated by war. How humble soever may be the tribute I pay to a character worthy of the heroic times, his name, at least, shall be repeated with generous enthusiasm by all hearts that can sympathize with what is generous and great."

"When I read these lines, so simple and so touching," replied Adrienne, "I could not help carrying the book to my lips."

"Yes, he is all I thought him," said the count, more and more moved, and returning the book to Adrienne, who rose gravely, and also much affected, and said to him,

"He is such as I would have you know him, in order that you may appreciate my adoration for him—for this courage, this heroic goodness, I had guessed from a conversation which I overheard, in spite of myself, before I appeared in his apartment. From that time I knew him to be as generous as he was brave, as tender, as exquisitely sensitive, as energetic and resolute; but when I saw him so gloriously handsome, and so different, by the noble expression of his countenance, and even in his attire, from all I had ever before met with—when I saw the impression which I made upon him, and which, perhaps, I experienced even more powerfully, I felt my life itself was bound up in this love."

"And what are now your plans?"

"Divine—as radiant as my heart. When he learns his happiness, I wish Djalma to experience the same bewilderment that I am smitten with, and which will not allow me yet to look my sun in the face; for I repeat to you, from hence till to-morrow will be an age to live! Yes, strange as it may appear, I had believed, after such a revelation, that I should have felt the want of remaining alone plunged in an ocean of overwhelming thoughts. But no, no; from now till to-morrow, I dread my solitude; I feel an indescribable, feverish, disturbed, burning impatience! Oh! blessed be the fairy who, touching me with her wand, will put me to sleep from now till to-morrow!"

"I will be that benevolent fairy," said the count, smiling.
"You!"
"I."
"And in what way!"
"Behold the power of my wand. I wish to distract you from a portion of your thoughts, by making them materially visible to you."
"Pray thee, explain."
"And, moreover, my plan will have an additional advantage. Hear me: you are so happy that you can listen to anything. Your odious aunt and her odious friends give out that your residence with Dr. Baleinier—"
"Was rendered necessary by my weakness of mind," said Adrienne, with a smile. "I expected that."
"Stupid as it is: but as your resolution to live alone excites envy and hatred, you know why there will not be wanting persons fully disposed to credit all that is said, however stupid."
"I hope so. To be taken for mad by fools is very flattering."
"Yes; but to prove to fools that they are fools, and that in the face of all Paris, is very amusing; and they are beginning to be uneasy at not seeing you. You have discontinued your usual drives out; my niece has been alone for a long time in our box at the Italian theatre. You wish to destroy, consume time until to-morrow, and now there is an excellent opportunity: it is two o'clock— at half past three my niece will call here in her carriage; it is a lovely day, and the Bois de Boulogne will be crowded; you will have a delightful ride, and see all the world: then the air and locomotion will calm your fevered happiness, and this evening (now my magic begins) I will take you to India—"
"To India?"
"In the midst of one of those wild forests wherein we hear lions, panthers, and tigers roar. The heroic combat which just now so much excited you shall pass, fierce and terrible, beneath your eyes."
"Really, my dear count, this is a very pleasant jest."
"Not at all. I promise to show you real wild beasts, the redoubtable dwellers in the land of your demigod—growling tigers—roaring lions. Is not that better than your books?"
"But really—"
"Come, I see I must let you into the secret of my supernatural power. On your return from your drive, you shall dine with my niece, and we will go afterward to see a very singular spectacle at the Porte Saint Martin; a most wonderful tamer of wild beasts there exhibits animals perfectly ferocious in the midst of a forest (now the illusion begins), and feigns with them, tigers, lions, and panthers, the most desperate combats. All Paris runs after these representations, and all Paris will see you there, more lovely, more charming than ever."
"Agreed, agreed," said Adrienne, with childish delight. "Yes, you are right; I shall experience a singular pleasure in seeing these fierce monsters, which will remind me of those my demigod so heroically fought. I agree, moreover, because, for the first time in my life, I ardently desire to be thought handsome by all the world. I agree because—"
Mademoiselle de Cardoville was interrupted by a slight tap at the door, and Florine entered to announce M. Rodin.
CHAPTER V.

EXECUTION.

Odin entered: a rapid glance cast on Mademoiselle de Cardoville and M. de Montbron at once convinced him that he was in a difficult position. In truth, nothing could be less satisfactory to him than the expressions of Adrienne and the count.

The latter, when he did not like a person, manifested, as we have already said, his antipathy by certain modes of aggressive impertinence, which had been, by the way, answered for and maintained in several duels; and now, at the sight of Rodin, his features assumed a contemptuous and harsh expression, and leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece as he conversed with Adrienne, he turned his head haughtily over his shoulder without taking any notice of the low bow of the Jesuit.

At the sight of this man, Mademoiselle de Cardoville was almost surprised at not experiencing any feeling of irritation or hatred. The brilliant flame which was kindled in her bosom purified her heart from all feelings of vengeance. She smiled, on the contrary; for, casting a proud but tender look on the Indian Bacchus, and then at herself, she asked herself whether two beings so young, so beautiful, so free, and so fond, could have, at this moment, anything to fear from this dirty old man, with mean and servile air, who approached her so crawlingly, like a reptile. In fact, far from feeling anger or aversion against Rodin, the young lady experienced only an increase of gay raillery, and her large eyes, already bright with bliss, now sparkled with malicious irony.

Rodin felt very ill at ease. Persons of his character infinitely prefer violent enemies to mocking adversaries; sometimes escaping the ire loosened against them by falling on their knees, weeping, and groaning, and beating the breast; and sometimes, on the other hand, braving them audaciously, and showing an armed and implacable front—but before biting satire they are soon disconcerted, and so was Rodin at this moment, who felt that, placed between Adrienne de Cardoville and M. de Montbron, he was about to pass what is vulgarly termed a rather uncomfortable quarter of an hour.

The count opened the fire, and, looking over his shoulder, said to Rodin, “Ah—ah, here you are, Mr. Benevolence!”

“Come nearer, sir; come nearer, sir,” said Adrienne, with a satirical smile; “you, the pearl of friends, the model of philosophers—you, the declared foe of all roguery, all falsehood, I have a thousand compliments prepared for you.”

“I accept everything from you, my dear young lady, even unmerited compliments,” said the Jesuit, forcing a smile, and exposing thereby his horrid yellow and carious teeth; “but may I inquire how I have deserved these compliments?”

“Your penetration is usually very keen, sir,” replied Adrienne.

“And I, sir,” said the count, “pay homage to your veracity, not less rare, or, perhaps, too rare.”

“I penetrating! and in what, my dear young lady?” asked Rodin, with composure. “I veracious! and in what, Monsieur le Comte?” he added, turning to M. de Montbron.

“In what, sir?” said Adrienne; “why, you have guessed a secret surrounded
THE WANDERING JEW.

by difficulties and mysteries without number; in a word, you have confided to read the very bottom of a woman's heart."

"I, my dear young lady?"

"You, sir, and you have cause to rejoice; your penetration has produced the most happy results."

"And your veracity effected wonders," added the count.

"It is pleasant to the heart to act well even without knowing it," said Rodin, still keeping on the defensive, and looking askance at the count and Adrienne in turn; "but may I know for what I am now commended?"

"Gratitude compels me to inform you, sir," said Adrienne, satirically; "you have discovered, and disclosed to Prince Djalma, that I am passionately in love with some one. Well! laud your penetration; it is true!"

"You have discovered, and disclosed to mademoiselle, that the Prince Djalma was passionately in love with some one. Well! laud your veracity; it is true!"

Rodin was thunderstruck and silent.

"The some one whom I love so passionately," said Adrienne, "is the prince."

"The some one whom the prince loves so passionately," added the count, "is mademoiselle."

These disclosures, so seriously disquieting, and made so unexpectedly, overwhelmed Rodin, who stood mute and alarmed as he reflected on the future.

"Can you now comprehend our gratitude to you, sir?" said Adrienne, in a tone still more ironical. "Thanks to your sagacity, thanks to the deep interest you bear us, we, the prince and I, are indebted to you for being enlightened in our mutual sentiments toward each other."

The Jesuit resumed his sang froid; and his assumed composure greatly annoyed M. de Montbron, who, but for Adrienne's presence, would have given quite another turn to the proceeding.

"There is some error," said Rodin, "in what you, my dear young lady, have done me the honour to communicate to me. Never in my life have I said a word in reference to the most suitable, and in every way proper sentiment you entertain for Prince Djalma."

"Most true," interposed Adrienne; "and by a scruple of most exquisite discretion, when you were speaking to me of the intense love which the Prince Djalma experienced, you carried your reserve, your delicacy to such a pitch, as to say that it was not I whom he loved."

"And the same scruple made you say to the prince that Mademoiselle de Cardoville was in love with some one, and that some one was not he."

"Monsieur le Comte," said Rodin, dryly, "I have no occasion to tell you that I feel no particular inclination for mixing myself up in love affairs."

"Really, what modesty or self-love!" said the count, rudely. "For your interest's sake, I pray you do not make any more such mistakes; it might injure you if it were made public. You must assuredly be more careful with regard to the other small occupations you no doubt attend to."

"There is one, sir, at least," said Rodin, becoming as insulting as M. de Montbron himself, "for a rude apprenticeship in which I am indebted to you, Monsieur le Comte, and that is the onerous occupation of being your auditor."

[See cut, on next page.]

"Ah, dear sir!" retorted the count, disdainfully, "are you not aware that there are many ways of chastising rogues and impertinent fellows?"

"My dear count!" said Adrienne to M. de Montbron, in a tone of reproach.

Rodin replied with the utmost composure,

"I really do not see, M. le Comte, primo, that there is much courage in threatening and calling impertinent a poor old fellow like myself; secundo—"

"M. Rodin," said the count, interrupting the Jesuit, "primo, a poor old fellow like you, who behaves shamefully, and then enconceals himself behind the old age which he dishonours, is at once a coward and a scoundrel, and deserves a double
chastisement. Secundo, as to age, I do not know that hunters and _gensdarmes_ bow with any respect before the gray hide of old wolves or the gray hairs of old knaves. 'What think you, my dear sir?''

Rodin, still unmoved, elevated his shrivelled eyelid, fixed for a moment his little reptile eye upon the count, shot at him a glance as chill and sharp as a dart, and the livid lid again fell over the dull eyeball of the corpse-faced old man.

"Not being an old wolf, and still less an old knave," replied Rodin, quietly, "you will allow me, M. le Comte, not to disturb myself unnecessarily as to the pursuits of wolf-hunters or _gensdarmes_; as to the reproaches made to me, I have a very simple mode of reply, I do not say justification, for I never justify myself."

"Indeed!" said the count.

"Never!" replied Rodin, with perfect coolness; "my actions must do that for me. I shall therefore simply reply, that seeing the deep, violent, and really fearful impression caused on the prince by mademoiselle—"

"Let the assurance you now give me of the prince's love," said Adrienne, with an enchanting smile, and interrupting Rodin, "absolve you of the ill you sought to do me. The sight of our coming happiness shall be your sole punishment."

"It may chance that I have need neither of absolution nor of punishment, for, as I have had the honour to observe, my dear young lady, the future will justify my acts. Yes, I thought it right to say to the prince that you loved another person, and that person not himself, as I thought it also right to tell you that the prince loved another person, and that person was not yourself; and I believed, and believe, I was acting for your mutual interest. My attachment to you may have misled me; possibly so: but after my past conduct to you, my dear young lady, I think I have a right to feel surprised at being thus treated. This is not a complaint; for if I never justify myself, still less do I ever complain."
"Parbleu! you grow heroic, my dear sir!" said the count. "You neither
deign to complain nor justify the ill you do."

"The ill I do!" and Rodin fixed his eyes steadfastly on the count. "Are we
playing at riddles to-day?"

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed the count, with great indignation;
"and what do you call it, when, by your falsehoods, you have plunged the
prince into such fearful despair that he has twice attempted his life? What do
you call it, when, by your falsehoods, you threw mademoiselle into so cruel and
entire a mistake, that, but for the resolution I have taken to-day, this error would
still have existed, and might have had the most fatal results?"

"And will you do me the honour, M. le Comte, to tell me what interest I have
in these despairs, these errors, admitting for a moment that I have caused them?"

"A deep interest, unquestionably," said the count, sternly; "and the more
dangerous, inasmuch as it is concealed; for you are of that number, I easily
perceive, to whom the misfortunes and injuries of others bring both pleasure
and profit."

"That would be too much, M. le Comte. I would content myself with the
profit," said Rodin, with a bow.

"Your insolent coolness does not deceive me. This becomes very serious,"
continued the count; "it is unlikely that this perfidy is a solitary act. Who
knows if this be not also one of the effects of Madame de Saint-Dizier's hatred
to Mademoiselle de Cardoville?"

Adrienne had listened to this discussion with deep attention. Suddenly she
started, as if enlightened by a sudden revelation.

After a moment's silence, she said to Rodin, without severity, without anger,
but with calmness, full of softness and serenity,

"They say, sir, that happy love effects prodigies. I should be inclined to
believe it, for after some minutes' reflection, during which I have recalled cer-
tain circumstances, your whole conduct appears to me under a fresh aspect."

"What may be this new perspective, my dear young lady?"

"That you may have my view of the case, sir, allow me to recall a few facts.
La Mayeux was utterly devoted to me, and had given me undeniable proofs of
her attachment; her mind was worthy of her noble heart, but she felt toward
you an invincible antipathy. All at once she disappears mysteriously from my
house, and it has not been your fault that I have not entertained the most hateful
suspicions of her. M. de Montbron has a paternal affection for me, but, I must
own, very little sympathy toward you, and you have endeavoured to create a
coolness between us. Then the Prince Djalma experiences a deep feeling for
me, and you employ the most treacherous deceit to destroy that sentiment.
What is your motive? I do not, cannot divine; but I am persuaded it is inim-
cical to me."

"It would seem, mademoiselle," said Rodin, sternly, "that you add the for-
getfulness of services rendered to your inability to explain my conduct."

"I will not deny, sir, that you released me from M. Baleiniére's house; but in
a few days more I should most certainly have been freed by M. de Montbron."

"You are right, my dear girl," said the count; "it is more than probable
that he desired to acquire the merit of what must soon have inevitably accrued,
thanks to your true friends."

"You were drowning, I save you—you are grateful to me? a mistake!" said
Rodin, bitterly; "another passer-by would, doubtless, have saved you at a later
period."

"The comparison is hardly correct," said Adrienne, with a smile; "a mad-
house is not a river; and although I now think you, sir, a very likely person to
swim between two streams, swimming was useless in this instance, and you only
opened a door to me which must infallibly have been opened very soon."

"Capital, my dear child!" said the count, laughing heartily at Adrienne's
reply.
II.—H
"I know, sir, that your remarkable attentions are not confined to me alone. Marshal Simon's daughters were brought back to him by you, but who could credit that the researches and claims of the Marshal Duc de Ligny after his children would be in vain? You went so far as to restore to an old soldier his imperial cross, a relic most sacred in his eyes, and it was a touching sight. You did, too, unmask the Abbé d'Aigrigny and M. Baleinier, but I had resolved on unmasking them myself; still, all this conspires to prove that you, sir, are a man of infinite ability."

"Ah, mademoiselle!" said Rodin, humbly.
"Full of resource and invention."

"Ah, mademoiselle!"

"And it is not my fault if, in our long conversation at M. Baleinier's, you evinced that superior mind which impressed me—yes, I confess it, deeply impressed me—and which seems at this moment somewhat embarrassed. Ah! sir, it is very difficult for an uncommon mind like yours to keep its incognito. Still, as it is possible that by different paths—oh! very different," added the young lady, with emphasis—"we are tending to the same end (according to our memorable conversation at M. Baleinier's), I wish, for the sake of our future communion (as you phrase it), to give you some advice, and to speak unreservedly to you."

Rodin had listened to Mademoiselle de Cardoville apparently unmoved, with his hat under his arm, his hands folded beneath his waistcoat, and twiddling his thumbs: the only exterior sign of the internal dismay he experienced at the calm language of Adrienne was, that the livid eyelids of the Jesuit, hypocritically bent to the ground, became more and more red, so violently did the blood suffuse them. Yet he replied to Mademoiselle de Cardoville in a firm voice, and bowing profoundly,

"Good advice and frank language are always excellent things."

"Learn, sir," resumed Adrienne, with slight excitement, "that happy love gives such penetration, such energy, such courage, that perils are laughed at, snares detected, hatreds braved. Believe me, the divine light which beams around two loving hearts suffices to dissipate all darkness, to discover all stratagemas. Mark me! In India—excuse my weakness, I love to talk of India," added the young maiden, with inexpressible grace and delicacy of manner—"in India, travellers, in order to ensure their tranquillity during the night, light up a large fire round their ajoupa (excuse, also, this tinge of local colouring), and, as far as the luminous beams extend, they drive away, by their brilliancy alone, all impure and venomous reptiles, which the light startles, because they only exist in darkness."

"The application of the comparison does not yet appear to me," said Rodin, still twiddling his thumbs, and half raising his eyelids, more and more suffused.

"I will speak more plainly," said Adrienne, smiling. "Suppose, sir, that the last service you have rendered the prince and myself—for you only rely on services rendered—which is very new and very skilful, I acknowledge—"

"Bravo, my dear child!" said the count, joyfully; "the execution will be complete."

"Oh, it is an execution, is it?" said Rodin, still not visibly moved.

"No, sir," replied Adrienne, smiling, "it is only a conversation between a simple young girl and an old philosopher—the friend of good. Suppose, then, that the many services you have rendered me and mine have suddenly opened my eyes; or, rather," added the young lady, in a serious tone, "suppose that God, who gives a mother the instinct to defend her child, has given me, with my [See cut, on page 244.]
happiness, the instinct to preserve that happiness, and that some indefinable presentiment, now lighting up a thousand circumstances hitherto obscure, has suddenly revealed to me that, instead of being my friend, you are, perhaps, the most dangerous enemy of me and my family."
“So, then, we pass from execution to supposition,” said Rodin, as imperturbable as ever.

“And from supposition, sir, if it must be said, to certainty,” replied Adrienne, with noble and calm dignity. “Yes, now I believe that I have been for some time your dupe, and I say it, sir, without hatred or anger, but with regret. It is painful to see a man of your understanding, your mind, stoop to such machinations, and, after having set all the diabolical springs at work, gain nothing but ridicule; for can anything be more ridiculous than for a man like you to be thwarted by a young girl, who has for her arms, her defence, her light, nothing but her love? In a word, sir, from this day forth, I consider you as an implacable and dangerous enemy, for I now perceive your aim, though I cannot divine the means by which you seek to attain it; but no doubt they will be worthy of the past. Well, in spite of all that, I do not fear you; from to-morrow my family will be informed of all, and an active, unbroken, and resolved union will keep us all on our guard, for unquestionably it concerns this enormous inheritance which has been so nearly snatched from us. Now what relations can exist between the wrongs with which I reproach you and the pecuniary gain which is hoped for? I am utterly ignorant of this; but you told me yourself that my enemies were so dangerously skilled, and their plots so crafty, that I must expect everything, foresee everything; I well recollect that instruction. I promised you to be frank, sir, and I believe I have kept my word.”

“Frankness, supposing I were your enemy, would be most imprudent,” said Rodin, still impassive; “but you also promised me some advice, my dear young lady.”

“The advice shall be brief: do not contend with me, because there is, and you know it, something even more powerful than you and yours; it is a woman who is defending her happiness.”

Adrienne pronounced these last words with such sovereign confidence, her lovely face was radiant with such emboldened happiness, that Rodin, despite his phlegmatic audacity, was a moment dismayed. However, he betrayed no alarm, but after a moment's silence he said, with an air of pity that was almost disdainful,

“My dear young lady, we shall never meet again, in all human probability; but remember one thing which I repeat to you—I never justify myself; I leave that to the future. Yes, my dear young lady, I am, in spite of everything, your most devoted servant;” and he bowed humbly. “M. le Comte, my respectful duty to you,” he added, bowing even lower to the Comte de Montbron, and then left the room.

Scarcely was Rodin gone, when Adrienne ran to her desk, wrote a few words in haste, which she sealed and gave to M. de Montbron.
"I shall not see the prince before to-morrow, as much from superstition of heart, as because it is necessary for my plans that this interview be attended with some ceremony. You shall know all; but I will write to him instantly, for, with such an enemy as M. Rodin, we must foresee everything."

"You are right, my dear child. The letter, quickly."

Adrienne gave it to him.

"I tell him enough to calm his grief, and not enough to deprive me of the delight and joy of the surprise I have in store for him to-morrow."

"This is all rational and affectionate, and I will hasten to the prince with your note. I shall not see him, for I could not answer for myself. But our ride and the play this evening, I suppose, are decided on!"

"Certainly; I feel a want of some relaxation till to-morrow; then I feel the open air will do me good, for my conversation with M. Rodin has somewhat excited me."

"The old rascal! but we will talk of him by-and-by. I go now to the prince, and will return with Madame de Morinval, to accompany you to the Champs Elysées."

And the count hastily departed, as joyful now as he was unhappy and distressed when he entered the house.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

AY had advanced about two hours since the conversation between Rodin and Mademoiselle de Cardoville, when most of the promenaders, attracted to the Champs Elysées by the loveliness of a day of spring (the month of March was nearly at its close), stopped to admire a most elegant equipage.

The reader will imagine a calèche of lapis lazuli blue, with white wheels, picked out with blue, drawn by four splendid blood-bay horses with black manes and tails, the harness of chased silver, and mounted by two small postillions, exactly of the same size, with black velvet jacket, light-blue Cashmere waistcoat, white collar, buckskin breeches, and top-boots; two tall and well-powdered footmen, also in light-blue liveries, with white collars and cuffs, were seated in the rumble behind.

It is impossible to imagine anything in better taste, or an equipage more perfect: the horses high-bred, vigorous, and spirited, admirably driven by the postillions, stepped beautifully together, with elegant action, champing their bits covered with foam, and from time to time shaking their cockades of white and blue silk riband, in the centre of which bloomed a lovely rose.

A man on horseback, dressed in a very gentlemanly manner, following on the other side of the avenue, contemplated the equipage with a kind of satisfactory pride, as a thing of his own creation. This was M. de Bonneville, the esquire of Adrienne, as M. de Montbron called him, for this equipage was Mademoiselle de Cardoville's.

A change had taken place in the programme of this day of wonders.

M. de Montbron had not been able to give Djalma mademoiselle's billet, for the prince had that morning gone into the country with Marshal Simon, Faring-
Completely reassured with respect to Djalma, and knowing that he would find a few lines which, without informing him of all the happiness in store for him, would at least allow him to hope for it, Adrienne, complying with M. de Montbron’s advice, had gone out for a ride in her carriage, in order to convince the world that she was quite determined, notwithstanding the prejudicial reports of Madame de Saint-Dizier, not to alter her resolution of living alone, and having a house to herself.

Adrienne wore a small white capote, with a short blonde veil, which dropped around her rosy cheeks and golden hair; her high gown of garnet velvet was almost hidden beneath a large green Cashmere shawl.

The young Marchioness de Morinval, who was a very handsome and elegant person, was seated on her right hand, while M. de Montbron occupied a seat in front of the two ladies.

Those who know the Parisian world, or, rather, that imperceptible fraction of the Parisian world which, for an hour or two, goes every sunny day to the Champs Elysées to see and be seen, will understand that the presence of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, in this fashionable promenade, must be an extraordinary event—something unheard of.

What is called the world could not believe its eyes when it saw a young girl of eighteen, possessed of millions (of francs), belonging to the highest rank of the nobility, thus coming to confirm, as it were, to the eyes of all, by showing herself in her carriage, that she actually did live entirely free and independent, contrary to all custom and all usual forms. This sort of emancipation seemed something monstrous; and they were the more surprised that the demeanour of the young lady, replete with grace and dignity, so completely falsified the calumnies put in circulation by Madame de Saint-Dizier and her friends relative to the pretended madness of her niece.

Many exquisites, profiting by their acquaintance with the Marchioness de Morinval or M. de Montbron, came one after the other to make their bow, and walked their horses for a few minutes beside the calèche, to have an opportunity of seeing, admiring, and perhaps hearing Mademoiselle de Cardoville, who crowned all their wishes by speaking with her usual charm and wit; and then surprise and enthusiasm reached their acme, and what had been at first accused as whim, and almost lunacy, became delightfully original, and it only depended on Mademoiselle de Cardoville herself to be, from this time forward, deemed the queen of elegance and fashion.

The young lady perfectly well understood the impression she produced, and was happy and proud when she thought of Djalma; and when she compared him with these men of fashion, she was still more joyous. And, in fact, these young men, the majority of whom had never quitted Paris, or the more adventurous of whom had been as far as Naples or Baden-Baden, seemed to

"Pale their intellectual fires"

when compared with Djalma, who, at his age, had so often victoriously commanded and fought in bloody wars, and whose reputation for courage and heroic generosity was quoted with admiration by travellers coming to Paris from the remotest parts of India. And, moreover, the most exquisite dandies, with their small hats, their stiff cravats, and pinched-in riding coats, were not comparable with the Indian prince, whose graceful and manly beauty was the more heightened by the splendour of a costume at once so rich and so picturesque.

All, therefore, on this day was happiness, joy, and love for Adrienne; the sun, sinking in a sky of splendid serenity, inundated the promenade with its golden rays; the air was balmy, carriages were crossing in all directions, cavaliers dashing about on prancing thorough-breds, while a light breeze agitated the scarfs of the ladies and the feathers in their bonnets: all was noise, motion, light.

Adrienne, leaning back in her carriage, was amusing herself by seeing all this
brilliant display of Parisian luxury pass beneath her eyes; but in the midst of
this dazzling chaos she saw, “in her mind’s eye,” the melancholy and gentle
features of Djalma, when something fell at her feet: she started.

It was a bunch of faded violets.

At the same moment she heard a child’s voice, which said, as it followed the
carriage,

“For the love of God, good lady, one little sou.”

Adrienne looked round, and saw
a poor little girl, pale and wan, with
a sad but pleasing countenance,
hardly covered by the miserable
rags that clung around her, who
stretched out her little hands, and
raised her supplicating eyes.

Although the striking contrast of
extreme misery in the very bosom
of extreme luxury is so common
that it is no longer remarkable,
Adrienne was doubly affected; the
recollection of La Mayeux, at that
moment perchance a prey to the
most fearful distress, came across
her mind.

“Ah! at least,” thought the young
lady, “to-day must not be a day of
entire happiness for myself alone.”

Leaning a little out of the car-
riage, she said to the little girl,

“Have you any mother, my
child?”

“No, madam, neither mother nor
father.”

“Who takes care of you?”

“No one, madam; they give me
nosegays to sell, and I am obliged to take back pence, or else they beat me.”

“Poor little thing!”

“One sou, good lady, one sou for the love of God,” said the child, still follow-
ing the carriage, which was moving on at a walk.

“My dear count,” said Adrienne, addressing M. de Montbron, “this will not
be the first time you have carried off a young lady; lean over, hold out your
hands, and lift the poor little girl into the carriage; we will hide her quickly be-
tween Madame de Morinval and myself, and leave the promenade without any
one perceiving the daring robbery.”

“What!” exclaimed the count, surprised, “would you really—”

“Yes, I beg of you.”

“What a caprice!”

“Yesterday, perhaps, you might have called such a whim a folly, but to-day,”
and Adrienne laid emphasis on the word, and looked intelligently at M. de Mont-
bron, “but to-day you ought to understand that it is almost a duty.”

“Yes, I understand your good and noble heart,” said the count, with an air of
feeling, while Madame de Morinval, who was completely ignorant of Adrienne’s
love for Djalma, looked with as much surprise as curiosity at the count and the
young girl.

M. de Montbron, leaning over the carriage door, stretched forth his two hands
to the child, and said, “Little one, give me both your hands.”

The child, though much astonished, obeyed mechanically, and held out her two
little arms; and the count, grasping her two wrists, very adroitly lifted her into
the carriage, the more easily as it was very low, and, as we have said, moving on gently.

The child, more surprised than frightened, did not say a word. Adrienne and Madame de Morinval made room between them, and the little girl was speedily covered up and hidden beneath the ends of the two ladies' shawls.

All this was executed so rapidly, that but very few persons observed the carrying off.

"Now, my dear count," said Adrienne, joyously, "let us retreat as rapidly as may be with our prey."

M. de Montbron rose half up from his seat, and said to the postillion, "Home!" and the four horses went into a rapid and even trot.

"It seems to me now as if this day of happiness is consecrated, and my luxury is excused," thought Adrienne. "Until I can discover my poor Mayeux, by causing from to-day every possible search, her place will not be unoccupied."

There are singular coincidences. At the moment when this kind thought of La Mayeux came into Adrienne's mind, a large body of people were collected in the cross-alleys; several passers-by paused, and others hastened to swell the group.

"Look, uncle," said Madame de Morinval, "what a crowd is there! What can it be? Pray stop the carriage, that we may inquire the cause of this crowd."

"My dear, I am very sorry your curiosity cannot be gratified," said the count, taking out his watch; "but it is nearly six o'clock—the representation of the wild beasts will begin at eight o'clock, and we have only time to get home and dine. Don't you think so, my dear girl?" he said to Adrienne.

"Do you, Julie?" said Mademoiselle de Cardoville to the marchioness.

"Certainly," replied the lady.

"I shall be the more obliged to you not to delay," added the count, "as, after I have conducted you to the Porte Saint Martin, I must return to my club for half an hour, to vote for Lord Campbell, whom I have proposed."

"Then Adrienne and I shall be alone at the theatre, uncle?"

"Why, I suppose your husband will be with you."

"To be sure, uncle; but do not on that account leave us longer than you can help."

"Rely on that, for I am at least as curious as you are to see this famous Morok, the incomparable tamer of wild beasts."

Some minutes afterward, Mademoiselle de Cardoville's carriage, having left the Champs Elysees, carrying off the little girl, went toward the Rue d'Anjou. At the moment when this brilliant equipage disappeared, the assemblage which we have mentioned had increased, and a large crowd was now gathered round one of the large trees in the Champs Elysees, and, from time to time, exclamations of pity and commiseration were heard from among them. A lounging coming up to a young man who was standing outside this crowd, said to him,

"What is the matter there?"

"Oh, a poor creature—a young humpbacked girl, who has fainted, from exhaustion."

"A humpbacked girl—what a fuss! There are enough humpbacked people everywhere," said the inquirer, with a coarse grin.

"Humpbacked or not, if she is dying of hunger," replied the young man, hardly able to repress his indignation, "it is not the less lamentable, and I do not see anything to laugh at, sir!"

"Dying of hunger—bah!" said the lounging, shrugging his shoulders. "There are none but the skulkers, who won't work, who die of hunger—and why shouldn't they?"

"And I will bet, sir, that there is a death of which you will never die," exclaimed the young man, indignant at the brutality of the man.

"What do you mean?" inquired the lounging, haughtily.

"I mean to say, sir, that your heart will never choke you."

"Sir!" cried the lounging, in an angry tone.
"Well, what, sir?" retorted the young man, looking the speaker full in the face.

"Nothing!" said the lounger; and, turning quickly on his heels, he went grumbling to his cabriolet, with an orange body, on which was an enormous coat of arms, having the crest of a baron. A servant, absurdly laced with gold and green, and having a huge aiguillette, which bobbed against the calves of his legs, was standing by the horse, and did not perceive his master.

"Why, you stupid fellow, are you yawning at the rooks?" said his master, poking him with the end of his cane.

The servant turned in confusion.

"Monsieur, I was—"

"Will you never say, 'Monsieur le Baron, you ass?" exclaimed the angry lounger. "Open the cab, can't you?"

The lounger was M. Tripeaud, the manufacturing baron, hyena, and stock-jobber. The poor humpbacked creature was, indeed, La Mayeux, who had fallen, exhausted by misery and want, as she was on her way to Mademoiselle de Cardoville's.

The unhappy girl had found courage to brave the shame and cruel jesting which she expected to endure on returning to the house whence she had voluntarily exiled herself; but now it was not of herself she thought, but of her sister, Céphyse, the Queen Bacchanal, who had returned to Paris on the previous evening, and whom La Mayeux hoped, by Adrienne's favour, to snatch from a frightful destiny.

Two hours after those different scenes, an immense crowd was collected round the Porte Saint Martin, to be present at the exercises of Morok, who was to imitate a combat with the famous black panther of Java, called La Mort.

Adrienne, M. and Madame de Morinval alighted from their carriage at the entrance to the theatre, where they were to be joined by the Comte de Montbron, whom they had dropped at his club on their way thither.
CHAPTER VII.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

The immense theatre of the Porte Saint Martin was crowded by an impatient audience. All Paris, as M. de Montbron had said to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, was hurrying, with intense and increasing curiosity, to the representations of Morok. It is useless to say that the tamer of beasts had completely abandoned his small trade in pious toys, in which he had dealt so profitably during his sojourn at the hostelry of the White Falcon, near Leipsic; and the large pictures, in which the surprising effects of Morok's sudden conversion had been painted so conspicuously, were also laid aside, such superannuated miracles not being in fashion at Paris.

Morok was finishing his preparations in one of the dressing-rooms which had been assigned to him. Over his coat-of-mail, his greaves, and his armlets he wore a large pair of red trousers, fastened about the ankles by gilt bangles. His long caftan of black worsted, trimmed with purple and gold, was confined about the waist and wrists by other large gilt metal rings. This sombre costume gave the brute-tamer an aspect even more sinister than usual. His thick, yellowish beard fell in a large mass over his chest, and he was gravely folding a large piece of white muslin round his red cap. A devotee in Germany, and an actor in Paris, Morok knew as well as his patrons how to accommodate himself to circumstances.

Seated in a corner of the dressing-room, and contemplating him with a kind of stupor admiration, was Jacques Rennepont, called Couche-tout-Nu. Since the day in which M. Hardy's premises were destroyed by fire, Jacques had never quitted Morok, passing every night in orgies, whose fierce ravages the brute frame of the brute-queller braved with impunity.

Jacques's countenance, on the contrary, began to alter excessively; his livid features, his marble paleness, and his gaze, sometimes stupid, sometimes ardent, betrayed the rapid inroads of low debauchery; while a sort of bitter and derisive smile continually played on his parched lips. His mind, formerly lively and gay, still seemed as though desirous to struggle against the deadening influence of an almost perpetual intoxication. Unfit for work, unable to exist without gross pleasures, and seeking to drown in liquor the last relics of good feeling remaining in him, which revolted at his conduct, Jacques had come down without shame to accept the large amount of brutalizing enjoyments which Morok found for him, he always paying the very considerable cost of their sensual revels, but never giving Jacques any money, in order to keep him wholly dependant on himself.

After having gazed some time at Morok with amaze, Jacques said to him, "Well, I must say that yours is a fine profession; you may boast fairly that at this moment there are not two such men as you in the world, and that is flattering. What a pity it is you do not confine yourself to one trade!"

"What do you mean?"

"What is this conspiracy, on account of which you feast and feed me so merrily every day and every night?"

"Oh! it proceeds; but the moment has not yet come, and that is why I wish to have you constantly near me until the important hour. Have you anything to complain of?"

"Oh, no!" replied Jacques. "What reason have I? Scorched up by brandy as I am, if I had the inclination to work, I have not the strength. I have not, as you have, a marble head and an iron frame; but to get drunk on gunpowder
"Would suit me better than anything else, and that is all I am now fit for, and yet it does not prevent me from thinking."

"Of what?"

"You know very well when I think, I think of one thing only," said Jacques, with a sombre air.

"The Queen Bacchanal? What, still?" said Morok, with disdain.

"Yes, continually—forever—a little; and when I cease to think of her at all, I shall be dead, or become a thorough brute—the devil!"

"Why, you were never in better health, and never betrayed more life and wit, you blockhead," replied Morok, as he arranged his turban.

The conversation was here interrupted. Goliath entered the room suddenly. The gigantic frame of this Hercules was even bulkier than ever. He was dressed like Alcides; his enormous limbs, furrowed by veins as thick as a thumb, swelled under a flesh-coloured suit, beneath a pair of red drawers.

"What do you mean by rushing in here with all this uproar?" demanded Morok.

"It ain't much of an uproar compared with what the folks are making in the house. The company has got impatient, and is crying out like mad things for us to begin. However, if there was nothing more the matter than that—"

"What is it, then?"

"Why, La Mort can't perform to-night."

Morok turned quickly round, and asked almost uneasily, "And wherefore cannot she?"

"I tell you she can't. I've just been to look at her, and there she lies stretched out at the bottom of her cage, with her ears so flattened down to her head that you would almost fancy somebody had been and cut them off. You know very well what that means."

"Is that all?" said Morok, turning to the looking-glass to finish the arrangement of his headdress.
"And enough, too, I should think, since it shows that she is in one of her fits of fury. I have not seen her so savage since that night when she tore the old horse to pieces in Germany. Why, her eyeballs glare like two fiery coals!"

"Then all you have to do is to put her pretty little collar on her," said Morok, calmly.

"Her collar?"
"Yes, her collar with the springs."
"A very pretty job, forsooth! to be waiting-maid for such a toilet."
"Silence!"
"That is not all!" continued Goliath, with an embarrassed air.

"What more?"
"I'd rather tell you another time."
"Will you speak when you are bid?"
"Well, then, he is here!"
"Who, you stupid brute?"

"The Englishman!"

Morok started, and his arms fell listlessly by his side.

"The Englishman!" cried Morok, addressing Goliath. "Have you seen him? Are you quite sure it is he?"

"Quite, quite sure. I was looking from the hole in the curtain, and I spied him in a small box almost on the stage. I suppose he wants to have as good a view as he can. There's no mistaking him; and I should have recognised his high, narrow forehead, large nose, and great round eyes from any distance."

Morok again trembled, and this time almost convulsively; while Jacques, surprised at seeing a man usually so imperturbable and self-possessed thus violently agitated and alarmed, could not forbear asking,

"Who and what is this Englishman?"

"I first met him at Strasbourg," returned Morok, with the deepest dejection; "since which he has followed me unceasingly; travelling short stages with his own horses, and invariably stopping wherever I stopped, in order that he might be present at every performance I gave. But two days before my arrival in Paris he quitted me, and I hoped I was delivered from him," added Morok, with a deep sigh.

"Delivered!" replied Jacques, with surprise. "Why, what could make you wish to be delivered from so excellent a customer, so warm an admirer?"

"Listen!" said Morok, whose melancholy and trepidation continued to increase; "the wretch has wagered a considerable sum that I shall be devoured in his presence by my own beasts during one of my exhibitions, and he hopes to gain his bet; that is why he so pertinaciously pursues me."

To Couche-tout-Nu this explanation appeared so replete with absurdity as well as eccentricity, that, for the first time in many days, he burst into a loud and unconstrained laugh.

Morok, becoming livid with rage, threw himself on him with such deadly fury that Goliath was obliged to interfere.

"Come, come," said Jacques, "don't put yourself in such a passion; if the matter is so serious, I will not laugh any more."

Morok became calm, and, addressing Jacques, said, in a low, hoarse voice,

"Do you consider me a coward?"

"No, upon my life I do not!"

"Well, then, this Englishman, spite of his grotesque appearance, inspires me with a fear greater than that I ever felt for either my tiger or panther."

"You tell me so, and I believe you," replied Jacques; "but still I cannot comprehend in what manner the presence of this man can so alarm you."

"Why, remember, idiot," exclaimed Morok, "that, compelled as I am to keep incessant watch over the slightest movement of the ferocious animal I control only with my gesture or look, it must needs be a very intimidating thing for me
to know and to feel that two eager eyes are fixed on me with intense interest, in
the hope of seeing me torn to pieces by the beast I am contending with!"

"Yes, yes!" said Jacques, shuddering in his turn, "now, indeed, I under-
stand your alarm; it is, indeed, enough to make any man feel afraid."

"Ay, and once there, it is useless for me to feign not to perceive this unlucky
Englishman. Do what I will to drive him from my thoughts, he is ever before
me, staring with his fixed great round eyes. Already have I nearly fallena
prey to my tiger Cain, who all but devoured my arm, during a momentary for-
getfulness on my part, produced by the presence of this infernal Englishman,
whom may the devil carry off before he brings me to farther evil! Blood and
thunder!" exclaimed Morok, "I feel assured this man is my evil genius, and
will bring destruction on me;" and again Morok paced the lodge with an anxious
step.

"Ah! and when you consider what a state La Mort is in," interposed Goli-
ath, with coarse brutality, "with her ears almost plastered down to her head!
I tell you what, master, don't be a fool; for if you persist in having her appear
to-night, the Englishman will gain his wager—that's all!"

"Begone, brute!" exclaimed Morok, goaded almost to madness; "drive me
not wild with your croakings and predictions of evil, but get you hence and pre-
pare the collar for La Mort."

"Well, I am agreeable if you are," said the giant, leaving the box after having delivered
himself of his Witticism; "every one to his li-
ing, and if you choose the panther to eat her
supper off you, why, that's your affair, not mine."

"But why," said Couche-tout-Nu, "since you
entertain this dread, do you not announce to the
audience that the panther is too ill to appear
this evening?"

Morok shrugged his shoulders, and replied,
with a species of savage excitement,

"Have you ever heard of the fierce pleasure
of the gambler, who stakes honour—life—on a
card? Well, I, too, in the daily exercises in
which my life is risked, find equally a wild and
fierce pleasure, daring death in presence of a
trembling crowd, aghast at my audacity. In
truth, in the terror with which this Englishman
inspires me, I sometimes experience, in spite of
myself, a kind of indescribable excitement which
I abhor, and yet which controls me."

The prompter, entering the beast-tamer's
room, interrupted him:

"May we give the signal, Monsieur Morok?"
he inquired; "the overture lasts only ten min-
utes."

"Yes," replied Morok.

"The Commissary of Police has just examined
again the double chain for the panther, and the
ring attached to the floor of the stage, at the end
of the cavern in the first entrance," added the
prompter, "and he says it is sufficiently strong."

"Yes, sufficiently strong—except for me," murmured the beast-subduser.

"Then we may begin, Monsieur Morok?"

"You may begin," replied Morok. And the prompter left the dressing-room.
CHAPTER VIII.

THE RISE OF THE CURTAIN.

oud sounded the three customary raps behind the curtain, the overture commenced, and, to say truth, was very little attended to.

The theatre presented a very animating sight. Except two stage-boxes, one on the right, and the other on the left hand of the audience, every place was occupied.

A considerable number of females elegantly attired, who had as usual been attracted by the wild peculiarity of the performances, filled the boxes; while the stalls were for the most part occupied by the young gentry, who had been during the morning taking their rides in the Champs Elysées.

A few words exchanged from one stall to another will give some idea of the conversation.

"I tell you what, my dear fellow, there would not be such a crowd, or such a fashionable audience, to see Athalie!"

"Decidedly not. What are the miserable rantings of an actor compared with the roarings of an actual lion?"

"I really cannot understand how they allow this Morok to fasten his panther in one corner of the stage with an iron chain attached to a ring. Suppose the chain were to break?"

"Talking of breaking chains. Look at that pretty little flirt, Madame de Blinville, who is not a tigress. Do you see her in the front of the first circle?"

"Oh! it suits her delightfully to have broken the conjugal chain, as you say. She is quite lovely, though, this season."

"Oh! there is the charming Duchess de Saint Prix. Why, really, all that is elegant and modish is here to-night—ourselves of course excepted."

"It is quite an Italian Opera, and everybody seems prepared to be gay and amused."

"After all, people are right to be amused; it is probable that they will not be long so."

"Why not?"

"Suppose the cholera were to come to Paris?"

"Ah, bah!"

"Don't you believe in the cholera?"

"Parbleu! it seems to come from the north, walking-stick in hand."

"May the devil fly away with it on the road, so that we may not see its green visage here."

"They say it is in London."

"I hope it may remain there."

"For my part, I'd rather talk of something else; it may be a weakness, but it always puts me out of spirits to talk of it."

"I quite agree with you."

"Oh! it is really she; I am not deceived."

"Who?"

"Mademoiselle de Cardoville, who has just entered the stage-box with Morinval and his wife. This is really a resurrection—this morning in the Champs Elysées, this evening here."

"Yes, really it is Mademoiselle de Cardoville."
"Oh! what a delicious girl!"
"Lend me your glass."
"Well, what do you say?"
"Lovely! charming!"

"And with her beauty she has the wit of an imp, eighteen years of age, three hundred thousand francs a year, high birth, and is as free as air."
"Yes, only to imagine, that if she but said the word, I might be to-morrow, or even this very night, the happiest of men!"
"Why, you would go raving mad."

"I am told that her house in the Rue d'Anjou is enchantment. I hear of a bath-room and bed-room worthy of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments."
"And free as air—that's the thing."
"Ah! if I were in her place!"
"Oh, I should do all sorts of things!"
"Ah, messieurs! what a happy mortal will he be who is the first loved!"
"Do you think, then, she will have more loves than one?"
"Being free as air."

"All the boxes are now filled, except the stage-box opposite Mademoiselle de Cardoville—happy they who have engaged that box."
"Do you see the English ambassador's lady in one of the dress-boxes?"
"And the Princess d'Avilmar. What a monster bouquet!"
"I should like to know the name of that bouquet."
"Parbleu! it is Germigny!"
"How flattering to the lions and tigers to attract such a splendid company!"

"Look, messieurs, how all the élégantes are levelling their glasses at Mademoiselle de Cardoville!"
"She creates quite a sensation."
"She's quite right to show herself, for they tried to make out that she was a lunatic."

"Only see what an attractive countenance!"
"Where? where?"
"There, in the small box under that of Mademoiselle de Cardoville."
"Why, it is a pair of Nuremberg nut-crackers."
"It is a wooden man."

"Look at his round goggle eyes."
"That nose!"
"That forehead!"
"It is a mask."

"Silence, silence! the curtain is going up."

The curtain rose at this moment.

Some words of explanation are requisite, in order to understand what follows.

The ground tier on the left of the spectator was divided into two boxes, in one of which were several persons, who have been alluded to by the young men in the stalls.

The other compartment, the side nearest the stage, was occupied by the Englishman, that eccentric and sinister bettor who inspired Morok with so much fear.

We should be endowed with the rare and fantastic genius of Hoffman to paint worthily this physiognomy, at once so grotesque and frightful, which was visible from the dark shades of the back of the box.

This Englishman was about fifty years of age, with a forehead completely bald and conical, beneath which, surmounted by eyebrows shaped like circumflex accents, glared two large green eyes, singularly round and fixed, and very close to a nose that was very projecting and very sharp: a chin, like what is vulgarly called a nut-cracker, half disappeared in a high, full cravat of white cambric, not less stiffly starched than the shirt collar, which was rounded at the ends, and reached almost as high as the lobe of the ear. The hue of this excessively
thin and bony face was, however, a very deep red, almost purple, which height-
ened the effects of the bright green pupils and the white of the eyeballs. The 
mouth, enormously wide, sometimes imperceptibly whistled a Scotch jig (always 
the same tune), and was sometimes contracted slightly at the corners by a sar-
donic smile.

The Englishman was otherwise dressed with extreme elegance. His blue 
coat, with metal buttons, showed his Marseilles waistcoat, as snowy white as his 
large cravat; two splendid rubies formed his shirt-studs, and he leaned on the 
edge of his box, his aristocratic hands carefully covered with glazed kid gloves.

When we know the singular and cruel desire which had brought this bettor to 
all these representations, his grotesque countenance, instead of exciting a deri-
usive laugh, became almost fearful, and we may then understand the sort of op-
pressive nightmare which Morok experienced at the sight of those two large eyes, 
so round and fixed, which seemed patiently to await the death of the tamer of 
brutes (and what a horrible death!) with inexorable confidence.

Above the dark box of the Englishman, and presenting a graceful contrast, 
were M. and Madame de Morinval and Mademoiselle de Cardoville. The lat-
ter had taken her seat on the side nearest the stage. She had her hair exqui-
sitely arranged, and wore a sky-blue China crape gown with a large brooch, hav-
ing Orient pearls suspended from it in the front of her bodice—nothing more, 
and she appeared charmingly thus. In her hand she held a large bouquet, com-
poased of the rarest flowers of India; the stephanotis and gardenia mingled their 
deep whiteness with the purple of the hibiscus and the amaryllis of Java.

Madame de Morinval, placed on the other side of the box, was also attired 
with taste and simplicity. M. de Morinval, a handsome, elegant, and fair young 
man, was seated behind the two ladies, who were expecting M. de Montbron ev-
ery moment.

We must remind the reader that the stage-box opposite Adrienne had been as 
yet unoccupied.

The stage represented one of the gigantic forests of India. At the back were 
large exotic trees, which spread out their leaves like umbrellas or arrows on the 
angular parts of the rugged rocks, leaving visible only a few corners of a red 
sky. Each wing formed a clump of trees intersected by rocks, and on the left 
of the audience, and exactly under Adrienne's box, was the irregular opening 
of a dark and deep cavern, which seemed half broken in by a mass of granite 
blocks, strewn there by some volcanic eruption.

This spot of savage wildness and grandeur was marvellously done, and the il-
lusjon rendered as complete as possible. The lamps at the front of the stage 
were shaded with a purple hue, throwing over this sinister landscape those burn-
ing yet dark tints which heightened still more its gloomy and impressive aspect.
II.—K κ
Adrienne was leaning a little forward in her box, her cheeks slightly flushed, her eyes sparkling, and her heart palpitating, while she sought to discover in this representation the lonely forest described by the traveller, who related with how much generous intrepidity Djalma had precipitated himself on a tigress in her rage, to save the life of a poor black slave who had taken refuge in a cavern.

And, indeed, chance served marvellously to aid the memory of the young lady. Deeply absorbed in the contemplation of the scene, and by the ideas which they awakened in her bosom, she had no thought of what was passing in the theatre.

Yet there was something passing in the opposite stage-box, empty until then, which was curious enough.

The door of this box was opened.

A man, forty years of age, with dark features, had entered, dressed like an Indian, with a long robe of orange silk fastened round his loins by a green waist-band, and he wore a small white turban. After having placed two chairs in the front of the box, and looked about him for a moment all round the theatre, he started suddenly, his eyes sparkled, and he withdrew instantly.

This man was Faringheea. His appearance caused considerable surprise, mingled with curiosity, among the spectators; for the majority of the audience had not, like Adrienne, a thousand reasons for being absorbed in the contemplation only of a picturesque decoration.

The attention of the public was increased on seeing a young man of extreme beauty, dressed as an Indian, in a long robe of white Cashmere with loose sleeves and a scarlet turban, striped with gold like his belt, in which shone a poniard, sparkling with precious stones, enter the box which Faringheea had just quitted.

This young man was Djalma. For an instant he stood erect at the door, casting from the back of his box a careless glance over the immense audience, and then, advancing a few steps with an air of easy and graceful majesty, the prince seated himself quietly on one of the chairs; then turning his head toward the door, after a few seconds, he seemed astonished at not seeing some one enter for whom he was evidently waiting.

She appeared at length, the box-door opener having assisted her to take off her cloak.

This person was a lovely fair girl, dressed with more show than taste, having on a gown of white silk, deep with wide cherry-coloured stripes, cut very low in the neck, with short sleeves; while two large bows of cherry riband, placed one on each side of her chestnut hair, enclosed one of the prettiest, most coquettish, and most arch countenances ever looked at and admired.

Of course this was Rose-Pompon, wearing white, long gloves absurdly loaded with bracelets, which, however, but half concealed her lovely arms, and in her hand she held an enormous bouquet of roses.

Far from imitating the quiet demeanour of Djalma, Rose-Pompon came bounding into the box, moving the chairs noisily, and fidgeting about in her seat
for some time before she settled herself; then spreading out her fine gown, without being in the slightest degree intimidated by this brilliant assemblage, she made a little flirting movement, in which she put her flowers under Djalma's nose, and then appeared to find her just equilibrium on the seat she occupied.

Faringhea now entered, closed the door of the box, and took his seat behind the prince.

Adrienne, all this time deeply absorbed in the contemplation of the Indian forest, and in her sweet recollections, had not observed the arrival of these newcomers.

As she had completely turned away her head from the side of the theatre, and Djalma could at this time see no more than her half-concealed profile, he had not yet recognised Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

CHAPTER IX.

LA MORT.

The piece in which the combat of Morok and the black panther was introduced was so trivial that most of the audience paid no attention to it, reserving all their interest for the scene in which the brute conqueror was to appear.

This indifference on the part of the public explains the curiosity produced among the assembled spectators by the arrival of Faringhea and Djalma, and which manifested itself by a slight whisper and general movement among the assemblage.

The smiling prettiness of Rose-Pompon, captivating even in spite of her glaring toilet, so completely out of character for such a theatre as the Porte Saint Martin, added to her extremely free and easy manners, with the more than familiarity of her conduct toward the handsome Asiatic who accompanied her, increased and inflamed the universal astonishment; for at the very moment when all eyes were on the box, Rose-Pompon, yielding with all the wilfulness of her untamed character to the impulse of the moment, held her large bouquet of roses up to the prince's face, trying, with the most winning and coquettish smiles, to induce him to return her attentions; but the prince, at the sight of the scenery, which so forcibly recalled his native country, instead of appearing sensible of this mirthful provocation, continued for several minutes to gaze steadfastly on the stage; while Rose-Pompon, finding herself unnoticed, took solace in beating time with her bouquet on the cushion of the box, while the rapid contortions and undulations of her fair shoulders evinced that that animated dancer was becoming powerfully impressed with choreographic ideas, more or less "stormy," as the orchestra struck up a well known and exhilarating air.

Seated immediately opposite the box where Faringhea, Djalma, and Rose-Pompon had taken their stations, Madame de Morinval had quickly perceived the arrival of the last-named personages and the coquettish whimsicalities of Rose-Pompon: stooping forward, therefore, toward Mademoiselle de Cardoville, who still remained buried in her pleasing reveries, the young marchioness said, smilingly,

"Upon my word, all the amusement of the evening is not confined to the stage. Pray look just opposite to us."

"Directly opposite, do you mean?" said Adrienne, mechanically; and withdrawing herself from her pleasing contemplation, she languidly turned her eyes in the direction indicated by Madame de Morinval. Heavens! what did she see? Djalma seated beside a young and charming girl, who, with all the assumption of well-established familiarity, was holding a bouquet to his face, and with coquettish playfulness striving to make him inhale its odour.

Stunned, as though struck to the heart by some electric shock, at once sharp and profound, Adrienne became deadly pale, and almost instinctively closed her
eyes to shut out the fearful picture, as the victim of an assassin's knife faintly tries to turn away the dagger which has already been plunged in the breast.

"Djalma here, and in company with another," she said, mentally, "after receiving my letter, which opened to him such a prospect of happiness!"

And at the bare idea of so cruel and insulting an act, the blush of mingled shame and indignation replaced the pallor of Adrienne's cheek, while, staggering beneath the too fatal reality, she internally cried, "Ah! Rodin did not deceive me, after all."

We must abandon all attempt to paint the overwhelming rapidity of emotions which torture and annihilate in less time than they can be related. Thus Adrienne, from the sunny summit of the most radiant happiness, had been precipitated in less than a second to the lowest depths of misery; for scarcely had a minute elapsed, when she replied to Madame de Morinval,

"What is it, my dear Julie, you find to amuse you so much in the opposite box?"

And this evasive mode of speech afforded the heartwrung girl time to recover her self-possession. Fortunately, the long ringlets which hung down her face entirely concealed the pallid hue of her cheeks, so that her rapid alternation of colour was lost upon Madame de Morinval, who gayly replied,

"Is it possible, my dear Adrienne, that you have not observed those Indians but now entered the opposite stage-box? There, there, directly before us."

"Ah! yes, yes, I see," said Adrienne, in a firm voice.

"Well, and do you not think them a very curious party?" continued the marchioness.

"Come, come, ladies," said M. de Morinval, laughing, "have a little mercy upon poor strangers who are ignorant of our customs and observances; let that plead in excuse for their exhibiting themselves in public in such very questionable company."

"Truly," said Adrienne, with a bitter smile, "their forgetfulness of propriety is almost too much of untaught simplicity."

"Upon my word, though," said the marchioness, "the girl is really a very pretty creature. It is a pity she did not observe a little more decency in covering her neck and arms; she must be half perished with cold in that exposed state. I should say she could be scarcely sixteen or seventeen years of age. Is it not lamentable to see one so young so far gone in vice?"

"You and your husband are quite in a charitable vein to-night, my dear Julie," replied Adrienne; "first you ask me to pity the Indian, then the creature he has brought with him. Now, then, whom shall I compassionet next?"

"No, no! I disclaim all pity for the handsome Indian in the scarlet and gold turban; that would be quite misplaced; for see how the pretty girl in the cherry-coloured ribands looks at him as though devouring him with her eyes; just see how she hangs over her royal sultan; I think she is going to embrace him!"

"They are very amusing, to say the least of them," rejoined the marchioness, partaking of the hilarity of her lord, and eyeing Rose-Pompon through her opera-glass; then, after a momentary pause, she addressed Adrienne, saying,

"I am certain of one thing, however, and that is, that, spite of all her airs and graces, the girl opposite is really enamoured of her dark lover. I caught a look just now which spoke volumes."

"But wherefore should you waste your penetration upon matters that do not in the least concern us?" asked Adrienne, gently. "What good can it do us to read the thoughts of the girl?"

"Well, all I can say is," said the marquis, in his turn directing his glass against his opposite neighbours, "that if she does love her Indian, I give her credit for excellent taste; I think I never saw a more perfectly beautiful countenance than that of the young Asiatic; true, I can only see the profile, but that is pure and regular as an antique cameo. Do you not think so?" added M. Morinval, ad-
dressing Adrienne. "Remember it is simply in an artistical view that I venture to ask your opinion."

"As an object of art, certainly," said Adrienne, "the countenance is very handsome."

"Well, really," said the marchioness, "that little lady in the red ribands is as impertinent as she is pretty; do you not observe how she is pointing her glass at us, and how fixedly she is gazing?"

"Capital!" rejoined the marquis; "and pray observe how she places her hand on the shoulder of the prince, as if to make him share in the admiration with which you no doubt inspire her, Mademoiselle de Cardoville."

And in fact, wholly absorbed in the scenic decorations, recalling as they did so forcibly the home and native land of Djalma, the prince had not taken the slightest notice of all the coquettish attempts of Rose-Pompon to attract his notice; neither had he perceived the presence of Adrienne in the house.

"Oh look! pray do," said Rose-Pompon, moving about in the front of the box, and continuing to gaze through her opera-glass at Mademoiselle de Cardoville (who, and not Madame de Morinval, attracted her attention). "I never saw such a thing before in my life as a beautiful woman with red hair! But just look in the box opposite, Prince Charming, and you will see such a lovely creature, with rich golden hair some would, perhaps, call red, but it is such a red—all manner of bright shades—and what a heavenly countenance!" and as she pronounced these words, she, as has already been described, tapped Djalma on the shoulder, who, looking in the direction indicated, was first made sensible of the presence of Mademoiselle de Cardoville. Although partly prepared for this meeting, the prince experienced an emotion so sudden and overpowering, that he forgot everything but the beautiful object of his passionate love; involuntarily he rose from his seat, when he felt the iron hand of Faringhea placed vigorously on his shoulder, while speaking rapidly in the Hindostanee language the Metis exclaimed, "Courage, and to-morrow will see this woman at your feet!" and as Djalma struggled to free himself, Faringhea added, in order to restrain him, "But now I saw her turn alternately from red to pale—the effects of her jealous anger. No weakness, or all is lost!"
"I say," said Rose-Pompon, turning abruptly round, "I won't have you talk in my presence in that abominable jargon of yours: in the first place, it is not vastly civil; and, in the second, it sounds so harsh and disagreeable that it always reminds me of cracking nuts, and I'm sure I wish I had some just now, for it's very dull, nobody speaking to me or taking any notice of me."

"It was of yourself I was speaking to my lord," said the Metis; "it referred to an agreeable surprise he is preparing for you."

"A surprise? Oh, that's nice! Make haste, then, Prince Charming," she cried, regarding Djalma with an affectionate look; "make haste."

"My heart is crushed!" said Djalma, in a low, hoarse tone, still addressing Faringhea in his native language.

"And to-morrow it will bound with joy and gladness," replied the Metis. "It is only by cold contempt that a proud and haughty woman can be subdued; and I repeat, to-morrow will see her, trembling and confused, a suppliant at your feet!"

"Alas, no!" returned the prince, with affecting mournfulness; "by to-morrow she will hate and detest me forever!"

"Yes, if she now sees you cowardly and weak. It is too late to recede. Look at her fully in the face, then take the bouquet your young companion holds in her hand and carry it to your lips; then will you see this haughty woman change colour rapidly, as she did just now. Shall I then be believed?"

Driven by despair to a desire of essaying every means of obtaining a return to his love, and fascinated, even in spite of his better judgment, by the evil counsels of Faringhea, Djalma, first attentively regarding Mademoiselle de Cardoville, took, with a trembling hand, the bouquet from Rose-Pompon, and again fixing his gaze on the countenance of Adrienne, pressed the flowers to his lips. At this insulting bravado Mademoiselle de Cardoville started so convulsively that the prince perceived it.

"She is yours!" exclaimed the Metis. "Did you observe, my lord, how she shuddered with jealousy? She is yours! Courage, and she will yet prefer you to that handsome young man placed behind her, for he it is whom she has imagined she loved." And as though foreseeing the whirlwind of rage and hatred this disclosure would awaken in the mind of the prince, he rapidly added, "Calmness and contempt! Will not that man hate you now?"

The prince passed his hand over his brow, burning with anger, and was silent.

"Good gracious!" cried Rose-Pompon, poutingly, to Faringhea, "what can you be possibly saying to him to worry him like this?" Then addressing Djalma, she said, "Come, Prince Charming, as they say in the fairy books, give me back my bouquet;" and with these words she took it from the unconscious hand that held it, exclaiming, "Ah! I saw you press it to your lips! I could almost eat it up!" And then sighing, and casting a look of passionate tenderness on Djalma, she added to herself, "Ah! that monster of a Nini-Moulindid not deceive me. All is very innocent between us. I have not so much as—that to reproach myself for;" and with her small white teeth she bit the rose-coloured nails of her right hand, from which she had withdrawn the glove.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Adrienne's letter had never been received by the prince; neither was it true that he had gone into the country with Marshal Simon.

During the three days in which M. de Montbron had not seen Djalma, Faringhea had persuaded the prince that, by giving publicity to the story of his having formed another attachment, he should reduce Mademoiselle de Cardoville to listen to his suit. To account for Djalma's appearance at the theatre, it is merely necessary to say that it was arranged in consequence of Rodin having been informed by Florine of her mistress's intention to visit the Porte Saint Martin.

Before Djalma had recognised her, Adrienne, feeling her strength fail her, had been upon the point of leaving the theatre. That the man to whom she had
bitherto assigned so high a place in her affections—whom she had worshipped as a demigod, and, believing him to be plunged in a state of deep despair, had even written him lines full of hope—had thus repaid her generous affection by appearing before her in company with a being so lost as was his unfortunate companion, stung the proud spirit of Adrienne to the quick. And little mattered it to her tortured feelings whether the outrage had been premeditated or not. But when she found herself recognised by the prince—when, carrying his insulting conduct so far as to look her full in the face, and, as if trying to brave her utmost indignation, raise to his lips the bouquet belonging to the guilty creature he had publicly intruded on her notice—then Adrienne's weakness was gone, and, far from thinking of returning home, she determined to remain, and even experienced a sort of barbarous pleasure in the last expiring struggles of the pure, celestial flame which had burned so brightly in her heart.

With front erect, proud and sparkling eye, and lip curled with the most withering contempt, Adrienne returned the prince's gaze with unflinching firmness; then turning to the marchioness, who, with the rest of the audience, was entirely engrossed by the preparations and decorations of the stage, she said,

"This disgusting exhibition of savage manners is at least perfectly in keeping with the other entertainments of the evening."

"It is, indeed," rejoined the marchioness; "and my dear uncle will probably have lost the most amusing part of the performances."

"M. de Montbron!" cried Adrienne, quickly, and with a degree of bitterness she could scarcely restrain. "True, he will be sorry he did not see the whole. I long for his coming. Is it not to him I am indebted for the delightful evening I am passing?"

Possibly Madame de Morinval might have remarked the cutting irony which Adrienne sought in vain to repress, if, all of a sudden, a deep, prolonged, and terrific roaring had not attracted her attention, as well as that of the whole audience, who, as we have already said, felt very little interest in the preparatory scenes which were to bring on the appearance of Morok. All eyes were turned toward the cavern, situated on the left side of the stage, and immediately beneath the box occupied by Mademoiselle de Cardoville and her friends, while a thrill of intense curiosity pervaded the audience.

A second roaring, even louder, deeper, and apparently more angry than the former, issued this time from the subterranean abode, whose opening was concealed by artificial brushwood, easily removed. At this roar, the Englishman stood up in his narrow box, stretched himself out as far as he could, and began to rub his hands with considerable animation; then remained completely immovable, his large round eyes fixed and gleaming with anticipated triumph, never once removing their ardent gaze from the entrance of the cavern.

At these ferocious roarings, Djalma had also started, notwithstanding the excitement of love, jealousy, and hatred to which he was a prey. The sight of this forest, and the howls of the panther, caused in him a deep emotion, by awakening his remembrances of his country, and those deadly hunts, which, like war, have such terrible excitement in them. If he had suddenly heard the clarions and gongs of his father's army sound the attack, he could not have been stirred up with wilder emotion. Soon low growls, like distant thunder, almost drowned the low, hoarse cries of the panther: the lion and tiger, Judas and Cain, replied from their cages at the lower end of the theatre. At this fearful concert, which he had so often heard in the solitudes of India, when he was out either in the chase or war, Djalma's blood boiled in his veins; his eyes sparkled with savage ardour, while, with his two hands grasping the edge of the box, his whole frame quivered with a convulsive thrill. The audience, Adrienne, no longer existed for him. He was in a forest of his native land, and he scented the tiger.

At this moment his fine features wore an expression so wild and fierce, that Rose-Pompon gazed at him with a sort of fright, mingled with passionate admi-
ration. For the first time, perhaps, in her life, her lovely blue eyes, usually so mirthful and mischievous, betrayed a serious emotion. She could not account to herself for what she felt. Her heart was oppressed, and palpitated violently, as if some misfortune were about to happen.

Yielding to an impulse of involuntary fear, she grasped Djalma's arm, saying, "Do not look at the cavern in that manner; you frighten me!"

The prince did not hear her.

"Oh! there he is! there he is!" murmured the crowd, with almost one voice. Morok appeared at the back of the stage.

Morok, dressed as we have described him, carried now a bow and a long quiver full of arrows. He descended slowly along the path, which sloped gradually down to the middle of the stage, stopping from time to time, and pretending to listen; then again advancing with the utmost circumspection.

While he was looking first on one side and then on the other, his eyes (involuntarily, no doubt) met the two staring green orbs of the Englishman, whose box was so near the cavern.

The features of the brute-tamer suddenly contracted so fearfully, that Madame de Morinval, who was examining him very closely by the aid of an excellent glass, said to Adrienne,

"My dear, the man's afraid; some misfortune will happen to him!"

"What misfortune can happen?" replied Adrienne, with a bitter smile; "misfortune in the midst of so brilliant, so gay, and so animated a crowd—misfortune—and here this evening? Oh! my dear Julie, don't think of such a thing; it is in the shade and in solitude that misfortunes come, but never in the midst of a joyous assembly thus brilliantly illuminated."

"Heavens! Adrienne, take care!" exclaimed the marchioness, unable to repress a cry of alarm, and seizing Mademoiselle de Cardoville's arm, as if to draw her toward herself. "Do you see it?"

And with trembling hand she pointed to the opening in the cave.

Adrienne bent her head forward quickly, and looked at the cavern.
"Take care! do not stoop so forward," said Madame de Morinval.
"You are silly to be so frightened, my dear," said the marquis to his wife; 
"the panther is very securely fastened; and if he were to break his chain, which 
is very improbable, we shall be here out of his reach."

An increasing clamor of curiosity arose among the audience, and all eyes were 
fixed on the cave with the deepest interest.

Between the artificial bushes, which she dashed aside with her broad breast, 
the black panther suddenly appeared; twice she thrust forward her flat head, 
lighted up by yellow, flaming eyes; then opening her red throat, she emitted 
another roar, which developed her double row of formidable fangs.

A double iron chain, and a collar also of iron, painted black, mingling with 
her ebony skin and the darkness of the cavern, the illusion was complete, and 
the terrible beast seemed perfectly free in her den.

"Ladies," said the marquis, suddenly, "look at the Indians; their emotion is 
really superb."

At the sight of the panther, the fierce ardour of Djalma had reached its 
height, his eyes glistened like two black diamonds, his upper lip curled convulsively, 
and with an expression of animal ferocity, as if he had been in a violent 
paroxysm of rage.

Faringhea, then leaning on the edge of the box, was also a prey to deep emotion, 
caused by a singular chance. "This black panther, of so rare a species," he 
thought, "I see here in Paris, on a stage, must be that which the Malay 
(Tâng, or Strangler, who had tattooed Djalma at Java, while he was asleep) 
carried off from its den, when it was a very small cub, and sold to a European 
captain. The power of Bohwanie is everywhere," added the Tâng, in his sanguinary superstition.

"Don't you think," repeated the marquis, addressing Adrienne, "that these 
Indians are superb to see as they now are?"

"Perhaps they have been present at a similar hunt in their own country," said Adrienne, as if she sought to sum up and brave all that was cruel in her recollections.

"Adrienne," said the marchioness to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, with an 
agitated voice, "now that the beast-tamer is so near us, is not his face fearful to 
look at? I tell you the man is afraid."

"The fact is," added the marquis, in a serious tone, "his paleness is quite 
frightful, and seems to increase every moment as he comes nearer to this side; 
and they say that, if he loses his presence of mind for a moment, he incurs the 
greatest peril."

"Ah! how horrible that would be," exclaimed the marchioness, addressing 
Adrienne, "if he were wounded here, under our very eyes!"

"Do people die of a wound?" asked Adrienne of the marchioness, with an 
accent of such cold indifference that the young lady looked at Mademoiselle de Cardoville with surprise, and replied,

"Really, my dear, that is a very inhuman speech of yours."

"Is it? Then it must be the atmosphere in which we are that acts upon me," said the young lady, with a cold smile.

"See, see! the beast-tamer is about to shoot an arrow at the panther," said 
the marquis, suddenly; "and then, I dare say, he will feign the personal struggle."

Morok was at this instant in the front of the stage, and must cross it to reach the 
opening of the den. He paused for a moment, adjusted an arrow to the string 
of his bow, knelt behind a piece of rock, and took steady aim; then the arrow 
whistled, and was lost in the depth of the cavern, into which the panther had re-
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Morok's pantomime became very expressive; and he expressed such joy at having wounded the savage brute, that shouts of applause echoed around the theatre. Then casting from him his bow, he drew his poniard from his belt, placed it between his teeth, and began to crawl on his hands and knees, as if he would surprise the wounded panther in her cave.

To render the illusion more perfect, La Mort, again aroused by Goliath, who struck her with an iron rod, roared tremendously from the depths of her den.

The dark aspect of the forest, scarcely lighted up by the red lights, had such an impressive effect, the howlings of the infuriated panther, the gestures, attitude, and countenance of Morok were so imprinted with terror, that the auditory, attentive and excited, remained in the deepest silence. All respiration appeared suspended; and it would seem that a sensation of alarm had seized all the spectators, as if they were anticipating some horrible event.

What rendered Morok's pantomime so really appalling, was, that as he gradually approached the den, he at the same time drew near to the Englishman's box. Despite himself, the beast-tamer, fascinated by his fear, could not take his gaze from the round green eyes of this man; and it would seem as if each of the sudden motions he made in crawling along was responsive to a shock of magnetic attraction caused by the fixed stare of the sinister bettor; thus, the nearer Morok approached him, the more disturbed and livid did his features become.

Again, at the sight of this pantomime, which was no longer feigned, but the real expression of dread, the deep and throbbing silence that pervaded the auditory was interrupted by acclamations and shouts, to which were added the roarings of the panther, and the low and remote growls of the lion and tiger.

The Englishman, leaning almost out of his box, his lips curling with his sardonic smile, his large eyes steadfastly fixed, was breathless and intensely excited. The perspiration streamed down his bald red forehead, as if he had really given out an incredible amount of magnetic power to attract Morok, whom he now saw at the very orifice of the cavern.

The moment was decisive. Curled up, and gathered together as it were, with his poniard in his hand, watching, with gesture and with eye, every movement of
La Mort, who, roaring, irritated, and opening her enormous throat, seemed determined to defend the entrance to her den, Morok watched the moment when he could rush upon her.

There is such a fascination in danger, that Adrienne, in spite of herself, partook of the deep feeling of curiosity, mingled with affright, which pervaded all the palpitating spectators; and leaning forward, like the marchioness, and looking fixedly at the scene of appalling interest, the young girl held mechanically in her hand her Indian bouquet, which she had still preserved.

Suddenly Morok uttered a savage shout, and threw himself on La Mort, who responded to his cry by a fierce roar, and precipitated herself on her master with such fury, that Adrienne, dreadfully alarmed at seeing the man, as she believed, lost, fell back in her chair, hiding her features with both her hands.

Her bouquet fell on the stage, and rolled into the den where Morok and the panther were fiercely struggling.

Rapid as lightning, supple and agile as a tiger, yielding to the influence of his love and the savage excitement aroused within him by the roarings of the panther, Djalma was on the stage at a bound, and, drawing his poniard, dashed into the cavern to obtain Adrienne's bouquet. At this moment a fearful cry burst from the wounded Morok, calling for help. The panther, more infuriated at the sight of Djalma, made a desperate effort to break her chain, but failing, she stood up on her hind legs to clutch Djalma, at that moment within reach of her tremendous claws. To bend his head, throw himself on his knees, and at the same time to thrust his poniard twice into her belly, with the rapidity of lightning, was Djalma's mode of escaping certain death. The panther roared, and fell with all her weight on the prince; and for the moment, while her spasmodic agony endured, nothing was seen but a confused and heaving mass of black limbs, and white and blood-stained garments. Then Djalma arose, pale, bleeding, wounded; and placing his foot on the carcass of the slain panther, his eye sparkling with savage fire, he held up the bouquet of Adrienne, and cast on her a look which told his impassioned love.

At this moment it was that Adrienne's senses utterly forsook her, for until then a superhuman courage had enabled her to gaze on the fearful progress of this deadly struggle.
PART XVI.
THE CHOLERA.

CHAPTER I.

THE TRAVELLER.

It is night.
The moon is shining; the stars scintillate in the midst of the sky with melancholy serenity; the fierce whistlings of the north wind, that unpitiful, dry, icy blast, cross, meet, and burst in violent shocks, and, with their cutting and harsh gusts, sweep the heights of Montmartre.

On the most elevated point of this hill a man is standing. His tall shadow is projected over the stony soil, brightened by the moon.

This traveller contemplates the immense city spread beneath his feet.

Paris, whose dark outline presents its towers, its cupolas, its domes, its steeples, in the blue clearness of the horizon, while from out the midst of this ocean of stones arises a luminous vapour which reddens the starry azure of the zenith.

It is the distant light of a thousand fires, which in the evening, the hour of pleasure, so joyously light up the noisy capital.

"No," said the traveller, "it will not be; the Lord doth not will it."

"Twice have been enough."

"Five centuries since, the avenging hand of the Most High drove me from the farthest parts of Asia hither. A solitary traveller, I had left behind me more mourning, more despair, more disasters, more deaths, than had the innumerable armies of a hundred devastating conquerors. I entered this city, and it was also decimated."

"Two centuries since, that inexorable hand which conducts me throughout the world also impelled me hither, and this time, as the other, that scourge, which the All-Powerful hath from all time attached to my footsteps, ravaged this city, first assailing my brethren, already so sorely spent by toil and misery."

"Yes, my brethren; the brethren of me, the artisan of Jerusalem—the artisan accursed of the Lord, who, in my person, hath cursed the race of workmen, a race always suffering, always destitute, always slaves, and, like me, ever march-
ing, without pause or rest, without reward or hope, until all, men, women, children, and old folk, die beneath a yoke of iron—a homicidal yoke, which others in their turn take up, and which workmen, from age to age, bear on their obedient and overladen shoulders.

"And now, for the third time in five centuries, I reach the highest point of one of the hills which top this city.

"And, perchance, with me I bring fear, and desolation, and death.

"And this city, intoxicated in the whirl of its pleasures and its nocturnal rejoicings, knows not—ah! knows not that I am at its gates.

"But no, no! my presence betokeneth no new calamity.

"The Lord, in his inscrutable decrees, hath led me hither through France, making me in my route avoid even the humblest hamlet, and thus no funeral knell hath marked my progress.

"And the spectre, too, hath left me.

"That livid and green spectre, with its deep and blood-shot eyes, when I trod the soil of France, its moist and ice-cold hand relinquished mine; it vanished.

"And still—I feel—that—the atmosphere of death is yet around me.

"These piercing blasts of the ill-boding wind leave me not, but, enveloping me in their stormy gusts, seem with their poisoned breath to propagate this scourge.

"Doubtless the anger of the Lord is appeased.

"Perchance my presence here is a menace, of which those whom it should intimidate will be made conscious.

"Yes; for otherwise He will, on the contrary, strike a blow of still more fearful destruction, by casting, all at once, terror and death into the inmost heart of the country—into the bosom of this vast city.

"Oh no, no! Have mercy, Lord!

"No, He will not condemn me to this fresh punishment.

"Alas! in this city my brethren are more numerous and more miserable than elsewhere.

"And it is I—I who bring them death!

"No, the Lord will have pity; for, alas! the seven descendants of my sister are at length assembled in this city.

"And is it I who shall bring them death?

"Death, instead of the instant succour which they require?

"For this woman, who, like me, wandereth from one end of the world to the other, after having once again broken the snares of their enemies—this woman also pursued her eternal journey—

"In vain hath she foreseen that fresh misfortunes menace those who belong to me by my sister's blood.

"The invisible hand which impelleth me driveth before me the wandering woman.

"Perpetually urged forward by the irresistible whirlwind, in vain hath she cried, when, beseeching, she was compelled to abandon those of my blood,

"'At least, O Lord, let me finish my task!'

"'Onward!!!'

"'But a few days, for pity's sake—a few days only!'

"'Onward!!!'

"'I leave those I would protect on the brink of an abyss.'

"'Onward! onward!!!'

"And the errant star hath again shot forth on its eternal route.

"And her voice hath traversed space, and hath called on me to succour mine own.

"When her voice reached unto me, I perceived that the offspring of my sister were still exposed to fearful perils. These perils increase hourly.

"Oh, say, Lord, say, shall the children of my sister escape that fatality which, for so many ages, hath weighed down my race?
THE WANDERING JEW.

"Wilt Thou pardon me in them? Wilt Thou punish me in them?"

"Ah, grant that they may obey the last wishes of their ancestor!

"Grant that they may unite their charitable hearts, their vast power, their noble understandings, their enormous wealth!

"So will they work for the future happiness of mankind. Thus, perchance, may they ransom me from eternal punishment!

"Those words of the Man-God, 'LOVE ONE ANOTHER!' will be their sole end—their sole means.

"United by these all-potent words, they will struggle, they will conquer those false priests who have laughed to scorn the precepts of love, peace, and hope of the Man-God, for devices filled with hatred, violence, and despair.

"These false priests, who, suborned by the powerful and the happy of this world—their accomplices from all time—instead of asking here below for some small portion of happiness for my suffering brethren, who groan for ages, dare, in Thy name, Lord, to say that the poor are forever doomed to the tortures of this world, and that the desire, or even the hope, of diminished suffering on this earth, is a crime in Thy eyes, because Thy will is the happiness of the minority—the misery of almost all human kind. Oh, blasphemy! Is it not the contrary of these murderous assertions that is worthy of Thy divine will?

"For mercy's sake hear me, Lord! Deliver from their enemies the descendants of my sister—from the mechanic to the king's son. Do not Thou allow to be destroyed the germ of an association so powerful, so promising, and which, by Thy grace, may hereafter be recognised among the benefactors to humanity.

"Permit me, Lord, to unite them, since they are separated—to defend them, since they are assailed. Let me convey hope to those who have hope no longer, to inspire courage in those who are depressed, to raise those who are menaced with falling, and to sustain those who are persevering in good.

"And, perchance, their struggles, their devotion, their virtues, their griefs, may expiate my crime—mine, whom misfortune, misfortune alone, had rendered unjust and wicked.

"Lord, since Thy all-powerful hand hath conducted me hither for an end of which I am unconscious, put off at length Thine anger—let me not be the instrument of Thy vengeance!

"Enough of mourning on the earth! For two years Thy creatures have fallen by millions at my footsteps.

"The world is decimated; a veil of mourning hath covered the whole universe.

"From Asia to the ices of the pole I have marched, and there hath been death.

"Dost Thou not hear, Lord, the lengthened sob which ariseth from earth toward Thee?

"Mercy for all, and for me!

"Let me for one day—for one day only—bring together the descendants of my sister, and they are saved!"

And saying these words, the traveller fell on his knees, and raised to heaven his supplicating hands.

Suddenly the wind blew with additional violence; its shrill wailings burst into a storm.

The traveller shuddered. With an agonized accent he exclaimed,

"Lord, the death-wind bloweth with rage. It seems as though its whirlwind impelled me. Lord, dost Thou, then, reject my prayer?

"The spectre! oh, the spectre! 'Tis here—'tis here! again—again! Its green and sickly visage is working with convulsive agitation—its red eyes roll in their sockets! Begone! avault! away! Its hand—oh, its icy, icy hand—hath clutched mine! Mercy, Lord, mercy!"

"ONWARD!"

"Oh, Lord, this scourge—this fearful scourge—again to conduct it to this city! My brethren will be the first to perish! They so miserable! Mercy!"
"Onward!

"And the descendants of my sister! Mercy—oh, mercy!"

"Onward!"

"O Lord, have mercy! I can no longer keep my footing here. The spectre drags me toward the declivity of the hill! My step is as rapid as the death-wind which drives me forward. Already I see the walls of the city. Oh, mercy, Lord, mercy, for the descendants of my sister! Spare them! Grant that I be not their executioner, and that they may triumph over their enemies!"

"Onward! Onward!"

"The ground flies from beneath my tread. Already I am at the gate of the city—oh, already, Lord! Yet is there time. Oh, mercy for this sleeping city! Let it not suddenly awake with cries of fear, despair, and death! Lord, I touch the very threshold of its gate. Thou wilt have it so, then? It is decreed! Paris, the scourge, the pest, is in thy bosom! Ah, cursed—forever cursed!"

"Onward! Onward! Onward!!!"

* In 1346 the famous black pest ravaged the earth. It presented the same symptoms as the cholera, and the same inexplicable phenomenon as to its progressive and peculiar advances in a prescribed route. In 1660 another and similar epidemic again decimated the globe.

It is well known that the cholera declared itself in Paris by interrupting (if we may use the phrase) its progressive march with one enormous and inexplicable bound. And, it may be remembered also, that the northeast wind prevailed constantly during the most terrible ravages of the cholera.
CHAPTER II.

THE COLLATION.

ET us return to the Hotel Saint-Dizier, where, the day after the ominous traveller, descending the heights of Montmartre, had entered Paris, there was an unusual activity.

Although it was scarcely noon, the princess, without being full-dressed (she had too much good taste for that), was still attired with more than usual care. Her light hair, instead of being simply arranged in bands, was arranged in two ringleted bunches, which suited her full and florid features extremely well; her cap was ornamented with new pink ribands; and Madame de Saint-Dizier appeared so slender in her gray merino gown, one might suppose that Madame Grivois must have required the assistance of another of the princess's maids to succeed in this remarkable reduction of the full figure of their mistress.

We will presently explain the cause of this slight return to mundane coquetry.

The princess, followed by Madame Grivois, her housekeeper, gave her final instructions respecting some preparations which were making in a large saloon, in the midst of which was a large round table, covered with a crimson velvet cloth and surrounded by several chairs, one of them, a gilt arm-chair, distinctly marking out the place of honour.

In one of the angles of the saloon, not far from the fireplace, in which an excellent fire was burning, was a sort of temporary sideboard, bearing the varied elements of a most delicate and exquisite collation. On silver plates were sandwiches of carp's roes cured in anchovy, preserved tunny minced with truffles of Périgord (it was in Lent); and in another place, in silver dishes, kept warm over spirit-lamps, were cray-fish of the Meuse in clotted cream, smoking in their raised puff paste, light and glazed, seeming capable of rivalling in succulence the small patties of the Marennes oysters, stewed in Madeira, and sturgeon minced and seasoned delicately with allspice.

Besides these serious dishes were lighter productions—small biscuits with sliced pineapple, puffs of strawberries (very scarce at this season), orange jellies served in the entire rind of the fruit, artistically cut for that purpose; rubies and topazes, simulated by the wines of Bordeaux, Madeira, and Alicant, sparkled in large crystal decanters, while Champagne and two pitchers of Sevres porcelain filled, one with coffee and cream, and the other with vanilla-flavoured chocolate, were almost become like ices, plunged as they were in a large cooler of sculptured silver filled with ice.

But what gave to this dainty collation a singular apostolic and Romish character, were certain productions religiously elaborated. There were charming little Calvaries of apricot tartlets, sacerdotal mitres in sweetmeats, episcopal crosses in marchpane, to which the princess had added, with an attention full of delicacy, a small cardinal's hat in cherry sugar, adorned with falling cords made of spun sugar. The most important piece of these Catholic sweetmeats, the chef-d'œuvre of the head cook of Madame de Saint-Dizier, was a superb crucifix of angelica, with its crown of preserved barbaries.*

* A person, whose word may be relied on, informed us that he was present at a dinner at the house of a very eminent prelate, when he saw a similar exhibition at dessert, which caused him to say to the prelate in question, “I thought, monseigneur, that we ate the Saviour's body in two forms (nous les deux repas), but not in angelica (en angélique)!” We should add that this apostolic sweetmeat was not the prelate's own doing, but resulted from the somewhat exaggerated Catholicism of a pious lady who had great authority in the house of monseigneur.
Such are the strange profanations at which (and with reason) even the persons of little piety are disgusted. But from the infamous juggles of the tunic of Treves, to the unblushing jest of the shrine at Argenteuil, pious persons like the Princess de Saint-Dizier seem to try how absurd they can make traditions worthy of respect.

After having cast a very satisfactory glance over the collation thus prepared, Madame de Saint-Dizier said to Madame Grivois, pointing to the gilt arm-chair, which seemed destined for the president of this meeting,

"Have they placed my chancelière* under the table for his eminence's feet? He always complains of cold."

"Yes, madam," said Madame Grivois, after having looked under the table, "the chancelière is there."

"Desire them to fill a brazen bowl with boiling water, in case his eminence should not find the chancelière sufficient to warm his feet."

"Yes, madam."

"Throw some more wood on the fire."

"But, madam, it is really burning already so fiercely; and, then, if his eminence is always cold, Monseigneur the Bishop de Halffagen is always too warm; he is continually in a perspiration."

The princess shrugged her shoulders, and said to Madame Grivois, "Is not his eminence Monseigneur the Cardinal de Malipieri the superior of Monseigneur the Bishop de Halffagen?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, then, according to the hierarchy, it is monseigneur to suffer from the heat, and not his eminence who is to suffer from the cold; therefore do as I desire you, and add wood to the fire. Besides, nothing is more plain—his eminence is Italian, while monseigneur belongs to the north of Belgium, and it is, therefore, quite natural that they are habituated to different temperatures."

"As you wish, madam," said Madame Grivois, putting two enormous logs on the fire; "but the heat of this room is enough to suffocate monseigneur the bishop."

"Well, and I, too, find it overpoweringly hot here; but our holy religion teaches us sacrifice and mortification!" said the princess, with a touching expression of devotion.

We may now guess the cause of the somewhat coquettish toilet of the Princess de Saint-Dizier, who was about to receive, with all ceremony, certain prelates, who, connected with Father d'Aigrigny and other dignitaries of the Church, had already held at the princess's hotel a council on a small scale.

A bride of twenty who gives her first ball— an emancipated minor who gives his first bachelor's dinner— a woman of genius who, for the first time, reads aloud her first unpublished work, are not more happy, more proud, and at the same time more anxiously eager about their guests, than was Madame de Saint-Dizier about her prelates.

To see most important interests canvassed and debated in her house and in her presence—to hear personages of high intellect ask her opinion as to certain practical matters relative to the influences of female associations, was enough to make the princess die with proud satisfaction, for their eminences and their highnesses thus stamped with authority forever her pretension to be considered a holy mother of the Church; and it was, therefore, in honour of these indigenous or exotic prelates that she had displayed a thousand coaxing attentions and coquettish cares.

Nothing could be more logical, moreover, than the successive transformations of this heartless woman, who so dearly doted on, so passionately adored intrigue and the rule of the cotérite. She had, with her progress in years, naturally advanced from the intrigue amorous to the intrigue political, and from the intrigue political to the intrigue religious.

* A fur mat enclosed in leather.
At the moment when Madame de Saint-Dizier was terminating the inspection of her preparations, a noise of carriages was heard in the courtyard of the hotel, which announced the arrival of the personages she expected, and these individuals were assuredly of the highest rank, for, contrary to all usage, she went to receive them at the door of her first salon.

They were the Cardinal Malipieri, who was always cold, and the Belgian Bishop de Halfagen, who was always hot accompanied by Father d'Aigrigny.

The Roman cardinal was a tall man, rather bony than thin, with a haughty and crafty countenance, with yellow and puffed cheeks; he squinted considerably, and his black eyes were deeply marked with a brown circle. The Belgian bishop was a little, short, thick-set man, with a prominent stomach, apoplectic appearance, a cautious air, and a hand dimpled, soft, and plump.

The party soon assembled in the large saloon, and while the cardinal placed himself close to the fireplace, the bishop began to perspire and puff, glancing from time to time at the iced chocolate and coffee, which he relied on as his aids in supporting the ardour of this artificial dog-star.

Father d'Aigrigny, approaching the princess, said to her, in a low voice,

"Will you give orders that the Abbé Gabriel de Rennepont is to be admitted when he calls and asks for you?"

"Is the young priest here, then?" inquired the princess, with much surprise.

"Yes, since the day before yesterday; we had him summoned to Paris by his superiors. You shall know all. As to Rodin, Madame Grivois will go, as she did the other day, and let him in by the little door on the private staircase."

"Will he come to-day?"

"He has some very important disclosures to make to us. He has desired that monseigneur the cardinal and monseigneur the bishop should be present at the interview, for they have been informed of everything at Rome by the father-general, in their qualities of associates."

The princess rang, gave her orders, and returning to the cardinal, said to him, in an accent of earnest solicitude,

"Does your eminence begin to feel any warmer? Will your eminence have a bowl of boiling water under your feet? Will your eminence like that the fire should be increased?"

At this, the Belgian bishop, who was wiping his perspiring brow, heaved a despairing sigh.

"A thousand thanks, princess," replied the cardinal to Madame de Saint-Dizier, in very good French, with a horrid Italian accent. "I am really overpowered by so much attention."

"Will not monseigneur take anything?" said the princess to the bishop, looking toward the buffet.

"If you will allow me, princess, I will take a little iced coffee."

And the prelate made a prudent circuit, in order to reach the collation without approaching the fireplace.
“Will not your eminence take one of these small oyster patties? They are quite warm,” said the princess.

“I know them well, madam,” replied the cardinal, with the air of a gourmand; “they are so exquisite there is no resisting them.”

“What wine shall I have the honour of offering to your eminence?” said the princess, graciously.

“A little Bordeaux, madam, if you will be so kind.”

And as Father d’Aigrigny was about to pour the wine out for the cardinal, the princess contended with him for this honour.

“Your reverence will, I trust, approve,” said Father d’Aigrigny to the cardinal, while the latter was seriously devoting himself to the little oyster patties, “that I did not think it necessary to summon to-day Monseigneur the Bishop de Mogador, nor Monseigneur the Archbishop de Nanterre, nor our Holy Mother Perpétue, the superior of the Convent de Sainte Marie. The conversation we are about to have with his reverence, Father Rodin, and the Abbé Gabriel being exclusively private and confidential.”

“Our dear father has acted with sound discretion,” said the cardinal; “for although, in its possible consequences, this Rennepont affair is deeply interesting to all the Apostolical and Romish Church, yet there are certain things which it is requisite to keep secret.”

“Then I will avail myself of this opportunity of thanking your eminence once again for having deigned to make an exception in favour of a very obscure and very humble servant of the Church,” said the princess, making a very respectful and lowly reverence to the cardinal.

“As to that, your eminence may be certain that I refuse all succour to the indigent applicant who is not duly entitled by a note of confession.”

“And it is only thus, madam,” replied the cardinal, allowing himself at the moment to be tempted by the appetizing appearance of a potted cray-fish, “it is only thus that charity is rightly evinced. I care little if impiety is hungry—piety is quite a different thing, quite;” and the prelate swallowed the dainty with great relish. “Besides,” he added, “we know, also, with what ardent zeal you so inexorably pursue the impious and rebellious against the authority of our Holy Father.”

“Your eminence may be convinced that I am Roman in heart, soul, and conviction. I make no difference between a Gallican and a Turk,” said the princess, bravely.

“Madame la Princesse is right,” observed the Belgian bishop. “I will say more; a Gallican ought to be more hateful to the Church than a pagan; and I am, on this subject, of the opinion of Louis XIV. Some one asked him a favour for some man of his court. ‘Never,’ said the great king; ‘this man is a Jansenist.’ ‘He, sire! he is an atheist.’ ‘That’s a different thing,’ said the king, ‘and I will grant the favour.’”

This little episcopal pleasantry caused considerable laughter, after which Father d’Aigrigny continued seriously to address the cardinal.

“Unfortunately, as I shall presently show your eminence, in reference to the Abbé Gabriel, if they were not well looked after, the lower clergy would be infected with Gallicanism and ideas of rebellion against what they term the despotism of the bishops.”

“To obviate that,” replied the cardinal, harshly, “the bishops must redouble their severity, and never forget that they were Romans before they were Frenchmen; for in France they represent Rome, the Holy Father, and the interests of the Church, as an ambassador represents, in a foreign land, his country, his master, and the interests of his nation.”
"That is undeniably true," said the Abbé d'Aigrigny. "So let us hope that, thanks to the vigorous impulse which your eminence gives to the episcopate, we shall at length obtain the power of imparting instruction. Then, instead of young Frenchmen infected with philosophy and absurd patriotism, we shall have good, obedient, and well-disciplined Roman Catholics, who will become thus the respected subjects of our Holy Father."

"And so, in good time," added the Belgian bishop, with a smile, "if our Holy Father was willing, I suppose, to free the Catholics of France from their obedience to the existing temporal power, he might, on recognising some other power, assure to it a considerable and perfectly constituted Catholic party."

So saying, the bishop again wiped his brow, and sought a little *Siberia* from the depths of one of the vessels filled with iced chocolate.

"Moreover, a power always shows itself grateful for such a gift," said the princess, smiling in her turn, "and then concedes great immunities to the Church."

"And thus the Church resumes the place it ought to occupy, but which, unfortunately, it no longer occupies in France in these times of impiety and anarchy," said the cardinal. "Fortunately, in my way hither, I have seen a good many prelates, whose lukewarmness I have reproved and whose zeal I have rekindled, enjoining them, in the name of the Holy Father, to attack openly and boldly the liberty of the press and the freedom of worship, although they are recognised by abominable revolutionary laws."

"Alas! your eminence has not, then, yielded before the terrible dangers, the cruel martyrdoms to which our prelates will be exposed in obeying you," said the princess, gaily. "And those redoubtable *appeals against abuses*! If your eminence should reside in France, you would assail the laws of the country, as they are called by the race of lawyers and members of Parliament. Well, what a terrible affair! The Council of State would declare that there was an abuse in your mandate. Monseigneur, there would be an abuse! Your eminence will understand how frightful a thing it is for a prince of the Church, when seated on his pontifical throne, surrounded by his dignitaries and his chapter, to hear, at a distance, some dozen of atheistical *bureaucrats*, in black and blue livery, crying at the top of their lungs, from the falsetto to the base, 'There is an abuse! there is an abuse!' Really, if there be any abuse at all, it is the abuse of the ridiculous with such people."

This pleasantry on the part of the princess was hailed with general hilarity.

The Belgian bishop next spoke:

"I find that these fierce defenders of the laws, while they play the braggadocio, act with a perfectly Christian humility. A prelate rudely reproves their impiety, and they modestly reply, while they make a lowly reverence, 'Ah! monseigneur, there is an abuse.'"

Fresh bursts of laughter hailed this sally.

"We must let them amuse themselves with these innocent cries of scholars annoyed by the sharp serule of the master," said the cardinal, smiling. "We shall be always among them in spite of themselves, and against themselves. In the first place, because we consider their eternal welfare more than they themselves do; and then, because the powers that be will always have need of us to give them weight, and to bridle the populace. Moreover, while the advocates and parliamentary men, and university atheists, utter cries of impotent hatred and malice, really Christian souls rally and unite against impiety. In my way through Lyons I was deeply affected. Ah! that is a really Roman city; brotherhoods, penitents, all kinds of charities—nothing is wanting; and, what is better than all, there is a donation to the clergy, yearly, of not less than three hundred thousand crowns (£36,000). Ah! Lyons is the worthy capital of Catholic France. Three hundred thousand crowns a donation! that's the way to choke impiety! Three hundred thousand crowns a year! What will the philosophers say to that?"
"Unfortunately, monseigneur," replied Father d'Aigrigny, "all the cities of France do not resemble Lyons. I must even inform your eminence that a very grave fact is manifest. Some number of the lower clergy pretend to make common cause with the populace, whose poverty and privations they share, and are ready to protest, in the name of evangelical equality, against what they call the aristocratic despotism of the bishops."

"If it were possible they could be guilty of such audacity," cried the cardinal, "there would be no species of interdiction, no punishment too severe to inflict for such rebellious conduct."

"They have even gone beyond this conduct, daring as it may seem to your eminence. Some among them have even ventured to get up a schism, and to demand that the French Church should be entirely separated from that of Rome, under the pretext that Romanism has perverted and corrupted the primitive purity of the doctrines of Christ. A young priest, who was first a missionary, then a country curate, named Gabriel de Rennepont, has made himself the centre of a species of Propaganda. He has assembled several of the clergy of the neighbouring parishes, and while recommending the most implicit obedience to their bishops, so long as things remain as they now are in the existent hierarchy, exhorted them to avail themselves of their rights, as citizens of France, to accomplish legitimately what he is pleased to call the freedom of the lower clergy; for, according to his assertions, the priests of parishes are solely at the mercy of their bishops, who may place them under interdict, and deprive them of their means of subsistence, without appeal from their decision."

"Why, this young man must be a sort of Catholic Luther," said the bishop. And, approaching the buffet, the pious and much-shocked prelate helped himself to a brimming glass of Madeira, into which he slowly dipped a marchpane formed in the shape of an episcopal cross.

Encouraged by this example, the cardinal, under pretext of warming his still cold feet, approached the fire, and thought fit to present himself with a glass of rare old Malaga, which he gulped down with an air of profound meditation; after which he resumed:

"Then it appears that this Abbé Gabriel sets himself up for a reformer? He must be an ambitious spirit. Pray, is he likely to be dangerous?"

"Acting upon our advice, he has been so deemed by our superiors, who have ordered him to repair hither; he will be here directly, and I will briefly inform your eminence wherefore I have caused him to be summoned. But previously I wish to show you some notes which will explain and expose the dangerous turn

*An ecclesiastic, as honourable as honoured, has related to us the fact of a poor young parish priest, who, placed under an interdict by his bishop, without any assignable cause, and reduced almost to the last stage of want and misery, was compelled to enter (of course concealing his sacred profession) as waiter at a cafe at Lille, in which establishment his brother was also similarly employed.
of the Abbé Gabriel’s ideas. The following questions have been put to him in writing touching several of his actions, and it is in consequence of the nature of his replies that his superiors have recalled him.”

So saying, the Abbé d’Aigrigny took from his pocket-book a paper, which he read aloud. It was as follows:

“Question.—‘Is it true that you have performed the last solemn duties to an inhabitant of your parish, who, after having lived in a state of vile and hardened impenitence, finished his guilty career by committing suicide?’

“Reply of the Abbé Gabriel:

‘I did perform the last religious rites, because, by reason of his former sinful life, the unfortunate deceased had more need than other men of the prayers of the Church; and, during the night which followed his interment, I unceasingly supplicated the mercy of God for him.’

“Question.—‘Is it true that you refused certain vases, and sundry other ornamental gifts, which certain of your parishioners, obeying the dictates of a pious zeal, wished to present to the church over which you preside?’

“Reply.—‘I refused the vases and other decorative offerings because the house of the Lord should be simple and unostentatious, in order that the faithful may ever be reminded that the divine Saviour was born in a stable; and I prevailed on the persons who were desirous of making such presents to the parish rather to employ their money in judicious acts of charity, assuring them it would go much farther in promoting the glory of the Lord.’

“Upon my word!” exclaimed the cardinal; “here we have a violent and intemperate denunciation against the decorating of our places of worship! This young priest is a highly dangerous person; but I pray you, my dear father, to continue your notes.”

And, excited by his zealous indignation, his eminence swallowed sundry strawberry-puffs with desperate eagerness.

D’Aigrigny thus resumed:

“Question.—‘Is it true that you have received into your vicarage, and nursed and tended for several days, an inhabitant of the village, a Swiss by birth, and a member of the Protestant faith? Is it true that not only you used no efforts to convert him to the Catholic Apostolic and Romish religion, but that you carried your utter disregard of your duties so far as to bury this heretic in the consecrated ground appropriated for the reception of such as die in our holy communion?’

“Reply.—‘A fellow-creature and a brother was without shelter; his life had been passed in honest industry; too old to labour, he was attacked by severe illness; when almost in a dying state, he was turned out of doors by a pitiless landlord to whom he owed a twelvemonth’s rent. I received the worn-out old man into my house. I whispered peace and hope in the few last days of his life. The poor creature had known nothing but sorrow, hard labour, and privations all his life; but never, even to his dying hour, did he murmur against his hard lot, but humbly commending his soul to God, and reverently kissing the blessed cross, his guileless and contented spirit resigned itself unto Him who gave it. I closed his eyes with the respect I would have shown a monarch; myself committed him to the grave; and, notwithstanding he had died in the Protestant faith, I deemed him worthy a place in our burial-ground.’

“Better and better!” said the cardinal; “this is indeed tolerance of a most monstrous description, and a decided and horrible attack against a maxim which comprises the whole force of Catholicism, There is no salvation save for those within the pale of our holy Church.”

“These things become so much the more serious, my lord,” replied D’Aigrigny, “from the universal enthusiasm excited by the mildness, charity, and Christian devotion of the Abbé Gabriel; a feeling which is not confined to his own parish, but extends to the surrounding districts. The clergy of the neighbouring parishes have yielded to the general excitement, and certainly, but for the
extreme humility and moderation of the young priest Gabriel, a very formidable schism would commence."

"But what is your motive," asked the prelate, "in bringing the Abbé Gabriel before us at the present moment?"

"In the first place, the position of the Abbé Gabriel is one of considerable complexity; primarily, as regards his being heir to the Rennepont family."

"But he has formally renounced his claims, has he not?" demanded the cardinal.

"He has, my lord; and this renunciation, at first invalid for want of due form, has been lately duly and legally secured, it must be admitted, by his own full and unhesitating consent; he having solemnly vowed, whatever might befall himself, to abandon all claims to the Rennepont property in favour of the Company of Jesus. Nevertheless, his reverence, Father Rodin, suggested that if your eminence would see the Abbé Gabriel, and, first pointing out to him that his superiors were about to recall him in disgrace, offer him a distinguished position in Rome, we should probably succeed in inducing him to leave France, and thereby awaken in him those sentiments of ambition which, doubtless, merely slumber within him; for, as your eminence very judiciously observed, every reformer either is, or should be ambitious."

"I approve of the suggestion," said the cardinal, after a short pause; "with his rare qualifications and the extreme influence he seems capable of acquiring over the minds of men, the Abbé Gabriel might easily arrive at considerable distinction in the Church if he be docile; and if he be not, why, it is better for the safety of the Church he should be at Rome than here, for at Rome we have, as you are aware, my well-beloved brother, certain modes of compelling duty and obedience which, unfortunately, France does not possess."

After a moment's reflection, the cardinal suddenly said to D'Aigrigny,

"Since we are speaking of Rodin, tell me candidly, what is your opinion of him?"

"Your eminence is aware of his great ability," said D'Aigrigny, with an air of mingled restraint and distrust. "Our reverend Father-General—"

"Has commissioned him to supersede you," said the cardinal. "I know that; the reverend Father-General told me of it in Rome; but I want to have your opinion of the character of this Rodin. Can full confidence be placed in him?"

"He is so self-contained, decided, secret, and impenetrable," answered D'Aigrigny, hesitatingly, "that it is difficult to arrive at any certain conclusion respecting him."

"Do you believe him ambitious?" pursued the cardinal, after another pause.

* It is well known that at the present day (1845) the Inquisition, with its imprisonment - a pace, &c., still exists in Rome.
"Do you not think it probable he has other objects in what he does than the sole desire to promote the welfare and great glory of his Order? I tell you," continued the cardinal, significantly, "I have powerful reasons for putting the question to you."

"But," replied D'Aigrigny, not without mistrust, for between persons mutually suspicious of each other's good faith it is ever requisite to proceed cautiously, "what does your eminence think respecting him, either from your own observation, or in consequence of what you may have heard from the reverend Father-General?"

"Why, indeed, my impression is, that if any sinister views are concealed beneath his great apparent devotion to his Order, it is needful they should be discovered at any price; for with the powerful influence he has for some time past created for himself at Rome, and which I have discovered, he might one day, and that not far off, become really formidable."

"And I," exclaimed D'Aigrigny, carried away by his jealousy of Rodin, "am entirely of the same opinion as your eminence, for I have occasionally observed in him flashes of ambition, as threatening as unbounded; and I will frankly say, since your eminence desires to know my frank thoughts concerning him—"

D'Aigrigny was unable to proceed, for at this moment Madame Grivois, having first tapped at the door, half opened it, made a sign to her mistress, who replied to her by an inclination of the head.

Madame Grivois then disappeared, and immediately afterward Rodin entered the room.

CHAPTER III.

THE BALANCE-SHEET.

At the sight of Rodin, the two prelates and Father d'Aigrigny rose spontaneously, so imposing was the real superiority of this man; while their countenances, but now contracted by mistrust and jealousy, suddenly expanded, and seemed to smile at the reverend father with extreme deference; while the princess advanced several paces toward him.

Rodin, as usual, wretchedly clad, leaving on the soft carpet the muddy prints of his thick shoes, put his umbrella in a corner, and approached the table, not with his accustomed humility, but with a deliberate tread; his head erect, his look assured, not only as if he felt himself among his own party, but as if he had the consciousness of ruling among them by the superiority of his understanding.

"We were speaking of your reverence, my very dear father," said the cardinal, with excessive affability.

"Ah!" said Rodin, looking steadfastly at the prelate, "and what were you saying?"

"Why," said the Belgian bishop, wiping his forehead, "all the good one can say of your reverence."

"Will you not take something, my very dear father?" said the princess to Rodin, and pointing to the splendid buffet.

"Thanks, madam; but I have had my radish this morning."

"My secretary, the Abbé Berlini, who was present at your morning meal, has edified me exceedingly on your reverence's frugality," said the prelate; "it is, indeed, worthy of an anchorite."

"Suppose we talk of business," said Rodin, abruptly, and like a man used to control and take the lead in discussion.

"We are always delighted to hear you," said the prelate. "Your reverence appointed this day yourself to talk over this great Rennepont affair—so great, indeed, that it is one of the main objects of my journey to France. For to sustain the interest of the most glorious Company of Jesus, with which I have the
honour to be affiliated, is to sustain the interests of Rome; and I have promised
the reverend Father-General that I will place myself entirely under your orders."

"I can only repeat what his eminence has said," added the bishop. "Leaving
Rome together, our views and ideas are precisely similar."

"Assuredly," said Rodin, addressing himself to the cardinal; "your eminence
can serve our cause, and materially. I will presently show you in what way.
Then addressing the princess, "I have sent to Dr. Baleinei to come here, mad-
am; for it will be right to instruct him on certain points."

"He will be admitted as usual," said the princess.

Since Rodin's arrival, Father d'Aigrigny had kept silence. He appeared to
be deeply immersed in thought; and, as if undergoing a severe internal struggle,
at length he half rose from his seat, and said, in a soft voice, in which an expres-
sion of vexation was yet perceptible, addressing the prelate,

"I have no intention of asking your eminence to be the judge between his
reverence Father Rodin and myself; our general has spoken, and I have obey-
ed. But, your eminence being about to return speedily to our superior, I could
wish if you would so far favour me, that you would faithfully report the replies
of his reverence, Father Rodin, of certain questions."

The prelate bowed.

Rodin looked, at Father d'Aigrigny, with an astonished air, and said to him,
dryly,

"It is already decided; what is the use of any farther questionings?"

"Not with any desire or design of vindicating myself," replied Father d'Ai-
grigny; "but that the precise state of things may come before his eminence's eyes."

"Well, then, go on; but pray do not let us have any useless words," said
Rodin, drawing out his large silver watch, which he looked at, and then added,
"I must be at Saint Sulpice at two o'clock."

"I will be as brief as possible," said Father d'Aigrigny, with repressed re-
sentment; and then, resuming, he addressed Rodin; "When your reverence
thought proper to substitute your control for mine, blaming, too severely, per-
haps, the manner in which I had directed the interests that had been confided to
me, those interests, I frankly confess, had been utterly compromised."

"Compromised!" interrupted Rodin, ironically; "say, at once, destroyed;
for you ordered me to write to Rome, and say that all hope must now be re-
nounced."

"That is the truth," said Father d'Aigrigny.

"Then, it is a dying man, given over—abandoned by the best physicians," con-
tinued Rodin, with irony, "whom I have undertaken to restore to life. Go on."

And, thrusting his hands in the pockets of his trousers, he looked Father
d'Aigrigny full in the face.

"Your reverence bitterly upbraided me," continued Father d'Aigrigny, "for
not having sought, by all possible means, to recover the property most shame-
fully pilfered from our Company."

"All your casuists justify you completely and properly," said the cardinal;
the opinions are clear and decided, and you have the perfect right to recover,
ger fas aut nefas, property of which you have been traitorously despoiled."

"Therefore," continued D'Aigrigny, "Father Rodin only reproached me, for
the military brutality of my means, their violence, in dangerous discordance, as
he remarked, with the manners of the times. True; but, in the first place, I
was not in any way legally the object of any prosecution; in the next, but for a
circumstance of unprecedented fatality, success must have crowned the measures
I had pursued, however coarse and severe they might have been. Now, may I
inquire of your reverence what you—"

"What I have done more than you did?" said Rodin, giving way to his inso-
lent habit of interruption; "what I have done better than you? what steps I
have pursued in the Rennepont affair after I took it out of your hands, who had
forsaken it in despair? Is that what you wish to know?"
"Precisely," said Father d'Aigrigny, dryly.

"Well, then, I'll tell you," said Rodin, in a sardonic tone; "as many great, clumsy, coarse things as you have done, so many small, childish, secret things have I done! Yes, I, who have dared to call myself a man of extended views, you cannot imagine the silly game I have been engaged in for the last six weeks."

"I should never have allowed myself to address such a reproach to your reverence, however much I might have deemed it merited," said D'Aigrigny, with a bitter smile.

"A reproach?" said Rodin, shrugging his shoulders—"a reproach? Your judgment is pronounced in that word. Do you know what I wrote of you six weeks ago? It was, 'Father d'Aigrigny has excellent qualities, and will serve me materially' (from to-morrow I shall employ you actively," said Rodin, parenthetically); "but," I added, 'he is not sufficiently great to know how to make himself occasionally little.' Do you understand?"

"Not very clearly," said D'Aigrigny, turning very red.

"So much the worse for you," continued Rodin; "for it proves I was correct. Well, then, since I must tell you, I have had wit enough to play the silliest game in the world for the last six weeks. Yes, such as you see me, I have played the amiable with a grissette; I have talked of progress, humanity, liberty, emancipation of women, with a young girl whose head is turned; I have talked of the great Napoleon and the Bonapartes with a worn-out old soldier; I have talked of the imperial glory, the humiliation of France, the hopes of the King of Rome, with a gallant man, a marshal of France, who, if he has a heart full of adoration for that stealer of crowns, who was considered a felon at St. Helena, has a head which is as hollow and empty as a trumpet. Blow into this brainless tube a few warlike or patriotic notes, and, lo! it gives out noises, without knowing for whom, for what, or how. This is not all! I have talked over love passages with a young, wild tiger. I tell you that it was really lamentable to see a man with some brains lower himself in the scale of humanity, as I have done; humble himself to collect, as I have done, the thousand and one small threads which belong to the round skein of this intricate plot! A glorious sight, is it not, to see the spider spin his web so toilsomely—fastening this one, altering that, letting out others? How interesting to see the vile, small, black animal at his patient work! You shrug your shoulders! Be it so; but come back in two hours, and what do you see? the little black animal fully gorged, fed up to his throat, and in his web a dozen silly flies, so entangled, so fettered, that the little black animal has only to choose at his pleasure the hour and moment for his feeding."

As he said these words, Rodin smiled singularly; his eyes, usually half hidden by his flaccid eyelids, were widely distended, and seemed to glow with unusual ardour. The Jesuit had felt within him for some moments a sort of feverish excitement, which he attributed to the struggle he was maintaining before those eminent personages who were already under the influence of his original and emphatic mode of discourse.

Father d'Aigrigny began to repent having commenced this contest; however, with ill-repressed irony, he remarked,

"I do not dispute the smallness of your means employed; I agree with you, that they are very puerile, extremely commonplace; they are not sufficient to inspire me with a very elevated opinion of your merits. I shall therefore take leave to ask you—"
What those small means produced?" interrupted Rodin, with an excitement by no means usual with him. "Look, then, at my spider's web, and you will see that young and insolent girl, so proud six weeks since of her loveliness, her intelligence, her boldness, at this moment pale, dejected, and mortally wounded to the very heart."

But that trait of chivalric intrepidity of the Indian prince by which all Paris was moved," said the princess; "Mademoiselle de Cardoville must have been touched by that."

"Yes; but I paralyzed the effect of that stupid and wild devotion, by showing the young girl that it was not sufficient to kill black panthers, in order to prove one's self a sensitive, delicate, and faithful lover."

True," said Father d'Aigrigny, "this is a gain; for Mademoiselle de Cardoville is wounded to the heart."

But what results from this for the interests of the Rennepont affair? inquired the cardinal, with curiosity, and putting his elbows on the table.

"In the first place, it results," replied Rodin, "that the most dangerous enemy we can have is severely wounded, and leaves the field of battle. I think that is something."

"No doubt," said the princess; "the mind and daring of Mademoiselle de Cardoville might have formed the point of a coalition directed against us."

"True," added D'Aigrigny, obstinately; "in this sense she is no longer to be feared, and that is an advantage; but this wound in the heart will not preclude her from inheriting."

"Who tells you so?" asked Rodin, with calm assurance. "Do you know why I did so much to bring her and Djalma together in the first instance, in spite of herself, and afterward to separate them in spite of herself?"

"I should like to know," said D'Aigrigny, "how this storm of passions will prevent Mademoiselle de Cardoville and the prince from inheriting."

"Is it from the calm sky or the stormy sky proceeds the lightning which dazzles and strikes?" said Rodin, in a haughty tone. "Be easy; I know where to place the conductor. As to M. Hardy, that man lived for three days—his workmen, a friend, and a mistress! He has received three arrows straight in his heart. I always aim at the heart: it is safe and sure."

"It is safe, and sure, and praiseworthy," said the bishop; "for, if I have heard aright, this manufacturer had a concubine, and it is well to make a wicked passion serve as the weapon to strike the offender."

"That is palpable," added the cardinal; "they have wicked propensities; we make use of them; it is their fault."

"Our holy mother Perpétue," chimed in the princess, "has used all means in her power to discover the whole of this abominable adultery!"

"So, then, we have M. Hardy smitten in his tenderest affections."

"I admit," said Father d'Aigrigny, yielding his ground only inch by inch, "he is smitten in his best affections and in his fortune, but that will only make him the more eager in pursuit of this vast inheritance."

This argument appeared serious to the two prelates and the princess, who all looked at Rodin with intense curiosity. He, instead of making any reply, went to the buffet, and, contrary to his usual habit of stoic sobriety, in spite of his repugnance for wine, examined the decanters, and said,

"What is in these?"

"Bordeaux and sherry," said Madame de Saint-Dizier, much surprised at Rodin's sudden taste.

He took up a decanter, poured out a glass of Madeira, and drank it off at a draught. For some moments he had felt himself seized with a sudden and strange shuddering, followed by a sort of faintness, which he trusted the wine would overcome.

After having wiped his lips with the back of his dirty hand, he returned to the table, and, addressing Father d'Aigrigny, said,
"What did you desire to know with respect to M. Hardy?"

"Why, being injured in his fortune, he will only be the more eager after this immense inheritance," repeated D'Aigrigny, internally enraged at the imperious tone of his superior.

"M. Hardy think of money?" said Rodin, shrugging his shoulders; "does he think of anything? Every hope is destroyed within him. Indifferent to the things of this world, he is plunged in a stupor, which he only quits for paroxysms of tears; then he talks with mechanical kindness to those who surround him with the utmost care (I have placed him in excellent hands), and now he begins to show himself sensible to the tender commiseration which is unremittingly testified toward him, for he is good—excellent—as excellent as weak; and it is to this excellence that I shall direct your attention, Father d'Aigrigny, in order that you may work out what is left to do."

"I?" inquired D'Aigrigny, greatly astonished.

"Yes; and then you will see if the result I have obtained is not considerable, and—"

Again interrupting himself, Rodin passed his hand over his brow, saying to himself, "This is strange!"

"What ails you?" inquired the princess, with interest.

"Nothing, madam," replied Rodin, with a shudder; "it is no doubt the wine I have drunk. I am not accustomed to it, and I feel my head rather uncomfortable; but it will soon go off."

"Indeed, my dear father, your eyes seem very much inflamed," said the princess.

"That is because I have looked too intently at my web," resumed the Jesuit, with his sinister smile; "and I must examine it again, in order to clear the vision of Father d'Aigrigny, who seems near-sighted. My other flies—the two daughters of General Simon, for instance—from day to day more sad, more dejected, as they feel a barrier of ice rise up between them and the marshal. And he, since his father's death, you should see, hear, how he is torn, distracted by oppo-
sing thoughts; to-day believing himself dishonoured if he does this, to-morrow disgraced if he does it not; this soldier, this hero of the empire, is now more weak, more irresolute than a child. Who, then, remains of this impious family? Jacques Rennepont! Ask Morok into what state of insanity dissipation has thrown the poor wretch, and to what abyss he is hastening! This is my balance-sheet—this is the state of isolation, desolation, into which, at this moment, the members of this family are plunged; they who would have combined, but six weeks, since so many powerful, energetic, and dangerous elements, if they had but been united! Such are they now, these Renneponts, who, by the advice of their heretical ancestor, were to concentrate their powers to combat and crush us; and they were greatly to be dreaded. What did I say? Why, that I would act upon their passions. What have I done? I have acted on their passions, and therefore they struggle in my toils, which enclose them on all sides. They are mine, I tell you—they are mine!"

For some moments, and while he spoke, Rodin's physiognomy and voice underwent a singular change; his complexion, usually so cadaverous, became more and more flushed, but unequally, and, as it were, in streaks; then, strange phenomenon! his eyes, becoming more and more glaring, seemed to grow more hollow, and his voice sounded broken, harsh, and tremulous.

The alteration in Rodin's features, of which he did not appear in the least conscious, was so striking, that the other actors in this scene looked at him with a kind of fear.

Mistaking the cause of their looks, Rodin, indignant, exclaimed, in a voice occasionally interrupted by spasms of deep and impeded breathing,

"Is it pity for this impious race that I read in your countenances? Pity! for a young girl who never sets foot in a church, and raises heathen altars in her own residence? Pity! for M. Hardy, a sentimental blasphemer, a philanthropic atheist, who had not a chapel in his factory, and dared to place the names of Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, and Plato beside that of our Saviour, who called Jesus the divine philosopher? Pity! for this Indian of the sect of Brahma? Pity! for these two sisters, who have not received the rite of baptism? Pity! for that brute, Jacques Rennepont? Pity! for that stupid imperial soldier, who has Napoleon for his god, and for his gospel the bulletins of the grande armée? Pity! for this family of renegades, whose ancestor, a relapsed heretic, not content with having robbed us of our property, still from the depths of his tomb excites his accursed race to raise its head against us after a century and a half? What! to defend ourselves from these vipers, have we not a right to crush them in the venom which they themselves have distilled? And I tell you, I, that it is serving God, it is giving a wholesome example to devote, in the face of all, and by the very workings of their own passions, this impious family to agony, despair, and death!"

Rodin was frightful in his fierceness as he thus spoke; the glare of his eyes became even more ardent, his lips were dry and parched, a cold sweat was on his brow, and his temples beat convulsively, while renewed chill shudderings pervaded his entire frame. Ascribing his increasing suffering to over-fatigue, for he had been writing during the greater portion of the night, and desirous of preventing a renewal of his weakness, he went to the sideboard, poured out another glass of wine, which he swallowed at a draught, and returned to the table at the moment when the cardinal was saying,

"If the steps you are taking with regard to this family had any need of justification, my very dear father, you would have gloriously justified it by your last words; not only according to the casuists, I repeat, are you entirely in the right, but there is nothing reprehensible even according to the laws of the world: as to divine laws, it is pleasing to the Lord to contend against and overthrow the impious with the weapons which they themselves furnish."

Overcome as well as the rest by the devilish assurance of Rodin, and impelled to a sort of fearful admiration, Father d'Aigrigny said to him,
TRANSFORMATION OF RODIN.
"I confess I was wrong to doubt your reverence's ability. Deceived as to the means you have employed, considering them in detached parts, I could not judge of their redoubtable combination, and especially of the results which they have actually produced. Now I see that, thanks to you, success is no longer doubtful."

"And this is an exaggeration," replied Rodin, with feverish impatience. "All these passions are fermenting, but the moment is very critical; and as the alchemist bends over his crucible in which boils a mixture that may give him treasure or death, I alone can at this juncture—"

Rodin could not finish, but raised his two hands suddenly to his head, and uttered a low cry of stifled pain.

"What ails you?" said Father d'Aigrigny; "for the last few minutes you have become dreadfully pale."

"I do not know what is the matter with me," said Rodin, in an altered voice; "my headache increases, and a sort of vertigo has made me very giddy for a moment."

"Sit down," said the princess, in a tone of interest.

"Take something," added the bishop.

"It is nothing," continued Rodin, making a strong effort over himself; "thank God, I am not made of down. I slept but little during the night; it is fatigue—nothing more. I was saying that I alone can direct this affair at this crisis, but not execute it. I must disappear to watch incessantly in obscurity, where I shall hold all the threads which I—I alone, can manage," added Rodin, in an oppressed voice.

"My very dear father," said the cardinal, with uneasiness, "I am sure you are seriously unwell; your cheeks are becoming quite livid."

"Possibly," replied Rodin, courageously; "but I do not give way to trifles.
Let us return to our business. Now is the moment, Father d’Aigrigny, when your qualities—and that you have great ones, I have never disputed or denied—can come to my aid with great effect. You have a winning way, an attractive demeanour, and seductive eloquence. It will be requisite—'

Rodin paused again. His brow was streaming with chill perspiration; he felt his limbs give way under him, and he said, in spite of his energetic obstinacy,

"I confess it, I do not feel well; yet this morning I was as well as usual. I tremble in spite of myself; I am icy cold."

"Come nearer the fire; it is a sudden attack," said the bishop, offering him his arm with heroic devotion. "It will not be anything of consequence."

"If you would take something warm to drink—a cup of tea," said the princess. "M. Baléinier will, fortunately, be here very soon, and he will make us easy as to this indisposition."

"Really, it is inexplicable," said the prelate.

At these words of the cardinal, Rodin, who had approached the fire in great agony, turned his eyes to the prelate and looked at him fixedly for a second in a singular manner; then, strong in his indomitable energy, spite of the alteration of his features, which were visibly and materially changing, Rodin said, in a broken voice, which he endeavoured to render firm,

"The fire has somewhat warmed me; it will be nothing. I have no time to be nursed and cosseted. How to prop it would be to fall sick at this crisis of the Rennepont affair, which can succeed by and through me alone! Let us, therefore, return to business. I tell you, Father d’Aigrigny, that you can very materially serve us; and you also, Madame la Princesse, for you have espoused this cause as if it were your own; and—"

Rodin paused again. This time he uttered a piercing cry, fell into a chair near him, threw himself back in it convulsively, and, pressing his hands against his chest, cried,

"Oh, how I suffer!"

And immediately, to the fearful alteration already spread over the features of Rodin, succeeded a cadaverous hue, covering the countenance in an instant with the ghastly pallor of a corpse in which decomposition has already commenced; his eyes, already sunken in his head, were fixed and injected with blood, while they seemed to retreat into their very orbits, whose darkened shadow formed a black hollow ring around the red glowing eyeballs; violent spasmodic pangs tore his entrails and contracted the hard features of his bony countenance. To these acute pains succeeded a collapse, which, releasing the skin from tension, left it flaccid, damp, and covered with a cold sweat like that of death, while a hideous tinge of green mingled with the corpse-like colour the face had before exhibited; from his lips, which were rigid and convulsed by the dire torments he endured, escaped a breathing, hot, fetid, and gasping, mingled with continual groans, and cries of, "Oh, what I suffer! I burn!"

Then, impelled by a fresh paroxysm of pain, Rodin, almost maddened, tore his naked breast with the points of his sharp nails, for he had early torn off the buttons of his waistcoat, and ripped open his soiled and greasy shirt-front, as though the pressure of his garments increased the violence of the sufferings under which he writhed.

The bishop, the cardinal, and Father d’Aigrigny rushed to Rodin to tender their assistance. At that instant he was seized with fresh convulsions, and, all at once collecting his strength, rose up on his feet, stiff and rigid as a corpse; then, his dress disordered, his thin, gray hair standing like bristles around his distorted visage, green with all the ghastly hues of the charnel-house, and fixing his red and glaring eyes upon the cardinal, who at this instant was stooping over him, he grasped him with his convulsed fingers, and with a fearful tone cried, in a half-suffocated voice,

"Cardinal Malipieri, this illness is too sudden; I am mistrusted at Rome; you come of the race of Borgia, and your secretary was with me this morning."
"Unhappy man!" exclaimed the prelate, as thunderstruck as indignant at this
accusation; "what does he mean by words like these?"
And, so speaking, the cardinal sought to free himself from the tight grasp of the
Jesuit, whose stiffening fingers closed upon him with the tenacity of iron.
"I have been poisoned!" murmured Rodin; then relapsing into utter exhaustion,
he sunk back into the arms of Father d'Aigrigny.

Spite of his terror, the cardinal had time to whisper, in a low tone, to D'Aigrigny,
"He fancies that we wish to poison him; he is, therefore, conscious of being
engaged in some dangerous machinations against us."
The door of the salon opened at this juncture, and admitted Dr. Baleinier.
"Ah, doctor!" exclaimed the princess, running, pale and terrified, to meet
him, "how thankful I am for your presence! Father Rodin has just been sud-
denly attacked with the most frightful convulsions. Pray hasten to his succour."
"Convulsions! Oh, that is nothing, madam. Be under no alarm, I beg,"
said the doctor, throwing his hat on a chair, and hurrying toward the group who
surrounded the dying man.

"Here is the doctor," cried the princess; and as M. Baleinier approached, all
drew aside except D'Aigrigny; he was supporting Rodin, who had sunk almost
lifeless in a chair.

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Dr. Baleinier, examining the countenance
of Rodin (which from green was becoming of a bluish hue) with increasing
alarm, "what fearful symptoms are these?"
"What is the matter?" inquired all the spectators in a voice.
"The matter!" replied the doctor, stepping backward, as though he had trod-
den on a serpent; "it is the cholera, and it is contagious!"
At these fatal sounds, D'Aigrigny let go his hold of Rodin, who sank from the
chair, on which he was partly reclining, to the floor.
"He is a dead man!" cried Dr. Baleinier; "still, I will go in search of what
alone can be employed as a last effort to save him."

And with these words he rushed to the door, so quickly followed by the Prin-
cess de Saint-Dizier, Father d'Aigrigny, the bishop, and cardinal, that, all pre-
cipitating themselves on the same point, the confusion became so great that not
one among them could manage to open the door.
An unseen hand at length opened it from without, and Gabriel appeared, the
type of all that is holy, sincere, pure-minded, and heavenly in a priest—such a
one as would, indeed, merit the universal respect, admiration, and tenderest sym-
pathy of all mankind; his divine countenance and angelic calmness contrasting
strangely with the terrified, fear-stricken visages of the agitated beings by whom
he was surrounded. Ere, however, the young man could understand the cause
of all this alarm, he was almost thrown down by the fugitives who swept by him,
exclaiming,
"Enter not! Fly, fly! save yourself! He is dying of cholera!"
At these words, and pushing the bishop, who was last in the flying party, back
into the room, Gabriel flew to Rodin; while the bishop, thankful to be freed
from any farther interruption to his flight, once more made for the door, and
availed himself of the free egress left by the entrance of Gabriel to rush after
his companions.
Rodin, meanwhile, lay writhing in fearful agonies on the carpet, his limbs dis-
torted by the most dreadful cramps, and his frame shaken by direful spasmodic
throes. His fall had probably recalled his wandering recollection, for he mur-
mured, in a sepulchral voice,
"They have left me, then, to die like a dog! Oh, cowards! Help, help! Alas! no one comes."
And as the dying man lay prostrate on the ground, he, by a convulsive move-
ment, contrived to raise himself on one elbow; and, casting his hideous looks to-
ward the ceiling, while his eyes glared with mingled fury and desperation, he
cried again, in utter desolation of spirit, "No, no one will approach me! none! none!!"

But at this instant his fierce and glaring glances encountered the large blue eyes, and mild, heavenly countenance of Gabriel, who, kneeling beside him, said, in his usual sweet, yet serious voice,

"I am here, father, ready to succour and assist you, if, indeed, earthly aid be yet available, or to offer up my prayers for you and with you, should it be the Lord's pleasure to call you hence."

"Gabriel," uttered Rodin, faintly, "pardon—for the wrong—I have done you. Pity me—and do not abandon me; do not—"

The wretched man could proceed no farther: he uttered a shrill cry of sharp agony, his strength utterly forsook him, and he fell extended on the floor, speechless and motionless.

In the evening papers of that day was read the following announcement:

"The cholera is in Paris; the first case declared itself to-day at half past three o'clock, at the Hôtel de Saint-Dizier, Rue de Babylone."
CHAPTER IV.

THE PORCH OF NOTRE-DAME.

ORROR has rested eight days in the city of Paris since Rodin was smitten with the cholera, whose ravages continued to increase.

What a terrible period it was! A veil of mourning was spread over Paris, formerly so joyous. Yet never was the weather more delightful, the sky more blue and unchanging; never did the sun shine with greater radiance.

This inexorable serenity of nature, during the ravages of a deadly scourge, offered a strange and mysterious contrast.

The dazzling light of a brilliant sun made yet more visible the change of features caused by the thousand agonies of fear; for every one was aghast—some for themselves, some for beloved connexions; countenances betrayed an expression of disquiet, amaze, and feverishness; steps were hasty, as if by walking faster there was a chance of escaping the peril; and then, too, they were hurried the more quickly to reach home. Men left life, health, and happiness in their dwellings, and two hours afterward, on returning, they but too frequently found agony, despair, death.

At each moment new and sinister events struck the sight. Now passed along the streets carts laden with coffins symmetrically piled up. They stopped at every door where men dressed in gray and black were standing; they extended their arms and conveyed a coffin—perhaps two—often three or four, into the same house, until the carts were exhausted; and yet all the dead were not supplied.

In almost all the houses—from top to bottom, from bottom to top—there was a noise of hammers at work; they were nailing up the biers, and they nailed on, until at intervals the nailers stopped from exhaustion. Then, too, were heard cries of grief, plaintive groans, and desperate imprecations, when the men in gray and black had placed some in the biers.

Thus were they incessantly filling the biers, and nailing them down day and night—rather by day than by night; for, from the time of twilight, from want of sufficient hearses, arrived a sad train of mortuary coaches, hastily prepared for the occasion, tumbrils, carts, vans, hackney-coaches, cars; and, in contrast to the other vehicles, which arrived full and went away empty, they came empty and drove away full.

During this time the windows of the houses were lighted up; and the lights were kept on frequently during the day. It was the ball season; and these lights greatly resembled the luminous rays of the gay nights of festivities, only that consecrated candles filled the places of the wax-lights, and the psalmody of the prayers for the dead the joyous murmurs and echoes of the ball. Then, in the streets, instead of the transparent buffooneries of the better sort of masquerade dresses, were suspended at distances lanterns with glasses of a blood-red colour, on which was inscribed, in black letters, "Succour for persons attacked by cholera."

Where there was really a fête, was in the cemeteries during the night: there
they were gay indeed! They, usually so dull, so mute at the nocturnal hours, those silent hours when the slightest sound of the cypress, moved by the night wind, is heard! they, who never seemed gay, but, perchance, when the pale rays of the moon played on the marble of the tombs! they, so solitary, that no human footstep dared, during the night season, to disturb their funereal silence— they had suddenly become animated, noisy, full of bustle, and bright with light.

By the smoky glare of torches, which cast broad, red beams on the black firs and white stones of the sepulchres, a great number of grave-diggers worked, humming as they toiled. This dangerous and rude trade was then recompensed almost at the price of gold. They required so many of these good fellows, that it was requisite, after all, to take care of them. If they drank often, they drank much; if they always sang, they sang loud; and that in order to keep up their strength and good humour, powerful auxiliaries in this rough toil. If some of them did not by misadventure complete the commenced grave, obliging companions finished it for them (that was the word), and laid them in it in all friendly feeling.

To the joyous strains of the grave-diggers were added other distant sounds. Public houses had sprung up in the environs of the cemeteries; and the drivers of the dead, when they had once set down their passengers at their address, as they wittily and professionally said, those hearse-drivers, rich by the excessive payments now made to them, banqueted, feasted like lords, and the dawn frequently surprised them with the glass in their hand and the obscene song on their lips. How strange is human nature! With these men of hearses and coffins, living in the very bowels of this scourge, mortality was almost unknown!

In the dark and infected quarters of the city, where, in the midst of a morbid atmosphere, abide crowds of individuals already exhausted by privations, and, as they said emphatically (toué mâché), all predisposed for the cholera, it was no longer a question of individuals, but of entire families carried off in a few hours. Yet sometimes, by providential clemency, one or two young children remained alone in the cold and miserable chamber after the father, mother, brother, and sister had gone away in their coffins.

Then they were often compelled to close, for want of lodgers, many of these houses, miserable hives of hard-working labourers, completely emptied in one day by the scourge, from the cellar (in which, according to immemorial custom, the little chimney-sweep slept in straw) to the garrets, where, half starved and half naked, was stretched on the ice-cold floor some unhappy wretch, without work and without bread.

Of all the quarters of Paris, that which, during the increase of the cholera, offered what was, perhaps, the most fearful spectacle, was the Quartier de la Cité; and, in the city, the porch of Notre-Dame was almost every day the theatre of terrible scenes, as the majority of the sick from the neighbouring streets, whom they were conveying to the Hôtel Dieu, were brought to this spot.

The cholera had not one physiognomy—it had a thousand. Thus, eight days after Rodin had been suddenly attacked, several events in which the horrible mingled with the strange took place in front of Notre-Dame.

Instead of the Rue d’Arcole, which now leads direct to this place, it was reached on one side by a squalid alley, like all the streets in the city, terminated by a dark and dilapidated arch. On entering into the square, there was, on the left, the entrance of the vast Cathedral, and, in front, the building of the Hôtel Dieu. A little farther on, an opening allowed the parapet of the Quai Notre-Dame to be seen.

On the black and cracked wall of the arcade might be read a placard recently put up, on which were traced, by means of colour rubbed over letters cut in brass,

* It is well known that during the cholera similar placards were profusely put up in Paris, and at various times ascribed to various persons; among others, to the priests, as several bishops had published orders, or had declared in the churches of their dioceses, that le Bon Dieu had sent the cholera to punish France for having driven away her legitimate kings, and assimilated the Catholic worship to other worship.
"Vengeance! vengeance! The people who are conveyed to the hospitals are poisoned there, because they find the sick too many. Every night boats filled with dead carcasses go down the Seine! Vengeance and death to the murderers of the people!"

Two men, dressed in cloaks, and half hidden in the shade of the arch, listened with eager curiosity to a noise which grew more and more threatening, in the midst of a mob tumultuously assembled about the Hôtel Dieu.

Soon these cries, "Death to the doctors! Vengeance!" reached the ears of the men who were thus ensconced beneath the arcade.

"The placards do their work," said one of them; "the fuel is in a blaze. Once rouse the populace, and we may direct them against whom we will."

"I say," said the other man, "look down there! That Hercules, whose enormous stature rises above the rest of the mob, is not he one of those wild furies who were most active during the destruction of M. Hardy's factory?"

"Yes; I recognise him. Wherever there is mischief to be done, you find scoundrels of his kidney."

"My advice is, then, that we do not remain any longer," said the other man. "The wind is icy cold; and although I am cased in flannel—"

"You are right; the cholera is infernally brutal. Besides, all is well arranged on this side, and I am assured that a Republican riot will burst out en masse in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. It grows hotter and hotter, and works as we would wish it; and the holy cause of religion will triumph in spite of the revolutionary impiety. Let us go and join Father d'Aigrigny!"

"Where shall we find him?"

"Here, close at hand. Come—come!"

And the two individuals hastily disappeared. The sun was beginning to set, and threw his golden beams on the black sculp-
ture of the portal of Notre-Dame and the imposing mass of its two towers, which rose in the midst of a perfectly blue sky; and, for many days, a northeasterly wind, dry and chill, had swept away every appearance of a cloud.

A dense mob had clustered, as we have said, in front of the Hôtel Dieu, close to the railing with which the peristyle of the hospital is surrounded, and behind which was a picket of infantry drawn up, for the cries of "Death to the doctors!" had become still more threatening.

Those who made this clamour belonged to an idle, vagabond, corrupted class, the very dregs of Paris; and thus (and it was fearful) the poor creatures who were carried to the hospital, being necessarily obliged to have the way forced through these hideous groups, entered the Hôtel Dieu amid these sinister clamours and the cries of death.

At every moment litters and hand-barrows brought fresh victims. The litters, frequently covered with cotton curtains, concealed the sick; but in those which had no coverings, from time to time the convulsive movements of the agonized sufferer removed the counterpane, and disclosed the cadaverous countenance.

Such sights, instead of frightening the wretches assembled in front of the hospital, only became the signal for brutal jests or atrocious predictions as to the fate of these unhappy creatures, when once in the doctor's power.

The quarrier and Ciboule, accompanied by many of these acolytes, were in the thickest of the crowd.

After the destruction of M. Hardy's factory, the quarrier, formally expelled from the companionship of the Wolves, who would no longer have any connexion with such a scoundrel—the quarrier, from that moment, plunging into the lowest recesses of degrading infamy, and speculating on his Herculean strength, had become, for pay, the ostensible defender of Ciboule, and such as she.

Except some passers-by, led by chance to the square of Notre-Dame, the ragged mob which filled it consisted of the vilest portion of the Parisian population—wretches not less to pity than blame; for misery, ignorance, and idleness fatally engender vice and crime. With these savage outcasts of society there was neither pity, instruction, nor affright in the terrible pictures by which they were surrounded, regardless of a life which they every day struggled for against hunger and temptations to crime; and they braved the terrible scourge with infernal audacity, or succumbed to it with blasphemy on their lips.

The tall stature of the quarrier overtopped all others, as, with bloodshot eyes and infuriated countenance, he vociferated, with all his might,

"Death to the Carabins!" (a nickname for the medical students;) "they poison the people!"

"It is easier than to feed them," chimed in Ciboule.

Then, turning to an old man in mortal throes, whom two men with difficulty conveyed through the dense mob in a chair, the beldam added,

"Don't go in there, I say, old Kick-the-bucket; but die here in the open air, instead of rotting in that hole, poisoned like an old rat."

"Yes," added the quarrier, "and they will fling you into the water to regale the bleak that you will never taste again, old chap."

At this disgusting ribaldry, the old man turned his wandering eyes and uttered dismal groans. Ciboule was desirous of stopping the progress of the bearers, who with much difficulty got away from the cursed hag. The number of cholera patients carried to the Hôtel Dieu increased every moment; and, the usual means of conveyance failing, for want of litters and hand-barrows, they were carried in people's arms.

In many places frightful episodes bore testimony to the terrible rapidity of the scourge.

Two men carried a litter covered with a cloth stained with blood. One of them felt himself seized suddenly, and stopped short; his failing arms let go the litter; he turned pale, staggered, and half fell on the patient he had been conveying, becoming as livid as himself. The other bearer, alarmed, fled with ter-
ror, leaving his companion and the dying man in the midst of the throng. Some retreated with horror, while others burst into savage laughter.

"The horses have taken fright," said the quarrier, "and left the carriage behind them."

"Help!" exclaimed the dying man, in a dolorous tone. "For mercy's sake, convey me to the hospital!"

"The pit is full," said some brutal jester.

"And you cannot walk up to the gallery" (paradis), added another.

The dying man made an effort to raise himself, but his strength was unequal to the task, and he fell exhausted on his mattress: suddenly the multitude pressed backward, violently overturned the litter, and the bearer and the dying man were trampled under foot, their groans drowned in shouts of "Death to the Carabiners!"

The howlings were resumed with intense fury. The savage band which, in their ferocious madness, respected nothing, were yet compelled to open its ranks before several workmen, who vigorously forced a passage for two of their comrades, carrying in their united arms a workman, still young, whose head, borne down and already livid, was leaning on the shoulder of one of his companions, a little child sobbing bitterly and clinging to the blouse of one of the workmen.

For some moments had been heard in the distance, in the crooked streets of the city, the sonorous and regular noise of several drums. They were beating the rappel, for the riot had broken out in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. The drummers, coming by the vaulted arcade, crossed the square in front of Notre-Dame. One of these soldiers, a veteran with gray mustaches, suddenly paused from the sonorous rolling of his drum, and remained a step behind; his companions turned in surprise—he was green: his legs bent under him; he stammered some unintelligible words, and fell, as if struck by lightning, on the pavement, before the drums of the first rank had ceased beating. The rapidity of this attack for a moment alarmed the boldest; and, surprised at the sudden interruption of the rappel, some of the crowd ran, full of curiosity, toward the drummers.

At the sight of the dying soldier, whom two of his companions supported in their arms, one of the two men who, under the arch we have alluded to, had been present at the outbreak of the commotion, said to the other drummer,

[See cut, on page 300.]

"Perhaps your comrade has been drinking at some fountain."

"Yes, sir," replied the soldier, "he was dying with thirst, and swallowed two mouthfuls at the Place du Châtelet."

"Then he has been poisoned," said the man.

"Poisoned!" exclaimed several voices.

"There is nothing astonishing in that," added the man, with a mysterious air.

"They are poisoning all the public fountains. This morning they killed a man in the Rue Beaubourg, whom they detected in emptying a paper of arsenic into the great jug of a wine-dealer."

And, having said this, the man mingled with the crowd, and was lost.

This report, no less unfounded than that which was rife with respect to the poisoning of the sick in the Hôtel Dieu, was hailed by an explosion of indignant cries. Five or six fellows in rags, unmitigated ruffians, seized the body of the dying drummer, raised it on their shoulders, and, carrying this sinister trophy, bore it round the square, preceded by the quarrier and Ciboule, exclaiming, as they went,

"Room for the corpse! This is the way they poison the people!"

Another impulse was given to the mob by the arrival of a travelling-carriage, drawn by four horses, which, unable to pass by the Quai Napoleon, then partly unpaved, had ventured on threading the mazy streets of the city, in order to reach the other bank of the Seine by the square of Notre-Dame.

Like many others, these travellers were flying from Paris to escape the scourge

* It is well known that at this epoch several persons were murdered under a false pretense of poisoning.
which was decimating it. A man and woman servant were seated in the rumble, and gave a glance of fear as they passed before the Hôtel Dieu, while a young man inside, sitting in the front seat, lowered the glass, desiring the postillions to go forward slowly, for fear of an accident, as the crowd was so dense. This young man was M. de Morinval, and in the back seats were M. de Montbron and his niece, Madame de Morinval. The pallor and altered features of the young lady betokened her alarm; and M. de Montbron, spite of his strength of mind, seemed very uneasy, and smelt every minute, as well as his niece, a bottle filled with camphor.

For some minutes the carriage advanced slowly, the postillions conducting the horses very cautiously. Suddenly there was a noise, which, at first dull and distant, increased as it approached; and then were distinctly heard the peculiar sounds of chains and iron that belong to the artillery. It was, in fact, one of these vehicles which, coming in an opposite direction to the travelling-carriage, must soon meet it.

It was very strange that, compact as was the crowd, the progress of the wagon was rapid; and at the approach of the vehicle, the dense multitude made a space for it as if by enchantment.

This wonder was soon explained by the words repeated from mouth to mouth:

"The dead-wagon! the dead-wagon!"

The service of the funeral carriages not being adequate, a number of artillery wagons had been put in requisition, in which they piled the coffins in heaps. While the majority of by-standers looked at this ill-omened vehicle with dread, the quarrier and his band redoubled their brutal jests.

"Room for the cold-meat omnibus!" said Ciboule.

"In this omnibus there is no fear of the passengers treading on each other's toes," exclaimed the quarrier.

"They are very nice people, those inside passengers."
"They never ask to get out, at least."
"See! there is only one soldier for postillion."
"Yes, the leaders are driven by a man in a blouse."
"Perhaps the other soldier was a little tired, poor dear, and has got inside the cold-meat omnibus with the others, and they'll all get out at the big hole."
"Head foremost, as usual."
"Yes, they dive into a chalk-bed."
"Ah! one could follow the cold meat with eyes shut; it is worse than Montfaucon."
"True, the meat does not smell over fresh," added the quarrier, alluding to the foul and infecting reek which this funeral wagon left behind it.
"Good!" continued the hag Ciboule; "see! the death-cart will run foul of this fine, dashing carriage. So much the better! Let the rich have a smell of death."

And, in fact, the wagon was close upon the carriage at this moment, and a man in a blouse and wooden shoes rode the leaders, while a soldier of the train was on the wheeler.

The coffins were piled so high, and there were so many in the wagon, that its semicircular covering was but half closed, so that, at each jolt of the vehicle, which, going fast, was much shaken over the irregular pavement, the biers might be seen jostling against each other.

By the glowing eyes of the man in the blouse, and his inflamed cheeks, it was easy to see that he was half drunk; and, urging his horses with his heels and whip, spite of the useless admonitions of the soldier, who, hardly able to restrain his horses, followed unwillingly the reckless pace which the fellow gave to the vehicle. Thus the drunkard, swerving from the straight line, came right upon the carriage and struck it violently.

At the shock the lid of the wagon fell back; and, impelled forward by the sudden blow, one of the coffins, after having driven violently against one of the panels of the Berlin, fell on the ground with a dull, heavy sound.

The fall disjointed the deal boards, nailed hastily together, and in the midst of the fragments of the coffin rolled out a blue and livid carcass, half wrapped in a shroud.

At this horrible sight Madame de Morinval, who had mechanically advanced her head out of the window, uttered a loud shriek, and fainted.

The mob receded with horror. The postillions of the carriage, no less frightened, took advantage of the space made before them by the rapid retreat of the multitude, to favour the advance of the wagon; and, flogging their horses, the carriage advanced toward the quay.

At the moment when the Berlin disappeared behind the Hôtel Dieu were heard the noisy sounds of joyous music, and repeated cries, as it advanced, of "The cholera masquerade!"

These words bespoke one of those episodes, half buffoon half terrible, yet scarcely credible, which marked the progress of this scourge.

In truth, if contemporary testimony was not completely accordant with the details of the public papers on the subject of this masquerade, we should say that, instead of an actual fact, it was the invention of some demented brain. The masquerade of the cholera came into the square of Notre-Dame at the moment when the carriage of M. de Morinval disappeared on the other side, after having been run against by the dead-wagon.
CHAPTER V.

THE MASQUERADE OF THE CHOLERA.*

By the arcade came a crowd of persons preceding the masquerade with great noise and turbulence; boys blowing horns, others shouting, others whistling and hooting as they appeared.

The quarrier, Ciboule, and their band, attracted by this new sight, rushed precipitately in a body toward the arched passage.

Instead of the two traiteurs which are on each side of the Rue d'Arcole, there was then only one, on the left of the arcade, and greatly renowned in the joyous world of the students for the excellence of its wines and cookery.

At the first sound of the blasts blown by the running footmen, who preceded the masquerade, the windows of the great saloon of the cook-shop opened, and several waiters, with napkins under their arms, leaned out of the windows, impatient to see the arrival of the strange guests whom they were expecting.

At length the grotesque procession appeared in the midst of immense uproar.

The masquerade was composed of a four-wheel car, escorted by men and women on horseback; cavaliers and amazons wore fancy costumes equally rich and elegant, the majority of masks belonging to the middle class, in easy circumstances.

There had been a rumour that a masquerade had been organized with the intention of bullying (narguer) the cholera, and, by a merry display, raising the spirits of the frightened populace. Artists, young men of fashion, students, clerks, &c., answered the appeal, and, although hitherto unknown to each other, they fraternized immediately. Many of them, to complete the fête, brought their lady-loves. A subscription had covered the expenses of the frolic, and on the morning, after a splendid breakfast at the farther end of Paris, the joyous group had started bravely on their way to conclude the day by a dinner in the square of Notre-Dame.

We say bravely, because it required in the young females a singular strength of mind, an unusual firmness of character, thus to traverse this great city, plunged in consternation and amazement; to cross, at every turn, litters charged with the dying, and vehicles loaded with the dead; to attack, by the strangest pleasantry, the scourge that was decimating Paris.

Moreover, in Paris only, and only in a certain portion of its population, could such an idea be formed and realized.

Two men, grotesquely attired as postillions of funereal ceremonies, ornamented with formidable false noses, wearing weepers of pink crêpe, and in their buttonholes large bouquets of roses and bows of crêpe, conducted the car.

On the platform of this vehicle were groups of allegorical personages, representing Wine, Folly, Love, Gaming.

These symbolical personages had, as their providential mission, to make, by

* In the "Constitutionnel" of Saturday, March 31, 1832, we read:

"The Parisians conform to that part of the general order, as to the cholera, which, among other preservative recipes, prescribes that all fear of the malady was to be discouraged, that persons were to amuse themselves, &c. The pleasures of Midsummer were as brilliant and frolicsome as those of the Carnival itself. There had not been for a long time, at this period of the year, so many balls. Even the cholera itself was the subject of an ambulatory caricature."
their "quips, and (nods) and wreathed smiles," their jests, sarcasms, and mockeries, the life of the "Bonhomme Cholera" exceedingly hard and unpleasant to him—a funeral and burlesque ceremony which they joked and merry-andrewed over in a thousand different ways.

The moral of the thing was this:

To brave the cholerawith assurance, it was requisite to drink, laugh, play, and make love.

Wine had for its representative a gross Silenus, punch-bellied, broad-chested, thickset, and horned, wearing a wreath of ivy round his brows, a panther's skin over his shoulders, and in his hand a large cup, gilt, and surrounded by flowers.

None other than Nini-Moulin, the moral and religious writer, could offer to the astonished and delighted spectators an ear more scarlet, an abdomen more majestic, and a physiognomy more triumphant and beaming.

At each moment Nini-Moulin affected to empty his cup, after which he burst into a fit of insolent laughter in the face of the Bonhomme Cholera.

The Bonhomme Cholera, the cadaverous old man, was half dressed in a shroud, his mask of greenish pasteboard; his red and hollow eyes seemed at each moment to grimace death in a most joyous manner. Under his wig, with three rows of curls, powdered carefully, and surmounted by a high-peaked cotton night-cap, his neck and one arm were seen from beneath the shroud, tinged of a bright green colour; his skinny hand, continually tremulous with a feverish tremour (not affected, but real), was leaning on a crutch-handled stick; and he wore, as becomes all old gentlemen of the stage, red stockings, with buckles to his garters, and high-heeled shoes of black beaver.

This grotesque representation of the cholerawas Couche-tout-Nu.

In spite of a slow and dangerous fever, caused by the abuse of brandy and debauchery—a fever which was silently, but surely, undermining his health—Jacques had been induced by Morok to make one in this masquerade.

The tamer of beasts, dressed as the King of Diamonds, represented gaming. His forehead encircled with a diadem of gilt pasteboard, his countenance immovable and pallid, with a long yellow beard which fell down the front of his gown, formed of bright colours, Morok looked his part to perfection. From time to time, with an air of serene mockery, he shook in the very eyes of Bonhomme Cholera a large bag filled with rattling counters, on which were painted all sorts of playing cards. A stiffness in the motion of his right arm announced that the brute-tamer still felt something of the wound which the black panther had inflicted on him before she was destroyed by Djalma.

Folly, symbolizing Laughter, shook with classic air, in the ears of Goodman Cholera, her bauble with its gilt and sounding bells. Folly was a pretty, active, and lively girl, wearing on her fine head of hair a Phrygian cap of scarlet. She was Couche-tout-Nu's substitute for the poor Queen Bacchanal, who would not have failed at such a high festival—she, so bold and gay—she who but a while since had borne a prominent part in a masquerade, less philosophical, perhaps, in its designs, but quite as amusing.

Another lovely creature, Mademoiselle Modeste Bornichoux, who was the model for a renowned artist (one of the cavaliers of the procession), represented Love, and most charmingly; for Love could not have had a more beautiful countenance or a more perfect figure. Dressed in a blue spangled tunic, wearing a blue and silver bandeau over her chestnut locks, and two transparent wings behind her white shoulders, Love, crossing the forefinger of her right hand over the forefinger of her left hand from time to time (the triviality of the remark will be excused us), made very graceful but impertinent gestures to Goodman Cholera.

Around the principal groups were other masks, more or less whimsical, who waved banners, on which were written such Anacreontic inscriptions as these:
There was, indeed, so much audacity in this gay masquerade, that the majority of the spectators, at the moment when it defiled into the square to go to the restaurateur's, where the dinner awaited them, applauded most lustily; but this admiration, always inspired by courage, however foolhardy or blind it may be, appeared to some of the lookers-on (but few, it is true) a sort of defiance thrown at the anger of Heaven, and they hailed the procession with murmurs of discontent.

This extraordinary spectacle, and the different impressions which it caused, were too uncommon to be justly appreciated, and it is difficult to decide whether this courageous bravado deserves praise or blame.

Besides, the appearance of those scourges which, from age to age, decimate populations, has almost always been attended by a sort of moral over-excitement, which none have escaped whom the contagion has spared—a feverish and strange vertigo which sometimes calls into play the most stupid prejudices, the most ferocious passions; sometimes, on the contrary, inspires the most intense devotion, the most courageous actions—exaggerates in some the fear of death, even to the most absurd terror, while with others the disdain of life is manifested by the most audacious bravado.

Reflecting little on the praise or blame which it might deserve, the masquerade reached the door of the restaurateur, and entered amid universal acclamations.
All seemed to conspire to complete this whimsical device by the most striking contrasts.

Thus the tavern at which this singular orgy was about to take place being situated close to the antique cathedral and the sinister hospital, the religious choir of the old church, the cries of the dying, and the bacchic shoutings would drown each other and be heard in turns.

The maskers, having descended from carriage and horseback, went to take their places at the banquet which awaited them.

The actors of the masquerade were seated at table in a large room, joyous, noisy, riotous; and yet their joy, their noise, and their rioting were of a strange character.

Sometimes the most audacious remembered involuntarily that it was their life they staked in this foolhardy and daring struggle with the scourge. This gloomy thought was as rapid as the feverish shudder which chills the frame to ice in a moment, and, from time to time, sudden silence, lasting but a second, betrayed these passing sensations, soon effaced by fresh bursts of joy, for each said, "No weakness! my companions, my mistress, are looking at me!"

And each laughed and drank with lively air, speaking familiarly to his neighbour, and drinking by choice from the glass of the lady who sat next him.

Couche-tout-Nu had laid aside the mask and wig of Goodman Cholera. The meagerness of his shrunken features, their unhealthy pallor, the gloomy brightness of his hollow eyes, all told the rapid and incessant strides of the malady which consumed him, arriving, as he had done, by excesses at the last stage of exhaustion. Yet, though he felt a slow fire consume his entrails, he concealed his agony beneath a forced and nervous laugh.

On the left of Jacques was Morok, whose fatal sway over him went on increasing, and on his right the young girl disguised as Folly. Her name was Mariette, and on the other side of her Nini-Moulin spread himself out like a peacock's tail, in all the pride of his majestic embonpoint, frequently pretending to seek his napkin under the table, that he might squeeze the knees of his other neighbour, Mademoiselle Modeste, who represented Love.

The majority of the guests were grouped according to their tastes, each beside his lady; the single men where they could. They had entered on the second course, and the excellence of the wines, the good cheer, the gay conversation, and the very singularity of their position had strangely excited all the guests, as may be supposed from the extraordinary incidents of the following scene.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SINGULAR CONTEST.

During the feast, one of the waiters had come in two or three times, and, without being remarked by the guests, had spoken in a low voice to his comrades, pointing significantly to the ceiling of the festive hall; but his companions had taken no heed of his observations or his fears, being probably unwilling to derange the company, whose headlong mirth grew faster and more furious.

"Who will now venture to doubt the superiority of our mode of treating this impertinent Cholera? Has he dared to lay a finger on our sacred battalion?" asked a magnificent Turkish juggler, one of the banner-bearers of the masquerade.
"This is the mystery," replied another, "and very simple it is; laugh in the teeth of the Goodman Scourge, and he turns his back forthwith."

"And very right of him, when he do so many rascally things," added a pretty little Pierrette, as she emptied her glass with a graceful air.

"You are right, lovey-dovey; it is rascally and ultra-rascally," responded the Pierrot of the Pierrette; "for one moment there you are quiet enough, enjoying the good things of this life, and the next, after an atrocious grimace, you die. Well, what then? Isn't it malicious? isn't it odd? I should like to know what it all means."

"It means," replied a celebrated romantic painter, disguised as a Roman, of the school of David, "it means that the Cholera is a miserable colourist, for his palette has but one hue, a bad green. The fellow has evidently studied under that horrible artist Jacobus, the king of classic painters, a scourge of another description."

"Still, master," added a pupil of the great painter, very respectfully, "I have seen cholera patients whose convulsions had a very considerable turn in them, and whose death throes were not deficient in expression."

"Gentlemen," exclaimed a sculptor, not less famous, "let us investigate the question. The Cholera is a detestable colourist, but a vigorous designer. He will anatomicize you an outline in a rough fashion. How he picks in the flesh! After him, Michael Angelo is but a scholar."

"Decidedly!" cried everybody; "the Cholera is a detestable colourist, but a vigorous designer."

"Besides, sirs," added Nini-Moulin, with comic gravity, "there is in this scourge a rascally providential lesson, as the great Bossuet says."

"The lesson, the lesson!"

"Yes, sirs, I seem to hear a voice from above, which says, 'Drink of the best, empty your purse, and kiss the wife of your neighbour, for perhaps your hours are numbered, ye unhappy wretches!'"

So saying, the orthodox Silenus profited for a moment by the absence of mind of Mademoiselle Modeste, his neighbour, to cull from the rosy cheek of Love a hearty and resounding kiss.

The example was contagious, and a smacking of lips mingled with fresh shouts of laughter.

"Tubule, vertuble, ventrebleu!" exclaimed the great painter, gaily, menacing Nini-Moulin; "you are very happy, although perhaps to-morrow is the end of the world. Were it not so, I would quarrel with you for having embraced the Love who is my love."

"Which proves to you, oh, Rubens! oh, Raphael! the thousand advantages of the cholera, which I proclaim to be essentially sociable and endearing."

"And philanthropic, too," said a guest, "for, thanks to him, creditors take care of the health of their debtors. This morning a usurer, who is particularly interested in my existence, brings me all sorts of anti-choleric drugs, of which he entreats me to make use."

"And as for me," said the pupil of the eminent painter, "my tailor would compel me to wear a flannel waistcoat next my skin, because I owe him some thousand crowns. I replied to him, 'Oh, tailor! give me a receipt in full, and I will enflame myself in order to secure to you my custom, since you seem so anxious about it.'"

"Oh, Cholera! to thee I drink," said Nini-Moulin, with much grotesqueness of manner; "thou art not despair; quite t'other. Thou symbolizest hope; yea, hope. How many husbands, how many wives rely solely on one number! a chance, alas! too uncertain in the lottery of widowhood. Thou appearest, and their hopes renew, thanks to thee, oh, complaisant scourge! for in thee they see their chances of liberty increased a hundred fold."

"And then think of heirs-at-law; imagine their gratitude! A chill, a spasm,
a nothing; and in an hour an uncle, or some kinsman, becomes forthwith a
venerated benefactor.”

“And then those individuals who are always on the look-out for the places
of others; what a glorious coadjutor they find in the cholera!”

“And how many oaths of constancy are made true!” said Mademoiselle Mo-
deste, with an air of sentimentality; “how many gay deceivers have sworn to a
weak and trusting woman to love her for life, and did not expect, the Bedouins!
to be so faithful to their words.”

“Sirs,” exclaimed Nini-Moulin, “since, perhaps, we are at the eve of the
world’s ending, as the celebrated painter has said, I propose that we begin to
play at the world turned upside down; I desire that these ladies toy with us, that
they be impertinent to us, that they coquet with us, that they steal from us deli-
cate kisses, and take every liberty they please with us; and yet, I dare say, we
shall not die thereof. I really desire that they insult us; yes, I declare I will
allow myself to be insulted: I court their insults. Thus, then, Love, you may
favour me with the worst insult that can be inflicted on a virtuous and bashful
bachelor,” added the religious writer, bending toward Mademoiselle Modeste,
who repulsed him, laughing at the same time immoderately.

A burst of unanimous hilarity hailed the whimsical proposition of Nini-Mou-
lin, and the orgies continued with fresh impetus.

In the midst of this brawling tumult, the waiter, who had already entered sev-
eral times, speaking in a whisper and with a disturbed air to his comrades, while
pointing to the ceiling, reappeared, with a pale and agitated countenance; and,
coming to the man who was fulfilling the office of maître-d’hôtel, said to him, in
a low and agitated voice,

“They have just come in.”
"Who?"
"You know well enough; for the room overhead;" and he pointed to the ceiling.
"Ah!" said the maître-d'hôtel, becoming serious; "and where are they?"
"Going up stairs; they are there by this time," added the waiter, shaking his head with a frightened air; "they are there."
"What does master say?"
"Oh, he is much distressed in consequence of—" and the waiter gave a glance at the guests; "he does not know what to do; he sent me to you."
"And what the d—I am I to do?" said the other, wiping his brow. "It was to be expected; there was no chance of escaping from it."
"I shan't stay here any longer, for it's going to begin."
"You'll do well; for with your disturbed look you will excite everybody's attention; so be off, and say to master that we must await the event."

This incident passed almost unperceived in the increasing tumult of the joyous meeting.

Yet there was one among the guests who did not laugh or drink: it was Couche-tout-Nu; his gloomy and fixed eye gazed on vacancy. A stranger to what was passing around him, the unhappy creature was thinking of the Queen Bacchanal, who would have been so brilliant, so gay in such Saturnalia. The remembrance of her, whom he still loved with extravagant ardour, was the sole thought which came, from time to time, to break in upon his brutalized condition.

Strange! Jacques had only consented to play a part in this masquerade, because this mad day recalled to him the last fête he had passed with Céphyse, that morning frolic which followed the night of the masked ball, that joyous past in the midst whereof the Queen Bacchanal, by a singular presentiment, had given that disheartening toast in reference to the scourge, which they said then was approaching France: "To the cholera!" Céphyse said; "may it spare those who desire to live, and kill those in company who do not desire to live separate!"

At this moment Jacques was deeply absorbed, reflecting on those painful words. Morok, remarking his abstraction, said to him, aloud,
"What! don't you drink, Jacques? Had wine enough? Want some brandy? I'll ask for some for you."
"I want neither wine nor brandy," answered Jacques, sullenly; and he fell again into his gloomy revery.
"Ah! you are right," continued Morok, with a sarcastic tone, and raising his voice; "you are right to take care of yourself; I was a fool to talk of brandy. According to the times in which we are, there would be as much rashness in facing a bottle of brandy as in looking down the barrel of a loaded pistol."

When Couche-tout-Nu heard his courage as a drinker called in question, he looked at Morok with an irritated air.
"Do you mean to say that it is from cowardice I dare not drink brandy?" exclaimed the wretched man, whose understanding, half extinct, was aroused to defend what he called his dignity; "do you mean to say it's cowardice, Morok?"
"Come, come, my brave lad, we have given proofs of our manhood to-day," said one of the guests to Jacques; "and you particularly, who, being an invalid, had the courage to accept the character of the Bonhomme Cholera."
"Messieurs," replied Morok, observing the general attention fixed on him and Couche-tout-Nu, "I was jesting; for if my comrade," pointing to Jacques, "had had the imprudence to accept my offer, he would have been, not courageous, but mad. Fortunately he has had the wisdom to renounce such boasting, so dangerous at such a time, and I—"
"Waiter!" said Couche-tout-Nu, interrupting Morok with angry impatience, "two bottles of brandy and two glasses."
"What are you going to do?" said Morok, feigning uneasy surprise. "What do you want with two bottles of brandy?"
"For a duel," said Jacques, in a cold and resolute tone.
"A duel!" said everybody, with surprise.
"Yes," said Jacques, "a duel with brandy; you say there is as much danger in placing one's self before a bottle of brandy as before the muzzle of a loaded pistol: let us two take each a full bottle, and we shall then see which will give up first."

This extravagant proposition of Couche-tout-Nu was hailed by some with shouts of mirth, by others with serious inquietude.
"Bravo! the Champions of the Bottle!" cried the former.
"No, no! there would be too great danger in such a contest," said the latter.
"Such a challenge, as times are, is as serious as a duel to the death," added another.
"You understand," said Morok, with a fiendish smile; "you understand, Jacques. Let us now see if you recoil before danger."

At these words, recalling to him again the peril to which he was about to expose himself, Jacques started, as if a sudden idea had come into his mind, raised his head indignantly, while his cheeks coloured slightly, and his sunken eye shone with a sort of gloomy satisfaction, and he called out, in a firm voice,
"Waiter! are you deaf? Didn't you hear me ask for two bottles of brandy?"
"Yes, sir," said the waiter, going out, almost frightened at the course of this bacchic contest.

Yet the mad and perilous resolution of Jacques was applauded by the majority. Nini-Moulin wriggled about in his chair, stamping his feet, and exclaiming, in a tremendous voice,
"Bacchus and my thirst! my glass and my pint! Throats are open! Brandy to the rescue! Larger, larger!" and he embraced Mademoiselle Modeste like a real champion of the tournament, adding, as an excuse for the liberty,
"Love, you shall be the Queen of Beauty; I was merely experimenting on the happiness of the conqueror."

"Brandy to the rescue!" repeated the chorus; "larger!"
"Sire," added Nini-Moulin, with enthusiasm, "shall we remain indifferent to the noble example which Goodman Cholera," he pointed to Jacques, "gives us? He has loudly called for cognac; let us reply to him gloriously, Punch!"
"Yes, yes! punch!"
"Waiter!" cried the religious writer, in a stentor's voice, "waiter! have you any bowl, caldron, basin—any something immense, in which one can brew a monster punch?"
"A Babylonian punch!"
"A punch lake!"
"A punch ocean!"
Such was the daring crescendo which followed Nini-Moulin's proposition.
"Sir," replied the waiter, with a triumphant mien, "we have such a brass saucepan, fresh tinned; it has never been used, and will hold nearly thirty bottles."
"Bring hither the kettle," said Nini-Moulin, with majesty.
"The saucepan forever!" cried the chorus.
"Put therein twenty bottles of kirch, six loaves of sugar, twelve lemons, a pound of cinnamon, and then light it, light it!" exclaimed the pious penman, uttering superhuman cries.
"Yes, light it! let it blaze!" exclaimed the chorus.
Nini-Moulin's proposal gave a new impetus to the general gayety; the most absurd propositions were heard mingling with the pleasant sound of sudden kisses, given with the excuse that perhaps there was no morrow for them, that they must resign themselves to Fate, &c., &c.
Suddenly, in the midst of those momentary lulls which occur in the noisiest tumults, were heard several dull and measured blows overhead.
Every one was silent, and listened.

CHAPTER VII.
BRANDT TO THE RESCUE.

At the end of a few seconds the singular noise which had so greatly surprised the party assembled was repeated, but this time the noise was greater and lasted longer.
"I say, waiter," exclaimed one of the guests, "what the devil are they about overhead?"
The man, exchanging a rapid and uneasy glance with the other waiters, stammered forth,
"What are they doing, sir? Oh, it is—"
"No doubt some brute beast of a sulky fellow lodging up there," said Nini-Moulin, "who gives us a hint, by thumping against the ceiling, not to sing quite so loud."
"The general rule upon such occasions," interposed the pupil of the great painter, in a formal and sententious manner, "is (according to traditionary account), that whenever a landlord, or lodger, demands silence after this manner, he shall be immediately replied to by a charivari resembling a concert of devils, and calculated to put an effectual stop to the claimant's power of being annoyed through the medium of his hearing for the rest of his life. Such, at least," he added, in a modest tone, "are the modes of communication I have always seen practised between apartmental powers."
This somewhat hardy doctrine was received by all the party with universal cheers, and loud, uproarious mirth. During the tumult which prevailed, Morok contrived to question one of the waiters, and, having received his answer, exclaimed in a loud, piercing tone, capable of being heard above all the din of voices,
"I demand to be heard!"
THE WANDERING JEW.

"By all manner of means," answered a mirthful guest; "let the gentleman clear his throat and speak up."

During the silence which immediately followed these words, the noise overhead was renewed, but this time the blows seemed more hastily struck.

"The lodger above stairs is innocent of any desire to repress your gayety," said Morok, with a sarcastic grin, "having neither the will nor the power to offer the slightest interruption to the pleasures of this meeting."

"Then what the deuce does he keep thumping away for, as though he were not only deaf himself, but intended to make us all so?" asked Nini-Moulin, tossing off a bumper of wine.

"Pattering and pattering like a blind man who has dropped his stick," added the pedantic antiquarian painter.

"It is not the lodger you hear," replied Morok, in a dry, cutting tone; "it is the noise of men closing her coffin!"

A gloomy and sudden silence followed these words.

"Her coffin!" resumed Morok; "stay, I am wrong. I should more properly say their coffin, for, being pressed for time, the child has been laid in the same receptacle with the mother."

"A woman!" exclaimed La Folie, addressing the waiter; "is it, then, a female who is dead?"

"Oh, yes, madam! it is indeed a poor young creature scarcely twenty years of age," replied the waiter, sorrowfully; "and the babe she nursed at her bosom died almost immediately after her, both mother and child being taken off in less than two hours. Our master is extremely sorry your comfort should in any way be interfered with, but it was quite impossible to foresee this misfortune, for yesterday morning she was in perfect health, and fresh as a rose, and laughed and sung the merriest of any person in the house."

At this account a dark, funereal gloom seemed to fall on the hitnerto joyous party; the mirthful, laughing countenances were quickly overspread by a feeling of awe and approaching danger, and no voice was found bold enough to utter a jesting allusion to the lifeless bodies of the young mother and her child, closed up in the same coffin.

So unbroken was the silence which reigned, that the very respiration of the more terrified part of the company could be distinctly heard; while the last sound of the undertaker's hammer seemed to re-echo in their own hearts, as though the crowd of painful and gloomy ideas, so long refused admission in their breasts, rushed back with redoubled force to replace the false excitement and noisy mirth which had hitherto swayed them.

It was a decisive moment, and it became necessary to strike on the very in-
stant some important blow by which the flagging spirits of the party should be raised to their former factitious elevation; for already several rosy cheeks had assumed the pallor of marble, and many rubicund visages had changed to a cadaverous, cowardly white. Among the latter number was Nini-Moulin; while Couche-tout-Nu, redoubling his energy and boldness, and drawing up his form, already bending beneath the enervating effects of constant dissipation, cried, while a bright feverish glow tinged his features,

"Why, waiter! what the devil are you about, not to bring either the brandy or punch that was ordered? Confound it all! are the dead to make the living shiver and shake in the midst of their enjoyments?"

"Ah, to be sure! hang melancholy! Come, come, the punch!" cried several of the guests, feeling the necessity of finding some restorative for their cast-down joyousness.

"Now, then, bring forward the punch—punch forever!"

"Hang care!"

"Long live mirth and jollity!"

"Gentlemen!" said the waiter, opening the door, "I beg pardon for being so long; here is the punch!"

The arrival of the flaming beverage, to which so many looked as the certain means of fortifying their diminished courage, was received with an almost phrenzied applause.

The sun had just set, and the spacious apartment in which the entertainment was served was but dimly lighted by a few narrow windows, almost hid by the quantity of red cotton draperies with which they were festooned by way of curtains, and although not, strictly speaking, night, the more distant part of the vast chamber was plunged in almost total darkness.

Two waiters carried in between them the monster punch by means of a bar of iron passed through the handle of an immense brazon caldron, bright as burnished gold, from the summit of which issued a wreathing pyramid of many-coloured flames.

"Now, then," said Couche-tout-Nu to Morok, in a tone of defiance, "while we are waiting for the punch to burn itself out, let us have our mortal encounter, and let the surrounding spectators sit as judges!" Then, pointing out the two bottles of brandy just set down by the waiter, Jacques added, addressing his adversary, "Choose your weapons!"

"Choose them yourself," replied Morok.

"Very well—here is your bottle and glass; Nini-Moulin shall judge of the draughts we drink."

"Certainly; I do not object to act as judge of the lists," replied the religious and political writer; "only one thing I must warn you of, my friend, and that is, you are playing a high stake, and that, at such a time as the present (as a gentleman in the room observed just now), to place the neck of a bottle of brandy between your teeth is, perhaps, more dangerous than to introduce the muzzle of a loaded pistol into your mouth, and—"

"Come, don't preach, old boy," said Jacques, interrupting Nini-Moulin's well-meant endeavours to reason him out of so rash an attempt upon his life, "but give the word to begin, or I shall do it myself."

"Well, since you are resolved, so be it."

"And remember, the first who gives in is conquered," added Jacques.

"Agreed!" replied Morok.

"Now, then, gentlemen, attention, and let us see what you can do," cried Nini-Moulin; "but first let us see whether there is any difference in the size of the bottles; in all such cases equality of weapons is indispensable."

A profound silence reigned in the apartment while these preparations were going on; the courage of many present, although temporarily stimulated by the arrival of the punch, soon fell again under the influence of the heavy presentations which assailed them, and a vague dread hung over the minds of all that
much danger was involved in the challenge given by Morok to Jacques; this impression, joined to the painful reflections awakened by the nailing down of the coffin over head, overshadowed every countenance more or less with an air of depression and sadness. Some of the guests, struggling with their fast-growing fears, exerted themselves, by various attempts at mirth, to shake off the gloom which oppressed them—but all in vain! their noisy flashes of forced gayety fell upon cold and unadmiring ears, and were quickly extinguished in the dead chill of their silent reception. After certain circumstances have developed themselves, the most trifling events have frequently a powerful influence in directing the after-course of things.

We have already said, that after sunset a portion of the vast apartment occupied by the masqueraders was perfectly dark: thus such of the company as were seated at the far end were soon involved in obscurity, except such light as was afforded by the flickering flame of the still burning punch, which cast a pale, bluish tint on every face within its influence, and a strange and fearful spectacle was afforded by the sight of a numerous party of guests, illuminated only by these sepulchral hues, in proportion as they were seated farther from or nearer to the windows.

The painter, whose professional eye was quickly caught by the effect of this fantastic mode of lighting a table, suddenly exclaimed, "Pray observe us here at the end of the table; we seem to have raised a banquet to Cholera, and to have turned blue and green while partaking of it."

This attempt at wit was very coolly received; but the loud, sonorous voice of Nini-Moulin, calling for "attention," came just in time to prevent any manifestation of displeasure.

"The lists are opened!" cried the religious writer, more sincerely alarmed and uneasy than he chose to appear. "Are you ready, brave champions?"

"We are," answered both Morok and Jacques.

"Then on and fire!" cried Nini-Moulin, clapping his hands.

At which signal each emptied at one draught an ordinary-sized tumbler of brandy.

Not a muscle of Morok's hard, iron features moved, and with a firm hand he replaced his glass on the table. But, as Jacques followed his example, he was unable to repress a slight convulsive tremour, caused by severe internal pain.

"Well done, and well drunk!" cried Nini-Moulin; "to swallow off the fourth part of a bottle of brandy at one gulp is to triumph indeed. No person here present could perform such a feat, I feel quite assured; and, if you will take my advice, you will go no farther."

"Give the word!" replied Couche-tout-Nu, intrepidly, while with his feverish, trembling hand he seized the bottle; but, all at once, instead of pouring into his glass, he said to Morok, "Let's have done with glasses! What say you, do you dare drink from the bottle? It is more of a thing to do—more of a deed to set men wondering."

Morok's only reply was to shrug his shoulders and carry the bottle to his lips. Jacques instantly followed his example, the thin yellow glass of which the bottles were composed rendered it easy for the spectators to observe the rapid diminution of their contents.

The stony, impassive features of Morok, as well as the thin, pale countenance of Jacques, down which streams of cold perspiration were stealing their way, were at that moment, as well as the faces of the other persons near them, lighted up by the blue flame of the punch, while every eye was fixed on Morok and Jacques with that intense though barbarous curiosity inspired almost involuntarily by cruel spectacles.

As Jacques drank, he held the bottle in his left hand; suddenly he closed and tightly clinched the fingers of his right hand under an uncontrollable paroxysm of agony, his hair became damp and glued against his icy forehead, while a sharp spasm contracted his features. Still he continued to drink; only once
without removing his lips from the bottle, he let it fall a little, as though he were endeavouring to take breath. At this instant Jacques encountered the sardonic glance of Morok, who continued to drink with his accustomed imperturbability, and, believing that he read the expression of an insulting triumph in the look bestowed on him by Morok, Jacques abruptly raised his arm, and drank more eagerly than before; but his powers were exhausted, an unquenchable fire preyed upon his vitals, his sufferings became too acute for endurance. He could resist no longer, his head fell back, his jaws closed convulsively on the neck of the bottle, which was broken by the grinding of his teeth; his throat stiffened, violent spasms distorted his limbs, and he lost nearly all consciousness.

"Jacques, my lad! come, hold up!" cried Morok, whose features were lighted up by fiendish joy. "Never mind this little attack; it is nothing to be afraid of."

Then, replacing his bottle on the table, he rose to assist Nini-Moulin, who was striving in vain to hold Couche-tout-Nu.

Although this sudden attack presented none of the usual symptoms of cholera, a panic seized upon all present. One of the females fell into hysteric, and uttered the most piercing shrieks, while others fell fainting from their chairs.

Leaving Jacques in the care of Morok, Nini-Moulin was hastening to the door to call for help, when that door was hastily thrown open, and the religious writer startedback in astonishment at the unexpected sight of the personage who met his view.

CHAPTER VIII.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Little expected, indeed, was the visitor whose appearance had so greatly astonished Nini-Moulin; she was no other than the Queen Bacchanal. Pale and haggard, her hair dishevelled, her cheeks hollow, and her eyes sunk in her head, the once joyous heroine of so many extravagant follies presented but the mere shadow of her former loveliness; while the squalid rags which barely covered her shrunken form bore mournful testimony of the want and misery which had withered her bright and glowing beauty.

Scarcely had the unhappy girl entered the room when she paused, and with uneasy and gloomy looks seemed endeavouring to penetrate the obscurity of the apartment, as though in search of some one she anxiously sought.

All at once she started, and a piercing cry escaped her lips; the eager eye of Céphyse had just recognised the group seated around the table, while, by the blue light proceeding from the huge vessel of punch, she descried Jacques writhing in fearful convulsions, Morok and some of the persons present striving in vain to hold him.

At this appalling spectacle, the first impulse of the wretched Céphyse was to do what on many a wild frolic she had mirthfully done under the excitement of her exuberant spirits; light and agile as a bird, she leaped upon the table, passing safely over the bottles and glasses which covered it, and threw herself on the neck of her lover, wholly unheeding the tamer of beasts, who was standing beside him, exclaiming, "Jacques! Jacques! look up! 'tis I—Céphyse!"

The well-known voice, with the cry of distracting agony wrung from the very
THE WANDERING JEW.

soul itself, seemed to call back the wandering senses of Couche-tout-Nu, who mechanically turned his head, although without opening his eyes, to the direction from which it proceeded. A deep sigh heaved his chest—his stiffened limbs regained their suppleness—a slight tremor succeeded to the fearful convulsions which had racked his frame, and shortly after, the eyelids, painfully raised, displayed his glazed and vacant orbs.

A feeling of deep curiosity, not unmingled with fear, kept all present in a state of almost breathless astonishment and silence, while Céphyse, kneeling before her unconscious lover, and covering his hands with tears and kisses, cried, in a voice almost stifled by sobs,

"Jacques, dearest Jacques, look upon poor Céphyse, who has found you at last! Ah, believe me, I was not to blame for quitting you! Forgive me, forgive me, I implore you!"

"Wretched woman!" exclaimed Morok, irritated at a meeting so likely to frustrate all his plans, "do you wish to kill him? In a state so dangerous as that in which he now is, any powerful excitement may be fatal. Leave us."

And with these words he grasped Céphyse by the arm as if about to put her forcibly out of the room, when Jacques, as though awaking from an uneasy dream, began to be cognizant of what was passing around him.

"You! you here?" cried the Queen Bacchanal, becoming, in utter amazement, aware of the presence of Morok; "you, who separated me from Jacques—"

But here she stopped, for the glassy eyes of Couche-tout-Nu, fixing their gaze on her, appeared to sparkle with returning animation.

"Céphyse," murmured Jacques, "is that you?"

"Yes, yes!" eagerly replied the poor girl, in tones of deep affection; "yes, Jacques, 'tis I—Céphyse—come to—tell you—" But, unable to proceed, she convulsively clasped her hands, while the despairing agony impressed on her pale, grief-worn features abundantly testified her surprise and sorrow at the fearful alteration which had taken place in the countenance of Jacques, who, readily interpreting the expression of her face, and the mute sorrow conveyed by her speechless gaze, in his turn contemplated the wasted form and sickly look of Céphyse, saying,

"And you, too, my poor girl, have tasted deeply of misery—and want. I did not recollect you—at first—for you are altered—as well as myself."

"Alas," murmured Céphyse, "I have, indeed, suffered want and misery! and oh!" she added, shuddering, while a deep blush suffused her pale countenance, "worse—far worse than that!"

"Worse than want and wretchedness?" cried Jacques, much excited; "what do you mean, Céphyse?"

"But 'tis you, dear Jacques, who have endured the most," interrupted Céphyse, without venturing to reply to her lover's question.

"Ay, indeed," replied Jacques; "and a few minutes ago my troubles were wellnigh over; but your voice recalled me—and I returned for an instant to tell you—that we must part, Céphyse—for here," he continued, laying his hand over his chest, "here is a sure monitor to bid me have no farther thoughts of living; but it matters not—I shall die—happy—since I have—seen you—once—more!"

"Don't talk of dying, Jacques. See, here I am beside you, never to leave you more!"

"Listen to me: were there a brazier of burning coals within me, I could not suffer a more devouring flame than that which scourches my very vitals. I have been now for more than a month daily consuming before a slow fire. And this person," he added, pointing to Morok, "has kindly taken upon him the office of first kindling the fire, and then of keeping it well supplied with fuel—not that I regret my life, far from it—I had lost the habit of employing myself, and acquired a taste for nothing but dissipation. So I must have sunk down into a beggar; and, to prevent that, I let my friend here amuse himself by heaping burning
coals upon the brasier kindled within me; and, since the drink I lately took, I
feel persuaded that my inside burns and flames like that bowl of punch there!"

"You are an ungrateful fool!" cried Morok, shrugging up his shoulders;
"you held out your glass, and I filled it. But come, no more of this nonsense;
I tell you we shall drink many a cup together yet, and laugh at all these foolish
fancies in merry days we have yet to see."

For several minutes Céphysse had not taken her eyes from Morok.

"I tell you," said Jacques, addressing the beast-conqueror in a feeble voice,
"that for some time past you have kept the fire burning which has devoured my
very vitals. Don't let it be reported that I died of the cholera, or that I was
afraid of the part given me to play; neither take it as a reproach to yourself, my
tender friend," he continued, with a sarcastic smile, "if I say you have dressed
my grave out as gayly as you could. Sometimes, I own, when I have seen the
dark, yawning pit you had taken such pains to dig for me, I have drawn back,
and wished to escape falling into it; but you, careful and tender of my interests,
which you understood better than I did, forcibly urged me on to the very brink,
saying, 'In with you, vagabond! in with you!' and so I allowed myself to be
pushed nearer and nearer to the slippery edge, and now I have reached my
journey's end!"

And here Couche-tout-Nu burst into such a wild and unnatural laugh as ap-
peared to freeze all present with horror, while increasing astonishment at the
singular scene kept all silent. "Come, my lad," said Morok, coldly, "let's have
no more of this wild talk; listen to me, and take my advice."

"Thank you! no, no; I know but too well what your advice leads to, and,
instead of wasting the few precious moments you have left me in listening to
you, I would rather say a few words to my poor Céphysse, and, ere I lie down
in the narrow home you have provided for me, unburden my heart of all its
thoughts to one who sincerely loves me."

"Talk not so, Jacques, I beseech you. You know not the pain you cause
me," replied Céphysse. "Have I not said you must not, shall not die?"

"Then, my dearest Céphysse, it must be to you I shall owe the preservation
of my life," answered Jacques, in a tone of deep emotion, which greatly affected
all present; "but," continued Couche-tout-Nu, "when I saw you return to me,
so meanly clad, I seemed to feel comfort spring up within my heart. Shall I
tell you why? Because I said to myself, That poor girl has nobly and coura-
geously kept her word; she has preferred labour, suffering, and privations, rather
than accept another lover, who would have bestowed on her what I gave as long
as I had the means; and the very thought of your firmness and constancy, Cé-
physse, seemed to cool and refresh my very soul; and, indeed, I needed some
such comfort, for I was burning, and still I burn," he continued, his hands
clinched in agony; "but that thought seemed to take away all my suffering, and
to promise peace and happiness after all; this blessed hope I owe to you, my
good, my noble Céphysse; blessings on you for your steady adherence to your
word. In preserving your faith, you have, perhaps, saved poor Jacques's life;
but, my brave and true-hearted girl, take this for your reward—I have never
loved anything in the world but yourself; and if, in my past days of brutalized
pleasure, I had one idea above the degradation in which I was plunged—one
regret at not being a better and more respectable character than I had become,
it was always when I thought of you, my beloved Céphysse. Again and again,
then, let me thank you, my poor girl," said Jacques, whose burning eyes were
moistened with tears of fond affection; "let me thank and bless you, my first
and only love, for the noble proof you have given of your steady affection;
and if I die," he added, extending his already icy hand to Céphysse, "I shall die
happy; if I live, I will try to make amends for every tear you have shed for me.
Give me your hand, my Céphysse—your hand, my faithful, true-hearted girl!"

Instead of taking the hand so affectionately proffered, Céphysse, still kneeling
beside Jacques, bent down her head, and durst not so much as look at her lover.
"Céphyse," articulated Jacques, with difficulty, "what is the meaning of this? You do not answer me, neither do you take my hand."

But, bowed down with a crushing sense of her own shame, the unfortunate girl could only reply by stifled sobs, while the humility of her supplicating attitude brought her forehead almost level with her lover's feet.

Astounded at the conduct and silence of the Queen Bacchanal, Jacques gazed on her with increasing surprise; then, as a rapid spasm played over his death-like features, and his pale lips trembled, he said, almost gaspingly,

"Céphyse, I know you too well—not to be sure—that if you do not take my hand—it is—because—" then, his voice failing him, he paused for several minutes; after which, in a low, hoarse tone, he said, "When I was put in prison, six weeks ago, you said to me, 'Jacques, I vow to you, by all we hold dear, that I will earn my bread by honest labour, whatever want or misery I may experience; I swear to you to keep myself from shame;' you promised me this. Now, you have never deceived me in your life; and if you say—you have kept your promise—I will believe you."

Céphyse could only reply by a heart-broken sob, while she convulsively pressed the knees of Jacques to her throbbing bosom.

Strange inconsistency! Yet more common than may be supposed; this man, brutalized by drunkenness and excess, who, since his coming out of prison, had, from one species of debauch to another, blindly accepted all the murderous invitations of Morok, now felt his deathblow in learning, from the mute confession of Céphyse, the infidelity of the being he had so passionately loved, spite of the former degradation of her life, which she had by no means concealed from him.

The first impulse of Jacques was terrible; spite of his pains and weakness, he managed to raise himself on his feet; then, with a face contracted by rage and despair, he threw himself forward, so as to seize a knife on the table and aim it at Céphyse; but just as about to strike, his better feelings returned, and, shrinking from the thoughts of murder, he threw the knife away, and falling back perfectly exhausted into his chair, he covered his face with his hands.

At the cry of Nini-Moulin, who somewhat tardily had sprung forward to wrest the knife from Couche-tout-Nu, Céphyse raised her head; the heart-stricken suffering depicted in the countenance of her lover smote her to the heart; and, rising, she threw herself, spite of Jacques's resistance, on his shoulder, sobbing forth, in bitter distress,

"Jacques, if you but knew—if you only knew all I could tell you! Listen to me, dearest Jacques! do not condemn me without hearing me. I will tell you
all—yes, I swear to you, the whole truth; and that man," she continued, pointing to Morok, "will not dare contradict what I say. He came to me, and said, 'Have courage to—'

"I reproach you not; I have no right to do so; let me die in peace; that is all I—ask of you—now," murmured Jacques, in a voice more and more feeble, as he still repulsed Cephyse; then added, with a bitter, cutting smile, "fortunately, I have what I played for; I knew well—what I was about—when I accepted the duel with brandy."

"No, no!" cried Cephyse, wildly, "you shall not die; you shall hear my justification, and every one else shall hear it; it will then be seen whether it is my fault, or whether I deserve to be pitied—will it not?" she continued, wildly, addressing herself to the curious and really sympathizing spectators; "and you, kind, good people, will implore Jacques to pardon me, if, urged by starvation, and unable to obtain work, I have been obliged to sell myself, not for luxuries—oh no! you see the rags I wear—but to provide a shelter and a morsel of bread for my poor sick sister—my sister, dying for want, and even more wretched than myself. Surely, surely I deserve pity for being thus driven to misery, though some will say, perhaps," continued the girl, bursting into a wild and phrenzied laugh, "that there is a pleasure in selling one's self for money." Then, shuddering with horror, she continued in an almost inaudible voice, "Oh, if you could but know, Jacques, all the infamy, the loathing disgust of thus stooping to dishonour for vile pay, you would pity me. I would rather a thousand times die than return to such a life. I was going to drown myself, when I learned that you were here;" then perceiving Jacques, who was rapidly sinking, and supported by Nini-Moulin, mournfully shake his head, without attempting to make her any reply, she clasped her supplicating hands, and cried,

"Jacques, for mercy's sake, one word of pity and forgiveness! Oh, pardon, pardon!"

"Gentlemen, for goodness sake, drive this woman out of the room," exclaimed Morok; "the sight of her most painfully agitates my poor friend here."

"Come, my good girl, be persuaded," said several of the party, deeply affected by the scene, and trying to remove Cephyse; "leave the poor fellow alone! Come away with us; he is in no sort of danger."

"Gentlemen, kind-hearted gentlemen!" cried the miserable girl, raising her imploring hands in earnest supplication, "only listen to me—only permit me to tell you. I will do whatever you wish me; I will go away; but, for the love of Heaven, send for assistance; do not let him die in this way. See, see! Gracious God, what tortures she suffers! his convulsions are dreadful!"

"She is right," said one of the party, hastening to the door; "he must have instant help; let us send off for a doctor."

"There is no probability of finding any medical man at home," replied another; "they are all so much occupied now."

"Then I'll tell you what we will do," said a third person; "the Hôtel Dieu is just opposite; let us carry the poor fellow there; he will then receive the best possible attendance. One of the flaps from this table will serve to carry him on, and the tablecloth will do instead of a sheet to cover him."

"The very thing!" shouted several voices; "let us carry him there, and then leave this ill-fated house."

Jacques, internally destroyed by the immense quantities of brandy he had lately taken, and overpowered by his distressing interview with Cephyse, had fallen back in a violent nervous spasm: he writhed in agonies, and it was necessary to tie him on the part of the table which served him as a litter, by means of the tablecloth, and in that pitiable condition he was borne by two of the late guests to the Hôtel Dieu.

Cephyse, who had wildly prayed, as a last favour, to be allowed to accompany Jacques to the hospital, was permitted to walk beside the dying man.

No sooner had this mournful party left the restaurant's, than there was a gen-
eral scramble among the remaining guests, both male and female, to wrap themselves in their cloaks, so as to conceal their costumes, and hurry to their respective vehicles, which, having been ordered against the return of the masqueraders, were fortunately in waiting. The defiance had been fully carried out, and, the audacious bravado accomplished, all concerned in it were at liberty to march out with the honours of war.

While some of the party still remained in the supper-room at the restaurant's, a clamour, at first distant, but which drew rapidly nearer, resounded from the porch of Notre-Dame with incredible fury.

Jacques having been carried down to the outer door of the tavern, Morok and Nini-Moulin preceded the hastily-arranged litter, for the purpose of endeavouring to open a passage through the crowd; but quickly a violent reflux of the moving mass, there assembled, obliged them to halt, while a redoubled, wild, and furious clamour resounded from the other extremity of the square, at the corner of the church.

"What has happened?" inquired Nini-Moulin of a mean, ill-looking man, who was indulging in various jumps and skips, as though exulting in some great triumph; "what is the meaning of those cries? can you tell me?"

"Oh, they've caught a poisoner, and they are serving him out, as they did the one whose body they have just flung into the water," replied the man. "If you want to see the fun, follow me," he continued, "and work your elbows well, or you'll never get through this crowd."

Scarcely had the unfeeling wretch uttered these words, when a wild, distracting cry was heard even above all the uproar of the crowd, which was penetrated with much difficulty by those who bore the litter on which lay stretched poor Jacques. This broken-hearted wail had burst from the lips of Céphyse. Jacques, one of the seven heirs of the Rennepont family, had just expired in her arms.

Singular coincidence! at the very instant when the distracting shriek of Céphyse announced the death of Jacques, another scream—another cry of agony arose from the neighbourhood of Notre-Dame, where the populace were putting to death a poisoner of the waters.

This latter and more distant cry, which expressed the horror of a man struggling for life in the hands of his murderers, froze Morok (who had been walking before the litter of Couche-tout-Nu) with terror in the midst of his horrible triumph.

"Hell!" exclaimed the expert assassin, who had employed as his homicidal weapons the legal arms of drunkenness and debauch, "that is the voice of the Abbé d'Aigrigny, whom the people are massacring!"
CHAPTER IX.

THE POISONER.

NLY a few words are requisite to bring the narrative to the point where the cry of distress uttered by the Abbé d'Aigrigny had made so forcible an impression on Morok at the very moment when Jacques Rennepont had just breathed his last.

The scenes we are about to depict are atrocious. If we could venture to hope that they would ever convey instruction, this frightful sketch would tend, by the horror which it may perchance inspire, to prevent those excesses of monstrous barbarity to which, sometimes, an ignorant and blind mob is impelled, when, imbued with the most fatal misconceptions, it allows itself to be impelled headlong by inexcusable ferocity.

We have already said that the most absurd and alarming reports were circulating in Paris. Not only were there rumours of poisoning the sick and the public fountains, but it was also asserted that wretches had been detected in throwing arsenic into the pitchers which the wine-merchants usually keep filled and ready on their counters.

Goliath was coming to meet Morok, after having carried a message to Father d'Aigrigny, who awaited him in a house in the Place de l'Archevêché.

Goliath had gone into a wine-shop in the Rue de la Calandre to get some refreshment, and, after having drunk two glasses of wine, tendered his money in payment.

While the woman in the shop was looking for the change due to him, Goliath leaned his hand mechanically and very innocently over the mouth of a pitcher that was close to him.

The large stature of this man, his repulsive appearance, his savage look, had already made the woman uneasy, alarmed and anxious as she had been rendered by the general rumours as to the poisoners; and when she saw Goliath place his hand over the top of one of her pitchers, she exclaimed, with terror, "Ah! you have put something in the pitcher."

At these words, spoken loudly and in a frightened voice, two or three persons, who had been drinking at a table, rose suddenly, ran to the counter, and one of them exclaimed, incautiously,

"He is a poisoner!"

Goliath, ignorant of the sinister reports spread in the vicinity, could not at first comprehend the charge laid against him, the drinkers raising their voices still more loudly while they attacked him; relying on his strength, he shrugged his shoulders disdainfully, and in brutal tones asked for his change from the woman, who, pale and agitated, did not think of giving it to him.

"Villain!" exclaimed one of the men, with so much violence that several passers-by stopped, "you shall have your money when you say what you have put into the pitcher."
"What! has he thrown something into a pitcher?" asked a spectator.
"Perhaps he is a poisoner!" said another.
"He should be apprehended," added a third.
"Yes, yes," said the party who had been drinking—very worthy fellows, perhaps, but at this moment under the influence of the general panic—"yes, he should be apprehended; he has been detected throwing poison into a pitcher on the counter."

The words, "He is a poisoner!" circulated rapidly among the crowd, which, at first composed of three or four persons, increased every moment at the wine-shop door. Low and threatening clamours commenced. The man who had made the accusation, seeing his fears thus participated in and almost justified, believed that he was doing the duty of a good and bold citizen when he seized Goliath by the collar and said,

"You villain! come and account for your conduct at the guard-house."

The giant, already much irritated by the reproaches, of whose real meaning he was ignorant, was exasperated at this sudden attack, and, giving way to his natural brutality, flung his adversary on the counter and began to pommel him. During this fray several bottles and two or three squares of glass were broken with much noise; and the woman of the shop, more and more alarmed, cried with all her might,

"Help! the poisoner! the villain! Guard!"

At the loud noise of the broken glass and cries of distress, the passers-by stopped and increased the mob, many of whom gave full credence to the story of poisoners, and rushed into the shop to aid the men who had assailed Goliath. Thanks to his Herculean strength, after a short struggle against seven or eight persons, he had thrown down the most desperate two of them, scattered the others, and, going back to the counter, gave himself a vigorous impetus, and then rushed head foremost, like a bull, against the crowd at the door; then, completing the passage by aid of his enormous shoulders and athletic arms, he cleared a way through the mob, and ran with all his strength toward Notre-Dame, his clothes torn, his head uncovered, and his countenance ghastly and enraged.

A number of the persons who formed the crowd instantly commenced the pursuit of Goliath, and a hundred voices exclaimed,

"Stop him! stop him! stop the poisoner!"

At the sound of these cries, and the sight of a man rushing along with wild and formidable appearance, a butcher's lad who chanced to be passing with a large empty tray threw it exactly between the legs of Goliath, who stumbled over the unexpected obstacle, and fell to the ground; while the butcher, believing himself engaged in an action as meritorious as would have been the slaying of a mad dog, threw himself on his fallen foe and rolled with him into the street, crying out,

"Help, help! here is a poisoner! help!"

All this occurred at a short distance from the Cathedral, but far from the crowd collected at the door of the Hôtel Dieu and the house of the restaurant, into which the masquerade of the cholera had entered about the close of the day.

The loud summons of the butcher was answered by a rush of persons, among whom were Ciboule and the quarrier, to the scene of strife; while the various groups who had pursued the pretended poisoner from the Rue de la Calandre came up at this moment to the place where the object of their wrath lay struggling with his opponent.

At the sight of this formidable crowd all rushing upon him, Goliath, while seeking to defend himself against his assailant, who clung to him with the tenacity of a bulldog, felt that his destruction was certain, unless he contrived to free himself from his adversary; with one furious blow of his fist he smashed the jaw-bone of the butcher, who happened at that instant to be uppermost, and thus freeing himself from his strong grip, rose, and, still sick and giddy, hurried on ward. But suddenly he paused—flight was impossible: the infuriated mob had hemmed him in on all sides.
Behind him rose the walls of the Cathedral—around gleamed the threatening countenances of a hostile multitude; while the rage of the assembled crowd was still more excited by the agonizing shrieks of the unfortunate butcher, who had just been raised, bleeding, from the ground.

This was a terrible moment for Goliath, who found himself standing alone in a space each second rendered smaller and smaller, and saw around him an angry host thirsting for vengeance on his imaginary crime, and loudly denouncing death as his inevitable punishment.

Thus a wild-boar, when at bay, will turn and turn again, as though undecided whether to make a stand against the savage pack by which he is beset. So Goliath, breathless with fear, ran here and there with wild, uncertain steps; but quickly perceiving the utter impossibility of flight, and the hopelessness of finding pity or mercy from an enraged mob carried away by a blind and deaf fury—the more unrelenting as it was believed to be legitimate vengeance—determined, at least, to sell his life as dearly as possible, Goliath felt in his pocket for his knife, but, not finding it, he bent his left leg in an attitude for wrestling, extended before him his brawny arms, hard and rigid as iron, and, planting his foot firmly on the ground, resolutely awaited the attack.

The first person who approached him was Ciboule, who, panting with eagerness and out of breath, instead of at once springing at him, stopped, and, stooping down, took off one of her heavy wooden shoes, which she threw so vigorously and skilfully at the head of the giant, that it took effect in his eye, which it forced, bleeding, nearly from its socket.

Uttering a cry of intense agony, Goliath put up his hands to his face.

"Well, I've spoiled his beauty," bawled Ciboule, bursting into a loud fit of savage laughter; "he'll squint for life, and no mistake!"
Rendered furious by the torture he endured, instead of waiting the commencement of the attack from his assailants, who, intimidated by his Herculean strength, seemed reluctant to begin (the quarrier, who alone would have been an equal match for him, having been driven back by a movement of the crowd), Goliath in his rage threw himself on all those near him.

The combat was, however, too unequal to last long; but, despair doubling the strength of the giant, the conflict was for a time dreadful: the unhappy wretch held out with incredible courage and resolution—at times wholly lost beneath the swarm of blood-thirsty foes by whom he was assailed—then exhibiting one of his ponderous arms lifted high in air, and falling again with all the strength of a smith's hammer on the skulls and faces of his antagonists.

Then his bleeding and enormous head would tower above the host of vindictive foes, to be pulled back by some daring combatant, who contrived to reach him by seizing a handful of the thick, matted hair which ornamented his huge countenance.

Continual movements, rapid jostling, trampling, and swaying to and fro of the phrenesied mob, gave evidence of the indomitable energy with which Goliath defended himself; but, the quarrier having now come up, he was overpowered and thrown down. A wild, prolonged shout of savage triumph announced the giant's destruction; for, in such circumstances, to fall is to die.

Scarcely had the cry ceased, before it was replaced by one universal clamour of "Death, death to the wretch who has tried to poison us! kill him! kill him!" And then commenced one of those scenes of massacre and torture worthy of cannibalism itself, attended with horrors so much the more incredible, as they had for spectators, either passive or active, men among whom were many ordinarily humane and just, but who, led away either by ill-founded opinions or prejudices, allowed themselves to be involved in the commission of the most frightful barbarities, under the impression that they were merely performing an act of justice.

And, acting under these impulses, the sight of the blood which streamed in torrents from Goliath's numerous injuries served but to increase the savage fury of the crowd, and to excite them to the unflinching discharge of their sanguinary task, which they considered a just retribution.

A hundred arms were raised against him, he was trampled under feet, his features beaten in, his breast stamped on and torn; and amid the loud and brutal yells of "Kill the poisoner! show him no mercy!" might be distinguished heavy blows, followed by deep groans. Then commenced an indiscriminate onslaught: each person present, as though seized with a murderous craving, pressed forward to deal some blow, or to tear wider the bleeding, gaping wounds; even females—yes, women—mothers with infants at their breasts, struggled for the opportunity of gashing the huge body of the expiring giant, as it lay in a pool of blood. Men and women, as though influenced by some demonic fury, tore themselves with insatiate rage on the mutilated frame.

A terrible moment followed. Goliath, his face bruised, battered, and covered with mud, his garments in rags, his breast naked, torn, and bleeding—profiting by a momentary pause on the part of his executioners, who believed they had finished him—managed, during one of those convulsive starts so frequent during the last parting agony of body and soul, to raise himself for a few seconds on his feet; but, blinded by his wounds, he continued wildly to throw his arms about as though parrying blows which were no longer aimed at him; and, as the blood poured in streams from his pallid lips, he managed faintly to murmur,

"Mercy! mercy! I am no poisoner! mercy!"

This unexpected resurrection produced so electric an effect on the crowd, that for an instant it drew back with affright; the fierce clamours ceased, and a small space was left around their victim; some even began to commiserate him, when the quarrier, perceiving Goliath, blinded by blood, stretch forth his hands in all directions, exclaimed, in allusion to a well-known game played by the
workmen of Paris, "Cassecoté" (breakneck); then, striking the unfortunate man a violent blow with his foot in the stomach, he threw him down again with such violence, that his head rebounded twice on the pavement. At the moment when the giant fell heavily, a voice in the crowd called out,

"'Tis Goliath! Stop! the man is innocent!"

Father d'Aigrigny (it was he), yielding to a generous sentiment, made violent efforts to reach the first rank of the actors in this scene; and having attained it, he said, pale, indignant, and menacing,

"You are cowards—assassins! This man is innocent: I know him. You shall answer for his life!"

A loud clamour hailed these vehement words of Father d'Aigrigny.

"You know this poisoner!" exclaimed the quarrier, seizing the Jesuit by the collar; "then perhaps you are the poisoner yourself."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Father d'Aigrigny, trying to release himself from the quarrier's grip, "dare you lay hands on me?"

"Yes, I dare anything!" replied the quarrier.

"He knows him—then he is a poisoner too, like the other!" they exclaimed in the crowd, which was pressing around the two adversaries; while Goliath, who in his fall had fractured his skull, uttered a dying groan of agony.

At a sudden jerk, by which Father d'Aigrigny had shaken off the quarrier, a tolerably large glass bottle, very thick, of a peculiar form, and filled with a dark-greenish liquor, fell from his pocket, and rolled close to the dead body of Goliath.

At the sight of this bottle, several voices cried out,

"It is poison! look there! See! he carries it! He carries the poison! look there! See! he carries the poison about with him!"

At this accusation the cries redoubled; and they began to press so closely on the Abbé d'Aigrigny, that he exclaimed,

"Do not touch me—do not come so close upon me."

"If he is a poisoner," said the voice, "there's no more allowance for him than for the other."

"I a poisoner!" exclaimed the abbé, aghast at the accusation.

Cibot had picked up the bottle; the quarrier seized it, took out the cork, and said to Father d'Aigrigny, holding it toward him,

"Ah! what is in it?"

"That is not poison," exclaimed Father d'Aigrigny.

"Then drink it," replied the quarrier.

"Yes, yes, make him drink it!" exclaimed the mob.

"Never!" said Father d'Aigrigny, with alarm; and he retreated, pushing the bottle from him with his hand.

"You see—it's poison—he dare not drink it," they said, and, pressed upon and hemmed in on all sides, Father d'Aigrigny stumbled over Goliath's body.

"My friends," exclaimed the Jesuit, who, without being a poisoner, still found himself in a terrible alternative, for his bottle contained some salts of great pungency, as dangerous to drink as poison, "my worthy friends, you mistake; in our Lord's name I swear to you—"

"If it is not poison, drink it!" said the quarrier, again presenting the bottle to the Jesuit.

"If you don't drink it, you shall die like your comrade, since, like him, you poison the people."

"Yes, death to him! death!"

"But, wretches," cried Father d'Aigrigny, his hair bristling with terror, "would you, then, assassinate me?"

"What do you think of all those whom you and your comrade have poisoned, you villain?"

"That is not true, and—"

"Drink, then!" repeated the inflexible quarrier; "for the last time, will you or won't you?"
"Drink that! why, it would be death!" exclaimed Father d'Aigrigny.
"Ah! do you hear the scoundrel?" replied the crowd, which became even more dense; "he owns it—he owns it!"
"He has betrayed himself!"
"He said, 'Drink it! why, it is death!'"
"But hear me!" exclaimed the abbé, clasping his hands; "it is—"
Furious cries interrupted Father d'Aigrigny.
"Ciboule, finish that one!" exclaimed the quarrier, kicking Goliath; "I'll begin with this one!" And he seized Father d'Aigrigny by the throat.

At these words two groups were formed: one, headed by Ciboule, "finished" Goliath with kicks, stones, blows of wooden shoes, &c., until very speedily the body was nothing but a horrible, mutilated, nameless, shapeless thing—an inert mass, covered with mud, and but a heap of bruised and pulpy flesh.

Ciboule gave her shawl, which they tied to one of the broken legs of the carcass, and then dragged it to the parapet on the Quai; and there, amid cries of savage ferocity, they cast the mangled and bleeding remains into the river.

One shudders to think that, in a time of popular commotion, a word suffices—a single word, incautiously uttered by an honest man, without any premeditated malice—to excite such a horrible murder.

"Perhaps he is a poisoner!"
This was what the man said in the wine-shop in the Rue de la Calandre—no more—and Goliath was ruthlessly murdered!

* This is a historical fact: a man was massacred because they found on him a bottle filled with ammonia. On his refusal to drink it, the populace, persuaded that it was poison, rent the unhappy man limb from limb.
What imperious reasons why instruction and information should spread to the deepest darkness of the million, and thus place many ignorant persons in a position to defend themselves from so many stupid prejudices, so many fatal superstitions, so many implacable fanaticisms! How can we expect calmness, reflection, self-control, a sense of justice, from abandoned creatures, whom ignorance has brutalized, misery depraved, suffering enraged, and for whom society only concerns itself when it is a question of chaining them at the galleys or binding them for the executioner?

The terrible cry which had alarmed Morok was that uttered by the Abbé d'Aigrigny when the quarrier had laid his heavy hand on him, and said to Ciboule, as he pointed to the expiring Goliath, "You finish that one! I'll begin with this one!"
CHAPTER X.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Night had almost set in when the mutilated carcass of Goliath was thrown into the river.

The agitation of the crowd had impelled toward the streets which run down by the left side of the Cathedral the party in whose power Father d'Aigrigny was retained. He had contrived to disengage himself from the strong gripe of the quarrier, but was still surrounded and pressed upon by the multitude, which hemmed him in and cried "Death to the poisoner!" While he was retreating step by step, and endeavouring to parry the blows aimed at him, by dint of self-possession, address, and courage, summoning, too, his former military energy, he had contrived to resist and remain on his feet, knowing, from the fatal example of Goliath, that to fall was to die.

Although he had but faint hopes of being heard, the abbé called out with all his might for help, yielding the ground inch by inch, and, manœuvring so as to draw near one of the lateral walls of the church, he contrived to reach a corner formed by the projection of a pillar which was close to a small door.

This position was so far favourable to Father d'Aigrigny, that, finding himself with his back to the wall, he was partially sheltered from the attacks made upon him. But the quarrier, determined to deprive him of this last chance of safety, rushed upon him in order to grasp and drag him into the midst of the mob, where he would be inevitably trampled under foot; but the terror of death gave an extraordinary strength to Father d'Aigrigny, and he still was able to resist
with effect the attempts of the quarry, and remain protected by the angle in
which he had ensconced himself.

The resistance of the victim redoubled the rage of the assailants, and cries of
death resounded with new violence.

The quarry again darted on Father d’Aigrigny, exclaiming,

“Help, my lads! This has lasted too long already. Let's make an end of it.”

Father d’Aigrigny saw that he was lost.

His strength was exhausted, and he felt himself becoming weaker and weaker.
His legs trembled under him, a mist came over his eyes, and the howling of
these furious wretches was beginning to sound but faintly in his ears. The pain
of several violent contusions received during the struggle, on his head and his
chest particularly, now became most poignant, and twice or thrice an effusion
of blood stained his lips. His position was, indeed, desperate.

“To die! struck down by these brutes, after having escaped death so often
in the field of war!”

Such was the Abbé d’Aigrigny’s thought as the quarry rushed upon him.

Suddenly, and at the moment when the abbé, yielding to the instinct of self-
preservation, called again for help in a tone of deepest agony, the door against
which he leaned opened behind him, a strong hand grasped him and drew him
suddenly into the church.

Owing to this movement, effected with the rapidity of lightning, the quarry,
who had rushed forward to seize on Father d’Aigrigny, could not check his im-
petus, and thus found himself face to face with the personage who had, as it
were, come to substitute himself for the victim.

The quarry checked himself suddenly, then receded a couple of paces,
amazed, like the rest of the crowd, at this sudden apparition, and, like the
crowd, smitten with a vague feeling of admiration and respect at the sight of
him who had so miraculously arrived to succour Father d’Aigrigny.

It was Gabriel.

The young missionary remained standing at the threshold of the door.

His long black cassock formed a strong outline in the deep shade formed by
the dim twilight of the Cathedral, while his angelic face, encompassed by long
fair hair, pale and agitated with pity and grief, was softly lighted up by the last
rays of the departing day.

His features were resplendent with such divine beauty—expressed such
touching and tender compassion—that the multitude felt moved when Gabriel,
with his large blue eyes humid with tears, and his hands upraised, exclaimed, in
a full and tremulous voice,

“Mercy, my brothers! Be humane, be just!”

Recovering from his first movement of surprise and his involuntary emotion,
the quarry advanced a step toward Gabriel, crying,

“No mercy to a poisoner! We want him; so let’s have him, or we’ll fetch
him ourselves.”

“Can you think of such a thing, my brethren?” answered Gabriel; “in this
church—a sacred place—a place of refuge for all who are persecuted.”

“We will lay hands on the poisoner even at the very foot of the altar,” re-
plied the quarry, brutally. “So give him up.”

“My friends, listen to me,” said Gabriel, stretching forth his arms.

“Down with the shaveling!” exclaimed the quarry. “The poisoner is hiding
himself in the church; let’s go in.”

“Yes, yes,” shouted the mob, again excited by the violence of this wretch

“Down with the monk!”

“They understand each other!”

“Down with the monks!”

“Let’s enter here as we did at the archbishop’s!”

“As at Saint Germain l’Auxerrois!”
"What do we care about a church!"
"If the shavelings defend the poisoners, then let's fling the shavelings into the river!"
"Yes, yes!"
"I'll show you the way."
So saying, the quarrier, followed by Ciboule and a considerable number of resolute fellows, advanced upon Gabriel.

The missionary observing, for some moments, the reviving ferocity of the crowd, had foreseen this movement, and retreating suddenly within the church, he contrived, in spite of the efforts of his assailants, to keep the door almost closed, and barricaded it as well as he could by means of a wooden bar, one end of which he placed on the floor, and the other under the projection of one of the transverse planks, and, thanks to this kind of buttress, the door might resist for some minutes.

While Gabriel defended the entry thus, he called out to Father d'Aigrigny,
"Fly, father, fly by the sacristy; all the other issues are closed."

The Jesuit, half dead, covered with bruises, bathed in cold perspiration, feeling his strength leave him rapidly, and believing himself in safety, had thrown himself into a chair almost senseless.

At Gabriel's voice the abbe rose with difficulty, and with a staggering step endeavoured to reach the choir, separated by a grating from the rest of the church.

"Quick, father!" added Gabriel, with affright, and keeping closed, with all his might, the door so vigorously besieged; "make haste! oh, make haste! In a minute it will be too late." Then the missionary added, with despair, "And to be alone, alone to check the progress of these infuriated beings!"

And he was, indeed, alone.

At the first noise of the attack, three or four sacristans, and other persons employed in the fabric, were in the church; but these fellows, becoming alarmed when they recollected the sack of the archbishop's at Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, had instantly taken flight—some concealing themselves in the organ-lofts, to which they rapidly ascended, others escaping by the sacristy, the doors of which they fastened inside, thus cutting off all means of retreat from Gabriel and Father d'Aigrigny.

The latter, bent double with pain, on hearing the urgent entreaties of the missionary, made vain endeavours, by means of the chairs which he found in his way, to reach the grate of the choir. After a few steps, overcome by emotion and suffering, he staggered, reeled, and fell on the stones entirely bereft of sense.

At the same moment, Gabriel, spite of the incredible energy with which the desire of saving Father d'Aigrigny had inspired him, felt the door at length giving way before a desperate effort to burst it open, and on the point of being forced.

Then, turning his head to convince himself that the Jesuit had been enabled to leave the church, Gabriel was aghast when he saw him extended and motionless a few paces from the choir.

[See cut, on page 334.]

To leave the half-broken door, run to Father d'Aigrigny, raise him up, and drag him within the grating of the choir, was for Gabriel an action as rapid as thought; and he closed the grating at the very instant when the quarrier and his band, after having burst in the door, precipitated themselves headlong into the church.

Erect, and inside the choir, his hands folded over his breast, Gabriel awaited, calm and intrepid, the attack of this mob, exasperated, as it was, by an unexpected resistance.

The door was driven in, the assailants poured in violently, but hardly had they entered the church when a singular scene occurred.

Night had come. A few silver lamps threw their faint light into the centre of the sanctuary, of which the aisles were lost in the deepening shadows.
After their sudden entry into this immense, sombre, silent, and deserted Cathedral, the boldest was suddenly overcome, almost afraid, by the imposing grandeur of this solitude of stone.

Cries and menaces expired on the lips of the most ferocious; and it seemed as though they were fearful of awakening the echoes of those enormous vaults—those black arches, giving out a sepulchral moisture, which chilled their anger-inflamed brows, and fell on them with the heaviness of lead.

Religious tradition, custom, the habits or remembrances of infancy, have such influence on men, that no sooner had most of the quarrier's companions entered, than they respectfully took off their hats, bowed their bare heads, and moved with precaution, in order to deaden, as much as possible, their footsteps on the sounding pavement.

Then some exchanged a few words in a low and frightened tone. Others, looking timidly up to the immeasurable height of the top beams of this gigantic structure, then all but lost in obscurity, felt almost alarmed at seeing themselves so small in the midst of this immensity, thus filled with darkness.

But at the first rude jest of the quarrier, who broke this respectful silence, the feeling soon passed away.

"Ah, ah! thousand thunders!" he exclaimed; "what, are we waiting for breath to chant vespers? If there was but some wine in the holy-water trough, that would be the thing."

Some bursts of brutal laughter hailed these words.

"During this time that scoundrel has escaped us," said one.

"And we are cheated," added Ciboule.

"One would think there were cowards here, and that they were afraid of the sacristans," continued the quarrier.

"Never!" exclaimed a burst of voices. "No, no! we are not afraid of anybody."

"Forward!"

"Yes! forward, forward!" was the reply on all sides.

And the animation, which had grown calm for a moment, redoubled in the midst of the renewed tumult.
A few moments afterward, the eyes of the assailants, grown accustomed to this gloom, distinguished, in the pale rays of light projected by a silver lamp, the imposing figure of Gabriel, erect, and standing without the grate of the choir.

"The poisoner is hid in some corner here," cried the quarrier. "We must make the curate give the vagabond up to us."

"He shall answer for him."

"It was he who enabled him to take refuge in the church."

"He shall pay for both if we do not find the other."

In proportion as the first impression of involuntary respect felt by the crowd was dissipated, voices grew louder, and countenances became fiercer and more menacing as each began to be ashamed of his moment's hesitation and weakness.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed many voices, trembling with anger, "we will have the life of one or the other."

"Or of both."

"So much the worse! why does this shaven-crown hinder us from finishing our poisoner?"

"Death! death!"

At this burst of savage shouts, which resounded fearfully in the vaults of the Cathedral, the mob, drunk with rage, rushed toward the grating of the choir, at the entrance to which Gabriel stood.

The young missionary, who, hung on a cross by the savages of the Rocky Mountains, still prayed the Lord to forgive his executioners, had too much courage, too much charity, not to risk his life a thousand times to save Father d'Aigrigny—that man who had deceived him with such base, such cruel hypocrisy.

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**CHAPTER XI.**

**THE MURDERERS.**

Like a tiger leaping on his prey, the quarrier, followed by his band, rushed upon Gabriel, who had advanced still more in front of the grating, exclaiming, with eyes sparkling with rage,

"Where is the poisoner? we must and will have him!"

"And who told you he was a poisoner, my brothers?" replied Gabriel, in his penetrating and finely-modulated voice; "where are the proofs—the witnesses of his guilt? where the victims of his crime?"

"Enough of talking," answered the quarrier, brutally, and walking toward Gabriel with a threatening air; "we did not come here to confess. Give us up the man we want; he must and he shall come out of his hiding-place, or you shall pay for him."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed a loud burst of voices; "that will be but fair."

"Ah! they are accomplices, no doubt," cried others.

"Well, then, we'll have one or the other."

"Then behold me ready to resign myself into your hands!" said Gabriel, raising his head, and advancing with a calmness mingled with resignation and majesty. "Him or me; you care not which? You only desire to shed blood? take mine, and with it my free pardon; for oh, my brethren, a fearful delirium troubles your reason."
These words, the courage displayed by Gabriel, the noble grace of his attitude, with the extreme beauty of his countenance, made a lively impression on several of the assailants, when suddenly a voice cried out,

"Come on, come on, comrades! the poisoner is there—hid behind the grating."

"Where? where?" screamed a full chorus of exulting voices.

"There! there! don't you see? stretched full length on the floor."

At this announcement, those who had hitherto remained in dense masses on either side of the aisle where the chairs are usually placed, began to disperse themselves rapidly, so as to find a means of entering into the choir, the last and only defence of the Abbé d'Aigrigny.

While this was going on, the quarrier, Ciboule, and several others, advanced toward Gabriel, saying, with brutal triumph,

"Ha, ha! we have got him this time. Death to the poisoner!"

To save the life of D'Aigrigny, Gabriel would have allowed himself to be massacred where he stood; but the grating, which was there scarcely four feet in height, might be scaled in an instant by these desperate men, or even torn down in their mad fury.

All hope, therefore, of preserving the Jesuit from a violent death faded from the mind of the young missionary; still, as a last effort, he exclaimed,

"Stop, rash and unthinking men!" throwing himself, as he spoke, with extended hands before the insensate crowd.

His voice, his gesture, and the expression of his countenance displayed at once an authority so tender and brotherlike, that a momentary hesitation appeared to seize the actors in this wild outrage; it was, however, but a temporary lull of their angry passions, and was quickly succeeded by cries and yells of even a more threatening character.

"Let him die! kill him! no mercy for a poisoner!"

"You have resolved upon his death?" said Gabriel, becoming ghastly pale.

"We have, we have!"

"Well, then," cried the missionary, seized with a sudden inspiration, "let him die! die on the instant!"

The astonished crowd gazed with mute wonder on the young priest as he pronounced these words; and for several instants the fierce set of men by whom he was surrounded remained silent and motionless, as though paralyzed with exceeding and stupefying surprise.

"The man, you say, is guilty," continued the young missionary, in a voice trembling with emotion; "true, you have adjudged him so without either proofs or witnesses; but still you doom him to death. You accuse him of being a poisoner; where are his victims? You know not. But what matters it, since you have already decided upon his fate? You refuse even to grant him the privilege of pleading his innocence, and of clearing himself of these odious charges. Still, it could do him no good, since you have pronounced sentence of death upon him—making yourselves at once his accusers, judges, and executioners. So be it. Remember, the individual whose blood you wish to shed is wholly unknown to you. You have never even seen him. He has never done you the least harm; for aught you know, he may not have injured others more than he has done yourselves, and yet, in the presence of your fellow-creatures, you take upon yourselves the fearful responsibility of putting him to death—to death! You must not forget the awful consequences involved in that word, my brethren. If, then your consciences absolve you of all blame, let it be as you will. I would fain hope, for your souls' sake, this man's blood may never rise against you. He is condemned by you to die, and that dreadful deed will be accomplished by you even before God's holy altar; the sanctity even of the temple of the Lord will not preserve him from your rage!"

"No, no!" exclaimed several voices, with savage determination.

"And so," continued Gabriel, with increasing energy, "you will sprinkle the
II.—U v
MOROK AS KING OF DIAMONDS.
very stones of the house of your God with the blood of your victim! You arrogate to yourselves the right of sullying the tabernacle of the Most High with the sight of a murder committed in cold blood. You assert that you are actuated by just motives, and are merely taking this man's life as a punishment for his crimes, and to serve as a warning for the prevention of others of a similar kind. Be it so. But, even then, what need is there for so many strong and powerful arms against one poor, expiring creature? what occasion for all these furious cries—this violence? Is it thus the decrees of public justice are executed? Is it thus a generous and equitable people punish such as have transgressed their laws? No! when the awful penalty must be paid, and the guilty wretch receive his doom, it is awarded calmly and deliberately by the judge, who pities while he sentences, and scrupulously abides by the dictates of an impartial conscience in pronouncing the terrible decree which bids a fellow-man expiate his offences with his life. Justice is not administered by wild and furious men, uttering savage yells and fierce cries, as though seeking to stupify with terror some unhappy object of horrible and cowardly assassination. This, then, cannot be the fitting mode of accomplishing the fearful right with which you have invested yourselves, and which you are now waiting to execute, if you are still determined."

"We are! we insist upon his life!" exclaimed the quarryman; "we have a right to kill this person, as he has killed others; he is a public poisoner."

And with these words the infuriated ruffian advanced, with glaring eyes and inflamed countenance, at the head of a determined band, and, marching fiercely on, appeared as though intending to force Gabriel from the position he occupied before the gate leading to the choir.

But, instead of seeking to avoid the miscreant, the missionary went two or three steps forward to meet him, and taking him by the arm, cried, with a loud, firm voice, "Come!" and in a manner dragging the astonished quarryman after him, whom his thunderstruck companions did not at first venture to follow, Gabriel rapidly traversed the space that divided them from the choir, opened the gate, and still holding the gigantic quarryman by the arm, exclaimed, pointing to the body of Father d'Aigrigny, which lay still extended lifeless on the ground, "There is your victim! You have condemned him! Strike!"

"I?" cried the quarry, drawing back. "What, alone?"

"Oh!" answered Gabriel, with bitterness, "there is no danger! it will be an
easy task! See, he is exhausted by terror and ill treatment, and scarcely retains a spark of life. He will make no resistance; be not afraid, then, of carrying out your purpose!"

The quarryman stood motionless, while the crowd, deeply touched by this novel incident, by degrees drew nearer and nearer to the open gate, without, however, venturing to cross its threshold.

"Strike, I say!" resumed Gabriel, pointing with solemn gesture to the assembled crowd; "there are the judges, and you are the executioner."

"No, no!" cried the quarryman, drawing back, and turning away his eyes, "I am no executioner any more than others."

The crowd remained still and motionless, and for several instants not a word or a sound broke the deep silence which reigned throughout the spacious Cathedral.

In the imminent danger which menaced the life of D'Aigrigny, Gabriel had acted with a profound knowledge of human nature. When a multitude, led away by blind rage, precipitates itself on a victim, and, amid the cries of an infuriated mob, each man deals his blow, this species of horrible murder appears less revolting, because undertaken in common; the savage excitement of the murderers is kept up by the screams, the groans, and the sight of their victim's blood; nay, his desperate, though futile efforts to defend himself serve but as fresh incentives to the ferocity of these madmen: but let a single individual be selected from among these merciless homicides, and let him be placed before a weak and unresisting creature, previously the object of all this furious violence, and let him be told to strike; in nine cases out of ten the man's courage would fail him, and his hand refuse to deal the blow. So it was with the quarryman; the miserable being recoiled at the idea of committing a deliberate murder, alone, unaided, and in cold blood.

The preceding scene had passed very rapidly. Among such of the quarryman's companions as were nearest to the grate, many were incapable of comprehending the nature of the check his eagerness appeared to have sustained, although they themselves would have felt the same as their hardened leader, had they, like him, been desired to perform the office of the executioner.

Several of the party then proceeded from murmuring at the delay to inveighing bitterly against the pusillanimity of their captain.

"Why, he seems to be afraid of knocking the poisoner on the head!" said one.

"The coward!"

"He is actually frightened!"

"See, he shrinks away instead of striking!"

As these exclamations reached the quarryman's ears, he ran to the gate, and, holding it open, cried out,

"If there is a man among you bolder than myself, let him come in and finish him who lies here. Let us see who choose to turn public executioner!"

At this proposition the cries and murmurs sank into silence; a still calm again filled the vast Cathedral, while the rough, rude countenances clustered round the grating of the choir exchanged the wrathful, vindictive expression, which had erewhile lighted them up, for a gloomy, half-confused, and frightened look; in fact, the misguided crowd became, for the first time, impressed with a consciousness of the vile and cowardly action they were about to commit.

No one stirred from among the dense crowd; none had sufficient courage to undertake the deliberate act of slaughtering a fellow-creature with his single arm.

All at once Father d'Aigrigny uttered a faint cry of pain, raised, by a violent convulsive effort, his head and one arm from the pavement, and instantly fell back again, as a person who had just expired.

With a shriek of agony Gabriel threw himself on his knees beside D'Aigrigny, exclaiming,

"God of mercy, he is dead!"
The mind of a multitude is frequently as easily impressed by incentives to good as evil. At the sudden outcry of Gabriel, those very men, who not many instants before had been loudly clamouring for the destruction of the person who now excited their sympathy, shuddered as the young priest, raising with one hand the heavy head of D'Aigrigny, tried with the other to find if still a pulse was beating. Pity filled those very breasts so recently animated by deadly rage, as, with a subdued voice, they whispered from one to another,

"He is dead!"

"M. le Curé," said the quarryman, leaning over Gabriel, "is he indeed no more? can nothing be done for him?"

A profound silence followed these words, while the crowd waited in breathless suspense for the reply of Gabriel.

"Praise be to God!" exclaimed Gabriel, at length, "he lives—his heart still beats!"

"His heart beats—he lives!" repeated the quarryman, turning to the crowd to convey to them this joyful intelligence, while the words, "he lives!" were rapidly and exultingly passed from mouth to mouth.

"Yes, my friends," continued Gabriel, with a look of inexpressible happiness, "we shall yet be enabled to save him!"

"We shall save him!" repeated the quarryman, mechanically; and again the crowd softly whispered the good news to each other.

"Quick, quick!" said Gabriel, addressing the quarryman; "assist me, brother, to convey him to a neighbouring house."

The quarryman eagerly responded to the call, and while the missionary raised D'Aigrigny by the arms, he supported the almost inanimate body, and so between them they carried it from the choir.

At the aspect of their redoubtable leader thus aiding the young priest to bear in safety the man whom he so lately pursued with such unrelenting rage, fresh compassion moved the multitude, who, melting under the influence of the words of Gabriel, as well as swayed by his noble example, gave full indulgence to the pity and remorse which now reproached them for their former violence, and each vied with the other in tendering assistance to Gabriel.

"M. le Curé," suggested Ciboule, "the poor man would be much better carried on a chair."

"Or shall I run to the Hôtel Dieu for a litter?" inquired a second voice.

"Here, let me take your place, M. le Curé," cried a third; "the body is too heavy for you."

"Pray, allow me," said a strong, able-bodied young man, approaching the missionary with respect, "I can carry him without any one's help."

"Suppose I cut off after a coach, eh, M. le Curé?" inquired a regular scamp, taking off his Greek cap.

"Ah, to be sure!" replied the quarryman; "you've hit it, my ticket; quick's the word—off with you!"

"But ask M. le Curé, first, if he approves of your fetching a coach," interposed Ciboule, arresting the progress of the impatient messenger; "you mustn't do anything but just what M. le Curé thinks proper."

"Quite right," answered a spectator; "we must not forget that we are in a church, and that M. le Curé is in his own house, and therefore the only person who has power to command here."

"Then go, my good lad," said Gabriel to the wild youth, whose desire to make himself useful had drawn down the rebuke of the last two speakers, "and make all the speed you can."

As the lad was making his way through the crowd, a voice was heard, saying, "I have got a little wicker bottle containing brandy; would that be of any use?"

"Most assuredly," answered Gabriel; "let me have it, I beg; it is constantly employed to bathe the temples of sick persons, and also for them to smell."
"Pass the bottle!" cried Ciboule; "and don't stop to take a gulp by the way!"

The bottle, carefully passed from hand to hand, reached Gabriel in perfect safety.

While awaiting the arrival of a vehicle, D'Aigrigny had been temporarily placed in a chair, and while many unsolicited hands were eagerly stretched out to support the Jesuit, the missionary caused him to inspire the brandy contained in the bottle; and so powerful was the effect of the spirituous odour, that, after the lapse of a few seconds, D'Aigrigny made some slight movements, and a deep, convulsive sigh heaved his bosom.

"He is saved! he will live!" exclaimed Gabriel, in an exulting voice.

"Brothers, share in my joy; his life is safe!"

"So much the better, so much the better!" responded a burst of voices.

"So much the better, indeed, brethren," continued Gabriel; "for, instead of being overwhelmed by remorse for a crime, you will only have to dwell on the delightful reflection of a charitable and just action. Let us bless God that he has changed your blind fury into a sentiment of compassion and sympathy. Let us beseech Him that neither yourselves, nor those dearest to you, may ever incur the fearful dangers this unfortunate individual has just escaped. Oh, my brethren," added Gabriel, pointing to a large figure of the crucifixion, with an emotion rendered still more touching and effective by the beauty of his heavenly countenance, "my dear brethren, let us never forget that He who died on that cross to save all who were in misery or sorely troubled, who was once poor and needy as we may be, has left us the tender, these encouraging words, 'Love ye one another, even as God himself has loved you.' Let us never forget them, never cease to remember who it was that spoke them; but let us love, aid, and cherish others, poor and lowly though we be; we shall thereby become happier, better, and more just. Let us love each other, my brethren, with love as tender and unselfish as was felt by Him who died upon the cross; and let us humbly prostrate ourselves before the Christ, the Saviour of every weak, suffering, and oppressed being in this world of tears and sorrow."

So saying, Gabriel knelt down, followed by the respectful multitude, so deeply had his mild yet energetic language changed their hearts.

At this moment a singular incident added to the sublimity of the scene.

As we have already said, shortly before the incursion of the quarrier and his party into the church, several individuals, who chanced to be there, had made a hasty retreat, two among the number seeking refuge in the organ-loft, whence, though concealed from observation, they had beheld all the preceding scene.

One of the persons was a young man employed in taking care of the organ, and a sufficiently good musician to be able to perform on it. Profoundly affected by the unexpected termination of a scene, which at first threatened such tragical results, and yielding to his own musical inspiration, this young man, at the moment when he perceived Gabriel place himself on his knees, surrounded by all the people, could not refrain from seating himself at the instrument.

At first, a sort of harmonious and almost inaudible sigh appeared to float upon the bosom of the vast Cathedral like a breath from heaven; then, as soft and sweet as angels' whispers, the aerial sounds spread through the lofty domes like the rich odours of the ascending incense; by degrees these mild and dulcet notes changed their subdued sweetness into an inexpressibly touching melody, at once melancholy, tender, and religious, rising in perfect harmony to heaven, as one burst of grateful voices, chanting forth their exceeding love and gratitude to the great Giver of all, with deep rejoicings in the mercy of a Saviour who died that all might live.

These strains were at first so low, so subdued, and so touching, that the kneeling multitude felt no sudden surprise, but were, in a manner, carried away almost unconsciously by the irresistible influence of heavenly harmony; and many an eye, until then dry and stern, became humid with gentle tears; many a heart,
THE WANDERING JEW.

hardened against good, beat as it had done in innocent days, when, kneeling beside their mother’s knee, they had prayed for forgiveness as they also hoped to be forgiven; and many a strong nature melted before the words so tenderly pronounced by Gabriel, “Love ye one another.”

It was at this moment that D’Aigrigny regained his consciousness, and opened his eyes; at first he believed himself under the influence of a dream.

He had lost his senses at the sight of an infuriated populace, who, with imprecations and threats on their lips, had pursued him with cries of death even to the holy sanctuary of the Lord’s house; but when the Jesuit opened his eyes, he beheld, by the pale light of the silver lamps burning in the sacred edifice, the before angry, vengeful, and implacable multitude kneeling in silent humility, and, as though awestruck by the full, religious sounds of the swelling organ, bending in earnest supplication before the throne of God, and prostrating themselves in devout adoration before the sanctity of His holy temple.

A few minutes after this, Gabriel, borne almost in triumph on the shoulders of the multitude, ascended the vehicle into which D’Aigrigny, who had now perfectly recovered his senses, had been previously placed.

This carriage, by order of the Jesuit, stopped before the door of a house in the Rue Vaugirard, whither he summoned sufficient strength and courage to enter alone; Gabriel not being invited to accompany him to this dwelling, we shall at once conduct the reader thither.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PROMENADE.

T he extremity of the Rue de Vaugirard was a high wall, in the entire length of which there was only one small wicket-gate. When that door was opened, a courtyard was crossed, surrounded by iron-barred windows, covered with Venetian blinds, which precluded all possibility of seeing through the bars; then a large and beautiful garden was entered, planted with care and the utmost symmetry, at the farther end of which was a building two stories high, of a most comfortable appearance, constructed without any attempt at grandeur, but with that well-devised simplicity which is the evident token of well-regulated opulence.

A few days have passed since Father d’Aigrigny was so boldly and nobly rescued by Gabriel from the infuriated populace. Three ecclesiastics, wearing black gowns, white collars, and square caps, were walking in the garden with slow and measured pace. The youngest of the three seemed about thirty years of age, his countenance pale, wrinkled, and marked with ascetic asperity. His two companions, aged from fifty to sixty, had, on the contrary, physiognomies at the same time devout and cunning; their cheeks, red and plump, shone in the sunshine, while their double chins, like dewlaps, gently reposed in the fine cambric of their collars. According to the rules of the Order (they belonged to the Society of Jesus), which forbids walking only
two together, these three congregationists did not leave each other for a single moment.

"I very much fear," said one of the two, continuing a conversation begun, and speaking of some absent person, "I very much fear that the continued excitement to which the reverend father has been a prey since he was smitten by the cholera has exhausted his strength, and caused the dangerous relapse which causes so much alarm for his life."

"Never, as they tell me," said the other reverend father, "was agony seen like his."

"Yes," said the youngest priest, with bitterness, "it is painful to think that his reverence, Father Rodin, has been a subject of scandal, inasmuch as he obstinately refused, the day before yesterday, to make a public confession, when his condition appeared so desperate that, between two of the paroxysms that attacked him, it was deemed proper to offer him the last sacrament."

"His reverence declared that he was not so ill as he was supposed to be," added one of the fathers, "and that he would go through his final duties when he felt the necessity for so doing."

"The fact is, that for ten days, ever since he was brought here in a dying state, his life has only been, as we may say, one protracted, agonizing struggle, and still he keeps alive."

"I watched over him for the first three days of his illness, with M. Rousselet, Dr. Baleinier's pupil," said the young priest, "and he had hardly one conscious interval; and when the Lord accorded him a few moments of lucidity, he employed them in detestable exclamations against the fate which nailed him to the bed."

"It is asserted," said another reverend, "that Father Rodin replied to Monseigneur the Cardinal Malipieri, who had come to urge him to make an exemplary end—one worthy a son of Loyola, our holy founder" (at these words the three Jesuits bowed simultaneously, as if they were each moved by one common spring)—"it is asserted, I say, that Father Rodin replied to his eminence, 'I have no need to confess publicly; I WISH TO LIVE, AND SHALL LIVE!'"

"I was not present at that time, but if Father Rodin has dared to utter such words," said the young priest, with an air of indignation, "it is—"

Then reflection coming, no doubt very apropos to his aid, he threw a look atance at his two mute companions, and added,

"It is a great misfortune for his soul; but I am certain they have calumniated his reverence."

"It was but as a calumnious report that I alluded to these words," said the other priest, exchanging a look with his companion.

A long silence followed.

While they had been conversing, the three congregationists had traversed a long walk, which ended at a clump of trees.

In the centre of the point, whence other walks radiated, was a large round stone table. A man, also in ecclesiastical attire, was kneeling on this table, having on his back and breast two tablets suspended.

On one was written, in large characters,

"Rebellious."

On the other,

"Carnal."

[See cut, on next page.]

The reverend father who, according to rules, was undergoing, at the hour of the promenade, this absurd, humiliating, and school-boy punishment, was a man of forty, with the frame of a Hercules, bull-necked, with black, curly hair, and swarthy visage. Although, according to custom, he continually and humbly kept his eyes lowered, it was easy to see, by the contraction of his shaggy eyebrows, that his internal resentment by no means tallied with his external resignation, especially when he saw the reverend fathers approach, who, in numbers of two and
three, or alone, walked up and down the paths which surrounded the circular spot where he was exposed. When they passed this vigorous penitent, the three reverend fathers of whom we have spoken, obeying an impulse of admirable regularity and sympathy, simultaneously raised their eyes to heaven, as if to ask pardon for the abominations and sorrow of which one of their Order was the cause; then with a second look, no less mechanical than the first, they all together darted a look of thunder on the poor placarded devil, stout fellow as he was, and seeming to unite in his proper person all possible rights and titles to be rebellious and carnal. After which, heaving, like one man, three deep sighs of holy indignation, exactly similar, the reverend fathers resumed their promenade with the precision of automata.

Among the other reverend fathers who were thus walking in the garden, there were here and there several laymen, and for this reason:

The reverend fathers had a neighbouring house, separated only from their own by a hedge; and to this house a good number of devotees came at certain periods to place themselves as boarders, in order to effect what, in their jargon, is called a “a retreat.”

This was charming! They found here combined the delights of succulent cookery and a lovely little chapel, a new and happy combination of the confessional and furnished apartment, the table d’hôte and sermon.

It was a delicate imagination that thus incorporated the holy hostelry, where corporeal and spiritual aliments were as appetizingly as delicately chosen and served up, where soul and body were alike refreshed at so much per head, and where they might eat meat on Friday in all security of conscience, provided they duly paid for a dispensation from Rome, piously marked down in the bill immediately following the coffee and glass of brandy. Thus, let us say it to the honour and glory of the profound financial skill of the reverend fathers and their insinuating dexterity, they had an immensity of custom. And how could it be otherwise? The game was cooked to a turn; the way to Paradise was made so
exquisitely smooth; the sea-fish was so fresh; the rugged path of salvation so swept of thorns, and so deliciously sprinkled with sand, rose-colour and sifted; the newly-tapped wine was so abundant; the penitences so slight, to say nothing of the glorious sausages from Italy, and the indulgences of the holy father, which came direct from Rome, at first hand and first choice. What tables-d'hôte on earth could stand against such competition? There were in this calm, oily, and opulent retreat so many arrangements for the road to heaven! for many persons, rich and pious, timid and meek, who, while horribly afraid of the devil’s horns, cannot at once renounce a multitude of very small and dearly-beloved sins, the complaisant guidance and elastic morality of the reverend fathers were inappreciable.

In fact, what deep and lasting gratitude should not a corrupt, selfish, and cowardly old man feel to a priesthood who thus assured him against the prongs of Beelzebub’s fork, guarantied to him eternal beatitude, and all without asking of him the sacrifice of one of his vitiated appetites, his depraved tastes, or those feelings of grossest egotism which had become the habit and the delight of his existence. Thus, how could he recompense adequately those professors so delightfully indulgent—those spiritual guides, whose complaisance was unbounded? Alas! it was all to be paid for holly by the future gift of good and productive estates, of bright crowns, all full weight, to the loss and detriment of heirs-at-law and by blood, often poor, honest, industrious, and thus piously defrauded by the reverend fathers.

One of the old monks, of whom we have spoken, making allusion to the presence of the laymen in the garden of the house, and no doubt desirous of breaking a silence that had become embarrassing, said to the young monk with the gloomy and fanatic countenance,

“The last boarder but one they brought in wounded to our house of retreat continues, no doubt, as wild as ever, for I do not see him with our other boarders.”

“Perhaps,” said the other monk, “he prefers to walk alone in the garden of the new building.”

“I do not think, since this man has been in our house, he has ever entered the little parterre contiguous to the detached pavilion which he occupies at the lower end of our establishment. Father d’Aigrigny, who alone communicates with him, was complaining lately of the gloomy apathy of this boarder, whom we have not yet seen once in chapel,” added the young father, with severity.

“Perhaps he is not in a state to go there,” said another of the reverend fathers.

“Yes, he is,” replied the other; “for I heard Dr. Baleinier say that exercise would be very salutary for this boarder, who is now convalescent, but obstinately refuses to leave his chamber.”

“He could easily be carried to the chapel,” remarked the young father, in a harsh tone; and then, becoming silent, he continued to walk beside his two companions, who conversed as they went on.

“Do you know this boarder’s name?”

“During the fortnight I know he has been here, I have never heard him called otherwise than the gentleman in the pavilion.”

“One of our servants, who is waiting on him, and calls him thus, told me he was a man of extreme mildness, who appeared overwhelmed with some deep grief; he rarely speaks, and often passes whole hours with his face buried in his hands. He appears quite contented with the house, but, strange to say, prefers a twilight darkness to daylight; and, by another singularity, the blaze of a fire causes him such intense uneasiness, that, notwithstanding the cold of the last days in March, he would not allow a fire to be lighted in his apartment.”

“Perhaps he is a lunatic.”

“No; on the contrary, the servant told me that he was in perfect possession of his senses, but that the flame of the fire probably reminded him of some painful event.”
"Father d’Aigrigny must know better than any one else all about him, for he spends hours every day in long conference with him."

"Father d’Aigrigny has, however, for the last three days broken off these conferences, for he has not left his own chamber since he was brought here the other evening in a hackney-coach, dangerously ill, as they tell me."

"True; but to return to what our dear brother just now said," replied the other, looking toward the young father, who was walking with downcast eyes, as if counting the grains of sand in the walk, "it is singular that the convalescent, the unknown, has not yet appeared in chapel. Our other boarders come here to make their retreats in a redoubling of religious fervour; how is it, then, that this Monsieur du Pavillon does not participate in their zeal?"

"Why has he chosen our house in preference to any other?"

"Perhaps it is a conversion; or perhaps he has come to be instructed in our holy religion."

And the three priests continued their walk.

Hearing this empty, puerile, gossiping conversation on third persons (all of whom are important to this history), these three reverend fathers might well be taken for men of middling or mean capacities; but that would have been a serious mistake; each of them, according to the character he was called upon to play in the devout troop, possessed high and decided merit, with that bold and insinuating, sly and firm, flexible and dissimulating spirit which is peculiar to the majority of the members of this society. Thanks to the obligation of mutual espionage imposed on all—thanks to the detestable distrust which resulted therefrom, and in the midst of which these priests lived, they never exchanged with each other but commonplaces free from all suspicion, reserving all the resources, all the powers of their mind, to execute passively the will of their chief, uniting in the accomplishment of the orders they might receive the most absolute, blind obedience, as to extent, and the most perfect, most diabolical dexterity as to form.

Thus it would be difficult to enumerate the rich inheritances, the princely gifts which the two reverend fathers, with faces so jolly and rubicund, had caused to flow into the purse (always open, always insatiable, always covetous) of the congregation, employing to effect their crafty ends, played off on weak minds, the sick or the dying, sometimes sanctified persuasion, cunning trickery, promises of nice small berths in Paradise, &c.; sometimes slander, threats, and alarm.

The youngest of the reverends, so fitly gifted with a pale and sallow complexion, a gloomy and fanatic look, and a harsh, intolerant voice, was a sort of ascetic prospectus, a kind of living sample which the company sent out in certain cases, when it was necessary to persuade the simple that nothing could be more severe, more austere than the sons of Loyola, and that, by dint of abstinences and mortifications, they became bony and transparent like anchorites—a belief which the fathers, with "fair round bellies" and well-plumped cheeks, would have found some difficulties in propagating; in a word, as in every company of old actors, they endeavoured as much as possible that each character should be performed by him whose corporeal constitution was most suited to it.

While discoursing as we have said, the reverend fathers had reached a building contiguous to the principal habitation, and arranged like a large warehouse. The communication at this spot was effected by a private entrance, which a tolerably high wall concealed. Through an open and barred window was heard the incessant metallic clink of money, and sometimes there was a rushing sound, as if coin emptied from a bag upon the table; sometimes was heard that harsh noise which piles of money give out when they are put in bags.

In this building was the commercial treasury, where payment was made for the books, engravings, rosaries, &c., &c., issued by the congregation, and profusely spread over France by the assistance of the Church—books, almost always stupid, insolent, licentious,* and false; detestable productions, in which

* In proof, we need only refer to one small work sold in the month of Marie, in which are the most revolting details of the accouchement of the Virgin; and this volume is intended for young ladies.
everything that is great, noble, illustrious, in the glorious history of our immortal republic, is travestied, or told in language that would disgrace a fish-market. As to the engravings representing modern miracles, they are executed in a style of burlesque effrontery, which transcends most of the placards exhibited by mountebanks at a fair.

After having complacently listened to the metallic ring of the crown-pieces, one of the reverends said, with a smile,

"To-day is only the small pay-day. The manager said lately, that the profits of the first quarter were 83,000 francs."

"At least," said the young father, with emphasis, "here are so many resources and means of doing evil withdrawn from the hands of the impious."

"It is in vain for the impious to rebel, the pious are with us," added the other reverend father; "we have only to see, despite of the anxious cares excited by the cholera, how rapidly the tickets for our pious lottery have gone off; and every day they bring us new lots. Yesterday the contributions were excellent. 1st. A small copy of the Venus Callipyges, in white marble (the gift might have been more modest, but the end justifies the means). 2d. A piece of the cord which was used to bind that infamous wretch Robespierre on the scaffold, and which is still marked with his accursed blood. 3d. A canine tooth of Saint Fructueux, inlaid in a small gold reliquary. 4th. A box of rouge of the time of the regency, in magnificent Coromandel-ware, set with fine pearls."

"This morning," continued the other, "they brought a splendid lot. Only imagine, my dear brothers, a magnificent poniard, with silver-gilt handle: the blade, very broad, is hollow; and, by means of a really wonderful mechanism, as soon as the blade is plunged into any body, the force of the blow causes a quantity of small transverse blades to dart forth, exceedingly sharp, so that, penetrating the flesh, they make it impossible to withdraw the mother-blade, if we may use such an expression. I do not think it possible to devise a more murderous weapon, of which the scabbard is of velvet, elaborately adorned with plates of sculptured silver-gilt."

"Oh, that is a lot which will create a deal of competition."

"Unquestionably," replied the other reverend father; "and so it has been put, with the Venus and the box of rouge, among the great lots, for the drawing of the Virgin."

"What do you mean?" cried the other, with astonishment; "what is the drawing of the Virgin?"

"What! don't you know?"

"Certainly not."

"It is a charming invention of Mother Sainte Perpétue. Imagine, my dear brother, that the principal lots will be drawn by a small figure of the Virgin, by means of a spring placed under her gown, and wound up with a watch-key, which then gives the figure a circular motion for some instants, so that the number at which the Holy Mother of the Lord Jesus pauses is the winning one."

* This ingenious parody of the games of roulette and biribi, applied to an image of the Virgin, took place at the drawing of a religious lottery six weeks since, in a female convent. For believers, this must be monstrous sacrilege; and for those who are indifferent it is deplorable ridicule; for, of all traditions, that of Marie is one of the most touching and respected.
"Oh, it is really charming!" said the other father; "the idea is as apt as delightful! I had not heard of it. But do you know how much the chalice will cost, the expenses of which it is intended this lottery shall defray?"

"The father steward told me that the chalice, with the gems included, could not cost less than 35,000 francs, exclusive of the old one, which will only be taken for old gold, and is estimated at about 9000 francs."

"The lottery will bring us in 40,000 francs; so we shall be quite right in that respect," added the other reverend father; "and, at least, our chapel will not be eclipsed by the insolent extravagance of that of the Lazaristes."

"They, on the contrary, will now envy us, for their fine chalice of massive gold, of which they were so proud, is not worth one half what our lottery will produce us; since ours will be not only larger, but covered with precious stones."

This interesting conversation was unfortunately interrupted. It was so touching to see priests of a religion all poverty and humility, of submission and charity, having recourse to games of chance prohibited by law, and extending their hand to the public, to adorn their altars with luxury, while thousands of their brethren were dying of hunger and misery at the doors of their glittering chapels! a miserable rivalry of relics, having no source but a vulgar and low feeling of envy; there was no contention who first should succour the poor, but who should display most riches on the table of the altar.

One of the doors of the garden gate opened, and one of the three reverend fathers said, at the sight of a new person who entered,

"Oh, here's his eminence the Cardinal Malipieri come to visit Father Rodin."

"May this visit of his eminence," said the young father, with a satirical air, "be more profitable to Father Rodin than the last."

At this moment Cardinal Malipieri passed through the end of the garden on his way to the apartment occupied by Rodin.
CHAPTER XIII.

THE PATIENT.

Cardinal Malipieri (whom the reader will recognise as one of the personages present at the conclave held by the Princess Saint Dizier) repaired forthwith to the chamber of Rodin. His eminence was dressed as a layman; he wore a large dressing-gown of puce-coloured satin, from which exhaled a powerful smell of camphor, for the prelate had not neglected to provide himself with any of the restoratives which were then believed to be anti-choleric.

Arrived at one of the landings on the second floor, he stopped before a door painted gray. No one replied to the cardinal's knock; his eminence, therefore, waited for no farther ceremony, but at once went in, as a privileged person; he traversed a species of anteroom, and arrived in a small chamber, at one side of which stood a truckle-bed, and at the other a dark wooden table, covered with empty vials.

The physiognomy of the prelate was stamped with an expression of uneasiness and gloom; his complexion evinced a more than ordinary bilious hue, while the dark halos that usually encircled his black, squinting eyes seemed broader and blacker than ever.

Suddenly stopping, the cardinal looked round him almost fearfully, then several times strongly inspired the odour of an anti-cholera vial he carried in his hand; then, finding himself alone, he approached a looking-glass placed over the chimney, and minutely inspected the colour of his tongue, and seeming, after a most rigid examination, thoroughly satisfied with the result, he next drew forth a small gold box containing preservation lozenges; two or three of these he placed in his mouth, closing his eyes with great earnestness while they dissolved.

These sanitary precautions taken, and the bottle of aromatic essence again pressed to his nostrils, the cardinal was preparing to enter the adjoining room,
but hearing, through the slight partition which divided him from it, a somewhat unusual noise, he paused to listen, for so thin was the division between the room he stood in and that occupied by the patient that not a sound escaped him.

"I tell you, I insist upon getting up," said a feeble, but abrupt and imperious voice.

"You must not think of it, reverend father," replied a voice, in a stronger key; "it is perfectly impossible!"

"We shall see whether it be possible or no," returned the first speaker.

"But, reverend father, do you wish to kill yourself? You are absolutely unable to rise. You would certainly bring on a dangerous relapse were you to attempt such a thing. I cannot, and I will not consent to it." These words were followed by a fresh noise, as if of some feeble struggle, mingled with groans more of anger than complaint; and then the last voice resumed, "No, no, father; and, for better providing against accidents, I will remove your clothes out of your reach. It is now the hour when you should take your draught. I will go and prepare it."

And a door almost immediately opening, the prelate saw a young man about twenty-five years of age enter, bearing on his arm an old olive-coloured greatcoat, with an equally shabby pair of threadbare black pantaloons; these two articles he threw upon the nearest chair.

This individual was M. Ange Modeste Rousselet, Dr. Baleinier's head pupil. The countenance of the young practitioner expressed humility, mildness, and reserve, while his hair, which was cut almost close to his forehead, floated long and loosely down his neck and shoulders. He made a slight movement of surprise at the sight of the cardinal, whom he profoundly saluted by bowing twice, without, however, once venturing to lift his eyes.

"In the first place," said the prelate, with his strong Italian accent, and still keeping the vial of anti-contagious salts at his nostrils, "tell me, have the cholera symptoms returned?"

"They have not, my lord; but the fever, which succeeded the cholera, is running its usual course."

"That is well. But it seems the reverend father will not listen to reason. What was that noise I heard just now?"

"My lord, his reverence positively insisted upon rising and dressing himself, when, from his extreme weakness, he was incapable of standing on his feet. He is devoured by impatience, and we are very apprehensive lest this continual agitation of mind should bring upon him a relapse, which must inevitably prove fatal."

"Has Dr. Baleinier been here this morning?"

"He has just left, my lord."

"And what is his opinion of the patient?"

"He considers him in a most alarming state, my lord. He passed so bad a night last night, that M. Baleinier was very uneasy, indeed, this morning. The reverend father is now in one of those critical stages of his disease in which a great and important crisis must speedily decide his life or death. M. Baleinier has now gone to procure what is requisite for the performance of a most painful though reactive operation, and will shortly return to perform this operation himself."

"Has Father d'Aigrigny been apprized of this?"

"The reverend father is himself suffering under illness, as your eminence is doubtless aware; it is now three days since he has been able to leave his bed."

"I inquired after him as I came up stairs," replied the prelate, "and I purpose paying him a visit shortly. But to return to Father Rodin; has his confessor been sent for, since he lies in an almost hopeless state, and is on the point of undergoing so serious an operation?"

"M. de Baleinier did venture to say two or three words on the subject, as well as respecting the last sacraments for the dying; but Father Rodin angrily
declared that he was not allowed a moment's rest, but was worried and harassed into his grave; that the safety of his soul was of as great importance to him as it could possibly be to any one else, and that—"

"Per Bacco! he is not the person most concerned in the matter!" exclaimed the cardinal, interrupting, with this pagan ejaculation, the discourse of M. Ange Modeste Rousselet, and elevating his voice even beyond its naturally sharp, shrill pitch; "he is not the person to be considered, but the interests of the Company of Jesus. It is of paramount importance that the reverend father should receive the holy sacraments with the most startling and imposing effect, and that he should make not merely a Christian departure from this world, but one talked of with wonder and admiration. It will be requisite to invite, not only all the persons belonging to this house, but also strangers from all parts, to behold the spectacle, that his edifying death may produce the most beneficial results."

"Precisely what the reverend fathers Grison and Brunet have already endeavoured to impress on his reverence, my lord; but your eminence is aware with how much displeasure Father Rodin received these suggestions, and, in the fear of bringing on a dangerous, perhaps fatal crisis, Dr. Baleinier has not ventured to persist in pressing them."

"Then it shall be my task to do so, for, in these times of revolutionary impiety, the solemn end of a Christian such as Father Rodin cannot fail of producing a most salutary effect on the public mind. It would be more desirable that the reverend father should be embalmed after death; he might then be offered several days for public inspection in an illuminated chapel, according to the custom of the Romish faith. My secretary will furnish the design for the funeral car, which shall be of the most splendid and imposing description. Indeed, the high position of the reverend father in our community entitles him to the most sumptuous style of funeral obsequies. He should have at least six hundred waxen tapers or candles, with about a dozen silver lamps burning with spirits of wine, and so placed over him as to throw a soft yet brilliant light on the corpse. That will produce a charming effect; and to heighten the impression, persons, suitably attired in deep mourning, shall be employed to distribute among the admiring spectators small slips of paper containing passages relative to the pious and self-denying life of the reverend deceased. After that, there should be—"

A sudden ringing, like that produced by throwing a metallic substance violently on the ground, proceeded from the adjoining chamber, in which lay the sick man, and obliged the prelate to cease his enumeration of the many honours with which he intended to adorn the burial of the Reverend Father Rodin.

"I trust, my lord," whispered M. Ange Modeste Rousselet, "that his reverence has not heard what you said respecting his being embalmed; but his bed touches this partition, and every word that is spoken here can be distinctly heard in the adjoining chamber."

"If he has heard me," replied the cardinal, instantly dropping his voice, and retreating to the farther side of the apartment, "it will enable me to come to the point at once with him. However, under any and every circumstance, I insist that the embalming and public exposition will be highly necessary to strike a powerful blow on the minds of the public, who are already terrified at the ravages of the cholera, and are precisely in that excited state in which the mind most easily receives strong and vivid impressions."

"Your eminence must permit me to remark that such exhibitions are not allowed here, the laws—"

"Ah!" interrupted the cardinal, wrathfully, "there we have it again—the laws, the laws! always the laws whenever a good or praiseworthy manifestation of religion is proposed. But, pray, has not Rome, too, its laws? and is not every priest the subject of Rome? Is it not, then, time to—" Then pausing, as though unwilling to explain himself more explicitly to the young doctor, the prelate merely replied, "All this shall be duly considered and attended to; but,
THE PUPIL OF DR. BALENIER.
tell me, has the reverend father had any fresh attack of delirium since I was last here?"

"Yes, my lord; during the past night he was delirious for nearly two hours."

"And did you, as I requested, keep an exact account of each word that escaped the patient's lips during the paroxysms?"

"I did, my lord; your eminence will find herein written every sentence uttered by Father Rodin during his unconscious state."

So saying, M. Ange Modeste Rousselet took from his side pocket a folded paper, which he gave to the cardinal.

We shall merely observe, that the latter part of the conversation having been carried on in an under tone, and at the other end of the room, Rodin had not been able to catch one word, while the whole of the previous part relative to the proposed embalming had been distinctly heard by him.

The cardinal, having received the note from M. Rousselet, opened it with the most eager curiosity. After a hasty perusal of its contents, he crushed the paper in his hand, murmuring, in a tone of evident chagrin,

"Still a mere assemblage of incoherent words; not a sentence from which any tangible conclusion can be drawn. One would imagine that this man was gifted with the power of controlling his speech, even during the ravings of delirium, and only permits himself to talk, when his brain wanders, on trifling matters!" Then, addressing M. Rousselet, he said, "You are positively sure that you have omitted none of the expressions used by the reverend father during last night's attack?"

"With the exception of phrases which, though continually repeated by his reverence, I have only once written, your eminence may rest persuaded I have not left out a single word, however insignificant or unmeaning it appeared."

"You will now have the goodness to conduct me to the reverend father," said the prelate, after a momentary silence.

"But, my lord," remonstrated the young man, with deep submission and considerable hesitation, "the fit has but left his reverence about an hour, and he is extremely weak and exhausted!"

"An additional reason for my choosing the present moment for my visit," said the prelate, somewhat incautiously. Then, as if desirous of correcting himself, he added, "I mean, he will be better able to appreciate the consolations I come to offer him. Go instantly, and apprise him of my visit, and if he has fallen asleep, let him be awakened."

"It is for your eminence to command, and for me to obey," said M. Rousselet, bowing till his head nearly touched the cardinal's feet. And M. Ange Modeste Rousselet disappeared in the adjoining chamber.

Left alone, the cardinal said, with a thoughtful air, "I do not forget that when Rodin was seized with this fearful attack of cholera, his first idea was of being
poisoned by order of the papal throne. He must, then, be carrying on formidable machinations against Rome to have conceived so abominable an apprehension. Are our suspicions respecting him, then, well founded? Can he be carrying on dangerous though concealed plots against an influential party of our Sacred College? But wherefore should he do so? Ah! that is the thing we cannot manage to discover, so well are all his secrets kept by those he employs—his accomplices are too faithful! I was in hopes that, during his delirium, he would let fall some word or expression which would assist me in finding out what it is so important to know; for generally, and more especially with men of minds so busy, restless, and active as his, the ravings of madness are but the expression of one predominating idea; yet this is the fifth written transcript I have received of all he has uttered during so many attacks of delirium, and not a word, not a sentence one would care to know; nothing but unmeaning sentences, or unconnected expressions—"

The reflections of the prelate were interrupted by the return of M. Rousselet.

"I am extremely concerned to be obliged to tell your eminence that the reverend father positively refuses to see any one. He asserts, as a reason, his absolute need of rest. Although greatly exhausted, he seems much incensed; and I should not be surprised if he overheard what your eminence proposed respecting his being embalmed—"

Without allowing M. Rousselet to proceed, the cardinal exclaimed,

"If I understand aright, Father Rodin was delirious during the past night?"

"He was, your eminence; the fit came on about three o'clock this morning, and continued till about half past five."

"From three to half past five," repeated the prelate, as though seeking to impress this fact upon his memory; "and, upon the whole, the attack passed away without presenting any fact that struck you as extraordinary in any way?"

"None, whatever, my lord; as your eminence may convince yoursefl by reading the paper.‖ Then, perceiving that the prelate was making his way to Rodin’s chamber, M. Rousselet again deferentially observed, "But, indeed, my lord, it will be useless going into the room; the reverend father peremptorily refuses to see any one. He has, indeed, need to gather strength to support the operation which will be shortly performed upon him, and there would be, possibly, considerable danger in—"

But, without deigning the slightest attention to this remark, the cardinal at once entered Rodin’s apartment.

This chamber, which was large, and lighted by two good-sized windows, was plainly, but comfortably furnished. Two large logs were burning upon the hearth. Among the hot cinders were placed a coffee-press, an earthen jug, and a saucepan of the same material, from which steamed forth a powerful scent of mustard, while on the chimney were scattered morsels of linen and various bandages.

Throughout this chamber prevailed that peculiar smell arising from the combination of medicines, peculiar to sick-rooms in general, mingled with an odour so acrid, nauseous, and offensive, that the cardinal suddenly paused on the threshold, either unable, or unwilling to advance.

As the reverend fathers had observed during their morning’s walk, Rodin lived because he had said,

"I must, and I will live!"

For, as weak imaginations and cowardly minds frequently sink at the bare apprehension of evil (a thousand facts bear out the assertion), so do vigour of character and moral energy frequently enable the possessor to struggle successfully against misfortunes, and even to triumph over almost desperate cases.

So it was with the Jesuit. The indomitable firmness of his disposition, and, it might almost be added, the fierce determination of his will (for the will has sometimes a sort of mysterious omnipotence, which is as wonderful as fearful), aided by the skilful treatment of Dr. Baleinier, had enabled him to overcome the
dreadful complaint by which he had been originally attacked; but to the violent
shock the whole system had undergone, from the scourge which had so unex-
pectedly seized it, succeeded a fever of the most dangerous description, which
for several days placed the life of Rodin in the greatest jeopardy.

This increase of danger had created the most lively apprehensions in the mind
of D'Aigrigny, who, spite of his jealous rivalry with Rodin, was well aware that,
in the present position of affairs, it was the hand of Rodin which held the various
threads of their vast scheme, and which alone could bring it to a successful issue.

The half-closed curtains admitted but an imperfect light on the bed, where
Rodin lay. The countenance of the Jesuit had lost that greenish cast peculiar to
cholera patients, but it had assumed a corpse-like lividity; and so fearfully was
he attenuated that his harsh, rough skin clung to his sharp angular bones. The
veins and muscles of his long, skinny, withered throat, resembling that of a vul-
ture, were like a bundle of cords; while his head, covered with a greasy, faded
silk nightcap, from which escaped a few straggling locks of dull, gray hair, re-
posed on a soiled and tumbled pillow, Rodin positively refusing to allow his lin-
en to be changed. His thin, gray beard, which had been long unshaven, stood
out here and there upon the clay-coloured skin like the bristles of a half worn out
brush. Beneath his shirt he wore an old, dirty, ragged woollen jacket, and the
bony hand which hung out of the bed held a cotton, snuff-begrimed pocket hand-
kercloth, whose colour no artist, however skilful, could depict.

He might have passed for one from whom the vital spark had fled, but for two
glaring eyes, which burned with feverish glow in the hollow depths of their orbits.
The fierce, restless gleam, which shot upward from the dark shadows imprinted
by wasting disease around the cheekbone, appeared to concentrate the whole
spirit, life, and energy of the man; it told a tale of burning disquietude and
restless anxiety. Sometimes his features would appear contracted by acute
agony; then, again, the convulsive movements of the hands, and sudden starting
of the weakened body, bespoke his despair at being thus riveted to a bed of
sickness, while the important interests with which he was intrusted called for his
utmost activity and zeal. His mind, thus continually excited and on the stretch,
grew weak at times, permitting strange and unconnected expressions to escape
his lips; and these fits of wandering soon assumed the more fearful shape of ac-
tual raving and delirium, from which he recovered as one wakes from a frightful
dream.

In pursuance of the excellent advice of Dr. Baleinier, who considered Rodin
wholly unfit to occupy himself with any affairs of moment, Father d'Aigrigny
had hitherto avoided replying to the questions put by Rodin touching the state
of the Renneport affair, so deeply interesting to him, and which he trembled to
think might be either compromised, or utterly lost, through the disastrous inac-
tion of him who alone held all its threads, and could alone bring it to maturity.

This silence on the part of D'Aigrigny, added to the complete ignorance in
which the patient had been kept of all that had occurred since his unfortunate
seizure, materially increased the irritation of Rodin, and made him still more
exasperated at being thus tied to a sick-bed, when so much remained to be done.

Such was the moral and physical situation of Rodin, when, spite of his prohi-
bition, Cardinal Malipieri entered his chamber.
CHAPTER XIV.

THE SNARE.

RELIMINARY to a better understanding of the torture of Rodin, reduced to inactivity by his illness, and the importance of the visit of Cardinal Malipieri, let us, in a few words, recall the audacious views of the ambitious Jesuit, who believed himself the rival of Sixtus Quintus, while waiting to become his equal.

To reach, by the success of the Rennepont affair, the generalship of his Order; then, in case of an abdicational almost foreseen, to make sure, by a splendid system of corruption, of a majority in the Sacred College, in order to mount the pontifical throne; and, finally, by means of a change in the statutes of the Company of Jesus, to enfeoff this powerful Society to the holy seat, instead of leaving it in its present independence, to equal, and almost always control the papal power—such were the secret projects of Rodin.

As to the possibility, that was consecrated by numerous precedents; for many simple monks or priests had been suddenly elevated to the pontifical dignity.

As to the morality of the thing, the accession of the Borgias, of Julius II., and many other strange vicars of Christ, in comparison with whom Rodin was a venerable saint, excused, authorized the pretensions of the Jesuit.

Although the aim of Rodin’s secret intrigues at Rome had been until then enveloped in the deepest mystery, there was a suspicion aroused as to his private understanding with many members of the Sacred College. A section of this college, at the head of which was the Cardinal Malipieri, having become uneasy, the cardinal profited by his journey to France to try and penetrate the dark designs of the Jesuit. If, in the scene we are about to paint, the cardinal was so obstinately fixed in his resolution of conferring with the reverend father in spite of his refusal, it was because the prelate hoped, as we shall presently see, to surprise by stratagem a secret until then so completely hidden as to the intrigues which he believed to be going on at Rome.

It was, therefore, in the midst of circumstances so important, so vital, that Rodin found himself a prey to a malady which paralyzed his strength, at a moment when more than ever he required all his activity, all the resources of his understanding.

After having remained for some moments motionless near the door, the cardinal, still holding his bottle under his nose, slowly approached Rodin’s bed. Rodin, irritated at this pertinacity, and desirous of escaping an interview which, for many reasons, was particularly disagreeable to him, turned his head suddenly toward the side of his bed, and pretended to sleep.

The prelate, regardless of this pretence, and determined to profit by the state of weakness in which he knew Rodin to be, drew a chair, and, spite of his repugnance, seated himself at the Jesuit’s bedside.

“My reverend and very dear father, how do you find yourself?” he inquired, in a honeyed tone, which his Italian accent rendered even more hypocritical.

Rodin turned a deaf ear, breathed loudly, and made no reply.

The cardinal, although he had his gloves on, took, not without disgust, the
hand of the Jesuit in his own, shook it slightly, and said, in a still louder tone,

"My reverend and very dear father, answer me, I entreat you."

Rodin could not repress a movement of angry impatience, but still remained mute.

The cardinal was not a man to be repulsed so easily; he again shook, and somewhat more vigorously, the Jesuit's arm, repeating, with phlegmatic tenacity, which would have overcome the endurance of the most patient man in the world,

"My reverend and dear father, as you are not asleep, listen to me, I pray of you."

Suffering acute pain, and exasperated by the obstinacy of the prelate, Rodin turned his head abruptly, fixed on the Roman his hollow eyes, glaring with sombre fire, and, his lips contracted with a sardonic smile, said, in a bitter tone,

"You are determined, then, monseigneur, to see me embalmed, as you said just now, and exposed in the lighted chapel, since you come thus to increase my anguish, and hasten my end."

"I, my dear father! What are you saying?" and the cardinal raised his eyes to heaven, as if calling on it to testify the tender interest he took in the Jesuit.

"I say what I just now heard, monseigneur, for the wainscot is but thin," added Rodin, with increased bitterness.

"If by that you would infer that I desire for you, with all the strength of my soul, a Christian and exemplary end, oh, you are not deceived, my very dear father; you have perfectly understood me; for it would be most grateful to me to see you, after a life so well spent, a subject of adoration to the faithful."

"And I— I tell you, monseigneur," cried Rodin, in a weak and broken voice, "that there is ferocity in giving vent to such wishes in the presence of a sick man in a desperate condition. But," he continued, with increasing animation, which contrasted strangely with his weakened state, "but take care; for, mark me! if I am thus tormented—if I am beset thus incessantly—if I am not left to groan out in my agony, without being disturbed, you will force me to die in an unchristian manner. I warn you of this; and if you rely on an edifying spectacle, to turn it to account, you are very much deceived."

This outburst of anger had painfully fatigued Rodin, who fell back on his pillow, and wiped his cracked and bleeding lips with his dirty cotton pocket-handkerchief.

"Calm yourself, my very dear father," replied the cardinal, with a paternal air; "do not entertain such sad thoughts; no doubt Providence has great designs in store for you: since you have been already delivered from such serious peril, let us hope that he will still save you from that which now menaces you."

Rodin replied by a hoarse murmur, and turned over, with his back to the cardinal. [See cut, on page 360.]

The imperturbable prelate continued:

"The views of Providence are not limited to your safety, my very dear father; its power has been manifested also in another way. What I am about to tell you is of the utmost importance; and, therefore, listen to me attentively."

Rodin, without turning, said, in a tone of bitter anger, which betrayed acute suffering,

"They wish for my death—my chest is on fire—my head burns, and they are pitiless. Oh! I suffer like the damned—"

"Already?" muttered the Roman, with a malicious smile at his own sarcasm; then he said, aloud,

"Allow me to insist, my very dear father; make a little effort to listen to me; you will not regret it."
Rodin, still stretched out in the bed, raised toward heaven, but without uttering a syllable, and with despairing gesture, his two clasped hands, still clinching his cotton handkerchief, and then letting them fall, enfeebled, beside his body.

The cardinal shrugged his shoulders slightly, and slowly accentuated each syllable of the following words, that not one might escape Rodin:

"My dear father, Providence has willed it that, during your paroxysms of delirium, you unconsciously made very important revelations."

And the prelate waited with eager curiosity the result of this pious snare which he had spread for the enfeebled mind of the Jesuit.

But he still turned away from the cardinal, and did not appear to have heard him, but remained perfectly mute.

"Doubtless you are reflecting on what I have said, my dear father," resumed the cardinal. "You are right, for it involves most important facts. Yes, I repeat to you, Providence has permitted that, during your delirium, your language should betray your most secret thoughts; revealing, fortunately to me alone, things that compromise you in the most serious manner. In brief, during your attack of delirium last night, which lasted for two hours nearly, you revealed the concealed aim of your intrigues at Rome with several members of our Sacred College;" and the cardinal, rising gently, went to lean over the bed, in order to detect the expression of Rodin's countenance.

Rodin did not give him time for this.

As a corpse, submitted to the action of the voltaic pile, moves with sudden and strange jerks, so Rodin bounded in his bed, turned round, and suddenly rose in his seat, as he heard the last words uttered by the cardinal.

"He betrays himself," said the cardinal, in a low voice, and in Italian.

Then, resuming his seat hastily, he fastened on the Jesuit his eyes, sparkling with triumphant joy.

Although he had not heard Malipieri's exclamation; although he had not remarked the gratified expression of his countenance, Rodin, spite of his feebleness, at once comprehended the grave imprudence of his first too significant movement. He passed his hand slowly over his brow, then cast round surprised and wild looks, lifting to his trembling lips his old pocket-handkerchief, which he bit mechanically for several seconds.

"Your extreme emotion, your alarm, alas! confirm the sad discovery I have made," continued the cardinal, triumphing more and more at the success of his stratagem, and seeing himself on the point of penetrating at last a secret so important. "So now, my very dear father," he added, "you will comprehend how prudent it will be for you to enter into the minutest details as to your plans"
and accomplices at Rome, in order, my dear father, that you may hope for the indulgence of the holy seat, especially if your confessions be explicit enough and circumstantial to supply all the gaps which were inevitably left in a disclosure made during the paroxysms of a burning delirium.”

Rodin, recovered from his first emotion, perceived but too late that he had been tricked, and had compromised himself gravely, not by his words, but by a movement of surprise and alarm, dangerously significant.

In fact, the Jesuit was for a moment afraid that he had betrayed himself during his delirium, when he heard himself charged with dark intrigues at Rome; but after a few minutes’ reflection, despite the weakness of his frame, he said to himself, with much shrewdness,

“If this crafty Roman had my secret, he would be too cunning to let me know it; he has, therefore, only suspicions, increased by the involuntary movement which I could not at the moment repress.”

Rodin wiped away the cold sweat which dripped from his burning brow. The excitement of the scene increased his sufferings and aggravated his condition, already so alarming. Overcome by fatigue, he could no longer remain seated in his bed, and fell back heavily on his pillow.

“Per Bacco!” said the cardinal, in a low voice, alarmed at the expression of the Jesuit’s countenance, “if he were to die without saying a word, and so escape my snare, so skillfully spread!” and leaning over Rodin suddenly, the prelate said to him,

“What ails you now, my very dear father?”

“I feel so weak, monseigneur: what I suffer no words can express.”

“Let us hope, my very dear father, that this crisis will not have any injurious result; but as it may, it would be for the safety of your soul that you should make to me, without any delay, a complete revelation, perfect in all points; and should this avowal exhaust your strength, the life eternal is worth infinitely more than this perishable existence.”

“What avowal do you refer to, monseigneur?” inquired Rodin, with feeble voice and sarcastic tone.

“How! what avowal?” cried the amazed cardinal; “why, the avowal of those dangerous intrigues which you have entered into at Rome.”

“What intrigues?” inquired Rodin.

“The intrigues you revealed during your delirium,” replied the prelate, with increased and anxious impatience. “Your disclosures were sufficiently explicit; why, then, should you hesitate so culpably to render them complete?”

“My disclosures—were—explicit. You assure me—of that?” said Rodin, pausing at every word, so great was his difficulty of breathing; but his energetic will, his presence of mind, did not for an instant forsake him.

“Yes, I repeat to you,” resumed the cardinal, “that, except some few connecting links, your disclosures were most explicit.

“Then what is the—use—of—repeating them?” and the same ironical smile played over the blue lips of Rodin.

“What is the use?” exclaimed the irritated prelate. “Why, to deserve pardon; for, if we accord indulgence and remission to the repentant sinner, who confesses his faults, we award anathema and malediction to the hardened sinner!”

“Oh! what torture! This is dying by a slow fire,” murmured Rodin; then he said, aloud, “Since I have disclosed all—I have—nothing more—to—tell you; you—know all.”

“I know all! Yes, unquestionably I know all,” replied the prelate, in a voice of thunder; “but how have I learned it? By the avowal you made, without even having the consciousness of what you were doing; and do you suppose that will avail you anything? No, no! Believe me, the moment is solemn; death threatens you—yes, it threatens you; tremble, then, at uttering a sacrilegious lie!” cried the prelate, more and more enraged, and shaking Rodin’s arm.
forcibly. "Dread eternal flames if you dare to deny what you know to be the truth! Do you deny it?"

"I will deny nothing," articulated Rodin, painfully; "but leave me in quiet."

"Then at length God inspires you," said the cardinal, with a sigh of satisfaction.

Then, believing he had attained his aim, he continued:

"Hearken to the voice of the Lord; that will guide you in safety, my dear father. So, then, you deny nothing?"

"I was— delirious—I— could—not— then— deny (oh, how I suffer!)" added Rodin, as if by parenthesis— "I cannot— therefore— deny— any follies— I may have— uttered— during— my paroxysm."

"But when these pretended follies are in accordance with reality," replied the prelate, furious at being again frustrated; "but when delirium becomes an involuntary, providential revelation—"

"Cardinal Malipieri, your trick—is—not even—cunning enough—for my agony," replied Rodin, in a faint voice. "The proof that I have—not—told you—my—secret—if I—have—a secret—is—that you are anxious—that—I— should—disclose it—now."

And, spite of his anguish, spite of his increasing feebleness, the Jesuit summoned strength enough to raise himself partly erect in his bed, look the prelate steadfastly in his face, and confront him with a smile of devilish irony, after which Rodin fell back, exhausted, on his pillow, pressing his clinched hands against his breast, and uttering a long sigh of agony.

"Malediction! this infernal Jesuit has detected me," said the cardinal, stamping with rage; "he saw that his first movement compromised him, and is now on his guard. I shall get nothing out of him unless I take advantage of his weakness, and, by dint of continued urging, threats, alarms—"

The prelate could not finish, for the door opened suddenly, and Father d'Aigrigny entered, exclaiming, with a burst of inexpressible joy, "Excellent news!"
CHAPTER XV.

THE GOOD NEWS.

By the alteration in D'Aigrigny's features, his pallor, and his faltering step, it was plainly perceptible that the terrible scene at Notre-Dame had had a violent effect on his health; yet his countenance was radiant and triumphant as, entering Rodin's chamber, he exclaimed, "Excellent news!"

At these words Rodin started, notwithstanding his prostrated condition, and raised his head quickly; his eyes were uneasy, anxious, penetrating, as with his withered hand he made a sign to D'Aigrigny to approach his bed, and said to him, in a voice so low and broken as scarcely to be heard, "I feel myself very ill—the cardinal has almost finished me—but if this excellent news refers to—the Rennepont affair—the thought of which devours me—and of which—no one speaks—to me—I feel—that I shall—recover."

"Recover, then," exclaimed D'Aigrigny, forgetting the instruction of Dr. Balleinier, who had forbidden Rodin to be spoken to on any matters of serious business. "Yes," he repeated, "be saved—read and rejoice, for what you foretold begins to be realized."

So saying, he drew from his pocket a paper, which he gave to Rodin, who clutched it with a greedy and trembling hand.

Some minutes previous, Rodin had really been incapable of continuing his conversation with the cardinal, even had prudence allowed of it; he would also have been incapable of reading a single line, so much was his vision troubled and dimmed; yet at the words of Father d'Aigrigny he felt such elation, such hope, that, by a powerful effort of energy, he raised himself, and with his mind alert, his look intelligent and animated, he rapidly perused the paper.

The cardinal, amazed at this sudden revival, asked himself if he saw really and truly the same man who, some minutes before, had fallen, overpowered, on his bed, almost without consciousness.

Rodin had scarcely read, before he uttered a cry of stifled joy, saying, in a tone impossible to describe, "Thus, then, one is out of the way: it begins—it works!"

Then, shutting his eyes with a kind of ecstasy, a smile of proud triumph spread over his features, and rendered him even more hideous as they disclosed his yellow and decayed teeth. His emotion was so excessive, that the paper he had just read fell from his tremulous hand.

"He has fainted!" cried D'Aigrigny, with disquietude, and stooping over Rodin. "It is my fault; I forgot that the doctor had forbidden me to confer with him on serious matters."

"No, no! do not—reproach yourself," said Rodin, in a faint voice, and raising himself up half erect, to reassure Father d'Aigrigny. "This unexpected joy will, perhaps, cause—my cure; yes, I know not what I experience; but see! look at my cheeks; I seem—for the first time since—I have been—nailed to this bed of misery—that they have some—colour in them; I almost feel—warmth."

Rodin spoke truly. A slight flush suddenly appeared in his chill and livid cheeks; his voice, although still very weak, became less tremulous, and he exclaimed, with so much excitement that D'Aigrigny and the prelate both trembled, "This first success is the herald of more; I read into futurity; yes, yes!" added Rodin, with an air more and more assured, "our cause will triumph; all the—members—of the execrable—Rennepont family—will be crushed—crushed, and that—very shortly: you will see, you—"
Then, interrupting himself, Rodin fell back on his pillow, saying,

"Ah! this joy suffocates me; my voice fails me."

"What is this?" inquired the cardinal of D'Aigrigny.

The abbé replied, in a tone of intense hypocrisy,

"One of the heirs of the Rennepont family, a wretched workman, worn out by excesses and debauchery, died three days ago, after a most infamous orgie, in which they were braving the cholera with sacrilegious impiety. It was only today, in consequence of the severe indisposition which has kept me within doors, and from another circumstance, that I could obtain properly attested proof of the death of this victim of intemperance and irreligion. I proclaim it to the praise of his reverence" (he pointed to Rodin), "who had said, 'The worst enemies the descendants of that infamous renegade can have are their own bad passions. Let them, therefore, be our auxiliaries against this impious race.' And so it has been with this Jacques Rennepont."

"You see," continued Rodin, in a voice so exhausted that it soon became almost unintelligible, "the punishment—is beginning—already; one—of the Renneponts—is dead, and—remember—that certificate," pointing to the paper which D'Aigrigny held in his hand, "will one day be worth forty millions to the Company of Jesus, and that—because—I—have—"

Rodin's lips only completed this sentence. For some instants his voice was so faint that it ended by being no longer audible, and was completely lost; his larynx, contracted by a violent emotion, did not allow a sound to be heard.

The Jesuit, far from being disturbed by this incident, completed his phrase by a kind of pantomimic gesture; raising his head proudly, his features assuming a bold and haughty air, he tapped his forehead twice or thrice with the end of his forefinger, thus indicating that it was to his intelligence and his direction the happy result was due.

But Rodin soon fell back on his couch, overcome, exhausted, breathless, and powerless, except to raise his pocket-handkerchief to his parched lips. The excellent news, as D'Aigrigny called it, had not cured Rodin; and it was for a moment only he found sufficient strength to forget his agony, and then the slight flush with which his cheeks were coloured rapidly faded, his face became again livid, his sufferings, suspended for a moment, increased so intensely that he writhed in convulsions beneath his bedclothes, as he lay with his cheek flat on the pillow, stretching above his head his two arms as straight and stiff as bars of iron.

After this crisis, as intense as it was rapid, during which Father d'Aigrigny and the prelate stood anxiously gazing at him, Rodin, on whose face a violent perspiration had broken out, made them a sign that he suffered less, and wished to drink a draught which he indicated as being on the table. Father d'Aigrigny brought it; and while the cardinal, with evident disgust, supported Rodin, D'Aigrigny administered to the sick man several spoonfuls of the potion, whose immediate effect was to calm him greatly.

"Shall I call M. Rousselet?" asked D'Aigrigny of Rodin, when he again lay down in his bed.

Rodin made a negative gesture; then with a fresh exertion he raised his right hand, opened it wide, and moved his forefinger over it, making a sign to D'Aigrigny, while directing his attention to a bureau placed in a corner of the chamber, that, being unable to speak, he wished to write.

"I fully understand your reverence," said D'Aigrigny; "but first calm yourself. Presently, if there be occasion for it, I will give you writing materials."

Two knocks, loudly struck, not at the door of Rodin's chamber, but at the outer door of the room beyond, interrupted this scene. From prudential motives, and that this conversation with Rodin might be entirely secret, Father d'Aigrigny had requested M. Rousselet to remain in the first of the three rooms.

Father d'Aigrigny, after having passed through the second room, opened the door of the antechamber, where he found M. Rousselet, who gave him a tolerably thick envelope, saying,
"I beg your pardon, father, for having disturbed you, but I was requested to give you these papers without delay."

"Thank you, M. Rousselet," replied D'Aigrigny, adding, "when do you expect M. Baleinier?"

"He will not be long, father, for he is anxious before night to perform the painful operation which will have so decisive an effect on the state of Father Rodin; and I am making all the preparations for it," added M. Rousselet, showing a singular and formidable apparatus to D'Aigrigny, who looked at it with affright.

"I do not know if it is an untoward symptom," said the Jesuit, "but the reverend father has suddenly lost his voice entirely."

"This is the third time in eight days that it has occurred to him," said M. Rousselet; "and M. Baleinier's operation will act equally on the larynx and the lungs."

"Is this operation painful?" inquired D'Aigrigny.

"There is not, in my opinion, any surgical operation more terrible," said the pupil; "and that is the reason why M. Baleinier has concealed its importance from Father Rodin."

"Will you be so kind as remain here until M. Baleinier arrives, and send him to us instantly?" said D'Aigrigny, and then returned to the patient. Seating himself at the bedside, he said, pointing to the letter,

"Here are various conflicting reports relative to the different persons of the Rennepont family, which appear to deserve peculiar attention, my indisposition not having allowed me to see to anything myself for several days, for I have risen to-day for the first time; but I do not know, father," he added, addressing Rodin, "if your state permits you to attend to me."

Rodin made a gesture, at once so supplicating and despairing that D'Aigrigny felt there would be at least as much danger in refusing Rodin's desire as in acceding to it; and turning to the cardinal, who was still in dire distress at having been unable to extract the Jesuit's secret, he said to him, with respectful deference, while he pointed to the letter,

"Your eminence will permit me?"

The prelate bowed his head, and added,

"Your affairs are ours, my dear father, and the Church must always rejoice in that which rejoices your glorious Company."

Father d'Aigrigny unsealed the letter, which contained several notes in different writings.

After having read the first, his features became suddenly suffused, and he said, in a serious tone,

"This is a misfortune—a great misfortune!"

Rodin turned his head toward him suddenly, looking at him with an unquiet and interrogative air.

"Florine is dead of the cholera," continued D'Aigrigny, "and, what is worse," added the reverend father, crushing the note in his hand, "before she died, the miserable creature confessed to Mademoiselle de Cardoville that for a long time she had been a spy over her, according to your reverence's orders."
Unquestionably Florine's death, and the confessions she had made to her mistress, very much thwarted Rodin's projects; for he emitted a kind of inarticulate murmur, and, spite of their languor, his features expressed how deeply he was annoyed.

Father d'Aigrigny read another note, and said,

"This note, relative to Marshal Simon, is not absolutely bad, but it is far from being satisfactory; for it announces some amelioration in his position. We shall see, however, by information from another source, if this note is to be quite relied upon."

Rodin made a gesture of impatience, and signed to D'Aigrigny to make haste in his reading.

The reverend father read thus:

"We are assured that for some days past the mind of the marshal appears less disturbed, less agitated, less annoyed; he has lately passed two hours with his daughters, which had not occurred for a long time before. The stern countenance of his soldier Dagobert becoming more and more relaxed, we may look upon that symptom as a certain proof of a sensible miorioration in the marshal's state of mind.

"Recognised by the writing, the last anonymous letters having been returned to the postman by the soldier Dagobert, without being opened by the marshal, we advise that other means be tried to make them reach him."

Looking then at Rodin, D'Aigrigny said to him,

"Your reverence, no doubt, agrees with me that this note might have been more satisfactory."

Rodin bowed his head. There might be read in that contracted countenance how deeply he suffered from his inability to speak, as twice he raised his hand to his throat, looking with anguish at D'Aigrigny.

"Ah!" exclaimed D'Aigrigny, with anger and bitterness, as he read another note, "for a fortunate day, this one brings much ill luck with it."

At these words Rodin, turning suddenly to D'Aigrigny, extended toward him his trembling hands, inquiring by look and gesture.

The cardinal, showing the same uneasiness, said to D'Aigrigny, "What does this note inform you, my dear father?"

"We believed the residence of M. Hardy in our house entirely unknown," answered D'Aigrigny; "but now it is feared that Agricola Baudoin has discovered the abode of his former employer, and has sent him a letter by the intervention of a man in the establishment. Thus," continued D'Aigrigny, with anger, "during the last three days, while I have been unable to go and visit M. Hardy in the pavilion, one of the servants has allowed himself to be corrupted. There is a one-eyed man whom I have always distrusted—the villain! but no, I will not give credit to this treason; its results would be too deplorable, for I know better than any person how matters stand, and I aver that such a correspondence would destroy everything. By awakening in M. Hardy certain recollections—ideas hardly lulled to rest, it would ruin, perhaps, in a single day all I have effected during his residence among us in the house of retreat; but fortunately in this note there is only allusion to doubts, fears; and the other accounts, which I rely on as more certain, will not, I trust, confirm these."

"My dear father," said the cardinal, "do not despair yet. The good cause has always the support of the Lord."

This assurance seemed to give D'Aigrigny but small comfort, and he remained pensive and dejected, while Rodin, stretched on his bed of pain, shuddered convulsively a paroxysm of mute anger as he reflected on this fresh check.

"Let us see this last note," said D'Aigrigny, after a silent meditation. "I have sufficient confidence in the person who sends it not to doubt the strict exactness of the information he forwards. I only hope this adverse statement may be completely refuted."

In order that we may not interrupt the chain of facts contained in this last note,
which was calculated to make so terrible an impression on the actors in this scene, we will leave the reader to supply in his imagination all the exclamations of surprise, rage, hatred, and fear of D'Aigrigny, and the frightful pantomimic gesticulations of Rodin, during the reading of this redoubtable document, the result of the observations of a secret and faithful agent of the reverend father.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SECRET NOTE.

ET us see what this emissary communicated:

"Three days since, the Abbé Gabriel de Rennepont, who had never been to Mademoiselle de Cardoville's, went to that young lady's residence at half past one o'clock P.M., and remained there until five o'clock. Almost immediately after his departure two servants left the hotel, one going to Marshal Simon, the other to Agricola Baudoin, the working smith, and afterward to Prince Djalma.

"Yesterday about noon Marshal Simon and his two daughters visited Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and shortly afterward the Abbé Gabriel arrived there, accompanied by Agricola Baudoin.

"A long conference ensued between the different personages and Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and they remained together until half past three o'clock.

"Marshal Simon, who came in a carriage, returned on foot with his two daughters: all three appeared much satisfied; and, in one of the most private walks in the Champs Elysées, Marshal Simon embraced his daughters with great affection and cordiality.

"The Abbé Gabriel de Rennepont and Agricola Baudoin came out last.

"The Abbé Gabriel returned to his home, as we learned afterward: the smith, whom we had many reasons for watching, went to a wine-shop in the Rue de la Harpe. We followed him. He asked for a bottle of wine, seating himself in an obscure part of the room on the left hand. He did not drink, but seemed deeply preoccupied. We conjectured that he was waiting for someone.

"About half an hour afterward a man arrived, about thirty years of age, dark, tall, blind of the left eye, dressed in a mulberry-coloured coat and black trousers; he was bareheaded. He did not live far off. He seated himself with the smith.

"A very animated conversation ensued, of which, unfortunately, we could not hear a word. At the end of half an hour Agricola Baudoin placed in the hands of the one-eyed man a small packet, which appeared to contain gold, judging from its small size and the grateful air of the one-eyed man, who then took from Agricola Baudoin, with much ceremony, a letter, which Baudoin appeared to request him to deliver instantly, and which the one-eyed man placed carefully in his pocket. After which they separated, the smith saying, 'To-morrow, then!'

"After this interview, we thought it advisable to follow the one-eyed man: he left the Rue de la Harpe, crossed the Luxembourg, and entered the house of retreat in the Rue de Vaugirard.

"The next day we went very early near the wine-shop in the Rue de la Harpe, for we did not know the hour of meeting arranged between the one-eyed man and Agricola. We watched until one o'clock, and then the smith arrived.

"As we were carefully disguised, we entered the wine-shop and took a seat
close to the smith without exciting his suspicion. The one-eyed man soon came, and handed him a letter with a black seal.

"At the sight of this letter, Agricola Baudoin was so much moved, that we distinctly saw a tear drop on his mustache.

"The letter was very short, for the smith was not two minutes in reading it; yet he seemed so satisfied, so happy, that he bounded with joy from his seat, and cordially squeezed the hand of the one-eyed man. He then appeared to ask something which the other refused. At length he seemed to yield, and they left the wine-shop together.

"We followed at a distance, and, as yesterday, the one-eyed man entered the house in the Rue de Vaugirard. Agricola, after having accompanied him to the door, for a long time remained lurking about the walls, as if he were studying the localities, and from time to time wrote something in a pocket-book.

"The smith then walked away rapidly to the Place de l'Odeon, where he took a cabriolet. We did the same, and followed him to the hotel of Mademoiselle de Cardenville in the Rue d'Anjou.

"By a fortunate chance, at the moment when Agricola entered the hotel, a carriage with Mademoiselle de Cardenville's livery left it. The head groom of this young lady was in it, with a very ill-looking man, miserably dressed, and very pale.

"This incident, being very extraordinary, deserved attention, and we did not lose sight of this carriage, which went straight to the Prefecture of Police.

"Mademoiselle de Cardenville's master of the horse first alighted, and then the ill-looking man; both entered the office: half an hour afterward the master of the horse only came out, and, getting into the carriage, went to the Palais de Justice, to the office of the king's attorney-general, where he remained for nearly half an hour, and then returned to the Hôtel de Cardenville in the Rue d'Anjou.

"We have discovered, by a certain source, that the same day, about eight o'clock in the evening, Messieurs d'Ormesson and Valbelle, leading counsel, and the magistrate who received the complaint of personal incarceration of Mademoiselle de Cardenville as to her confinement at Dr. Baleinier's, had with the young lady (at the Hôtel de Cardenville) a conference, which extended until midnight, and at which Agricola Baudoin and two other workmen of the factory of M. Hardy were present.

"This day Prince Djalma went to Marshal Simon's, and remained there three hours and a half. At the end of this time the marshal and the prince went apparently to Mademoiselle de Cardenville's, for the carriage stopped at her door in the Rue d'Anjou. An unforeseen accident prevented us from verifying this.

"We have learned that a writ of summons has been issued against one Leonard, the former factotum of Baron Tripesaud. This Leonard is suspected of being the author of the fire at the factory of M. François Hardy. Agricola Baudoin and two of his comrades have described a man who offered a striking resemblance to Leonard.

"From all this, it evidently results that, during the last ten days, the Hôtel de Cardenville is the focus whence proceed, and around which radiate, the most active and
THE MORNING REVEL.
multiplied measures, which seem always to concern Marshal Simon, his daughters, and M. François Hardy—measures of which Mademoiselle de Cardoville, the Abbé Gabriel, and Agricola Baudoin are the most indefatigable, and, it is to be feared, the most dangerous agents."

When we compare this note with the other particulars, and recur to the past, there resulted most overwhelming discoveries for the reverend fathers.

Gabriel had had long and frequent conferences with Adrienne, who was until then unknown to him.

Agricola Baudoin was in communication with M. François Hardy, and justice was on the trace of the authors and exciters of the riot which had ruined and burned down the factory of Baron Tripeaud's competitor.

It appeared almost certain that Mademoiselle de Cardoville had had an interview with the Prince Djalma.

This combination of facts evidently proved that, faithful to the threat she had made Rodin, when the twofold perfidy of the reverend father had been unfolded, Mademoiselle de Cardoville was actively occupied in uniting around her the dispersed members of her family, to induce them to league against the common and dangerous enemy, whose detestable projects, being thus unveiled and boldly met, could not have any chance of success.

We may, therefore, understand what an overwhelming effect this note produced on D'Aigrigny and Rodin—on Rodin, in agony and nailed to a bed of sickness, and rendered powerless, while he saw his laboriously constructed scaffolding falling asunder piece by piece.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OPERATION.

o power of description could do justice to the physiognomy, the contortions, and demeanour of Rodin during the reading of the note, which appeared to ruin his hopes so long cherished: all seemed to fail him at once, and at the moment, too, when an almost superhuman confidence in the success of his plottings had given him energy sufficient to subdue his disease. Hardly out of a painful agony, one fixed, devouring thought had agitated him even to delirium.

What progress in good or in evil had this affair, so important to him, made during his illness? At first they had informed him of a piece of welcome news—the death of Jacques; but very speedily the advantages of this decease, which reduced the Renne-pont family from seven to six, were destroyed. Of what use was his death when this family, struck while isolated with such infernal perseverance, were united, and at last fully conscious of the enemies who, for so long a time, had been stabbing at them in the dark? If all these wounded, bruised, and broken hearts came into communion, consolated and instructed each other, by lending each to the other a firm and mutual support, their cause was gained, the vast heritage of the Rennepons escaped the reverend fathers.
What was to be done? What to be done?

Strange potency of the human will! Rodin has one foot in the grave—he is almost in extreme agony—his voice has failed him; yet this spirit, so determined and full of resource, does not despair. If a miracle should now restore him to health, that unbroken confidence in the success of his projects, which has already given him the power of resisting a sickness under which so many others have succumbed—that confidence whispers to him that he could still remedy—repair all: but he requires health—life.

Health! life! while even his physician cannot determine whether or not he will survive so many shocks—if he can undergo so terrible an operation. Health! life! when but just now Rodin heard talk of the solemn burial they intended to bestow upon him.

Yes; health! life! He will have them, he said. Yes! he would live till now, and he has lived. Why, then, should he not live a great while longer?

Then he will live! he will!

All we have now written Rodin had thought over in a second. His features, agitated by this kind of mental torture, must have revealed something very strange, for D'Aigrigny and the cardinal gazed on him in silence and aghast.

Once resolved to live, in order to sustain a desperate struggle against the Rennepont family, Rodin acted accordingly; and thus, for some minutes, D'Aigrigny and the prelate believed him under the influence of a dream.

By an effort of will of unheard-of energy, and as if he had been moved by a spring, Rodin flung himself out of bed, dragging with him a sheet, which trailed like a shroud after his livid and meager body. The chamber was cold, but the perspiration dropped from the Jesuit's brow, while his bare and bony feet left their moist imprint on the floor.

"Rash man, what are you doing? it is death!" cried D'Aigrigny, rushing to Rodin, in order to compel him to return to his bed.

But he, extending one of his skeleton arms, as hard as iron, pushed D'Aigrigny from him with a vigour that was inconceivable, when we remember the state of exhaustion in which he had so long remained.

"He has the strength of an epileptic in his fit," said D'Aigrigny to the prelate, as he recovered his balance.

Rodin, with a slow step, advanced to the bureau, on which were the materials Dr. Baleinier daily used for writing his prescriptions; then, seating himself at this table, the Jesuit took paper and a pen, and began writing with a firm hand.

His composed, slow, and certain movements had in them something of that measured reflection which is observable in somnambulists.

Mute and immoveable, hardly conscious whether they dreamed or not, at the sight of this prodigy, the cardinal and D'Aigrigny remained thunderstruck at the incredible sang froid of Rodin, who, half naked, was writing with perfect tranquillity.

Father d'Aigrigny, however, advanced toward him, saying,

"My dear father, this is madness."

Rodin shrugged his shoulders, turned his head to him, and, interrupting him by a gesture, made a sign to him to approach and read what he had written.

The reverend father, expecting to see some wild effusions of a wandering brain, took the sheet of paper, while Rodin began another note.

"Monseigneur," exclaimed D'Aigrigny, "read this!"

The cardinal read the note, and returned it to D'Aigrigny, in whose amazement he participated.

"It is filled with reason, ability, and resource, and must neutralize the dangerous understanding between the Abbé Gabriel and Mademoiselle de Cardoville, who seem, in fact, the most dangerous leaders of this coalition."

"It is really miraculous," said D'Aigrigny.

"Ah! my dear father," said the cardinal, in a whisper, struck by these words of the Jesuit, and shaking his head with an expression of deep regret, "what a
pity we are the sole witnesses of what has occurred. What an admirable miracle might be made of this! A man at the last agony thus suddenly revived! By presenting the thing in a certain way, we might almost equal Lazarus.

"What an idea, monseigneur!" said Father d'Aigrigny, in a low tone; "it is perfect—it must not be lost sight of—it is most acceptable, and—"

This little innocent miracle-inventing plot was interrupted by Rodin, who, turning his head, made a sign to D'Aigrigny to come to him, and then gave him another sheet, accompanied by a small slip of paper, on which were written these words,

"To be done within an hour."

Father d'Aigrigny read the other note rapidly, and cried,

"True, I had not thought of that; and in this way the correspondence of Agricola Baudoin with M. Hardy, instead of being injurious, may produce the happiest results. In truth," continued the reverend father, in a low voice, and going close to the prelate, while Rodin continued to write, "I am amazed! I see, I read, but I can scarcely credit my eyes. But just now exhausted, dying, and now with his mind as clear and intelligent as ever. Are we, then, witnesses of one of those phenomena of somnambulism during which the soul acts and controls the body?"

Suddenly the door opened, and M. Baleinier entered.

At the sight of Rodin, seated at the desk and half naked, his bare feet on the floor, the doctor exclaimed, in a tone of reproach and alarm,

"Monseigneur, my father, it is sheer murder to allow this rash man to act
thus; if he has a delirium of fever, he must be tied down in his bed and have on a strait waistcoat."

So saying, Dr. Baleinier went quickly toward Rodin, and taking him by the arm, expected to find the epidermis dry and cold; but, on the contrary, the skin was flexible and almost moist.

The doctor, greatly surprised, desired to feel the pulse of the left hand, which Rodin gave him, while he continued to write with the right.

"What a prodigy!" exclaimed the doctor, as he counted the pulsations of Rodin; "these eight days past, and this morning even, the pulse was sudden, intermittent, and hardly perceptible, and now it is smooth and regular. I am amazed! What has occurred? I cannot believe my eyes," he added, turning to the Abbé d'Aigrigny and the cardinal.

"The reverend father, first stricken with a loss of voice, afterward had a paroxysm of despair, so violent and furious, caused by bad news," said D'Aigrigny, "that, for a moment, we were alarmed for his life; but, on the contrary, the reverend father found strength enough to go to the desk, where he has been writing for the last ten minutes with a clearness of reasoning, a fulness of expression, which has quite amazed monseigneur and myself."

"There is no doubt," exclaimed the doctor, "that the violent paroxysm of despair he has undergone has created in him a violent perturbation, and this will prepare him admirably for that reacting crisis which I am now almost sure of obtaining by the operation I meditate."

"Then you resolve on trying it?" said D'Aigrigny, in a low voice, to Dr. Baleinier, while Rodin continued writing.

"I had my doubts even this morning, but in his present prepared state I should like to profit by the moment of unusual excitement, which I foresee will be followed by extreme lassitude."

"But," said the cardinal, "without this operation—"

"This crisis, so happy, so unlooked for, is unavailing, and its reaction may kill him, monseigneur."

"Have you warned him of the serious nature of the operation?"

"In great measure, monseigneur."

"Then now he should be induced to make up his mind."

"That is what I am about to do, monseigneur," said Dr. Baleinier; and going to Rodin, who, still writing and reflecting, had not heard a word of this conversation, carried on in a low voice, "Reverend father," said the doctor, in a firm tone, "would you wish within eight days to be on your feet again?"

Rodin made a gesture full of confidence, which implied, "Why, I am on my feet now."

"Do not deceive yourself," replied the doctor; "this crisis is most propitious, but it will not last; and if you do not take advantage of it this very moment, and submit to the operation of which I have spoken to you, I tell you plainly, after such a shock, I will not answer for anything."

Rodin was the more impressed by these words as he had, half an hour before, experienced the short duration of the ephemeral better which D'Aigrigny's good news had caused him, and because he began to feel a renewal of the oppression at his chest.

M. Baleinier, anxious to decide the sick man, and believing him irresolute, added, "In a word, my reverend father, will you live or not?"

Rodin wrote rapidly these words, which he gave to the doctor: "To live, I would have my four limbs cut off. I am prepared for anything!"

And he made an effort to leave his seat.

"I must tell you, not to make you hesitate, reverend father, but that your courage may not be taken by surprise," added M. Baleinier, "that this operation is intensely painful."

Rodin shrugged his shoulders, and then, with a firm hand, wrote,
"Leave me my head—take all the rest!"

The doctor read these words aloud, and D'Aigrigny and the cardinal looked at each other, amazed at this indomitable courage.

"Reverend father," said Dr. Baleinier, "you must return to your bed."

Rodin wrote:

"Prepare everything; I have to write some very important orders: let me know when all is ready."

Then folding a paper, which he closed with a wafer, Rodin made a sign to D'Aigrigny to read the words which he proceeded to write, and which were:

"Send this note instantly to the agent who has written the anonymous letters to Marshal Simon."

"This moment, reverend father," said D'Aigrigny, "I will confide it to a safe hand."

"Reverend father," said Baleinier to Rodin, "since you desire to write, lie down in the bed while we make our preparations."

Rodin made an approving sign and rose.

But the doctor's prognostic was already realized, and the Jesuit could scarcely remain erect for a moment, but fell back in the chair. He then looked at Dr. Baleinier with anguish, and his breathing became more and more difficult.

The doctor, desirous of giving him courage, said to him,

"Do not distress yourself, but we must be quick; lean on me and Father d'Aigrigny."

By the aid of his two supporters, Rodin was enabled to regain his bed, and, sitting up in it, he pointed to the inkstand and paper, which were given to him; a blotting-book served him for a desk, and he continued writing on his knees, leaving off now and then to breathe, which he did with great difficulty, as if he were choking, but remaining quite unconscious of what was passing around him.

"Reverend father," said Baleinier to D'Aigrigny, "are you capable of being one of my assistants in this operation? Have you this sort of courage?"

"No," replied the reverend father; "in the army I never could in my life assist at an amputation; at the sight of blood thus shed my courage fails me."

"There will be no blood," said Dr. Baleinier; "but it is even worse than that; will you, therefore, be so kind as to send me three of our reverend fathers who will aid me, and also oblige me by requesting M. Rousselet to come in with the instruments?"

D'Aigrigny left the room.

The prelate went to Baleinier, and said to him, in a low voice, pointing to Rodin,

"He is out of danger?"

"Yes, if he can go through the operation, monseigneur."

"And are you sure he can undergo it?"

"To him I should say, Yes; to you, monseigneur, I say, We hope so."

"And if he sinks under it, will there be time to administer the sacrament to him in public, with certain ceremonies, which will necessarily compel some delay?"

"It is probable that his agony will endure at least a quarter of an hour, monseigneur."

"That is a short time, but at least we must make the best of it," said the prelate.

And he withdrew to one of the windows, on the glass of which he began to play the tambourine with his fingers, while he reflected on the effects of the light of the funereal bier which he so greatly desired to see raised over Rodin.

At this moment M. Rousselet entered, carrying a large square box under his arm, which he laid down on the marble slab of a commode.

"How many have you got ready?" inquired the doctor.

"Six, sir."

"Four will suffice; but it is as well to be prepared; the cotton is not too thick?"
"Look, sir."
"Quite right."
"And how is the reverend father?" inquired the pupil of his master.
"Hum, hum!" replied the doctor, in a low key; "the chest is terribly embarrassed, the respiration much impeded, the voice utterly gone; but still there is a chance."
"Ah! I fear, sir, that the reverend father cannot endure such frightful pain."
"It is a chance, but in such a state we must run all risks; now light the wax-taper, for I hear our assistants."

At this moment the three congregationists, who were walking in the garden of the house of the Rue de Vaugirard, entered the room, following the Abbé d'Aigrigny.

The two old men, with their red and rosy gills, and the young one, with his ascetic countenance, according to custom, were clothed in black, with square caps and white collars, and seemed perfectly prepared to aid the doctor in his terrible operation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TORTURE.

The three black gowns raised their eyes to heaven with energy, and then all bowed as if but one man.

Rodin, still indifferent to all that was passing around him, had not ceased for one instant to write or reflect; yet from time to time, in spite of this apparent calm, he experienced such a difficulty of respiration, that Dr. Baleinier turned to him with great uneasiness when he heard the sort of stifled whistling which escaped from the patient's throat; and, after making a sign to his assistant, he approached Rodin, and said to him,

"Now, reverend father, this is the important moment; courage!"

No marks of fear were observable on the Jesuit's features; his countenance remained as impassive as a corpse, only his small, reptile eyes sparkled still more brightly from their dark orbits, as for a moment he cast a firm look on the witnesses of this scene; then, taking his pen between his teeth, he folded and wafered another sheet, placed it on the table, and made a sign to Dr. Baleinier, which implied, I am ready.

"You must first take off your flannel waistcoat and shirt, father."

Shame or modesty, Rodin for a moment hesitated, but for a moment only; for when the doctor added, "It must be so, reverend father," Rodin, still seated on his bed, obeyed, with the help of Dr. Baleinier, who added, no doubt to console the startled pudency of the patient,

"We have absolutely need only of your chest, my dear father; right side and left side."

And Rodin, now stretched on his back, still wearing his greasy black silk cap, exposed the anterior portion of a livid and yellow frame, or, rather, the bony cage of a skeleton, for the shadows cast by the strong projection of the ribs and car-
tilages encircled the skin with deep black and circular furrows. As to the arms, they might be compared to bones enveloped with thick cords and covered with shrivelled parchment, so great a relief did the muscular depression give to the bones and veins.

"Now, M. Rousselet, for the apparatus," said Dr. Baleinier.

Then, addressing the three congregationists,

"Gentlemen, approach: I have already told you that what you have to do is exceedingly simple, as you will now see."

And M. Baleinier then proceeded to the arrangements requisite.

They were indeed very simple.

The doctor gave to each of his four assistants a sort of small steel tripod, about two inches diameter, and three in height; the circular centre of each tripod was filled with cotton, matted as closely as possible. This instrument was held in the left hand by a small wooden handle.

In the right hand each assistant was armed with a small tin tube, about eighteen inches long; at one end was an opening, intended for the lips of the practitioner, while the other was bent, and so expanded as to serve for a cover to the small tripod.

These preparations were not very alarming; and D'Aigrigny and the cardinal, who looked on from some distance, did not comprehend how the operation could be painful.

They soon found it out.

Dr. Baleinier, having thus armed his helpers, made them approach Rodin, whose bed had been rolled into the middle of the chamber.

Two of the assistants came on one side, two on the other side of the bed.

"Now, gentlemen," said Dr. Baleinier to them, "set fire to the cotton; place the lighted end on the skin of his reverence by means of the tripod, which contains the wick, cover the tripod with the wide end of your tubes, and blow through the mouth-piece, so as to keep the fire burning; it is very simple, as you see."

It was, in truth, of patriarchal and primitive ingenuity.

Four wicks of lighted cotton, so disposed as to burn but slowly, were applied right and left to Rodin's chest.

This is commonly called moxa. The operation is complete when the whole thickness of the skin is slowly burned away, which takes from seven to eight minutes. It is declared that an amputation is nothing in comparison.

Rodin had watched the preparations with undaunted curiosity, but at the first contact of the four consuming brasiers, he curled himself up, and twisted like a serpent, without being able to utter a cry, for he was mute: thus, even the expression of his agony was interdicted.

The four assistants, having necessarily deranged their apparatus at the sudden movement of Rodin, had to begin again.

"Courage, my dear father; offer these sufferings to the Lord; he will accept them," said Dr. Baleinier, in a soothing tone. "I warned you that the operation was very painful, but it is as salutary as painful. Come, you who have evinced so much resolution already must not wince at the decisive moment."

Rodin had closed his eyes, overcome by this first surprise of anguish; but now he looked at the doctor with an air almost of shame at being so pusillanimous.

Yet right and left on his breast were already visible four large scars of blood-red hue, so fierce and deep had been the burns.

At the moment when he was about to re-establish himself on his bed of suffering, Rodin made a sign, by pointing to the inkstand, that he wished to write.

His whim was of course acceded to. The doctor gave him the blotting-book, and Rodin wrote what follows as if from a sudden recollection:

"No time should be lost; send instantly and inform Baron Tripeaud of the summons issued against his factotum Leonard, that he may take precautions accordingly."

B B B
This note written, the Jesuit gave it to Dr. Baleinier, making him a sign to pass it to D'Aigrigny, who, as much struck as the doctor and the cardinal by such presence of mind in the midst of such acute agonies, remained a moment amazed: Rodin, with his eyes eagerly fixed on the reverend father, seemed to await with impatience until he left the chamber to fulfil his instructions.

The doctor, divining Rodin's thoughts, said a word to D'Aigrigny, who left the apartment.

"Come, reverend father," said the doctor to Rodin, "we must begin again; this time you must not stir; you know what we have to do."

Rodin made no reply, clasped his hands over his head, presented his chest, and closed his eyes.

It was a strange, revolting, yet almost fantastic sight.

The three priests, attired in long black gowns, leaning over this body, almost reduced to a corpse, their lips placed on the tubes which rested on the patient's chest, seemed as though they were pumping up his blood, or practising upon him some magic charm.

A nauseous, fetid smell of burning flesh was spreading through the silent chamber, and each assistant heard beneath the reeking tripod a slight crackling: it was Rodin's skin, penetrated by the action of the fire, and cracking in four different places in his breast.

The sweat poured down from his livid features, which shone with it, while some tufts of gray, matted, and moist hair clung around his temples. Sometimes, such was the violence of the spasms, the veins of his stiffened arms swelled and expanded like cords about to burst in twain.

Rodin, while enduring this frightful torture with as much intrepid resignation as the savage whose glory consists in despising pain, placed all his courage and endurance in his hope, we may say his certainty, of living. Such was the force of his indomitable disposition, of his energetic mind, that, in the very midst of
his indescribable torments, his fixed idea never forsook him. During the rare
intermissions of his agony, or, rather, the inequalities of its intensity, Rodin thought
of the Rennepons affair, calculated the chances, combined the most prompt meas-
ures, feeling that there was not one moment to be lost.

Dr. Baleinier never removed his eyes from him, but watched with unabating
attention the effects of the agony, and the salutary reaction of this agony on the
sick man, who seemed, indeed, to breathe already more freely.

Suddenly Rodin raised his hand to his forehead, as if struck by a sudden thought,
turned his head quickly to M. Baleinier, and begged him by a sign to suspend
the operation for a moment.

"I must tell you, reverend father," replied the doctor, "that it is more than
half completed, and that if it is suspended the renewal will seem even more
painful to you."

Rodin made a sign that he was indifferent on that point, and wished to write.

"Gentlemen, cease for a moment," said Dr. Baleinier; "do not remove the
moxa, but refrain from keeping up the fire."

That was, the fire was to continue burning gently on the patient's skin instead
of consuming it rapidly.

In spite of this pain, less intense, but still keen and severe, Rodin, lying on
his back, began to write. In consequence of his posture, he was obliged to hold
the blotting-book in his left hand, to raise it on a level with his eyes, and write
with his right hand, as it were, against the ceiling.

On the first sheet he traced some words in a cipher, which he had invented
for himself alone in order to note down certain secret matters. A few moments
previous, in the midst of his tortures, a luminous idea had suddenly occurred to
him; he thought it good, and noted it down, lest he might forget it in his suffer-
ings, although he paused two or three times; for although his skin was only
burning slowly, still it was burning. Rodin went on to write on another sheet
the following words, which, on a sign from him, were instantly given to D'Aigrigny:

"Send B. to Faringhea, from whom he will receive a report of the events of the
last few days respecting Prince Djalma. B. is to return instantly with the partic-
ulars."

D'Aigrigny hastened out of the apartment with this fresh order. The cardina-
al came nearer to the scene of the operation, for, spite of the noisome smell, he
felt a satisfaction in seeing the Jesuit half roasted, as he felt toward him all the
raucour of an Italian priest.

"Now, reverend father," said the doctor to Rodin, "continue to maintain
your fortitude thus admirably, and your chest will be freed. You have a bitter
moment to endure, but then will come hope."

The patient resumed his position: as he did so, D'Aigrigny returned. Rodin
interrogated him with a look, and the reverend father responded by an affirma-
tive gesture.

At a sign from the doctor, the four assistants applied their lips to the tubes
and began to renew the fire with hasty breath.

This renewal of agony was so intense, that, spite of his control over himself,
Rodin ground his teeth as if he would break them, gave a convulsive bound,
and swelled out so strongly his chest, palpitating beneath the brasier, that, after
a violent spasm, there at length escaped from his lungs a shriek of excruciating
pain, but free, sonorous, resounding.

"The chest is freed!" exclaimed Dr. Baleinier, in a tone of triumph; "he is
saved, the lungs are at work; the voice comes—the voice has come! Blow
away, gentlemen, blow away, and you, reverend father," he said, addressing
Rodin joyfully, "bawl out as loud as you can; don't mind, but hallow as lustily
as possible. I shall be delighted to hear you, and it will ease you. Courage
now, I will answer for the result; it is a miraculous cure, and I will publish it,
cry it abroad to the sound of a trumpet!"
"Allow me, doctor," said D'Aigrigny, in a low voice, and approaching the doctor closely; "monseigneur is witness, that I have laid claim in advance to the publication of this fact, which will pass, as it really should, for a miracle."

"Well, it shall be a miraculous cure, then," replied Dr. Baleinier, dryly, who was very tenacious of his handiwork.

When Rodin heard him say that he was saved, although his sufferings were, perhaps, even more acute than they had yet been, for the fire had reached the last layer of the skin, Rodin was really sublime, infernally sublime; through the painful contraction of his features shone the pride of a savage triumph: it was evident that the monster felt himself again strong, and was conscious of the terrible evils which his fatal recovery would produce. Thus, while writhing beneath the furnace which ate into him, he said, and they were the first words that issued from his chest, more and more free and released,

"I— said— that I should— live."

"And you said rightly," cried Baleinier, feeling his pulse, "for now your pulse is full, firm, even, and your lungs are free. The reaction is complete, and you are saved."

At this moment the last morsels of the cotton had burned, and they removed the tripods, leaving visible on the bony and fleshless chest of Rodin four large circular scars. The carbonized and still smoking skin exposed the red and live flesh.

In one of the sudden bounds which Rodin had made, he had disturbed one of the tripods, and there was one burn larger than the others, presenting a double black and seared circle.

Rodin looked down upon these wounds, and, after some seconds of silent contemplation, a strange smile rose to his lips, and without changing his position, but looking at D'Aigrigny with a look of intelligence which baffles description, he said to him, slowly counting his wounds one by one with the tip of his finger, with its flat and dirty nail,

"Father d'Aigrigny—what a presage! see—one Rennepont—two Renneponts—three Renneponts—four Renneponts—" then interrupting himself, "where is the fifth? Ah, here; this wound counts for two: it is a twin."

And he gave a little dry and sharp laugh.

Father d'Aigrigny, the cardinal, and Dr. Baleinier alone understood the sense of these mysterious and sinister words, which Rodin completed by a terrible allusion, exclaiming, in a prophetic voice and with an inspired air,

"Yes, I say it, the race of the impious shall be reduced to dust, as the fragments of my flesh have just been reduced to ashes. I say it—it shall be; as I said I would live, and—I do live!"

* Jacques Rennepont being dead, and Gabriel deprived of any interest by his former deed of gift, there were only now five persons of the family—Djilma, Adrienne, M. Hardy, and Rose and Blanche.
CHAPTER XIX.

VICE AND VIRTUE.

At night and day each other twice succeeded since Rodin was so miraculously recalled to life. The reader, perhaps, has not forgotten the house in the Rue Clovis where the reverend father had an apartment, and where also was the lodging of Philemon, which Rose-Pompon inhabited.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and a bright ray of light, penetrating a round hole in the door of the half-subterranean shop occupied by Mother Arsène, the fruit and charcoal seller, formed a strong contrast with the darkness of this kind of cavern.

The sun ray fell directly on an appalling sight. In the midst of fagots and withered vegetables, strewed beside a large heap of charcoal, was a miserable bed, under the blanket of which was easily to be recognised the angular and stiffened form of a corpse. It was that of Mother Arsène, stricken by the cholera, who had died two evenings before; but the burials being so numerous, her remains had not yet been taken away.

The Rue Clovis was at this moment almost utterly deserted; a perfect stillness reigned without, interrupted from time to time by the sharp blasts of the northeasterly wind. Between these gusts was sometimes heard a kind of quick and abrupt noise: this was occasioned by the enormous rats which were scrambling about in the charcoal-pile. Suddenly a light noise was heard, and instantly these filthy animals scrambled away and concealed themselves in their holes.

Some one was trying to force open the door in the alley which communicated with the shop, and it offered but slight resistance. After a few moments the wretched fastening gave way, and a woman entered, who remained motionless for a minute or two in the obscurity of the dark and humid cellar. After a moment's hesitation, this female advanced, and the vivid ray of light fell on the features of the Queen Bacchanal, who advanced gradually toward the funereal couch.

Since the death of Jacques, the alteration in Céphyse's features had greatly increased. Her pallor was now frightful, her splendid head of hair dishevelled, her legs and feet naked, while she was hardly covered by a miserable, patched petticoat and a tattered neckerchief.

On reaching the bed, the Queen Bacchanal cast a look of determination that was almost fierce on the dead woman's bier. Suddenly she recoiled, uttering a cry of involuntary alarm.

A rapid undulation had moved along the mortuary cloth from the feet to the head of the deceased; then a rat which ran along the worm-eaten planks of the truckle-bed accounted for the movement of the shroud. Céphyse, reassured, began to look about her, and to collect hastily several things, as if she feared to be
detected in this wretched hole. She first took a basket and filled it with charcoal; then, having looked about her, she saw in a corner an earthen brasier, which she seized with an air of gloomy satisfaction.

"This is not all—this is not all," said Céphyse, looking round with disquietude.

At this moment she caught sight of a small iron pan, with a tin box beside it containing matches; she put these into the basket, which she took in one hand, and the small brasier in the other. As she stepped by the dead body of the poor charcoal vender, Céphyse said, with a meaning smile,

"I am robbing you, poor Mother Arsène, but my theft will not be very profitable to me."

Céphyse then left the shop, fastened the door after her as well as she could, went along the alley, and crossed the small courtyard which separated the main building from that where Rodin had his apartment. Except the windows of Philemon's apartment, from which Rose-Pompon had leaned, and, like a joyous bird, had so often sung her songs of Béranger, the other windows in the house were open. On the first and second floors there were dead bodies, which, like so many others, were awaiting the cart with the coffins.

The Queen Bacchanal went up the staircase which led to the rooms formerly occupied by Rodin, and, on reaching the landing, ascended a small dilapidated staircase like a ladder, to which an old rope served for a balustrade, and then arrived at the half-rotten door of a garret.

This house was so dilapidated that in many places the roof was off, and, when it rained, the water came into this doghole, which was scarcely ten feet square, and was lighted by a skylight. All the furniture was a wretched, half-empty mattress, stretched against the wall on the bare floor, with the straw sticking out of it at all points, beside which was a small earthen, spoutless pitcher, containing a little water.

La Mayeux, clothed in rags, was seated at the edge of the mattress, her elbows on her knees, and her face hidden in her pale, thin hands. When Céphyse entered, Agricola's adopted sister raised her head, and her pallid but gentle features seemed still more shrunken, still more withered by suffering, woe, and misery; her hollow eyes, red with weeping, were fixed on her sister with an expression of melancholy tenderness.

"Sister, I have brought what we require," said Céphyse, in a gloomy, harsh voice; "in this basket is an end of our wretchedness." Then, showing La Mayeux the materials she deposited on the floor, she added, "For the first time in my life I have stolen, and that makes me feel ashamed and afraid. Most certainly I was not intended to be either a thief, or something worse; more's the pity!" she added, with a smile of bitterness.

After a moment's silence, La Mayeux said to her sister, with touching expression,

"Céphyse, my dear Céphyse, you are resolved, then, that we should die?"
"Why should we hesitate?" replied Céphyse, with a firm voice. "You see, sister, I have made my calculation; let us look it over once more. If I could forget my shame and the contempt of the dying Jacques, what would then be left for me? Two alternatives: the first, to become good and work; well, you know that, in spite of my good-will, work will often fail me, as it has failed us for several days past, and if it should not fail, even then I must live on four or five francs a week—live! die I should say by inches from privation, as I well know; I would rather die at once! The other choice would be to continue, in order to live, the disgraceful trade which I have once tried, and that I will not; it is more than I can bear. So really, sister, between frightful misery, infamy, and death, can there be a moment's hesitation? Answer." Then addressing herself, without awaiting La Mayeux's reply, Céphyse added, in a gloomy, broken voice, "Besides, what's the use of debating the point? I have made up my mind, and nothing in the world shall divert me from my purpose; and you, my dear, very dear sister, you could obtain from me was a delay of a few days, in hopes that the cholera would come and spare us the trouble. To please you, I have waited. The cholera came, killed all in the house, and left us; so, you see, one must settle one's affairs one's self," she added, with a sarcastic smile. Then she continued, "And besides, even you, my dearest sister, are as anxious as I am to end existence."

"True, Céphyse, dear," replied La Mayeux, who appeared overwhelmed; "but alone one is only responsible for one's self, and it seems to me as though to die with you," and she shuddered as she spoke, "is to be guilty of your death."

"Would you prefer, then, to make our arrangements separately, you for yourself, I for myself? That would be a gay affair!" said Céphyse, displaying, at this terrible moment, that kind of bitter, desperate irony, more frequent than is generally supposed in the midst of such deadly preparations.

"Oh, no, no!" said La Mayeux, with affright, "not alone! oh, I would not die alone!"

"You see, then, my dearest sister, we were right not to forsake each other; and still," added Céphyse, with emotion, "I feel as though my heart was broken when I think you wish to die with me."

"Selfish girl!" said La Mayeux; "what reasons have I, more than yourself, for loving life? What vacancy shall I leave after me?"
"But why you, sister?" replied Céphyse. "You are a martyr; the priests talk of their saints; why, is there one who can equal you? And yet you desire to die like me—yes, like me, who have always been as idle, as reckless, as culpable as you have been laborious and devoted to all that were in sorrow or in suffering. Why should I say it? Yet it is true in every way; you, an angel on earth, you are about to die as despairing as myself—as I, who am now as degraded as woman can be," added the unhappy girl, casting down her eyes.

"It is strange," remarked La Mayeux, reflectively; "having started from the same point, we have followed opposite paths, yet we have reached the same termination—a disgust of life. As for you, my poor sister, but a few days since so lovely, so full of life, so enthusiastic in pleasure and in joy, life is at this moment as burdensome to you as to me, a poor, feeble creature. After all, I have done to the end what was my duty," added La Mayeux, gently; "Agricola no longer wants me: he is married—he loves and is beloved; his happiness is assured. Mademoiselle de Cardoville has nothing to desire, lovely, rich, happy; I have done for her all that a poor creature of my kind could do. Those who have been kind to me are happy; why, then, should I not to my rest? I am so weary!"

"Poor sister!" said Céphyse, with deep emotion, which expanded her contracted features; "when I think that, without telling me, and in spite of your resolution never to return to this generous young lady, your protectress, you had the fortitude to drag yourself, dying with weariness and want, to her house, to try and interest her in my fate—yes, dying, for your strength failed you in the Champs Elysées."

"And when at length I was enabled to reach the hotel of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, she was unfortunately absent—oh, most unfortunately!" repeated La Mayeux, contemplating Céphyse with agony, "for the next day, seeing this last resource fail us, thinking, too, more of me than of yourself, and desirous, above all, of getting us bread—"

La Mayeux could not conclude, but hid her face in her hands and shuddered. "Yes, I sold myself as so many other wretches sell themselves when work fails or wages are inadequate, and hunger calls so loudly," said Céphyse, in a husky tone; "only, instead of living on my shame, as so many others live, I shall die of it!"

"Alas! that terrible shame of which you will die, dear Céphyse, because you have still a heart; you would not have known it had I been able to see Mademoiselle de Cardoville, or if she had replied to the letter which I asked the porter’s leave to write to her. Her silence proves to me that she is justly offended at my abrupt departure from her house. I can imagine that she must have attributed the blackest ingratitude to me; yes, for she must, indeed, be greatly offended not to deign to reply to me, and she has a right to be so. I have not the courage to address her a second time; it would be useless, I am sure. Good and just as she is, her refusals are inexorable when she believes them deserved; and, besides, what is the use? It would be too late; you had resolved on terminating this existence."

"Yes, quite resolved, for my degradation was gnawing into my heart, and Jacques died in my arms despising me—and I loved him," added Céphyse, with much excitement. "I loved him as we only love once in life!"

"Then let our destiny be accomplished," said La Mayeux, pensively.

"Listen, dear," said Céphyse, after a brief silence; "you never told me the cause of your sudden departure from the house of Mademoiselle de Cardoville."

"That is the only secret that will die with me, Céphyse, dear," said La Mayeux, lowering her eyes.

And she thought with bitter joy that she should be soon released from the fear which had poisoned the latter days of her sad existence.

To find herself in the presence of Agricola, and he informed of the deep and absurd love she entertained for him.
DR. BALEINIER'S VISIT TO ADRIENNE.
THE WANDERING JEW.

For, truth to tell, this fatal, despairing love was one cause of the suicide of this unfortunate creature. Since the disappearance of her journal she believed the smith knew the sad secret of those touching pages, and although she never doubted the generosity, the kind heart of Agricola, she so much depreciated herself, felt so much ashamed of her love, noble, pure as it was, that in the extremity to which she and Céphyse were reduced, both wanting work and bread, no human power could have forced her to meet Agricola and ask his aid.

No doubt La Mayeux would have taken another view of her position if her mind had not been troubled with that sort of vertigo by which the strongest minds are sometimes affected when the misfortunes that beset them pass all bounds; but misery, hunger, and the influence (so contagious in such a moment) of Céphyse's ideas of suicide, the weariness of a life so long devoted to sorrows and mortifications, gave the last blow to La Mayeux's reason, and, after having for some time struggled against the fatal intentions of her sister, the poor creature, overcome, prostrated, resolved to share Céphyse's fate, seeing at least in death a termination to so much wretchedness.

"What are you thinking of, sister?" asked Céphyse, astonished at La Mayeux's protracted silence.

The latter shuddered, and replied,

"I was thinking of the cause which compelled me to leave Mademoiselle de Cardoville so suddenly, and must have made me seem so ungrateful in her eyes; may this fatality which drove me from her produce no victims but ourselves; may devotion like mine, obscure, of little worth as it is, never be wanting to her who extended her noble hand to the poor workgirl, and called her sister; may she be happy, ah! forever happy!" exclaimed La Mayeux, clasping her hands with the ardour of a sincere invocation.

"Such a wish at such a moment is right, sister," observed Céphyse.

"Oh, Céphyse, dear!" said La Mayeux, emphatically, "I loved, I admired this wonder of mind, heart, and poetic beauty with deep respect, for never was the omnipotence of God revealed in a work more adorable and pure. One of my last thoughts, at least, will be for her."

"Yes, and thus you will have loved and respected your generous protectress to the last."

"To the last!" said La Mayeux, after a moment's pause; "true, you are right; it is the last; soon—in an instant—all will be over! See how calmly we speak of—of—what so greatly alarms others!"

"Sister, we are calm because we are resolved."

"Quite resolved, Céphyse?" asked La Mayeux, casting once again a searching glance at her sister.

"Oh, yes! would you were as resolved as I am!"

"Be assured, if I delayed from day to day the final moment," replied La Mayeux, "it was because I was desirous of still affording you time for reflection. As for myself—"

La Mayeux did not finish the sentence, but made a sign of despairing sorrow.

"Well, then, sister, let us take one last embrace," said Céphyse, "and then—courage!"

La Mayeux rose from her seat, and flung herself into her sister's arms. They remained for a long time locked in each other's embrace.

[See cut, on page 388.]

For some minutes there was a profound, a solemn silence, interrupted only by the sobs of the two sisters, for it was only then that they gave way to their tears.

"Oh! to love each other so dearly, and to part, and that forever," said Céphyse; "it is, indeed, cruel!"

"Part!" exclaimed La Mayeux, and her pale, mild features suddenly shone with divine hope; "part, my sister! oh, no! oh, no! What makes me calm is, that I feel here, in my heart, a deep, a certain longing toward that better world
where a better destiny awaits us! God, so great, so merciful, so bountiful, so good, never designed that His creatures should be wretched; but some selfish men, frustrating His design, reduce their fellow-men to misery and despair. Let us pity the wicked and leave them—let us go up on high, sister; men there are nothing, God alone reigns there. Come on high, sister; there all is good, happy; let us go quickly, for it is late."

So saying, La Mayeux pointed to the red rays of the setting sun, which were visible through the window.

Céphysè, excited by the pious enthusiasm of her sister, whose features beamed brightly with the hope of approaching deliverance, and were softly tinted by the parting rays of the sun, Céphysè seized her sister's hands, and looking at her, deeply affected, cried,

"Sister, how lovely you are thus!"

"My beauty comes a little too late," replied La Mayeux, with a melancholy smile.

"No, sister, for you seem so happy that the last scruples I had still left for you are now all dissipated."

"Then let us hasten," said La Mayeux, pointing to the brazier.

"Be easy, sister dear, it will not last long," said Céphysè.

She then took the brazier filled with charcoal, which she had placed in a corner of the garret, and brought it into the middle of this small apartment.

"Do you know how this should be all managed?" inquired La Mayeux, approaching her.

"Yes, it is very simple," replied Céphysè; "we shut the door, the window, and set fire to the charcoal."

"Yes, sister; but I think I have heard that it is necessary to close every aperture, that no air may enter."
"You are right, and this door closes so badly."
"And the roof, too; only look at the crevices."
"What is to be done, sister? Now I think of it," said La Mayeux, "the straw of our mattress, twisted tightly, would serve very well."
"To be sure," replied Céphyse; "we will keep enough to light the fire, and with the remainder we will make bands of straw to stop up the holes in the roof, and the door, and window."

Then smiling with the bitter, terrible irony so common at such moments, Céphyse added,
"Sister dear, with our door and window secured against the draught, how luxurious! we shall be as comfortable as grand people."
"Now, indeed, we may take our ease for a short time," added La Mayeux, imitating the jesting tone of the Queen Bacchanal.

And the two sisters, with incredible calmness, began to twist the straw into bands, in order to stuff them in the chinks of the door and the floor, and then they made others still larger, to stop up the crevices in the roof.

During this gloomy employment the calm, sad resignation of the two unfortunate girls never forsook them for a moment.

CHAPTER XX.

SUICIDE.

Céphyse and La Mayeux calmly continued their preparations for death.

Alas! how many poor young girls, like these sisters, have been, and will be still, fatally urged to seek in suicide a refuge against despair, against infamy, or an existence too wretched to endure!

This must be so; and on society will also weigh the terrible responsibility of these despairing deaths, so long as millions of human creatures, unable to obtain a bodily existence from the contemptible wages given to them, are compelled to choose between these three abysses of ills, shames, and agonies:

A life of enervating labour and murderous privations, the causes of precocious death.
Prostitution, which also kills, but slowly, by contempt, brutality, and disease.
Suicide, which kills at once.

Céphyse and La Mayeux are morally the symbols of two fractions of the female working classes.

Like La Mayeux, the one portion are discreet, industrious, indefatigable, and struggle energetically, and with admirable constancy, against temptations, against the bodily sufferings of a labour beyond their strength, against frightful misery; humble, gentle, resigned, they desire—the good and courageous creatures—to continue as long as they can endure, although so weak, so exhausted, so suffering, for they are almost always cold and hungry, and deprived of rest, and air, and sunshine. They persist courageously to the end, until, broken down by excessive labour, undermined by killing poverty, their strength utterly forsakes them, and then almost invariably attacked by the maladies brought on by such utter prostration, the greater portion of them go to breathe out their last exhausted sigh in the hospitals, and supply the dissecting schools—put to use
during their existence, put to use after their decease—always useful to the living. Poor women! holy martyrs!

The others, less patient, light a morsel of charcoal, and utterly weary, as La Mayeux said—yes, utterly weary of this repulsive, gloomy, joyless, hapless life—they find repose at last, and sleep the last sleep without even bestowing a curse on the world which has left them no choice but suicide. Yes, the choice of suicide; for, without referring to the occupations whose fatal insalubrity periodically decimates the working classes, misery, like strangulation, kills in a given time.

Other women, on the contrary, endowed, like Céphyse, with a quick and ardent organization, with rich, warm blood, and strong appetites, cannot resign themselves to live only on wages which do not even allow them to satisfy hunger. As to a few amusements, how cheap soever—as to garments, not showy, but clean and neat, wants as imperious as hunger itself with many—they must not think of these. What, then, follows?

A lover presents himself, who talks of fêtes, balls, walks in the fields, to an unhappy girl full of youth and wishes, and nailed to her chair for eighteen hours a day in some gloomy, close garret; the tempter talks of gay apparel, while the miserable dress which covers the workgirl scarcely protects her from the cold; the tempter talks of nice dinners, when the bread she eats is not enough to satisfy her appetite of seventeen every evening. She yields, then, before offers which to her are irresistible.

Then follows the wearying, the forsaking by the lover; but the habit of idleness has possessed her, the fear of misery has increased in proportion as life has become more luxurious; even incessant work will no longer supply all the customary expenditure. Then, from weakness, from fear, from recklessness, they descend one step lower in vice, and again into the deepest abyss of infamy, and thus, as Céphyse said, “some live in infamy, others die of it.”

Do they die like Céphyse? Then ought they to be more pitied than blamed.

Does not society lose the right of blaming so soon as every human being, at first hard working and well disposed, cannot find (we must repeat this again and again), in return for constant toil, a wholesome dwelling-place, warm clothing, adequate sustenance, some days of repose, and facilities for study and instruction? because the bread of the mind is as due to all as the bread of the body, in exchange for their labour and their honesty.

Yes; selfish and cruel society is responsible for all those vices, all those bad actions, which have had for first cause solely,

The actual impossibility of living without sinking.

We repeat, that a fearful number of women have no choice between

A homicidal misery!

Prostitution!

Suicide!

And this, we repeat—and shall be, perhaps, understood—and this, because the wages of these unfortunates are insufficient, ridiculous! Not that their employers are generally hard or unjust, but because they are suffering cruelly themselves by the continual reactions of a destructive competition; because borne down by an implacable working feudality (a state of things maintained, imposed by the inertness, interest, or bad will of those who govern), they are forced to diminish wages daily to avoid their own utter ruin.

And are not so many unfortunate beings, at least, sometimes supported by a distant hope of a better prospect? Alas! we dare not believe it.

Let us suppose that a man, sincere, free from asperity, from passion, bitterness, violence, and his heart painfully affected by so much misery, comes and simply places this question before our legislators:

“It results from evident, proved, undeniable facts, that thousands of women are compelled to subsist in Paris on, at the utmost, FIVE FRANCS a week—do you hear! FIVE FRANCS A WEEK—to lodge, dress, warm, and feed themselves; and
many of these women are widows with small children! I will not make what
are called fine speeches, I will only conjure you to think of your own daughters,
your sisters, your wives, your mothers; like them, however, these thousands of
poor creatures, devoted to a frightful and demoralizing fate, are also mothers,
daugthers, sisters, wives. I ask you, in the name of charity, in the name of good
sense, in the name of the interest of one and all, in the name of the dignity of
human nature,—whether such a state of things, which goes on continually increas-
ing, is tolerable—is possible? Will you suffer it, especially when you think
of the frightful evils, the numberless vices, which such misery inevitably en-
genders?

What would take place among our legislators? Doubtless they would reply,
painfully feeling (we must believe) their own inability,
"Alas! it is most distressing, and we groan over such an amount of wretch-
edness; but we can do nothing."

WE CAN DO NOTHING!
The moral of all this is very simple, the conclusion easy and manifest to all,
especially to those who suffer, and they, in immense numbers, often draw their
own inferences in their own way, and wait.
Perhaps one day society will bitterly regret its own deplorable want of care
and attention on this head. Then the happy of this life will have terrible ac-
counts to demand of those who at this time rule over us, for they could, without
crisis, without violence, without difficulties, have assured the well-being of the
labouring classes, and the security of the rich.

While we are awaiting some solution to these questions, so painful and so
deeply interesting to the future welfare of society—of the world, perchance—
many poor creatures, like La Mayeux, like Cephyse, will die of wretchedness
and despair.

The sisters were not many minutes in converting the straw from their bed
into the necessary bands and strips for filling up every aperture, and thereby
rendering the effect of the charcoal more sure and rapid.

At length the perfect silence which prevailed was broken by La Mayeux, who
said to her sister, "You are taller than I am, Cephyse; do you, then, undertake
to close up every crevice in the ceiling, while I attend to the window and door."
"I will, I will," responded Cephyse, in a tone of calm despair; "but my task
will be done before yours."

And again a profound silence reigned in the wretched chamber, while the two
unfortunate creatures carefully stopped up the various openings by which the
wind had hitherto entered this shattered abode.

Cephyse, whose height enabled her easily to reach the roof of their garret,
succeeded in filling the minutest crevice with straw, so that not the slightest
breath of air could enter to defeat their deadly purpose.

This mournful task accomplished, the sisters sat down beside each other, and
tenderly and earnestly regarded one another.

As the fatal moment approached, their countenances exhibited that over-ex-
citement, the invariable accompaniment of double suicides.
"And now," said La Mayeux, "quick, quick, the brazier!" and with these
words she kneeled down before the pan filled with charcoal; but Cephyse,
taking her by the waist, compelled her to rise, saying,
"Leave me to light the fire; that is my business."

"Nay, but, Cephyse—"
"Why, you know, sister dear, that the smell of charcoal always gives you a
bad headache."

Though the Queen Bacchanal uttered these words with unaffected earnest-
ness, yet as the folly of such a recommendation struck the minds of each poor
girl, they involuntarily exchanged a mournful smile.
"Well, well," resumed Cephyse, "but for all that, there is no need for your suffering more pain than can be helped; time enough to endure agony when the moment has arrived;" then, pointing to the half-emptied mattress, Cephyse added, "Go and lie down there, dearest sister, and as soon as I have lighted the brazier I will come and sit beside you."

"Do not be long, Cephyse."

"Oh! five minutes will do it."

The high part of the building, looking out on the street, was separated by a narrow court from the wing in which was situated the wretched abode of the sisters, and so completely overshadowed it, that, when the sun had sunk behind the sharp gable ends, the garret was almost in a state of darkness; but a faint light stole in through the dingy, opaque windows, sufficient only to reveal the wretched mattress with its checked cover, on which La Mayeux, clad in squalid rags, lay half reclining, leaning on her left elbow, with her chin resting in the palm of her hand, regarding her sister with an expression of heartfelt misery.

Kneeling before the brazier, with her face bent downward toward the charcoal, on whose dark surface flickered a faint and uncertain blue flame, Cephyse was exerting all her strength of lungs to kindle the fire by means of some small pieces of lighted straw, whose deep lurid red reflected an unnatural hue on the pale, sickly cheek of the once blooming Queen Bacchanal.

The most unbroken silence prevailed, interrupted only by the convulsive and laboured respiration of Cephyse, mingled with the crackling of the now kindled charcoal, which, as it burned brighter and fiercer, emitted a faint and sickening odour.

Perceiving that the brazier was thoroughly lighted, and feeling herself somewhat giddy from its fumes, Cephyse arose, and approaching her sister, said, in the calm voice of one who has ceased to hope,

"All is now ready!"

"Sister, dear," answered La Mayeux, kneeling upon the mattress, as Cephyse stood beside her, "how shall we place ourselves? I could wish that we might be together, and as near as possible to each other, till all is over."

"Stay!" said Cephyse, progressively executing the various movements she described; "this shall be the way. I will sit at the head of the mattress and lean against the wall, and you, my darling sister, shall lie down there; that's right! now lay your head on my lap, and give me your hand. Are you comfortable so?"

"Quite, only I cannot see your face."

"So much the better; for no doubt there will be a time of intense agony, however short it may be, and we could neither of us bear to see the other's sufferings."

"You are right, Cephyse!"

"But let me once again kiss your bright glossy hair," said Cephyse, pressing
to her lips the long silky tresses that shaded the pale, melancholy countenance of La Mayeux, "and then, dear sister, we will not move any more."

"Sister," murmured La Mayeux, "give me your hand for the last time, and afterward, as you say, we will lie quite still. I do not suppose we shall have to wait long, for I begin to feel a sort of drowsiness and faintness stealing over me; do you experience any similar sensations, dear Céphyse?"

"No," said Céphyse, "not yet; I only find an oppressive smell from the charcoal."

"You have no idea where we shall be buried, have you, dear sister?" inquired La Mayeux, after a short pause.

"None whatever; but why that question?"

"Only because I should be glad to think it would be in Père la Chaise. I went there once with Agricola and his mother; oh, what a beautiful place it is! Such trees, and flowers, and splendid marble! Do you know, Céphyse, I have often thought since that the dead are far better lodged than the living; and— I—I—"

"What ails you, dearest sister?" asked Céphyse, as La Mayeux, whose voice had been gradually becoming fainter and slower, suddenly ceased speaking.

"I know not," La Mayeux, "but my temples beat fearfully, and my head seems dizzy. How do you feel?"

"A little giddy, nothing more; it is strange the symptoms show themselves so much sooner in you than me."

"Oh," said La Mayeux, trying to smile, "you know, dear Céphyse, I always was so much more forward than my companions in whatever I undertook. Do you remember, even at the school we went to, the holy sisters who taught us invariably pronounced me more precocious than all the other scholars? and you see it is still the same thing; I outstrip you even when seeking death."

"Be it so," replied Céphyse; "I shall soon overtake you."

That which excited the surprise of the sisters was very easily to be accounted for; although weakened by grief and misery, the constitution of the Queen Bacchanal, naturally as strong as that of poor La Mayeux was delicate and feeble, resisted the deleterious effects of the charcoal much longer than her more susceptible sister's. After a short silence, Céphyse, placing her hand on the forehead of her sister, whose head she still supported in her lap, said, tenderly,

"Are you in pain, dear sister? You do not speak to me: tell me, do you suffer much?"

"No, dearest Céphyse," replied La Mayeux, in a faint, languid voice, "but my eyelids seem heavy, and I feel a sort of whirling in my head; but I do not experience any very great pain. And you, dear sister?"

"While you were speaking, a sudden giddiness came over me, and even now my temples throb."

"Just as mine did a little time ago; one would have thought it was more painful, as well as difficult, to die."

Then, suddenly breaking off, La Mayeux remained silent for a short space, when she abruptly said,

"Do you think Agricola will regret me much, and that he will long remember our past friendship?"

"How can you doubt it?" answered Céphyse, reproachfully.

"True," replied La Mayeux, gently, "it was wrong of me to think of such a thing; but if you knew—"

"What, dear sister?"

La Mayeux hesitated for a few seconds, and then, with much emotion, she said, "Nothing;" again she returned to the subject by exclaiming, "At least I shall die happy in the knowledge that he has no farther need of me; he is married to a young and charming wife, who loves him as tenderly as he loves her; and I feel persuaded she will render his life joyful and contented."
As La Mayeux faltered out these last words, her voice became gradually fainter and fainter: all at once a sort of convulsive spasm seized her, and she cried to Cephyse,

"Sister, dear, clasp me in your arms: oh, I fear—I know not what; all things appear before my eyes of a dark, gloomy, blue colour; all seems turning round in the room;" and then, as though seeking to escape from the frightful objects which environed her, the unfortunate girl buried her face on the shoulder of her still sitting sister, and feebly folded her in her embrace.

"Courage, dear sister," said Cephyse, tenderly pressing her sister to her bosom, and speaking in a voice visibly becoming weaker and weaker; "courage, and all will soon be over;" then, with a mixture of jealous fear, Cephyse added,

"How comes it that my sister sinks so long before myself? She is utterly overcome, while I still retain my senses, and endure scarce any pain; but this neither can nor shall continue so: if I thought she would die first, I would go and hold my head over the charcoal pan—ay, and I will do so, for fear of the worst—"

But, as Cephyse sought to rise, the feeble arms of her sister still restrained her.

"You suffer much, my darling sister, do you not?" asked Cephyse, trembling with affectionate agony.

"Oh yes, I do now. Oh, Cephyse, dear Cephyse! stay with me; do not leave me."

"While I scarcely feel any pain," answered Cephyse, casting a look of almost savage fury at the furnace; "but yet," she exclaimed, with gloomy exultation, "what is this that steals over me—that seizes on my brain—that seizes on my heart? Oh yes, at length—at length a sensation as of suffocation oppresses my breath, while my head seems bursting."

The deleterious gas formed by the burning charcoal had by this time exhausted, by degrees, all the respirable air contained in the closely-shut-up garret. Night had set in, and the wretched abode of the two sisters, before in almost total darkness, was now lit up by the bright, lurid light of the furnace, which reflected its red and glowing beams upon the pale countenances of the sisters as they lay entwined in each other's arms.
Suddenly La Mayeux, who had lain perfectly quiet, struggled as though with some powerful emotion, and her chest heaved convulsively as she murmured, in a dying voice, "Agricola—Mademoiselle de Cardoville—oh, farewell, farewell! Agricola, I—" then, faintly uttering a few indistinct sounds, her struggles ceased, and her arms, which had almost convulsively infolded Céphyse, fell listlessly on the mattress.

"Sister, sister!" shrieked Céphyse, raising the head of La Mayeux. "What! already freed from suffering? What! gone before me! while I—!"

The gentle countenance of La Mayeux was not paler than usual, but in her half-closed eyes were only vacancy and unconsciousness, while on the half-closed, purple lips still played a smile of melancholy sweetness and goodness; a faint sigh escaped her, and then the mouth became fixed and rigid, and an expression of undisturbed serenity settled on the features.

"This is not right, my sister," exclaimed poor Céphyse, in the most heartrending tones; "you should have waited for me. Sister, sister, a few minutes and I join you!" she cried, pressing her lips on the already icy cheeks of La Mayeux. "Oh, wait for me, sister; wait but a short space; I come—I come—"

No sound issued from the pale lips of La Mayeux; and as Céphyse let go her hand, it fell unresistingly on the mattress.

"God of mercy!" exclaimed Céphyse, springing from the wretched bed in despair, and kneeling in frantic wildness beside the mattress on which La Mayeux lay extended, "Thou knowest 'tis not my fault we have not died together. Dead!" whispered Céphyse, overcome with terror at the sight of her sister's corpse-like features; "dead before me! probably because I am the stronger. Oh, blessed change! I, too, begin, like her, to see all things tinged with a blue and livid cast; and I suffer—oh, air, air! What happiness! Sister," she cried, throwing herself beside La Mayeux, and casting her arms about her neck, "I come; I come—"

A sudden trampling of feet was heard on the old rickety staircase. Céphyse had still sufficient consciousness to hear and understand the nature of these sounds. Still extended on the body of her sister, she lifted up her head; the noise came nearer and nearer, and soon she heard a voice crying, at some little distance from the door, "Merciful powers, what a fearful odour of charcoal!"

Directly after, the door shook under the violent efforts made to force it open, while another voice exclaimed, "Open the door; open it instantly."

"Some one comes to save me, while my sister has perished. Oh no, no! let me not be so base as to live, since she has died."

Such was the last thought of Céphyse. Rushing to the window, she employed all her remaining strength to force it open; the miserable frames yielded to her phrenesied efforts, and at the very instant when the crazy door gave way beneath the vigorous blows with which it was assailed, the unfortunate girl precipitated herself from the third floor to the court below.

At this moment Adrienne de Cardoville and Agricola appeared at the entrance to the chamber. Spite of the suffocating atmosphere which filled the room, Mademoiselle de Cardoville rushed in, and, perceiving the brazier, exclaimed,

"Alas! the unhappy girl has destroyed herself."

"No, no!" cried Agricola, "she has thrown herself from the window;" for his eye had seen, at the moment of forcing his way into the room, the outline of a human form disappear by the window. "Oh, horrible! horrible, indeed!" he continued, as, after a hasty glance around him, he uttered a distracted cry, hid his face with his hands, and, pale and terrified, turned to Mademoiselle de Cardoville; but, mistaking the cause of his alarm, Adrienne, who, amid all the obscurity of the place, had distinguished the form of La Mayeux, replied,

"No, no! there she is."

At the same time pointing out to the young smith the pale figure of La Mayeux, extended on the mattress, beside which Adrienne threw herself, seizing the icy hands of the young seamstress, and pressing them between her own; then,
placing a hand on her heart, she found no pulsation—all was still and at rest; but as the fresh air rushed in from the open door and window, Adrienne, still continuing her anxious scrutiny, imagined that she discovered a slight pulsation, and exclaimed,

"Her heart beats! Oh, M. Agricola, fly quickly for help! Fortunately, I have my salts with me."

"I will," answered the young smith, dashing down the dark staircase; "I will obtain help for her, and the other poor unfortunate being also."

He then disappeared, leaving Mademoiselle de Cardoville kneeling beside the mattress on which lay the cold, pale form of La Mayeux.
AINFUL emotions had impressed themselves, during the horrible scene we have described, on the features of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, pale and thin from grief. Her cheeks, formerly so beautiful and rounded, were now almost hollow, while a circle of faint and transparent blue was observable around her large black eyes, which were veiled sorrowfully, instead of being brilliant and sparkling, as they were wont to be; her lovely lips, although contracted by painful disquietude, had still preserved their humid and velvety carnation.

In order to bestow her cares on La Mayeux more easily, Adrienne had taken off her hat, and the silky tresses of her beautiful golden hair almost hid her features as she leaned over the mattress by which she was kneeling, clasping in her ivory hands the meagre hands of the poor workgirl, who had been for several minutes completely restored to animation by the wholesome freshness of the air and the potency of the salts which Adrienne had with her. Fortunately, La Mayeux's fainting had been caused more by emotion and weakness than by asphyxia, the deleterious gas of the charcoal not having yet reached its height when the unhappy girl lost her consciousness.

Before we continue the recital of this scene between the workgirl and the patrician lady, some retrospective words are requisite.

Since the singular adventure at the theatre of the Porte Saint Martin, when Djalma, at the peril of his life, had rushed on the black panther, before the eyes of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, the young girl had been variously and deeply affected.

Forgetting alike her jealousy and humiliation at the sight of Djalma thus appearing, in the face of the world, with a female so unworthy of him, Adrienne, for a moment dazzled by the intrepidity of the act, at once so chivalrous and heroic, said, "In spite of odious appearances, Djalma loves me well enough to brave death for me, that he might restore my bouquet."

But with this young girl, whose mind was so delicate, and whose disposition and understanding were so generous and just, reflection and good sense soon proved the inefficacy of such consolation to cure the deep wounds of love and dignity so sorely assailed.

"How many times," said Adrienne, with much reason, "has the prince faced in the chase, from pure caprice, and without reason, a danger like that which he has encountered to pick up my bouquet! And, again, who can say that it was not to present it to the female by whom he was accompanied?"

Adrienne's ideas of love, strange, perhaps, to the world, but, nevertheless, just and true, joined to her natural pride, were an insuperable obstacle to her thinking of succeeding to the woman (whoever she might be) whom the prince had publicly displayed as his mistress.

Yet Adrienne scarcely dared own to herself that she felt jealousy, the more painful, the more humiliating, as she felt this female unworthy of comparison with
herself. At other times, on the contrary, spite of the consciousness she had of her own value, Mademoiselle de Cardoville, calling to mind the lovely features of Rose-Pompon, asked herself if the bad taste, the vulgar and affected manners of this pretty creature were the result of precocious and depraved effrontery, or complete ignorance of the usages of society. In the latter case, this very ignorance, resulting, perhaps, from a simple and ingenuous nature, might be very attractive; and, moreover, if to this charm, and that of incontestable beauty, were united a sincere love and pure mind, the obscure birth and neglected education of this young girl were of very little consequence, and she might inspire Djalma with a very intense passion.

If Adrienne frequently hesitated at deciding (spite of so many convincing circumstances) that Rose-Pompon was a lost creature, it was her recollecting what so many travellers had related as to the dignity of Djalma's mind; remembering, too, particularly, the conversations she had one day overheard between him and Rodin, she refused to believe that a man endowed with a mind so remarkable, a heart so tender, a soul so poetical, so meditative, so enthusiastic as to the ideal, could be capable of loving a depraved and vulgar creature, and of showing himself so unblushingly with her in public; this was a mystery which Adrienne sought vainly to penetrate.

These distressing doubts, this painful curiosity, increased still more the love of Adrienne; and we may judge of her incurable despair when we remember that even Djalma's contempt could not destroy this love, more burning, more impassioned than ever. Sometimes, taking up ideas of the fatality of the heart, she said to herself that she was destined to experience this love, that Djalma merited it, and that some day all that was incomprehensible in the prince's conduct would be fully explained to his advantage. Sometimes, on the contrary, ashamed of excusing Djalma, the consciousness of her weakness caused in Adrienne a remorse, a torture incessant; and, a victim to these unheard-of griefs, she lived henceforward in the most profound solitude.

But the cholera now burst out like thunder. Too wretched to fear this scourge, Adrienne was only moved at the sufferings of others. She was one of the first to contribute those large subscriptions which flowed in from all parts with such admirable charity. Florine had been suddenly seized by the epidemic, and, spite of the danger, her mistress insisted on seeing her, and supporting her exhausting courage. Florine, overcome by this new display of goodness, could no longer conceal the treachery in which, until then, she had been an accomplice; and death, before it delivered her from what was unquestionably the hateful tyranny of those whose yoke she suffered, allowed her to reveal all to Adrienne. She then learned the incessant espionage of Florine, and the cause of Mayeux's sudden departure.

At these disclosures, Adrienne felt all her affection and tender sympathy for the poor workgirl revive. By her order, the most active measures were set on foot to discover traces of La Mayeux. Florine's confessions had another important result also. Adrienne, justly alarmed at this new proof of Rodin's machinations, remembered the projects formed when, believing herself beloved, the instinct of her love revealed to her the perils which Djalma and the other members of the Rennepons family must encounter. Her first thought, then, was to assemble all of her race—to rally them against the common enemy, after Florine's revelations. This thought she believed it her duty to accomplish; in this struggle against adversaries so dangerous, so powerful as Rodin, D'Aigrigny, the Princess de Saint-Dizier, and their satellites, she saw not only the praiseworthy and perilous task of unmasking hypocrisy and cupidity, but also, if not a consolation, at least a noble relief from frightful sorrows.

From this moment a disturbed, feverish activity usurped the place of the dull and languishing apathy to which she had given way. She summoned around her all the persons of her family capable of answering her appeal, and, as has been detailed in the secret note sent to D'Aigrigny, the Hôtel de Cardoville became
very soon the focus of active and incessant measures—the centre of frequent family meetings, in which the means of attack and defence were fully and anxiously discussed.

Quite correct in all its details, the secret note of which we have spoken (and the fact was therein given as dubious) supposed that Mademoiselle de Cardoville had granted an interview to Djalma. This was false. We shall know hereafter why this suspicion was credited; but, so far from it, Mademoiselle de Cardoville scarcely found, in the great interests of her family, a passing forgetfulness of the consuming love which was silently undermining her, and with which she reproached herself so bitterly.

The morning of the same day on which Adrienne, learning at length the residence of La Mayeux, had so miraculously snatched her from death, Agricola Baudoin had called at the Hôtel de Cardoville to report respecting M. François Hardy, and had requested permission to accompany her to the Rue Clovis, which they both went in great haste.

Then, again, we have this noble spectacle, this touching symbol; Mademoiselle de Cardoville and La Mayeux, the two extremes of the social chain, meeting in soft and sympathizing equality; for the workgirl and the patrician lady were alike worthy in intellect, in soul, and in heart; and they were the more worthy as the one was the ideal of wealth, grace, and beauty, while the other was the ideal of resignation and unmerited suffering. Alas! misfortune suffers with courage and dignity; why should it not also have its crown of glory?

La Mayeux, extended on her mattress, appeared so weak that, even if Agricola had not been detained on the ground floor of the house beside Céphyse, then expiring of a horrid death, Mademoiselle de Cardoville would still have had to wait for some time before she could beg La Mayeux to rise and go down with her into her carriage.

Thanks to the presence of mind and pious fraud of Adrienne, the poor girl was persuaded that Céphyse had been transported to a hospital close at hand, where the necessary cares were administered to her, which, it was hoped, would be successful. La Mayeux's faculties only wakened very gradually from their bewilderment, and she had believed this without the slightest suspicion, being also ignorant that Agricola had accompanied Mademoiselle de Cardoville.
"It is to you, mademoiselle, that Céphysé and I owe our lives," said La Mayeux, turning her wan and melancholy face to Adrienne; "to you, kneeling in this garret, by the bed of misery, where my sister and myself desired to die; for Céphysé—you assure me, do you not, mademoiselle?—has been, like myself, succoured in time?"

"Yes, take comfort, for this moment they have been to tell me that she is recovering her senses."

"And she has been told I am living, has she not, mademoiselle? If not, perhaps she will regret having survived me."

"Be tranquil, my dear girl," said Adrienne, pressing La Mayeux's hands between her own, and fixing on her eyes, moistened with tears; "they have told her all that was requisite. Do not disturb yourself; only think of returning to life, and, I hope, to happiness, of which, hitherto, you have known so little, my poor dear."

"How good you are, mademoiselle, after my flight from your house, when you must have thought me so ungrateful!"

"Presently, when you are not so weak, I will tell you many things which would now fatigue your attention too much, perhaps. But how do you find yourself?"

"Better, mademoiselle; the fresh air, and the thought that, as you are here, my poor sister will be no longer reduced to despair; for I, too, will tell you all, and I am sure you will have pity on Céphysé, will you not, mademoiselle?"

"Relax on me in every way, my dear," replied Adrienne, concealing her painful embarrassment. "You know I take an interest in you and all that concern you. But tell me," added Mademoiselle de Cardoville, in an agitated voice, "before you took this desperate resolution, you had written to me, had you not?"

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"Alas!" replied Adrienne, sorrowfully, "not receiving any answer from me you must have thought me forgetful, and cruelly ungrateful."

"Oh, I never accused you, mademoiselle; my poor sister will tell you so. I have been grateful to you to the last."

"I believe you—I know your heart; but, then, how could you explain my silence?"

"I believed you were justly offended at my sudden departure, mademoiselle."

"I offended! Alas! I never received your letter."

"And yet you knew that I wrote to you, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, my poor, dear girl! I knew you had written to me through the porter; unfortunately, he gave your letter to one of my women, named Florine, telling her that the letter came from you."

"Mademoiselle Florine! the young person who was so kind to me?"

"Florine behaved most treacherously to me; she was sold to my enemies and acted as a spy over me."

"She!" exclaimed La Mayeux. "Is it possible?"

"Yes," replied Adrienne, bitterly; "but she was, after all, as much to be pitied as blamed; she was compelled to obey a terrible necessity, and her confession and repentance before death obtained my pardon."

"She dead too! she, so young, so handsome!"

"Spite of her wrongs toward me, her end deeply affected me, for she confessed her crimes with bitter regrets. Among other disclosures, she told me she had intercepted a letter in which you had requested an interview that might save your sister's life."

"That was true, mademoiselle—such were the contents of my letter; but what interest could any one have in keeping it from you?"

"They feared seeing you return to me, my good guardian angel; you loved me too well; my enemies feared your faithful affection, so wonderfully served
HERODIADE.
by the instinct of your heart. Ah! I shall never forget how deserved was the
horror with which you were inspired against a wretch whom I defended against
your suspicions."

"Monsieur Rodin?" said La Mayeux, shuddering.

"Yes," replied Adrienne; "but do not let us talk of such creatures now;
these hateful remembrances will spoil the joy I experience in seeing you re-
cover, for your voice is not so weak, and your cheeks are slightly coloured,
thank God! I am so delighted at finding you again! If you only knew all I
hope, all I expect from our meeting! for we will never part again, will we?
Oh, promise me that, in the name of our friendship!"

"I, mademoiselle, your friend!" said La Mayeux, lowering her eyes timidly.

"Did I not, some days before your departure from my house, call you my
friend, my sister? What change is there now? None, none," added Mademoi-
selle de Cardoville, with deep emotion. "I should say, on the contrary, that a
fatal similarity in our positions makes your friendship more dear, still more pre-
cious; and it is mine, is it not? Oh, do not refuse me; I am in such want of a
friend!"

"You, mademoiselle! What need can you have of the friendship of a poor
creature like myself?"

"Yes," replied Adrienne, looking at La Mayeux, with an expression of
keenest grief; "and more—you are the only person to whom I could, to whom
I should, dare to confide my griefs." And Mademoiselle de Cardoville's cheeks
turned very red.

"And how have I merited such a mark of confidence, mademoiselle?" in-
quired La Mayeux, more and more surprised.

"The delicacy of your heart, the firmness of your mind," replied Adrienne,
after a slight hesitation; "then you are a woman, and I am sure you will com-
prehend better than any one what I suffer, and you will pity me."

"Pity you, mademoiselle!" said La Mayeux, whose astonishment increased;
"I pity you, a great lady, so envied and admired! I, so humble and so insig-
nificant, pity you!"
"Oh, my dear friend," replied Adrienne, after some moments' silence, "are not the most poignant griefs those which we dare not avow to any one, because of our fear of raillery or contempt? How can we ask pity or interest for sufferings which we dare not avow to ourselves, because we should blush in our own eyes?"

La Mayeux could scarcely believe what she heard; if her benefactress, like herself, had experienced an unhappy affection, she would have spoken thus; but the seamstress could not believe in such a supposition; and thus, attributing to another cause the griefs of Adrienne, she replied, sorrowfully, while thinking of her fatal love for Agricola,

"Oh, yes, mademoiselle, a grief that makes us feel ashamed, that must be terrible, very terrible!"

"But, then, what joy to meet not only with a heart noble enough to inspire perfect confidence, but also proved by a thousand griefs to be capable of offering pity, support, counsel! Tell me, my dear, girl," added Mademoiselle de Cardoville, looking fixedly at La Mayeux, "if you were overwhelmed with a suffering that made you blush, would you not be happy, very happy, to find a soul kindred, sister with your own, into which you could pour out your troubles, and half alleviate them by a full and merited confidence?"

For the first time in her life, La Mayeux contemplated Mademoiselle de Cardoville with a sentiment of sorrow and distrust. The last words of the young lady seemed to her very significant. "No doubt she has my secret," said La Mayeux to herself; "no doubt my journal has fallen into her hands; she knows my love for Agricola, or she suspects it: what she has just said was to excite my confidence, and assure her whether or not she has been well informed."

These thoughts did not excite in La Mayeux any bitter or ungrateful feeling against her benefactress; but the heart of the unhappy girl was of such refined delicacy, of such painful susceptibility, with respect to her unhappy love, that, notwithstanding her deep and most tender affection for Mademoiselle de Cardoville, she suffered bitterly in believing her mistress of her secret.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONFESSIONS (CONTINUED).

On convinced as she was that Mademoiselle de Cardoville knew her love for Agricola, the pain this gave her was soon changed, by the pure and estimable qualities of La Mayeux, into a deep and touching regret, demonstrating her warm attachment and veneration for Adrienne.

"Perhaps," said La Mayeux, mentally, "conquered by the influence of that extreme goodness exercised toward me by my beloved protectress, I should have confessed to her a secret I thought but a little while since to carry with me to my grave; it would have been at least a proof of my gratitude to Mademoiselle de Cardoville; but I am now, unfortunately, deprived of the mournful satisfaction of confiding to my benefactress the only secret of my life. And then, again, however great her pity for me, however compassionate her nature, how is it possible one so lovely, so beloved as herself, could comprehend the painful condition of an unhappy being like myself, constrained to bury, in the most hidden recess of my aching heart, a love as hopeless as ridiculous? Oh! no, no; spite of the delicacy with which I feel assured she would kindly comfort me, my gen-
tle benefactress would unconsciously wound me still deeper; it is only the miserable who can effectually administer consolation to the miserable. Alas! alas! why has she not left me to die?"

These reflections passed through the mind of La Mayeux with the rapidity of thought. Adrienne, who was closely observing her, remarked that her features, which were gradually recovering their usually mild and serene aspect, all at once underwent a change, as though under the influence of some painful, humiliating sentiment. Alarmed at this relapse, the consequences of which might be fatal to La Mayeux, still extremely faint and weak, and, in a manner, on the verge of the grave, Mademoiselle de Cardoville said quickly,

"Do you not agree with me, my dear friend, that the most cruel sorrow, the most mortifying circumstance, may be mitigated and soothed if poured into the pitying breast of a faithful and devoted companion?"

"Doubtless, mademoiselle," answered La Mayeux, bitterly; "but those who suffer in silence can alone judge of the right moment for unburdening their woes and revealing their secret; until voluntarily given, it would be kinder to respect this silence, and not endeavour to force a confidence, or from any motives whatever to surprise it."

"You are quite right, my poor girl," said Adrienne, mournfully; "and if I have chosen the present solemn moment to repose in you a most painful secret, it is because I feel assured that, when you have heard my words, you will attach so much the greater value to your existence, as it will be manifest to you how greatly I stand in need of your tenderness, your consolations, and your pity."

At these words La Mayeux made an effort to raise herself, and, half reclining on her wretched mattress, she gazed on Mademoiselle de Cardoville with mute astonishment. Could she hear aright? Instead of seeking to draw her own secret from her, or surprise her into a confession of her absurd passion for Agricola, her protectress assured her, with lips that never uttered aught but truth, that she was who came to ask sympathy, to seek consolation, and to solicit the—— pity!—of a wretched outcast—a despised Mayeux!

"Do I hear aright?" she said. "'Tis you, mademoiselle, who come——"

"To tell you I suffer, while I blush with shame for the very torments which consume me; yes," continued the agitated girl, with an expression of almost convulsive agony, "of all confessions, I come to breathe into your ear the most humiliating—I love, yet despise myself for my misplaced affection."

"Like me!" exclaimed La Mayeux, involuntarily, as she clasped her hands with energetic pressure.

"Yes," resumed Adrienne, with a burst of long-repressed grief, "I love, and my passion is unrequited and impossible: it consumes—destroys me; and yet I dare not confide this fatal secret to any."

"Like me!" again repeated La Mayeux, unconsciously, and gazing with fixed attention. "She, peerless by beauty, as well as exalted by rank, so rich, so brilliant, courted and admired, suffers, then, like such a poor wretch as I. She loves, and is not loved!"

"Yes!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Cardoville, impetuously, "like you, I love and am not loved. Was I wrong, then, in saying that to you alone I could unburden my heart, when, having endured the same sufferings, you alone could pity what I undergo?"

"You know all, then, mademoiselle?" whispered La Mayeux, casting down her eyes, and recovering from the first surprise into which this conversation had thrown her.

"I do, my poor girl; but never would you have heard a reference to your secret from me, if I myself had not one far more painful to confide to you; yours is cruel, mine humiliating. Thus you see," said Mademoiselle de Cardoville, speaking in a tone and voice of such anguish as is impossible to describe, "how misfortune breaks down what are called distinctions and distances. Alas!
how frequently do the great and envied in this world fall, by severe visitations of Providence, below the condition of the most humble and wretched, nay, till they come even to crave the consolation of those who but lately believed them favoured above all mortals." Then, drying the tears which had flowed abundantly, Mademoiselle de Cardoville said, in an agitated manner,

"But courage, sister; let us take courage; let us love, support, and console each other, and make this sad and mysterious bond a tie which shall forever unite us."

"Ah! mademoiselle, forgive me; but, now you know the secret of my life," said La Mayeux, lowering her eyes, and unable to disguise her confusion, "I do not seem able to look at you without feeling ashamed."

"And wherefore? Because you are passionately attached to Agricola?" inquired Adrienne. "Why, then, I ought also to die with shame in your presence, for, less courageous than you, I have not had the strength of mind to conceal my love in the deepest recesses of my heart. He whom I love with a love never to be surpassed has known my love, and has scorned it; has preferred to me a woman, the selection of whom is a fresh and mortal insult to me, if appearances do not belie her. Sometimes I hope they do deceive me; tell me, then, is it you who ought to lower your eyes?"

"You disdained for a female unworthy to be compared to you? Ah, mademoiselle, I cannot believe it," exclaimed La Mayeux.

"And at times I myself can scarcely believe it, and I say that not from pride, but because I know the value of my own heart. Then I say to myself, No; she whom he prefers is, no doubt, capable of touching the very soul, mind, and heart of him who disdains me for her."

"Ah! mademoiselle, if all I hear is not a dream, if false appearances do not lead you astray, your grief is great indeed."

"Yes, my poor friend, great, oh! how great! and yet, thanks to you, I have the hope that, perhaps, this fatal passion will grow weaker; perhaps I shall find strength to overcome it, for when you know all, absolutely all, I would not blush in your eyes—you, the noblest, worthiest of women—you, whose courage and resignation are, and always will be, an example."

"Ah! mademoiselle, do not speak to me of my courage, when I have so much cause to blush at my weakness."

"Blush! Alas, always this fear! Is there, on the contrary, anything more touching, more heroically devoted, than your love? You blush! and wherefore? Is it for having displayed the most holy affection for the loyal artisan, whom from your infancy you have learned to love? blush for having been the most tender daughter to his mother! blush for having endured, without complaint, poor dear girl! a thousand sufferings, all the more poignant as the persons who forced you to endure them had not any consciousness of the ill they did you? Did they think they wounded you when, instead of giving you your simple name of Madeleine, as you said, they always used, without reflection, a nickname so ridiculous and insulting? and yet, for this, how many secret humiliations and agonies did you undergo?"

"Alas! mademoiselle, who could have told you?"

"Did you not confide this to your journal? Well, I must tell you all. Flo- rine, on her death-bed, confessed all her misdeeds. She had had the baseness to steal your manuscript, compelled, be it added, to this odious act by the persons who controlled her. But she had read this journal, and, as every good feeling was not utterly dead in her, the perusal of that portion in which you expressed your admirable resignation, your sad, but holy love, had so deep an effect on her, that even at her dying hour she quoted several passages to me, as she accounted to me for your sudden disappearance; for she had no doubt that you were impelled to your flight by the fear of your love for M. Agricola being known."

"Alas! that is but too true, mademoiselle."

"Oh yes," continued Adrienne with bitterness, "those who coerced the un-
happy girl knew well how to direct the blow; they are no novices at the work. They reduced you to despair; they killed you. But, then, why were you so devoted to me? why did you penetrate their mask? Ah! those black gowns are implacable, and their power is great," said Adrienne, with a shudder.

"It is fearful, mademoiselle."

"Take courage, my dear child; you see the weapons of the wicked often turn against themselves, for at the moment when I learned the cause of your flight, you became only more endeared to me. From that time I made every effort to find you, and at length, this morning only, after great search, the person whom I had charged with the task of discovering your retreat learned that you were inhabiting this house. M. Agricola happened to be at my house, and begged to be allowed to accompany me."

"Agricola!" exclaimed La Mayeux, clasping her hands, "is he come?"

"Yes, my dear; but compose yourself: while I was doing all I could to revive you, he was occupied with your poor sister; you will see him presently."

"Alas! mademoiselle," replied La Mayeux, in alarm, "he doubtless knows —"

"Your love? No, no! be assured, and only think of the happiness of meeting again this good and loyal brother."

"Ah! mademoiselle, let him never know what has caused me so much shame that I would have died — praised be God! he knows nothing."

"No; and therefore no more sad thoughts, my dearest girl; think of this beloved brother, that you may say to yourself, He arrived in time to spare us eternal regrets, and you a great fault. Ah! I do not speak to you of the prejudices of the world as to the right the creature has to restore to God a life which has become too heavy. I only say to you that you ought not to die, because those whom you love, and who love you, still want you."

"I believed you were happy, mademoiselle; Agricola was married to the young girl he loved, who will, I am certain, insure his happiness. How could I be useful?"

"To me, as I have proved to you; and who could say that M. Agricola would never have need of you? Who told you that his happiness, or that of his family, will always last, or not be subjected to severe trials? And even if those who love you were always to be happy, could their happiness be complete without you? And your death, with which, perhaps, they would have reproached themselves, might not this have entailed upon them endless regrets?"

"True, mademoiselle," replied La Mayeux, "I have been wrong; a fit of despair seized on me, and then the most appalling misery had overwhelmed us; we had been for several days unable to find work; we were living on the charity of a poor woman, who has been carried off by the cholera; to-morrow or next day we must have died of hunger."

"Died of hunger, when you knew my house?"

"I had written to you, mademoiselle, and, receiving no reply, I believed you irrevocably offended at my sudden departure."

"Poor dear child! you were, as you say, under the influence of despair at this fearful moment, and I have not courage to reproach you for having, for a moment only, doubted me. How can I blame you? Have I not myself entertained the idea of putting an end to my existence?"

"You, mademoiselle!" exclaimed La Mayeux.
"Yes; I had thought deeply on it, and at that moment they came to tell me that Florine was in her last agony, and desired to speak to me. I went to her and heard her disclosures. They suddenly changed my intentions; this dull, gloomy life, which had become insupportable to me, was suddenly lighted up; a consciousness of duty was awakened within me. You, no doubt, were a prey to the most horrible misery; it was my duty to seek you out, to save you. Florine's confessions disclose to me the new scheme of the enemies of my isolated family, dispersed by bitter sorrows, by cruel losses. It was my duty to warn them of the dangers of which they were most probably ignorant, and to rally them against our common enemy. I had been the victim of hateful intrigues, and it was my duty to contend against the plotters, for fear lest, encouraged by impurity, these black gowns might make fresh victims. Then the sense of duty gave me fresh strength, and I was enabled to throw off my stupor, and, aided by the Abbé Gabriel, that sublime priest—ah, how sublime! the ideal of a true Christian, the worthy adopted brother of Agricola—I courageously entered on the struggle. What shall I tell you, my child? the accomplishment of these duties, the incessant hope of finding you again, have already soothed my sufferings. If I have not been consoled, I have, at least, been distracted from them. Your kind friendship, and the example of your resignation, will do all the rest, and I believe—I am sure I shall forget this fatal love."

As Adrienne uttered these words, quick steps were heard ascending the staircase, and a young and joyous voice was heard, saying,

"Oh, poor dear Mayeux! I only hope I am not too late. Dear, dear! I shall be so delighted if there is anything I can do to help her."

And, without waiting to knock at the door, Rose-Pompon rushed unceremoniously into the garret, followed by Agricola, who, directing Adrienne's attention to the open window, endeavoured by signs to make her understand that she must not speak to the grisette of the deplorable death of the Queen Bacchana. All this dumb show was, however, lost upon Mademoiselle de Cardoville, whose heart beat with mingled pain, indignation, and pride, as she recognised in the fresh arrival the young female she had seen with Djalma at the Porte Saint Martin, and who had been the sole cause of all the wretchedness she had experienced since that fatal night.

And yet, by a cruel stroke of destiny, it was at the very instant when the wounded heart of Adrienne was about to breathe forth the humiliating confession of her despised love that the woman, for whom she believed herself sacrificed, again stood before her.

If the surprise of Mademoiselle de Cardoville was great, that of Rose-Pompon was not inferior. Not only did she easily discover in Adrienne the lovely individual with the rich golden hair, who had occupied the opposite box on the night of the incident of Djalma's attacking the black panther, but she had urgent and important reasons for ardently desiring this unexpected and important meeting. No words can, therefore, adequately paint the look of many triumph, with which she affected to survey Adrienne. The surprise of Mademoiselle de Cardoville was to leave the garret; but not only would it have pained her to abandon La Mayeux at this critical juncture, but also did she shrink from assigning a reason in Agricola's presence for this abrupt departure. And, farther still, an inexplicable and fatal curiosity seemed to retain her on the spot, despite her outraged feelings, and so she stayed.

"She should now," she mentally argued, "be enabled to judge of this rival, to whom her happiness had been sacrificed; face to face, she should see and hear each look and word that escaped the being who had all but cost her her life, and to whom, in her jealous agonies, she had attributed every perfection of body and mind, the better to account for the conduct of Djalma toward herself."
CHAPTER XXIII.

THE RIVALS.

ose-Pompon, whose appearance excited so much emotion in the mind of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, was dressed in the most coquettish and tawdry manner.

Her bibi (headdress) of pink satin, with a very small crown, was placed so forward that it came almost over the end of her small nose, and, in revenge, disclosed the half of her silky and light chestnut hair; her plaid gown, of enormous checks, was open in front, and her transparent tucker, which was not closed too carefully, displayed profusely her well-rounded charms, whose effect was not diminished by the widely-sloped opening of her corse.

The grisette, having hurried up the staircase, held in each hand the corners of her shawl, bedecked with large blue flowers, which, having slipped from her shoulders, had fallen to her wasp-like waist, where it was compelled to take rest by a natural obstacle.

If we enter into these details, it is because, at the sight of this pretty creature, attired in a manner so unbecoming, Mademoiselle de Cardoville, at once detecting her as the rival she believed so happy, felt her indignation, vexation, and shame redoubled.

We may judge of Adrienne's surprise and confusion when Mademoiselle Rose-Pompon said to her, with a self-possessed and unceremonious air,

"Ah! I am so glad to find you here, madam; we can now have some talk together, only I wish first to embrace my poor dear Mayeux, with your leave, madam."

To imagine the tone and accent with which the word madam was uttered, one must have been present at discussions, more or less stormy, between two jealous and rival Rose-Pompons; then one might comprehend how this word madam, uttered under such important circumstances, would comprise all that was provoking.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville, overcome by the impudence of Mademoiselle Rose-Pompon, remained silent, while Agricola, whose attention was solely bestowed on La Mayeux, who had not taken her eyes from him since he entered the room, as well as by his recollection of the afflicting sight he had just beheld, said, in a low voice, to Adrienne, without remarking the grisette's impertinence,

"Alas! mademoiselle, it is all over; Cephyse has just breathed her last sigh, without being for a moment restored to consciousness."

"Wretched girl!" said Adrienne, with emotion, and forgetting Rose-Pompon for a moment.

"We must conceal this sad news from La Mayeux, and tell her hereafter with great caution," added Agricola; "fortunately, little Rose-Pompon knows nothing about it."

And by his look he directed Mademoiselle de Cardoville's attention to the grisette, who had crouched down close to La Mayeux.

When she heard Agricola speak of Rose-Pompon so familiarly, Adrienne's
amazement redoubled; it is impossible to describe what she felt, for, strange to
say, she seemed to herself to suffer less, and her anguish diminished in propor-
tion as she heard the terms in which the grisette expressed herself.

"Ah, my dear, good Mayeux!" she exclaimed, with equal volubility and emo-
tion, and her pretty blue eyes filled with tears, "is it possible you could have
done anything so foolish? Is it that poor people do not assist each other? You
couldn't send to me, then, though you know what is mine belongs to my friends.
I would have made a raffle of Philemon's whole bazar," added the strange girl,
with an increase of tenderness, which was at the same time sincere, affecting,
and comical. "I would have sold his three boots, his dearly-beloved pipes, his
aquatic costume, his bed, and even his out-and-out tumbler, that you might not
be reduced to such a miserable plight. Philemon would not have been angry,
for he is a trump of a fellow; and if he had kicked up a row, it would have
been all the same; thank God, we are not married. I only say, that you ought
to have thought of poor little Rose-Pompon."

"I know how kind and obliging you are, mademoiselle," answered La Ma-
yeux; for her sister had told her that Rose-Pompon, like many in her condition,
had a generous heart.

"I suppose," continued the grisette, wiping away a tear from the end of her
little nose with the back of her hand, "you will tell me next that you did not
know where I had pitched my tent lately. Such a funny story! When I say
funny, I mean quite the contrary;" and Rose-Pompon heaved a heavy sigh.

"But that's all one," she continued; "there's no occasion to talk about that;
it's evident you are better now, and neither you nor Cephyse must ever think
of doing such a thing again. They tell me she is very weak, and no one must
see her. Isn't it so, M. Agricola?"

"Yes," said the smith, with some embarrassment; for La Mayeux never took
her eyes from him; "we must have patience."

"But I shall see her to-day, shall I not, Agricola?" inquired La Mayeux.

"We will see about it; but, pray, calm yourself."

"Agricola is right, and we must be patient, my dear Mayeux," replied Rose-
Pompon. "We will wait; I will wait also; and, in the mean time, I should
like a talk with madam" (and Rose-Pompon gave Adrienne a look like an
angry cat). "Yes, yes, I will wait, for I wish to tell poor dear Céphyse that she,
as well as yourself, may rely on me," and Rose-Pompon drew herself up con-
sequentially; "make your minds easy. To be sure, when one is in a comforta-
ble way, one should let one's friends who are not happy share in one's luck. I
have no idea of people keeping their good fortune all to themselves. That's
my idea. One might as well pack it in straw at once; put it in a glass case,
that nobody may take it away, I say. Though, to be sure, when I say my good
fortune, it's a figure of speech! It's true in one sense, quite true; but in an-
other—you see, my good Mayeux—why, that's another thing. But biah! after
all, I am only seventeen. It's all one, I hold my tongue; for, if I were to talk
to you till to-morrow in this way, you would know no more about me, do, once
again, let me give you a hearty kiss, and don't be vexed any more, Céphyse
either, I tell you; for here I am now—"

And Rose-Pompon, crouching on her heels, kissed La Mayeux heartily.

[See cut, on page 411.]

It is impossible to describe Mademoiselle de Cardoville's sensations during
this conversation, or, rather, monologue of the grisette, in reference to the at-
tempt of La Mayeux at suicide. The eccentric jargon of Mademoiselle Rose-
Pompon, her liberal allusions to Philemon's bazar, to whom, as she said, she
was fortunately not married—the kind-heartedness that displayed itself every
now and then in her offers of service to La Mayeux—these contrasts, imperti-
nences, drolleries, were all so strange and incomprehensible to Mademoiselle de
Cardoville, that she at first remained mute and motionless from surprise.

Such, then, was the creature for whom Djalma had sacrificed her!
If Adrienne's sensation at the first sight of Rose-Pompon had been acutely painful, reflection soon awakened in her doubts, which speedily became unutterable hopes. Recollecting, again, the conversation she had overheard between Rodin and Djalma, when, concealed in the conservatory, she had gone to assure herself of the Jesuit's fidelity, Adrienne no longer asked herself if it were possible and reasonable to believe that the prince, whose ideas in love appeared so poetical, so elevated, so pure, could find the least attraction in the silly babble, the bald, disjointed chatter of this young girl. Adrienne this time no longer hesitated, but, with reason, considered the thing impossible, when she saw her singular rival close at hand, and heard her express herself in such vulgar language, ideas, and remarks, which, without injuring the effect of her pretty features, gave them a character so trifling and unattractive.

Adrienne's doubts as to the love of the prince for a Rose-Pompon were now changed into complete incredulity. Endowed with too much sense, too much penetration, not to feel that this apparent liaison, so inconceivable on the part of the prince, concealed some mystery, Mademoiselle de Cardoville felt hope renewed within her.

In proportion as this consoling idea obtained possession of Adrienne's mind, her heart, until then so painfully oppressed, dilated; vague aspirations of a happy future came over her; and, though cruelly warned by the past, and afraid of yielding to a too facile illusion, she recalled the fact, unhappily attested, of the prince displaying himself in public with this young girl; yet, from the very reason of her becoming more familiar with the peculiar features of her character, did the prince's conduct appear more and more incomprehensible. How could she judge really and surely of that which was enveloped in mystery? And then, again, she reassured herself, for she felt a secret presentiment it would be, perhaps, at the bedside of the poor workgirl, whom she had snatched from death, that, by a providential interposition, she would have a disclosure on which depended the happiness of her life.

The emotion with which Adrienne's heart was excited was so lively, that her beautiful countenance became rose-colour, her bosom heaved violently, her large black eyes, until then so downcast, sparkled with softness and brilliancy, and she became intensely impatient. In the conversation with which Rose-Pompon had threatened her—a conversation which, a few seconds before, Adrienne would have repulsed with all the hauteur of her proud and legitimate indignation—she now hoped to find the explanation of a mystery which it was so important for her to penetrate.
Rose-Pompon, after having once again tenderly embraced La Mayeux, arose, and turning to Adrienne, whom she measured with an air of insolence, said, in an impertinent tone,

"Now for us two, madam" (the word madam being pronounced as before); "we have something to know the rights of between us."

"I am at your service, mademoiselle," replied Adrienne, with much sweetness and simplicity of manner.

At the sight of the coquetting and pert mien of Rose-Pompon, and hearing her flippancy to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, the excellent Agricola, after some tender words exchanged with La Mayeux, opened his ears wide, and was, for a moment, confounded at the effrontery of the grisette; then, going toward her, and touching her by the sleeve, he said, in a whisper,

"I say, are you out of your senses? Do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"Suppose I do, what then? Is not one pretty woman as good as another? I say this for madam. No one will eat me, I suppose," replied Rose-Pompon, insolently. "I have to speak to madam, and she knows very well why and what about: if not, I'll tell her; it won't be a very long job."

Adrienne, fearful that some ridiculous explosion with reference to Djalma might take place in Agricola's presence, made a sign to him, and said to the grisette,

"I am prepared to listen to you, mademoiselle, but not here; you understand why."

"Oh yes, madam; I have my key, so, if you like, come along to my room."

"Let us, then, go to your room, mademoiselle, since you will honour me by receiving me there," replied Mademoiselle de Cardoville, in her softest and most liquid tone, and bending slightly, with an air of politeness so exquisite, that Rose-Pompon, spite of her effrontery, was exceedingly abashed.

"What, mademoiselle," said Agricola to Adrienne, "you are really so condescending as—"

"Monsieur Agricola," replied Adrienne, stopping him, "be so kind as to remain here with my poor friend. I shall soon return."

Then going toward La Mayeux, who participated in Agricola's astonishment, she said to her,

"Excuse me if I leave you for a few instants. Try and gather a little strength, and I will come back to take you home, my dear and good sister."

Then turning to Rose-Pompon, who was more and more surprised at hearing this fine lady call La Mayeux her sister, she said to her,

"When you please, mademoiselle, we will go down."

"Excuse me, madam, if I go first to show you the way; but this barrack is such a break-neck place," said Rose-Pompon, squeezing her elbows against her hips, and pursing up her lips, to prove that she was by no means ignorant of good manners and fine language.

The two rivals left the garret, in which Agricola and La Mayeux remained alone. Fortunately, the mangled remains of the
Queen Bacchanal had been conveyed into the subterranean shop of Mother Arsène; and thus the gazers, always attracted by melancholy events, were congregated at the door of the house, and Rose-Pompon, not meeting any one in the little court which she crossed with Adrienne, continued still in ignorance of the tragic death of Cephyse, her former friend.

After a few moments, the grisette and Mademoiselle de Cardoville found themselves in Philemon’s apartment.

This singular abode had remained in the picturesque disorder in which Rose-Pompon had left it when Nini-Moulin came to seek her to be the heroine of a mysterious adventure.

Adrienne, completely ignorant of the eccentric manners of the students, both male and female, could not, despite her preoccupation, prevent herself from examining, with great astonishment, this whimsical and grotesque chaos of most contrasted objects—costumes for masked balls, death’s-heads smoking pipes, boots mingled with books, monster glasses, women’s clothes, fancy pipes, &c.

To Adrienne’s astonishment a painful repugnance succeeded.

The young lady felt ill at ease, out of place, in this refuge, not of poverty, but disorder, while the miserable attic of La Mayeux had not caused her any such repulsion.

Rose-Pompon, spite of her deliberate impertinence, experienced considerable emotion when she found herself tête-à-tête with Mademoiselle de Cardoville. In the first place, the uncommon beauty of the young patrician, her lofty air, the extreme distinction of her manners, the way, at once high-bred yet affable, with which she had responded to the pert assumption of the grisette, began to have their effect on the latter, and the more so, as she was, after all, a well-meaning creature, and had been much moved at hearing Mademoiselle de Cardoville call La Mayeux her sister—her friend.

Rose-Pompon, without knowing anything particularly of Adrienne, was not ignorant that she belonged to the richest and highest class of society, and she felt some remorse for having acted so cavalierly; thus her intentions, at first very hostile toward Mademoiselle de Cardoville, gradually modified.

However, Mademoiselle Rose-Pompon was a very self-willed young lady; and, desirous not to appear subdued by an influence at which her amour propre revolted, she tried to resume her assurance, and, after having bolted the door, she said to Adrienne,

"Take the trouble to sit down, will you, madam?" still anxious to show that she was not ignorant of fine language.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville took a chair mechanically, while Rose-Pompon, worthily practising that ancient hospitality which respected even an enemy as a sacred guest, exclaimed quickly,

"Do not take that one, madam; one of the feet is off."

Adrienne placed her hand on another chair.

"Nor that either; the back has given way," again cried Rose-Pompon. And she said rightly, for the back of this chair (it represented a lyre) remained in the hand of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, who replaced it cautiously, saying,

"I think, mademoiselle, we can converse as well standing."

"As you please, madam," replied Rose-Pompon, assuming an attitude which she meant to be dignified, while she really felt her importance very fast diminishing.

And thus began the conversation between Mademoiselle de Cardoville and the grisette.
CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CONVERSATION.

After a brief hesitation, Rose-Pompon said to Adrienne, whose heart was palpitating violently,

"I will tell you, madam, what I have on my mind. I should not have tried to see you, but as I find you, it is very natural that I profit by the circumstance."

"But, mademoiselle," said Adrienne, quietly, "may I, at least, know the subject of the conversation we are about to have together?"

"Yes, madam," replied Rose-Pompon, with increased assurance, which was, however, more affected than real; "in the first place, there's no reason why you should think me uncomfortable, or that I have any desire to get up a scene of jealousy, or utter shrieks of distress. Do not flatter yourself as to that. I have no reason to complain of Prince Charming (that's the name I've given him); on the contrary, he has made me very happy; and if I have left him, it was against his wishes, and because I chose it myself."

And as she said this, Rose-Pompon, who, spite of her off-hand airs, had a very sad heart, heaved a deep sigh.

"Yes, madam," she continued, "I have left him because it pleased me, for he was foolishly in love with me, and, if I had wished it, would have married me; yes, married me, madam—so much the worse, if what I say annoys you; that is, when I say so much the worse, I really mean that I should not be sorry to make you uncomfortable; you may believe me. But when I saw you just now so kind to poor Mayeux, although I feel I have acted like a woman, yet I feel something—in short, I really must say I hate you, and you deserve it," added Rose-Pompon, stamping her foot.

From all this it was evident, even to a person much less penetrating than Adrienne, and less anxious to arrive at the truth, that Mademoiselle Rose-Pompon, notwithstanding her triumphant airs with reference to him who was so madly in love with her, and would have married her—it was evident that Mademoiselle Rose-Pompon was completely disappointed, that she was telling an enormous falsehood, that he did not care about her, and that violent love and spite had made her desirous of meeting Mademoiselle de Cardoville, in order to avenge herself by getting up what is vulgarly called a scene, as she considered (we shall learn why presently) Adrienne her fortune rival. But, Rose-Pompon's kind heart having obtained the ascendancy, she found herself unwilling to produce the scene, inasmuch as Adrienne, for the reasons already given, obtained more and more control over her.

Although she had anticipated, if not the singular attack of the grissette, still this result, viz., the impossibility that the prince could have any serious attachment for this girl, Mademoiselle de Cardoville, notwithstanding the singularity of the meeting, was at first gratified at seeing her rival thus confirm a part of her conjectures. But to these hopes, almost realized, quickly succeeded a cruel apprehension. Let us explain.

What Adrienne had just learned ought to have completely satisfied her, ac-
cording to what are called the usages and customs of the world, that Djalma's heart had never ceased to be hers. It mattered little that the prince, in all the effervescence of an ardent youth, had or had not yielded to an ephemeral caprice for this girl, who was really very pretty and very tempting; for, even supposing he had yielded to this caprice, he had blushed for his error, and separated from Rose-Pompon.

Notwithstanding so many good reasons for this error of the senses, Adrienne could never have pardoned it. She never could comprehend that absolute separation of body and soul which maintains that the one does not participate in the stain of the other. She could not believe that it was possible to give one's self up to one woman while thinking of another. Her love, young, chaste, and impassioned, was absolute in its exaction—an exaction as just in the eyes of nature and of God, as ridiculous and silly in the eyes of men.

Adrienne had, on the subject of the senses, scruples, delicacies unheard of, invincible repugnances, completely unknown to those austere spiritualists, those ascetic prudes, who, under pretext of the vileness, the unworthiness of the flesh, look on its errors as absolutely immaterial and unworthy of consideration, that they may exhibit their full contempt for its unworthiness.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville was not one of those fiercely bashful creatures who would rather die with confusion than declare openly their desire to be married to a young, handsome, ardent, and pure-minded husband, and who, as a consequence, wed ugly, worn-out, dissipated men, quite sure, six months afterward, to have two or three lovers. No; Adrienne felt instinctively all the heavenly and virginal freshness there is in the equal innocence of two handsome beings, enamoured and impassioned; all that there is to guarantee the future in the tender and inexpressible souvenirs that a man preserves of his first love, which is also his first possession.

We have said that Adrienne was thus but half reassured, although perfectly convinced, from Rose-Pompon's tone of chagrin, that Djalma had never felt the least serious attachment for the grisette.

Rose-Pompon had terminated her harangue by this phrase of flagrant and significant hostility,

"In short, madam, I hate you."

"And why do you hate me, mademoiselle?" said Adrienne, mildly.

"Oh, madam," replied Rose-Pompon, forgetting her character of a conquering queen, and giving way to her natural disposition, "as if you didn't know on whose account, and for what, I hate you. Do people go and pick up nosegays out of the very jaws of black panthers for other people for whom they don't care a button? And as if that were all," added Rose-Pompon, who became gradually animated, and whose pretty face, until then contracted by an assumed mocking pout, now expressed a real vexation that was yet somewhat comical: "ah! if it were merely the affair of the bouquet," she continued, "although my heart seemed turned upside down when I saw my 'Prince Charming' spring on the stage, I should have said, Oh, these Indians have their own notions of being polite; here, for instance, if a lady drops her
nosegay, a well-behaved gentleman picks it up and returns it: it is quite different in India; there a man does not restore the bouquet, but kills a tiger before her eyes: that, it seems, is the fashion of the country; but what I consider a very bad fashion is, to treat a woman as I have been treated, and all on your account, as I know full well, madam."

These complaints on the part of Rose-Pompon, at once whimsical and bitter, by no means agreed with what she had previously asserted touching Djalma's ardent love for herself. Adrienne, however, wisely forbore to remind her of these contradictions, and contented herself with mildly observing,

"You are under some mistake in supposing I have been in any way concerned in your vexations; still, I can assure you I truly regret that you have been unkindly treated by any one."

"Oh," cried Rose-Pompon, "if you think I have been beaten, you are wrong. No, that isn't it; still, I know very well that if it had not been for you, Prince Charming would at last have loved me, if ever so little; and he might have done worse things than that, too. And, besides, there are so many ways of loving, and I am not at all hard to please; but no, I never got so much from him as that," continued Rose-Pompon, pettishly biting the end of her rosy thumb-nail.

"I'm sure," she added, "when Nini-Moulin came here to fetch me, and brought me such a lot of jewels and fine things, to induce me to go with him, he was right enough to say I was not running into any danger."

"Nini-Moulin?" repeated Mademoiselle de Cardoville, becoming more and more interested; "and who, pray, may Nini-Moulin be!"

"Oh, he's a religious writer," replied Rose-Pompon, in a half pouting, half sulky voice; "a sort of handy jack, belonging to a pack of sinful old sacristans, whose money he pouches, pretending to write in defence of morality and religion. Pretty morality his own is!"

At the words "religious writer" and "sacristans," Adrienne discovered the clew to another infamous project, on the part of Rodin or Father d'Aigrigny, which had wellnigh proved fatal to herself and Djalma; a vague notion of the truth glanced across her mind, and she said, "But what pretext did this man assign for persuading you to leave your home?"

"When he came for me he said my virtue would be safe, and that all I should be required to do would be to make myself as charming as I could. Well, thinks I, Philemon is away, and I find it very dull here alone; there seems something droll in this affair, and I run no risk either. Ah!" sighed Rose-Pompon, "I little thought the danger I was running into. Well, Nini-Moulin took me in a fine carriage, which stopped in the Place du Palais Royal; a sour-looking man, with a skin the colour of an orange, took Nini-Moulin's place in the carriage, and conducted me to the house of Prince Charming, where I took up my abode. When I first saw the prince, I was struck with admiration; for he is a beauty, if ever there was one; and, then, he looked so good, so kind. Oh, dear! thinks I to myself, it will be rather hard work to be so 'very correct;' but I had no need to be afraid. Heaven knows I remained correct enough, rather more so than I could see the necessity of."

"But surely you cannot regret having preserved your virtue?"

"I tell you what I regret, and that is never having had, at least, the satisfaction of refusing. How is one to say 'No' if one is never asked to say 'Yes?"' What can be more insulting than never once to utter a single word that sounded like love!"

"Still, you must pardon me for remarking, that the indifference manifested to you does not appear, in my opinion, to have prevented your making a somewhat long stay in the house of which you are speaking."

"How do I know why Prince Charming chose to keep me there, or why he took me about with him in a carriage, or to the theatres? how can I tell what his reasons were? Perhaps, in the savage country he comes from, it is the fashion to keep a nice, pretty girl, just to pay no sort of attention to her."
"But why did you stay in the house, then?"

"Why?" exclaimed Rose-Pompon, impatiently stamping her foot; "because, somehow or other, I found myself, against my will, over head and ears in love with the prince; and the oddest thing is, that I, who have always been as gay as a lark, actually loved him for his very sadness and melancholy, a sure proof how much I was in earnest; however, one day I could hold out no longer. 'Well,' said I, 'come what may, I care not. I have no doubt Philemon has played me many a sly trick in the country, so that is an excuse for my forgetting him while he is away.' So I set to work and dressed myself, oh! so sweetly, so becomingly! and, after having looked at myself in the glass, 'Oh!' said I, 'this must win his heart; he never can resist!' So off I went to the prince, and then I lost my senses, I think, for I positively told him all the tender thoughts he had inspired me with. I laughed, I cried, until I finished by declaring that I adored him. And what do you think he answered in his sweet, calm voice, cold and motionless as marble? 'Poor child! poor child!' Neither more nor less than if I had gone to complain to him of the toothache in consequence of cutting a wisdom tooth; and what aggravates me worse than all is, I am sure that if he were not himself crossed in love he would be like a train of gunpowder. But he is so sad, so spiritless!"

Then, suddenly checking herself, Rose-Pompon continued, "No, no; now I think of it, I will not tell you that; it would please you too much;" but, after a second pause, the whimsical creature, fixing her large blue eyes with a mingled expression of respect and emotion on Mademoiselle de Cardoville, said, "Well, after all, why shouldn't I tell you? I don't care about its pleasing you. I began by telling you that Prince Charming wished to marry me, and I have let out, in spite of myself, that he had all but turned me out of the house. I don't know how it is, but whenever I tell fibs, I always make a mess of it. So now, madam, you shall have the true history of the affair. When first I saw you with poor La Mayeux, I bristled up with rage like a turkey-cock; but when I heard a beautiful rich lady like you call that poor girl your sister, and speak to her so kindly and tenderly, it was no use trying to be in a passion; my anger all melted away. Well, then, again, after we came here, I did all in my power to work myself up into a rage, but it was no use. The more I perceived the difference between you and myself, the more I comprehended how natural it was for Prince Charming to prefer you to me, for there's no mincing the matter that he is downright crazy about you. It was not only his killing that panther at the Porte Saint Martin, but you would never guess the antics he played with your bouquet. Then he used to pass whole nights without sleeping, and very often weeping, in a room where, I am told, he saw you for the first time—a room that opens into a conservatory. And he has painted your portrait, from memory, on glass, as is the custom in his country, and other lover-like tricks. At last I began to feel grieved and sorry for him; it made the tears come into my eyes to see his handsome face so melancholy! I declare, even now, only with thinking of the poor prince, I can hardly help crying. 'Ah, madam," added Rose-Pompon, her pret-
blue eyes filled with tears, and with so genuine a look of sympathy that Adrienne was deeply touched by it, "ah! madam, you who seem so good and gentle, do not make him wretched, but try and love him a little; pray, do: oh! you will find it very easy as well as agreeable, if you only try."

And Rose-Pompon, with a movement which, savouring too much of familiarity, was nevertheless performed with unfeigned simplicity, seized the hand of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, as if to enforce her petition.

That young lady had need of all the self-command she possessed to restrain the joy which rose from her heart to her lips, to arrest the torrent of inquiries she longed to address to Rose-Pompon, as well as to suppress the tears of joy and delight which had long trembled on her silky lashes; and yet, strange to say, when Rose-Pompon took her hand, instead of angrily withdrawing it, Adrienne affectionately pressed that of the grisette, then drew her to the window, as though she was desirous of more attentively examining the lovely countenance of Rose-Pompon.

The grisette, on entering the chamber, had thrown her shawl and head-dress on the bed, so that Adrienne could freely admire the thick, rich masses of light, glossy hair which shaded her blooming features and set off the dazzling brilliancy of her complexion, displaying to advantage the round pearly cheek and pouting lips, that rivalled coral, with which the clear blue of her laughing eyes formed so gay a contrast. Neither could Adrienne avoid perceiving, owing to the very dégagé style of Rose-Pompon's toilet, that the beauty of her throat and bosom fully equalled the charms of her face. Strange as it may appear, Adrienne was delighted to find this young girl still more handsome than she had at first thought her; Djalma's stoical indifference for such an attractive creature proved the sincerity of the love which absorbed him.

Rose-Pompon, after having taken Adrienne's hand, was as confused as surprised at the kindness with which Mademoiselle de Cardoville received her familiarity. Imboldened by this indulgence and the silence of Adrienne, who, for some instants, looked at her with almost grateful benevolence, the grisette resumed,

"Yes, madam, you will take compassion on the poor prince; won't you?"

We cannot take upon ourselves to say what answer Adrienne was about to make to this indiscreet question, when suddenly a sort of wild, shrill, shrieking, ear-piercing sound, which was evidently meant for an imitation of a cock crowing, was heard outside the door.

Adrienne started with alarm, but in a moment Rose-Pompon's countenance, which had been so touchingly expressive, expanded joyously as, recognising the signal, she exclaimed, clasping her hands,

"Tis Philemon!"

"What! Philemon?" said Adrienne quickly.

"Yes; my lover. Ah! the monster, he creeps quietly up the stairs to play the cock. It's so like him!"

A second "cock-a-doodle-doo," still more vociferous, was heard outside the door.

"Bless me, what a funny, foolish fellow it is! He always does the same thing, and it always amuses me," said Rose-Pompon.

And she wiped away her tears with the back of her hand, laughing like an idiot at Philemon's pleasantry, which always seemed new and pleasant to her, although she was so used to it.

"Do not open the door," said Adrienne, in a low tone, more and more embarrassed; "do not answer, I entreat you."

"The key is in the door, and the bolt is fastened; Philemon knows very well there is some one here."

"Never mind."

"But, to tell the truth, he is at home here, madam; we are in his apartments."

And Philemon, probably growing weary at the ineffectual result of his orn-
thological imitations, turned the key in the lock, but unable to enter, said
through the door, in a deep base voice,

"Halloo! my darling puss! What, are we shut in? Are we praying to
Saint Flare-up for the return of Mon-mon (read Philemon)!

Adrienne, unwilling to increase the embarrassment and absurdity of this situa-
tion by protracting it, went to the door and opened it to the astonished gaze
of Philemon, who retreated two or three steps.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville, notwithstanding her extreme annoyance, could
not repress a smile at the sight of Rose-Pompon's lover, and the packages he
had in his hand and under his arm.

Philemon was a tall fellow, brown and fresh-coloured. He wore a white flat cap,
while his black and tufty beard fell in masses on a large sky-blue waistcoat, à la Robes-
pierry; a short frock coat of olive velveteen, and very wide plaid trousers, of immensely
large pattern, completed Philemon's costume. As to the luggage which had caused Adri-
enne's smile, it consisted of, first, a portmanteau, from which projected the head and feet
of a goose, and which he carried under his arm; secondly, of an enormous white, live
rabbit, enclosed in a cage, which the student
held in his hand.

"Ah! what a love of a white rabbit! what
dear, beautiful red eyes he has!"

It must be confessed that these were the
first words of Rose-Pompon, and they were
not addressed to Philemon, although he had
returned after a long absence; but the stu-
dent, far from being annoyed at seeing him-
self completely sacrificed to his long-eared,
ruby-eyed companion, smiled complacently,
as if delighted to see the surprise he had pre-
pared for his mistress so completely success-
ful.

This passed very rapidly.

While Rose-Pompon, kneeling before the cage, was uttering her admiration of
the rabbit, Philemon, struck by the aristocratic bearing of Mademoiselle de Car-
doville, had put his hand to his cap, and respectfully saluted her as he moved
aside.

Adrienne returned his salutewith mingled politeness and dignity, and going
down the stairs, quickly disappeared.

Philemon, as much dazzled by her beauty as struck with her noble and pa-
trician mien, was very curious to know how Rose-Pompon had made such ac-
quaintances, and said to her, in his amorous and tender slang,

"Darling puss, tell its Mon-mon (Philemon) who that fine woman is."

"One of my schoolfellows, great satyr," said Rose-Pompon, playing with the
rabbit.

Then glancing at a box which Philemon had placed near the cage and port-
manteau,

"I'll bet that's some more plums you've brought from home."

"Mon-mon brings better than that to his dear pussy," said the student, im-
printing two vigorous kisses on the fair cheeks of Rose-Pompon, who had risen
from her knees; "Mon-mon brings her his heart."

"Gammon!" said the grisette, placing delicately the thumb of her left hand
to the extremity of her little pink nose, and opening her small hand, which she
gently moved.
Philemon replied to this little impertinence of Rose-Pompon by putting his arm round her waist, and the happy household then closed the door.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONSOLATIONS.

Ending the interview of Adrienne and Rose-Pompon, a touching scene was passing between Agricola and La Mayeux, who were both greatly surprised at Mademoiselle de Cardoville's condescension to the grisette.

Immediately after the departure of Adrienne, Agricola knelt by Mayeux's couch, and said to her, with deep emotion,

"We are alone, and I can now tell you what I have on my heart. Ah! what you have done is very frightful;—die of misery, despair, and not send for me to come to you!"

"Hear me, Agricola—"

"No, there is no excuse for it. Of what use has it been, then, that we have called each other brother and sister? have given each other, for fifteen years, proofs of the most sincere affection? and yet, on a day of misfortune, you thus
resolve on quitting life without any disquietude as to those you leave behind you—without reflecting that, to kill yourself, is to say to them, 'You are nothing to me.'"

"Forgive me, Agricola; that is too true; I did not think of that," said La Mayeux, lowering her eyes; "but misery—the want of work—"

"Misery! the want of work! but was not I at hand!"

"Despair—"

"And why despair? The generous young lady received you at her house; appreciating your worth, she treated you like a friend; and yet it was at the moment when you had every guaranty for future happiness, my poor child! that you so suddenly abandoned the house of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, leaving us all in horrible anxiety as to your fate."

"I—I was afraid—of being a charge to my benefactress," stammered La Mayeux.

"You a charge to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, who is so rich and good!"

"I was afraid I might commit some indiscretion," answered La Mayeux, more and more embarrassed.

Instead of replying to his adopted sister, Agricola kept silence, gazed at her for several moments with an indefinable expression, and then suddenly exclaimed, as if in reply to a question he had put to himself,

"She will forgive me for having disobeyed her; yes, I am sure of it."

Then, addressing La Mayeux, who looked at him with increasing surprise, he said to her, in a broken and agitated voice,

"I am too frank; the position is not tenable; I am reproaching, blaming you, and I am not thinking of what I say, but of something else."

"Of what, Agricola?"

"I am wounded to the heart when I reflect on all the ills I have done you."

"I do not understand you; you never did me any ill."

"No! never! not even in small things! when, for instance, giving way to a detestable habit of infancy, I, who loved you, respected you as my sister, insulted you a hundred times a day!"

"Insulted me?"

"And what else was it, when I invariably gave you a nickname so full of hateful ridicule, instead of calling you by your name?"

At these words La Mayeux looked at the smith with affright, trembling lest he had been informed of her sad secret, notwithstanding the assurance to the contrary which Mademoiselle de Cardoville had given her. Still she calmed herself by the thought that Agricola might have been reflecting on the humiliation she must have felt on hearing herself perpetually called La Mayeux (Hump-back). She replied, with a forced smile,

"Why vex yourself for such a trifle? It was, as you say, Agricola, a habit of infancy. Your good and tender mother, who treated me as her daughter, also called me Mayeux, as you very well know."

"And was it my mother who went to consult you as to my marriage, to talk to you of the uncommon beauty of my betrothed, to entreat you to see this young girl, to study her disposition, in the hope that the instinct of your attachment for me would tell you if I had made a bad choice? Was it my mother who displayed this cruelty? No! it was I myself who thus rent your heart in twain."

La Mayeux's fears again awoke; there was no longer any doubt: Agricola possessed her secret. She felt as if she should die with confusion. Still, making one last effort not to believe in this discovery, she murmured, in a faint tone,

"In truth, Agricola, it was not your mother who urged you to that; it was yourself; and—and—I—I felt grateful to you for such a proof of confidence."

"Grateful to me! unhappy child!" cried the smith, his eyes filled with tears;
"no, that is not true, for I did you a terrible injury; I was pitiless without knowing it."

"But," said La Mayeux, in a voice scarcely intelligible, "why do you think of this?"

"Why?" exclaimed the smith, in a voice tremulous from deep emotion, and affectionately bestowing on La Mayeux a fraternal embrace; why? because you loved me!

"Great God!" murmured the unhappy girl, striving to cover her face with her thin hands, "he knows all!"

"Yes," cried the smith, with an expression of respectful tenderness impossible to depict, "yes, I do know all, and I forbid you to blush for a sentiment so honorable as well as flattering to my feelings. Yes, I know all; and I say with pride and happiness that the best and noblest heart that ever beat in human breast was, is, and ever shall be mine. Come, come, Madeleine, let us leave shame to those who nourish sinful or ignoble passions; but do you fearlessly look up; raise your eyes, and carefully search my features; you know that they have never expressed any but my real thoughts, and that falsehood never yet was impressed on them. Well, then, I bid you look; ay, look well on the face of your brother, and then I am sure, Madeleine, you will read how proud, how justly proud, I feel of your love."

Overcome with grief and bowed by shame, La Mayeux had not once dared raise her eyes to Agricola; but the words of the smith were uttered with so much earnestness, his voice trembled with so true a manly tenderness, that by degrees the poor creature felt her confusion disappear even in spite of herself, especially when Agricola, with increasing warmth, added,

"Tranquillize yourself, then, my gentle, noble-minded sister; I promise you you shall never have cause to regret the affection so generously bestowed, but that it shall be the study of my life to render myself worthy of it; and, trust me,
it will henceforward be a source of as much happiness to you as it has hitherto
been of sorrow and tears; for why should a love like yours produce coldness,
confusion, or fear? Love in a breast pure as that of my Madeleine is made up
of devotion, tenderness, and esteem, returned even with tenfold strength, accom-
panied by a confidence that knows no bounds; and these feelings will, for the
future, be stronger than ever with both of us. Upon a thousand occasions, for-
merly, I inspired you with fear and mistrust; but, for the time to come, when
you perceive me all joy, and finding myself the possessor of such a heart as yours,
dear Madeleine, you will rejoice and feel glad at having occasioned me so much
happiness. I know it appears selfish to urge such reasons, but you know I can-
not utter other sentiments than those I feel."

The more the smith spoke, the more imboldened grew La Mayeux; what she
had most dreaded in the betrayal of her secret, was to see it received with con-
tempt or raillery, or, at most, with a mortifying pity; but, on the contrary, joy
and happiness were visible on the fine, manly countenance of Agricola, whom
La Mayeux well knew to be incapable of feigning; discarding, therefore, all
false shame and confusion, she also exclaimed, in exulting tones,

"So it is with all right and unselfish feelings! they ever finish by exciting in-
terest and sympathy for those who have endeavoured to control their passions and
submit themselves to the will of God: a passion, pure and sincere, is capable
of bestowing equal honour on the object that inspires it as the heart that cher-
ishes it. Thanks to you, Agricola, and your kind assurances, I feel that, instead
of blushing for my love, as though it were base or unworthy, I may even glorify
myself for it. You and my benefactress are right; wherefore should I feel
shame? Is not my affection pure and holy as that of angels? What did I ever
aspire to more than being constantly near you, to love you, and dare to tell you
so; to prove my affection by every action of my life? And yet, shame, dread,
with the distractions caused by the climax of misery I endured, drove me to the
very verge of suicide; but, then, dear friend and brother, I must crave some al-
lowances and indulgence for the weakness of an unfortunate being, devoted, like
myself, to ridicule and scorn even from my cradle; and then, too, this secret
would have died with me, had not a chance, impossible to foresee, revealed it to
you. You are right in saying I ought not to have doubted you more than I did
myself; I should have fearlessly trusted to your generous nature to conceal my
weakness and forgive my folly; but you must make allowances for me. When
we mistrust ourselves as cruelly as I did, it unfortunately leads us to suspect and
undervalue others; but let us forget all that. Come, Agricola, my kind and be-
loved brother, let me repeat the words you yourself used but just now: Look
well into my face; you know my features are incapable of expressing falsehood;
look closely, then, upon me; see if my eyes fear to meet yours; tell me if you
have ever seen my countenance beam with truer delight, and yet a short time
since I was about to die."

La Mayeux said truly. Even Agricola himself had not hoped for so prompt
an effect from his words. Spite of the severe traces left by grief, want, and sick-
ness on the features of the poor girl, there shone, at this moment, a happiness
refined and serene; while her soft blue eyes, pure and gentle as her mind, were
raised without embarrassment to meet the gaze of Agricola.

"Oh, thanks, thanks, dearest Madeleine!" cried the delighted young man;
"when I see you so calm and restored to peace, I feel more grateful to you than
I can describe."

"Yes," replied La Mayeux, "I am calm and happy, and henceforward you
will never see me otherwise; for now I shall have nothing to conceal—my ev-
ery thought will be known to you. Oh! this day, which began so threateningly,
will end like a heavenly dream; far from beholding you with fear, I gaze on you
with delightful hope. I have again found my generous benefactress; I have no
farther uneasiness on my sister's account. We shall shortly see Céphyse, shall
we not? for my joy seems incomplete till she partakes of it."

H H H
La Mayeux appeared so radiant with happiness, that the smith could not find in his heart to disturb it by revealing to her the wretched death of her sister, which he purposed breaking to her cautiously and by degrees.

"Céphyse," replied the smith, "being of a more robust constitution than yourself, has suffered so severely that I have just been informed it will be requisite to keep her perfectly calm and undisturbed throughout the whole of the day."

"Oh, then, I will wait patiently; I have plenty to prevent me from growing impatient. I have so many things to tell you."

"Dear, good Madeleine!"

"Do you know, Agricola," said La Mayeux, interrupting the smith, and weeping tears of joy, "I can hardly attempt to make you comprehend the joy and delight I feel when you call me Madeleine! it sounds so sweet, so soft, so beneficent on your part, that it makes my heart swell with happiness."

"Poor dear girl!" exclaimed the smith, with indescribable emotion; "what must she not have suffered to express so great pleasure and gratitude at being merely called by her right name!"

"But consider, dear brother, how that word, from your lips, discloses to me a fresh existence! Oh! if you could only fancy the blessed glimpse of the future that seems to dance before my eyes as your voice utters it; if you could but penetrate into the dear ambitions of my tender hopes; your charming wife, your Angola, with the face and mind of an angel. Ah! now, in my turn, I bid you turn your gaze on me, and you will see how dear that name is, both to my lips and heart. Yes, yes! your good and lovely Angela will also call me Madeleine; and your children, Agricola—those adored little beings! their dear and innocent lips will also lisp out Madeleine! To them I shall be their dear, good Madeleine; and they will not, by reason of the tender love I bear them, be as much my children as they are their mother's! for I positively claim my share in the sweet delight of bringing them up, so they will belong to us all three, will they not, Agricola? Oh! suffer me, suffer me to weep; it is so soothing and delightful to shed tears without bitterness or need of concealment. Praise be to God, and you, my friend, the source of painful tears is forever dried up."

An unseen spectator had beheld the latter part of this affecting scene; the smith and La Mayeux having been too intently occupied to perceive that Mademoiselle de Cardoville was standing at the threshold of the door.

As La Mayeux had remarked, this very day, which had opened on all with so ill a promise, had turned out a day of ineffable felicity to all. Adrienne was radiant with happiness. Djalma had been faithful— still passionately loved her; the odious appearances by which she had been misled were evidently a fresh machination on the part of Rodin, and it remained only for Mademoiselle de Cardoville to find out the end and aim of these plots. Another joy was yet in store for her.

As regards happiness, nothing makes persons more penetrating; and thus Adrienne guessed, by La Mayeux's appearance, that there was no longer any secret between the seamstress and the smith, and she could not then restrain herself from exclaiming, as she entered, "Ah! this is the happiest day of my life, for I am not the only one who is happy."

Agricola and La Mayeux turned round quickly: "Mademoiselle," said the smith, "in spite of the promise I made you, I could not conceal from Madeleine that I knew she loved me."

"Now I no longer blush at my love in the presence of Agricola, why should I blush before you, mademoiselle— before you, who but just now said to me, 'Be proud of this love, for it is noble and pure!'" said La Mayeux, and her happiness gave her strength to rise and lean on Agricola's arm.

"Excellent, excellent, my dear friend," replied Adrienne, putting one of her arms round her to support her; "only one word to excuse an indiscretion with which you may reproach me. If I told your secret to M. Agricola—"
"Do you know why, Madeleine?" exclaimed the smith, interrupting Adrienne. "Another proof of the delicate generosity of heart which never fails mademoiselle. 'I have long hesitated to tell you this secret,' she said to me this morning, 'but I have now resolved on it. We are about to see her again, your adopted sister, to whom you are the best of brothers, and, without knowing it, without thinking of it, you often wound her cruelly. Now you know her secret, and I rely on your heart to keep it faithfully, and to spare her a thousand griefs, poor dear girl! griefs the more poignant as they come from you, and which she must suffer silently. Thus, when you mention your wife to her, your happiness, do it so that it may not wound that noble, good, and tender heart.' Yes, Madeleine, this is the reason why mademoiselle has committed what she calls an indiscretion."

"Language fails me, mademoiselle, suitably to thank you now and ever," replied La Mayeux.

"See, my dear," observed Adrienne, "how the plots of the wicked turn frequently against themselves; they dreaded your devotion to me, and ordered the unhappy girl Florine to abstract your journal."

"To compel me to leave your house from shame, mademoiselle, when I knew that my most secret thoughts were exposed to the jeers of everybody; now I no longer fear them," said La Mayeux.

"And you are right, my dear; well, this atrocious treachery, which so nearly caused your death, has at this moment turned to the confusion of the wicked; their stratagem is unveiled—this, and, fortunately, others also," added Adrienne, thinking of Rose-Pompon.

Then she continued, in a joyful tone, "Well, at length, we are once more united, more happy than ever, and recovering with our happiness fresh strength against our enemies; I say our enemies, for all that love me are hateful to these wretches: but courage, the hour is come, and the worthy and good will have their turn."

"Thank Heaven, mademoiselle!" said the smith; "and, for my part, it is not zeal that I want. How glorious to unmask these villains!"

"Let me remind you, M. Agricola, that you have an appointment with M. Hardy for to-morrow."

"I had not forgotten it, mademoiselle, any more than your generous offers."

"Oh, they are simple enough; he is one of my family. Repeat to him what I shall also write this evening, that all the funds necessary to rebuild and organize his factory are at his command. Not for himself only do I speak, but for a hundred families reduced to a precarious destiny. Entreat him, therefore, to leave, as soon as possible, the ill-omened house to which he has been conveyed; there are a thousand reasons why he should distrust everything and everybody around him."

"Make your mind easy, mademoiselle; the letter which he wrote me in reply to that which I contrived to convey to him clandestinely, was short but affectionate, though sad. He grants me the interview; I am sure to induce him to decide on leaving this wretched house, and may, perhaps, bring him away with me, for he has always had entire confidence in my devotion."

"Well, then, courage, M. Agricola," said Adrienne, putting her cloak on La Mayeux's shoulders, and wrapping it carefully around her; "let us go, for it is getting late; as soon as we reach my house, I will give you a letter for M. Hardy, and to-morrow you will be so good as to come and give me an account of the result of your visit, will you not?"

Then recollecting herself, Adrienne blushed slightly, and said, "No, not to-morrow; write me only, and come the day after to-morrow, about noon."

Some moments later, the young seamstress, supported by Agricola and Adrienne, had descended the staircase of the melancholy house, and having got into the carriage with Mademoiselle de Cardoville, begged most earnestly to be al-
allowed to see Céphyse, for it was in vain that Agricola had replied that it was impossible until the next day.

Thanks to the information which Rose-Pompon had given her, Mademoiselle de Cardoville, rightly mistrusting all that were around Djalma, thought she had hit upon a means of sending that same evening a letter from herself, which would safely reach the prince's hands.
It was the evening of the day on which Mademoiselle de Cardoville had prevented La Mayeux from suicide.

Eleven o'clock had struck: the night was very dark; the wind blew violently, and drove before it heavy black clouds, which completely intercepted the pale light of the moon.

A hackney-coach was slowly and with difficulty ascending, at the pace of broken-winded horses, the steep acclivity of the Rue Blanche, near the barrier close to the house which Djalma inhabited.

The vehicle stopped. The coachman, grumbling at the length of the long pull, which ended on this precipitous ascent, turned round on his seat, leaned toward the glass of the coach front window, and said, in a rude tone, to the person who was within,

"Well, here we are at the end of the run. From the top of the Rue de Vaugirard to the Barrier Blanche, that is what I call a fare; and then the night is so dark you can't see your way two steps before you, for they don't light the lamps because of the moonshine, which does not shine."

"Look for a small door with a portico; pass it, go on about twenty yards, then stop by the wall," replied a shrill, impatient voice, with a strong Italian accent.

"Oh, this is some German beggar, who wants to make me his donkey," grumbled the coachman to himself; then he added, "But, thunder and Mars! I have just told you that no one can see an inch before his nose, and how the devil am I to find out your little door?"

"You are exceedingly stupid. Go along the wall, on the right hand, quite close to it; the light of your lantern will aid you, and you will easily find the
little door; it follows No. 50. If you cannot find it, you must be drunk," replied the voice in the Italian accent, with increasing sharpness.

The coachman's only answer was to swear like a heathen, flog his tired horses, and then go as close as possible to the wall, on which he fixed his staring eyes, to read the numbers by the help of his lamp.

At the end of a few minutes the coach again stopped.

"I have driven past No. 50, and here's a small door with a portico," said coachee; "is this it?"

"Yes," replied the voice; "now go on twenty steps farther, and then stop."

"All right. Here we are."

"Now get off your box, and go and strike twice three blows at the little door we have just passed. Do you understand? Three knocks twice."

"Which, I suppose, is what I am to have for myself out of the fare," said the angry Jehu.

"When you have driven me back again to the Faubourg Saint Germain, where I live, you shall have something handsome for yourself, if you manage cleverly."

"Good! what! back to the Faubourg Saint Germain? A precious nice drag, says I," replied the coachman, considerably exasperated; "and I pushed my nags, that I might be on the Boulevard when the theatres were over." Then, bearing up against his misfortune, and relying on the consolation of something handsome, he resumed, "I'll go and give the six thumps at the small door, any how."

"Yes; three knocks, then a pause, then three more knocks—you understand?"

"And what then?"

"Say to the person who will open the door, they are waiting for you, and then lead him here to the coach."

"Devil burn you!" said the coachman, as he turned round in his box, adding, as he slashed his horses, "This German has got some dodgery with freemasons, or smugglers, mayhap. As we are so near the barrier, it would serve him right to inform against him for giving me such a long spell from the Rue de Vaugirard here."

At twenty yards beyond the small door the carriage pulled up again. Coachee descended from the box, in order to execute the orders he had received.

When he gained the little door, he knocked, as he had been told, three times, and, after a brief pause, three times again.

Some clouds, less opaque, less dark than those which had until then obscured the moon's disk, cleared away; and after the signal given by the coachman, he was enabled to distinguish, when the door opened, a man of middle stature, wrapped in a cloak, and with a coloured cap on.

This man came forward two paces into the street, after having shut and locked the door.

"You are waited for," said the coachman to him. "I'll lead you to the coach;" and going before the man in the cloak, who had only nodded in reply, he conducted him to the coach, and was preparing to open the door and put down the steps, when the voice within said,

"There's no occasion for this, the gentleman will not get in; I will talk to him at the door, and will let you know when I am ready to return."

"As much as to say, I shall have plenty of time to wish you all at the devil," muttered coachee; "but I may as well walk about a little, to get the stiffness out of my legs." And he walked backward and forward by the wall, which was close to the small door.

After a few minutes, he heard the distant sound of wheels, which drew nearer and nearer, and ascending the hill quickly, stopped lower down, and close to the garden gate.

"Ah! here's some gentleman's coach," said the knight of the whip. "Capital nags to bowl up this stiff hill as they did."
He had just made this remark, when, by the momentary light, he saw a man get out of the carriage, come forward quickly, stop an instant at the little door, open it, enter, and disappear, after having closed it behind him.

"Ah! ah! this is queer," said the coachman; "one has gone out, and another has popped in!" So saying, he went toward the carriage, which was very handsome, with two fine horses. The coachman sat motionless in his great coat with six capes, holding his whip upright, with the handle resting on his right knee, as it should be.

"This is bad weather to bring out such high-bred cattle as yours, comrade," said the humble whip of the hack-coach to the aristocratic charioteer, who remained mute and motionless, without seeming to think he was addressed.

"He can't speak French—he's English; I see that by the horses," said coachee, interpreting thus his silence; then seeing, a step or two on, a very tall footman, standing by the door, dressed in a long and full livery great coat of yellowish gray, with a sky-blue collar and silver buttons, the coachman, addressing himself to him by way of compensation, and without much variation of theme, remarked,

"This is bad weather to be out in, comrade."

The same imperturbable silence on the part of the footman.

"They are both English," said Jehu of the hack, philosophically; and, although very much astonished at the incident of the small door, he recommenced his promenade, going toward his own vehicle.

While the facts we have recorded were passing, the man in the mantle and the man with the Italian accent continued conversing, one still remaining in the hackney-coach, and the other leaning on the door.

The conversation lasted some time, and was in Italian; it related to an absent person, if we may judge by the following:

"Well, then," said the voice which issued from the hack, "this is quite understood?"

"Yes, monseigneur," replied the man in the cloak; "but only in case the eagle should become a serpent."

"And, on the contrary, when you shall receive the other half of the ivory crucifix which I have just given to you—"

"I shall know what it means, monseigneur."

"Continue always to merit and preserve his confidence."

"I will merit and preserve it, monseigneur, because I admire and respect the man; more powerful by his mind, his courage, and his will, than the most powerful men of this world. I have knelt before him with humility, as before one of the solemn idols which are between Bohwanie and her adorers; for he, like me, has it for religion, to change life for—nothing!"

"Hush, hush!" said the voice, in an embarrassed tone; "these comparisons are useless and irreverent; only think how to obey him without reasoning on your obedience."

"Let him speak, and I act. I am in his hands like a corpse, as he likes to say. He has seen—he sees every day my devotion, by the services I render him with Prince Djalma. If he were to say to me Kill, although this son of a king—"

"For the love of Heaven, do not have such ideas!" exclaimed the voice, interrupting the man in the cloak. "Thanks to Heaven, such proofs of submission will not be exacted from you."

"It is for him to order, for me to obey. Bohwanie beholds me!"

"I do not doubt your zeal. I know you are a living and intelligent barrier placed between the prince and many guilty interests; and it is because your zeal has been spoken of to me, as also your skill in circumventing the young Indian, and particularly your blind devotion in executing the orders given to you, that I have been desirous to acquaint you with everything. You are fanatic toward him whom you serve; that is right. Man ought to be the obedient slave of the god whom he chooses."
"Yes, monseigneur, so long as the god remains god."
"We understand each other perfectly. As to your reward, you know—my promises—"
"My reward! I have it already, monseigneur."
"How?"
"I understand myself."
"Right; and as to the secret—"
"You have guarantees, monseigneur."
"Yes, sufficiently satisfactory."
"And then, again, the importance of the cause I serve is an abundant reason for my zeal and discretion."
"True. You are, moreover, a man of firm and undaunted purpose, as well as unflinching energy."
"My lord, such, at least, I endeavour to prove myself."
"And, withal, a religious person—I mean, according to your ideas on such subjects; and there is no small merit in having religious views of any kind, in days like the present, when there is so much impiety abroad, especially when your views assure me of your aid."
"You may rely upon all I can do, my lord, upon the principle, that the daring hunter would prefer a jackal to ten foxes, a tiger to ten jackals, a lion to ten tigers, and the ouelmis to ten lions."
"What is the ouelmis?"
"That which the mind is to matter, the sword to the scabbard, the perfume to the flower, the head to the body."
"I comprehend. Never was a more happy comparison! You are evidently a man of sound judgment. Always remember the words you have just uttered, and render yourself more and more worthy the confidence of your idol—your god."
"May I hope, my lord, he will soon be able to listen to me?"
"Assuredly. In two or three days at farthest, you will see him and converse with him. A favourable crisis took place yesterday, and he is now out of danger: once commenced, with a person of his strong mental energy, his cure will be rapid."
"Shall you see him again to-morrow, my lord?"
"Yes, to take my leave before I return to Rome."
"Then relate to him a strange circumstance which occurred yesterday, and with which I have had no opportunity of acquainting him."
"Speak."
"I walked yesterday in the garden of tombs. Everywhere the dead were lowered into their graves, while numerous torches flared among the tombs amid the blackness of night. Bohwanie smiled from her ebony throne; the thought of this goddess of annihilation made me view with pleasure the emptying of a cart filled with coffins. The immense pit yawned like the mouth of hell. Dead after dead was thrown into it; but still its jaws craved for more! All at once, by the light of the torch, I saw an old man beside me weeping. I had seen him before; he was a Jew, and guardian of the house—that house—you know—in—the—Rue Saint Francais, which, you know—"
And the man in the mantle suddenly started, and broke off what he was saying.
"I know—I know. But what ails you? and why do you tremble so? Why have you thus interrupted your discourse?"
"Because in that house is seen, 150 years after it was painted, the picture of a man—a man whom I formerly met at the farthest part of India, on the banks of the Ganges."
And again the man in the mantle ceased speaking, while a cold shudder seemed to pass over his frame.
"A singular resemblance, doubtless, to the person you knew."
JACQUES RENNEPONT.
“Singular indeed! It could be nothing more.”
“But the old Jew—the old Jew; what of him?”
“I will tell you, my lord. Still weeping, he said to the grave-digger, ‘Well, did you find the coffin?’
“You were right,’ replied the man; ‘it was in the second row in the other pit. I knew it by the description you gave me—a cross, formed of seven black spots. But how did you contrive to know both the place and distinguishing marks of this coffin?’
‘Alas!’ replied the old Jew, with bitter sadness, ‘it matters but little to you how I came by my knowledge; you see that I am but too well informed. Where is the coffin?’

Behind the great black marble tomb you know so well, just covered sufficiently to hide it. Only be quick. During the present bustle, no one will notice you,’ continued the grave-digger. ‘You have paid me handsomely, and I heartily wish you success in your undertaking, whatever it may be.’

And what did the old Jew do with the coffin marked with the seven black spots?

He was accompanied by two men, my lord, bearing a litter closed with curtains. He lighted a lantern, and, followed by these two men, went in the direction pointed out by the grave-digger. A confusion which ensued, in consequence of several carriages, filled with dead, all arriving at once, and striving to take precedence of each other, prevented my keeping up with the old Jew. As soon, however, as I could make my way, I sought him diligently among the tombs, but without success. I could see nothing of him.”
"This is, indeed, strange! And what could have been the motive of the Jew in desiring to obtain the coffin?"

"I have heard it said, my lord, that such as he employ the bodies of the dead in compounding magical spells."

"'Tis more than possible; for these unbelievers are capable of any wickedness, even of trafficking with the Enemy of mankind himself. However, we will consider your report, which probably involves some important discovery."

Midnight sounded from some distant clock.

"Midnight! Already?"

"Even so, my lord."

"Then I must go: adieu. You again promise me, on your solemn oath, that, in the event of a certain circumstance mutually agreed upon occurring, when you receive the remaining half of the little ivory crucifix I but now gave you, you will perform what you have sworn to?"

"My lord, I have so sworn, in the name of Bohwanie."

"Do not forget that, for better security, the person who brings you the other half of the cross will say to you—let me see if you recollect the words he will use. What are they?"

"My lord, your messenger will say, 'Friend, there is many a slip between the cup and the lip.'"

"Quite right: farewell. Secrecy and fidelity!"

"Secrecy and fidelity, my lord," replied the man in the mantle.

A few seconds after, the vehicle rolled away, bearing with it the Cardinal Malipieri, who had been the person engaged in conversation with the man in the mantle, whom the reader has, doubtless, recognised as Faringhea; and the latter, returning to the small garden-door leading to the house occupied by Djalma, was about to put his key into the lock, when, to his extreme surprise, the door suddenly opened, and a man came forth. Rushing on the stranger, Faringhea seized him violently by the collar, exclaiming, "Who are you? and whence come you?"
The stranger evidently felt dissatisfied with the manner in which this question was put, for, instead of replying, he only redoubled his efforts to free himself from the grip of his assailant, at the same time shouting, as loudly as possible, "Pierre, Pierre! Help!"

And immediately the carriage, which had been stationed some little way off, dashed up at full speed, and Pierre, the huge footman, springing to the ground, caught the Metis by the shoulders and flung him to the ground, thus effecting a diversion greatly in the stranger's favour.

"And now, sir," said the latter, arranging his dress, still protected by the Her
culean footman, "I am rather better able to reply to your questions, though I must say that your mode of welcoming an old acquaintance is somewhat rough. My name is Dupont, formerly steward of the Cardoville estate; and by the same token I had something to do in fishing you out of the roaring waters in which you had been cast when the vessel you had embarked in was wrecked."

And truly enough did the Metis, by the light of the carriage-lamps, recognise the honest, manly features of M. Dupont, late steward, but now, as he had been informed, comptroller of Mademoiselle de Cardoville's household. The reader has probably not forgotten that M. Dupont was the first to write and solicit her interest in favour of Djalma, while the latter was confined to the Chateau de Cardoville, in consequence of a wound he received during the shipwreck.

"But what was your business here, sir? And why introduce yourself thus clandestinely into the house?" inquired Faringhea, in an abrupt and suspicious manner.

"I beg leave to observe, sir," replied M. Dupont, with much dignity as well as hauteur, "that I came hither in a carriage bearing the livery and arms of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, my most honoured mistress, charged by her openly and undisguisedly to convey a letter from her to her cousin, Prince Djalma, and that, consequently, there is nothing of a clandestine nature either in my mission or my manner of discharging it."

At these words, Faringhea was almost convulsed with silent rage. He, however, replied,

"And why, sir, come at this late hour? And why introduce yourself by the private door?"

"My reason for selecting this hour, my dear sir, was simply because my hono-
ured young lady thought proper to direct me so to do; and I availed myself of
the private door, because there is every reason to believe that had I gone to
the principal entrance I should not have been permitted to see the prince."

"You are mistaken, sir," replied the Metis.

"It may be so; but as it was well known that the prince invariably passed
the greater part of each night in the small saloon communicating with the con-
servatory, to which this private door leads, and as Mademoiselle de Cardoville
had retained a second key in her possession ever since she hired the house, I
felt pretty certain that, by availing myself of this road, I should succeed in de-
ivering into the hands of the prince the letter written to him by his cousin, Mad-
emoiselle de Cardoville, which I have had the honour of doing, my dear sir, and
feel more gratified than I can tell you, not only by the success of my experiment,
but also by the gracious reception I received from the prince, who has had the
condescension to remember me and the small service I was enabled to render
him."

"And who, sir," inquired Faringhea, unable longer to smother the boiling rage which almost choked him, "who, allow me to ask, so well informed you as to the prince's habitudes?"

"However well informed as to the habits of the prince, it would seem, my
dear sir, as though I were very imperfectly acquainted with yours," said Dupont,
in a dry tone of derision, "since, I can assure you, I as little reckoned upon
meeting you in this small doorway as you did to find me there."

And so saying, M. Dupont, with a cool, sarcastic bow, left the Metis and
returned to the carriage, which drove rapidly away, leaving Faringhea as much surprised as enraged.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

Lighter of heart than he had been for many days, the prince, on the morning after Dupont had fulfilled his mission, was walking up and down, with hasty and impatient steps, in the little Indian room of the Rue Blanche. This room, as we know, communicated with the conservatory where Adrienne had seen him for the first time. Desirous of dressing himself now as he had been attired on that occasion, he wore a tunic of white Cashmere, with a deep-red turban, and a belt of the same colour. His gaiters of carnation, embroidered with gold, displayed the perfect symmetry of his leg, and sloped down over a small white morocco slipper with red heels.

Happiness has an action so instantaneous,
THE WANDERING JEW. 439

and, indeed, so material in young, lively, ardent imaginations, that Djalma, who, the evening before, had been dispirited, dejected, despairing, was now scarcely to be recognised. The golden clearness of his complexion was no longer livid and dull. His eyes, but lately veiled like dark diamonds with a humid vapour, now shone with soft brilliancy in the midst of the pearly orbs. His lips, so long pallid, had become of a colour as lively, as velvety, as the most resplendent flowers of his native land.

From time to time pausing in his hasty walk, he drew from his bosom a small paper carefully folded, and raised it to his lips with ineffable delight; then, unable to contain the impulse of his happiness, a kind of joyful cry, full and sonorous, burst from his bosom, and with a bound the prince was before the glass door which separated the apartment from the conservatory where he had for the first time seen Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

Singular power of memory! marvellous hallucination of a mind, beset, governed by one fixed, incessant idea! Very often Djalma believed he had, or, rather, he had really seen the adored image of Adrienne appear to him through this crystal sheet, and, still more, the illusion was so complete, that, with his eyes ardently fixed on the vision he had evoked, he had, aided by a pencil dipped in carmine, traced with astonishing accuracy the profile of the features which the delirium of his imagination presented to his sight.*

It was before these lovely lines, traced in the brightest carmine, that Djalma stood in deep contemplation, after having read and re-read, and carried again and again to his lips, the letter he had received the evening before from the hands of Dupont.

Djalma was not alone. Faringhea followed all the prince's movements with a subtle, close, and gloomy gaze. Respectfully standing in a corner of the room, the Metis seemed occupied with unfolding and spreading out Djalma's bedoj, a sort of bournous of Indian material, of light and silky texture, of which the brown shade was almost lost amid gold and silver embroidery of exquisite delicacy.

The countenance of the Metis was careworn and sinister. He could not be deceived; the letter delivered to Djalma from Mademoiselle de Cardoville on the previous evening by M. Dupont could alone have caused his joy, for, no doubt, he knew he was beloved; and his determined silence to Faringhea since he had been in the room alarmed him greatly, nor could he account for it.

On the previous evening, after having left M. Dupont in a state of anxiety easily understood, the Metis had returned hastily to the prince, that he might judge of the effect of Mademoiselle de Cardoville's letter, but he found the door closed. He knocked, but no one answered. Then, although the night was far advanced, he despatched hastily a letter to Rodin, in which he announced the visit of M. Dupont, and its probable intention and effect.

Djalma had passed a night in the exaltation of happiness and hope—in a state of feverish impatience impossible to describe. It was only in the morning, when returning to his sleeping-room, that he had taken some minutes' repose, and dressed himself alone.

Several times, but in vain, the Metis had rapped discreetly at the door of Djalma's chamber. About noon only, the prince had rung to order his carriage at half past two o'clock. Faringhea had answered the summons, and the prince had given him his commands without looking at him, and as if he were speaking to one of the inferior domestics. Was this mistrust or the preoccupation of the prince? Such was the question which the Metis asked himself with increasing anguish, for the designs, of which he was the most active, most immediate instrument, might be ruined by the least suspicion of Djalma.

"Oh, the hours! the hours! how slow they are!" exclaimed the young Indian, in a low and trembling tone.

"The hours were very long, you said, the day before yesterday, monseigneur." And as he said these words, Faringhea approached the prince, in order to at-

* Some curiosities collections have similar sketches, the productions of Indian art of primitive simplicity.
tract his attention; seeing that he did not succeed, he advanced another step, and added,

"Your joy seems very great, monseigneur; will you condescend to inform your poor and faithful subject of its cause, that he may rejoice with his lord?"

If he had felt the sense of the words of the Metis, Djalma had not heard one of them. He made no reply; his large black eyes were swimming in vacancy; he seemed to smile with adoration at some enchanting vision; his hands were crossed over his breast, as the natives of his country place them when engaged in prayer.

After some moments of such contemplation, he said,

"What is the hour?"

But he seemed rather to ask this question of himself than of any other person.

"Nearly two o'clock, my lord," replied Faringhea.

Djalma, after having heard this reply, seated himself, and hid his face in his hands, as if to collect and absorb himself utterly in his delicious meditation.

Faringhea, extremely uneasy, and desirous, at every risk, to attract Djalma's attention, approached him, and almost certain of the effect of the words he was about to utter, said, in a low and penetrating voice,

"My lord, I am assured that you are indebted to Mademoiselle de Cardoville for the happiness you are enjoying."

He had scarcely uttered this name, when Djalma, starting, bounded from his chair, and looking the Metis in the face, exclaimed, as if he had but just perceived him,

"Faringhea! you here? What do you seek?"

"Your faithful servant partakes your joy, my lord."

"What joy?"

"That excited in you by the letter of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, my lord."

Djalma made no reply, but his look shone with so much happiness, so much serenity, that the Metis felt himself entirely reassured; there was not the slightest shade of doubt or distrust in the joyful features of the prince.

Djalma, after a silence of some moments, raised his eyes, half covered by a tear, to the Metis, and replied, with the expression of a heart which overflows with love and bliss,

"Oh, happiness! happiness! it is good and great like God! It is God!"

"This happiness was due to you, my lord, after so much suffering."

"When? ah! yes, formerly"

I suffered; formerly, too, I was at Java; but that is some years ago."

"But, my lord, this happiness does not surprise me; what have I always said to you? Do not despair; feign a violent love for another, and this disdainful young lady—"

At these words Djalma gave the Metis a glance so piercing that he stopped; but the prince, in the kindest tone, said to him,
"Go on; I hear you."

Then, leaning his chin in his hand and his elbow on his knee, he fixed his eyes on Faringhea with a look so steadfast, but yet so excessively sweet, so penetrating, that Faringhea, that soul of iron, for a moment felt troubled by slight remorse.

"I said, my lord," he replied, "that in following the counsels of your faithful slave, who advised you to feign a passionate love for another woman, you have brought Mademoiselle de Cardoville—so disdainful, so proud—to come to you. Did I not foretell this?"

"Yes, you did foretell this," replied Djalma, still resting on his elbow, and keeping his eyes fixed on the Metis with the same attention, with even the same expression of kindness.

Faringhea's surprise increased. The prince usually, without treating him harshly, yet maintaining the hauteur and distance observed in their own country, had never before spoken to him with such condescension, and knowing all the evil he had done the prince, mistrustful, like all wicked persons, the Metis believed for an instant that his master's kind manner concealed some snare, and he continued, with diminished assurance:

"Believe me, my lord, this very day, if you know how to profit by your advantages, this day will console you for all your griefs, and they have been terrible; for yesterday even—although you are so generous as to forget it, and you are wrong—yesterday even you suffered terribly; but you were not alone in your sufferings; that proud young girl, too, she has also suffered."

"Do you think so?" observed Djalma.

"I am certain of it, my lord. Judge, when she saw you at the theatre with another woman, what she must have felt. If she loved you slightly, her self-love would be bitterly shocked; if she loved you with passion, she has been stricken to the heart; thus, weary of suffering, she comes to you."

"So that, under any circumstances, you are certain that she has suffered very much—very much, and you have not pitied her?" said Djalma, in a constrained voice, but still with a tone full of sweetness.

"Before thinking of pitying others, my lord, I think of your sufferings, and they affect me too much to leave any pity for others," added Faringhea, hypocratically. Rodin's influence had already modified the Phansogar.

"This is strange!" said Djalma, speaking to himself, and looking at the Metis even more steadfastly than before, but still with kindness.

"What is strange, my lord?"

"Nothing. But tell me, since your advice has succeeded for me so well with the past, what think you of the future?"

"Of the future, my lord?"

"Yes; for in an hour I am to be with Mademoiselle de Cardoville."

"That is serious, my lord; the future depends entirely on this first interview."

"It is just what I was thinking of."

"Believe me, my lord, women are never so desperately enamoured as for the bold man who spares them all the embarrassment of refusal."

"Explain yourself more clearly."

"Well, my lord, they despise the timid, languishing lover, who in an humble voice sues for that which he should take."

"But I am today to see Mademoiselle de Cardoville for the first time."

"You have seen her a thousand times in your dreams, and she has seen you in her dreams for she loves you. There is not one of your thoughts of love but finds an echo in her heart. All your most ardent adorations are for her, and she has experienced them for you. Love has not two languages; and, without seeing each other, you have mutually said all you had to say. Now, today act as the master, and she is yours."

"This is strange—strange!" said Djalma, a second time, and not removing his eyes from Faringhea.

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Misunderstanding the meaning which the prince attached to these words, the Metis continued:

"Believe me, my lord, however strange it may seem to you, it is wise counsel. Recall the past. Was it by playing the part of the timid lover that you brought to your feet this haughty young lady? No, it was by pretending to disdain her for another woman. So, then, no weakness; the lion does not sigh like the weak turtle-dove. This fierce sultan of the desert has no regard for a few plaintive moans of the lioness, which is more grateful than offended at his rude and wild caresses; and thus, submissive, happy, fearful, she complacently follows the footsteps of her master. Believe me, my lord, dare—dare! and this very day you will be the adored sultan of this young girl, whose beauty all Paris admires."

After some minutes' silence, Djalma, shaking his head with an expression of tender commiseration, said to the Metis, in his soft and manly voice,

"Why betray me thus? Why counsel me thus wickedly to employ violence, terror, surprise, toward an angel of purity whom I respect as I would my mother? Is it not enough for you to be devoted to my enemies, to those who pursued me even to Java?"

Had Djalma, with fierce eye, terrible look, and upraised poniard, darted on the Metis, the latter would not have been so much surprised, or, perhaps, alarmed, as when he heard Djalma charge him with his reason in accents of such mild reproach.

Faringhea receded a step, as if about to stand on his defence.

Djalma continued, with the same calmness:

"Do not be afraid. Yesterday I should have killed you, I tell you; but today propitious love makes me equitable and clement. I feel for you pity without gall. I pity you, for you must, indeed, have been very wretched to become so wicked."

"I, my lord?" exclaimed the Metis, with increasing amazement.

"You must have suffered very much. Mankind must have been very pitiless to you, poor wretch! that you were so pitiless in your hatred, and that the sight of happiness like mine could not disarm you. When I listened to you just now, I experienced for you sincere commiseration at perceiving the sad perseverance of your hatred."

"My lord, I do not know, but—"

And the Metis, stammering, could not find a word to utter.

"What injury have I ever done you?"

"None, none, my lord!" replied the Metis.

"Then wherefore hate me thus? why seek so fiercely to do me ill? Was it not sufficient to give me the perfidious counsel to feign a shameful love for the young girl you brought hither, and who, weary at the miserable part she played here, has left the house?"

"Your feigned love for that young girl, my lord," replied Faringhea, resuming his coolness gradually, "has overcome the coldness of—"

"Do not say so," said the prince, with the same mildness, and interrupting him; "if I enjoy this felicity, which renders me compassionate toward you—which raises me above myself, it is because Mademoiselle de Cardoville knows now that I have not for a moment ceased to love her as she should be loved, with adoration, with respect. You, on the contrary, by counselling me as you have done, had the design of separating us forever; but you have failed."

"My lord, if you think thus of me, you must consider me your most deadly enemy."

"Fear nothing, I repeat to you; I have no right to blame you. In the madness of my grief, I have listened to you—followed your advice. I have not been your dupe, but your accomplice. Only confess that, when you saw me at your mercy, dejected, wretched, was it not cruel in you to advise me to do that which might have been the most fatal thing in the world?"

"The ardour of my zeal may have misled me, my lord."
"I wish to believe so; yet to-day again—again evil incitements—you were as pitiless for my happiness as you had been for my misery; those delights of the heart, in which you saw me plunged, only inspired you with one desire, that of converting my joy into despair."

"I, my lord?"

"Yes, you; you thought, by following your counsels, I should destroy myself—dishonour myself forever in the eyes of Mademoiselle de Cardoville. What is it, I ask? Whence this deadly enmity? Again, what ill have I ever done you?"

"My lord, you judge wrongly, and I—"

"Listen to me. I do not desire that you should be wicked and treacherous any longer. I would make you good. In our country we charm the most dangerous serpents, and tame tigers. Well, I wish to tame you by force of kindness—you who are a man, you who have a mind to guide, a heart to love: this day confers on me happiness divine; you shall bless this day. What can I do for you? what do you wish? Is it gold? you shall have gold. Will you have more than gold? will you have a friend, whose true friendship will console you, and, by causing you to forget the woes that have made you wicked, render you good? Are you willing that I, though a king's son, should be this friend? I will be so; yes, in spite of the ill—no, because of the ill you have done me, I will be to you a sincere friend; happy to say to myself, 'The day on which that angel told me she loved me, my happiness was very great: in the morning I had an implacable enemy; in the evening his hatred was changed into friendship.' So now, believe me, Faringhea, misfortune makes the wicked, happiness the good; be happy."

At this instant the clock struck two.

The prince started; it was the moment for setting out to his rendezvous with Adrienne.

Djalma's striking countenance, still embellished by the sweet and ineffable expression that animated it while addressing the Metis, seemed lighted up with a divine ray.

Approaching Faringhea, he extended his hand to him with a gesture of grace and tenderness, saying,

"Your hand."

The Metis, whose forehead was bathed with cold perspiration, his features pale, altered, and discomposed, hesitated for an instant; then, overcome, subdued, and fascinated, he shudderingly extended his hand to the prince, who warmly pressed it, saying, in the fashion of his country,

"You place your hand confidently in the hand of a loyal friend. This hand will always be open to you. Adieu, Faringhea; I feel now worthy of kneeling before the angel."

And Djalma went out, in order to go to Adrienne.

Despite his ferocity, his pitiless hatred for the human species, overcome by the noble conduct, the clemency of Djalma, the gloomy fanatic of Bohwanie said, with affright, to himself,
"I have touched his hand! he is henceforth sacred for me;" then, after a moment's silence, his reflection returning to him, he exclaimed, "Yes, but he is not sacred for him who, according to what they replied to me last night, should await him at the door of this house."

So saying, the Metis ran into an adjoining room, which looked into the street, lifted up the corner of a curtain, and said, with anxiety, "His carriage moves on; the man comes toward him. Hell! the carriage goes on, and I can see nothing more."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EXPECTATION.

ARTAKING the same idea, Adrienne had wished, as well as Djalma, to be dressed as she was at her first interview with him in the house of the Rue Blanche.

For the place of this interview, so important to her happiness. Mademoiselle de Cardoville, with her natural tact, had chosen the great reception-room in the Hôtel de Cardoville, where were several family portraits. The most conspicuous of these were her father and mother. The apartment was very large and high, and, like those which led to it, furnished with the imposing luxury of the age of Louis XIV. The ceiling, painted by Lebrun, had for its subject the Triumph of Apollo, and displayed the fulness of design, and the vigorous colouring of the artist, in the middle of a large cornice, magnificently sculptured and gilt, supported at the angles by four large gilt figures representing the seasons. The panels, hung with crimson damask, surrounded with framework, served as a background to the large family portraits which ornamented the room.

It is more easy to conceive than describe the thousand emotions which agitated Mademoiselle de Cardoville as she approached the moment of her interview with Djalma, their meeting had until then been prevented by so many painful obstacles. Adrienne knew that her enemies were so vigilant, so active, and so perfidious, that she was really in doubt of her happiness. At every moment, in spite of herself, she looked at the clock. In a few minutes the hour appointed would strike. At length it struck.

Each stroke of the bell resounded deep in Adrienne's heart. She thought that Djalma, doubtless from reserve, had not allowed himself to anticipate the hour appointed by her, and, far from blaming this discretion, she felt that he was right; but from this moment, at the smallest noise she heard in the neighbouring apartments, she suspended her breath and listened with anxious hope.

During the first minutes that followed the hour at which she expected Djalma, Mademoiselle de Cardoville had no serious alarm, and calmed her impatience, somewhat disturbed, by this calculation (very weak and silly in the eyes of persons who have never known the feverish agitation of delightful expectancy), that the clock in the house at the Rue Blanche might differ somewhat from that of the Rue d'Anjou.
But in proportion as this supposed difference, which was probable, grew into
a delay of a quarter of an hour, twenty minutes, and more, Adrienne felt in-
creasing uneasiness; and twice or thrice the young girl, rising with palpitating
heart, went on tiptoe to listen at the door.
She heard nothing.
Half past three o'clock struck.
Unable to repress her increasing alarm, and still clinging to hope, however
delayed, she returned to the mantelpiece, then rang, after having in a manner
composed her features that they might not betray any emotion.
After a few seconds a gray-headed valet de chambre, clothed in black, opened
the door, and awaited with respectful silence the orders of his mistress, who said
to him, in a calm tone,
"André, desire Hebe to give you a smelling-bottle I left on the mantelpiece
in my chamber, and bring it to me."
André bowed, and at the moment he was about to leave the room to execute
Adrienne's command—a command she had only given in order to ask another
question, the importance of which she was anxious to conceal from the eyes of
her servants, who were informed of the expected coming of the prince—Made-
moiselle de Cardoville added, with an air of indifference, pointing to the clock,
"Does this clock go correctly?"
André drew out his own watch, looked at it, and replied,
"Yes, mademoiselle; I am right by the Tuileries, and it is now more than
half past three by my watch."
"Thank you," said Adrienne, kindly.
André bowed; but before he left the room, he said to Adrienne,
"I had forgotten to say to you, mademoiselle, that Marshal Simon called here
an hour since; as you desired to be denied to everybody except the prince, we
said that mademoiselle did not see any one to-day."
"Quite right," replied Adrienne.
André bowed, left the apartment, and again all was silent.
Inasmuch as, until the last minute of the hour of her interview with Djalma,
Adrienne's hope was not disturbed by the least doubt, so the feeling under
which she now began to suffer was the more terrible. Casting, then, a despair-
ing look at one of the portraits placed over her head, and on one side of the
mantelpiece, she murmured, with a plaintive and distressing accent,
"Oh, my mother!"
Scarcely had Mademoiselle de Cardoville pronounced these words, when the
rumbling of a carriage was heard, as, entering the courtyard, it shook slightly the
window-frames.
The young girl started, and was unable to repress a slight cry of joy; her
heart bounded in anticipation of Djalma, for this time she felt it was he. She
was as certain of it as if she had seen the prince with her eyes.
She seated herself, wiping away a tear suspended on her long lids; her hand
trembled like a leaf.
The noise of several doors opening soon confirmed the young lady in her con-
viction. The gilded folding-doors turned on their hinges, and the prince ap-
peared.
While a second valet de chambre closed the doors, André, entering a few sec-
onds after Djalma, placed on a gilt table close to the young lady a small silver
tray, on which was her crystal scenting bottle, and then the door shut.
The prince and Mademoiselle de Cardoville were alone.
CHAPTER XXIX.

ADRIENNE AND Djalma.

Lightly stepping, the prince was slowly advancing toward Mademoiselle de Cardoville.

Notwithstanding the impetuosity of the young Indian's passion, his unassured step, so timid, yet so delightful, betrayed his profound emotion. He had not dared yet to raise his eyes to Adrienne. He had become very pale; and his beautiful hands, religiously crossed over his breast, according to the custom of adoration in his country, trembled excessively; he paused a few paces from Adrienne, with his head slightly bent to the ground.

This embarrassment, which would have appeared ridiculous in any other, was touching in the prince, but twenty years of age, of almost fabulous courage, of so heroic, so generous a character, that travellers never spoke of the son of King Kadja Sing but with admiration and respect.

Soft emotion, chaste reserve, the more interesting if we recollect that the burning passions of this young man were the more exalted as they had been until now constantly repressed.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville, not less embarrassed, less troubled, had remained sitting, while Djalma stood with his eyes on the ground: but the burning blushes of her cheeks, the hasty palpitations of her virgin heart, revealed an emotion which she did not attempt to conceal.

Notwithstanding the firmness of her mind—by turns so gay and acute, so kind and severe—notwithstanding the decision of her independent character and her knowledge of society—Adrienne, displaying equally with Djalma an unsophisticated embarrassment or delicious agitation, shared that kind of unutterable, passing bewilderment, beneath which these two loving, ardent, and pure souls seemed overwhelmed, as though unable to support the excitement of their senses and the intoxicating passion of their hearts.

And yet their eyes had not met. Both feared the first electric look, the invincible attraction of two loving and impassioned creatures to one another, the sacred fire which, more rapid than lightning, burns their blood, and frequently, almost without their consciousness, raises them from earth to heaven; for it is to approach heaven to resign one's self, with a religious impulse, to the most noble, the most irresistible of the inclinations implanted within us—the sole inclination, in fact, which the Dispenser of all things has vouchsafed to sanctify, by endowing it with a spark of His creative divinity.

Djalma first raised his eyes, which were humid, yet sparkling; the fervour of an excited love, the burning ardour of youth, so long repressed, the excited admiration of ideal beauty was legible in his gaze, though it was impressed with respectful timidity, and gave to the features of the prince an undefinable, irresistible expression.
Irresistible! for Adrienne, meeting that look, trembled in all her body, and felt as if magnetically attracted. Her eyes were already yielding to a feeling of lassitude, when, by a supreme effort of will and dignity, she overcame her troubled feeling, rose from her chair, and, in a trembling voice, said to Djalma,

"Prince, I am happy to receive you here;" then, with a gesture, pointing to one of the portraits suspended behind her, Adrienne added, as if she were introducing him, "Prince, my mother!"

By a thought of rarest delicacy, Adrienne thus, as it were, had her mother present at her interview with Djalma.

This was a safeguard for herself and the prince against the impulses of a first meeting, the more irresistible as both knew they were passionately loved—that they were both free—and were only responsible to Heaven for the treasures of happiness and pleasure with which they had been so richly endowed.

The prince understood Adrienne's thought; and thus, when the young lady pointed out to him the portrait of her mother, Djalma, by a spontaneous movement full of charming simplicity, bowed, and, bending his knee before the portrait, said, in a low but manly voice, addressing the painting,

"I will love you, I will bless you as my mother; and my mother also, in my thought, shall be here, like you, beside her child."

Nothing could better have expressed the feeling which induced Mademoiselle de Cardoville to place herself, as it were, under the protection of her maternal friend and shield. Certain, from this instant, of the purity and congeniality of the prince's affection, the happy girl freely gave herself up to all the delight of a free enjoyment of her tenderness for her young relative, and the rich glow of happiness gradually succeeded to the conflicting anxieties by which her mind had so lately been torn. Re seating herself, and smilingly pointing to a chair opposite her own, she said,

"Be seated, I pray you, my dear cousin! for by that name I must henceforward address you, the word 'prince' sounding too formal, as well as savouring too much of courtly etiquette, for those so nearly related as ourselves. And you, too, must adopt the same mode of address when speaking to me; and so, having settled that we strictly abide by the rule of always calling each other 'cousin,' let us begin our friendly talk."

"With all my heart," replied Djalma, while a bright glow rushed over his cheek at the idea of being permitted thus familiarly to address the divinity who ruled his every thought.

"And as frankness and candour should form the basis of all friendships," rejoined Adrienne, regarding the prince with a sweet smile, "I will commence with scolding you a little!"

But Djalma replied not; instead of taking the seat pointed out to him, he still continued standing, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, in an attitude replete with grace and expressive of the profoundest respect.

"Yes, indeed, cousin," pursued Adrienne, "I have to find fault with you for—for—having made me await your coming."

"And yet, my fair cousin, when you have heard my explanation, you will, perhaps, chide me for not having delayed my visit longer."

"What do you mean?"

"Just at the moment of my leaving home, a man, with whose features I was unacquainted, approached the carriage, and said, with so great an appearance of truth that I fully believed his words, 'You can save the life of one who has been as a second father to you; Marshal Simon is in imminent danger, and if you wish to aid him you must follow me without one instant's delay.'"

"'Twas a snare laid to entrap you," cried Adrienne, eagerly; "Marshal Simon was here scarcely an hour ago."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Djalma, joyfully, and as if relieved from a painful and oppressive weight. "Ah, then, at last this happy day will have no cloud of sorrow to dim its brightness!"
"But how was it," inquired Adrienne, "that you did not mistrust this strange emissary?"

"Some words which subsequently fell from the man aroused my suspicions," replied Djalma, "although at first I had not hesitated to take the road he pointed out, fearing that the marshal might, indeed, be placed in danger, from the numerous enemies, you are aware, my dear cousin, who seek to injure him as much as they desire to effect our misery."

"Upon reflection, cousin, I think you decided rightly in following the messenger, for there was but too great reason to believe in the existence of some fresh plot against the marshal, and at the slightest suspicion of such a thing it was imperatively on you to hasten to his assistance."

"And I did so, even though you expected me."

"You made a noble and a generous sacrifice by so doing," replied Adrienne, deeply touched by the prince's words and manner; "and, were it possible to augment the esteem I entertain for you, your conduct could not fail to increase it. But tell me, what became of the man employed to draw you into the snare?"

"By my orders he entered the carriage in which I was sitting. Uneasy as to the position of the marshal, and growing desperate as I found the precious moments pass away which should have brought me to your side, I closely questioned the man, who several times returned embarrassed or evasive answers; and then the idea first occurred to me that the tale I had listened to was but a scheme to entrap me in some vile snare. Recollecting, too, all the base arts that had been tried to ruin me in your estimation, I resolved upon coming hither first. The consternation and rage of the man, when he found that I was not to be moved by his solicitations, were alone sufficient to enlighten me as to his treachery. Still, a vague uneasiness possessed my mind as I considered the possibility of Marshal Simon's being also in the hands of dangerous, because hidden foes; but those apprehensions are happily relieved by your assurances of our friend's safety."

"Our enemies appear as implacable as perseveringly bent upon our destruction," said Adrienne; "but it matters not; in our extreme happiness we can pity and forget their hate."

Then, pausing for a few seconds, she added, with her accustomed frankness,

"Cousin, I can neither hide nor conceal what is passing in my thoughts; let us for a while revert to the past, which has occasioned us both so much sorrow, and after that let it all be consigned to oblivion, like an evil and uneasy dream."

"Speak on, dear cousin," replied the prince, "and be assured of my replying with perfect sincerity to every question you may ask, even at the risk of injuring myself in your esteem."

"Then tell me, how could you venture to show yourself in public with—"

"Yes, cousin, that young girl who accompanied you to the Porte Saint Martin," answered Mademoiselle de Cardoville, gently, though firmly, while her heart waited with devouring anxiety for Djalma's reply.

"A stranger to the customs of this country," cried Djalma, without confusion, for he uttered the plain and unvarnished truth, "my mind weakened by despair, and led astray by the fatal counsels of a man devoted to my enemies, I believed, according to his advice, that, by affecting a love for another in your presence, I should awaken your jealousy, and that—"

"Enough, enough, cousin," exclaimed Adrienne, in her turn interrupting Djalma, for the purpose of sparing him a painful and humiliating confession; "I understand it all now; and I, too, must have been blinded by despair, or I should have seen through the scheme—more especially after your intrepid though imprudent action, when you risked death itself to regain my bouquet," pursued Adrienne, shuddering at the recollection. "One word more," she continued,
FOLLY.
"although my heart anticipates your reply ere I ask the question: tell me whether
you received a letter from me on the morning of the day on which I met you at
the theatre?"

Djalma answered not, but a heavy cloud passed over his fine countenance,
while, for a brief space, his features assumed an aspect so menacing and wrath-
ful as alarmed Adrienne; but this violent agitation soon subsided, as though from
the calm whisperings of internal peace and happiness, and the forehead of the
prince became open, candid, and serene as before.

"I have been more merciful than I thought," he said, observing the surprise
with which Adrienne was observing him; "I wished to come into your presence
worthy of you, dear cousin, and for that purpose Ipardoned the guilty wretch
who, to serve my enemies, gave me, and still continues to offer, such detestable
advice. This very man, I feel assured, kept your letter from me. A few min-
utes ago, while reflecting upon all the wretchedness his villany had caused me,
I thought I had shown him too much clemency, but when I remembered your let-
ter of yesterday, my breast could find no room for anger. Then let us forever
forget our past misery, our fears, our mistrusts, our mutual suspicions; let us
banish from our minds the recollection of those hours of torment when we doubt-
ed each other's faith."

"Oh yes," exclaimed Mademoiselle de Cardoville, clasping her hands and look-
ing upward with ineffable joy, "let us but rejoice that at length the pure light
of truth has forever dispersed the treachery of our enemies." And then, as
though her heart were forever relieved from the gloomy thoughts which had so
long oppressed it, she continued: "Henceforward the happy future is all our
own; a future so bright, so radiant with pure, unmixed delight, unfettered by
obstacles or difficulties, that the eye droops before its boundless splendours."

No language can portray the heightened rapture, the thrilling tenderness with
which Adrienne pronounced these words; but suddenly a soft melancholy stole
over her lovely features, while, in a voice of deep emotion, she murmured,

"Alas! alas! to think that at a moment like this there are any who suffer in
body or mind upon the earth!"

This burst of pity and unfeigned commiseration for the unfortunate, at the mo-
moment when the noble-minded girl believed herself on the pinnacle of human hap-
piness, made so lively an impression on the mind of Djalma, that, involuntarily
throwing himself on his knees before Adrienne, he clasped his hands, and turned
toward her his handsome countenance, on which was impressed an adoration al-
most divine; then, after gazing with ineffable tenderness for several minutes, he
bowed his head as if in silent adoration. For some time the most profound si-
lence reigned around, which was first interrupted by Adrienne, who, perceiving
a tear steal from between the slender fingers of Djalma, exclaimed,

"What afflicts you, cousin?"

Then, with a movement more rapid than thought itself, she bent forward to-
ward the prince and removed his hands, which were still pressed against his face.
As the covering fell from the features of Djalma, it revealed the large pearly
drops which were rapidly coursing each other down his cheeks.

"You are weeping, too," cried Mademoiselle de Cardoville, so much carried
away by her feelings that she still retained the hands of Djalma between her own,
so that, unable to dry his tears, the young Indian was compelled to allow them
to trickle, like drops of crystal, down his pale cheeks.

"No earthly happiness is comparable to mine," cried the prince, in a tone of
soft, mellifluous tenderness; "and yet," he added, with a sort of irrepressible
melancholy, "I feel a degree of sadness for which I cannot account; yet it must
needs be so; for while you rain celestial happiness upon me, I have but common
earthly joys to offer in return. Alas! alas! what can man offer in exchange for
divinity? He may worship, idolize, bless, and adore, but never can he return
the rich treasures he receives, and therefore he sighs, not in his pride, but in his
heart."
With Djalma this language expressed no exaggerated passion; he spoke but the true and natural thoughts of his heart, and this hyperbolical manner of speaking, peculiar as it was to the East, was alone capable of conveying his impassioned thoughts. His manner of expressing his sense of his unworthiness to approach the idol of his love was so sincere, so unaffected, his humility so gentle and subdued, that Adrienne, touched almost to tears, replied, with an undefinable expression of earnest tenderness,

"Dear cousin, we are as happy as mortals can hope to be; and yet, although arising from different sources, mournful ideas rise to the mind of each. Our prospect of future happiness is boundless and without limit, and the very immensity of our felicity startles and overwhms our minds. The powers of the soul and body are unequal to contemplate joys such as those our horizon presents, and thus the full flow of our overcharged hearts oppresses and weighs us down; so do the flowers bend down their drooping heads, as though exhausted and faded beneath the fervid heat of that glorious orb which is at once their light and their life. Ah! cousin, this sadness we feel, though extreme, is yet sweet and refreshing to our hearts."

And as Adrienne pronounced these last words, her voice sank more and more, while her head drooped gently forward, as though bending beneath the weight of her happiness. Djalma, meanwhile, remained kneeling before her, his hands still contained in hers, so that, as Adrienne stooped toward the prince, her ivory forehead and golden tresses touched the pale amber of Djalma's cheek; and mingled with his raven curls.

And so the lovers wept; and their sweet, yet silent tears fell slowly, until they trickled on the beautiful clasped hands of the enamoured pair.*****

While this scene was enacted at the Hôtel de Cardoville, Agricola repaired to the Rue de Vaugirard, the bearer of a letter from Adrienne to M. Hardy.
CHAPTER XXX.
THE "IMITATION."

Hardy occupied, as we have said, a pavilion in the "House of Retreat" annexed to the residence occupied in the Rue Vaugirard by a considerable number of reverend fathers of the Company of Jesus. Nothing could be more calm, more quiet than this abode, where they always spoke in a low tone, and where the very servants had something soft in their words and demure in their movements.

As in everything else subjected to the compressive and annihilating action of these men, animation was wanting in this house of gloomy stillness. The boarders led an existence of heavy monotony, of chilling regularity, interrupted from time to time by certain devotional exercises; and thus, according to the interested calculations of the reverend fathers, the mind, without nourishment, without exterior communication, without excitement, languished in solitude; the beatings of the heart seemed to become slower, the soul became torpid, the system gradually weakened, and, finally, all free will, free judgment, was destroyed; and the boarders, subjected to the same scheme of complete withering away, became also as dead bodies in the hands of the congregationists.

The aim of these manoeuvres was clear and plain; they assured the success of inveigling all dispositions alike, the incessant object of the skilful policy and pitiless cupidty of these priests; and by means of the vast sums of which they thus became masters or depositories, they pursued and assured the success of their projects, even if murder, incendiarism, rebellion, and all the horrors of civil war, excited and maintained by them, should set bleeding in every pore the country whose control they so darkly desired.

As a lever, the money acquired by all possible means, even the most shameful and criminal; as the end, the despotic domination over minds and consciences, in order to work them out with due fructification to the profit of the Company of Jesus: such have been, and such will always be, the means and ends of this fraternity.

Thus, among other means of making money flow into their always gaping treasury, the reverend fathers had founded the retreat in which M. Hardy was at this time.

Persons with a bruised spirit, a wounded heart, with weakened understanding, misled by false devotion, and deceived, moreover, by the recommendations of the most influential members of the priest party, were attracted thither; then insensibly isolated, sequestered, and finally despoiled in this religious den, and all in the most holy way possible, and ad majorem Dei gloriam, according to the device of the honourable Society.

In Jesuitical slang, as we may see by the hypocritical prospectus destined for the worthy fold, the dupes of this fraud, these pious cut-throats call them, generally,

"Holy asylums, open to souls weary of the vain brawlings of the world."

Or else they were entitled,

"Calm retreats, in which the faithful, happily freed from the perishable attachments of this nether world and the earthly ties of family, may at length, alone with God, work out effectually their own salvation," &c., &c.
What is here alleged, and, unfortunately, proved by a thousand instances of unworthy inveigling effected in a great number of religious houses to the prejudice of the families of many boarders—this, we say, alleged, proved, admitted, let a right mind reproach the state for not watching with sufficient scrutiny these dangerous places, and then it is something to hear the cries of the priest party, the invocations to individual liberty, the desolations, the lamentations in reference to the tyranny that seeks to oppress consciences.

Could it not be replied to this, that, these singular pretensions viewed as legitimate, the players at thimble-rig and roulette have as much right to invoke private liberty, and appeal against the decisions which have shut up their haunts of infancy? After all, we have thus abridged the liberty of the players, who come freely, joyously to engulf their patrimony in these dens; we have equally tyrannized over their conscience, which allowed them to lose on the turn of a card the last resources of their family.

Yes, we ask positively, sincerely, seriously, what difference there is between a man who ruins or despoils his family by playing rouge et noir, and the man who ruins or despoils his family in the doubtful hope of being a fortunate hunter at this game of Hell or Paradise, which certain priests have had the audacious sacrilege to invent in order to constitute themselves croupiers?

Nothing is more opposed to the real and divine spirit of Christianity than these barefaced spoliations. It is repentance for sins, the practice of all Christian virtues, the devotion which endures suffering, the love of our neighbour, which deserves heaven, and not a sum of money, larger or less, employed like a stake in the hopes of winning Paradise, and swamped by priests who pack the cards, and who trick weak minds by the aid of a very lucrative display of legerdemain.

Such, then, was the asylum of peace and innocence in which M. Hardy was.

He occupied the ground floor of a pavilion looking on a part of the garden belonging to the house. This apartment had been judiciously chosen, for we know the deep and diabolical skill with which the reverend fathers take advantage of material means and appearances to effect a lively impression on the minds they are sapping and mining.

Let the reader imagine, as the sole perspective, an enormous wall of blackish gray, half overgrown with ivy, that plant of ruins; a dark alley of old yews, those trees of the tombs, with their sepulchral verdure, one end of which terminated at one side of this sombre wall, and on the other at a small semicircle in front of the chamber usually inhabited by M. Hardy. Two or three mounds of earth, planted with box symmetrically cut, completed the beauty of this garden, which was in all points similar to those surrounding places of interment.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and, although it was a fine sunny day in April, the sunbeams, excluded by the height of the wall we have mentioned, no longer penetrated this part of the garden, which was dark, damp, and cold as a cavern, and on which opened the chamber of M. Hardy.

This apartment was furnished with a perfect knowledge of the comfortable: a soft carpet covered the floor, thick curtains of dark green cloth, of the same hue as the panels, hung over an excellent bed and a window that looked into the garden. Some mahogany furniture, very plain, but bright with cleanliness, decorated the room. About the secrétaire, and in front of the bed, was a large figure of Christ in ivory, on a black velvet ground. The mantelpiece was ornamented with a clock of ebony, with mournful emblems incrusted in ivory, such as hourglasses, times' scythes, deaths' heads, &c., &c.

Now let us veil this picture with a gloomy twilight—let us think that this solitude was incessantly plunged in gloomy silence, interrupted only at the hours of prayer by the lugubrious tinkling of the bells of the chapel—and we shall confess the infernal skill with which these dangerous priests know how to take advantage of exterior objects, as they desire to make an impression one way or the other on the minds of those whom they wish to inveigle. This was not all.
After having thus addressed the eyes, it was necessary to address the understanding.

And in this way had the reverend fathers proceeded.

One single book—only one—was left, as if by accident, at the control of M. Hardy.

This book was the *Imitation*. But as it might chance that M. Hardy had not the courage or wish to peruse this volume, thoughts, reflections, borrowed from this work of pitiless desolation, and written in very large characters, were placed in black frames, and hung up, either in the interior of the recess in which the bed was placed, or against the panels most in sight; so that, involuntarily, and in the sad leisure of his depressing inactivity, his eyes became almost perforce attracted to them.

Some quotations of the maxims with which the reverend fathers thus encircled their victim are necessary, that we may see into what a fatal and desperate circle they had circumscribed the weakened mind of this unfortunate man, who had been prostrated by bitter sufferings.*

What he read mechanically at each moment of the day and night, when

"Gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse,"

forsook his eyelids, red with tears, was as follows:†

"He is very vain who places his hope in men, or in any creature that is."

"It will soon be all over with you here below. In what state are you?"

"The man who is alive to-day will not appear to-morrow; and when he has disappeared from our eyes, he is soon effaced from our thoughts."

"When the morning comes, reflect that perhaps you will not see the evening."

"When the evening comes, be not too confident that you will see the morning."

"Who will remember you when you are dead?"

"Who will pray for you?"

"You deceive yourself if you expect anything but suffering."

"All this mortal life is full of miseries and environed by crosses: bear these crosses, chastise and subject your body, despise yourself, and desire to be despised by others."

"Be persuaded that your life must be a continual death."

"The more a man dies to himself, the more he begins to live to God."

It is not sufficient thus to plunge the soul of the victim in incurable despair by the aid of these maxims, which must prey on the mind, but it is also necessary to mould it to the corpse-like obedience of the Society of Jesus; and thus the reverend fathers had judiciously chosen some other passages of the "Imitation," for we find in this terrifying book a thousand alarms to intimidate weak minds, a thousand slavish maxims to enchain and subject the pusillanimous spirit.

We thus read again:

"It is a great gain to live in obedience, to have a superior, and not to be master of one's own actions."

[See cut, on page 456.]

"It is much more safe to obey than to command."

"It is best to depend on God only in the person of the superiors who represent him."

And if it were not enough, after having urged to despair and terrified the vic-

* We find what follows in the *Directorium* in reference to the means to be employed, in order to attract into the Company of Jesus those persons whom they wish to get hold of:

"To attract any person into the society, it is requisite not to be too much in haste, but await some good opportunity; for instance, when the person experiences a violent grief, or has been entangled in some misfortunes, even vices present good opportunities for this." See, on this subject, the excellent Commentaries of M. Denzign, on the Constitutions of the Jesuits, in his work of "Jesuitisme Vénère par le Socialisme," Paris, 1845.

† We need scarcely add that these passages are from the text of the "Imitation" (translation and preface of the Reverend Père Genesteau).
tim; after having deprived him of every liberty; after having reduced him to a
blind and brutish obedience; after having persuaded him, with the incredible
cynicism of clerical pride, that to submit himself passively to the first priest that
came was to submit himself to God, it was necessary to retain the victim in the
house in which they desired to rivet his fetters forever.

Thus we also read among the maxims:

"Turn to one side or to the other, and you will not find any repose
but in submitting yourself humbly to the guide of a superior."

"Many persons have been deceived by the hope of being better else-
where, and by a desire to change."

The reader will now imagine M. Hardy conveyed, wounded, to this house, his
heart torn, lacerated by bitterest agonies, by horrible treachery, bleeding even
more copiously than his bodily wounds.

Most carefully attended to and nursed, thanks to the recognised skill of Dr.
Baleinier, M. Hardy was soon cured of the wounds he had received through
rushing into the midst of the flames to which his factory was a prey.

Still, in order to favour the projects of the reverend fathers, a certain medi-
cament, harmless in itself, but still capable of acting on the mind, and often
employed, as we are told, by the reverend doctor under other important circum-
stances, had been administered to M. Hardy, and had kept him for some time in
a kind of dreamy thoughtfulness.

For a mind crushed by atrocious deceptions, it is in appearance an inestima-
ble benefit to be plunged in that torpor, which at least prevents recurrenceto a
past of despair. M. Hardy, resigning himself to this deep apathy, arrived insen-
sibly at a state which made him consider this abstraction of thought as the most
heavenly good. Thus those unhappy persons who are tortured with cruel mal-
adies accept with gratitude the opiated draught, which slowly kills, but which at
least puts suffering to sleep.

When we sketched the portrait of M. Hardy, we endeavoured to display the
exquisite delicacy of his mind, his painful susceptibility with respect to all that
was low and vile, his extreme goodness, rectitude, and generosity.

We recall those admirable qualities because we must show in his case, as with
almost all thus endowed, that they are not allied—cannot be allied—with an en-
ergetic and resolute character. Of inflexible perseverance in good, the conduct
of this man was effective, irresistible, but it did not carry due weight withal: it
was not with the rude energy, the somewhat fierce will peculiar to other men
with great and noble hearts, that M. Hardy had realized the prodigies of his
maison commune, but by dint of kind persuasion; with him the suaviter in modo
supplied the fortiter in re. At the sight of a baseness, an injustice, he did not
revolt, irritated and menacing—he suffered; he did not assail the offender body
to body, but turned his gaze from him with bitterness and sorrow. And then,
especially, this loving heart, of such feminine delicacy, had an irresistible desire
for the wholesome contact of the dearest affections of the soul; they alone gave
The Wandering Jew.

Life and animation to him. Thus a poor and delicate bird dies, frozen, when it can no longer nestle amid its brothers and sisters, and receive from them, as they receive from it, that gentle warmth which is diffused among them all in the maternal nest.

And then behold this too sensitive organization, of such refined susceptibility, struck blow by blow with deceptions—by griefs, one of which would suffice, if not entirely to crush, at least most deeply to shake the mind of firmest temper.

M. Hardy's dearest friend betrayed him in an infamous manner.

An adored mistress forsook him.

The house he had founded for the happiness of his workmen, whom he loved as brethren, was nothing now but ashes—ruins.

What then ensues? All the springs of his soul are broken.

Too weak to stand up against so many fearful shocks, too cruelly disabused by treachery to seek fresh affections, too much discouraged to think of laying the first stone of a new maison commune, this poor heart, isolated besides from all salutary contact, seeks forgetfulness of all, and of itself, in an overwhelming torpor.

If still some instincts of life and affection seek to display themselves at long intervals, and, half opening the eyes of the mind, which he keeps closed, that he...
may neither see the present, nor the past, nor the future, M. Hardy looks about
him, what finds he? These sentences, imprinted in characters of the deepest
depair:

"You are but dust and ashes;" "You were born to grief and tears;" "Bel-
lieve in nothing upon earth;" "There are neither relatives nor friends;" "All
affections are deceitful;" "Die this morning, you will be forgotten before night;
"Humble yourself, despise yourself, be despised by others;" "Do not think, do
not reason, do not see; confide your sad fate to the hands of a superior; he will
think and reason for you;" "Weep, suffer, think of death;" "Yes, death—al-
ways death; that is the termination, the end of all your thoughts, if you think;
but it is better not to think;" "Have no feeling but that of incessant anguish; that
is all that is requisite to gain heaven;" "We are only welcome to the terrible,
implacable God whom we adore, by our miseries and tortures."

These were the consolations offered to this unfortunate. Thus alarmed, he
shut his eyes, and relapsed into his gloomy lethargy.

To leave this sombre house of retreat he was unable, or, rather, he was un-
willing; the will was lacking; and then, it must be said, he had at last accu-
tomed himself to this residence, and even to like it; they took such care of him,
left him so much alone with his sorrow; there reigned in the house a silence of
the tomb, so accordant with the silence of his heart, which was but a tomb where
lay buried his last love, his last friendship, his last hopes of the future for the la-
bouring classes! All energy was dead within him.

Then he began to undergo a slow but inevitable transformation, so judiciously
foreseen by Rodin, who directed this machination in its minutest details. M. Har-
dy, at first affrighted at the sinister maxims with which he was surrounded, had
gradually accustomed himself to read them almost mechanically, as a prisoner
counts, during his sad idleness, the nails of his prison-door or the gratings of his
cell. This was a great point gained for the reverend fathers. His spirit, thus
weakened, was next struck by the apparent justice of some of these lying and
distressing aphorisms. Thus, he read,

"We must not rely on the affection of any creature on earth;" and he had, in-
deed, been infamously deceived. "Man was born to live in desolation;" and in
desolation he lived. "There is no repose but in the abnegation of thought;" and
the sleep of his mind alone brought truce to his sufferings.

Two openings, skilfully contrived beneath the hangings and in the panels of
the chambers of this house, enabled the fathers at all times to see or hear their
boarders, and especially to observe their physiognomy and habits, and all those
details which tell so much when a man believes himself alone.

Some exclamations of misery, which escaped M. Hardy in his gloomy solitude,
were brought to Father d'Aigrigny by a secret watcher. The reverend father,
scrupulously following the instructions of Rodin, had not at first visited his boarder
very frequently. It has been already said that Father d'Aigrigny, when he pleas-
ed, could display a charm of seduction almost irresistible, and uniting in his in-
terviews a tact and reserve full of address, he only presented himself occasionally
to inquire after M. Hardy's health. But soon the reverend father, warned by his
spy, and aided by his own natural sagacity, saw all the advantages he could ex-
tract from the physical and moral weakness of his boarder; and, certain before-
hand that he would not give way to his persuasions, he spoke to him several times
of the dulness of the house, urging him affectionately either to leave it, if the
monotony of the life he led oppressed him, or to seek, at least, outside the walls,
some amusements—some pleasures.

In the state in which this unfortunate man was, to speak to him of amusements
and pleasures was sufficient to ensure a refusal, and so it occurred. Father
d'Aigrigny did not at first attempt to surprise the confidence of M. Hardy, and
said not a word to him of his sorrows; but each time he saw him he seemed to
evince a tender interest, expressed in a few simple words, deeply penetrating.
Gradually these conversations, at first rare, became frequent and longer. En-
dowed with insinuating and persuasive eloquence, Father d'Aigrigny naturally took for his theme the mournful maxims on which the thought of M. Hardy was so frequently fixed.

Plastic, prudent, skilful; knowing that until then M. Hardy had professed that natural religion which preaches a grateful adoration for God, a love of human kind, a worship of the just and good, and which, disdaining dogmas, professes the same veneration for Marcus Aurelius as for Confucius, for Moses as Lycurgus, Father d'Aigrigny did not at first attempt to convert M. Hardy, but commenced by incessantly recalling to the mind of this unfortunate gentleman, in whom he wished to destroy all hope, the abominable deceptions by which he had suffered. Instead of pointing out to him these treacheries as the exceptions in life; instead of trying to calm, to encourage, to reanimate this crushed spirit; instead of persuading M. Hardy to seek forgetfulness and consolation for his griefs in the accomplishment of duties to humanity, his brethren whom he had so greatly loved and succoured, D'Aigrigny kept open his bleeding wounds, and, depicting to him mankind under the most atrocious colours, as all cheats, ungrateful, and villainous, rendered his despair incurable.

This end attained, the Jesuit advanced another step. Knowing Hardy's excessive kindness of heart, he took advantage of the weakness of his mind by talking to him of the comfort there was for a man overwhelmed with desperate sorrows, in believing firmly that each of his tears, so far from being profitless, was agreeable unto God, and might aid his fellow-men; in believing, as the reverend father skilfully added, that it was permitted to the faithful only to utilize his griefs in favour of others, wretched as himself, and thus render it sweet unto the Lord. All that is despairing and impious, all that conceals atrocious, politic Machiavellism in those detestable maxims which make of the Creator, so gloriously good and paternal, a pitiless God, incessantly desirous of the tears of humanity, was thus skilfully kept from the eyes of M. Hardy, whose generous instincts still survived. Soon this tender and loving soul, whom these base priests urged to a sort of moral suicide, found a bitter delight in this fiction, that, at least, his sorrows profited other men. It is true, at first it was only a fiction; but a weakened spirit, which yields itself to such a fiction, admits it sooner or later as reality, and sooner or later submits to all its consequences.

Such, then, was the moral and physical state of M. Hardy when, by the intervention of a servant bribed, he had received a letter from Agricola Baudoin requesting an interview. The day of this interview had arrived. Two or three hours before the time appointed for Agricola's visit, D'Aigrigny entered Hardy's chamber.
CHAPTER XXXI.

THE VISIT.

Let us accompany Father d'Aigrigny to the apartment. M. Hardy was sitting in a large armchair; his attitude bespoke indescribable depression. Beside him was a draught prescribed by Dr. Baleinier. His fragile constitution had been so rudely shattered by so many cruel blows, that he seemed but the shadow of his former self. His pallid, attenuated countenance expressed at the moment a kind of gloomy tranquillity. In this short time his hair had become grizzled; his eyes, half closed, wandered around vaguely, and as if they had lost their "speculation;" his head was leaning against the back of the chair, and his wasted hands, from beneath the large sleeves of his brown morning-gown, rested on the arms of the chair.

D'Aigrigny had assumed, as he approached his boarder, a look full of benignity and regard, and the inflection of his voice had never been more insinuating.

"Well, my dear son," he said to M. Hardy, embracing him with hypocritical affection (your Jesuits embrace very much), "how are you to-day?"

"Much as usual, father."

"Are you still satisfied with the attention of the people who wait upon you?"

"Yes, father."

"I trust, my dear son, that the repose you so much enjoy has not been broken in upon?"

"No, I thank you."

"Your apartment still pleases you?"

"Still."

"You want for nothing?"

"Nothing, father."

"We are so happy to find that you are satisfied with our poor house, my dear son, that we would fain anticipate all your desires."

"I have no desire, father, for anything but sleep. Sleep is so comforting," added Hardy, his head quite confused.

"Sleep—is oblivion; and here below it is better to forget than to remember, for men are so ungrateful, so wicked; but almost every recollection is bitter, is it not, my dear son?"

"Alas! what you say is but too true, father."

"I admire your pious resignation, my dear son. Oh, how agreeable is this constant mildness in affliction unto the Lord! Believe me, my dear son, your tears and your incessant grief are an offering which, with the Lord, will find acceptance for you and your fellow-creatures. Yes, for man was only born to suffer in this world—to suffer with gratitude to God, who sends us our afflictions; it is, in truth, to pray; and he who prayeth, prayeth not only for himself, but for all human kind."

"May Heaven at least grant that my sufferings be not sterile. To suffer is to pray," repeated M. Hardy, speaking to himself, as if reflecting on the idea; "to suffer is to pray, and to pray for all mankind; still it seemed to me in former times," he added, with an effort over himself, "that the destiny of man—"
"Continue, my dearest son; say your whole thought," said D'Aigrigny, seeing that M. Hardy paused.

After a moment's hesitation, the latter, who, as he spoke, had somewhat raised himself in his chair, fell back again, discouraged and weary as it were, and murmured,

"Of what use is it to think? it is wearying, and I do not feel my strength adequate."

"You speak rightly, my dear son; of what use is it to think? It is better to believe."

"Yes, father, it is better to believe—to suffer; above all, to forget—forget—"

Hardy did not finish, but his head fell languidly back on the chair, and he covered his eyes with his hand.

"Alas! my dear son," said D'Aigrigny, with tears in his eyes—and this admirable actor went on his knees beside M. Hardy's chair—"alas! how could the friend who so infamously betrayed you mistake a heart like yours? But it is always so when we seek the affection of the creature instead of the Creator; and that unworthy friend—"

"Oh, for pity's sake, do not talk to me of that treachery!" said M. Hardy, interrupting D'Aigrigny, in an imploring tone.

"No, I will not speak of it, my too susceptible son! Forget that perjured soul; forget that wretch whom, sooner or later, the vengeance of God will overtake; for he played with your noble confidence in a most odious manner. Forget, too, that unhappy woman whose crime was very great, for on your account she trampled under foot her sacred duties; the Lord reserves for her a fearful punishment, and one day—"

M. Hardy again interrupted D'Aigrigny, saying, with repressed emotion, but still most evident and bitter,

"It is too much; you do not know, father, the harm you do me; no, you do not know."

"Forgive me! oh, forgive me, my son! but, alas! you see the mere remembrance of these earthly attachments still causes you a painful excitement; does not this prove to you that it is beyond this corrupt and corrupting world we must seek for those consolations always assured to us?"

"Oh, shall I ever find them?" exclaimed the unhappy man, in bitter despair.

"Yes, you will find them, my good, my tender son," cried D'Aigrigny, with emotion admirably feigned; "can you doubt it? Oh! what a day for us will that be, when, having made farther steps in that pious path of safety which you are digging out with your tears, all that which at this moment seems to you sur-
rounded by certain darkness will light up with ineffable and divine lustre; oh! what a holy day! what a happy day! when the last ties which attach you to this foul and wicked world being destroyed, you will become one of us, and, like us, you will aspire only to eternal delights."

"Yes, to death!"

"Say, rather, to the life immortal, to Paradise, my dearest son; and you will have there a glorious place assigned to you—a place my paternal heart desires as fervently as it hopes for it; and your name will be found every day in all my prayers and those of our good fathers."

"I do at least what I can to attain this blind faith, this detaching from all things, in which you assure me, father, that I shall at last find repose."

"My poor dear son, if your Christian modesty allowed you to compare what you were at the first of your coming here and what you now are, and that only through your sincere desire to have faith, you would be astonished. What a difference! To your agitation, your despairing groans, has succeeded a pious calmness. Is it not so?"

"Yes, it is true: at times, when I have suffered very much, my heart does not beat, I am calm; so are the dead; they are calm too," said M. Hardy, letting his head fall on his breast.

"Ah! my dear son, my dear son, you break my heart when I sometimes hear you speak thus. I am always afraid that you regret your worldly life, so fruitful in abominable deceptions. But this very day you will, fortunately, have to undergo a decisive trial on this point."

"In what way, father?"

"That worthy artisan, one of the best workmen in your factory, is to come and see you."

"Ah, yes!" said M. Hardy, after a minute's reflection, for his memory as well as his mind was greatly weakened. "Yes, Agricola is coming; I think I shall have much pleasure in seeing him."

"Well, then, my dear son, your interview with him will be the proof of what I say. The presence of this worthy fellow will recall to you the active, busy life you once led. Perchance these recollections will make you regret the pious repose you now enjoy; perchance you will again desire to dash into a career full of all sorts of emotions, form new friendships, seek fresh affections; in fact, revive, as in other times, a bustling, noisy existence. Should these ideas awaken in you, you will not be ripe for this retreat; obey them, then, my dear son; seek again pleasures, enjoyments; my warmest wishes will always follow you, even in the midst of this mundane tumult: but recollect, too, my beloved son, that if one day your soul should again be torn by fresh treacheries, this peaceable asylum will be always open, and you will always find one ready to weep with you at the dolorous vanities of human things."

As D'Aigrigny spoke, Hardy had listened almost with affright. At the mere thought of again throwing himself amid the torments of a life so painfully distressing, this poor soul had recoiled, trembling and overpowered; and he exclaimed, with an almost imploring tone,

"I, my father! I return to a world in which I have so greatly suffered, where I have left my last illusion! I mix with its tumults, its pleasures! Ah! this is, indeed, cruel raillery!"

"It is not raillery, my dear son. It is to be expected that the sight, the words of this loyal artisan will awaken in you ideas which, at this moment, you think forever destroyed. In this case, my dear son, try once more a mundane life. Will not this retreat be always open to you after fresh griefs, fresh sorrows?"

"And why should I expose myself to fresh sufferings?" cried Hardy, in an agony of mind. "I can scarcely support those I now endure. Oh, never, never! Oblivion of all, everything; the nothingness of the tomb until the tomb. This is all I henceforth desire."

"So you think, my dear son, because no voice from without these walls has
hitherto come to trouble your tranquil solitude, or weaken those holy hopes which suggest to you that beyond the tomb you will be with the Lord. But this workman, thinking less of your safety than his own interest and the interest of his family, will come."

"Alas, my father!" said Hardy, interrupting the Jesuit, "I have been happy enough to be able to create for my workpeople all that, humanly speaking, an honest man can do. Fate has not allowed me to continue this any longer. I have paid my debt to humanity; my powers are exhausted; and henceforth I seek nothing but forgetfulness, rest. Is it, then, too much to require?" exclaimed the unhappy man, with an unutterable gesture of weariness and despair.

"Unquestionably, my dear and excellent son, your generosity has been unequalled; but it is in the very name of this generosity that this artisan is coming to impose fresh sacrifices on you. Yes; for with hearts like yours the past is an obligation, and it will be almost impossible for you to resist the entreaties of your workpeople. You will be compelled to renew your incessant activity, in order to raise again an edifice from its ruins; to recommence founding to-day that which, twenty years ago, you founded in all the strength and ardour of youth; to renew those commercial relations in which your scrupulous honesty has been so often wounded; to resume those chains of all sorts which bind the great manufacturer to a life of disquietude and labour, but, also, to what compensations! In a few years you will reach, by dint of incessant toil, the same point at which you were when this terrible catastrophe occurred; and then, too, what ought to encourage you still more is, that at least during these rude labours you will not be, as you were formerly, the dupe of an unworthy friend, whose false regard appeared to you so delightful, and added such a charm to your existence. You will not have again to reproach yourself with an adulterous liaison, in which you believed that you each day found fresh strength, new encouragement to do well, as if, alas! that which is culpable can ever have a happy termination. No, no; having reached the decline of your career, the enchantment of friendship broken, recognising the nothingness of guilty passion, alone, always alone, you go boldly again to face the storms of life. Doubtless, on quitting this calm and pious asylum, where no noise troubles your tranquillity, your repose, the contrast will at first be great; but even this contrast—"

"Enough! oh, for mercy's sake, enough!" exclaimed M. Hardy, interrupting the abbé in a faint voice; "when I only hear you speak of the agitation of such a life, my father, I experience the most torturing feelings, which my head can scarcely withstand. Oh, no! quiet, quiet before everything. Yes, I repeat, even though it should be the quiet of the grave."

"But, then, how will you resist the urgent entreaties of the young artisan? The obliged have rights over the benefactors; you will be unable to resist his entreaties."

"Well, then, my father, if it be necessary, I will not see him. I have anticipated a kind of pleasure in this interview, but now I feel it will be wiser to refuse it."

"But he will not consent; he will insist on seeing you."

"You will be so kind, my father, as to send him word that I am very ill, that it is impossible for me to see him."

"Listen, my dear son. In our times there exist great, unhappy prejudices against the poor servants of Christ; and although you have voluntarily remained among us after having been brought accidentally and in a dying state into this house, yet, seeing you refuse an interview which in the first instance you had granted, it might be supposed that you were subjected to restraint; however absurd that suspicion might be, it might arise, and we should be sorry that it was accredited. It will be better, therefore, to receive the young artisan."

"Father, what you require of me is beyond my strength; at this moment I feel quite overcome; this conversation has exhausted me."

"But, my dear son, the young workman will come, and when I tell him you will not receive him, he will not believe me."
"Alas, my father, have pity on me! I assure you it is impossible for me to see anybody; I suffer too severely."

"Well, then, let us see; let us seek some means: if you write to him, they will give him your letter when he comes; you can give him another meeting—say to-morrow."

"Neither to-morrow, nor ever!" exclaimed the unhappy man, urged to extremity; "I will not see any one; I wish to be alone, always alone; that does not hurt any one; and may not that liberty at least be granted to me?"

"Compose yourself, my son; follow my advice; do not see this good lad to-day, since you dread the meeting; but do not say you never will; to-morrow you may change your mind. So let your refusal be vague."

"As you will, father."

"But, although it is not yet near the hour when this workman is expected," said the reverend father, "it will be as well to write at once."

"I have not strength enough, father."

"Try."

"Impossible; I feel myself too weak."

"Come, a little courage," said the reverend father; and he took from a desk writing materials, placed a sheet of paper and a blotting-book on Hardy's knees, and held the inkstand open, which he presented to him.

"I assure you, father, I cannot write," said Hardy, in a faint voice.

"Only a few words," replied D'Aigrigny, with pitiless pertinacity, and placing the pen between Hardy's inert fingers.

"Alas! father, my sight is so dim that I can no longer see."

And the unhappy man said truly. His eyes were filled with tears, so bitter were the sensations which the Jesuit's language had excited in him.

"Be composed, my son; I will guide your dear hand, only dictate."

"Father, I beg you will write, and I will sign."

"No, my dear son; for a thousand reasons it is requisite that it should be all written with your own hand: a few lines are sufficient."

"But, my father—"

"Come, it must be so, or I must admit the workman," remarked D'Aigrigny, dryly, seeing, by the growing weakness of Hardy's mind, that he might at a moment so important use firmness which might be recompensed by a milder demeanour subsequently. As he spoke, he bent his large, gray, round, and sparkling eyes on Hardy with a stern look. The poor wretch shuddered under this look of almost fascination, and replied, with a sigh,

"I will write, father, I will write; but I beseech you dictate, my head is too weak," said Hardy, wiping away his tears with his burning and feverish hand.
THE FATHER OF MARSHAL SIMON
D'Aigrigny dictated the following lines:

"My dear Agricola,—I have reflected that an interview with you will be useless; it would only serve to awaken bitter griefs which I have been able to forget with God's help, and those soft consolations which religion offers to me."

The reverend father paused for a moment: Hardy was even paler, and his weak hand could hardly hold the pen; his forehead was bathed with a cold sweat. D'Aigrigny drew out his handkerchief, and, wiping his victim's face, said, with a return of affectionate solicitude,

"Come, my dear son, courage! It was not I who begged you to decline this interview, was it? No, on the contrary: but since, for your repose, you desire to postpone it, try and finish the letter; for what, after all, is it that I desire? Only to see you henceforward enjoy an ineffable and religious calm, after so many painful agitations."

"Yes, my father, I know it; you are very good," said Hardy, in a grateful voice: "excuse my weakness."

"Can you go on with this letter, my dear son?"

"Yes, father."

"Then write;" and the reverend father continued his dictation.

"I enjoy undisturbed tranquillity; I am surrounded with attentions, and, thanks to the Divine mercy, I hope to make a perfectly Christian end far from a world whose vanities I now see through. I do not say adieu, but that we shall soon meet, my dear Agricola; for I wish to tell you yourself of the desires I always must entertain for you and your worthy comrades. Be my interpreter with them, and as soon as I find it convenient to receive you I will write; until then, believe me always your very affectionate friend—"

Then the reverend father said to M. Hardy,

"Do you think this will do, my dear son?"

"Yes, father."

"Sign it, then."

"Yes, father."

And the miserable man, after having signed it, fell back on his arm-chair, utterly exhausted.

"This is not all, my dear son," added D'Aigrigny, drawing a paper from his pocket. "You must have the kindness to sign this power granted by you to our reverend father procureur to terminate the affairs you know of."

"Oh Heaven! again!" exclaimed Hardy, with a kind of feverish and diseased impatience. "But you see plainly, my father, my strength is quite gone."

"You have only to sign after you have read it, my dear son;" and D'Aigrigny presented to M. Hardy a large sheet of stamped paper filled with writing, which was almost undecipherable.

"Father, indeed I cannot read it to-day."

"But you must, my dear son; forgive my pressing this on you, but we are very poor, and—"

"I will sign, father."

"But you must read what you sign, my son."

"Wherefore? Give it me, give it me," said M. Hardy, harassed by the inflexible obstinacy of D'Aigrigny.

"Since you will have it so, my dear son," said the wily priest, presenting the paper. Hardy signed, and fell back, almost fainting.

At this moment a servant entered, after having knocked at the door, and said to the reverend father,

"M. Agricola Baudoin desires to speak to M. Hardy, with whom, he says, he has an appointment."

"Very well, desire him to wait," replied D'Aigrigny, as much vexed as surprised, and making a sign to the servant to withdraw. Then, concealing the annoyance he felt, he said to M. Hardy,
"This worthy artisan is in haste to see you, my dear son; he is two hours before the appointed hour. There is still time; will you see him?"

"My dear father," replied Hardy, with a kind of painful irritation, "you see how weak I am; pray have pity on me. I entreat you, let me be calm, I repeat, although it were to be the calm of the tomb; but, for the love of Heaven, calm!"

"One day you will enjoy the eternal peace of the elect, my dearest son," said D'Aigrigny, affectionately, "for your tears and misery are agreeable to the Lord;" so saying, he left the room.

M. Hardy, left alone, clasped his hands in despair, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, as he glided out of his arm-chair on his knees,

"Oh, Father of Mercies! take me from this world; I am too miserable."

Then, bending his brow to the seat of his arm-chair, he concealed his face in his hands, and wept bitterly. Suddenly there was a noise of voices, which grew louder; then a kind of struggle, and then the door of the apartment opened, violently driven in by D'Aigrigny, who came in backward, stumbling several paces. Agricola had thrust him forward with a vigorous hand.

"Sir! dare you use force and violence?" exclaimed D'Aigrigny, pale with rage.

"I will dare anything to see M. Hardy," was the smith's reply. And he rushed toward his old master, whom he saw on his knees in the middle of the chamber.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AGRICOLA BAUDOIN.

*Ong schooled as he was in dissimulation, D'Aigrigny could scarcely repress his spite and rage, and cast not only angry and threatening looks at Agricola, but from time to time glanced with unquiet and irritated eye at the door, as if he feared at each moment to see some other person enter whose coming he equally dreaded. The smith, as soon as he saw the countenance of his master, retreated, struck with painful surprise at the sight of M. Hardy's features, so sad, so grief-worn. For some seconds the three actors in this scene kept silence. Agricola had no longer any doubt as to the moral weakening of M. Hardy, accustomed as the artisan was to see as much high spirit as kindness of heart in the worthy man. D'Aigrigny first broke silence, saying to the boarder, and laying decided emphasis on each word,

"I suppose, my dear son, after the desire so positive, so spontaneous, which you have just manifested not to see this gentleman—I suppose, I say, that his presence now is painful to you; and I trust, therefore, that out of deference, or, at least gratitude to you, this gentleman," and he looked toward the smith, "will at once retire, and terminate this unpleasant situation, already too much prolonged."
THE WANDERING JEW.

Agricola made no reply to Father d'Aigrigny, but, turning his back to him, addressed M. Hardy, whom he gazed at for some moments with profound emotion, while tears stood in his eyes:

"Ah, sir, it does me good to see you, although you appear to be suffering so much! How my heart grows calm, is reassured, rejoices; my comrades would be so happy to be in my place! If you but knew all they have said to me about you; for to cherish, venerate you, we all have but one soul, one feeling."

D'Aigrigny gave Hardy a glance which meant, What did I tell you? Then addressing Agricola impatiently, as he went close to him,

"I have already told you that your presence here is intrusive."

Agricola made no reply, did not even turn to him, but said,

"Monsieur Hardy, have the goodness to desire this person to leave the room. My father and I know him, as he knows full well."

Then turning to the reverend father, the smith added, scornfully, and measuring him from head to foot with a look of indignation mingled with disgust,

"If you have any desire to hear what I have to say to M. Hardy about you, return here by-and-by; but at present I wish to speak to my late employer on private business, and give him a letter from Mademoiselle de Cardoville, who knows you also, unfortunately for her."

The Jesuit remained unmoved, and replied,

"I will allow myself, sir, to say that you somewhat invert our positions. I am here in my own house, where I have the honour to receive M. Hardy. It is I, therefore, who have the right and power to compel you to leave this place instantly, and—"

"Father, pray," said M. Hardy, with deference, "excuse Agricola; his attachment to me urges him somewhat too far; but as he is here, and has private matters to communicate to me, allow me, father, to converse with him a little while."

"Allow you, my dear son?" replied D'Aigrigny, pretending surprise. "Why ask permission? Are you not perfectly free to do what you think best? Was it not you who just now, and against my advice, formally and decidedly refused to grant him the interview?"

"Quite true, father."

After these words, D'Aigrigny could no longer insist without want of tact; and he rose, therefore, and squeezing Hardy by the hand, said to him, with an expressive gesture,

"Adieu for the present, my dear son; but remember our recent conversation, and what I foretold."

"Adieu for the present, father; make your mind easy," replied M. Hardy, in a melancholy tone.

The reverend father left the room. Agricola, overcome, amazed, asked himself if it was indeed his former master whom he heard calling D'Aigrigny father with so much deference and humility. Then, as the smith scrutinized the features of M. Hardy more attentively, he remarked in his wasted countenance an expression of exhaustion and lassitude which equally alarmed and affected him; and he therefore said to him, while endeavouring to conceal his painful surprise,

"At length, sir, you will be restored to us; we shall soon see you in the midst of us. Ah! your return will make many very happy, relieve much uneasiness; for, if it were possible, we have loved you still more since we were afraid for an instant that we should lose you."

"Honest, worthy fellow!" replied M. Hardy, with a benevolent but melancholy smile, and holding out his hand to Agricola, "I never for a moment doubted you or your comrades; their gratitude has always repaid me for the good I was enabled to do them."

"And which you will do them again, sir; for you—"

Here M. Hardy interrupted Agricola by exclaiming,

"Before we continue this observation, my worthy young friend, you must
allow me to speak with perfect frankness, so as to prevent yourself or your companions from entertaining hopes that can never be realized. My resolution is irrevocably taken to pass the remainder of my days, if not within the walls of a cloister, at least in absolute retirement, for my soul sickens and is weary, oh! how weary, of this life!

"But we are not weary of loving you," exclaimed the smith, more and more alarmed by the tone and language of M. Hardy. "It is now our turn to devote ourselves to you, and to prove our sincerity by our zeal, our disinterested services, and our unanimous and energetic aid in rebuilding the manufactory, your noble and generous work."

M. Hardy mournfully shook his head.

"No," he said, "I repeat that the activity of life has ceased for me; I seem, during the last few weeks, to have grown at least twenty years older, and I have neither the strength, the courage, nor even the inclination to recommence my past career. Thank God, while I was able I did what I could for the interests of humanity. I have discharged my debt of social duty, and at this moment I have but one wish, one hope—to obtain tranquillity from the consolations of religion."

"And can you possibly, sir," inquired Agricola, with utter amazement at these words, "can you prefer living in this gloomy solitude to being among your own faithful and attached people? Do you believe you should find greater happiness here amid these priests than in your manufactory, raised from its present ruins, and become more flourishing than ever?"

"Happiness and I have forever parted company upon this earth," replied M. Hardy, bitterly.

After a momentary hesitation, Agricola quickly resumed, in an agitated and unsteady voice,

"Sir, you are basely deceived, cheated, duped!"

"What do you mean, my friend?"
"I mean, M. Hardy, that the priests who surround you are false and treacherous, and that they have the blackest designs upon you. Are you not, then, aware with whom you are living?"

"Yes, with good men belonging to the Company of Jesus."

"And your mortal enemies!"

" Enemies!" cried M. Hardy, with a faint smile of mournful impatience; "what have I to fear more from the enmity of foes? where could they find the means of inflicting any fresh wound?"

"Sir," exclaimed the smith, "they are endeavouring to dispossess you of your share in an immense inheritance, and they have laid their plans with consummate villany. The daughters of Marshal Simon, Mademoiselle de Cardoville, you, my adopted brother, Gabriel—in a word, all belonging to your family, have narrowly escaped becoming victims to their schemes. I tell you these priests have no other aim than to abuse your confidence; and that now their sole motive in causing you to be transported hither, half dying as you were, and the reason why they wish to keep all your faithful friends from seeing you—"

M. Hardy again broke in upon Agricola's discourse:

"My worthy young friend," he said, with a smile of gloomy indifference, "you are in error as to these priests, whose care and attention to me have been unceasingly great; and as to this pretended inheritance, what are all the riches of the world to me? Henceforward the treasures of this valley of grief and tears have no charms for me. I offer my sufferings to the Lord, and wait to be removed from the scene of my pilgrimage."

"No, sir, no," urged Agricola, unable to believe what he heard, "you cannot be thus changed. You to adopt such despairing sentiments, who ever bade us love and admire the inexhaustible goodness of our heavenly Father! and well we might, for He had sent you to dwell among us."

"It is my duty to resign myself to His will, since He has thought proper to withdraw me from you, my friends, doubtless because, spite of my wish to serve him aright, I have failed in so doing. I have loved the creature more than the Creator."

"And how," cried the smith, more and more affected, "could you better serve and honour God than by encouraging industry and honesty; rendering men better by securing their welfare; treating your dependants as men and brothers, by cultivating their understanding, and giving them a taste for virtue and real love for good; by propagating among them, by your example, sentiments of equality and brotherhood? Ah! sir, you need but remember the good you have done, the daily blessings breathed for you by hundreds on whom you have bestowed happiness."

"Why recall the past?" replied M. Hardy, gently; "if I did well in the sight of God, perhaps he will reward me. Far from vaunting of what I have done, I ought rather to lament in sackcloth and ashes; for I much fear I walked in darkness and error, and had wandered from his sacred fold; perhaps I was led to think my path a right one, and allowed myself to be blinded by my foolish pride. I, a poor unworthy worm, to presume to differ from the many great men who have humbly bowed themselves in submission to the strict forms I dared to consider unnecessary! Ah! now I feel my crime; I am conscious of my sin; and with tears and prayers, in solitude and mortifications, will I endeavour to wash away my fault. Yes, I will humbly trust that an avenging God will yet one day grant me his pardon, and that my bitter sufferings may be accepted in favour of other sinners great as myself."

Agricola found not one word to reply, but contemplated M. Hardy with mute alarm, as he continued to pour forth these melancholy, though hackneyed expressions, in a feeble and tremulous tone; and as he examined the dejected, care, worn countenance of the man, once so animated and energetic, he asked himself, with secret dread, what could be the mysterious influence, the fascination possessed by these priests, by which they were enabled to turn the sorrows and men-
tual exhaustion of this unfortunate individual to their own purpose, and to dry up one of the finest, noblest hearts that ever beat in human breast; to render barren and unproductive a beneficence that knew no bounds, and annihilate one of the most enlightened minds that was ever devoted to the happiness of the human race.

So great was the astonishment of the smith, that he felt neither strength nor courage to continue the conversation, which became so much the more afflicting to him as at each fresh word and look from M. Hardy he saw more clearly revealed the depth of the abyss into which the reverend fathers had plunged his unhappy patron.

M. Hardy, meanwhile, preserved a gloomy silence; he had fallen back into his original apathy and listless manner, while his eyes wandered to the maxims inscribed on the walls relative to the "IMITATION."

At length Agricola broke the silence which prevailed, and drawing from his pocket the letter of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, which now formed his only hope, he presented it to M. Hardy, saying,

"Sir, a relative, at present unknown to you except by name, which you have doubtless heard, has desired me to give you this letter."

"And what good can that letter do, my young friend?"

"Sir, I beseech you to read it. Mademoiselle de Cardoville eagerly expects your reply. It refers to most important matters."

"My friend," replied M. Hardy, raising toward heaven his eyes, red and swollen with weeping, "I know of but one important matter, and it is there," pointing upward.

"M. Hardy," continued the smith, more and more affected, "I beseech you, in the name of our united gratitude toward you, of the prayers we will teach our children night and morning to offer for your return to health and happiness, to read this letter. Yes, read it; and if, after that, your mind continues unchanged, why then I will urge you no more; all will be at an end for us poor workmen; we shall have lost our benefactor forever; he who treated us like brothers, and cherished us like friends—whose good example would, sooner or later, have been followed by others having hearts as noble and generous as his own, so that, by your intervention, by degrees our working brethren would have shared our blessings, and have had to bless your name as we did. But it matters not! To us, your faithful, your devoted workmen, your memory will be our most sacred treasure; and never will your name escape our lips but with love and respect, mingled with a grief that will not be consoled, for how can we forget that we have lost you?"

The voice of Agricola, which had been greatly interrupted by his rising emotions, was here lost amid the sighs and tears which, spite of his firm and manly character, he found it impossible to repress.

"Excuse my weakness," he said, "but my tears fall not for myself alone. No, my heart bleeds when I think of those that will long be shed by brave and worthy men, as they mournfully repeat, 'We shall see our M. Hardy no more! never, never again!'

The emotion and tone of Agricola were so natural and unfeigned, his frank and noble countenance, bathed in tears, expressed so deep, so touching a devotion, that M. Hardy, for the first time during his abode among the reverend fathers, felt a something like warmth rekindle at his heart, as though some reviving sunbeam had at length managed to pierce through the thick, icy covering beneath which he had so long vegetated.

M. Hardy held out his hand to Agricola, and said to him, in an altered voice,

"Thanks, my good friend, thanks! This fresh proof your devotion, these regrets, all move me; and a gentle emotion, unimbittered, does me good."

"Ah! sir," exclaimed the smith, with a glimmer of hope, "do not restrain yourself; listen to the voice of your heart; it will tell you to make the happiness of those who cherish you; to see people happy, is to be happy. Now read
this letter from the generous young lady; it may, perhaps, finish what I have begun; and if it does not, then we shall see."

So saying, Agricola paused, and cast a glance of hope toward the door; then he added, again presenting the letter to M. Hardy,

"Oh, sir! read, I entreat you; Mademoiselle de Cardoville has desired me to confirm to you all there is in the letter."

"No, no! I must not—I ought not to read it," replied Hardy, with hesitation.

"Of what use would it be but to revive my regrets? for, alas! it is true I loved you all so much, I had formed so many projects for the future," added M. Hardy, with involuntary emotion; then, struggling against the feeling, he continued,

"But wherefore think of this? the past can never return."

"Who knows, M. Hardy, who knows?" said Agricola, more and more satisfied at the hesitation of his old employer; "first read Mademoiselle de Cardoville's letter."

Hardy, yielding to Agricola’s persuasion, took the letter almost in spite of himself, broke the seal, and read it; gradually his countenance expressed, in turn, gratitude and admiration. Several times he interrupted himself to say to Agricola, with a warmth of feeling which seemed to astonish even himself,

"Oh, how good! how admirable!"

Then, having concluded the perusal of the letter, Hardy, addressing the smith, said, with a melancholy sigh,

"What a heart is Mademoiselle de Cardoville’s! what kindness! what elevation of mind! Ah! I shall never forget the noble feelings that have dictated her generous offers to me. May she, at least, be happy in this sad world!"

"Ah! believe me, sir," replied Agricola, with excitement, "a world which comprises such creatures, and so many others besides, who, without having the worth of this excellent young lady, are yet worthy of the attachment of honest people—such a world is something more than dirt, corruption, and wickedness, and proves, on the contrary, in favour of humanity. It is such a world that summons, awaits you. Come, M. Hardy, listen to the advice of Mademoiselle de Cardoville; accept the offers which she makes you; return to us—return to life, for it is death to live in this house."
"Return to a world wherein I have suffered so much? quit the calm of this retreat?" answered Hardy, with hesitation; "no, no! I cannot—I ought not."

"Ah! I have not relied on myself alone to decide you," cried the smith, with increasing hope; "I have there a powerful auxiliary"—he pointed to the door—"whom I have kept to strike the great blow, and who will appear when you please."

"What do you mean, my friend?" inquired Hardy.

"Ah! it was another excellent idea of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, who always thinks rightly, knowing the dangerous hands into which you had fallen; knowing also the perfidious cunning of those persons who desire to inveigle you, she said to me, 'M. Agricola, the disposition of M. Hardy is so frank and good, that perhaps he will easily allow his mind to be abused, for honest hearts always refuse to believe in unworthy trickeries; then he may suppose that you are interested in having him accept the offers I make to him; but there is an individual whose sacred character ought, under such circumstances, to inspire M. Hardy with entire confidence; for this admirable priest is our relative, and was very nearly also a victim to the implacable enemies of our family.'"

"And this priest, who is he?" inquired Hardy.

"The Abbe Gabriel Rennepont, my adopted brother," cried the smith, with pride. "He is a noble priest. Ah! sir, if you had known him earlier, instead of despairing, you would have hoped; your grief would not have resisted his consolations."

"Who is this priest? where is he?" inquired Hardy, equally surprised and curious.

"There, in your antechamber. When Father d'Aigrigny saw him with me, he became furious, and ordered us away; but my worthy, dear Gabriel replied, that he might have to converse with you on very important interests, and therefore he should stay. I, less patient, gave the Abbe d'Aigrigny, who sought to stop my progress, a push, and rushed by him, so anxious was I to see you. Now, sir, you will receive Gabriel, will you not? He would not come in without your permission; I will now bring him. You talk of religion; why, it is his that is the real one, for it does good—it encourages, consoles; you will see; and, then, at last, thanks to Mademoiselle de Cardoville and him, you will be restored to us!" exclaimed the smith, unable any longer to repress his joyful hope.

"No, my friend, no! I don't know. I am afraid," replied Hardy, with increasing hesitation, yet feeling, in spite of himself, aroused, animated, excited, by the cordial language of the smith. The latter, taking advantage of the propitious hesitation of his old master, ran to the door, opened it, and exclaimed,

"Gabriel, my brother, my good brother, come! M. Hardy wishes to see you."

"My friend," observed Hardy, still hesitating, but nevertheless seeming quite satisfied to have his hesitation taken advantage of, "my friend, what are you doing?"

"I am calling your preserver and our own," replied Agricola, overjoyed, and certain of the success of Gabriel's intervention with M. Hardy.

Appearing at the call of the smith, Gabriel quickly entered M. Hardy's apartment.
CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE HIDING-PLACE.

It is forgotten by the reader, perhaps, is the fact we have mentioned, that, in connexion with the apartments occupied by the boarders of the reverend fathers, certain spyholes were formed for the purpose of giving every facility to the incessant espionage with which the Company environed those they desired to watch; and M. Hardy being one of these, there had been contrived, adjacent to his apartment, a secret hiding-place which could hold two persons. A kind of long funnel aired and lighted this closet, in which was a speaking-pipe, arranged with so much skill, that the least whisper in the adjacent room was heard in this retreat as distinctly as possible; and several round holes, cleverly contrived, and masked in different places, allowed all that went on in the adjacent chamber to be seen.

Father d'Aigrigny and Rodin were now in this hiding-place.

Immediately after the resolute entrance of Agricola and the firm answer of Gabriel, who declared his determination to speak to M. Hardy if he would allow him, D'Aigrigny, not desirous of having any disturbance to preclude the interview of M. Hardy with the smith and the young missionary—an interview whose consequences might be so fatal for the Company—went to consult Rodin.

Rodin, during his remarkable and rapid convalescence, resided in the adjoining house, reserved for the reverend fathers. He saw at once the deep importance of his position, while he recognised, at the same time, how ably D'Aigrigny had followed out his instructions relative to the means by which the interview with Agricola and Hardy was to be prevented, a manoeuvre which would have resulted successfully but for the sudden arrival of the smith. Rodin, desirous of seeing, hearing, judging, and acting for himself, went instantly to the secret closet with D'Aigrigny, after having hastily despatched an emissary to the palace of the Archbishop of Paris, for what purpose we shall hereafter discover.

The two reverends arrived at the cabinet about the middle of Agricola and Hardy's conversation.

The reverend fathers, at first confident in the gloomy apathy in which Hardy was plunged, from which the generous urging of the smith was unable to draw him, saw the coming danger as it gradually approached; and it became more menacing from the moment when M. Hardy, shaken by the arguments of the smith, consented to receive the letter of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, until Agricola called in Gabriel to give the final blow to the hesitation of his old employer.

Rodin, by the inexhaustible energy of his character, which had given him strength to support the terrible and agonizing operation of Dr. Baleinier, was now out of danger; he had nearly recovered his health, but still his frame was inconceivably meagre. The light, falling from over his head upon his yellow and glistening cranium, his projecting cheek-bones, and angular nose, shone brightly on these prominent features, while the rest of his face was furrowed with dark and opaque shadows.
THE WANDERING JEW.

He was the living image of one of those ascetic monks of the Spanish school—those gloomy portraiture, where we see, under some dark-brown, half-fallen cowl, a scull the colour of old ivory, with livid cheek-bones, an eye almost extinct in its deep orbit, while the rest of the features disappear in the obscure shadow through which we can scarcely distinguish a human form, kneeling and wrapped in a gown with a hempen girdle.

This resemblance was the more striking, as Rodin, coming hastily from his chamber, had on his long, black, woollen dressing-gown, and still more, as, being very sensitive to cold, he had thrown over his shoulders a short cloak of black cloth, with a hood, to protect himself from the northern blast.

D'Aigrigny, not finding room exactly beneath the light which came into the hiding-place, remained in the shade.

At this moment, when we present the two Jesuits to the reader, Agricola had left the chamber to summon Gabriel and introduce him to his former employer.

Father d'Aigrigny, looking at Rodin with deep and angry vexation, said to him, in a low tone,

"But for Mademoiselle de Cardoville's letter, the persuasions of the smith would have been vain. This accursed girl will, at all times and in all places, be the obstacle against which our plans will be wrecked! Do what we would, still, you see, she is reconciled to the Indian; and if now the Abbé Gabriel comes to effect his purpose, and by his intervention M. Hardy escapes us, what is to be done! Ah, father, our future is nothing but despair!"

"No," replied Rodin, dryly, "if there is no delay at the archbishop's palace in executing my orders."

"And in that case?"

"I will still be answerable for all; but I must have the papers in question in less than half an hour."

"They must be ready and signed these two or three days past, for, by your command, I wrote the very day of your operation—"

Rodin, instead of continuing this conversation, fixed his eye at one of the holes, whence he could see into the apartment, and then motioned with his hand for D'Aigrigny to be silent.
CHAPTER XXXIV.
A CHRISTIAN PRIEST.

This moment Rodin saw Agricola return to Hardy's chamber, leading Gabriel by the hand.

The presence of these two young men, one with his manly, open countenance, the other with his angelic beauty, offered so striking a contrast to the hypocritical countenances of those persons by whom Hardy was usually environed, that, already aroused by the animated language of the artisan, it seemed as though his heart, so long in a state of collapse, dilated beneath a salutary influence.

Gabriel, although he had never seen M. Hardy, was struck with the extreme languor of his looks, and recognised at once, in those suffering, dejected features, the fatal stamp of that enervating subjection, that moral emasculation with which the victims of the Company of Jesus are always branded when they are not delivered in time from the homicidal influence.

Rodin, with his eye at the hole, and D'Aigrigny, with his ear on the listen, did not lose a word of the following conversation, at which they were present, though unseen.

"Here he is, my dear good brother. Sir," said Agricola to M. Hardy, presenting Gabriel to him, "here he is, sir, the worthiest of priests. Listen to him, and you will again feel hope and happiness spring up, and you will be restored to us. Listen to him, and you will see how he will unmask the cheats who deceive you by false appearances of religion. Yes, yes, he will unmask them, for he himself has also been a victim to these wretches; have you not, Gabriel?"

The young missionary made a gesture with his hand to moderate the smith's excitement, and said to M. Hardy, in his soft and touching voice,

"If, under the painful circumstances in which you are placed, sir, the aid of one of your brothers in Jesus Christ can be useful to you, I am at your service; and let me assure you, at the same time, that I am already most respectfully attached to you."

"To me, Monsieur l'Abbe?" said M. Hardy.

"I am aware, sir," replied Gabriel, "of all your kindness to my adopted brother, of your generosity to your workpeople: they cherish, they venerate you, sir; and may the consciousness of their gratitude, the conviction of having been pleasing to God, whose eternal goodness rejoices in all that is good, be your recompense for the good you have done, and your encouragement for the good which you will yet do."

"Thank you, thank you, M. l'Abbe," replied Hardy, touched by language so different from that of D'Aigrigny; "in the sorrow into which I am plunged, it is delightful to the heart to hear language so consolatory; and I confess," added M. Hardy, with a pensive air, "that the loftiness, the gravity of your character give great weight to your words."

"I was afraid of this," said D'Aigrigny, in a low voice, to Rodin, who still remained at his hole, with his eye glaring and his ear listening; "this Gabriel said Agricola to M. Hardy, presenting Gabriel to him, "here he is, sir, the worthiest of priests. Listen to him, and you will again feel hope and happiness spring up, and you will be restored to us. Listen to him, and you will see how he will unmask the cheats who deceive you by false appearances of religion. Yes, yes, he will unmask them, for he himself has also been a victim to these wretches; have you not, Gabriel?"

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"I was afraid of this," said D'Aigrigny, in a low voice, to Rodin, who still remained at his hole, with his eye glaring and his ear listening; "this Gabriel
will do everything to rouse M. Hardy from his apathy, and lead him again to active life."

"I am not afraid of this," replied Rodin, in his short and sharp tone. "M. Hardy may, perhaps, forget himself for a moment, but when he tries to walk, he will plainly see that his legs give way under him."

"What, then, is it that your reverence fears?"

"The delay of our reverend father of the archbishopric."

"But what do you hope from him?"

Rodin, whose attention was again attracted, made another sign to D’Aigrigny, who was instantly mute.

A silence of some moments had succeeded to the commencement of Gabriel and Hardy’s conversation, the latter being absorbed by the reflections to which Gabriel’s language had given birth.

During this momentary pause, Agricola had mechanically cast his eyes over some of the lugubrious sentences with which the walls of Hardy’s chamber were, as it were, hung. Suddenly seizing Gabriel by the arm, he exclaimed, with an expressive gesture,

"Oh, my brother, read those maxims—you will understand all! What man, remaining utterly in solitude with such desolating thoughts, but must sink into the depths of despair—even, perhaps, to suicide? Ah, it is horrible, infamous!" added the artisan, with indignation; "it is moral murder!"

"You are young, my friend," replied M. Hardy, shaking his head sadly. "You have always been happy, have never experienced any deception. These maxims may seem deceiving to you; but, alas! to me, and to the majority of mankind, they are but too true. Here below, all is nothing, misery, grief, for man is born to suffer! Is it not true, M. l’Abbé?" he added, addressing Gabriel.

Gabriel had also cast his eyes over the different maxims to which the smith directed his attention, and the young priest could not repress a smile of scorn when he remembered the hateful calculation which had dictated the choice of these reflections; and he then answered Hardy, in a voice much agitated,

"No, no, sir! all is not nothing, lies, misery, deception, vanity, here below. No! man is not born only to suffer; no! God, whose supreme essence is paternal kindness, has no pleasure in the sufferings of His creatures, whom He made to be loving and happy in this world."

"Do you hear, M. Hardy? do you hear?" cried the smith. "He is also a priest, but a true, a sublime priest; and he does not speak like those others."

"Alas! and yet, M. l’Abbé," said M. Hardy, "these maxims, mournful as they are, are extracted from a book which is almost placed on an equality with the inspired volume."

"That book, sir," said Gabriel, "may be abused like every human production. Written to restrain poor monks, in renouncement of the world, in isolation, in the blind obedience of an inactive, barren life—that book, in preaching the detaching oneself from everything, contempt and self-mistrust of our fellows, an overwhelming servility, aimed at persuading these unfortunate monks that the tortures imposed on them in this life, a life utterly opposed to the eternal views of God for mankind, would be acceptable to the Lord."

"Ah! this book appears to me, thus explained, even still more alarming," said M. Hardy.

"Blasphemy! impiety!" continued Gabriel, unable to repress his indignation; "to dare to sanctify idleness, isolation, mistrust of everything, when there is nothing divine in the world but holy labour, the holy love of one’s brethren, holy communion with them. Sacrilege! to dare to say that the Father of boundless, immense goodness rejoices in the miseries of His creatures. He, He! just Heaven! He who has no sufferings but those of His children; He who has no wish but for their happiness; He who has gloriously endowed them with all the treasures of creation; He, indeed, who has bound them to His own immortality by the immortality of their souls."
"Oh! your words are beautiful, comforting!" exclaimed Hardy, more and more aroused; "but, alas! why, then, are there so many wretches on earth, in spite of the providential care of the Lord?"

"Yes, oh yes! there is in the world so much of misery," answered Gabriel, with dejection and sorrow: "yes, so many poor, destitute of all joy, all hope—who are hungry and cold, without clothes or shelter, in the midst of immense riches, which the Creator hath dispensed, not for the happiness of certain men, but for the happiness of all: for it is His wish that the division should be made with justice;* but some have seized on the common heritage by cunning and force, and it is that which afflicts God. Oh yes! if He suffer, it is in seeing that, to satisfy the cruel egotism of some, innumerable masses of creatures are bound down by a deplorable fate. Thus the oppressors of all times, all countries, daring to take God as their accomplice, have united to proclaim, in His name, that fearful maxim, 'Man is born to suffer; his humiliations—his sufferings are pleasing unto God.' Yes, they have proclaimed this; so that, the more the lot of the creature whom they wrong was harsh, humiliating, painful—the more the creature shed of sweat, of tears, of blood—the more, according to these murderers, was the Lord satisfied and glorified."

"Ah! I understand you; I see all now; I recollect," cried M. Hardy, suddenly, as if awaking from a dream—as though the light had suddenly beamed on his darkened thought. "Oh yes; this is what I have always believed before such shocking griefs had weakened my understanding."

"Yes," exclaimed Gabriel, "your great and noble heart always believed this, and then you did not suppose that all was wretchedness here below; for, thanks to yourself, your workpeople lived happily; all was not then deceit and vanity, for every day your heart rejoiced in the gratitude of your fellow-creatures; all was not then tears and lamentations, for you saw constantly around you smiling countenances; the creature was not then inexorably devoted to misfortune, because you filled him with felicity. Ah! believe me, when we enter with all our

*The doctrine, not of sharing, but of community; not of division, but of association, is substantially laid down in this passage of the New Testament: "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that any thing which he possessed were his own, but they had all things in common."

hearts, our love, and our faith, into the real views of God—of God the Saviour, who has said, 'Love one another'—we see, we feel, we know that the end of the scheme of humanity is happiness for all, and that man was born to be happy! Ah! my brother," added Gabriel, moved to tears as he looked at the maxims with which the chamber was surrounded, "this terrible book has done you great harm—this book, which they have had the audacity to call 'The Imitation of Christ,'" added Gabriel, with indignation; "this book the imitation of the word of Christ! this miserable book, which contains only thoughts of vengeance, contempt, death, and despair! when Christ had only the words of peace, pardon, hope, and love!"

"Oh, I believe you," cried M. Hardy, overwhelmed with delight; "I believe you, and I have need of believing you."

"Oh, my brother," resumed Gabriel, more and more moved, "my brother, believe in a God always good, always merciful, always loving. Believe in a God who blesses labour, a God who would suffer cruelly for His children, if, instead of employing the goods with which He has endowed you for the good of all, you were to isolate yourself forever in an enervating and sterile despair. No, no! God will not have it so. Up, then, up, my brother," added Gabriel, taking Hardy cordially by the hand, who rose, as if obedient to a generous magnetic influence. "Up, my brother! a whole world of labourers bless and appeal to you; quit this tomb; come, come into the broad and expansive air, the eye of the bright sun, to the midst of warm and sympathizing hearts. Leave this stifling air for the wholesome and vivifying air of liberty; leave this sad and gloomy retreat for an abode animated by the song of the labourer. Come and meet again those hard-
ADRIENNE APPEARING TO DJALMA.
THE WANDERING JEW.

working artisans, whose protector you are; lifted up by their robust arms, pressed to their throbbing and generous bosoms, surrounded by women, children, old men, weeping with joy for your return among them, you will be again invigorated. You will feel that the will, the power of God is in you, inasmuch as you can do so much for the happiness of your fellow-creatures."

"Gabriel, you say the truth; it is to you—it is to God that our poor family of hard-working mechanics will owe the return of their benefactor," exclaimed Agricola, throwing himself into Gabriel's arms, and pressing him affectionately to his heart. "Ah! now I fear nothing; M. Hardy will be restored to us."

"Yes, you are right; it will be to him, this worthy priest of Christ, that I shall owe my return to myself; for here I was buried alive in a sepulchre," said M. Hardy, who had risen firmly, his cheeks lightly coloured, his eye sparkling, although but so recently he was pallid, bowed down, prostrated.

"At last, then, you are restored to us?" cried the smith; "and now I have no more fears."

"I hope so, my friend," replied M. Hardy.

"You accept Mademoiselle de Cardoville's offers?"

"By-and-by I will write to her on the subject; but first," he added, with a grave and serious air, "I wish to confer alone with my brother," and he offered his hand gratefully to Gabriel. "He will allow me to give him the name of brother—he, the generous apostle of fraternity."

"Oh, my mind is easy. As soon as I have left you alone with him," said Agricola, "I shall run to Mademoiselle de Cardoville to tell her the good news. But, now I think of it, if you leave to-day, M. Hardy, where will you go? Shall I look out for you?"

"We will talk that over with your worthy and excellent brother," replied M. Hardy. "Go, I entreat, and thank Mademoiselle de Cardoville for me, and say that this evening I shall do myself the honour of replying to her."

"Ah! sir, I must keep my heart and head steady if I would not go wild with joy," said the worthy Agricola, placing his hands in turns on his head and heart in the intoxication of his happiness; then, turning to Gabriel, he again folded him to his heart, and said in his ear, "In one hour I shall return, but not alone—all our people with me, en masse: you'll see; but not a word to M. Hardy—I have my plan."

And the smith went out in a state of utterable delight.
Gabriel and Hardy remained alone.

Rodin and D’Aigrigny had, as we know, been invisibly present at this scene. "Well, and what does your reverence think now?" inquired D’Aigrigny of Rodin, in great alarm.

"I think that they have delayed too long in returning from the archiepiscopal palace, and that this heretical missionary will ruin everything," said Rodin, gnawing his nails until the blood started.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CONFESSION.

When Agricola had left the chamber, M. Hardy, approaching Gabriel, said to him,

"M. l'Abbé—"

"No, say brother. You have given me this name, and I would have it," said the young man, affectionately, as he extended his hand to Hardy, who pressed it cordially, and replied,

"Well, my brother, your words have put new life into me—have recalled me to duties which, in my sorrows, I had overlooked; and now may the strength not be wanting to me in the fresh trial I must undergo, for, alas! you do not know all."

"What do you mean?" asked Gabriel, with interest.

"I have painful confessions to make to you," answered M. Hardy, after a moment’s silence and reflection. "Will you hear my confession?"

"I beseech you, say your confidence, my brother," observed Gabriel

"Then can you not hear me as a confessor?"

"As much as I can," replied Gabriel, "I avoid official confession, if it may be so called: it has, in my opinion, many unfortunate disadvantages; but I am happy, oh! very happy, when I inspire such confidence, that a friend comes to open his heart to me as a friend, and says to me, 'I suffer; comfort me; I doubt; counsel me; I am happy; participate in my joy.' Oh! believe that to me this confession is the holiest; it is this that Christ intended when he said, 'Confess ye one to another.' Tenfold wretched is he who, in his life, has not found one faithful and sure heart to which he could thus confess, is he not, my brother! Yet, as I have submitted myself to the laws of the Church, by vows voluntarily pronounced," said the young priest, unable to repress a sigh, "I obey the laws of the Church; and if you desire it, my brother, I will be a confessor, and hear you."

"You obey even those laws which you do not approve?" asked Hardy, astonished at this submission.

"My brother, whatever experience may teach us, whatever it may unveil," answered Gabriel, sorrowfully; "a vow freely, knowingly made, is, with a priest, a sacred engagement; with a man of honour, a sworn oath. So long as I remain in the Church, I will obey its discipline, how heavy soever that discipline may at times be."

"For you, my brother?"

"Yes; for us country priests, or for those doing duty in cities, for us, the working clergy, the discipline is severe. The aristocracy, which has been gradually introduced into the Church, is often of almost feudal rigour toward us, but such is the divine essence of Christianity that it resists the abuses which tend to destroy its nature; and it is in the obscure ranks of the lower clergy that I can serve, better than anywhere else, the holy cause of the disinherited, and preach to them emancipation with greater independence. It is for this, my brother, that I remain in the Church, and, being there, I submit to its discipline: I tell you this, my brother," added Gabriel, with warmth, "because you and I preach in
the same cause. The artisans whom you have invited to share with you the fruit of your labours are no longer disinherited. Thus, then, by the good you effect, you serve Christ more efficaciously than I do."

"And I will continue to serve Him, provided, as I have already observed, I have sufficient strength."

"Why should strength be wanting?"

"If you knew how wretched I am—if you knew all the blows that have struck me!"

"No doubt the ruin and conflagration which have destroyed your factory were most deplorable."

"Ah, my brother!" said M. Hardy, interrupting Gabriel, "what was that? My courage would not have drooped before a misfortune which money alone could repair. But, alas! there are losses which nothing can repair; there are ruins of the heart which nothing can renovate. No; and yet just now, yielding before the enthusiasm of your elevated language, the future, dark as it was till then before me, brightened. You had encouraged, animated me, by reminding me of the duties I had still to discharge in the world."

"Well, my brother?"

"Alas! fresh fears come to beset me, when I think of returning to that active life in the world where I have suffered so much."

"But who aroused, created these fears?" inquired Gabriel, with increasing interest.

"Listen, my brother!" replied Hardy. "I had concentrated all the tenderness and devotion left in my heart in two beings—in a friend whom I believed sincere, and in an affection still more tender. The friend deceived me in an atrocious manner; the woman, after having sacrificed her duties for me, has had the courage (for which I must the more honour her) to sacrifice our love to the repose of her mother, and has left France forever. Alas! I fear these sorrows are incurable, and will come and crush me in the very midst of the new path which you are urging me to pursue. I confess my weakness—it is great; and it alarms me the more, as I have no right to remain idle, solitary, so long as I can still do something for my fellow-creatures. You have enlightened me on this duty, my brother; but still my sole fear, in spite of my good resolution, is, I repeat, to feel my strength abandon me when I again find myself in this world, which must forever be to me cold and deserted."

"But these worthy artisans who await you, bless you, will they not people the world for you?"

"Yes, my brother," replied Hardy, with bitterness; "but formerly, to this pleasing feeling of doing good were united two affections which shared my existence: they are no longer mine, but leave in my heart an immense void. I had relied on religion to fill it; but, alas! to replace what causes me regret so poignant, all that I have given to my desolated heart is my despair; for they tell me that the more deeply I dig into it, the greater tortures I experience, the more meritorious I shall be in the eyes of the Lord."

"And they deceive you, my brother, I assure you; it is happiness, and not grief, which is in the eyes of the Lord the end of human creation. He would have man happy, because He would have him just and good."

"Oh, that I had sooner heard these words of hope!" exclaimed Hardy; "my wounds would then have been healed, instead of becoming incurable; I should the sooner have recommenced the work of good which you urge me to undertake, and have found in that consolation, oblivion, perhaps, of my woes: while now, oh, it is indeed horrible to confess! they have made grief so familiar to me, so identified it with my existence, that I seem to think it must forever paralyze my existence."

Then, ashamed of this relapse into weakness, Hardy added, in a voice of agony, hiding his face in his hands,

"Oh, pardon, pardon my weakness! But if you knew how poor a creature
he is who only lived on affection, and to whom everything failed at once! He seeks on all sides to attach himself to something; and his hesitation, fears, weaknesses even, are, believe me, more worthy of compassion than disdain."

There was something so distressing in the humility of this confession, that Gabriel was moved by it even to tears.

In this diseased weakness the young missionary recognised, with affright, the terrible effects of the manoeuvres of the reverend fathers, so skilful in poisoning, in rendering mortal the wounds of susceptible and tender souls (whom they seek to isolate and inveigle), by distilling into them incessantly, drop by drop, the acrid poison of the most desolating maxims.

Knowing, too, that the excess of despair has a sort of bewildering attraction, these priests dig, dig out this abyss around their victim, until, distracted, fascinated, he plunges incessantly his fixed and burning gaze into the depths of this precipice, which must eventually engulf him—fatal shipwreck, of which their cupidity gathers all the spoils!

In vain do the azure of the sky and the gilded sunbeams shine; in vain does the unhappy wretch feel that he would be saved by raising his eyes toward heaven; in vain does he even cast a stealthy glance heavenward; for at last, yielding to the omnipotence of the infernal charm cast around him by these malevolent priests, he again fixes his eyes upon the depths of the gulf which gapes to receive him.

It was thus M. Hardy stood, and thus Gabriel understood all the danger of the unhappy man's position; and collecting all his strength to snatch him from destruction, he cried,

"What do you mean, my brother, by pity and disdain? What is more sacred,
more holy in the world, in the eyes of God and men, than a soul which seeks for faith in which to fix itself after the torments of the passions? Take courage, my brother, your wounds are not incurable; once out of this house, believe me, they will rapidly heal!"

"Alas! how can I indulge in any such hope?"

"Believe me, my brother, they will heal from the moment when your past woes, far from arousing in you thoughts of despair, shall awaken thoughts that are consolatory—almost delightful."

"Thoughts that are consolatory—almost delightful?" exclaimed M. Hardy, unable to believe what he heard.

"Yes," replied Gabriel, smiling with angelic sweetness; "for there are great delights, great consolations, in pity, in pardon. Tell me, tell me, my brother, did the sight of those who had betrayed Him inspire Christ with hatred, despair, and vengeance? No; He found in His heart words filled with mildness and pardon; He smiled in His tears with unspeakable indulgence, and He prayed, too, for his enemies. Well, then, instead of suffering with so much bitterness for the treachery of a friend, pity him, my brother; pray affectionately for him; for you are not the more miserable of the two. Tell me, in your generous friendship, what a treasure has not this faithless friend lost? Who has told you that he does not repent, that he does not suffer? Alas! it is true, if you constantly think of the ill this treachery has done you, your heart will break in its incurable desolation. Think, on the contrary, of the charm of forgiveness, the sweetness of prayer, and your heart will be lightened, and your soul be happy, for it will ascend to God."

To open suddenly before a disposition so generous, so delicate, so loving, the adorable and infinite way of pardon and of prayer, was to respond to its instincts—was to save this unhappy man; while to chain him down in a gloomy, barren despair, was to slay him, as the reverend fathers had hoped to do.

Hardy remained for a moment as if dazzled at the sight of the radiant horizon, which, for the second time, Gabriel's apostolic language had suddenly called up before his eyes.

Then, his heart palpitating with such contrary emotions, he exclaimed,
"Oh, my brother, what holy power is in your words! How could you thus change in a moment, as it were, bitterness into sweetness? It seems to me as if already a calm was renewed in my soul, when I reflect, as you suggest, on pardon, prayer—prayer filled with mildness and hope."

"Ah! you will see," continued Gabriel, enthusiastically, "what joys await you! Pray for those we love—pray for those we have loved—to put, by our prayers, God in communion with those we cherish fondly. And she whose love was so precious to you, why should her memory be painful to you? Why flee from her? Ah, my brother! on the contrary, think of her but to purify, to sanctify the thought by prayer; to allow a divine love to succeed a terrestrial; a Christian love, the heavenly love of a brother for a sister in Jesus Christ! And, then, if this woman has been guilty in the eyes of Heaven, what so delightful as to pray for her? What unspeakable joy to be enabled each day to speak of her to God—to God, who, always merciful and good, touched by your prayers, will pardon her! for He reads the deepest recesses of the heart, and knows how often, alas! many lapses are fatal. Did not Christ intercede with the Father for the offending Magdalene and the woman taken in adultery? Lost creatures, He did not repulse them, He did not curse them; He pitied them, prayed for them, ‘because they had loved much,’ said the Saviour of men."

"Ah, now I understand you!" cried Hardy. "Prayer is still to love; prayer is to pardon, and not to curse; it is to hope instead of despair. Prayers, indeed, are the tears which fall on the heart like delicious dews, and not those which scorch as they drop. Yes, I understand you now, for you do not say, ‘To suffer is to pray.’ No, no, I feel it; you speak the truth when you declare that to
hope, to pardon, is to pray. Yes; and now, thanks to you, I will return to life without fear."

Then, his eyes moist with tears, Hardy extended his arms to Gabriel, crying, "Ah, my brother, you save me a second time!"

And these two good and noble creatures threw themselves into each other's arms.

Rodin and D'Aigrigny had, as we know, been present, unseen, at this interview. Rodin, listening with "greedy ear," had not lost one word of the conversation.

At the moment when Gabriel and Hardy were embracing, Rodin suddenly withdrew his reptile eye from the hole through which he had been looking.

The Jesuit's countenance had an expression of diabolical joy and triumph. D'Aigrigny, whom the result of the scene had, on the contrary, depressed and alarmed, could not comprehend the gratified air of his associate, and looked at him with indescribable astonishment.

"I have the lever!" he said suddenly, in his curt and sharp manner.

"What do you mean?" asked D'Aigrigny, amazed.

"Have you a travelling carriage here?" asked Rodin, giving a reply to the question of the reverend father.

D'Aigrigny, astonished at this question, opened wide his eyes, and repeated mechanically,

"A travelling carriage?"

"Yes, yes," said Rodin, impatiently; "am I talking Hebrew? Is there a travelling carriage here? Is that a plain question?"

"Certainly; I have mine here," replied the reverend father.

"Then send for post-horses instantly."

"For what purpose?"

"To take away M. Hardy."

"To take away M. Hardy?" replied D'Aigrigny, thinking Rodin delirious.

"Yes," he replied. "You will convey him to Saint Herem this evening."

"To that sad and gloomy solitude? He—M. Hardy?"

D'Aigrigny believed he must be in a dream.

"He—M. Hardy," replied Rodin, in the affirmative, and shrugging his shoulders.

"Convey M. Hardy—now—after what Gabriel has—"

"Before another half hour M. Hardy will beg me, on his knees, to convey him from Paris to the world's end—to a desert—if I can."

"And Gabriel?"

"And the letter which they brought me from the archbishop's palace but just now?"

"Why, you said it was too late."

"But then I had not the lever; now I hold it," answered Rodin, in his shortest tone.

So saying, the two reverend fathers hastily left the concealed retreat.

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE VISIT.

T is useless to remark that, with a full reserve of dignity, Gabriel had contented himself with employing none but the most generous means to snatch M. Hardy from the murderous influence of the reverend fathers. It was repugnant to the great and noble mind of the young missionary to descend to the disclosure of the odious machinations of these priests. He would only have had recourse to this extreme means if his earnest and sympathizing language had failed against the infatuation of M. Hardy.

"Exertion, prayer, and pardon," said Hardy, with ecstasy, after having pressed Gabriel in his arms. "With these three words you have restored me to life and hope."

He had just pronounced these words, when the door opened and a servant entered, who, without uttering a syllable, handed a large envelope to the young priest, and then left the apartment.

Gabriel, much surprised, took the letter and looked at it mechanically at first; then, perceiving at one of the corners a particular stamp, he broke the seal, and drew out a paper in the form of an official despatch, to which was appended a seal of red wax.

"Oh!" exclaimed Gabriel, involuntarily, and in a voice of deep emotion; then, addressing M. Hardy, "Excuse me, sir."

"What is it? any bad news?" inquired Hardy, with an air of interest.

"Yes, very bad," answered Gabriel, sorrowfully; then he added, speaking to himself, "So it was for this, then, that I was summoned to Paris! and they have not even deigned to hear me, but strike without permitting me to justify myself."

Again he was silent for a moment, and then added, with a deep sigh of resignation, "No matter! I must obey: I will obey; my vows compel me."

Hardy, looking at the young priest with as much surprise as uneasiness, said to him, affectionately,

"Although my friendship and gratitude have been yours but so short a time, can I not be, in any way, serviceable to you? I owe you so much that I should be happy in any way, however trifling, to prove my gratitude."

"You will have done a great deal for me, my brother, by leaving me the remembrance of this day; you make my resignation to a cruel blow the more easy."

"A cruel blow!" said Hardy, hastily.

"Or, rather—no—a painful surprise," replied Gabriel; and, turning away his head, he wiped a tear which was on his cheek, and continued: "But by addressing myself to the good God, the just God, I shall not lack consolation; I have the first fruit already when I leave you in the right and noble path. Adieu, then, my brother; we shall soon meet again."

"You leave me?"

"It must be so. I should wish first to know how this letter came to me here, then I must instantly obey an order I have received. My good Agricola will come to take your orders; he will inform me of your resolution, and the place where I can meet you; and when you please, we will see each other again."

Hardy, from delicacy, did not press Gabriel to tell him the cause of his chagrin, and replied,
"You ask me when we shall see each other again: why, to-morrow, since I leave this abode to-day."

"To-morrow, then, my dear brother," said Gabriel, pressing Hardy's hand.

The latter, by an involuntary movement, perhaps instinctive, at the moment when Gabriel withdrew his hand, retained it between his own, as if, fearing to see him depart, he would fain have detained him.

The young priest, surprised, looked at Hardy, who said to him, with a benign smile, and releasing the hand he held,

"Pardon, my brother; but you see, after what I have suffered here, I have become like a child who is afraid when left alone."

"And I am quite easy about you. I leave you with consoling thoughts, with assured hopes; they will suffice to occupy your solitude until the arrival of my worthy Agricola, who will not be long before he returns. So once more farewell until to-morrow, my brother."

"Farewell until to-morrow, my dearpreserver. Oh, do not fail to come, for I shall still have the greatest need of your benevolent support in order to make my first steps in the open daylight—I who have been so long motionless in the midst of darkness."

"Till to-morrow, then," said Gabriel; "and till then, courage, hope, and prayer."

"Courage, hope, and prayer," responded M. Hardy; "with these words I am very strong."

And he was left alone.

It was very singular, but the kind of involuntary fear which Hardy had experienced at the moment when Gabriel was about to leave him was reproduced in his mind under another form. Immediately after the departure of the young priest, Hardy thought he beheld a sinister and expanding shadow succeed to the pure and soft light that beamed in the presence of Gabriel.

This kind of reaction was the more easily to be conceived after a day full of such deep and contrasting emotions, especially if we reflect on the state of physical and moral weakness to which Hardy had been for so long a time reduced. About a quarter of an hour after the departure of Gabriel, the servant attached to the service of the reverend fathers entered, and gave him a letter.

"From whom does it come?" he inquired.

"From a boarder in the house, sir," replied the man, with a bow.

This man had a sly and puritanical expression—his hair flat over his brows, and his eyes always looking on the ground; and, as he awaited the reply of M. Hardy, he crossed his hands, and twiddled his thumbs composedly.

M. Hardy broke the seal of the letter just received, and read as follows:
"Monsieur,

"I have only to-day learned, at this very moment, and accidentally, that I am with you in this respectable house: a protracted illness which I have had, and the extreme retirement in which I live, will explain my ignorance of our being neighbours. Although we never met but once, sir, the circumstance which procured me the honour of an interview was so distressing for you that I cannot suppose you have forgotten it."

Hardy made a gesture of surprise, recalled his recollections, but, not finding anything which could give him any light on the matter, continued to read:

"This circumstance, however, awakened in me so deep and respectful a sympathy for you, sir, that I cannot resist my strong desire to present my respects to you, especially when I understand that you are about to leave this house to-day, as I have just learned from the excellent and worthy Abbé Gabriel, one of the men whom I love, admire, and venerate most in the world.

"May I hope, sir, that, at the moment when you are about to quit our common retreat and return into the world, you will deign to receive, with kind acquiescence, the prayer, perhaps ill-timed, of a poor old man, henceforth dedicated to a life of unbroken solitude, and who can never expect to meet you in the whirlpool of society, which he has abandoned forever?"

"Awaiting the honour of your reply, sir, allow me to present the assurances of the profound esteem of him who has the honour to be,

"Sir,

"With the most unfeigned respect,

"Your very humble and obedient servant,

"Rodin."

After perusing this letter, and the name of him who had signed it, M. Hardy again summoned up his recollection, tried a long while, but was unable to recall either the name of Rodin, or the "distressing circumstance" to which he alluded.

After a protracted silence, he said to the servant,

"It was M. Rodin who gave you this letter?"

"Yes, sir."

"And who is M. Rodin?"

"A good old gentleman, who is recovering from a long illness, which very nearly carried him off. He is hardly recovered yet, but is still so sad and weak that it is painful to see him; and it's a great pity, so it is, for there is not a worthier or nicer gentleman in the whole house, unless it is monsieur," added the servant, bowing fawningly to Hardy; "and he's just such another as M. Rodin."

"Monsieur Rodin?" said Hardy, with a thoughtful air; "it is strange; I do not remember the name, or any event attached to it."

"If monsieur will give his answer," observed the servant, "I'll take it to M. Rodin, who is taking leave of Father d'Aigrigny."

"Taking leave?"

"Yes, sir; the post-horses are just arrived."

"For whom?" asked M. Hardy.

"For Father d'Aigrigny, sir."

"Is he going to travel, then?" inquired Hardy, much astonished.

"Oh, I dare say he won't be very long absent," said the servant, with a confidential air, "for the reverend father has no one with him, and very little luggage. Besides, no doubt the reverend father will come to take leave of you, sir. But what answer to M. Rodin?"

The letter which Hardy had received from the reverend father was couched in such polite terms, it spoke of Gabriel with so much kindness, that M. Hardy, impelled, moreover, by a natural curiosity, and seeing no reason for refusing this interview at the moment when he was about to leave the house, replied to the servant,
"Be so kind as to tell M. Rodin that, if he will take the trouble to come to me here, I will await him."

"I'll go and tell him this moment, sir," said the servant, who bowed and left the room.

Alone, M. Hardy, while wondering who M. Rodin could be, employed himself in making some trifling preparations for his departure. Under no consideration would he have passed another night in this house; and, in order to keep up his courage, he called to mind the apostolic and soothing language of Gabriel, just as believers recite certain litanies that they may not fall into temptation.

The servant soon returned, and said to M. Hardy,

"Here's M. Rodin, sir."

"Beg him to come in."

Rodin entered, dressed in his black dressing-gown, and holding his old silk cap in his hand.

The servant left the room.

The twilight was coming on. M. Hardy rose to meet Rodin, whose features he could not at first recognise; but when the reverend father had reached a spot which was lighted up by a ray of brighter hue, near the window, Hardy, having looked at the Jesuit for a moment, could not repress a cry, extorted from him by surprise and agonizing remembrance.

This first movement of astonishment and pain over, Hardy, recovering himself, said to Rodin, in a faltering voice,

"You here, sir? Ah! you are right; the circumstance under which I saw you for the first time was, indeed, distressing."

"Ah! my dear sir," said Rodin, in a paternal and satisfied tone, "I was sure you had not forgotten me."
PRAYER.

Our readers will remember that Rodin went (although then unknown to M. Hardy) to find him at his factory, in order to disclose to him the infamous treachery of M. de Blessac—a frightful shock which only by a few moments preceded a second blow no less terrible, for it was in the presence of Rodin that Hardy learned the unexpected departure of the woman he adored. After these scenes, we may understand how afflicting to him was the unexpected appearance of Rodin. Yet, thanks to the salutary effects of Gabriel's counsels, he grew gradually calmer. To the contraction of his features succeeded a melancholy calm, and he said to Rodin,

"Indeed, sir, I did not expect to meet you in this house."

"Alas, sir!" replied Rodin, with a sigh, "I did not think either to come here, in all probability to finish my wretched days, when I went, without knowing you, and with the sole view of rendering a service to a worthy man, to unmask an infamous treachery."

"In truth, sir, you did me a real service; and perhaps at that painful moment I expressed my gratitude very inefficiently, for when you revealed to me M. de Blessac's treachery—"

"You were overwhelmed by another piece of most painful information," said Rodin, interrupting Hardy; "I shall never forget the sudden arrival of that poor, pale, agitated lady, who, regardless of my presence, came to inform you that a person whose affection was very dear to you had suddenly left Paris."

"Yes, sir; and, without thinking of thanking you, I rushed precipitately from the apartment," observed Hardy, in a melancholy tone.

"Do you know, sir," said Rodin, after a moment's pause, "that there are sometimes singular approximations?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"While I was going to you to inform you that you were betrayed in an infamous manner, myself—I—"

Rodin interrupted himself as if overcome by some sudden emotion, and his face betrayed such intense grief, that M. Hardy said to him, with interest,

"What afflicts you, sir?"

"Pardon me," replied Rodin, with a bitter smile; "thanks to the religious counsels of the angelic Abbé Gabriel, I have learned to understand what resignation means; yet still there are times when at certain recollections I experience
intense pain. I was saying," continued Rodin, in a firm voice, "that the day after that on which I had been to say to you, 'You are deceived,' I was myself the victim of an infamous deception. An adopted son, a forsaken child whom I had protected—" Again pausing, he passed his trembling hand over his eyes, and said, "Excuse me, sir, for speaking of sorrows to which you must be indifferent. Excuse the indiscreet sorrow of a poor, grief-stricken old man."

"Sir, I have suffered too much myself for any sorrows to be indifferent to me," replied M. Hardy; "besides, you are not a stranger to me. You have rendered me a real service, and we experience a mutual veneration for a young priest."

"The Abbé Gabriel!" cried Rodin, interrupting Hardy. "Ah, sir! he is my preserver, my benefactor. If you but knew his cares, his devotion for me during my long illness, which a terrible grief had occasioned; if you knew the unutterable sweetness of the counsel he gave me!"

"If I knew it, sir!" exclaimed Hardy; "oh, yes! I know how salutary his influence is."

"Ah, sir! are not the precepts of religion which fall from his lips full of mildness?" replied Rodin, with enthusiasm. "Are they not comforting? Do they not make us love sad hope, instead of fear and tremble?"

"Alas, sir! in this very house," said Hardy, "I have made the comparison."

"I," said Rodin, "I have been so fortunate as to have the angelic Abbé Gabriel for my confessor, or, rather, my confidant."

"Yes," replied Hardy, "for he prefers confidence to confession."

"How well you know him!" said Rodin, with an air of delight and simplicity impossible to portray. "He is not a man, he is an angel: his language, so persuasive, would convert the most hardened—myself, for instance; I confess it, without being impious, I had lived in the sentiments of that religion which is called natural, but the angelic Abbé Gabriel gradually fixed my vague beliefs, gave them a body, a soul, and, in fact, has given me faith."

"Oh! he is a priest according to Christ; he is a priest all love and forgiveness," cried M. Hardy.

"What you say is so true," answered Rodin, "that I came here almost mad with grief; now thinking of the ungrateful wretch who had paid my paternal bounties by the most monstrous ingratitude, and giving way to all the agonies of despair—now falling into a gloomy revery as chilling as the grave—when suddenly the Abbé Gabriel appeared, the darkness vanished, and the daylight broke in upon me."

"You are right, sir; there are singular approximations," said M. Hardy, giving way more and more to the confidence and sympathy which were excited in him by so many points of similarity between his own and the pretended position of Rodin. "And, in truth," he added, "I now congratulate myself on having seen you before leaving this house. If I had been capable of relapsing into a state of contemptible weakness, your example would in itself prevent me. Since I have heard you, I feel myself more strengthened in the noble path which has been disclosed to me by him whom you so correctly call the angelic abbe."

"Then the poor old man will not have to regret following the first impulse of his heart which attracted him toward you," observed Rodin, with touching expression; "you will at least preserve a recollection of me in that world to which you are about to return!"

"Be assured of that, sir; but allow me one question: you remain, they tell me, in this house?"

"Why not? The calm is here so perfect; one is so little disturbed in one's prayers; and you must know," added Rodin, in a tone filled with good feeling, "I have suffered so much ill, such misery—the behaviour of that ingrate who has deceived me has been so horrible, he was so depraved in his conduct—that God must have been greatly angered against him. I am so old that I can scarcely hope, by the exercise of fervent prayer during the few days that remain to me,
to disarm the just anger of the Lord. Oh! prayer, prayer! it was the Abbé Gabriel who revealed to me all the power, all the sweetness, and also all the severe duties it imposes."

"Truly, these duties are great and sacred," replied M. Hardy, with a pensive air.

"Do you know the life of De Rancé?" inquired Rodin, looking at Hardy with a singular expression.

"The founder of the Abbey of La Trappe!" said Hardy, surprised at Rodin's inquiry. "I have vaguely, and a long time ago, heard of the grounds of his conversion."

"There is not a more striking example of the omnipotence of prayer, and the state of almost divine ecstasy to which it can lead religious minds. In a few words I will tell you this instructive and tragic history. M. de Rancé—but I beg your pardon, I am encroaching on your time."

"No, no!" eagerly replied M. Hardy; "you know not, on the contrary, how much what you are saying interests me. My conversation with Gabriel was suddenly interrupted, and when I listen to you, it seems as though I heard a farther development of his ideas."

"Most willingly, for I would fain have the instruction I derived (thanks to our heavenly-minded abbé) from the conversion of M. de Rancé as profitable to you as it has been to me."

"And it was the Abbé Gabriel who worked your cure?"

"It was, indeed. To give greater weight to his own exhortations, he cited to me this edifying history. Alas, sir! I owe it to the consoling words of this youthful priest that my all but broken heart regained strength and courage."

"Then I shall listen with a double interest!"
DAGOBERT'S RECEPTION OF RODIN.
"M. de Rancé," commenced Rodin, attentively observing M. Hardy, "was a man of the world and a soldier; young, handsome, ardent in all his affections, who passionately loved, and was beloved by, a young and lovely girl, whose merits were only equalled by her exalted rank. What were the obstacles which prevented their union I know not, but their love was a stolen one, and their joys required the mask of concealment; but each night M. de Rancé was admitted by a secret staircase to the apartment of his mistress, whence he again retired at dawn of day, silently and unseen as he had entered. Theirs was, indeed, a passion which the human heart can feel but once during life; and the very mystery which enshrouded their love, the sacrifices made by the devoted girl, the risks they ran, combined to give a stronger character to their amour. And thus, amid the shades and tranquillity of night, did these happy lovers meet during two years, passed in a delirium and fervour of tenderness almost amounting to ecstasy."

At these words M. Hardy started; for the first time since his troubles began, a burning blush rose to his cheeks and forehead; his heart beat with impetuous violence, spite of his attempts to control his emotion, for he remembered how often he too had experienced all the intoxicating ardour, the burning fervour of a hidden and guilty passion.

Although the day was rapidly declining, Rodin, casting a sidelong glance on M. Hardy, perceived that his language had taken the desired effect on the mind of his victim. He then proceeded:

"Sometimes, when reflecting on all the consequences that would ensue to his adored mistress if their liaison were discovered, M. de Rancé proposed to break the tender ties which bound their hearts; but the impassioned girl would throw her arms around the neck of her lover, and threaten, in language the most frankly tender, to reveal all herself, and brave every danger that might befall her, if he ever again hinted at their parting. Too weak and too deeply enamoured of his beautiful mistress to resist her prayers, M. de Rancé yielded to her wish; and the enraptured pair, blinded, fascinated by their intoxicating passion, gave themselves up with fresh ardour to the concealed delights of their mutual love till they forgot all things on earth—almost in heaven."

M. Hardy listened with feverish, restless avidity, and burning eagerness, while the Jesuit persisted in thus dwelling on the sensual delights of an ardent though hidden love. By degrees the warm, the lover-like recollections of his own past happiness, which had been until now drowned in his tears, resumed their pristine force, and to the gentle calmness produced by the words of Gabriel succeeded a deep, painful, and oppressive agitation, which, combined with the reaction arising from the many exciting events of the day, began to disturb the clear action of his mind.

Having gained his proposed end, Rodin thus resumed his narrative:

"A fatal moment arrived. M. de Rancé was compelled by his military duties to leave for a while the mistress he so idolized; but the campaign was short, and he hastened back more enamoured than ever. He had contrived to write to his beloved that she might expect him almost as soon as his letter; and accordingly, as soon as the shades of night had fallen, he hurried to the private staircase leading to the apartment of his dearest treasure. Alas! he found but the empty case; the jewel was forever lost to him; she who was dearer to him than his heart's blood lay stretched in the cold embrace of death."

"Dreadful!" murmured M. Hardy, shuddering with nameless terror, and covering his face with his hands.

"She had expired that very morning," continued Rodin. "Two large tapers were burning beside her funeral couch. M. de Rancé neither could nor would believe it possible she was dead; he threw himself on his knees beside her, and in his phrenzied grief sought to raise that head—so lovely and beloved—that he might cover it with kisses; the beauteous head parted from the fair neck, and remained a ghastly spectacle in his arms! Yes," continued Rodin, observing M. Hardy.
start, turn pale, and draw back in terror, "yes, the cause of death had been so sudden and so extraordinary that she had not been able to receive the last holy rites of our Church! After her decease, the medical gentlemen who had attended her, with the view of discovering the nature of the singular malady which had thus baffled their skill, had mutilated the corpse for the purpose of investigating the supposed seat of disease."

As Rodin reached this point of his narrative the day was drawing to a close, and a dim twilight alone prevailed in the gloomy apartment of M. Hardy, amid which, faintly distinguishable, was the crafty, saturnine countenance of Rodin, whose tall, meagre form, clad in his long, loose, black robe, added to the effect produced by the almost fiendish glare of his malignant eyes. Bending beneath the violent emotions produced by this recital, so strangely intermingled with pictures of death, voluptuous pleasure, stolen love, and death-bed horrors, M. Hardy remained speechless and agitated, waiting with intense curiosity for Rodin to proceed, his heart palpitating with an indescribable mixture of agony, fear, and deep interest. At length he whispered, as he wiped the cold sweat from his brow,

"And M. de Rance, what became of him?"

"After two days of absolute delirium," continued Rodin, "he renounced the world, and shut himself up in the most impenetrable solitude. The first part of his retirement was dreadful; in his despair, he uttered cries and groans of rage and grief which might be heard afar off, and twice he even raised his hand against his life for the purpose of escaping from the fearful visions by which he was tormented."

"Had he, then, visions?" inquired M. Hardy, with increased curiosity, and a thrill of sympathizing agony.

"Oh yes!" answered Rodin, in a solemn tone, "he had, indeed, most horrible. Continually did his eyes behold the unhappy creature, who, dying in the midst of her guilty passion for him, had been thereby plunged in the middle of tormenting flames, her lovely features distorted by the tortures she underwent, and her lips shrieking in wild, despairing misery. Sometimes she was presented to his mental vision grinding her teeth with impotent fury; writhing and twisting in consuming agony, she wept tears of blood, and, in an avenging and distracted voice, called aloud to her seducer, 'Be thou forever cursed! cursed! cursed! thou, my destroyer and ruin!'"

And as Rodin uttered these last words, he approached each time a step nearer M. Hardy, as though to give greater effect to what he was saying.

If the exhaustion, terror, and wretchedness of M. Hardy be taken into consideration; if it be remembered that the Jesuit had just been disturbing and propping the very soul of this unfortunate man—had again called into life, by his sensual details, a love chilled and buried beneath a weight of grief and tears, but not extinguished; if it be also recollected that M. Hardy, in addition to his other causes of distress, had to reproach himself with having, by leading a woman to forget her duties to her husband and family, placed her, according to the Catholic creed, in danger of eternal perdition, it will be easily imagined what a terrifying effect would be produced on his excited mind by this phantasmagoria called up in the midst of silence and solitude by a gloomy and awe-inspiring being like Rodin.

The influence thus wrought on M. Hardy was at once deep and sudden, and so much the more dangerous, as the Jesuit, with diabolical cunning, continued to work upon the ideas of Gabriel, merely giving them another direction; for had not he pointed out to M. Hardy that nothing was more delightful, more ineffably soothing to the wounded soul, than to intercede in prayer either for those who had injured us, or those who, by our means, have been led into evil? Now, as pardon always pre-implies previous anger and punishment, so it was that punishment which Rodin sought to paint in such fearfully vivid characters before the eyes of his victim. With clasped hands, and fixed, terrified gaze, M. Hardy, trembling with awe and dread, seemed still to listen to Rodin, even after the lat-
ter had ceased speaking, repeating mechanically to himself, "Accursed! accursed! accursed!" then all at once he exclaimed, in a species of wandering phrensy,

"I, too, shall hear myself styled accursed by the woman whom I have caused to forget her most sacred duties, whom I have rendered forever guilty in the eyes of God; that loved being, plunged in eternal flames, will also write her beautiful form in agony and despair, weep tears of blood, and shout to me from the depths of the abyss, whither my hand has plunged her, 'Accursed! accursed! accursed!' Some day," he added, with increased terror—"some day, who knows? perhaps at this very instant she curses me in her tortures; for this voyage may have proved fatal to her, or the waves may have wrecked the vessel in which she sailed across the ocean. Oh! God of mercy, if it be so! if she be dead, dead in guilt and sin, doomed to everlasting perdition!—and for me, for me!—have pity on her, O merciful Father, and expend Thy just wrath on me; but pity and spare her; I— I alone am guilty, and deserve thy heaviest punishment!"

And the miserable man, almost driven mad, fell on his knees, with his hands clasped in agony.

"Sir," cried Rodin, with a tender and affectionate voice, and hastening to raise him—"my dear sir, my dear friend, be calm. Compose yourself; I should be miserable to drive you to despair. Alas! my intention is quite the contrary."

"Cursed! cursed! she will curse me also; she whom I have adored, delivered over to the flames of hell!" murmured Hardy, trembling, and appearing not to understand Rodin.
"But, my dear sir, hear me, then, I entreat you," replied the latter. "Let me finish this history, and then you will find it as consoling as it now appears frightful to you. In the name of Heaven, recall those adorable words of your angelic Abbé Gabriel on the sweetness of prayer."

At the soothing name of Gabriel, Hardy came to himself, and exclaimed, heartbroken,

"Ah! his words were sweet and benign. What are they? Oh! for pity, repeat to me those holy words."

"Our angelic Abbé Gabriel," said Rodin, "spoke of the sweetness of prayer."

"Oh yes; prayer."

"Well, my good sir, listen to me, and you will find that it was prayer which saved M. de Rancé, which made of him a saint. Yes, those fearful torments which I have just painted to you— those menacing visions— it is prayer that has dissipated them— changed them into heavenly delights."

"I entreat you," said M. Hardy, in a voice of anguish, "speak to me of Gabriel— speak to me of heaven. Oh! but no more of these flames, of that hell in which guilty women weep tears of blood."

"No, no!" added Rodin; and as in the portraiture of hell his accent had been harsh and threatening, so it became tender and soothing as he uttered the following words: "No, no more of these images of despair; for I have said that, after suffering infernal tortures, thanks to prayer, as the Abbé Gabriel told you, M. de Ransé tasted the joys of Paradise."

"The joys of Paradise!" repeated Hardy, listening with avidity.

"One day, in the very agony of his grief, a priest— a good priest, an Abbé Gabriel— came to M. de Rancé. Oh, happiness! oh, providence! In a few days he initiated this unhappy man in the holy mysteries of prayer; that pious intercession of the creature toward the Creator in favour of a soul exposed to heavenly anger. Then M. de Rancé seemed transformed; his griefs were appeased: he prayed, and the more he prayed, the more his fervour, his hope increased; he felt that God listened to him. Instead of forgetting the woman he so adored, he passed whole hours in thinking of her— praying for her salvation. Yes, shut up with happiness in the recess of his obscure cell, alone with the adored remembrance, he passed days and nights in praying for her, in an unspeakable, excited, I might almost say, amorous ecstasy."

It is impossible to render the emphasis, almost sensual, with which Rodin accentuated the word amorous.

M. Hardy shuddered, with a feeling at once burning and icy; for the first time his weakened mind was struck with the idea of those sad pleasures of asceticism, of ecstasy— that deplorable catalepsy, so frequently erotic, of Sainte Thérèse, Saint Aubierge, &c.

Rodin saw this, and continued:

"Oh! M. de Rancé was not to be contented with a vague, unmeaning prayer, said now and then in the midst of mundane disturbances, which nullify them, and prevent their arrival at the ear of the Lord. No; in the profoundest depth of his solitude he still sought to render his prayer even..."
more efficacious, so ardently did he desire the eternal salvation of that mistress beyond the grave."

"What more did he do? ah! what more did he do in his solitude?" exclaimed M. Hardy, caught in the spell of the wily Jesuit.

"In the first place," said Rodin, slowly accenting his words, "he became a monk."

"A monk!" echoed Hardy, with a pensive air.

"Yes," replied Rodin, "he became a monk, because, as such, his prayer was more favourably received by Heaven; and then, as in the depths of his undis turbed solitude his thoughts were still sometimes disturbed by the flesh, he fasted, mortified himself, subdued himself, macerated all that was carnal within him, in order that he might become all mind, and that the prayer coming from his bosom, brilliant, pure as flame, might ascend to the Lord like the perfume of incense."

"Oh, what an intoxicating dream!" exclaimed Hardy, more and more under the spell. "In order to pray more effectually for an adored woman—to become mind, perfume, light!"

"Yes, mind, perfume, light," replied Rodin, laying stress on these words; "but it is no dream. How many recluses, how many monks, have, like M. de Rancé, attained the divine ecstasy by prayers, austerities, macerations! and if you but knew the heavenly joys of these ecstasies! Thus to M. de Rancé's terrible visions succeeded (when he had become a monk) most enchanting visions. How many times, after a day of fasting, and a night passed in prayers and macerations, did he sink, worn out, exhausted, on the stones of his cell! Then, after the annihilation of matter, succeeded the gush of mind; an inexpressible happiness seized on his senses; heavenly concerts reached his ravished ear; a light, at once dazzling and soft, which is not of this world, penetrated through his closed eyelids; then, to the harmonious vibrations of the golden harps of the seraphs, in the midst of a circle of light, to which the sun is pale, the monk saw the adored female appear—"

"That woman whom, by his prayers, he had at length snatched from eternal flames?" said Hardy, in a palpitating voice.

"Yes, herself," replied Rodin, with real and insinuating eloquence, for this monster spoke all languages; "and then, thanks to the prayers of her lover, which the Lord had heard, this woman no longer wept tears of blood—no more writhed her beautiful arms in infernal convulsions. No, no! still lovely—ah! a thousand times more lovely than when on earth, lovely with the eternal beauty of angels—she smiled at her lover with ineffable love; and, her eyes beaming with a humid glow, she said to him, in a tender and impassioned voice,

"'Glory to the Lord! glory to thee, oh my much-adored lover! Thy ineffa ble prayers, thy austerities, have saved me; the Lord hath placed me among his elect. Glory to thee, my much-adored lover!' Then, radiant in her bliss, she
stooped over him, and touched with her lips, perfumed with immortality, the lips of the ecstatic monk; and then their souls mingled in a kiss, burning like love, chaste as virtue, immense as eternity.*

"Oh!" exclaimed Hardy, a prey to completed delirium—"oh! a whole life of prayers, fastings, tortures, for such a moment with her I love, her I weep for, with her whom, perhaps, I have damned—"

"What do you say! such a moment!" exclaimed Rodin, whose parchment-coloured scull was bathed with sweat, like that of a magnetizer, and taking Hardy by the hand, in order to approach him more closely, as if he would have inflated him with the burning delirium in which he sought to plunge him. "It was not once only in his religious life, but almost daily, that M. de Rançé, plunged in the ecstasy of a divine asceticism, tasted these deep, unutterable, unheard of, superhuman pleasures, which are to terrestrial pleasures what eternity is to human life."

Seeing, no doubt, that Hardy had reached the point he desired, and the night being almost set in, the reverend father coughed twice or thrice in a significant manner, and looked toward the door. At this moment Hardy, at the height of his delirium, exclaimed, in a supplicating, maddened tone,

"A cell—a tomb—and ecstasy with her—"

The door of the chamber opened, and D'Aigrigny entered with a cloak on his arm. A servant followed him with a light in his hand.

* It would be impossible to quote in support of this, even with omissions, the incantations of the erotic delirium of Sister Thérèse in her account of her ecstatic love for Christ. These diseases could only find place in a dictionary of medical science or in the "Compendium."†—E. S.

† A work directed by the Jesuits.—Eng. Trans.
It was a deputation of the former workmen of M. Hardy, who came to fetch and thank him for consenting again to come among them. Agricola walked at their head. Suddenly he saw at a distance a post-carriage leave the house of retreat, the horses going at a rapid pace, and urged by the postillion.

Chance or instinct, the closer this carriage approached the party, the more Agricola's mind became uneasy. The feeling became so strong that it grew at once into a terrible assurance, and at the instant when the chariot, with all its blinds closed, was about to pass him, the smith, yielding to an insurmountable presentiment, cried, as he darted to the horses' heads,

"My lads, follow me!"

"Postillion—ten Louis—gallop—crush him under the wheels!" uttered the military voice of D'Aigrigny from behind the blind.

The choler was at this time raging at its height; the postillion had heard of the murder of the poisoners, and, already alarmed at Agricola's sudden assault, he gave him such a heavy blow with the handle of his whip on the head that it felled the smith to the ground; then, spurring his horses to a top speed, the carriage rapidly disappeared, while Agricola's companions, who had comprehended neither his motive nor his action, came around, and tried to restore the smith to animation.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RECOLLECTIONS.

VARIOUS occurrences had taken place since the fatal evening when M. Hardy, bewildered and brought almost to the verge of madness by the highly-wrought state of mind induced by Rodin, had, with clasped hands, implored D'Aigrigny to remove him from Paris, and conduct him to some lonely solitude where he could devote himself to a life of mortification.

Marshal Simon, since his arrival in Paris, had taken up his abode with his daughters in a house in the Rue des Trois Frères. But before introducing the reader within its walls, we must briefly recall several circumstances to his mind.

On the day of the fire at the manufactory of M. Hardy, Marshal Simon had gone thither for the purpose of consulting his father on an affair of the deepest importance, as well to confide to him the painful apprehensions caused by the increasing melancholy of his daughters, the cause of which he sought in vain to penetrate.

It may also be recollected that Marshal Simon professed an almost religious adoration for the memory of the emperor; his gratitude toward his hero and idol had been as boundless as his confidence was blind and unlimited, while his enthusiastic affection had the deep fervour of the sincerest and most devoted friendship.

Nor was this all.

One day the emperor, in a burst of happiness and paternal tenderness, conducted the marshal to the cradle of his sleeping infant, the young King of Rome, and, after fondly pointing out the exquisite beauty of the slumbering boy, said to him, in tones of deep emotion,

"Here, my friend, here, by the side of this sweet cherub, promise me to be to the son all you have been to the father."

Marshal Simon had both taken and kept the prescribed oath.

At the head of a military conspiracy, he had attempted during the Restoration, but in vain, to seduce a regiment of horse, then commanded by the Marquis d'Aigrigny, to join the cause of Napoleon II.; but betrayed, and then denounced by the future Jesuit, the marshal, after a sanguinary duel with his enemy, fled into Poland, thereby alone escaping condemnation and death. It is useless to
repeat all the events which conducted him from Poland to India, and again restored him to Paris after the Revolution of July—a period at which many of his companions-in-arms, unknown to himself, solicited and obtained a confirmation of the rank and title bestowed on him by the emperor before the battle of Waterloo. Upon his return to Paris, after so long an absence, the marshal, spite of the happiness he felt in embracing his children, had suffered a severe shock in learning the death of his wife, to whom he was passionately attached. Up to the very last moment he had expected to meet her in Paris, and the disappointment struck to his heart, though he strove to forget his grief in the gentle caresses of his daughters. But ere long the machinations of Rodin involved him in new agitations.

Owing to the secret manoeuvres of Rodin at the court of Vienna, one of his creatures, deserving of all confidence by his previous conduct, and substantiating his words by the most convincing proofs, applied to the marshal, saying,

"The son of our emperor is dying, a victim to the dread with which the name of his father still inspires Europe; and from this slow, lingering agony, you, Marshal Simon, one of the most faithful friends and adherents of the emperor, may be able to snatch the unfortunate prince. The correspondence I lay before you proves that it will be practicable to establish a communication with a most influential person about the King of Rome, and that this person would be disposed to aid the escape of the prince. It is, then, possible, by means of a bold and unexpected attempt, to rescue Napoleon II. from Austria, where he is permitted to waste away in an atmosphere mortal to one of his organization. The enterprise is bold, but it presents a fair chance of success, more likely to be achieved by you than another, since your devotion to the emperor is known, and the daring bravery with which, in 1815, you joined the conspiracies in favour of Napoleon II."

The state of wasting languor in which the King of Rome then lay was well known in France; public rumour even went so far as to affirm that the son of the hero was studiously brought up by priests in complete ignorance of all the glory his father had achieved, and that by a vile plot they endeavoured each day to repress and extinguish the noble and generous sentiments which so early manifested themselves in the unhappy youth, and even the coldest and most calculating natures were touched at so mournful and unpromising a destiny.

When the heroic character, the chivalrous loyalty of Marshal Simon are considered, with his enthusiastic admiration of the emperor, it will easily be seen that the father of Rose and Blanche would be more deeply interested than any one in the fate of the young prince, and that, upon a fitting occasion, he would not confine the demonstration of his zeal and affection to a few empty professions or useless regrets.

As regarded the genuineness of the correspondence exhibited by the emissary of Rodin, it had been indirectly submitted by the marshal to a rigid test by the means of some old connexions of his, who had for many years been diplomatically employed at the court of Vienna during the time of the empire; the result of this investigation, which was, however, managed with the greatest caution for fear of exciting suspicion, served to prove that the overtures made to him merited his serious attention.

Hence arose a cruel perplexity which disturbed the father of Rose and Blanche, since, were he to undertake the bold and dangerous enterprise pointed out to him, he must perforse leave his daughters; while, if too much pained at the idea of a separation from his only treasures, he shrank from endeavouring to save the King of Rome, whose sufferings and fast-failing health were known and admitted by all, he became in his own opinion a renegade and a traitor to the promise made by him to the emperor.

To end these painful and conflicting hesitations, and full of trust in the inflexible integrity of his father, the marshal had gone to seek his advice on the very day of the attack on M. Hardy's manufactory, but the mortal wound received
by the old republican workman had prevented his doing more than saying, in broken and disjointed sentences,

"My son—you have a great and serious duty—to perform; to fail in it would be unworthy of a man of honour; as you would—wish to—obey my dying—commands—you—must—unhesitatingly—" and with these feebly-uttered words the old man expired; but, by a deplorable fatality, the remaining part of the sentence, so necessary to give force and meaning to the whole, escaped in faint, unintelligible sounds; so that his death left Marshal Simon even more embarrassed than he had been before, inasmuch as one of the two courses between which he had to choose had been expressly condemned by his father, in whose judgment he had the most unbounded confidence. He passed hours in trying to divine his parent's meaning—whether his father had adjured him, in the sacred name of honour and of duty, not to leave his children, to renounce a too hazardous enterprise, or had intended to counsel him unhesitatingly to abandon his daughters for a time, in order that he might fulfil the vow made to the emperor, and endeavour, at least, to snatch Napoleon II. from his mortal captivity.

This perplexity, rendered still more painful by circumstances we shall hereafter narrate; the poignant grief occasioned by the sudden and violent death of his father; the anguish resulting from the recollection of his adored wife's having died far from him in a land of exile, added to the unhappiness he felt at the daily increasing sadness of Rose and Blanche, made fearful inroads upon the health and energy of Marshal Simon; let it be added, that, spite of his natural intrepidity, so bravely manifested during twenty years spent in war—the ravages of the cholera—that terrible malady to which his wife had fallen a victim in Siberia—created a sort of involuntary dread in the mind of the man who, during so many hard-fought battles, had coolly looked on death, yet who now felt his habitual firmness fail him at the sight of the desolation and misery he encountered at every step in Paris.

Meanwhile, Mademoiselle de Cardoville had contrived to assemble around her the various members of her family, with the view of putting them on their guard against the machinations of their enemies, and the affectionate tenderness lavished by her on Rose and Blanche appeared to exercise so happy an influence on their mysterious melancholy, that the marshal, forgetting his painful subjects of thought, gave himself up to the dear delight of enjoying this gratifying change—a change, alas! but of too short a duration.

These circumstances recalled to the recollection of our readers, and the requisite explanations given, we will now proceed with our recital.
CHAPTER XXXIX.

JOCRISSE.

Let us visit now the modest residence occupied by Marshal Simon in the Rue des Trois Frères. Two o'clock had just struck on the clock in the marshal's bedchamber, a room furnished with military simplicity. At the head of the bed was a stand of arms, composed of the various weapons worn by the marshal during his campaigns, while on the bookcase, which faced the bed, was a small bronze bust of the emperor, the only ornament the apartment contained.

The temperature without the chamber was far from being warm, and the marshal, from his long residence in India, was particularly sensitive of cold; a good fire, therefore, was blazing on the hearth. A door, concealed by the hangings of the room, and communicating with a back staircase, slowly opened, and a man appeared, bearing a basket of wood. This individual advanced slowly, till he reached the fireplace, when, stooping down, he began to arrange the blocks of wood, in symmetrical order, in a large box placed a little way from the fire. After pursuing his occupation for several minutes, the man, still on his knees, contrived to approach a second door, not far from the chimney-piece, where he appeared to listen with profound attention, as if desirous of ascertaining whether any person was speaking in the adjoining apartment.

This man, employed throughout the house as a sort of supernumerary servant, had the most ridiculously-stupid aspect that can be imagined; his duties consisted in carrying wood to the different rooms, going on errands, &c., &c.; moreover, he served as a jest and butt for every domestic in the house. In a momentary fit of gayety, Dagobert, who exercised in the house a sort of major-domo capacity, had bestowed on the idiotic fellow the name of Jocrisse, which he had ever afterward retained; and certainly never was nickname better placed as regarded the stupidity of the man, with his flat, unmeaning face, great snub-nose, and large, dull, fishy eyes; add to this a dress, consisting of the usual nether garments, and a red serge waistcoat, finished with a white bib, belonging to an apron of the same colour, and the reader may form some idea of the simpleton so aptly named Jocrisse. Nevertheless, as the man crouched down before the door of the adjoining chamber, and seemed to be paying such close attention to what might be passing within, a bright sparkle of intelligence shone in those eyes usually so dull and stupid.

After having listened for an instant or two at the door, Jocrisse returned to the fireplace, still drawing himself along on his knees; then rising, he took his basket, half filled as it was with wood, and again approached the door, before which he had been listening, and gently tapped at it. No one answered him. A second time he knocked, and more boldly; still no reply. Then, speaking in a voice as hoarse, squeaking, grating, and ridiculous as can be imagined, he said,

"Please, young ladies, are you in want of wood for your fire?"

Receiving no answer, Jocrisse put down his basket, opened the door softly,
and entered the adjoining chamber: after casting a rapid glance around, in two or three seconds he came out again, looking anxiously from side to side, like a person who has just accomplished some very important and mysterious thing. Resuming his wood-basket, he was just preparing to leave the marshal's bedchamber, when the door leading to the back staircase again slowly and cautiously opened, and Dagobert appeared there.

Evidently surprised at the presence of Jocrisse, the old soldier frowned angrily, and abruptly inquired, "What are you doing there?"

At this sudden demand, accompanied by a deep growl, arising out of the ill-humour which at that moment affected Killjoy, who was closely following his master, Jocrisse uttered a cry of terror, real or affected; if the latter, he, by way of giving greater effect to his emotion, contrived to upset his load of wood on the floor, as though fear or surprise had caused it to slip from his hands.

"What are you doing there, booby?" pursued Dagobert, whose countenance bore marks of extreme sadness, and as though his present turn of mind was ill calculated to relish the foolery of Jocrisse.

"Ah! M. Dagobert, how you did frighten me, to be sure! Oh dear! oh dear! what a pity I was not carrying a pile of plates, just to prove that it was not my fault they were all thrown down and broken!"

"I ask you what you were doing there?" persisted Dagobert.

"Why, M. Dagobert, it's pretty plain what I was doing; just look there," pointing to his basket. "I have been bringing wood into the chamber of my lord duke, because it's cold."

"There—that will do; pick up your things, and be off with you."

"Lord love you, M. Dagobert, my legs quite tremble under me; dear, dear me, what a fright you gave me, surely!"

"Will you take yourself out of the way, you stupid brute?"

Then, taking Jocrisse by the arm, he pushed him against the door, while Killjoy, laying back his sharp-pointed ears, and bristling up his coat, like the quills of a porcupine, evinced every disposition to accelerate his retreat.

"I'm going, M. Dagobert; bless your dear heart, I'm going," replied the simpleton, hastily picking up his basket, "only tell M. Killjoy—"

"Go to the devil with you, you chattering fool!" cried Dagobert, turning Jocrisse out of the apartment. The old man then bolted the door of the back staircase within, and, proceeding to that which led to the chamber of the sisters, turned the key in the lock. This done, the soldier hastily approached the alcove, and took down from the panoply of arms suspended at the head a pair of loaded pistols, from which he carefully removed the percussion caps; then, with a deep

[See cut, on page 510.]
began pacing the room in extreme agitation, one hand thrust into the bosom of his long blue great coat, buttoned up to the chin, the other in one of the back pockets.

From time to time Dagobert suddenly paused, and, as if in reply to his secret thoughts, uttered aloud some exclamation of doubt or surprise; then, turning to the pile of military trophies, he mournfully shook his head as he murmured,

"No matter! Possibly my fear is unfounded and absurd; but he has been so strange the last two days. At any rate, it is more prudent." And, again resuming his march up and down the apartment, Dagobert said, after a fresh and prolonged silence, "Yes, I must make him tell me. He makes me too unhappy. And then, again, those dear girls—it almost breaks my heart."

And with these words Dagobert rapidly smoothed his mustache between his thumb and forefinger with an almost convulsive movement, which, in him, was invariably the index of some powerful emotion.

After another pause of several minutes, the old soldier, as though replying to some inward thought, exclaimed,

"What can it be, if not that? It cannot be those letters; they are too base. He despises them. And yet—but no; it must be something more."

And, as if wound up to fresh excitement, Dagobert began pacing the room more energetically than ever.

Suddenly Killjoy pricked up his ears, turned his head in the direction of the back staircase, and growled fiercely.

A few minutes afterward some one knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" inquired Dagobert.

No reply was given, but the knocking was repeated.

Irritated and impatient, the old soldier hastily opened the door, and beheld the stolid countenance of Jocrisse.
"What the devil do you mean," asked the angry soldier, "by not answering when I spoke to you?"

"M. Dagobert, because, as you sent me away just now, I was afraid of making you angry if I told you it was I come back again."

"And what have you come for? Speak! but don't stand staring there, you gaping fool!" answered Dagobert, in a rage, and dragging Jocrisse into the chamber.

"I'm coming, M. Dagobert! Pray don't be so cross. I came, M. Dagobert, to tell you that there was a young man—"

"Well!"

"Who says he wants to speak to you directly, M. Dagobert."

"And what is his name?"

"Ah! now you are laughing at me, M. Dagobert," answered Jocrisse, twisting himself about like an idiot.

"Why, you half-brained simpleton, you seem determined to make me shake the breath out of your body!" cried the soldier, seizing Jocrisse by the collar.

"Will you tell me the name of this young man?"

"M. Dagobert, you hurt me! Please take your knuckles out of my throat, and I'll tell you all I know. As for the name of the young man, I thought it was not worth while mentioning it, as you knew it already."

"Oh, you brute—beast!" exclaimed Dagobert, doubling his fist.

"Yes, you know his name, for the young man is your son. He's down stairs, and says he wants to speak with you directly."

So well did Jocrisse enact his part of simpleton, that Dagobert was completely deceived by it; and pitying rather than resenting the folly of the man, he looked for an instant searchingly into his face, but, finding nothing in its utter stolidity to arouse his suspicions, he merely shrugged his shoulders, and, directing his steps toward the staircase, said to the man,

"Follow me."

Jocrisse obeyed; but, before closing the door after him, he felt in his pocket, and drew from it a letter with a mysterious air, which he threw behind him; then, without turning his head, and speaking all the while to Dagobert to divert his attention, he said,

"Your son is in the court, M. Dagobert; he wouldn't come up, he said; that's the reason he stayed down stairs."

So saying, Jocrisse shut the door, believing the letter lay where he left it, on the floor in Marshal Simon's bedchamber. But Jocrisse had not included Killjoy in his calculations. Whether he considered it more prudent to bring up the rear, or from respectful deference to the two-legged animal who preceded him, the sagacious dog had not chosen to leave the room till all had departed but himself; and as he was clever at fetching and carrying (as has been already shown), when he saw Jocrisse drop the letter he took it carefully up, and, holding it between his teeth, followed the man, without the latter having the least suspicion of this fresh act of intelligence on the part of Killjoy.
CHAPTER XL.

THE ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENTS.

or having seen Agricola for some days, the old soldier now gave him a hearty and cordial welcome; after which he led him into one of the two chambers on the ground floor, which he occupied.

"And how is your wife?" inquired the old soldier, as soon as they were seated.

"Thank you, father, she is quite well."

The tone in which Agricola replied to his father's question was so unlike his natural manner of speaking, that Dagobert involuntarily raised his eyes to his face, and for the first time observed the powerful emotion depicted on his features.

"What is the matter, my boy?" said Dagobert. "Has anything happened since I saw you last?"

"Father," answered the young smith, in despairing accents, "all is over; he is lost to us forever!"

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of M. Hardy."

"M. Hardy! Why, three days ago you told me you were going to see him!"

"And I did, go, father, in company with my excellent brother Gabriel. Gabriel talked to him—oh in such a way! it would have melted a stone—till at length, by his animating and encouraging words, M. Hardy was brought to declare his intention of returning to us again. Wild with joy, I ran to convey the good news to some of my companions, who were waiting to know the result of my conference with M. Hardy, and they all hurried back with me to thank him. We were within a hundred steps of the black gownsmen's house, when—"

"The black gowns?" said Dagobert, with a gloomy air. "Ah! then something has gone wrong. I know them."

"You are right, father," said Agricola, with a sigh. "I was hurrying with my comrades, when all at once I saw a travelling carriage approach, and an indescribable impression came over my mind that they were carrying off M. Hardy."

"By force?" asked Dagobert, eagerly.

"Oh no!" replied Agricola, bitterly; "these men are too cunning for that. They always find some means or other of making you a willing instrument in their hands. I have not forgotten how they went to work with my dear mother."

"Ah, poor woman! she was another unhappy fly caught in their net. But what of the carriage you were telling me about?"

"As I saw it drive from the priests' house," said Agricola, "a pang shot through my heart, and, by an impulse I felt it impossible to restrain, I sprang to the horses' heads, calling upon my companions to aid me; but the postillion aimed a blow at me with his whip, which stunned me, and by the time I recovered the vehicle was far off."

"But you received no serious injury, my son?" exclaimed Dagobert, looking closely at Agricola.

"No, father; merely a scratch."

"And what did you do next, my lad?"
THE MAN WITH THE WEASEL FACE.
"I made all possible haste to our guardian angel, Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and told her all that had occurred. 'You must follow M. Hardy instantly,' she said, when I had concluded my tale. 'You shall have one of my travelling carriages, with post-horses. M. Dupont will accompany you; you will pursue M. Hardy from stage to stage, and if you are fortunate enough to overtake him, it is possible that your presence and entreaties may overcome the fatal influence these priests have obtained over him.'"

"The excellent young lady was quite right. It was the best thing you could do."

"An hour after that, we were on M. Hardy's track; for we learned by some return postillions we met that he had taken the road to Orleans. We followed as far as Estampes, where we heard that he had gone by a cross-road toward a lone house, situated in a valley about four leagues from the high road; that this house was called the Vale of Saint Hérem, and belonged to the priests; but the night was so dark, and the roads were so bad, that we were counselled to sleep at the inn, and resume our search at break of day; and this advice we determined to follow. As soon as it was light we started off again, and after proceeding for about a quarter of an hour by the road, we took a by-path, as precipitous as dreary and desolate. Nothing was to be seen but immense blocks of stone, with a few birch-trees and stunted shrubs scattered over them. As we advanced, the aspect of the country became still more wild and dreary. You might easily suppose yourself 100 leagues from Paris. At length we stopped before a large, dark old mansion, at the foot of a high mountain, covered with patches of the graystone which abounded in the neighbourhood. It had scarcely any windows. Never have I seen anything so lonely and dismal. We alighted and rang at the bell, which was answered by a man-servant. 'Did not the Abbé d'Aigrigny arrive here last night with another gentleman?' I asked, with an air of intelligence. 'Let that gentleman know that I wish to see him directly upon a matter of great importance.' The man, believing, of course, that we belonged to the Abbé d'Aigrigny's party, allowed us to enter. In a minute a door opened, and the Abbé d'Aigrigny appeared. At sight of me, he started back and retreated as quickly as he had come; but in five minutes I was in M. Hardy's presence."

"Well?" said Dagobert, anxiously.

Agricola mournfully shook his head, and continued:

"I saw at the first glance that all was over with M. Hardy; the expression of his features told me that plainly enough. Addressing himself to me, in a voice gentle, but firm, M. Hardy said, 'I can both understand and excuse the motive that brings you here, but I have resolved to pass the remainder of my life in retirement and devotion. I make this determination of my own free will, uninfluenced by any person, because I believe the state of my soul requires it. Bear my good wishes to your comrades, and say that I have made such a provision for them as will, I trust, reconcile them to my loss, and secure me a place in their remembrance.' Then, perceiving me about to speak, M. Hardy interrupted me by saying, 'It is all in vain, my good friend; my resolution is unchangeable. Do not write to me, for if you do your letters will remain unanswered. My whole attention will henceforward be engrossed by prayer and meditation. And now farewell! Excuse my leaving you, but I am much fatigued with travelling.' And he might well refer to his being unhinged and indisposed, whether from travelling or other causes. He was pale as a spectre, and there even seemed to me a sort of wildness in his eyes. In fact, he was scarcely like the same person I had seen and conversed with only the day before, while the hand he held out to me was parched and burning. The Abbé d'Aigrigny now entered. 'Father,' said M. Hardy to him, 'will you do me the favour to conduct M. Agricola Baudoin to the door?' With these words he waved his hand to me in token of adieu, and entered an adjoining chamber. All was now over, and he forever lost to us."

"I see," said Dagobert, "these black-coated priests have bewitched him, as they have so many others."
Then," said Agricola, "I returned home in despair, in company with M. Dupont. See now what these priests have made of M. Hardy, the generous man who maintained nearly 300 workmen, and induced them, by the excellence of his system, to live an industrious, orderly life; cultivating their intelligence, improving their hearts, and rendering himself, by his wise and beneficent conduct to them, worthy of the blessings they invoked on his head. Instead of all this useful benevolence, M. Hardy has now forever devoted himself to a silent, solitary life, useless to himself and to all around him."

"Oh, these priests!" said Dagobert, shuddering, and unable to conceal an indescribable dread; "the more I know of them, the more I fear them. You saw how those black hypocrites turned your poor mother's mind: now you see to what they have brought M. Hardy. You are aware of their plots against my two poor orphans, as well as that generous young lady. Oh, those men are very powerful. I had much rather face a squadron of Russian grenadiers than a dozen of those cassocks. Don't let us talk of them any more. I have other causes for fear and uneasiness without them."

Then, observing the surprise imprinted on Agricola's features, the old soldier, unable longer to restrain his emotion, threw himself into his son's arms, crying, in an agitated voice,

"I can bear it no longer! My heart overflows, and in whom can I repose my confidence, if not in you, my son?"

"You terrify me, father," said Agricola. "What has happened?"

"I tell you, my boy, that only for you and those two poor orphan girls, I should have been tempted, twenty times over, to blow my brains out, rather than see what I see, and, above all, fear what I fear."

"And what is it you do fear, my father?"

"I know not what has been the matter with the marshal, but for several days past he has alarmed me greatly."

"Yet his recent conversations with Mademoiselle de Cardoville—"

"Certainly did him good for a time. The generous young lady seemed, by her kind and soothing words, to have poured balm into his wounds; and the presence of the young Indian had also served to divert his thoughts. He appeared less gloomy, less melancholy, and his poor children enjoyed all the good effects of the change; but for several days past it seems as though some demon were let loose afresh against the whole family; it wellnigh turns my brain, and I feel almost certain that the anonymous letters, which had been discontinued, have again commenced."

"What letters, father?"

"The anonymous ones."

"And what is the purport of these letters?"

"You are aware of the hatred the marshal entertained for that renegade, the Abbé d'Aigrigny. When he learned that the traitor was here, and that he had pursued the orphan children, as he had pursued their mother, even to death, but that he had become a priest, and, consequently, escaped from his vengeance, I thought the marshal would go mad with rage and indignation. He even threatened to seek out the traitor, the renegade, and pin him to the earth with his sword; but I calmed him with a single word. 'He has turned priest, remember,' said I; 'and you may cross his path, insult, or even strike him, but he will neither return your blow nor meet you like a man. He began by fighting...

* It is well known how familiar the reverend fathers, as well as other sects, are with the employment of denunciating threats and anonymous slander. The venerable Cardinal de Latour d'Auvergne has complained recently, in a letter addressed to the journals, of the disgraceful attacks and anonymous letters with which he had been assailed, because he refused a blind and unqualified obedience to the prohibition of M. de Bonald against the "Manuel" of M. Dupin, a work which, since of party or priesthood, will forever remain a compendium of reason, right, and independence. We have now before us the particulars, nay, the very documents, of an action at law, in which were produced a considerable number of anonymous letters, addressed to an aged man, whom the priests were desirous of getting into their clutches, containing the most fearful threats if he did not disinherit his nephews, as well as the most abominable accusations and imputations against each member of his honourable family. It came out on the trial that these anonymous letters were the productions of two priests and a professed nun, who never left the old man, even in his last moments, and ultimately succeeded in deposing the family of more than 500,000 francs.
against his country, and he finishes by becoming a wicked and hypocritical priest. Trust me, he is not worthy of being spit upon or spurned with your foot! 'Still, still,' exclaimed the exasperated marshal, 'I cannot rest till I have avenged my children's wrongs and my wife's death.' 'You must remember,' said I again, 'that there are laws and tribunals in France capable of punishing him as he deserves. Mademoiselle de Cardoville has already lodged a complaint against him for having illegally, and with an evil intent, confined your children in a convent. We must, therefore, wait in patience, but our revenge will only be the more certain.'"

"Yes, father," said Agricola, sadly; "but, unfortunately, there are no direct proofs against the Abbé d'Aigrigny. The other day, when Mademoiselle de Cardoville's solicitor questioned me respecting our going to the convent that night, he told me plainly that he found fresh difficulties every step he advanced in the affair, for want of positive and material proofs, and that the priests had taken their measures so skilfully that he expected the charge would fall to the ground."

"That is precisely the marshal's opinion, my lad; and the idea of so flagrant an injustice irritates him still more."

"It is a pity he cannot view the conduct of these unprincipled men with the contempt it deserves."

"And the anonymous letters, also?"

"Father, I do not understand your reference to these letters."

"Then listen, while I explain the whole matter to you. Brave and generous as is the marshal, when his first burst of indignation had passed away, he considered
that to chastise the renegade as he deserved, now he had converted his military
garb into a priest's frock, would be almost as cowardly as to attack a woman or an
old man. He therefore endeavoured, as much as possible, to despise and forget
the wrongs he had received; but by every post arrived letters from some con-
cealed writer, endeavouring, by every possible means, to excite the anger of the
marshal against the renegade, by recapitulating all the injuries both himself and
those dearest to him he had received from the Abbé d'Aigrigny; and many bitter
taunts and cutting remarks were made on the cowardice of the marshal, who
could allow insults and wrongs, such as he had sustained, to go unpunished,
while the persecutor of his wife and children daily indulged in the most insolent
jests and contemptuous observations."

"And have you any suspicion, father, as to the sender of these letters?"

"None whatever. I think and think, till I almost go out of my senses, and
all to no purpose."

"They come, doubtless, from the marshal's enemies, and he has none but
those priests."

"That is my opinion."

"But what can be the object of these anonymous writings?"

"The object?" exclaimed Dagobert. "That is clear enough. Thé marshal
is quick, impetuous, and has a thousand reasons for seeking to revenge himself
on the renegade. Now he is prevented from doing himself justice, and justice
from his country he is unable to obtain for want of more positive proofs than he
possesses. Thus foiled, then, in what he so deeply thirsted for, he controlled
his feelings, and tried to forget the past; but, behold! each day brings insolent
letters, recalling this hatred on the part of the marshal, whose mind is goaded
on with insults, abuse, and mockery no man could stand. I tell you what,
my brain is as strong as most people's, but I know this kind of torment would
drive me actually mad."

"It is, indeed, a scheme worthy of hell itself."

"And that is not all, either!"

"Not all?"

"Each day the marshal receives other letters, which he does not allow me to
see; but when the first came, he seemed dreadfully affected, and said, in a low
voice, 'This is too much, too much! They do not even respect—' And then,
covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the smith, almost disbelieving what he heard;
"could anything make the marshal weep?"

"I tell you, Agricola," resumed Dagobert, "that he cried like a child!"

"What could those letters have contained, father?"

"I dared not ask, he seemed so wretched."

"Alas! tormented and harassed in this way, the life of the marshal must be a
burden to him."

"And then, again, the sight of his poor children, whom he observes more and
more dejected each day, without it being possible to guess the cause of their
unhappiness, and the death of his father—it is enough to break down any man's
fortitude, I should think. Still, I feel persuaded that I do not yet know all the
marshal's causes of suffering. There is something, even worse than I have re-
lated to you, which preys on his mind, and drives him almost to desperation. He
is completely altered, and for the last few days has given way to the most vio-
lent bursts of passion without any cause. Indeed, continued the old soldier,
after a brief hesitation, "I know I may trust you, my son, and therefore I will
candidly confess that, in consequence of my fears, I have just now been to his
apartment for the purpose of removing the caps from his pistols."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Agricola, infinitely distressed at what he heard,
"could you, then, have dreaded—"

"After the excited and exasperated state he was in all yesterday, I dread
everything."
"Why, what occurred, then?"

"For some time past he has had long and secret interviews with an individual, whose appearance is that of an old soldier, as well as a brave and worthy sort of man; and I have remarked that the marshal has always appeared more depressed and agitated after the visits of this person. Two or three times I ventured to remark something of the kind, but, as I saw it displeased him, I did not venture farther. Well, this individual came again in the evening, and stayed here till nearly eleven o'clock, even till his wife came to seek him, and waited for him in a hackney-coach at the door. As soon as he had gone, I went up to the marshal to see if he wanted anything. He was very pale, but seemed calm; and, when I spoke to him, thanked me, but declined my services, and I went down stairs again. You know that my bedroom at the side here is directly beneath his, and, for some time after I returned to my chamber, I could hear the marshal pacing to and fro, as though under the influence of some powerful agitation. At length it seemed as if he were knocking over and throwing the furniture about with violence. Much alarmed, I hurried up stairs again; but when I entered the room, he seemed extremely angry with me for coming, and sternly bade me begone immediately! Seeing him in this state, I thought it dangerous to leave him, and accordingly I stopped as if I had not heard what he said. He got into a furious rage, but still I did not offer to go. I only pointed to the table and chair he had thrown down, with an air so mournful and full of concern that he understood me, and, being one of the best and noblest natures that ever lived, he took my hand, and said, 'Forgive me, my good Dagobert, for paining you thus; but I had just now so fierce a rage upon me, that, in a moment's folly, I might have done any desperate act. Nay, I verily believe I should have thrown myself through the window had it been open. I only trust my poor dear little girls did not hear me; but, indeed, my head was quite turned for a time.' Then, going on tiptoe, he walked to the door of the room which led to the sleeping-chamber of his daughters. After attentively listening for a minute, he returned to me, saying, 'All is still; thank Heaven, they sleep!' I then ventured to inquire what had so much disturbed him, and if, spite of all my precautions, he had received another anonymous letter. 'No,' he answered, with a gloomy air, 'I have not. But leave me now, my good friend, I feel better; the sight of you has done me good. So good-night, old companion and worthy comrade; retire to your bed and sleep, as I mean to do.' You may be very sure I did not go far off; but, for fear of irritating him, I made believe to go down stairs; but I walked up again without any shoes, and took my station at the top of the stairs, listening to every sound. No doubt, with a view of effectually composing his mind, the marshal went to look at his sleeping daughters, and, perhaps, bestow a kiss on their innocent foreheads, for I heard the door leading to their apartment open and shut. After his return from their chamber, he continued for a long while to walk up and down his room, but in a calmer manner; then, as if quite tired out, I heard him throw himself on his bed. I kept my watch, however, till daybreak, and then, finding all remained quiet, I gently stole back to my room, feeling comforted to think that, as far as I could judge, he had passed a tranquil night."

"But what can be the matter with him, father?"

"I know no more than you do. But when I went to him in the morning, I was struck with the change in his countenance, and the bright, unnatural sort of glitter in his eyes. He could not have looked worse if he had been suffering from madness or a raging fever. Then, remembering what he had said, that if the window had been open he should have thrown himself out, I thought it would be more prudent to remove the caps from his pistols."

"I cannot understand it," said Agricola; "it is strange for a man so firm, so intrepid, and so calm as the marshal, to have these fits of violence."

"I tell you, something extraordinary is passing in his mind. He has not seen his children for the last two days, which is always a bad sign with him, while
the poor girls are fretting and pining at the idea of having offended him, and this increases their sadness. But for two such little angels as they are to give offence to any one is impossible. Ah! if you only knew what a life those dear children lead: a walk out with me, or a drive in the carriage with their governess, for I never allow them to go out alone; and then, upon their return, they attend to their studies, read, or embroider, but always together, till bedtime. Their governess, whom I believe to be a very worthy woman, told me she had sometimes heard them sobbing in their sleep. Poor children! thus far in their lives, certainly, they have not enjoyed much happiness," said the soldier, with a sigh.

At this moment, hearing rapid steps in the courtyard, Dagobert looked up, and saw Marshal Simon, with pale features and half-phrensiad air, holding in his hands a letter, the contents of which he seemed to read with intense anxiety.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

Assing from Marshal Simon, who, as we have said, was walking in his garden with a hasty and agitated step, engaged in the perusal of the anonymous letter received so singularly through the medium of Killjoy, let us visit his daughters, who sat alone in the apartment they usually occupied, to which, during their temporary absence, Jocriase had paid a brief visit. The poor girls seemed doomed to wear the "livery of woe," for, just as their mourning for their mother terminated, the tragical death of their grandfather again covered them with funereal crape.

The sisters, dressed in deep black, were sitting upon a sofa near their work-table. Grief frequently produces the effect of years in adding to the appearance of age. So it was with Rose and Blanche; a few months had converted them into young women, and changed the almost childlike beauty of their fair young faces, once so round and rosy, into pale, lengthened countenances, with a careworn expression. Their large, clear, blue eyes were no longer visited by those tears of laughter caused by the amusing coolness and imperturbability of Dagobert, or the mute drollery of old Killjoy, which so often glittered on their lashes in the course of their long and fatiguing pilgrimage. In a word, these charming young creatures, whose soft and delicate loveliness none but the pencil of a Greuze could fitly present, were.
as they then sat, worthy of inspiring the melancholy genius of the immortal painter of "Mignon regretting Heaven," or "Marguerite meditating on Faust."

Rose, leaning against the back of the sofa, sat with her head partly drooping on her bosom, over which was crossed a black crepe handkerchief, while the light of an opposite window shone full on her pure white forehead, surmounted by a double plying of rich chestnut hair; her eye was fixed, and the contraction of her finely-arched eyebrow evinced the deep preoccupation of her mind; her small, delicate, but thin and wasted hands, still holding the embroidery with which she had attempted to amuse herself, had fallen listlessly on her lap. The side face of Blanche was alone visible as she bent forward to her sister with an expression of tender yet anxious solicitude. Continuing to gaze on her, while she mechanically passed her needle through the canvas, as though still occupied with her work,

"Sister!" said Blanche, in a sweet and gentle voice, after waiting a few seconds, during which the tears might be seen rapidly gathering in her eyes, "tell me what you are thinking of—you seem so very sad!"

"I was thinking," replied Rose, after a short silence, "of the golden city—of our dreams and fancies!"

Blanche comprehended all the bitterness contained in these words, and without saying another word, she threw her arms round her sister's neck, and burst into tears.

Poor children! the golden city of which they had so long talked and dreamed was Paris—and their father; Paris, the marvellous city of joys innumerable; and their imagination had portrayed the smiling, happy countenance of their parent as he welcomed them to the festive scene. But, alas for them! this gay, golden city had been converted into the dreary abode of grief and tears, death and mourning; the dreadful scourge which had struck their mother in the wilds of Siberia appeared to have followed them like a dark, threatening cloud, and, hovering still
over their heads, seemed perpetually to exclude from them the soft blue of the heavens, and the cheering rays of the sun; and the golden city of their fond picturing displayed before their mental view the day when their father should present to them two claimants for their affection, handsome and good as themselves, saying, as he did so,

"Here, my children, are hearts worthy of your own; these youths love you as you deserve to be loved; let each sister, then, bestow a tender and affectionate brother on the other, while, by giving your hand as I direct, I shall be enabled to boast of my sons as I have hitherto proudly done of my daughters."

And, then, how bright a blush tinged the cheek of the orphans, whose souls, pure as crystal, had never before reflected any image but that of the Angel Gabriel, sent by their mother to protect and guard them! It may, therefore, be well imagined with how painful an emotion Blanche heard her sister murmur in bitter sadness those words which so painfully described the difference between their real position and that their imagination promised them.

"Alas! dear Rose," said Blanche, wiping away the tears which trickled down her sister's cheek, "I was thinking of the golden city we hoped to find."

"Perhaps we shall yet be happy," said Blanche.

"Oh!" said Rose, "if, even in our father's presence, we find ourselves unhappy, how can we ever hope to be otherwise!"

"Yes," answered Blanche, raising her eyes to heaven, "when we go to rejoin our dear mother."

"And possibly the dream we have just had, like the dream we had before in Germany, is intended to announce to us what is about to happen: only, you know, there was this difference: in Germany, we dreamed that the Angel Gabriel descended from heaven to us; and this time he took us from earth and carried us to the skies, where our mother was waiting for us."

"Probably this dream will come true, like the other, sister; for we dreamed then that the Angel Gabriel would protect us, and did he not come and deliver us when the ship was wrecked? And this time we dreamed that he took us up to heaven; why should not that also come to pass?"

"But, sister, before he can descend from heaven to take us to our mother, he must die himself. Oh no! that must not be; let us pray that such a misfortune may not happen."

"Oh! but that need not happen; because, you know, it was not the living Gabriel, but his good angel of that name, whom he so strongly resembles, that we saw in our dream."

"Is it not strange, sister, that last night we both dreamed alike, just as we did in Germany, where we had the same dream three successive nights?"

"Yes, indeed; in last night's dream the Angel Gabriel seemed to bend over us, saying, in a gentle tone, while he tenderly and compassionately regarded us, 'Come, my children—come, my sisters, your mother awaits you. Poor children!' he added, in a voice full of pity and sadness—'helpless beings—travellers from afar—you will have traversed the earth, innocent and gentle as doves, to repose, forever in the maternal nest.'"

"These were the angel's words as I heard them in my sleep," answered the other orphan, with a pensive air. "We have never done harm to any one, and we have always loved those who loved us; wherefore, then, should we fear to die?"

"And then, sister, it seemed as though, when the good angel so addressed us, we smiled rather than wept; and, taking each of us by the hand, and unfolding his beautiful white wings, he carried us with him into the clear blue sky—"

"Till we reached heaven, where our beloved mother, all bathed in tears, was waiting to receive us."

"Ah! sister," cried Blanche, "depend upon it, such visions as this are not sent for nothing;" then, regarding Rose with a touching smile and a look of mournful intelligence, she added, "And, besides, were all that to happen, it would put an
end to a great unhappiness, of which we are unfortunately the cause; you know what I mean."

"Alas, alas! yet how can it be our fault when we love him so dearly? But now we always appear so frightened and sad in his presence, that perhaps he thinks we do not love him at all."

As Rose uttered these words, she took her handkerchief from her work-basket, that she might wipe away the tears that were rolling down her pale cheeks: as she raised the handkerchief to her eyes, a paper, folded like a letter, fell from it on the ground. At this sight the sisters started with alarm; and, clinging to each other, Rose whispered, in a trembling voice,

"Another of those letters! Oh! I fear to take it up: doubtless it resembles the others we have received."

"Oh, but you know we must not allow it to lie there, for fear of its being seen," said Blanche, stooping, and carefully picking up the paper; "the persons who take so much interest in our welfare might be in danger."

"But how could that letter have come there?"

"Nay, how has it happened that so many others have been placed in our way, always when our governess is absent?"

"True, it is useless endeavouring to account for a mystery which it is impossible to find out. But let us read the letter; its contents may be more comforting than the last."

The sisters then read as follows:

"My dear children! continue to love, to idolize your father; for he is very wretched, and 'tis you who cause his unhappiness; yes, unconsciously and involuntarily you occasion sufferings greater than you can form any idea of; you can never imagine the terrible sacrifices your presence imposes on him; but, alas! he is the victim to his paternal duties, and his torments are greater than ever; be careful, therefore, to spare him all demonstration of your affection and tenderness, since they cause him more pain than pleasure; every caress you bestow on him pierces his heart like a dagger's point; for in you he sees but the innocent cause of his grief. Still, my poor children, you must not despair; and if you have sufficient self-command not to expose him to the painful ordeal of undergoing your tender words and looks, compel yourselves to be reserved, though affectionate, toward him, and you will thereby relieve a considerable share of his misery.

"Be secret; let not even the good and worthy Dagobert, who so sincerely loves you, know a word of this; for if you breathe a syllable to any living soul of the contents of this letter, not only your dear father, but your faithful Dagobert and the unknown friend who writes it, will be exposed to the most frightful dangers, for your enemies are great, powerful, and numerous.

"So let hope and courage sustain your young hearts, and believe that, if you act as advised, you will soon succeed in purifying your father's tenderness for you of all grief or sorrow, and then what happiness will be yours! Perhaps that joyful day is nearer than you expect.

"Burn this letter, as you did those previously received."

So skilfully was this epistle concocted, that if even the orphans had shown it to their father or Dagobert, its contents would, at most, have passed for a strange and dangerous sort of interference on the part of some ill-judging person, but almost excusable. Nothing could have been more artfully contrived, when it is recollected how continual a struggle was going on in the mind of the marshal, between his unwillingness to abandon his daughters, and his shame at failing in what he considered a sacred duty to the son of his late benefactor; while, on the other hand, the tender susceptibility of the sisters having been awakened by the detestable counsel they had received, they soon perceived the mixture of pleasure and pain their presence imposed on their parent; for, while at their sweet and innocent aspect he felt it impossible to leave them, the recollection of his
broken promise to the emperor, and unfulfilled duty to the son, cast a deep gloom over his manly countenance, and made him abruptly retreat from the affectionate attentions of his loving children as though he feared to trust himself longer in their society.

While the unhappy girls could only interpret these variations and fluctuating conduct according to the fatal explanation contained in the anonymous letters they received, they became painfully aware of one fact, that by some mysterious motive, beyond their ability to penetrate, their presence was frequently not only troublesome, but even highly vexatious to their father. And thence arose the fast-increasing melancholy of Rose and Blanche, and also a description of fear, restraint, and reserve, which, spite of themselves, repressed the outward manifestation of their filial tenderness, and which the marshal, deceived by this appearance, attributed to diminished affection for himself; and at this idea a pang, severe as that of death, shot through his heart, while his fine features betrayed the anguish he endured; and often would he rush in agony to the solitude of his own chamber, there to indulge the burning tears that flowed down his sunburned cheeks.

And the poor heart-broken orphans would fold their arms around each other, and mournfully repeat,

"'Tis we who cause our father's wretchedness; 'tis our presence renders him thus miserable."

It may well be imagined what ravages this thought would effect in two young hearts as loving, timid, and ingenuous as those of the orphans. How could it be expected that they should entertain mistrust of letters which, although anonymous, spoke with respect and veneration of those they believed best and wisest of all created beings, and when the mysterious assurances they continually received, as to the painful effect produced by their presence, seemed so fully borne out by the conduct of the father to themselves? Having been already the victims of so many plots, and having, also, repeatedly heard it said that they were surrounded by numerous enemies, it may readily be supposed that, in strict accordance with the recommendations of their unknown friend, they had never confided to Dagobert those letters in which the soldier was so justly appreciated.

The end of this diabolical scheme was but too evident. By thus harassing the marshal on all sides, and persuading him of the coolness and indifference of his daughters, it was naturally enough expected that the hesitation he still felt to abandon his children, and engage in a dangerous and uncertain enterprise, would so imbitter his life that he would hail with pleasure the chance of forgetting his unhappiness in the excitement of a rash, generous, and chivalric undertaking; such, at least, was the end proposed by Rodin, and certainly his scheme was deficient neither in reason nor possibility.

After having perused the letter, the sisters remained silent for a time, as though too deeply affected to trust themselves to speak. After a considerable pause, Rose, who held the paper, suddenly approached the fireplace, and, throwing the letter on the burning embers, exclaimed, in a timid voice,

"We must not delay destroying this paper, else you know, dear Blanche, terrible things might happen."

"Alas!" said Blanche, "I scarcely see how any greater misfortunes can occur than have already befallen us. Only to think of our occasioning such unhappiness to our beloved father. What can it be that we do? or how do we grieve him?"

"Perhaps, Blanche," replied Rose, while tears almost choked her utterance, "perhaps our father is disappointed in us; and although he loves us as the children of our mother, whom he so worshipped, still he finds not in us the daughters he had hoped for and imagined. Do you understand me, sister?"

"Oh yes, yes! doubtless that it is that so pains and vexes him. You see we are so ignorant, so uncivilized, and awkward, that he is ashamed of us; but yet, because he loves us in spite of all these disadvantages, that gives him pain."
"But it is not our fault; our dear mother brought us up as well as she could in the wilds of Siberia."

"And I am sure my father in his heart does not blame us for it; but, as you say, I am sure it gives him pain. And then, you know, if he have friends whose daughters are beautiful, clever, and accomplished, he cannot help regretting that we are not so likewise."

"Do you recollect when he took us to see our cousin, Mademoiselle Adrienne, who has been so good and kind to us, how he said, with admiring looks, 'Did you observe, my children, how beautiful Mademoiselle Adrienne is? what sense, what goodness of heart and nobleness of mind are united in her, with grace and beauty impossible to surpass!' And he spoke truly. Mademoiselle de Cardoville was so lovely, and her voice sounded so sweetly, that, while gazing on her or listening to her words, one quite forgot one's own griefs."

"Well, then, depend upon it, Rose, when our father compares us either with our cousin or other young ladies he knows, he feels disappointed and ashamed of us; and it is quite natural that a person beloved and honoured as he is everywhere should wish for children of whom he could feel proud."

Suddenly pressing her hand on her sister's arm, Rose said, in an anxious voice,

"Listen! listen! I hear loud talking in my father's room."

"Yes," replied Blanche, also hearkening; "you are right; some one is walking hastily; 'tis my father's step, I am sure."

"How loudly he is speaking! He seems dreadful angry; perhaps he will come here."

And at the thought of the coming of their parent—the father who loved and idolized them—the unhappy girls looked at each other in terror.

The sound of angry voices becoming more distinct and threatening, Rose, pale and trembling, said to her sister,

"Do not let us stay here; come with me to our bedroom."

"Why, dear Rose?"

"Because we cannot help hearing all our father says, and he, most likely, is not aware of our being here."

"You are right, quite right," returned Blanche, rising quickly from her chair; "come, sister."

"I am quite frightened," continued Rose; "I never before heard my father speak with so much irritation."

"Sister," exclaimed Blanche, turning deadly pale, and suddenly staying her progress to the adjoining chamber, "it is Dagobert he is so angry with!"

"What can have occurred to make our father so much displeased?"

"I know not; some fresh misfortune, doubtless. Oh! sister, do not let us stay here any longer. I cannot bear to hear our good Dagobert spoken to in that manner."

The loud noise of some article either thrown down or knocked over in the apartment of their father so terrified the orphans, that, pale and trembling with emotion, they rushed into their bedchamber, and secured the door.

Let us now explain the cause of Marshal Simon's anger.
CHAPTER XLII.
THE WOUNDED LION.

His was the scene whose echoes had so much alarmed Rose and Blanche. Marshal Simon, in a state of exasperation difficult to describe, began to walk up and down hastily, his handsome, manly countenance inflamed with anger, his eyes sparkling with indignation, while on his broad brow, where the hair was growing gray, and cut very short, the throbbing of the veins might be counted, as they seemed swelling ready to burst. From time to time his thick black mustache was agitated by a convulsive movement like that which wrinkles the lips of an enraged lion; and as a lion, wounded, torn, tortured by a thousand invisible small darts, goes backward and forward in his den with fierce agony, so Marshal Simon, breathless, excited, paced up and down his room, as it were by bounds; sometimes walking slightly bent, as if he was bowed down by the weight of his anger; sometimes, on the contrary, stopping, suddenly becoming erect, crossing his arms over his broad chest, his head elevated, his look terrible, he seemed to hurl defiance at an invisible foe, while he muttered confused exclamations: then he was the man of war and battle in all his intrepid fervour. Then he paused, stamped his foot angrily, went to the mantelpiece, and rang so violently that the cord remained in his hand.

A servant quickly answered this hasty ringing.

"Have you not told Dagobert I wished to speak with him?" he inquired.
"I obeyed your order, my lord duke, but M. Dagobert went with his son to the door of the courtyard, and—"
"Very well!" said the marshal, waving his hand quickly and imperiously.
The servant left the room, and his master resumed his hasty strides, violently squeezing in his hand a letter which had been innocently brought to him by Killjoy, who, when he saw him come in, ran to be caressed.

At last the door opened, and Dagobert appeared.
"I have been awaiting you for some time, sir!" said the marshal, in an angry voice.

Dagobert, more pained than surprised at this fresh display of temper, which he rightly attributed to the excitement in which the marshal was continually, replied mildly,
"Excuse me, general, but I went out with my son, and—"
"Read that, sir!" said the marshal, interrupting him abruptly, and handing him the letter.

Then, while Dagobert was reading, the marshal added, with fresh rage, and knocking over a chair that stood in his way,
"So it would appear, then, that even in my own house there are some wretches, no doubt bribed by those who pursue me with such deadly animosity. Well, sir, have you read it?"
"Another piece of infamy to add to the rest!" said Dagobert, calmly; and he threw the letter into the fire.
“The letter is infamous, but it tells the truth,” replied the marshal.
Dagobert looked at him without comprehending his meaning.
The marshal continued: “And do you know who brought me this infamous epistle? It would seem as though the devil mingled in the dance; it was your dog.”
“Killjoy?” said Dagobert, greatly astonished.
“Yes,” replied the marshal, bitterly; “no doubt it was a joke of your invention.”
“I am not in much of a mood for joking, general,” answered Dagobert, more and more sorrowful at the state of irritation in which he saw the marshal. “I cannot account for this at all. Killjoy fetches and carries very well; no doubt he saw the letter in the house, and picked it up, and—”
“And who left this letter here? Am I, then, surrounded by traitors? You do not keep a vigilant look-out—you, in whom I have such confidence—”
“Hear me, general!”
But the marshal went on without listening:
“What! I have fought for twenty-five years; I have headed armies; I have struggled victoriously against the worst times of exile and proscription; I have resisted the blows of clubs, and am I to be killed by the points of pins? What! persecuted even in my own house! Am I to be beset, tortured at every instant by the workings of some unknown hand? When I say unknown, I mistake, D'Aigrigny—that double-dyed traitor, that renegade—is at the bottom of all this, I am sure. I have but one enemy in the world, and it is that man. There must be an end of this, for it wearies me—it is too much!”
“But, general, remember he is a priest, and—”

“What is it to me if he is a priest? I have seen him handle a sword, and I know how to bring up his soldier’s blood into the face of this renegade.”

“But, general—”

“I tell you that I must find some one!” exclaimed the marshal, a prey to violent exasperation; “I tell you it is necessary for me to give a name and shape to these dark infamies, that I may put an end to them. They hem me in on every side; they make my life a hell, as you well know, and nothing is done to save me from those rages which kill me by inches. I can rely on no one!”

“General, I cannot allow you to say so without remark,” said Dagobert, in a calm but firm voice.

“What do you mean?”

“General, I cannot allow you to say that you can rely on no one; you will, perhaps, end by believing so, and that would be still harder for you than for those who know what their devotion is, and would throw themselves into the flames for you; and I am one of these—I! and you well know it!”

These simple words, spoken by Dagobert with a tone of profound emotion, recalled the marshal to himself; for his loyal and generous spirit might be, from time to time, excited by irritation or chagrin, but it soon resumed its original uprightness and justice; and replying to Dagobert, he said, in a tone less harsh, but which was still much agitated,

“You are right, I ought not to doubt you; my irritation masters me. This infamous letter has quite unhinged me—made me mad. I am unjust, brutal, ungrateful! yes, ungrateful; and to whom? To you; yes—”

“Do not say another word about me, general; with such kind words at the end of the year, you may treat me like a brute for the other three hundred and sixty-four days. But what has happened?”

The marshal’s countenance again became overcast, and he said, in a brief, quick tone,

“What has happened? I am deepised—disdained!”

“You—you!”

“Yes, I—I! And, after all,” added the marshal, bitterly, “why should I conceal this fresh wound from you? I have doubted you, and I owe you this recompense. You shall, then, know all. For some time past I have remarked that when I met my old companions in arms they gradually withdrew from me.”

“What was it this the anonymous letter—”

“Alluded to? yes. And it said the truth,” continued the marshal, with a sigh of anger and indignation.

“But it is impossible, general. You, so loved, so respected!”

“These are but words; I speak to you of facts. When I appear, the conversation suddenly ceases; instead of treating me like a brother soldier, they affect toward me a stiff and chill politeness. There are a thousand shades, a thousand nothings, which wound the heart, and yet can hardly be described.”

“What you tell me, general, astounds me,” replied Dagobert; “yet, as you tell me so, I must believe you.”

“It had become intolerable. I wished to have it cleared up; and this morning I went to General d’Havrincourt, who was colonel with me in the Imperial Guard, and is the soul of honour and frankness. I went to him to open my heart. ‘I have perceived,’ I said to him, ‘the coldness evinced toward me; there must be some calumny in circulation against me. Tell me all. Knowing the attacks, I will defend myself boldly—honourably.’”

“Well, general?”

“D’Havrincourt was stiff and ceremonious, making cold replies to my questions, such as, ‘I do not know, marshal, that any calumnious report has been spread about you.’ ‘I do not require to be called ‘marshal,’ my dear D’Havrincourt. We are old soldiers—old friends! My honour is uneasy, I confess; for I find that you and our comrades do not receive me so cordially as you did
DJALMA'S COMBAT WITH THE PANTHER.
in former days. It cannot be denied; I see it—I know it—I feel it.' At this D'Havrincourt replied, with the same coldness, 'I have never remarked any failure in attentions to you.' 'I am not talking of attentions,' I exclaimed, pressing his hand cordially, while he very faintly returned my grasp, as I remarked, 'I speak to you of affection, of confidence once shown to me, while now I am treated more and more like a stranger. Why is this? Wherefore this estrangement?' Still chilling and reserved, he answered, 'These are but such delicate shades, marshal, that it is impossible for me to give you an opinion on this point.' My heart was filled with anger and grief. What was to be done? To provoke D'Havrincourt was folly, and, from self-respect, I broke off a conversation which but too well confirmed my fears. Thus," added the marshal, more and more excited, "thus I have no doubt fallen from the esteem to which I am entitled; perhaps I am despised, and yet ignorant of the cause! Is not this hateful? If, indeed, there was any fact, any report, I might at least be able to defend myself, avenge myself, or refute it. But nothing—not a word; a coldness as polite as it is cutting and insulting. Oh, again I say it is too much—too much! And all this is added to other cares. What a life has mine been since my father's death! Can I even find some rest, some happiness, in my own home? No! I return to it, and it is to peruse infamous letters. And besides this," added the marshal, in a tone of deep affliction, after a moment's hesitation, "and besides this, I find my children more and more estranged from me. Yes," he added, as he observed Dagobert's amazement; "and yet they do not know how dear they are to me!"

"Your daughters estranged?" replied Dagobert, surprised. "Do you say that?"

"And, indeed, I do not blame them; they have scarcely had time to know me."

"Not had time to know you!" responded the soldier, in a reproachful tone, and becoming excited in his turn. "Of whom did their mother talk to them but of you? And did not I constantly make you the third among us? And what have we taught your children, if it was not to know, to love you?"

"You defend them—that is just! They love you better than me," said the marshal, with increasing bitterness.

Dagobert was deeply moved, and gazed at the marshal without reply.

"Yes," said the marshal, with a painful burst, "yes, it is cowardly—ungrateful. But no matter. Twenty times I have been jealous—yes, cruelly jealous—of the affectionate confidence which my children testify to you, while with me they seem always fearful. If their melancholy features are sometimes animated by a gayer look than usual, it is when conversing with you, or when they see you; to me they show but constraint, coldness—and it kills me. Sure of the af-
fection of my children, I could have braved everything—overcome everything." Then, seeing Dagobert about to rush to the door which communicated with the apartment of Rose and Blanche, the marshal said to him, "Where are you going?"

"To bring your daughters, general."

"What to do?"

"To bring them before you; to say to them, 'My children, your father believes you do not love him.' I will only say that, and you will see—"

"Dagobert, I forbid you!" exclaimed the father of Rose and Blanche, impetuously.

"It is not a question of Dagobert; you have no right to be unjust to the poor children." And again the soldier moved toward the door.

"Dagobert, I command you to remain here!" exclaimed the marshal.

"Hear me, general. I am your soldier, your inferior, your servant, if you will," said the ex-dragoon, roughly: "but there is no rank, no grade to be considered, when it is a question of defending your daughters. All will be explained; to place good people in one another's presence, that is the only way I know."

And if the marshal had not retained him by the arm, Dagobert would have gone into the orphans' apartment.

"Stay!" said the marshal, so imperiously, that the soldier, accustomed to obedience, bowed his head and did not move.

"What are you about to do?" inquired the marshal; "to tell my daughters that they do not love me? thus to excite an affectation of tenderness which the poor girls do not actually feel? It is not their fault; no doubt it is mine!"

"Ah, general," said Dagobert, in a tone of deep affliction, "it is no longer anger that I feel while I hear you speak thus of your children, but grief. You break my heart."

The marshal, touched by the expression of the soldier's physiognomy, replied, less harshly, "Well, then, I am wrong again; and yet—I ask you without bitterness, without jealousy—are not my daughters more confiding, more familiar with you than with me?"

"Morbleu! my general," cried Dagobert, "if you take that view, why they are more familiar with Killjoy than with me. You are their father, and however good a father may be, he inspires a certain awe. They are familiar with me, pardiou! how could they be otherwise? How the devil should they have any respect for me, who, except my mustaches and my six-foot stature, am just like some old granny who nursed them? Then I must tell you, too, even before the death of your good father you were melancholy, preoccupied, and the children remarked it; and what you take for coldness on their part is, I am sure, only uneasiness on your account. Really, general, you are not just; you complain because, in fact, they love you too much."

"I complain of what I suffer," said the marshal, with painful excitement; "I alone know my own sufferings."

"They must, indeed, be great," continued Dagobert, with increasing emotion. "But why should I seek to defend the unfortunate children, who only know how to be resigned and love you? What is the use of defending them against your unhappy blindness?"

The marshal made a gesture of impatience and anger, and replied, with assumed coolness, "I shall always remember all I owe you. I never can forget it, whatever you may do."

"But, general," cried Dagobert, "why will you not allow me to bring your children?"

"Do you not see that such a scene would crush, destroy me?" exclaimed the marshal, exasperated. "Do you not see that I have no desire to make my daughters witnesses of what I endure? A father's grief has dignity, sir, and you ought to perceive and respect it."
"Respect it? No! for it is an injustice that causes it."

"Enough, sir—enough!"

"And not content with thus tormenting yourself," cried Dagobert, unable any longer to contain himself, "do you know what you will do? You will drive your daughters to die of grief, I tell you; and it was not for that I brought them to you from the depths of Siberia."

"Reproaches!"

"Yes; for to make your daughters unhappy is the real way to evince ingratitude to me."

"Leave the room this instant, sir!" cried the marshal, greatly excited, and so fearful in his anger and grief, that Dagobert, regretting that he had urged him so far, replied,

"General, I was wrong; I have, perhaps, been wanting in respect. Excuse me, but—"

"I excuse you, but desire you will leave me alone," replied the marshal, containing himself with difficulty.

"One word, general!"

"I request you as a favour to leave me alone; I require it as a service at your hands. Will that suffice?" said the marshal, redoubling his efforts to contain himself. And a ghastly paleness succeeded the deep red which, during this painful scene, had inflamed his features. Dagobert, alarmed at this symptom, renewed his entreaties.

"I entreat you, general," he said, in an agitated voice, "allow me for a moment to—"

"Since you will have it so, I will quit the room, sir," said the marshal, advancing toward the door.

These words were uttered in such an accent that Dagobert dared persist no longer; he bowed his head in grief and despair, looked again for a moment at the marshal in silence, and with a supplicating air; but at another impatient gesture which the father of Rose and Blanche could hardly repress, the soldier slowly left the apartment.

But a few minutes had elapsed since Dagobert's departure, when the marshal, who, after a deep and gloomy silence, had several times approached the door of his daughters' apartment with hesitation filled with anguish, made a violent effort over himself, wiped the perspiration which streamed upon his brow, endeavoured to conceal his agitation, and entered the room to which Rose and Blanche had retreated.
CHAPTER XLIII.

THE TEST.

Dagobert was perfectly right to defend his children, as he paternally styled Rose and Blanche, and yet the coldness and indifference with which the marshal reproached his daughters were, unfortunately, but too much borne out by appearances. As he had told his father, being utterly unable to explain the cause of the timid embarrassment, the shrinking dread, his children seemed to experience in his presence, he at last ascribed it to the coldness of their feelings toward himself. At times he bitterly reproached himself with not having been able to conceal from them the severe grief their mother's death had caused him, allowing them to infer thereby that they were insufficient to console him; and, again, the fear would come across him of not having manifested an affection sufficiently warm and tender to replace the parent they had lost. At other times he dreaded lest his soldier-like roughness had alarmed and discouraged them. And then he would persuade himself, with a bitter pang, that, having always lived away from him, they looked upon their father almost as a stranger. In a word, the most improbable and unfounded suspicions presented themselves to his mind in endless variety; and so soon as the seeds of doubt, distrust, or fear have insinuated themselves into an affection, the fatal fruits will not be long in manifesting themselves. And yet, spite of the coldness which so deeply pained him, so intense was the marshal's affection for his daughters, that the idea of again leaving them caused him the bitterest agony, and a continual struggle between his feelings as a father and what he looked upon as a sacred and imperative duty.

As for the various slanderous reports, so skilfully circulated respecting the marshal, that many even of his most honourable-minded friends and old military companions gave some credit to them, they were industriously propagated by the allies of the Princess de Saint-Dizier with fatal and fiendish success. The aim and import of these will be seen hereafter; but their present effect on the sensitive mind of the marshal, already writhing under so many deep sources of grief, was to drive him almost to a state of madness.

Carried away by passion, and driven almost to desperation by the continual goadings and torture he experienced at the hands of his unseen enemies, and still farther irritated by Dagobert's words, he had driven him from his presence; but, after the old man had left him, the marshal, left to solitude and reflection, could not avoid recalling the warmth and self-conviction with which the soldier had vindicated his daughters, and a doubt stole over his mind as to the reality of the frigidity and indifference of which he had accused them. He determined, therefore, to test the matter at once; and, having taken a fearful resolution in the event of his distracting doubts being confirmed, entered, as before mentioned, into his daughters' apartment.

So loud and angry had been the discussion with Dagobert, that the sound of their voices had reached the ears of the sisters, who had left their sitting-room to avoid overhearing the conversation of their father, and sought refuge in their bedchamber, their pale and anxious countenances evincing the terror they experienced. At the sight of the marshal, whose features also bore the marks of extreme agitation, the sisters rose from their seat, and, respectively welcoming their parent, remained clinging to each other in trembling suspense.

And yet neither anger nor severity was indicated by the expression of the marshal's features. On the contrary, they were marked by a deep and almost supplicating sorrow, a look that seemed to implore their sympathizing affection. It was as if he had said,

"My children, I am wretched, and I am come to you for comfort. I cannot live without the solace of your love and tenderness."
And so clearly were these words impressed on the speaking countenance of the marshal, that, after the orphans had conquered their first fear, they were about to throw themselves into his arms; but, recalling the conduct recommended in the anonymous letter, in which they were assured that every display of affection on their part added to their father's sufferings, they exchanged a mournful glance with each other, and restrained themselves from an act that might cause additional pain to their beloved parent.

And by a cruel coincidence the marshal also pined to clasp his children to his heart—that noble heart, smarting under so many stings their innocent love alone could cure. His eye rested on them with doting fondness, and he was even about to call them to him, not daring to infold them in his arms for fear of exciting that timidity and embarrassment with which they seemed so oppressed when in his presence; but the hapless girls, terrified by the fiendlike advice they had received, made no responsive movement, but continued to stand silent and trembling before him.

A bitter pang shot through the heart of the father at this apparent insensibility; all doubt was at an end, and it was but too manifest that his daughters could neither comprehend his terrible grief nor his despairing tenderness.

"Still—still cold and immovable," he said, mentally. "Alas! then I was not wrong."

But, anxious to conceal the misery he endured, he advanced toward his daughters, and, in a voice which he struggled to render calm and composed, said,

"Good-day, my children."

"The same to you, papa," replied Rose, less timid than her sister.

"I was unable to see you all yesterday," continued the marshal, in an unsteady voice; "I was so deeply engaged, and with affairs of such deep importance, that I had no means of escaping from them—matters relative to my military duties; but you are not angry with me for having thus neglected you. I hope?" said the marshal, trying to smile, not venturing to tell them that, after the violence and excitement of the preceding night, he had sought to tranquilize his feelings by gazing on them as they slept. "Tell me," he repeated, "will you not forgive me for this seeming neglect on my part?"

"Certainly, dear papa," said Blanche, timidly, and casting down her eyes as she spoke.

"And if," said the marshal, speaking slowly and distinctly, "I were obliged to leave you for a time, you would also excuse me, and try to reconcile yourselves to my absence, would you not?"

"We should be very sorry, indeed, if you put yourself to the smallest inconvenience on our account," replied Rose, as she remembered that the anonymous letters continually referred to the sacrifices their presence compelled their father to make.

At this reply, uttered with as much embarrassment as timidity, but which the marshal construed into genuine and unaffected indifference, the unhappy father ceased to hope for comfort from the affection of his children, who evidently felt nothing for him beyond cold respect and frigid duty.

"It is finished!" thought the miserable parent, as he contemplated his children; "they have no feeling of affection in common with myself. Whether I go or stay, it matters not to them. No, no! they love me not, since even in this awful moment, in which, perhaps, I behold them for the last time, no warning instinct whispers to them that their tenderness would save me."

While these painful reflections passed through the mind of the marshal, he still gazed tenderly on his daughters; and his manly features assumed an expression at once so touching and yet distracting, his eyes revealed so mournfully the anguish and despair which lay heavy at his heart, that Rose and Blanche, thoroughly overcome, terrified by the mute appeal of their father, forgot all their caution and predetermination, and, yielding to an irresistible impulse of spontaneous tenderness, threw their arms around his neck, and covered him with tears and kisses.
Neither Marshal Simon nor his daughters had uttered a word, yet all three understood each other. Their hearts, as though touched by an electric shock, had mingled, as it were, into one.

Vain fears, false doubts, deceitful counsels, all had given way before the burst of genuine affection which threw the daughters into their father's arms, and infused faith and confidence into their hearts at the very moment when a fatal mistrust was about to separate them forever.

All these thoughts passed rapidly through the mind of the marshal, but he found no words to give them utterance. Breathless with wonder and delight, the overjoyed father covered the faces, hands, and hair of his beloved children with his kisses by turns, weeping over them, smiling, sighing, and betraying an ecstasy of happiness that bordered on delirium; at length he exclaimed,

"I have found them again; but no, no! I have never lost them. They have always loved me, I feel assured of it, but durst not tell me so. I have been too grave—too severe for their timid natures. I have repressed the utterance of their tenderness by my gloom and reserve. And to think, too, that I should imagine—but it is all my fault. Merciful God! I thank Thee for this blessing, which seems to bring with it increase of strength, courage, resolution, and hope. Ha, ha, ha!" he exclaimed, laughing and weeping at the same time, as he again and again pressed his children to his heart; "let them come now and mock me, despise and harass me. I defy them all—ay, and the whole world too—to make me again unhappy. Look at me, my beloved ones, and let the sight of those dear eyes speak peace and happiness to my soul."

"Dear, dear father," cried Rose, with enchanting innocence, "then you do love us as much as we love you?"

"And now you will always allow us to throw our arms about your neck, embrace you, and tell you how delighted we are to be with you?"

"And to display to our dearest father all the tenderness we have been hoarding up in our hearts, when our only grief, alas! consisted in being unable to exhibit it."

"And you will give us your permission to speak all our thoughts aloud?"

"Yes, yes! beloved children!" answered Marshal Simon, almost beside himself with joy. "Who has hitherto denied us all that delight? But no, no! do not reply; I know—I understand quite well how all has happened. Enough, however, of the past; I see that my absent and preoccupied manner has been too much for your young ideas to comprehend; and, naturally enough, you have explained it after your own belief of its cause, and it has grieved you and made you sad, while, on my side, I have been equally pained at your dejection, which I mistook for—but, upon my word, I seem unconscious of what I am saying, and to have no other thought but of looking at you till my brain grows dizzy with excess of joy."

"Dear, dear father!" cried the delighted Rose, "look well into our eyes and into our hearts."

"And, father," added Blanche, sweetly, "you will see written there happiness for ourselves and love for you. Give me your hand," she continued, taking the hand of her father and pressing it to her heart.

"And me, too, dear father," cried Rose, taking the marshal's other hand.

"Now, then," said both the sisters, "do you believe in our love and happiness?"

It is impossible to describe the look of almost heavenly brightness and filial pride with which the girls regarded their father, as he placed his brave hands, according to their directions, and felt the eager throb of their youthful hearts beating high with joy and hope.

"Ah! yes," exclaimed the marshal, "happiness and tenderness are alone capable of causing pulsations such as these."

A sort of heavy, hoarse sigh, proceeding from the chamber door, which had been left open, made the happy girls raise their heads from their father's shoul
der, while all three directed their eyes to the spot whence the sound arose; there they perceived the tall figure of Dagobert, by whose side stood Killjoy, rubbing his black nose against the knees of the old soldier.

Wiping his eyes with his blue-checked handkerchief, the old man stood stiff and motionless as if on parade. Then, struggling between the emotion he tried to subdue, and the choking in his throat caused by the tears he obliged himself to swallow, significantly shaking his head, he said, in a guttural, sobbing kind of voice,

"Well, I said so; I told you so, didn't I!"

"Hush!" replied the marshal, with an expressive smile; "you were a better father than myself, my worthy friend; but come and embrace my dear girls. I am no longer jealous of their affection."

So saying, the marshal held out his hand to the soldier, who warmly pressed it, while the sisters threw their arms around his neck; and Killjoy, wishing, according to custom, to have his share in the happiness going forward, reared himself on his hind legs, and familiarly placed his fore paws on the shoulders of his master.

For a moment the silence was unbroken by a sound; but the exquisite felicity enjoyed by the marshal, his daughters, and their faithful Dagobert, was suddenly interrupted by a loud barking from Killjoy, who had quitted his upright position.

The happy group parted, looked around them, and beheld the stupid countenance of Jocrisse, more vacant and silly than usual; the idiotic fellow remained staring in the open doorway, carrying his eternal wood-basket in one hand and a large feather brush in the other.

Nothing is more exhilarating than happiness. Thus, though his appearance just then was anything but opportune or agreeable, the sight of this grotesque figure, with the fixed stolidity of his gaze, drew a peal of gay, joyous laughter from the rosy lips of the sisters.

The very circumstance of Jocrisse having brought back to the so-long-dejected girls those mirthful smiles, which had once been so natural to them, was quite sufficient to claim for him the indulgence of the marshal, who said, in a kind, encouraging manner,

"What do you want, my good fellow?"

"M. le Duc," replied Jocrisse, with an awkward bow, and dropping his brush, as he placed his hand on his breast, "I hope you do not think it is me?"

[See cut, on page 538.]

The laughter of the girls broke out again with redoubled vehemence.

"Who the deuce is it, then, if not you?" inquired the marshal.

"Come here, Killjoy," cried Dagobert; for the sagacious brute seemed to entertain a secret presentiment concerning the supposed simpleton not to his advantage, and was drawing close to him with an unfriendly air.

"No, M. le Duc," replied Jocrisse, "it is not me. The valet de chambre told me to tell M. Dagobert, when I came up with wood, to tell you, M. le Duc—as I was bringing up a basketful—that M. Robert wanted—to—speak—to—you."

At this new absurdity on the part of Jocrisse, the two girls again indulged their mirth; but the marshal started at the name of M. Robert.

This individual was the secret emissary of Rodin as regarded the possible, though adventurous scheme in agitation, for endeavouring to carry off the young prince, Napoleon II.

After a brief pause, the marshal, whose countenance was still radiant with joy and happiness, said to Jocrisse,

"Beg of M. Robert to wait a moment in my study."

"Yes, M. le Duc," replied Jocrisse, bowing till his head almost touched the ground. "I will, M. le Duc."

As soon as the idiot had left the chamber, the marshal said to his daughters, in a joyful tone,
"This is not a day or a moment to leave you, my sweet children, even for M. Robert."

"Oh, so much the better, dear father," cried Blanche, gayly, "for, to tell you the truth, that M. Robert is no favourite of mine as it is."

"Have you writing materials at hand?" inquired the marshal.

"Yes, father," answered Rose, quickly, pointing to a small writing-table placed beside one of the windows, to which the marshal hastily walked.

And then the two sisters, who had considerately forborne to interrupt or follow their father, but remained standing by the fireside, tenderly embraced each other, rejoicing in this day's unexpected happiness.

The marshal, meanwhile, seated himself before the writing-table of his daughters, and beckoned to Dagobert to approach him.

While rapidly tracing, with a firm hand, some few words on the paper, he said smilingly to Dagobert, but in so low a tone that his daughters were unable to hear him,

"Do you know what I had almost resolved on before I came here a little while ago?"

"What had you resolved on, general?"

"To blow out my brains! and it is to my children I owe my life."
The marshal then resumed his writing.

Dagobert could not refrain from a sudden start at this confirmation of his fears, but he replied,

"You could not have done so with your own pistols, at any rate, general. I had guarded against that by taking off the caps."

The marshal turned quickly toward him, and looked at the old soldier with an air of surprise. The latter, however, bore the scrutiny unmoved, but, merely giving a confirmatory nod of the head, said,

"Never mind, that's all done with! Thank God, those dreadful thoughts are forever ended!"

The marshal's only answer was to point to his children with a look of tenderness and exultation; then sealing the brief note he had just written, he gave it to the soldier, saying,

"Carry that to M. Robert, and say I will see him to-morrow."

Dagobert took the letter and departed.

Then the marshal, returning to his daughters, and extending his arms, said, gayly,

"Come, young ladies, I claim two of your best kisses for having sacrificed that poor M. Robert to you. Have I not earned them?"

Rose and Blanche threw themselves on their father's neck.

At almost the same instant when these things were passing at Paris, two strange wanderers, though separated from each other, exchanged through space and distance their mysterious thoughts.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE RUINS OF THE ABBEY OF SAINT JOHN THE DECAPITATED.

Light and day are departing.

At the extremity of an immense forest of pines, in the depths of a gloomy solitude, are the ruins of an abbey formerly dedicated to Saint John the Decapitated.

Ivy, parasitical plants, and moss cover almost entirely the stones blackened with age; several ruined arches, some walls pierced with Gothic windows, remain standing, and are defined against the dark curtain of the dense woods.

Elevated above this mass of ruins, and on a mutilated pedestal half hidden by creeping plants, a colossal stone statue, dilapidated here and there, remains standing.

The statue is remarkable—awe-inspiring.

It represents a man beheaded. Clothed in an antique toga, it holds a dish in its hands. In this dish is a head; this head is his own.

It is the statue of Saint John the Martyr, put to death by order of Herodias.

There is a solemn silence. From time to time is heard but the dull rustling of the branches of the enormous pine-trees shaken by the breeze.

Copper-coloured clouds, reddened by the setting sun, sail slowly above the high forest, and are reflected in the current of a small stream of sparkling water, which, crossing the ruins of the abbey, has its source in a mass of rocks at a distance.
The water flows, the clouds pass on, the aged trees shake, the wind sighs.

Suddenly across the shadow formed by the high tops of this grove, whose innumerable trunks are lost in the vast depths, appears a human form.

It is a female.

She advances slowly toward the ruins—reaches them; she tramples on what was once holy ground.

She is pale, her countenance is sad, her long gown floats in the wind, her feet are covered with dust; her step is painful, faltering.

A block of stone is placed on the border of the stream, nearly under the statue of Saint John the Decapitated.

On this stone this woman sinks exhausted, breathless with fatigue.

Yet for many days, many years, many ages, she goes onward—onward—unceasingly.

But, for the first time, she feels an unconquerable lassitude.

For the first time her feet are conscious of pain.

For the first time she, who crossed with a steady and sure step the moving lava of the torrid deserts, while whole caravans were swallowed up beneath the waves of burning sand—

She who, with firm and heedless foot, trampled on the eternal snows of the northern regions, icy solitudes in which no human being could exist—

She who was spared by the devouring flames of fire and the impetuous waters of the torrent—

She who, for so many centuries, had nothing in common with humanity—she now, for the first time, experienced mortal agony.

Her feet are bleeding, her limbs ache with fatigue; a devouring thirst consumes her.

She feels these infirmities, suffers under them, and yet dares scarcely believe it.

Her joy would be too great.

But her throat, more and more parched, is contracted—it is on fire. She sees the spring, and goes hastily on her knees to quench her thirst at this crystalline current, clear and bright as a mirror.

What then passes?

Scarcely have her parching lips touched the pure, fresh water, when, still on her knees on the bank of this stream, and leaning on her hands, this woman suddenly ceases to drink, and looks intently in the limpid brook.

Forgetting the thirst which still devours her, she utters a loud cry—a cry of deep, vast, religious joy, as a token of thanksgiving to the Lord.
In this deep mirror she sees that she has grown older.
In some days, in some hours, in some minutes—at this very moment, perchance—she has attained the fulness of age.
She who, for more than eighteen centuries, was only twenty years old, and dragged through worlds and generations this imperishable youth—
She had grown old. She might, then, hope for death.
Each minute of her existence brought her nearer to the tomb.
Transported at this ineffable hope, she rises suddenly, raises her head to heaven, and clasps her hands in an attitude of fervent prayer.
Then her eyes rest on the large stone statue representing Saint John the Decapitated.
The head which the martyr bears in his hands seems, through its granite eyelid, half closed by death, to cast on the Wandering Jewess a look of commiseration and pity.
And it is she—Herodias—who, in the cruel excitement of a heathen festival, demanded the death of this saint!
And it is at the foot of the image of the martyr that, for the first time in long ages, the immortality which weighed Herodias down seems to be alleviated.
"Ah, impenetrable mystery! ah, divine hope!" she exclaims; "the heavenly wrath is at length appeased! The hand of the Lord leads me to the feet of this holy martyr; it is at his feet that I begin to be a human creature. It is to avenge his death that the Lord had condemned me to an eternal journeying.
"Oh, my God! grant that not I alone may be pardoned! He, the artisan, who, like me, the king's daughter, journeys onward for ages—may he, like me, hope to attain the limit of his eternal course!
"Where is he, Lord—where is he? The power thou gavest me to see and hear him through space, hast thou withdrawn it? Oh! at this moment restore to me, O Lord, this divine gift; for, in proportion as I feel these human infirmities, which I bless as the end of my eternity of ills, my sight loses the power of penetrating the immensity, my ear the power of hearing the wandering man from one end of the world to the other."
Night had come—dark, stormy.
The wind had risen amid the gloomy pine forest.
Behind their black summits the silver disk of the moon began to rise slowly through the dark clouds.
Perhaps the invocation of the Wandering Jewess was heard.
Suddenly her eyes closed, her hands clasped together, and she remained kneeling in the midst of ruins, motionless as a statue among tombs.
And then she had a strange vision!
CHAPTER XLV.

THE CALVARY.

This is the vision of Herodias.

On the summit of a high mountain, bare, rugged, and precipitous, is a Calvary.

The sun is declining as it was declining when the Jewess had dragged herself, exhausted with fatigue, to the ruins of Saint John the Decapitated.

The figure of the Lord on the Cross, which surmounts the hill and plain, arid, solitary, boundless—the figure of Christ on the Cross shows white and pale against the blue-black clouds which obscure the face of heaven, and become of a deep violet hue as they approach the horizon.

In the horizon, where the setting sun has left long trains of lurid light, red as blood.

As far as the eye can reach, no vegetation appears on this gloomy desert, covered with sand and flint, like the time-exhausted bed of some dried-up ocean.

The silence of death reigns over this desolate country.

Sometimes gigantic black vultures, with bare and fleecy necks, with yellow and bright eyes, pausing in their flight in the midst of these solitudes, come hither to feed on the bleeding prey which they have carried off from a country less savage.

How comes it that this Calvary, this place of prayers, has been constructed so far from the abode of men?

This Calvary was raised at a great cost by a repentant sinner. He had done great injury to his fellow-men, and, to deserve pardon for his crimes, he climbed up this mountain on his knees, and became an anchorite; he lived until his death at the foot of this cross, scarcely sheltered by a thatched roof, open to the wind on all sides.

The sun is still sinking; the sky becomes more and more dark; the luminous rays of the horizon, but now purple, gradually become obscured, like bars of iron heated in the fire, the heat of which gradually expires.

Suddenly is heard, behind one of the extremities of the Calvary opposite to the west, the noise of several stones which are detached, and fall rolling to the base of the mountain.

The step of a traveller, who, after having traversed the plain, has been for a weary hour climbing this steep ascent, has caused the stones to roll away.

This traveller does not yet appear, but his slow, equal, and firm tread is heard; at length he attains the summit of the mountain, and his tall form is visible against the stormy sky.

This traveller is as pale as the Christ on the Cross; on his broad forehead, from one temple to the other, a black line extends itself.

It is the artisan of Jerusalem!

The artisan, rendered unfeeling by misery, injustice, and oppression; he who, without pity for the sufferings of the Divine Man bearing his cross, had repulsed him from his dwelling, exclaiming, fiercely

"Onward—onward—onward!"
And since that day an avenging God has said, in his turn, to the artisan of Jerusalem,

"ONWARD—ONWARD—ONWARD!"

And he has gone onward—eternally onward!

Not confining His vengeance to this, the Lord has been pleased sometimes to affix death to the steps of the wandering man, and countless graves have been the milestones of his homicidal progress across worlds.

And to the wandering man they were days of rest to his infinite pain, when the invisible hand of the Lord thrust him into deep solitudes—such as the desert in which he now dragged his footsteps; for, as he crossed this desolate plain, he did not again hear the funereal knell of the dead, which forever, forever sounded behind him in populated lands.

All day, and at this instant, plunged in the dark abyss of his thoughts, following his fatal route, going whithersoever the invisible hand urged him, his head stooping on his breast, his eyes fastened on the ground, the wandering man had traversed the plain, ascended the mountain without looking toward heaven, without looking at the Calvary, without seeing the Christ on the Cross.

The wandering man was thinking of the last descendants of his race; he felt, in the desolation of his heart, that great perils still menaced them.

And in bitter despair, profound as the ocean, the artisan of Jerusalem sat down at the foot of the Calvary. At this moment a last ray of the sun, piercing in the horizon the gloomy pile of clouds, threw on the crest of the mountains, on the Calvary, a burning light, like the reflection of a conflagration.

The Jew placed his hand upon his down-bent brow; his long hair, agitated by the evening breeze, covered his pale face, when, throwing aside his hair from his face, he started with surprise; he who was no longer astonished at anything.

With an anxious look he gazed on the long tress of hair which he held in his hand. His locks, lately as black as midnight, had become gray.

He, too, like Herodias, had become older. His years, arrested for eighteen centuries, had again moved forward. He, too, as well as the Wandering Jewess, might now hope for the grave.

Throwing himself on his knees, he raised his hands, his face, to heaven, to ask of God an explanation of the mystery which filled him with such joyful hope.

Then, for the first time, his eyes rested upon the Christ on the Cross, which was on the Calvary, just as the Wandering Jewess had fixed her gaze on the granite eyelid of the holy martyr.

The Christ, with the head bowed beneath the weight of his crown of thorns, seemed from the height of his cross to contemplate with mercy and forgiveness the artisan whom he had cursed so many ages ago, and who, on his knees, leaning back in an attitude of fear and prayer, extended toward him his suppliant hands.

"O Christ!" exclaimed the Jew, "the avenging arm of the Lord leads me to this foot of the cross, so burdensome, which Thou, broken down with sufferings, didst bear. O Christ! when thou wouldst stop to rest at the threshold of my poor abode, in my pitiless brutality I repulsed Thee, saying, 'Onward! onward!' And now, after my wandering life, I find myself before this cross; and now, at length, my hair becomes gray. O Christ! in Thy divine goodness hast Thou pardoned me? Have I, then, attained the end of my eternal course? Dost Thy celestial clemency at length grant me that rest of the grave which hitherto, alas! has continually fled from me? Oh, if thy clemency descends on me, may it also descend on the woman whose punishment is equal to my own! Protect, also, the last descendant of my race! What will be their destiny? Lord! already one of them, the only one of all whom misfortune has corrupted, has disappeared from this earth. Is it for this that my hair has grown gray? Will my crime never be expiated until not one of the descendants of our doomed family survives? or does this proof of Thy all-powerful goodness, O Lord! which restores me to humanity, announce Thy clemency and the happiness of my de-
THE WANDERING JEW.

descendants? Will they at length come out triumphantly from the perils which threaten them? Will they be enabled to accomplish all the good with which their ancestor desired to benefit humanity—to merit their pardon and my own? or, indeed, inexorably condemned by Thee, O Lord! as the accursed scions of my accursed race, must they expiate their original offence and my crime?

"Oh! say, say, O Lord! shall I be pardoned with them, or shall they be punished with me?"

In vain had the twilight given place to the dark and stormy night; the Jew still prayed, fervently kneeling at the foot of the Calvary.
NINI MOULIN AS SILENE.
CHAPTER XLVI.

THE COUNCIL.

Let us now contemplate a scene which took place at the Hôtel de Saint-Dizier, the day after the reconciliation of Marshal Simon and his daughters.

The princess was listening to Rodin with the most profound attention. The reverend father was, according to his usual habit, standing up and leaning against the mantelpiece, with his hands in the hind pocket of his old brown coat; his large shoes, covered with mud, had left their print on the Turkey carpet which was before the fireplace. A deep satisfaction was visible in the cadaverous countenance of the Jesuit.

Madame de Saint-Dizier, dressed with a sort of discreet coquettishness, which beseems a mother of the Church, never took her eyes from Rodin, who had completely supplanted Father d'Aigrigny in the mind of the devotee. The phlegm, audacity, keen intelligence, and the rude and despotic disposition of the ex-socius imposed on this haughty dame, subjugating and inspiring her with an admiration that was sincere—almost with a liking; and even the cynic personal neglect, the sometimes brutal repartee of this priest, afforded her a kind of coarse relish, which she preferred to the exquisite manners and perfumed elegance of the handsome D'Aigrigny.

"Yes, madam," said Rodin, in a tone impressed with conviction, yet guarded—for these worthies do not unmask themselves even among their accomplices—"yes, madam, the news from our house of retreat at Saint Hérem is excellent. M. Hardy, the strong-minded, the free-thinker, is at last in the fold of our Holy Catholic, Apostolic, and Romish Church."

Rodin, having uttered these last words hypocritically through his nose, the devotee bowed her head reverentially.

"Grace has reached this impious man," continued Rodin, "and touched him so deeply that, in his ascetic enthusiasm, he is anxious at once to pronounce the vows which will bind him to our holy Company."

"So soon, father?" said the princess, astonished.

"Our institutes are opposed to this precipitation, unless, indeed, in the case of a penitent in articulo mortis, who considers it as vitally beneficial for his salvation [See cut, on page 548.] to die in our habit, and leave us his property for the greater glory of the Lord."

"And is M. Hardy in so desperate a condition, father?"

"He is devoured by fever. After so many severe shocks, which have so miraculously impelled him into the way of salvation," continued Rodin, "this man, of so frail and delicate a temperament, is almost entirely overcome, morally and physically. Thus, austerities, macerations, the divine joys of ecstasy, will put him very speedily in the path of eternal life; and it is probable that before many days—"

And the priest shook his head with a sinister air.

"So soon as that, father?"

"It is almost certain; and I have, therefore, making use of my dispensations, been able to receive the dear penitent, in articulo mortis, as a member of our
holy Company, to which, according to the rules, he has bequeathed his property present and to come; so that, from this hour, he has nothing to think of but the salvation of his soul: another victim to philosophy snatched from the claws of Satan."

"Ah! my father," exclaimed the devotee, with admiration, "it is a miraculous conversion. Father d'Aigrigny told me how much you had struggled against the influence of the Abbé Gabriel."

"The Abbé Gabriel," said Rodin, "has been punished for interfering in matters that did not concern him, and for other things also. I required his interdiction, and he has been interdicted by his bishop, and recalled from hiscuracy. It is said that, by way of passing his time, he walks the temporary hospitals for the cholera patients, to give Christian consolation: there is no objection to that. But the heresy of this perambulating consoler is smelt a league off."

"He is a dangerous spirit," remarked the princess, "for he has no slight influence over his fellows; and it has required all your admirable, irresistible eloquence to overcome and crush the detestable counsels of this Abbé Gabriel, who took it into his head to persuade M. Hardy to return to a worldly life. Really, father, you are a Saint Chrysostom."

"Good, good madam," replied Rodin, very insensible to flattery, "keep this for others."

"I say you are a Saint Chrysostom, father," repeated the princess, energetically, "for, like him, you deserve the name of Saint John, with the golden mouth."

"Come, come, madam!" said Rodin, coarsely, and shrugging his shoulders; "I a golden mouth? Pooh! my lips are too livid, and my teeth too black. You jest with your golden mouth."

"But, father—"

"But, madam, I am not caught with such bird-lime," replied Rodin, harshly. "I hate compliments, and never pay them."

"Your modesty must excuse me, father," said the devotee, humbly; "I could not resist the happiness of testifying to you my admiration; for, as you had predicted or foreseen a few months back, there are already two of the members of the Rennepont family _disinterested as to the question of the inheritance._"

Rodin looked at Madame de Saint-Dizier with a softer and approving air when he heard her thus phrase the position of the two defunct heirs; for, according to Rodin, M. Hardy, by his donation and his self-destroying asceticism, no longer belonged to this world.
The devotee proceeded:

"One of these men, a miserable artisan, has hastened his own end by his excess of vice; you have led the other into the way of salvation, by arousing his loving and tender qualities. Then let your foresight have due praise, father; for you said, 'It is to the passions I will address myself, in order to reach my end.'"

"Do not glorify me in such a hurry," interposed Rodin, impatiently. "What about your niece, and the Indian, and the two daughters of Marshal Simon? Have these individuals made a Christian end or are they disinterested in the question of the inheritance, that we should boast thus soon?"

"Certainly not!"

"Well, then, you see, madam, let us not waste time in congratulating ourselves on the past; let us think of the future. The great day approaches: the first of June is not far off. Heaven grant that we do not see four of the surviving members of the family continuing to live in impenitence until that time, and possessing this vast inheritance—the means of fresh wickedness in their hands, and a means of glory to the Lord and to His Church in the hands of our Company."

"True, father."

"Apropos of that, you should see your lawyers on the subject of your niece."

"I have seen them, father; and, however uncertain may be the chance of which I have spoken to you, it is still worth the experiment. I shall know today, I hope, if it be legally possible."

"Perhaps, then, in the strait in which this fresh position may place her, we may find means to arrive at her conversion," said Rodin, with a strange and hideous smile; "for until now, since she so fatally became reconciled with the Indian, the happiness of these two heathens appears as unchanging and bright as a diamond; nothing can touch it—not even Faringhea's tooth. But let us hope that the Lord will do justice to such vain and guilty happiness."

This conversation was interrupted by Father d'Aigrigny, who entered the room with a triumphant air, and exclaimed at the door, "Victory!"

"What do you mean?" inquired the princess.

"He has gone—went this very night," said D'Aigrigny.

"Who?" asked Rodin.

"Marshal Simon," replied D'Aigrigny.

"At last!" said Rodin, unable to conceal his extreme joy.

"No doubt it was his conversation with General d'Havrincourt which decided him," cried the devotee; "for I know he had an interview with the general, who, like so many others, believed in the reports, more or less founded, which I set afloat. Every means is good that may reach the impious," added the princess, by way of slightly correcting herself.

"Have you any details?" inquired Rodin.

"I have just left Robert," replied
Father d’Aigrigny. "His description, his age, correspond with the age and
description of the marshal; he has gone with his papers. One thing, however,
greatly surprised your emissary."

"What was that?" asked Rodin.

"Up to this time he had had incessantly to combat the marshal’s hesitation: he had, besides, remarked his gloomy, despairing air. Yesterday, however, he
found him with an air so happy, so joyous, that he could not help asking the
cause of this change."

"Well!" said Rodin and the princess at the same time, and greatly surprised.

"'I am really the happiest man in the world,' replied the marshal; 'for I go
with joy to accomplish a sacred duty.'"

The three actors in this scene looked at each other in silence.

"And who could have effected this sudden change in the marshal’s mind?"
said the princess, with a pensive air. "We relied fully on annoyances, irrita-
tions of all sorts, to throw him into this adventurous enterprise."

"I cannot fathom it," said Rodin, after some meditation; "but no matter, he
has gone, and we must not lose a moment in acting upon his daughters. Has
he taken that cursed soldier with him?"

"No," said D’Aigrigny, "unfortunately no. Distrustful, and informed of
what has passed, he has redoubled his precautions; and a man who might have
been so useful to us against him, in any desperate emergency, has been struck
by this contagion."

"Who is that?" asked the princess.

"Morok. I might have relied on him in all, for all, and through all, and he
is lost to us; for, if he escape this pestilence, it is feared that he will fall a vic-
tim to a horrible and incurable disease."

"What do you mean?"

"A few days since he was bitten by one of the large dogs in his menagerie,
and next day the animal went mad."

"How horrible!" exclaimed the princess. "And where is the wretched man?"

"They have conveyed him to one of the temporary hospitals established in
Paris, for only the cholera has as yet declared itself upon him; and, I repeat, it
is a twofold misfortune, for he was a man devoted, resolute, and ready for any
and everything. But the soldier, the guardian of the orphans, will be in-
accessible, and yet through him only can we reach the daughters of Marshal
Simon."

"That is evident," replied Rodin, musing.

"Especially since the anonymous letters have aroused his suspicions," added
D’Aigrigny; "and—"

"Apropos of anonymous letters," said Rodin, suddenly interrupting D’Aigrig-
ny; "there is a circumstance you ought to know, and I’ll tell you why."

"What is it about?"

"Besides the letters you know of, Marshal Simon has received many others
of which you are ignorant, and in which, by every possible means, it was tried
to incite his wrath against you, by reminding him of the many causes he had for
hating you, and jeering him because your sacred character placed you beyond
the reach of his vengeance."

Father d’Aigrigny looked at Rodin with surprise, and exclaimed, turning
red in spite of himself, "But for what purpose has your reverence acted in this
way?"

"In the first place, to turn away from myself any suspicions that might be
awakened by these letters; then to increase the rage of the marshal to madness,
by incessantly reminding him both of the just grounds of his hatred against you,
and the impossibility of his touching you. This, joined to other tempests of
anger, vexation, and irritation, which the brutal passions of this man of war
would make to rage within him, would impel him to this crazy enterprise, which
is the consequence and the punishment of his idolatry for a miserable usurper."
"Yes," said D'Aigrigny, with a constrained air; "but I would observe to your reverence that it might, perhaps, be dangerous thus far to excite Marshal Simon against me."

"Why?" inquired Rodin, fixing a piercing glance on Father d'Aigrigny.

"Because the marshal, urged beyond bearing, and recollecting nothing but our mutual hatred, might seek—might meet me—"

"Well, and what then?" asked Rodin.

"Well, he might forget that I was a priest; and then—"

"Ah! you are afraid," said Rodin, disdainfully, and interrupting D'Aigrigny.

At these words of Rodin, "You are afraid," the reverend father sprang from his seat; then, resuming his *sang froid*, he added,

"Your reverence is right. Yes, I should be afraid; yes, under such circumstances, I should be afraid that I might forget I am a priest, and recollect only that I have been a soldier."

"Really!" said Rodin, with supreme contempt; "and are you, then, at this absurd and savage point of honour? Has not your casseok extinguished this vivid fire? And this swordsman, whose poor brain, empty and hollow as a drum, I was sure to overturn by pronouncing some magic words for such stupid fighters, 'military honour—oath—Napoleon II.'—so, had this swordsman conducted himself toward you with any violence, it really would have required some effort on your part to remain calm?"

And again Rodin fastened his hawk's gaze on the reverend father.

"It is useless, I think, for your reverence to make any such supposition," said D'Aigrigny, who with difficulty repressed his emotion.

"As your superior," replied Rodin, sternly, "I have a right to ask you what you would have done if Marshal Simon had raised his hand against you?"

"Sir!" cried the reverend father.

"There are no sirs here, we are priests," said Rodin, harshly.

Father d'Aigrigny bowed his head, and with difficulty repressed his anger.

"I ask you," continued Rodin, pertinaciously, "what would be your course if Marshal Simon had struck you? Is that a plain question?"


"Or, if you like it better, suppose he had smitten you on both cheeks," continued Rodin, with cool doggedness.

Father d'Aigrigny, pale, his teeth clinched, his hands clasped, was a prey to a kind of vertigo at the supposition of such an outrage, while Rodin, who had not, unquestionably, urged the question but from a strong motive, raised his flaccid eyelids, and seemed to watch intently the significant symptoms which developed themselves on the disturbed countenance of the ex-colonel.

The devotee, more and more under the charm of the ex-socius, seeing the position of D'Aigrigny was as painful as it was false, felt her admiration for Rodin increase.

At length D'Aigrigny, resuming his *sang froid* gradually, replied to Rodin, in a tone of forced calmness,

"If I had to undergo such an outrage, I would entreat the Lord to give me resignation and humility."

"And assuredly the Lord would hear your prayers," replied Rodin, coldly, satisfied with the experiment he had tried on D'Aigrigny. "Besides, you are now forewarned; and it is very unlikely," he added, with an atrocious smile, "that Marshal Simon will return here in order to put your humility to so rude a test. But if he should return," and Rodin again fixed a deep and searching glance on the reverend father, "if he should return, you will display, I doubt not, to this brutal swordsman, in spite of his violence, all the resignation and humility of a soul that is truly Christian."

Two knocks on the door, discreetly given, interrupted the conversation.

A *valet de chambre* entered, bearing on a waiter a large sealed envelope, which he handed to the princess, and then left the room.
Madame de Saint-Dizier having, by a look, requested Rodin's leave to open the letter, hastily perused it, and a malignant satisfaction overspread her features.

"There is hope!" she said, addressing Rodin. "The demand is strictly legal, and the consequences may be such as we desire. In a word, my niece may, from to-morrow, be threatened with complete destitution. She, so prodigal; what a change for her whole life!"

"Then there may be at last some hold on this untameable character," said Rodin, with a meditative air; "for, until now, all has failed. They say certain kinds of happiness make persons invulnerable;" and he bit his flat and dirty nails.

"But, to obtain the result I desire, I must exasperate the pride of my niece; and it is, therefore, absolutely requisite that I see her and converse with her," added Madame de Saint-Dizier, musingly.

"Mademoiselle de Cardoville will refuse this interview," remarked D'Aigrigny.

"Perhaps," replied the princess; "she is so happy that her audacity must be at its height. Yes, yes, I know her. I will write to her in such a way that she will come."

"Do you think so?" said Rodin, with a doubtful air.

"Do not doubt it, father," replied the princess; "she will come; and, once her pride aroused, we may hope for everything."

"We must act, then, madam," said Rodin, "and that, too, promptly; the moment approaches; hatred and distrust are aroused; there is not a moment to lose."

"As to hatred," replied the princess, "Mademoiselle de Cardoville has seen how the process she began has ended in reference to what she calls her detention in a lunatic asylum, and the sequestration of the Simon girls in the convent of Saint Marie. Thank Heaven, we have friends everywhere; and I know, from good authority, that it will be rejected for want of sufficient proofs, in spite of the anxiety and interference of certain Parliamentary magistrates, who shall be marked—and well marked."

"Under these circumstances," replied Rodin, "the departure of the marshal gives us great latitude, and we must act immediately with these girls."

"But how?" inquired the princess.

"We must first see them," answered Rodin, "talk with them, study them, and then act."

"But the soldier will not leave them for a second," said D'Aigrigny.

"Then," replied Rodin, "we must talk to them before the soldier, and gain him over to ourselves."
"He! The hope is madness!" cried D'Aigrigny. "You do not know his
military probity; you do not know the man."

"Not know him!" said Rodin, shrugging his shoulders. "Did not Mademoi-
SELLE de Cardoville present me to him as her liberator, when I denounced you
as the soul of this machination? Was it not I who restored to him his ridiculous
imperial relic—his cross of honour—at Dr. Baleinier's? Was it not I who
brought the girls from the convent and placed them in their father's arms?"

"Yes," replied the princess; "but since then my cursed niece has divined
all—discovered everything. She told you herself, father—"

"That she considered me her mortal enemy," said Rodin. "True. But has
she said so to the marshal? Has she named me to him? And if she has, has
the marshal told it to the soldier? It may be so, but it is not certain; under
any circumstances, we must ascertain this. If the soldier treats me as an un-
masked foe, we shall see; but at first I shall accost him as a friend."

"And when?" asked the devotee.

"To-morrow morning," replied Rodin.

"Oh, my dear father!" exclaimed Madame de Saint-Dizier, with affright. "If
the soldier takes you for an enemy, beware!"

"I am always on my guard, madam. I have made more terrible fellows than
he hear reason;" and the Jesuit smiled a ghastly smile, and showed his black
teeth; "the cholera, for instance!"

"But if he treats you as an enemy, and refuses to admit you, how will you
contrive to obtain access to the daughters of Marshal Simon?" inquired D'Ai-
grigny.

"I really do not know," answered Rodin; "but, as I mean to do so, I shall
do so."

"Father," said the princess, suddenly, and after meditating, "these young
girls have never seen me. If, without giving any name, I could get to see
them—"

"That, madam, would be perfectly useless, for I must first know what I shall
resolve upon with respect to these orphan girls. At any risk I will see them,
therefore, and have a long conversation with them; then, my plan once decided
on, your aid may be useful to me. Under any circumstances, be so kind as to
be ready to-morrow morning to accompany me, madam."

"Where to, father?"

"To Marshal Simon's."

"To his house?"

"Not exactly to his house. You will go in your carriage; I will take a hack-
ney-coach. I shall endeavour to get access to these young girls, and, during this
time, you will await me at some small distance from the marshal's abode: if I
succeed, if I require your aid, I will come to you, and you will receive my in-
structions, and nothing will appear as if concerted between us."

"Very well, reverend father; but I really tremble when I think of your inter-
view with that brutal soldier," said the princess.

"The Lord will watch over His servant, madam," replied Rodin. "As for
you, father," he added, addressing D'Aigrigny, "send off to Vienna instantly the
note prepared, that it may announce your knowledge of the departure and ex-
pected arrival of the marshal. All is foreseen. This evening I will write more
fully."

Next morning about eight o'clock, Madame de Saint-Dizier, in her carriage,
and Rodin, in his hackney-coach, went toward the house of Marshal Simon.
CHAPTER XLVII.

HAPPINESS.

Agobert had been two days left by the marshal in charge of the orphans. It was eight o'clock in the morning, and Dagobert, walking with the greatest care on the points of his toes, that the floor might not creak, crossed the room adjoining the bedchamber of Rose and Blanche, and placed his ear discreetly at the door of the young girls' apartment. Killjoy followed his master in the same fashion, and seemed to walk with equal precaution. The countenance of the soldier was disturbed and uneasy, and he muttered to himself,

"Let us hope these dear children have heard nothing during the night that would alarm them; and it would be better that they should not know of this event until it cannot be longer concealed. It might make them very melancholy; and the poor little dears are so gay and so happy since they knew how dearly their father loves them. They bore his departure so well, and they must not be told of the misfortune of this night; it would distress them so much."

Then, listening again, the soldier continued:

"I hear nothing—nothing! They always awake early, too; perhaps it is their grief."

Dagobert's reflections were interrupted by two bursts of joyous laughter, which suddenly echoed in the young girls' bedchamber.

"Come, come—they are not so sad as I thought," said Dagobert, breathing more at his ease; "probably they know nothing."

The laughter then increased so much that the soldier, delighted at a gayety so unusual to his children, felt himself at first quite affected, and for a moment his eyes became moistened, when he remembered that the orphans had at last resumed the happy serenity of their years. Then, passing from softness to joy, his ear still listening, his body half bent, his hands on his knees, Dagobert, rejoicing.

[See cut, on next page.]

happy, his lips betraying a mute pleasure, shaking his head a little, accompanied, with a still laugh, the increasing hilarity of the two girls. At last, as nothing is more contagious than mirth, and the worthy soldier felt at his ease, he concluded by laughing out loud, and with all his might, without knowing why, and only because Rose and Blanche laughed with all their heart.

Killjoy, unaccustomed to see his master in such high spirits, looked at him,
first in deep and silent astonishment, and then began to bark with an interroga-
ting air.

At this sound the laugh of the girls suddenly ceased, and a clear voice, some-
what tremulous from its mirthfulness, cried,

"What, Killjoy! is it you who have come to wake us?"

Killjoy comprehended, shook his tail, laid back his ears, and, lying down close
at the door, replied by a low whine to the call of his young mistress.

"Monsieur Killjoy!" said the voice of Rose, who could scarcely contain her-
sel from a fresh burst of laughter, "you are very-early."

"Then could you tell us the hour, if you please, Monsieur Killjoy?" added
Blanche.

"Yes, mademoiselles; it has struck eight o'clock," suddenly responded the
deep voice of Dagobert, who accompanied this joke with an immense burst of
laughter.

A slight cry of joyful surprise was heard; then Rose said,

"Good-morning, Dagobert."

"Good-morning, my dears. You are very lazy this morning."

"That is not our fault; our dear Augustine has not yet been to us," said Rose.

"We were waiting for her."

"That is it," said Dagobert to himself, his features becoming overcast. Then
he replied aloud, with some embarrassment in his tone, for the worthy fellow was
a bad hand at falsehood, "My children, your governess went out early this morn-
ing. She has gone into the country on business, and will not come back for
some days; so, to-day, you had better get up by yourselves."

"That good Madame Augustine!" said Blanche, with interest: "I hope it
is not anything unpleasant, that she has gone away so suddenly. Is it, Dagobert?

"No, no—not at all; it is on business," replied the soldier, "to see one of her relations."

"Oh, so much the better," said Rose. "Well, Dagobert, when we call, you may come in."

"I will return in a quarter of an hour," said the soldier, walking away; then he thought, "I must put that booby, Jocrisse, on his guard, for the fellow is such a babbling blockhead that he will blab everything."

The name of this supposed dolt will serve as a natural transition to let us know the cause of the merry mood of the two sisters, who were laughing at the numerous silly tricks of this simpleton.

The girls had risen and were both dressed, having assisted each other. Rose had dressed Blanche's hair, and it was Blanche's turn to dress Rose's hair. The two young creatures, thus grouped, offered a picture that was very graceful.

Rose was seated before a toilet, her sister standing behind her, arranging her soft chestnut hair. Happy, joyous age! still so close to infancy, that its present felicity soon causes a forgetfulness of past suffering! Then the orphans felt more than joy; it was happiness—pure, deep, and, henceforth, unchangeable happiness. Their father adored them; their presence, far from being painful to him, filled him with delight. At last, assured himself of the love of his children, he had no longer, thanks to them! any sorrow to dread. For these three beings, so certain of their mutual and ineffaceable affection, what was a momentary separation?

This understood, we may conceive the innocent gayety of the two sisters, notwithstanding the departure of their father, and the joyous, happy expression which animated their lovely countenances, where was already reviving their colour, that had so much faded: their reliance on the future gave them an air of resolution and decision, which added an additional charm to their lovely features.

Blanche, while arranging her sister's hair, dropped the comb, and, as she stooped to pick it up, Rose anticipated her, and gave it to her, saying,

"If it had broken, you should have put it in the basket with handles."

And both laughed heartily at these words, which referred to a notable absurdity of Jocrisse. The supposed simpleton had broken the handle of a cup, and the governess of the young girls reprimanding him, he had answered,

"Be easy, madam; I have put the handle in the basket with handles."

"The basket with handles?"

"Yes, madam; it is in that I put all the handles I break or shall break."

"Gracious goodness!" said Rose, wiping her eyes, moist with mirthful tears, "how ridiculous to laugh at such absurdities!"

"Yet it is so droll," answered Blanche; "how can we help it?"

"All I regret is, that our father is not here to laugh also."

"He is so happy when he hears us merry."

"We must write to him, to-day, the story of our basket with handles."

"And that of the feather-brush, in order to show him that, according to our promise, we have not any uneasiness during his absence."

"Write to him, sister? No. You know very well he will write to us, but we cannot reply to him."

"That's true. Then—an idea! Let us still write to him at his address here. Dagobert will put our letters in the post, and, when he returns, our father will read our correspondence."

"You are right. What a charming idea! What things we will write to him, for he loves our little follies so much!"

"And so do we. We must confess that we like nothing better than to be gay."

"Oh, certainly! The last words of our father have given us so much courage, have they not, sister?"
"When I hear them, I feel quite brave about his departure."

"And when he said to us, 'My children, I will confide to you all I can confide to you. I had to fulfil a sacred duty—for that I am compelled to leave you for some time; although I was so blind to your affection, I could not resolve on abandoning you; yet my conscience was disquieted, agitated; my chagrin so overwhelmed me that I had not the strength to make up my mind, and my days passed on in hesitations filled with anguish; but, once certain of your affection, all these doubts have suddenly ceased. I have felt that I was not sacrificing one duty to another, and so laying up remorse for myself, but that it was necessary to accomplish two duties at once—duties, both sacred, and which I can now fulfil with joy, heart, and happiness."

"Ah, go on, go on, sister!" exclaimed Blanche, rising to approach Rose; "it seems as if I heard our father; and let us recall his words, as they will support us if we have any feelings of sorrow at his absence."

"Yes, will they not, sister? But as our father said besides, 'Instead of being vexed at my departure, be glad, be proud I leave you, in order to effect something noble and generous. Imagine that there is, in a certain portion of the world, a poor, suffering, oppressed orphan, forsaken by everybody; that the father of this orphan was my benefactor; that I swore to him to devote myself to his son; and that now the life of that son is in danger. Say, my children, should you be sorry to see me leave you to go to the assistance of this orphan?'"

"'Oh, no, no! dear father,' we replied; 'for then we should not be your daughters,' said Rose, with excitement; 'go, and rely upon us. We should be too unhappy if we thought that our sorrow could weaken your courage; go at once! and each day we shall repeat with pride, it is to fulfil a noble and great duty that our father has left us, and therefore it is sweet to us to await him.'"

"How charming, how comforting is the idea of duty, of devotion!" responded Blanche. "Only see how that gives our father the courage to leave us without regret, and us the courage to await bravely his return."

"And, then, with what tranquillity we enjoy this hour! These afflicting dreams, which foretold such sad events, torment us now no longer."

"I told you so, sister; and now we shall be, for the future, quite happy.

"And are you like me? for I feel myself stronger, more courageous, and in a disposition to brave every possible disaster."

"So do I; see how strong we have become! Our father in the centre, you on one side, I on the other, and—"

"Dagobert as advanced guard, Killjoy as rear-guard, and the army will be complete. Then let anybody come to attack us—guns and pistols," added, suddenly, a deep and joyous voice, interrupting the girls, and Dagobert appeared at the door of the room, which was ajar. 'Happy and merry, it was really pleasant to see him. The old fellow had heard a little of what was going on before he represented himself to the girls.

"Ah! Mr. Inquisitive, you were listening," said Rose, gayly, as she came out of the bedroom with her sister; and entering the parlour, they both kissed the soldier affectionately.

"Well, I must say I was listening; and I am only sorry for one thing, and that is, that I had not ears as large as Killjoy, that I might have heard more. Good, dear girls, how I love you! A little frolicksome, by Jupiter! and saying to dull care, 'Half step to the left; quick-march, and be hanged to you!'"

"Very fine! You'll see, he'll tell us to swear presently," said Rose to her sister, laughing heartily.

"Eh! what? Well, perhaps occasionally it might be so," replied the soldier; "it comforts one—calms one; for if, to enable us to sustain the attacks of wretchedness, one could not swear by the five thousand names of—"
"Will you be quiet!" said Rose, putting her pretty hand on the gray mustache of Dagobert to stop him; "if Madame Augustine heard you now—"

"Poor governess! so gentle, so timid!" said Blanche.

"How you would frighten her!"

"Yes," said Dagobert, trying to conceal his embarrassment, "but she does not hear us, because she is gone into the country."

"Good, dear woman!" observed Rose, "when speaking to us of you, she made use of a word which was very touching, and displayed her excellent heart. She did indeed; for she said, 'Ah! mesdemoiselles, compared with the affection of M. Dagobert, I know my attachment is so recent that it must seem nothing to you, that you are in no need of it; and yet I feel I have a right to devote myself to you as he does.'"

"No doubt, no doubt; she has a worthy heart—a heart of gold," replied Dagobert; then he added, in a lower voice, "It would seem as if they turned the conversation on her purposely, poor woman!"

"Besides, my father made a most proper choice when he selected her," said Rose; "the widow of an old soldier, who was in the wars with him."

"When we were so melancholy," said Blanche, "how uneasy and how anxious she was to comfort us!"

"Twenty times I have seen the tears in her eyes as she looked at us," remarked Rose. "Ah! she loves us tenderly, and we return her love. And with reference to this, Dagobert, do you know we have a little project when our father returns?"

"Hush, sister!" said Blanche, laughing; "Dagobert will not keep the secret."

"Yes he will, though; won't you, Dagobert?"

"Why," said the soldier, whose embarrassment was now extreme, "you will do right, perhaps, to say nothing about it."

"You can't keep anything from Madame Augustine."

"Ah! Mr. Dagobert, Mr. Dagobert!" continued Blanche, gayly, and menacing the soldier with the end of her finger, "I suspect you very much of having flirted with our good governess."
"I—I—flirted!" said the soldier.

The tone, the expression of Dagobert, as he uttered these words, were so singular, that the sisters burst into loud laughter.

Their mirth was at its height, when the door opened.

Jocrisse advanced several steps, and then, with a loud voice, announced,

"M. Rodin!"

And at the moment the Jesuit glided swiftly into the apartment, as if to take possession of the ground; for once in, he believed his end was attained, and his reptile eyes glittered.

It would be difficult to paint the surprise of the sisters and the anger of the soldier at this unexpected visit. Running to Jocrisse, Dagobert seized him by the collar, and exclaimed,

"Who gave you leave to introduce any one here without first asking me?"

"Pardon, Monsieur Dagobert," said Jocrisse, going on his knees, and clapping his hands with an air as stupid as it was supplicating.

"Begone! get out! And you also," added the soldier, with a menacing air, and turning to Rodin, who was already approaching the young girls with his hypocritical air.

"I am ready to obey your commands, my dear sir," answered the Jesuit, humbly, and with a bow, but without offering to move.

"Will you go?" cried the soldier to Jocrisse, who was still on his knees; for in this position the man knew that he could utter a certain number of words before Dagobert could expel him.

"Monsieur Dagobert," said Jocrisse, in a doleful voice, "pardon me for having introduced this gentleman here without giving you notice; but, alas! my head is all in a whirl, in consequence of the misfortune that has happened to Madame Augustine."

"What misfortune?" exclaimed Rose and Blanche together, and going to Dagobert with a gesture of uneasiness.

"Will you get out?" replied Dagobert, shaking Jocrisse by the collar to compel him to rise.

"Speak, speak!" said Blanche, interposing between the soldier and Jocrisse. "What has happened to Madame Augustine?"

"Mademoiselle," said Jocrisse, hastily, and spite of the interference of the soldier, "Madame Augustine was attacked with cholera last night, and they have—"

Jocrisse was unable to finish, for Dagobert gave him a blow with his fist in the jaw, such as he had not bestowed for a long time; and then exerting his strength, which was still considerable for his age, the old dragoon, with an iron
THE WANDERING JEW.

grasp, lifted Jocrisse on his legs, and with a violent kick in the seat of honour, sent him headlong into the chamber adjacent.

Then turning to Rodin, his cheeks inflamed, and his eye sparkling with rage, Dagobert pointed to the door with an expressive gesture, saying, in an angry voice,

"And now, sir, it's your turn; and if you do not go, and directly too, why—"

"Allow me to pay my respects, my dear sir," said Rodin, going backward toward the door, and bowing to the young girls.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DUTY.

Slowly retreating before the angry fire of Dagobert's glances, Rodin managed to gain the door by a sort of retrograde movement, keeping up a kind of sidelong, penetrating look upon the orphans, visibly agitated by the well-concerted carelessness of Jocrisse, who, in spite of Dagobert's express prohibition not to mention before the sisters the calamity which had befallen their governess, had thus disobeyed the order of his superior. Hastily approaching the soldier, Rose exclaimed, "Is it indeed true that poor Madame Augustine has been attacked by cholera?"

"No—I do not know—I believe not," replied the soldier, with hesitation; "besides, what is it to you?"

"Dagobert, you wish to conceal this affliction from us," said Blanche. "I remember now your embarrassment when you were speaking of our governess a little time since."

"If she is ill, we ought not to forsake her; she was full of commiseration for our sorrows, and we ought to have pity on her sufferings."

"Come, sister, let us go to our chamber," said Blanche, advancing a step toward the door, at which Rodin had paused, and was listening with deep curiosity to this conversation, which seemed to give him matter for profound meditation.

"You shall not leave this room!" said the soldier, resolutely.

"Dagobert," replied Rose, with firmness, "a sacred duty is in question, and it would be cowardice to shrink from it."

"I tell you that you shall not go out!" replied the soldier, stamping with impatience.

"My good friend," observed Blanche, with an air as resolute as her sister's, and an excitement that tinted her lovely cheek with a rosy hue, "our father, in leaving us, has given us an admirable example of devotion to duty, and he will not excuse us if we forget his lesson."

"What!" exclaimed Dagobert, greatly excited, and going toward the sisters to prevent them from leaving the room, "do you think that if your governess had the cholera, I would allow you to go to her under the pretext of duty? Your duty is to live, and live happy, for your father's sake, and for my sake into the bargain; so not another word of this mad scheme."

"We do not run any risk in going to our governess in her chamber," said Rose.

"And if there was any danger," added Blanche, "we ought not to hesitate; so, Dagobert, be good, and let us pass."

Suddenly, Rodin, who had been watching this scene with deep attention, started, his eye sparkled, and a ray of malicious delight gleamed upon his visage.

"Dagobert, do not refuse us," said Blanche; "you would do for us what you reproach us for desiring to do to another."

Dagobert had, up to this moment, impeded the passage of the Jesuit and the two sisters, by planting himself before the door; after a moment's reflection, he shrugged his shoulders moved to one side and said, calmly,
MADAME DE SAINTE COLOMBE.
"I was an old fool! Well, young ladies, go. If you find Madame Augustine in the house, I permit you to remain with her."

Surprised at the confident manner and the words of Dagobert, the young ladies remained motionless and undecided.

"If our governess is not here, where is she, then?" asked Rose.

"Do you imagine that I will tell you in your present state of excitement?"

"She is dead!" cried Rose, turning pale.

"No, no! calm yourself," said the soldier, quickly. "No; by your father, I swear no—only at the first attack of the malady she desired to be carried out of the house, fearing that others might catch the contagion."

"Good, courageous woman!" said Rose, much affected; "and you would not—"

"I would not allow you to leave this house, nor shall you if I have to lock you up in your chamber!" exclaimed the soldier, stamping his foot angrily; then, recollecting that the babbling indiscretion of Jocrisse had caused this lamentable chagrin, he added, with great anger, "Oh, I'll break my cane over that scoundrel's back!"

So saying, he turned to the door, where Rodin still remained, silent and attentive, concealing beneath his usual impassiveness the dark designs which he had conceived.

The two girls, no longer in doubt as to the departure of their governess, and persuaded that Dagobert would not tell them whither they had conveyed her, remained pensive and melancholy.

At the sight of the priest, whom he had for an instant forgotten, the old soldier's rage increased, and he said to him, savagely,

"What! are you still here?"

"Allow me to remark to you, my dear sir," replied Rodin, with that air of ease and kindness which he so well knew how to assume, "that you stood before the door, which naturally prevented me from going."

"Well, nothing hinders you now, so go—be off!"

"I will be off with all possible haste, my dear sir, although I think I have a right to express my astonishment at such a reception."

"We are not talking of reception, but departure; so go."

"I came, my dear sir, to talk with you."

"I have no time for talking."

"It is on very important business."

"I have no business but that of remaining with these children."

[See cut, on page 564.]

"Very well, my dear sir," said Rodin, from the threshold; "I will no longer importune you. Excuse my intrusion; but as the bearer of news—excellent news from Marshal Simon—I came—"

"News of my father?" said Rose, quickly, and going toward Rodin; "oh! tell us, sir—tell us, and quickly."

"You have news of the marshal? you!" said Dagobert, casting a suspicious glance at Rodin; "and what is your news, then?"

But Rodin, without immediately replying to this question, advanced from the threshold and returned to the room, looking first at Rose, and then at Blanche, with admiration; then he said,

"What pleasure it is to me to bring good tidings to these dear young ladies! I see them as I left them, always graceful and charming, although not so sad as when I brought them from that wretched convent where they were kept prisoners. With what delight did I see them cast themselves into the arms of their glorious father!"

"That was their place, but yours is not here," said Dagobert, rudely, and holding the door open at Rodin's back.

"Confess, at least, that I was in my place at Dr. Baleinier's," said the Jesuit, looking at the soldier with a crafty smile; "you know, in that lunatic asylum,
when I restored to you that noble imperial cross, which you so deeply regretted—when that excellent young lady, Mademoiselle de Cardoville, by saying that I was her liberator, prevented you from strangling me—a little, my dear sir. Yes, indeed, young ladies, as I have the honour to tell you," added Rodin, with a smile, "this brave soldier was about to strangle; for it must be owned that, in spite of his age, and with no desire to offend him, he has an iron gripe. Eh! eh! eh! the Prussians and Cossacks ought to know that better than myself."

These few words reminded Dagobert and the young girls of the services which Rodin had really rendered them. Although the marshal had heard Mademoiselle de Cardoville speak of Rodin as a very dangerous person, whose dupe she had been, the father of Rose and Blanche, incessantly worried and tormented, had not mentioned this to Dagobert; but the old grenadier, instructed by experience, and despite the many appearances favourable to the Jesuit, felt an irresistible repugnance for him, and replied, harshly,

"It is of no consequence whether my gripe is strong or not, but—"

"If I allude to your harmless vivacity on that occasion, my dear sir," said Rodin, in a soft tone, and interrupting Dagobert, while he advanced still nearer to the sisters by that kind of creeping, reptile step which was peculiar to him—"if I alluded to it, it was from recalling, involuntarily, the trifling services which I was but too happy to render to you."

Dagobert looked fixedly at Rodin, who instantly dropped his flaccid lid over his yellow eye.

"In the first place," said the soldier, after a moment's silence, "a right-hearted man never refers to services he has rendered; yet you have done so already three times."
"But, Dagobert," said Rose, in a low tone, "if he has news of our dear father?"

The soldier motioned with his hand, as if to beg the young girl to allow him to speak, and then continued, keeping his eye steadily fixed on Rodin,

"You are crafty, but I am not a raw recruit."

"I crafty!" said Rodin, with a stolid air.

"Decidedly. You think to come over me with your fine phrases; but it won't do. Listen to what I say: one of your black-gown gang stole my cross; you restored it to me—well! Some one of your black-gown gang carried off these children; you found them—well! You denounced the renegade D'Aigrigny—true. But all this only proves two things: the first, that you were rogue enough to be the accomplice of such vagabonds; the second, that you were rogue enough to denounce them; and these two acts are both infamous, and I suspect you. So now go—begone! the sight of you is not wholesome for these children."

"But, my dear sir—"

"There is no but in the question," cried Dagobert, in an angry tone. "I tell you what, when one of your sort pretends to perform a good action, it is time to be on one's guard. I suspect you."

"I perceive," replied Rodin, coldly, and hiding his disappointment; for he had reckoned on easily managing the soldier. "I admit that you have a right to form your own opinion; but if you only reflect an instant, what interest can I have in deceiving you?"

"You have some purpose in thus insisting upon remaining here when I tell you to go."

"I have had the honour to mention the purpose of my coming."

"You bring tidings of Marshal Simon, I think you say?"

"Precisely. I am fortunate enough to have intelligence concerning the marshal," replied Rodin, again approaching the sisters, as though to regain the ground he had lost; and, addressing himself to them, he said, "Yes, my dear young ladies, I bring you news of your glorious father."

"Then come with me directly!" cried Dagobert; "you can tell them to me."

"How! Deprive these dear young ladies of the happiness of hearing news which—"

"Bombs and cannons!" thundered Dagobert, pale with rage; "have you not sense enough to see that I shrink from turning an old man like you out of the room?"

"Come, come," replied Rodin, mildly, "don't put yourself into a passion with a poor old fellow like me—I am not worth it; let us go into your room, as you say. I will tell you what I have to communicate, and then you will be vexed that you hindered these dear children from hearing such good news. That shall be your punishment."

So saying, and with another low bow, Rodin, who could scarcely restrain his rage and disappointment, passed by Dagobert, who shut the door after him, making a sign to the sisters to remain there till his return.

"Well, Dagobert, what news of our dear father?" inquired Rose eagerly of the soldier, on his return a quarter of an hour after leaving the room with Rodin.

"Well, the old sorcerer had contrived to find out that your father was gone and in excellent spirits; he is also acquainted with M. Robert. How he learned all this is more than I know," added the soldier, with a meditative air; "but it is an additional reason for being on my guard against him."

"And what were the tidings he brought of our father?" inquired Rose.

"A friend of this old scoundrel, who, he says, knows your father, met him about five-and-twenty leagues hence; the marshal charged him, upon reaching
Paris, either to see you himself or send some person to let you know that he had proceeded thus far safely, was in health, and trusted soon to see you again."

"Oh, what happiness!" exclaimed Rose.

"Ah! now, Dagobert," cried Blanche, "you see how wrong you were to suspect the poor old man; how could you behave so rudely to him?"

"I don't repent of the reception I gave him."

"What, not now, Dagobert!"

"No, I don't. I have my reasons, and the best is, that when I saw him come in just now, and begin creeping about you, I felt a sort of cold chill strike to the very marrow of my bones, without being able to account for it. If I had perceived a serpent crawling toward you, I could not have been more alarmed. I know very well that he can do you no harm in my presence; but I know not how it is, after all the services he has rendered us, I had the greatest difficulty in the world to prevent myself from throwing him out of the window. Now this is a very unnatural mode of proving one's gratitude, and I feel sure there must be something dangerous about people capable of inspiring such a feeling."

"Dear, good Dagobert," said Rose, in a caressing tone, "'tis the excess of your affection for us that makes you so suspicious; and that shows your love for us."

"Ah, yes!" added Blanche, with a significant glance at her sister, "you do love your children very dearly."

This was, however, one of Dagobert's suspicious days. So, after gazing from one lovely face to the other, the old soldier shook his head and replied,

"Come, come, young ladies, all this coaxing is not for nothing; you have got some favour to ask of me."

"Well, Dagobert," said Rose, "it is so; you know we always tell the truth."

"Come, Dagobert," added Blanche, "be just; that is all."

So saying, each approached the soldier, who was still standing, and placed her clasped hands on his shoulder with a most insinuating smile.
"Now, then," said Dagobert, looking alternately from side to side, "all I have to do is to keep my ground: here is some rather difficult affair to bring out; I am sure of it!"

"Oh, Dagobert, you who have so often praised us for possessing the courage becoming the daughters of a soldier!"

"To the point! to the point!" said Dagobert, who began to feel somewhat uneasy at all these oratorical preliminaries.

Just as the sisters were about to speak, a gentle knock was heard at the door. [The lesson Dagobert had bestowed upon Jocrisse had been of the most wholesome description, having consisted in his immediate dismissal from the house.]

"Who is there?" inquired Dagobert.

"'Tis I—Justin, M. Dagobert," replied a voice.

"Come in."

A servant belonging to the household, a faithful, honest fellow, appeared at the door.

"What do you want?" inquired the soldier.

"M. Dagobert," replied Justin, "there is a lady below in a carriage who has sent her footman to inquire whether she can speak to the duke or the young ladies. She has been informed of the duke's absence, but mesdemoiselles were at home; upon which she begged to be allowed to see them, saying that her business was to collect alms for a charitable purpose."

"Did you see the lady? Do you know her name?"

"I did not think of inquiring, M. Dagobert; but she has quite the appearance of a great personage; her carriage is magnificent, and the servants wear rich liveries."

"This lady has come to collect money for a charitable purpose," said Rose to Dagobert; "and, since she has been told that we are at home, it does not seem to me that we can refuse to see her."

"What do you think, Dagobert?" inquired Blanche.

"Why," answered the old soldier, "I don't see myself what harm a lady can do; it is not like that old plotter I just now got rid of; besides, I shall not leave you." Then, addressing Justin, he said, "Show the lady up stairs."

The man departed.

"Why, Dagobert, do you suspect even this lady, whom you do not even know?"

"Ah, my children, what cause had I for mistrusting my own good and worthy wife? but she it was who gave you into the power of those priests, and that without thinking that she did wrong, but solely in obedience to her scoundrelly confessor."

"Poor Madame Françoise! 'tis true, Dagobert; and yet I am sure she loved us well," said Rose, mournfully.

"When did you hear of her?" asked Blanche.

"The day before yesterday. She is fast recovering; the air of the village in which is situated Gabriel's curacy suits her admirably, and while he is away she is keeping his house."

At this moment the folding-doors were thrown open, and the Princess de Saint-Dizier entered with a respectful and graceful courtesy, holding in her hand one of those scarlet-velvet purses employed in Catholic churches in collecting charitable contributions.
CHAPTER XLIX.

THE COLLECTION.

One could more skilfully assume than the Princess de Saint-Dizier an affectionate and prepossessing manner; having, moreover, preserved all her youthful powers of fascination, she knew how to put on the irresistible coquetries of her earlier days, and more than once had she called to her aid the insinuating smile, the dulcet voice, which had subdued so many hearts, to further her present schemes of fanatical bigotry. She could unite the grace and dignity of a high-bred lady with the soft simplicity of a warm-hearted, unpretending woman.

Such was the princess as she presented herself before the daughters of Marshal Simon and Dagobert. She was admirably dressed in a robe of gray watered silk, which concealed the somewhat superabundant embonpoint of her figure. She wore a becoming small black velvet hat, and a profusion of light curls shaded her still handsome countenance, while the insinuating smile which played upon her lips showed glimpses of her white and even teeth.

Notwithstanding the habitual timidity of the sisters, they, as well as Dagobert, found themselves unable to withstand the charm of look and manner in their visitor, who, advancing to Rose and Blanche, gracefully courtesied, and said, in a tone of honeyed softness,

"Have I the honour to speak to the Demoiselles de Ligny?"

But little accustomed to have themselves addressed by their father's title, the sisters gazed at each other in silent embarrassment, which was relieved by Dagobert, who, perceiving their hesitation, took upon himself to reply, by saying,

"These young ladies, madam, are the daughters of--Marshal Simon, but they are seldom called by any other name than that of Simon."

"Ah!" cried Madame de Saint-Dizier, "such amiable modesty well becomes these pretty young girls, and well accords with what I have heard of them. Let me hope, however, they will pardon me for addressing them by a name which recalls one of the most brilliant victories achieved by their brave father."

At these flattering words, Rose and Blanche cast a grateful look on Madame de Saint-Dizier, while even Dagobert, gratified by praises addressed equally to the marshal and his daughters, felt his confidence in their visitor rapidly increase.

Still speaking in her winningly soft and well-modulated voice, the princess continued:

"I come to you, my young friends, in full confidence that you, who have had the opportunity of seeing the continued exercise of charity and every noble virtue on the part of your father, will bestow your aid in behalf of those unfortunate beings stricken with the cholera. I am one of the patronesses of an institution for that purpose, and whatever assistance you may think proper to bestow, I can only assure you will be most thankfully received."

"'Tis we who should thank you, madam," replied Blanche, with graceful eagerness, "for having deigned to associate us in your good work."
"Allow me," said Rose, "to bring all we have it in our power to give."

Then, exchanging a look with her sister, Rose left the apartment and entered the adjoining chamber, which formed their bedroom.

"Be seated, madam, if you please," said Dagobert, more and more charmed by the words and manners of the princess; "pray take a chair while Rose is gone to fetch her little purse."

Then, after the princess had taken the seat offered her by the old soldier, he hastily added,

"You must excuse my making so free as to call one of the daughters of Marshal Simon by her name, just as if she were my own child; but you see, madam, I was with their blessed mother when they were born."

"And, indeed, madam," continued Blanche, "next to our father, we have no friend more true, more tender and devoted, than Dagobert."

"I can well believe it, my dear young friend," replied the artful woman, "for well do you and your charming sister appear capable of inspiring such an attachment." Then turning to Dagobert, the princess added, with one of her most winning smiles, "A devotion as honourable to those who inspire it as to him who feels it."

"True, madam," said Dagobert; "I am honoured and flattered by it, and well I may be. But here comes Rose with her little hoard."

As he spoke, the young girl appeared at the door, bearing a small but well-filled purse made of green silk. This she presented to the princess, who had glanced two or three times impatiently at the door, as if looking for the entrance of some person who did not come. These movements, however, were not observed by Dagobert.

"We are very sorry, madam," said Rose, "that we cannot make a better offering, but all the money we have is in that purse."

"Gold!" exclaimed the visitor, as she perceived a number of Louis glitter through the meshes of the purse; "let me assure you, young ladies, that what you are pleased to style an humble offering is very liberal." Then, bestowing on the sisters one of her most insinuating glances, the princess added, "This sum was doubtless intended for some pleasure, or an additional ornament for your toilet; the merit of the gift becomes, therefore, the greater. I had not too highly estimated the goodness of your hearts, but when I see you thus impose on yourselves privations ordinarily so painful to persons of your age—"

"Oh no, madam!" interrupted Rose; "it is no sacrifice on the part of either my sister or myself."

"And I believe you," replied the princess, graciously; "loveliness such as it has pleased Nature to endow you with needs not the aid of the toilet, while minds generous as yours would prefer the delights of benevolence to every other."

"Madam—"

"Come, young ladies," said Madame de Saint-Dizier, smiling, and assuming her motherly air, "don't let my commendation embarrass you. At my age people don't flatter; I speak to you as though I was your mother—grandmother, indeed, for I am old enough."

"Madam," said Rose, "we should be pleased to think our trifling assistance had enabled you to relieve any of the unfortunate persons in whose behalf you solicit; their sufferings are no doubt very great."

"Dreadful!" answered the devotee; "but we are consoled by the deep interest which all classes of society take in their misfortunes. In my office of collector, I have a better chance than others of appreciating the noble devotion I meet with. So contagious is benevolence, that—"

"There, young ladies!" exclaimed Dagobert, triumphantly interrupting the princess, in the excess of his desire to construe her words favourably to the opposition he had made to the sisters' desire of visiting their governess; "now are
you convinced after this good lady has spoken so sensibly? Now nothing is more to be dreaded than contagion, and for that reason—"

Here the soldier was interrupted by the entrance of a servant to announce that a person was waiting to see him.

The princess veiled her satisfaction at this incident, which was of her own arranging, and designed to remove Dagobert for a little while from the sisters. Dagobert, much annoyed at being obliged to leave the room, said to the princess, with a look of intelligence,

"Thank you, madam, for your excellent remarks about contagion. Before you go, pray say a little more on the same subject; you will render them a great service, as well as oblige their father and myself. I shall quickly return, for I would thank you again." Then going close to the sisters, Dagobert whispered, "You cannot do better, my children, than listen to this excellent lady;" and bowing respectfully to the princess, he left the room.

As soon as the door had closed on the old soldier, the princess, although impatient to profit by his absence to carry out the instructions she had received from Rodin, said, in the calmest voice and most natural, unembarrassed manner,

"I did not quite comprehend the last words of your old friend, or, rather, he, I think, misunderstood mine. When I spoke to you but now of the contagion of benevolence, I was far from intending to blame that feeling for which, on the contrary, I have the greatest possible admiration."

"Oh yes, madam," responded Rose, quickly, "I am sure you do, and it was so we understood you to mean."

"And if you only knew, madam," added Blanche, exchanging a significant glance with her sister, "how exactly your words apply to our position at this moment."

"I was quite certain of being well understood by such hearts as yours," resumed the princess; "doubtless devotion is contagious, but it is the contagion of generosity and heroism. You can scarcely credit the noble and affecting instances I daily see; how I am hourly struck by the most touching and affecting
acts of courageous tenderness, of noble devotion. But so it is,” continued Ma-
dame de Saint-Dizier, piously rolling her eyes, “and let all praise and glory be,
as justly due, to the Lord above, who deigns to rule and direct the hearts of His
weak and erring family on earth; but, bless God, it is as it is, and that I
am enabled, my dear young ladies, with truth to say, that all ranks and condi-
tions vie with each other in deeds of purest Christian charity. If you could but
see, even in the temporary hospitals established for bestowing the earliest suc-
cours on such as are stricken by contagion, what emulation, what eager devotion
and disregard of self prevails! Poor and rich, young and old, females of all
ages, flock round the unfortunate creatures who are the objects of our care, and
esteem themselves but too happy in being permitted to watch by their sick pil-
low, or, if needs be, whisper words of consolation to such as are encompassed
within the black shadow of death.”

“You see, Blanche,” said Rose, addressing her sister, “that it is for persons
to whom they are utterly unknown that so many noble-minded persons risk their
lives.”

“Most assuredly it is,” replied the pious visitant. “Only yesterday I was
moved even to tears while visiting a temporary hospital established not far from
your house. One large chamber was filled with a number of poor destitute cre-
atures, brought there almost in a dying state. All at once I saw a lady, a friend
of mine, enter, accompanied by her two daughters, as young, as charming, and as
charitably disposed as yourselves. Without a moment’s delay or hesitation, the
three placed themselves at the service of the medical attendants, received their
directions, and waited upon the unfortunate patients with a zeal and tenderness
not to be surpassed by the most lowly worshippers of our blessed religion.”

The sisters exchanged a look of indescribable earnestness and fervour as they
hstened to words so calculated to excite their enthusiastic minds, and fan into a
flame the heroic sentiments of their generous natures. Their alarm and emotion
upon learning the malady with which their governess had been attacked were
not lost upon Rodin, whose quick penetration had at once perceived the impor-
tant use to which this incident might be turned, and upon this hint Madame de
Saint-Dizier had been duly instructed to act.

Continuing, therefore, to regard the orphans with a closely observant eye, in
order to discover the effect of her words, the charitable messenger said,

“You may feel sure that foremost in the ranks of those bent upon this mission
of charity are the ministers of our holy religion. This very morning, while vis-
iting the benevolent establishment I mentioned to you as being in your immedi-
ate neighbourhood, I was struck, in common with all present, at the sight of a
young priest, or, rather, some angelic being descended from on high to afford
the suffering females collected within its walls the comforts of religion. But he
must have been more than human, I am sure; and if you could only have seen
the Abbé Gabriel under the trying and distressing circumstances I did, you
would, like me—”

“Gabriel! the Abbé Gabriel!” exclaimed the sisters, as they exchanged
looks of joyful surprise.

“Do you know him?” inquired the princess, with apparent astonishment.

“Well do we know him, dear madam, as the preserver of our lives.”

“Yes, indeed, during a fearful storm at sea, when the vessel was wrecked,
and we should have perished but for him.”

“Is it possible?” cried Madame de Saint-Dizier, affecting still greater amaze-
ment; “but are you sure we mean the same person?”

“Oh, no, madam, we cannot possibly mistake! You describe a being precisely
resembling our Gabriel—all courage, and the most heavenly forgetfulness of
self!”

“And besides,” added Rose, with innocent warmth, “it is impossible to mis-
take our Gabriel, for he is beautiful as the archangel whose name he bears!”

“With such long, light, curling hair!” cried Blanche.
"And eyes of blue, so soft and tender," continued Rose, "that it is impossible to look at him without being touched to the heart!"

"Oh, then it must be he!" replied the princess; "and you can conceive the almost adoration he excites, and the ardour and zealous charity created by his saint-like example. How I wish you could have heard him this morning! with what tender emotion he praised the conduct of those noble-minded women, who generously risked contagion itself to succour and console their sisters in trouble and mortal sickness! Alas! although I well know that the Almighty has enjoined humility upon his followers, I am obliged to confess that, as I listened to the Abbé Gabriel this morning, I could not prevent myself, all unworthy as I was, from being moved by a sort of holy pride as I ventured to take my poor share in the praises so beautifully expressed. More especially when he said, with so touching a look and voice, 'That he seemed to recognise a dearly-loved sister in those kind and devoted beings who thus ventured to kneel beside the sick-bed of such as all else had, perhaps, forsaken, that they might arrest the parting breath, or whisper peace to the departing soul!'"

"Sister!" exclaimed Blanche, "do you hear those words? Oh, how happy ought those to be who have deserved such commendations!"

"Yes, happy indeed!" exclaimed the princess, with well-assumed enthusiasm; "well may we indulge in such a pride as that occasioned by those holy praises, which seem as though uttered by the inspiration of God himself."

"Madam," said Rose, whose cheeks were flushed, and whose heart beat with the excitement caused by the words of the devotee, "we have lost our mother, and our other parent is absent, but I feel assured that we can nowhere seek a friend more capable of advising us than yourself, whose heart is as noble as your disposition is kind and feeling."

"What advice do you require, my dear child?" asked Madame de Saint-Diezir, in her most insinuating manner; "let me say my dear child, since the difference between our ages well warrants its application."

"Indeed, madam," interrupted Blanche, "we shall be delighted if you will call us both your children." Then, after slightly hesitating, she continued, "My sister wishes to ask your opinion on a subject we would fain know our duty upon."

"We had a friend, who lived with us as our instructress and companion; unhappily, during the past night she has been seized with the cholera."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed the devotee, feigning the utmost sympathy. "And how is she now?"

"Alas, madam, we do not know."

"Not know? Why, is it possible you have not been to see her?"

"Pray do not accuse us of indifference or ingratitude," said Blanche, mournfully; "indeed, madam, it is not our fault that we are not at this minute beside our suffering friend."

"And who prevents your going to her?"

"Dagobert; that dear, kind old man you saw here when you first came in."

"And why does he object to your performing an act of positive duty as well as gratitude to your faithful guide and preceptress?"

"You consider, then, dear madam, that it is our duty to visit our sick friend, do you not?"

Instead of immediately replying to this direct appeal, Madame de Saint-Diezir continued to gaze from one sister to the other, as though bewildered with amazement; at last she said,

"Is it possible that young persons apparently so right-minded, and richly endowed with every fine quality of the soul, can ask me such a question?"

"I assure you, madam, that our first impulse was to hasten to our poor governess; but Dagobert, whose love for us makes him apprehensive of almost everything, feared there might be some risk, and so forbade our going."

"Besides," added Rose, "when our dear father left us, he placed us absolutely under Dagobert's charge, so that the recollection of his responsibility,
joined to his solicitude for us, makes Dagobert think more than is needful of the danger we should incur in visiting our sick preceptress."

"Certainly," replied the devotee, "the scruples of your excellent friend are quite natural, as well as excusable; but his fears are, as you justly observe, wholly unfounded. For some time past I, as well as many of my friends, have been in the habit of visiting these hospitals daily, yet neither they nor I have experienced the least ill effect. Besides, the cholera is now proved, beyond a doubt, to be without contagion, so that you may make yourselves easy as regards the absence of danger in paying a visit to your suffering friend."

"Whether there be danger or no, madam," said Rose, "it is enough for us to be told that duty summons us to the sick-bed of our governess."

"I doubt it not, my dear young friends; and, indeed, your sick friend might well accuse you of ingratitude, or even cowardice, in abstaining from visiting her. But," continued Madame de Saint-Dizier, with well-assumed fervour, "it is not alone of earthly opinion we should stand in awe; we must seek to deserve and obtain the pardon of the Lord, from whom proceed these awful manifestations of wrath, as well as His favour and protection for ourselves and those belonging to us. You have had the misfortune to lose your mother, I believe?"

"Alas! yes, madam."

"Well, my dear young friends, then let us console ourselves with the assurance of her being among the number of the elect in heaven; for, of course," added the princess, as though thinking aloud, "your mother died a Christian death, and on her death-bed received the last sacraments of our Holy Mother Church?"

"We were living in the very wilds of Siberia when we lost her," said Rose, sorrowfully, "and she died of cholera. Besides which, madam, there was no priest near enough to attend her last moments, if even she had wished it."

"Gracious heavens!" almost shrieked the princess, with an alarmed and agitated manner; "then your poor mother expired without the aid or consolations of a minister of our blessed religion?"

"My sister and myself watched beside her," said Rose, while her eyes filled with tears, "and we prayed to God to take her into heaven, as well as we knew how to pray."

"My poor children!" cried the devotee, in a voice expressive of the deepest affliction.
"What ails you, madam?" asked the orphans, much startled at this sudden emotion.

"Alas! spite of the many virtues which adorned your excellent mother, I grieve to tell you that she has not yet been received into heaven."

"What do you mean, madam?"

"Having, unhappily, died without the last sacraments, her soul is condemned to wander in purgatory until the day of the Lord's mercy, although her deliverance may be considerably hastened by means of the prayers which the Church says daily for the redemption of souls."

Madame de Saint-Dizier assumed an air so melancholy and full of mournful conviction as she pronounced these words, that the poor girls, whose hearts were imbued with the deepest and truest filial affection, readily believed her alarms for their mother's eternal reposes sincere, and, with ingenuous sorrow, bewailed their having been hitherto kept in ignorance of the horrors of purgatory.

The devotee, perceiving, by the distress depicted on the countenances of the sisters, that her infamous deception had worked the desired effect, added, in a soothing tone, "You must not allow yourselves to despair, my children; the Lord will, sooner or later, receive your mother into the joys of paradise. But are there no means by which the deliverance of her precious soul can be accelerated through your endeavours?"

"Oh! tell us if there be, dear madam," cried the weeping girls; "we can think of nothing but to pray God, night and day, to pardon our dear mother for dying without a priest, and to receive her into heaven. If there be aught else, we beseech you to direct us what we can do."

"Poor children! how much they interest me!" said the princess, with pretended emotion, as she pressed a hand of each within her own. "Take comfort, I say again," she resumed. "You can do much for your mother's repose; and, in preference to every other intercessor, you may obtain the Lord's favour for her, whereby her soul may be delivered from purgatory, and admitted into the realms of everlasting felicity."

"But tell us what we must do, dear madam, to obtain this great, this inestimable blessing," exclaimed both sisters at once.

"By deserving the mercy of the Lord by your praiseworthy and edifying conduct; and in no manner can you render yourselves more acceptable in His sight than by discharging your debt of duty and gratitude to your poor governess; and I feel assured that so striking a proof of Christian zeal, as the Abbé Gabriel would call it, would be counted equal to the release of your mother's spirit from the pains of purgatory; for, in His infinite mercy, the Almighty ever lends a favourable ear to daughters interceding for their mother, who, to obtain that prayer, offer to Heaven some great or holy action."

"Ah!" exclaimed Blanche, "it is not alone of our sick governess we have to think."

"Here comes Dagobert!" said Rose, hastily, listening to the ascending steps of the soldier, as he heavily mounted the staircase.

"Recover yourselves— be calm! Say not a word of this to your worthy friend when he enters," said the princess, hastily; "he would be unnecessarily uneasy, and, foreboding dangers where none existed, would, in all probability, place obstacles in the way of your generous resolution."

"But how shall we be able to discover whither our governess has been conveyed?" inquired Rose.

"Oh, we shall find that out, I dare say. Rely upon me," whispered the false adviser; "I will see you again very shortly, when we will devise our plot— our plot to obtain the speedy deliverance of your poor mother from the miseries she now endures."

Scarcely had Madame de Saint-Dizier pronounced these last words, with every appearance of the tenderest solicitude, when the old soldier entered the room, his countenance beaming with joy and content. Indeed, so delighted did he seem
with the subject of his thoughts, that he failed to observe the agitation the sisters could not immediately subdue.

Anxious to divert the attention of the old soldier, the princess arose, and, going toward him, said, "I would not take my leave of these young ladies without expressing to you the high opinion I entertain of the excellent qualities with which the Almighty has endowed them."

"I am not the less pleased, madam, to find such is your opinion—that it happens precisely to agree with my own. Let me hope that you have lectured the little headstrong things well, and explained clearly to them all about the contagion of devotion."

"Make yourself easy, my good sir," said the devotee, exchanging a look of intelligence with the sisters; "I have said all that was needful on the subject, and we now understand each other thoroughly!"

These words effectually satisfied Dagobert; and Madame de Saint-Dizier, after having taken an affectionate leave of the orphans, returned to her carriage, and proceeded to rejoin Rodin, who was waiting for her in a hackney-coach a little way off, to learn the result of her interview.

CHAPTER L.

THE TEMPORARY HOSPITAL.

 Provisional hospitals had been opened in great numbers for the reception of cholera patients, and among them was one very extensive, in a vast ground floor of a house in the Rue du Mont Blanc. This house, empty at the time, had been generously placed by the proprietor at the disposition of the authorities. To this place they conveyed indigent patients, who, suddenly attacked by contagion, were considered in too alarming a state to be immediately conveyed to the hospitals. It must be said, to the praise of the Parisian population, that not only gifts of every kind were forwarded to these branch establishments, but persons of every condition, of rank, in humble life, artisans, artists, gave their services, night and day, to establish regularity, to exercise an active superintendence in these extra hospitals, and to come to the assistance of the medical men, that they might enforce their prescriptions.

Females of every class shared in this generous contention to be of service to their fellow-creatures in affliction; and if nothing were to be more respected as the susceptibilities of modesty, we should quote, among a thousand instances, that of two young and charming women, one of whom belonged to the aristocracy and the other to the upper class of the citizens, who for four or five days, during which the epidemic raged with the utmost violence, came every morning to share with the admirable Sisters of Charity the perilous and humble cares which they bestowed on the indigent sick brought to one of the temporary hospitals of a certain quarter of Paris.

These traits of charity, and many others which have taken place in our time,
show how vain and interested are the impudent pretensions of certain of the ultramontane party. To hear them, it would seem that they and their monks only, by virtue of their being wholly detached from all terrestrial affairs, are capable of giving to the world those wonderful examples of self-denial and ardent charity which are the pride of humanity. To hear them, it would seem as if there were in society nothing comparable to the courage and devotion of the priest who goes to administer to a dying fellow-creature. Nothing is more admirable than the Trappist, who pushes his evangelical self-denial so far as to break up and cultivate the land belonging to his order. Is not this superhuman? is it not divine? To till, sow the earth, whose results are for ourselves! This is really heroic, and we admire the thing excessively.

However, while we recognise all that is good in a good priest, we ask, with all humility, whether they were monks, clerks, or priests—those doctors of the poor who, at all hours of the day and night, hastened to the wretched couch of the afflicted; those doctors who, during the cholera, risked their lives a thousand times, with as much disinterestedness as intrepidity; those learned persons, those young practitioners, who, from love of science and humanity, solicited as a favour, as an honour, that they might go and brave death in Spain, when the yellow fever was decimating the population? Was it celibacy, was it disgust of the world, that gave such strength of mind to so many generous men? Did they hesitate to sacrifice their lives, occupied as they were with their pleasures, or the sweet cares of their families? No, not one of them for this reason renounced the pleasures of life. The majority of them had wives and children, and it was because they knew the joys of paternity that they had the courage to expose themselves to death to save the wives and children of their brethren. If they did, in truth, act so valiantly for good, it was because they lived according to the eternal views of the Creator, who made men for society, and not for the sterile isolation of the cloister.

Are they Trappists, those millions of cultivators of the earth, those children of the soil, who till and water with their sweat those lands which are not their own, and that for wages inadequate to the first wants of their children? In fine (this may seem puerile, perhaps, but we hold it to be incontestable), are they monks, clerks, or priests, those intrepid men who, at all hours of the night and day, rush with fabulous intrepidity into the midst of flames, scaling burning rafters, fiery walls, to preserve property which does not belong to them, to save persons unknown to them, and that without pride, or advancement, or fame, or any other reward than the daily bread they eat—without any honorary mark of distinction beyond the soldier's uniform which they wear—and that, moreover, without in the least pretending to a monopoly of courage and devotion, or to be some day canonized and enshrined? And yet we think that so many hardy sappers, who have risked their lives in twenty fires, who have snatched from the flames old men, women and children, who have preserved whole cities from the ravages of fire, have at least as much merit before God and their fellow-creatures as Saint Polycarp, Saint Fructueux, Saint Privé, and others more or less sanctified.

No, no; thanks to the moral doctrines of all ages, all people, and all systems of philosophy—thanks to the progressive emancipation of humanity, the sentiments of charity, devotion, and fraternity are almost become natural instincts, and develop themselves wonderfully in mankind, when it is in that condition of relative happiness for which God has endowed and created it.

No, no; certain ultramontane intrigurers do not, as they would have us believe, monopolize devotion of man to man—self-denial of the creature for the creature—in theory and practice. Marcus Aurelius is equal to Saint John, Plato to Saint Augustin, Confucius to Saint Chrysostom. From antiquity to our times, maternity, friendship, love, science, glory, and liberty have, irrespective of all orthodoxy, an army of glorious martyrs to oppose to the saints and martyrs of the calendar. Yes, we repeat, the monastic orders, who the most pique themselves on
ROSE-POMPON IN CITY DRESS.
their devotion to humanity, have never done more for their fellow-creatures than during the time of the cholera did so many gay young men, so many pleasing and delightful women, so many heathen artists, so many free-thinking men of letters, so many materialist physicians.

Two days had passed since the visit of Madame de Saint-Dizier to the orphan girls. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. The persons who had voluntarily been in attendance during the night at the provisional hospital in the Rue du Mont Blanc were just going to be relieved by other volunteer assistants.

"Well, gentlemen," said one of the new arrivals, "what is the state of things? Has there been any decrease to-night in the number of patients?"
"Unfortunately, no; but the doctors think the contagion has now attained its highest intensity."
"Then we may hope to see a decrease."
"And among those whom we replace has any one been attacked?"
"Yesterday eleven of us came, to-day we are but nine."
"That is sad intelligence. And who are the two persons who have been so suddenly smitten?"
"One is a young man of five-and-twenty, a cavalry officer on leave, and he has been struck down as though by lightning. He was dead in less than a quarter of an hour, and although such circumstance is by no means unprecedented, we have been all greatly affected by it."
"Poor young man!"
"He had a word of encouragement, of hope, for all. He had so completely
revived the hopes of many, that several among them, who had less the cholera
than the fear of the cholera, have left the hospital almost cured."

"What a pity! Such a worthy young man! Yet he died a glorious death,
for there is as much courage required to die thus as in battle."

"There was only one to rival him in zeal and courage, a young priest of an-
gelic appearance, named the Abbé Gabriel. He is indefatigable; he hardly
reposes for a few hours, running from one to the other, and doing everything for
everybody. He forgets none. His spiritual consolations, which he gives from
the inmost depths of his heart, are not mere lip-words which he deals out profes-
sionally. I have seen him weep at the death of a poor woman whose eyes he
closed after a distressing scene of agony. Oh, if all priests resembled him!"

"Yes, indeed, a good priest is so worthy of respect! And who is the other
victim of the past night?"

"Oh, it was a fearful death! Let us not talk of it; I have still the horrid
picture before my eyes."

"An attack of violent cholera?"

"If the unhappy patient had died only of this contagion, you would not see
me so horrified at the recollection."

"Of what, then, did he die?"

"It is really a fearful tale. Three days ago they brought hither a man whom
they believed to be suffering solely from cholera. You have no doubt heard of
this person, the tamer of wild beasts who attracted all Paris to the Porte Saint
Martin?"

"I know the man you speak of; his name is Morok. He played a scene with
a black tamed panther."

"Precisely so; and I was present at a very singular representation, at the
end of which a stranger, an Indian, for a bet, as I have heard, jumped on the
stage and killed the panther."

"Well, then, only imagine that at Morok's menagerie—he having been first
brought hither as a cholera patient, and, indeed, presenting all the symptoms of
the contagion—a fearful distemper suddenly broke out."

"A distemper?"

"Hydrophobia!"

"And he has gone mad?"

"Yes; he declared that he had been bitten a few days ago by one of the bull-
dogs which guard his menagerie. Unfortunately, he only made this confession
after the terrible attack which cost the life of the unfortunate young man whom
we so deeply regret."

"How did that happen?"

"Morok was in a chamber with three other patients. Suddenly seized with
a kind of delirium, he got up, uttering horrid cries, and rushed like a madman
into the corridor. The unfortunate young man whom we lament endeavoured
to stop him. The struggle still more excited Morok's phrenzy, who threw him-
self on him, biting and tearing him, until at last he dropped down in horrible
convulsions."

"Ah, indeed, it is fearful! And, in spite of every assistance, Morok's vic-
tim—"

"Died in the night with terrible suffering, for the excitement was so great that
a brain fever rapidly declared itself."

"And is Morok dead?"

"I do not know: he was to have been sent to a hospital yesterday, after hav-
ing been manacled during the prostration which usually follows these violent
cries; but in the mean time, until he could be taken hence, he was shut up in
a chamber at the top of the house."

"But there can be no hope for him."

"He must be dead; the doctors declared that he had not four-and-twenty
hours to live."
The persons who carried on this conversation were in an antechamber on the ground floor, in which they assembled who came voluntarily to offer their assistance. On one side this apartment communicated with the rooms of the hospital, and on the other with the vestibule, of which the window opened on the courtyard.

"Oh!" said one of the persons, looking through the window, "see what charming young girls have just alighted from that handsome carriage. How extremely they are alike! Really, the resemblance is extraordinary!"

"Twin sisters, no doubt. Poor girls! they are in mourning; perhaps they have lost a mother or father."

"They seem to be coming this way."

"Yes, they are ascending the steps."

And at this moment Rose and Blanche entered the antechamber with a timid and disturbed air, although a feverish excitement sparkled in their eyes.

One of the two individuals who had been conversing, moved by the embarrassment of the young girls, advanced toward them, and said, with a tone of kind politeness,

"Do you seek any one, young ladies?"

"Is not this the temporary hospital of the Rue du Mont Blanc?"

"It is."

"A lady, named Madame Augustine du Tremblay, we are told, was brought here two days since; could we see her?"

"I must observe to you, young ladies, that there is some danger in entering into the apartments of the patients."

"It is a very dear friend whom we desire to see," replied Rose, in a firm and gentle tone, which spoke a disregard of danger.

"I really cannot tell you with certainty, mademoiselle," replied the gentleman, "whether the person you inquire for is here or not; but if you will take the trouble to enter the room on the left hand, you will find the worthy Sister Martha there, who superintends the women's wards, and will give you all the information you may desire."

"Thanks, sir," said Blanche, courteously gracefully; and with her sister she entered the apartment that had been pointed out to her.

"Really, they are very charming girls," said the gentleman, looking after the two sisters as they left the room; "it would be very terrible if—"

He could not finish.

Suddenly a tremendous uproar, mingled with cries of horror and alarm, was heard in the adjacent rooms. At the same moment two of the doors which communicated with the antechamber opened violently, and a great number of patients, the majority of whom were half naked, ghastly, and meagre, their faces distorted with fear, rushed hastily into the apartment, crying,

"Help! help! a madman!"

It is impossible to describe the desperate rush and struggle which followed this panic of affrighted persons as they pushed forward to the only door of the antechamber, to escape the danger they dreaded, there contending and battling, and then going on their hands and knees, trying to crawl out in order to escape by this narrow issue.

At the moment when the last of these frightened creatures contrived to reach the door, dragging himself along, completely exhausted, and with bleeding hands—for he had been knocked down, and almost squeezed to death in the rush—Morok appeared.

He presented ahorrid sight: a rag of a quilt was round his loins—his meagre and corpse-like loins—naked, as well as his legs, around which were still the fragments of the ligatures that had confined him, and which he had broken. His matted, thick, yellow hair was hanging straight over his face, his beard seemed to stand on end, his eyes rolled fiercely and bloodshot, glaring with unnatural lustre; the foam gathered on his lips, and from time to time he uttered hoarse, gut-
tural sounds; the veins of his iron limbs were swollen almost to bursting, and he advanced by leaps, like a wild beast, extending his bony and clinched hands.

At the moment when Morok had almost reached the issue by which those whom he pursued had contrived to escape, several persons in full health, who had been attracted by the noise, managed to close the door from without, as well as those which communicated with the wards of the hospital.

Morok found himself a prisoner.

He then ran toward the window to try and break it, and thus make his way into the court-yard; but, suddenly stopping, he receded before the brilliancy of the glass, seized with the invincible horror which all persons attacked by hydrophobia experience at the sight of shining objects, and particularly mirrors.

Presently those whom he had pursued, huddled together in the court-yard, saw him through the window exhaust himself in furious efforts to open the doors, which had been closed upon him. Then, perceiving the uselessness of his attempts, he uttered fierce cries, and began to turn rapidly about in the apartment like a wild beast which vainly seeks some issue from its cage.

Suddenly the spectators of this scene, who were looking through the windows, gave a loud shriek of anguish and affright.

Morok perceived the small door leading to the little apartment occupied by Sister Martha, into which Rose and Blanche had but a few moments before entered. Morok, hoping to get out this way, pulled violently at the handle of the door, and contrived to open it half way, notwithstanding the resistance he experienced from the other side.

For a moment the alarmed crowd in the court-yard saw the outstretched arms of Sister Martha and the orphan girls clinging to the door, and preventing it from being opened, with all their might.
CHAPTER LI.

HYDROPHOBIA.

At the sight of the violent struggles of Morok to force open the door of the chamber into which the orphan girls had fled for refuge, in company with Sister Martha, the terror of the numerous individuals assembled in the court increased to a fearful degree.

"Sister Martha is lost!" they exclaimed, with horror.

"The door is incapable of offering a long resistance."

"And there is no other means of leaving the room."

"Two young females, dressed in deep mourning, are with Sister Martha."

"Oh!" exclaimed a voice among the spectators, "it will never do to leave three helpless women exposed to the fury of this madman! Come on, friends," he continued, rushing up the flight of steps which led to the small antechamber known as Sister Martha's room.

"Hold! hold!" cried a number of voices; "'tis now too late to rescue those you would save; it would be folly to expose yourself in vain;" and with these words several persons grasped the daring man, who was thus venturing his life, and forcibly held him back.

At this instant a cry arose of "Here is the Abbé Gabriel! He is always the first to rush to the succour of the distressed. See! he is coming from the rooms above. No doubt the noise has reached him."

"He stops a minute to inquire the cause of all this disturbance."

"What can he be going to do?"

It chanced that Gabriel, who had been engaged in administering religious consolation to a dying patient, had just learned that Morok, having succeeded in freeing himself from his bonds, had managed to escape by means of a small skylight in the chamber in which he had been temporarily confined; and, foreseeing the dreadful mischief likely to result from such a circumstance, the young missionary, listening only to the noble impulse of his own courage, hastened forward in the hope of preventing the evils he anticipated. By his orders, one of the hospital servants followed him, carrying a brazier filled with burning embers, in the midst of which were several irons heated to a white heat; these irons were employed as cauteries by the surgeons in very severe cases of cholera.

A deadly paleness overspread the heavenly countenance of Gabriel, but a calm intrepidity dwelt on his fine forehead. Hurrying to the scene of danger, and hastily dispersing those who flocked around and intercepted his passage, he directed his course to the antechamber; but just as he approached it, one of the patients cried,

"Ah! Mr. Abbé, it is useless to risk your life; those persons who can see into the apartment from the court say that Sister Martha is lost."

Gabriel replied not, but quickly seized the key; before, however, he entered the chamber into which he was aware Morok had shut himself, he turned to the servant carrying the brazier, and said, in a firm and steady voice,

"Are those irons thoroughly heated?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then await me here, and be ready at my first summons. As for you, my friends," he continued, addressing the crowd, who were literally shivering with terror, "as soon as I have gone into that room, shut the door and keep it closed—I will be answerable for all consequences; and mind," he repeated to the person with the brazier, "come immediately when I call you, but not an instant before."

And then the young missionary, without more delay, undid the door.

At this instant a cry of terror, pity, and admiration burst simultaneously from
the spectators of this scene, while those who had been nearest the entrance of the fatal chamber rushed precipitately, under the influence of involuntary alarm, to a spot of greater safety.

Casting his eyes upward, as though invoking the protection of Heaven in the imminent peril to which he was about to expose himself, Gabriel pushed the door open, entered the room, and as quickly closed it again—thus shutting himself in with Morok, who, by a last phrenzied effort, had managed almost entirely to pull open the door to which Sister Martha and the orphans clung, while they wildly shrieked aloud for help.

At the sound of Gabriel's footsteps, Morok turned quickly round; and, at once abandoning his intention of forcing an entrance to the inner closet, sprang furiously on the young missionary. In the mean time, Sister Martha and the orphans, ignorant of the cause of the sudden retreat of their aggressor, availed themselves of the respite thus afforded to shoot a bolt within, and thus secure themselves from a fresh attack.

With haggard glare, and teeth convulsively clinched, Morok threw himself on Gabriel with the intention of seizing him by the throat, but the missionary, whose rapid glance had well divined the coming shock, received it with unflinching firmness; and at the moment when his infuriated adversary darted on him, he caught him by the two wrists, and vigorously compelled him to lower his uplifted arms.

For a brief moment Morok and Gabriel remained gazing on each other, breathless, silent, and motionless; then resuming the deadly struggle, the missionary, throwing back his head, and assuming an attitude of resolute defiance, strove to defeat the endeavours of the wretched madman to seize him with his teeth, and by continued springs and convulsive bounds to break from his hold.

Suddenly the beast-tamer seemed to become weak, his knees bent under him, his face grew livid and fell on his shoulder, the eyes closed. The missionary, believing that a temporary weakness had succeeded to the fit of madness, and that he was about to fall, let go his grasp of him in order to give Morok aid. Feeling himself free, owing to his ruse, Morok suddenly sprang up to throw himself fiercely on Gabriel. Off his guard at this sudden attack, the missionary staggered as he felt himself infolded in the iron grasp of this madman.

But, redoubling his energy and efforts, struggling breast to breast, foot to foot, Gabriel in his turn made his enemy recede, and with a vigorous effort contrived to throw him, again grasped him by the hands, and held him down with his knee almost motionless. Having in this way mastered him, Gabriel turned away his head to summon aid, when Morok, with a desperate effort, contrived to sit up and seize the left arm of the missionary between his teeth. At this sharp, deep, and ter-
rific bite, which penetrated his flesh, the missionary could not repress a cry of pain and affright. In vain did he try to disengage himself; his arm remained as if fixed in a vice between the convulsed jaws of Morok, who still maintained his hold.

This frightful scene occupied less time than is necessary to describe it; when suddenly the door leading to the vestibule opened, and several resolute persons, having heard from the affrighted patients the danger which the young priest ran, came to his succour, notwithstanding the desire he had expressed that no one should enter until he called.

The man who carried the small stove and the red-hot irons was with those who entered, and Gabriel, when he perceived him, said,

"Quick, quick, my friend! your irons; I thought of them through a providence."

One of the men who came in had fortunately brought a blanket; and at the moment when the missionary contrived to extricate his arm from the teeth of Morok, whom he still kept down with his knee, they cast the blanket over the madman's head, who was then covered and bound without danger, and in spite of his desperate resistance.

Gabriel then arose, and tearing open the sleeve of his cassock, and baring his left arm, where was visible a severe bite, bleeding, and of a blue colour, he made a sign to the man to approach, seized one of the red-hot irons, and twice, with firm and sure hand, applied the brand to his wound with a heroic calmness which excited the admiration of all who beheld him.

But suddenly so many emotions, so intrepidly contended with, had a certain reaction; Gabriel's brows were covered with heavy drops of perspiration; his long, brown hair clung to his temples; he turned pale, and, staggering, lost all consciousness, so that he was obliged to be conveyed to an adjacent apartment in order to have certain restoratives applied.

By a singular chance, the falsehood of Madame de Saint-Dizier had been borne out, although without her knowledge. In order to incline the orphans the more surely to go to the temporary hospital, she had told them that Gabriel was there, which she did not believe, for she had, on the contrary, endeavoured to prevent their meeting, as it might be injurious to her projects, knowing, as she did, the attachment of the young missionary to the orphans.

A short time after the terrible scene we have related, Rose and Blanche, accompanied by Sister Martha, entered a large apartment with a most repulsive appearance, into which a great number of females suddenly seized with cholera had been admitted.

This vast chamber, generously lent to be converted into a temporary hospital, was richly decorated. The room then occupied by the sick women had served as a reception-room, and the white panels shone with sumptuous gildings; glasses magnificently framed separated the spaces between the windows, through which were seen fresh grass-plots in a delightful garden, already verdant and beautiful with the early blossoms of May.

In the midst of this splendour, these gilded cornices, on a floor formed of precious wood richly inlaid, were laid four rows of beds of all shapes, the gifts of different persons, from the humble truckle-couch to the rich bed of carved mahogany.

This long apartment had been divided into two by a temporary partition four or five feet high. This division ended a little way from each extremity of the apartment, and there were no beds in this reserved space, occupied by the volunteer assistants when the sick had no occasion for their attentions. At one of these extremities was a high and magnificent marble chimney-piece, ornamented with gilt bronze; at the fire were warmed different drinks. As a final trait to this picture, females, belonging to the most different conditions of life, voluntarily undertook in turns to watch the sick, whose sobs and groans were always received by them with the consoling language of pity and hope.
Such was the place, at once singular and gloomy, into which Rose and Blanche, hand in hand, entered, some time after Gabriel had displayed such heroism in his struggle with Morok.

Sister Martha accompanied the daughters of Marshal Simon, and, after having said a few words to them in a low voice, she pointed out to each of them one side of the division where the beds were ranged, then turned away to the other end of the apartment to give some directions.

The orphans, still under the effects of the extreme excitement caused by the peril from which Gabriel had saved them without their knowledge, were excessively pale, yet was a firm resolution visible in their eyes. Not only had they to accomplish for themselves an imperious duty of gratitude, and show themselves worthy of their brave sire, but there was also the salvation of their mother, whose eternal felicity might depend, as they had been told, on the proofs of Christian devotion which they gave to the Lord. It is unnecessary to add, that the Princess de Saint-Dizier, following Rodin's instructions, had, in a second interview, cleverly contrived between herself and the sisters without Dagobert's knowledge, excited and fanaticized these poor, confiding, simple-minded, generous girls, by urging to the most pitiful exaggeration all that was elevated and courageous in their nature.

The orphans having asked Sister Martha if Madame Augustine du Tremblay had been brought to this asylum within the last three days, the sister had replied that she did not know, but that by going through the women's wards they might easily learn if the person was there whom they sought.

The infamous devotee, Rodin's accomplice, who had cast the two children into the midst of such mortal peril, had uttered a falsehood in declaring that their governess had been conveyed to this hospital.

Marshal Simon's daughters had, both during their exile and in their painful journey with Dagobert, been exposed to very rude trials, but never had such a terrible sight as that which now presented itself been offered to their view.

The long row of beds, in which so many human creatures were lying—some writhing in pain and uttering deep groans, others giving forth the last deep sighs of agony, and others, in the delirium of fever, sobbing or calling loudly on the beings from whom death was about to separate them—this spectacle, fearful even for men accustomed to illness, could not fail, according to the execrable idea of Rodin and his infamous accomplices, to cause a fatal impression on these two young girls, whom an excitement of feeling as generous as imprudent had compelled to this disastrous visit.

Then a fatal circumstance, which only occurred to them in all its poignant and profound bitterness when at the bedside of the first female they saw, it was cholera—that fearful death—that had carried off the mother of the orphans!

Our readers will imagine the sisters arriving in these vast apartments of such foreboding aspect, already much agitated by the terror with which Morok had inspired them, and commencing their sad search among those unfortunates, whose sufferings, whose agonies, whose death reminded them at each moment of the sufferings, agony, and death of their mother.

For one moment, at the sight of this funereal chamber, Rose and Blanche felt their resolution give way; a dark presentiment made them regret their heroic imprudence; they had for some minutes felt the shudderings of a chill and feverish attack; then their temples beat violently at intervals; but, attributing these symptoms, of whose danger they were ignorant, to the fright which Morok had caused, all that was noble and courageous in them repelled these alarms; they exchanged an affectionate look, their courage revived, and Rose on one side of the division, and Blanche on the other, began their painful search separately.

Gabriel, conveyed into the surgeon's apartment, had soon recovered. Thanks to his presence of mind and courage, his wound, cicatrized so promptly, could not have any serious consequences, and when it was dressed he insisted on returning to the women's ward, for it was there he was giving pious consolations to a dying
female when he was told of the frightful dangers that might result from Morok's escape.

A few moments before the missionary entered this apartment, Rose and Blanche had arrived almost together at the termination of their search, the one having traversed the left, and the other the right-hand division of the chamber.

The sisters had not yet rejoined each other. Their steps had become more and more uncertain; as they advanced, they were obliged to lean from time to time against the beds; their strength was fast failing. Overcome by giddiness, by pain and fright, they seemed only to move mechanically.

Alas! the orphan girls had been simultaneously struck with the terrible symptoms of cholera. In consequence of that kind of physiological phenomenon of which we have already spoken—a phenomenon very frequent with twins, that had already several times displayed itself during two or three maladies, under which they had suffered at the same time—once again this mysterious cause, submitting their organization to simultaneous sensations and occurrences, seemed to make them like two flowers on the same stem, which bud, blossom, and wither together.

Then the appearance of all the sufferings, all the agonies at which the orphans were present, as they traversed the long chamber, had conspired to accelerate the development of this overwhelming distemper. Rose and Blanche had already, in their pain-stricken, agonized countenances, the deadly imprint of the contagion as they came forth, each on one side of the partition, without finding their governess.

Rose and Blanche, separated until then by the partition, had not seen each other, but when at length they met a heart-rending scene ensued.

CHAPTER LII.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Las! to the bright bloom of Rose and Blanche had succeeded a livid paleness, while their soft blue eyes, already sinking in their orbits, seemed unnaturally large from the dark haloes which surrounded them; their lips, lately so vermilion, had now assumed a dark violet hue, resembling that which had displaced the delicate, transparent colouring of their cheeks and the rosy tips of their slender fingers. One might have fancied that the bright red blood, so short a time ago coursing freely in their veins, had been changed by the freezing touch of death into the corpse-like lividity which now covered their lovely features.

As the sisters, tottering and almost sinking at every step, at length met at the termination of the screen, a cry of terror and dismay arose from each at the sight of the fearful inroads disease had already made in their countenances. "Ah!" they exclaimed, almost in the same breath, "and you, too, sister, are suffering." Then, rushing into each other's arms, they burst into tears, and tenderly gazing upon one another, said, "How pale you are!"
"And you too, Blanche."
"Do you feel a sort of icy shivering?"
"Yes! and my strength seems gone. My eyes are dim."
"My throat is burning!"
"Sister, perhaps we are going to die!"
"We shall, I trust, be permitted to die together."
"But what will become of our dear father?"
"And Dagobert?"

"Ah, sister!" exclaimed Rose (growing delirious), as she threw her arms around Blanche's neck, "our dream was true—see—see—the Angel Gabriel has come to fetch us!"

And, by a singular coincidence, Gabriel at this moment entered the sort of half circle formed at each extremity of the room.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the young priest, "what do I see? the daughters of Marshal Simon!" And, springing forward, he received the poor girls in his arms just as their strength had forsaken them, and their languid heads, half-closed eyes, and difficult respiration, betokened the rapid approach of death.

Sister Martha, who was close at hand, quickly answered Gabriel's cry for assistance, and by the aid of this excellent woman the dying sisters were carried to the bed reserved for the doctor whose turn it was to watch the sick during the night.

Apprehensive lest this afflicting scene might operate unfavourably on the many sufferers already writhing under similar agonies, Sister Martha drew a large curtain, so as to separate the orphans entirely from the rest of the apartment.

So firmly had they clasped each other's hands during the violence of their convulsions, that it was found impossible to loosen their grasp; and thus tenderly and lovingly entwined they lay, while the usual remedies were applied—remedies powerless, alas! to avert the deadly malady with which they were seized, but, at least, affording a temporary cessation of their sufferings, and somewhat restoring their failing reason.

At this moment, Gabriel, standing at the head of their bed, contemplated them with ineffable tenderness and sorrow; pity filled his heart, while tears of grief trickled down his cheeks as he thought, with a shudder of impending evil, of the singular chance which thus made him a witness of the death of his two young and interesting relatives, so lately preserved by his intervention from the horrors of shipwreck; and, despite his firm reliance on the wisdom of Providence, the missionary felt a cold chill creep over him, and an indefinable dread take possession of his mind, as he reflected on the fate of the sisters, the death of Jacques Rennepont, and the arts by which M. Hardy had been induced to bury himself amid the cloistered solitudes of St. Herem, and almost at his last gasp to become a member of the Order of Jesus; the young priest mentally counted four members of the Rennepont family who had been in rapid succession borne down by a continuance of adverse circumstances; and with increased alarm he asked himself how it came to pass that a fatality so favourable to the base interests of the followers of Ignatius Loyola had thus occurred. The surprise of the young missionary would, however, have given way to the most profound horror, had he known the part Rodin and his accomplices had taken in effecting the death of Jacques Rennepont by exciting the evil passions of the unfortunate man through the medium of Morok, as well as the diabolical scheme concocted by Rodin, and executed by Madame de Saint-Dizier, who, by working upon the noble and devoted natures of Rose and Blanche, had instigated them to an act of overstrained heroism, ending in their death.

Aroused for a brief space from the lethargy in which their senses had been plunged, the sisters half opened their large blue eyes, already covered with the mists of approaching dissolution, and gazing with ecstasy on Gabriel, Rose exclaimed, in her delirium,

"Sister! do you see the archangel, just as in our dream in Germany?"
"Yes; as he came to us three days ago."
"He has come from heaven to fetch us."
"Alas! will our death rescue our poor mother from purgatory?"
"Heavenly spirit! pray for our mother and ourselves."
Until then, stupefied by grief and half choked with tears, Gabriel had been unable to articulate a word; but as the orphans uttered their touching prayer, he exclaimed,
"Cease, my children, to entertain fears for the blessedness of your mother. Never did a more pure or saint-like spirit return to its almighty Giver. How frequently have I heard my father speak of her rare virtues and noble character! making her so justly the admiration of all who knew her. Trust me, she has had her reward."
"Do you hear?" exclaimed Rose, while a bright flash of joy momentarily illumined the livid features of both sisters. "Our mother—is blessed—in heaven!"
"Assuredly she is!" continued Gabriel; "but come, my poor children, dismiss these distressing ideas; try to rouse yourselves: you must not think of dying; remember your poor father's sufferings if he were to lose you."
"Our father!" cried Blanche, with a sudden start; then, in mingled words of reason and wild excitement, that would have touched the hardest heart, she added, "Alas! at his return he will not find his children. Father, forgive us! we did not think we were acting wrong. We wished, like you, to perform a generous action in coming hither to succour our governess."
"And we little expected to die so soon and so suddenly. Only yesterday we were so gay and happy."
"Good angel, appear to our father in a dream, as you did to us, and tell him that, when dying, our last thoughts—were—of—him."
"And that Dagobert knew nothing of our coming hither. Therefore, beg our father not—to be—angry with him."
"Holy spirit," murmured the other dying girl, in a voice so feeble as to be scarcely articulate, "go to Dagobert also, and tell him—that we ask his pardon—for the grief our death will—cause—him."
"And beg of our kind old friend," added Rose, trying to smile, "to pet our poor faithful dog Killjoy for us."
"And appear also to two persons who have shown us so much kindness. Carry our love and gratitude—to that sweet Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and that good La Mayeux."
"We forget none who have loved us," faintly articulated Blanche; "and now may God permit us to rejoin—our mother—never—again—to part with—her!"
"Good archangel, you have promised us this; you remember, in our dream you said, 'Poor children! who have journeyed from afar, you have traversed the earth to find everlasting rest with your mother.'"
"Oh! this is dreadful!" exclaimed Gabriel, covering his agonized face with his hands; "thus to die—so young, so innocent! and no hope, no means of saving them! Almighty Lord! Thy ways are, indeed, inscrutable. Alas! why should these poor children be thus stricken by so cruel a death?"
Uttering a deep sigh, Rose made another strong effort to speak, and indistinctly murmured,
"Let—us—be buried—together, that—as in life we were never parted, so—in death—we may still be near—each other—"
And the sisters held their suppliant hands toward Gabriel, while their dying eyes were fixed on his countenance.
"Oh! ye martyrs of the most generous devotion!" cried the missionary, raising toward heaven his franught eyes—"ye angelic beings! treasures of candour and ingenuous innocence! ascend—ascend to those realms whither your almighty Father summons you, as though this world was unworthy to possess you!"
"Sister! father!" were the last faint sounds that escaped the lips of the orphans. Then, as if by a last instinctive movement, they tried to fold their arms around each other; their heavy eyelids were partially raised, as if to enjoy one parting look, a shivering seized their limbs, and then, as if exhausted by the paroxysm, they fell back motionless, and a faint sigh issued from their half-closed lips, now exhibiting all the pale lividity and violet tint of the frightful malady to which they had fallen victims.

Rose and Blanche Simon were dead.

After piously closing the eyelids of the orphans, Gabriel and Sister Martha reverentially knelt beside the bed, and offered up prayers for the repose of their souls.

Suddenly a loud noise was heard; and, amid the heavy tramp of hurried steps, imprecations, and mournful cries, the curtain was hastily withdrawn from the bed of death, and Dagobert, pale, dishevelled, and distracted, broke in upon the solemn scene.

But at the sight of his children, thus extended, dead and motionless, with priest and sister of charity praying beside them, the poor old soldier, uttering a shriek of anguish, endeavoured to reach the bed, but in vain; and before Gabriel, who had risen, could catch him in his arms, Dagobert had fallen backward, his gray head striking heavily on the floor.

It is night—dark, gloomy, and stormy. One o'clock in the morning had just resounded from the Church of Montmartre.

On the day preceding that night, the remains of Rose and Blanche had been conveyed to the cemetery of Montmartre, both, according to their last desire, enclosed in one coffin.

Through the thick darkness which covered the field of death, a pale glimmering light was stealing along. It was the grave-digger. The man walked with caution, picking his way by means of a dark lantern. Another man, enveloped in a large cloak, accompanied the grave-digger.

This was Samuel, the aged Jew, guardian of the house in the Rue Saint François.

And so, also, had the old man come mysteriously to hold discourse with the digger of graves, and to obtain a favour at his hands by means of a golden bribe, on the night of the funeral of Jacques Rennepont, the first to die among these seven heirs.

The favour sought was as singular as fearful.

After having traversed many of the thickly-shaded cypress paths, densely studded with graves, the Jew and his conductor arrived at a small kind of open fence, near the western wall of the cemetery. The night was so dark that nothing could be discerned beyond the small spot illumined by the faint rays of the lantern.

After moving his lantern about for some time, sometimes sweeping it along the damp ground, and occasionally holding it up, as though in search of some object by which to direct his search, the grave-digger seemed to have found what he was seeking; and, showing Samuel a large yew-tree, whose branches extended far on all sides, he pointed to a newly-raised mound of earth at its feet, saying,

"That's it."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; two bodies in the same coffin. That is a thing we don't often have here."

"Alas!" said the old Jew, with a groan, "both in one coffin!"

"And now; since you know the spot," inquired the grave-digger, "what do you want more with me?"
Samuel replied not, but, falling on his knees, piously kissed the earth forming the new-made grave. Then rising, with tears streaming down his aged cheeks,

he approached the grave-digger, and whispered a few words in his ear—whispered, though the two were alone in the darkness and solitude of the deserted cemetery. And so did these men pursue their discourse, while the dark veil of Night covered them, and her silence dwelt around.

The grave-digger, as though terrified by Samuel's proposition, at first peremptorily refused the request made to him, whatever it was. But the Jew, employing alternately persuasion, prayers, entreaties, tears, and even the temptation of gold—for its jingling could be heard—the grave-digger, after a long resistance, at length appeared vanquished, and, although still shuddering at the idea of what Samuel had proposed to him, he said, in an agitated voice,

"To-morrow night, then, about two o'clock—"

"I will be behind this wall," said Samuel, displaying, by the aid of the lantern, the fence, which was low; "and, to give you notice of my being there, I will throw three stones into the cemetery."

"That will do," answered the grave-digger, shuddering, and wiping away the drops of cold sweat which trickled down his brow. Then, as if he had regained a portion of his youthful strength, Samuel, spite of his extreme age, managed, by the grave-digger's aid, and by availing himself of the inequalities in the formation of the stone wall, to climb over the lowest part of it and disappear, while the grave-digger hastened homeward, occasionally glancing over his shoulder with a look of horror, as though he fancied himself pursued by some fearful vision.

On the night of the burial of Rose and Blanche, Rodin wrote the two following notes. The first, addressed to his mysterious correspondent at Rome, alluded to the death of Jacques Rennepon, with those of Rose and Blanche Simon, the inveiglement of M. Hardy, and the renunciation of all Gabriel's claims, reducing the number of claimants to two, Mademoiselle de Cardoville and Djalma.

This first billet written by Rodin, and addressed to Rome, merely contained these words:

"Take FIVE from SEVEN and there remain TWO. Communicate this result to the Cardinal Prince, and let him be doing, for I am advancing on—on—on!"

The second note, written in a feigned hand, was directed and sent by a safe and sure mode of communication to Marshal Simon, whose hands it was certain to reach. It merely contained these words:

"If there be yet time, return with all speed—your children are dead! Their murderer will be pointed out to you."
CHAPTER LIII.

RUIN.

Arried now by the progress of our tale to a scene widely different from that just described, we return to the residence of Mademoiselle de Cardoville. It was the day after the death of Marshal Simon's daughters. Mademoiselle de Cardoville was still ignorant of the sad end of her young relatives; her features were radiant with happiness; never had she appeared more lovely—never were her eyes more brilliant, her complexion of a more dazzling whiteness, her lips of a more humid coral.

According to her custom (eccentric it must be allowed) of dressing herself in a picturesque manner, Adrienne wore, although it was about three o'clock in the afternoon, a pale-green dress, a very full petticoat, of which the sleeves and corsage were slashed with pink, and trimmed with white lace of excessive delicacy. A light net of pearl concealed the thick roll of hair at the back of Adrienne's head, forming a kind of Oriental head-dress of delightful originality, harmonizing admirably with the long curls which encircled her face and fell almost as low as her finely-rounded bosom.

To the expression of unutterable happiness which overspread the features of Mademoiselle de Cardoville was united a certain resolute, satirical air, which was not habitual to her. Her well-formed head seemed to be still more gracefully erect on her lovely white neck, and it seemed as though an ill-repressed ardour dilated her small nostrils, and that she was awaiting with the utmost impatience the moment for an aggressive and ironical encounter.

Not far from Adrienne was La Mayeux, who had resumed in the house the situations she first occupied. The young seamstress was in mourning for her sister; her countenance expressed a deep but softened sorrow. She looked at Mademoiselle de Cardoville with surprise, for she had never before seen the countenance of the young patrician express so much boldness and satire.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville had not the slightest coquetry, in the narrow and vulgar acceptation of the word, yet she cast a glance at the mirror before which she was standing; then, after having restored its elastic curl to one of her locks of golden hair, by rolling it round her ivory finger, she smoothed down some imperceptible folds formed by the wrinkling of the thick material about her elegant corsage. This movement, and that which she made as she half turned her back to the glass to see if her dress was properly adjusted, revealed, by a serpentine undulation, all the elegance, all the graces of her delicate, well-turned figure; for, notwithstanding the sculptural richness of her hips and shoulders, as white, firm, and lustrous as Pentelic marble, Adrienne was also one of those who could make a girdle of their bracelet.

These delicious little womanish coquetries performed with indescribable grace,
THE PROMENADE OF THE JESUITS.
Adrienne, turning to La Mayeux, whose surprise increased at every moment, said to her, with a smile,

"My gentle Madeleine, do not laugh at what I am going to say. What should you think of a picture which should represent me as you now see me?"

"Really, mademoiselle—"

"What! mademoiselle still?" said Adrienne, in a tone of gentle reproach.

"But, Adrienne," continued La Mayeux, "I should say it was a very charming picture, and (as you always are) that you were dressed with exquisite taste."

"Then you do not find me any better to-day than on other days? Dear petess, allow me to say that it is not on my own account I ask this question," added Adrienne, gayly.

"I thought so," replied La Mayeux, with a gentle smile. "Well, then, in truth it is impossible to conceive a more becoming toilet. This dress, of apple green and pale pink, heightened by the gentle brilliancy of the white ornaments, which harmonize so precisely with the hue of your hair, all these so combine, that, in my life, I declare I never saw a more attractive picture."

What La Mayeux said she felt, and was happy she could so express herself, for, as we have said, deep was the admiration of this soul of poetry for all that was beautiful.

"Well," answered Adrienne, gayly, "I am delighted that you think me better to-day than on any other day, my friend."

"Only—" continued La Mayeux, hesitating.

"Only!" said Adrienne, looking at the young workgirl with an interrogative air.

"Only, my friend," said La Mayeux, "if I have never seen you more decidedly handsome, at the same time I never saw your features so expressive, of resolute, satirical determination as at this moment. You have the air of impatient defiance."

"That is precisely what I desire, my dear little Madeleine," said Adrienne, throwing her arms round La Mayeux's neck with joy; "I must embrace you to show my delight at being so well understood; for if I have, as you say so well, that provoking air, it is because I am expecting my dear aunt."

"Madame the Princess de Saint-Dizier?" exclaimed La Mayeux, in a tone of fear; "that great lady who was so wicked, and behaved so shamefully to you?"

"Precisely; she has requested an interview, and I shall be delighted to receive her."

"Delighted!"

"Delighted; a rather mischievous delight—a little satirical—a little in malice, perchance," replied Adrienne, gayly. "Only imagine, she regrets her flirtations, her beauty, her youth! Indeed, her very enbonpoint distresses her, the dear, pious woman! and she hates to see me handsome, beloved, loving; and—thin; yes, above all things, thin," repeated Mademoiselle de Cardoville, laughing very heartily, and then adding, "You really cannot imagine the hateful envy, the savage despair, which a stout elderly female of ridiculous pretensions feels at the sight of a young thin woman."

"My dear friend," said La Mayeux, seriously, "you jest, surely; and yet, I don't know why, but the coming of the princess really alarms me."

"Dear, susceptible creature, be of good heart," replied Adrienne, affectionately: "this woman I do not fear any longer. In order to prove this to her, and at the same time to make her as wretched as possible, I mean to treat her, monster of hypocrisy as she is, all wickedness and infamy—her who comes here, no doubt, with some abominable design—I will treat her as if she were some inoffensive and ridiculous person; in a word, like a fat woman!" And again Adrienne laughed with all her might.

A servant entered, and, interrupting Adrienne's mirth, said to her,

"Madame la Princesse de Saint-Dizier begs to know if mademoiselle will receive her."
“Certainly,” said Mademoiselle de Cardoville.
The servant left the room.
La Mayeux was about to withdraw, when Adrienne retained her, taking her hand, and saying, in an accent of serious tenderness, “My dear, remain, I beg of you.”

“You desire it?”

“Yes, I desire it for the sake of my vengeance,” replied Adrienne, with a smile, “and to prove to Madame de Saint-Dizier that I have a tender friend; in fact, that I enjoy all earthly blisses at the same time.”

“But, Adrienne,” observed La Mayeux, “reflect that—”

“Hush, my dear, here is the princess; remain—I ask it as a favour, as a personal service. Your wonderful instinct of heart will, perchance, detect the secret aim of her visit; the presentiments of your affection enlightened me as to the plots of that odious Rodin, did they not?”

With such an entreaty, La Mayeux could not hesitate; she remained, but was going from the fireside, when Adrienne took her by the hand and made her sit in the arm-chair she occupied by the hearth, saying to her,

“My dear Madeleine, keep your place; you owe nothing to Madame de Saint-Dizier; it is different with me, for she comes to me as a visitor.”

Adrienne had scarcely pronounced these words when the princess entered, with her head erect, her air imposing (and, as we have already said, she had one of the most imposing airs in the world), her step firm, and her demeanour haughty.

The most perfect characters, the most philosophical minds, yield almost always at some time to puerile weaknesses; a ferocious envy, excited by the beauty, the mind of Adrienne, had always had a great share in the hatred of the princess for her niece, although it was impossible to think of rivalry with Adrienne, and she never had seriously thought of such a thing. Madame de Saint-Dizier could not help, when she was coming to the interview she had requested, devoting a great deal of attention to her toilet, and being laced, tied, and bound in to a triple extent in her shot-silk dress—a compression which made her coun-
tenance more suffused than usual. In a word, the crowd of jealous and hateful sentiments which animated her against Adrienne had, at the mere thought of this meeting, excited so much perturbation in a mind usually calm and controlled, that, instead of the simple and plain toilet which, as a woman of tact and taste, she usually wore, the princess had the false taste to put on a dress of changeable silk, and a garnet-coloured bonnet, ornamented with a magnificent plume of the bird of Paradise. Hatred, envy, pride of triumph (the devotee was thinking of the perfidious skill with which she had incited the daughters of Marshal Simon to almost certain death), the execrable hope of succeeding in fresh plots, were all displayed in the countenance of the Princess de Saint-Dizier when she entered her niece's drawing-room.

Adrienne, without advancing a step to her aunt, yet rose very politely from the sofa on which she was sitting, made a half courtesy full of grace and dignity, and then seated herself again, pointing to the princess an arm-chair placed in front of the fireplace, one corner of which was occupied by La Mayeux, while she (Adrienne) was on the other side, saying,

"Pray, madam, be seated."

The princess turned very red, remained standing, and cast a look of haughty and insolent surprise at La Mayeux, who, faithful to the desire of Adrienne, had bowed slightly when Madame de Saint-Dizier entered, without offering her her seat. The young-seamstress had acted thus both from reflection and the voice of her conscience, which told her that the real superiority of position did not belong to this base, hypocritical, and wicked princess, but to herself, La Mayeux, so good, so devoted.

"Pray, madam, sit down," repeated Adrienne, in a soft tone, and pointing to the vacant seat.

"The conversation I have requested with you, mademoiselle," replied the princess, "must be secret."

"I have no secrets, madam, from my best friend; you can, therefore, speak before mademoiselle."

"I know of old," retorted Madame de Saint-Dizier, with bitter irony, "that in all things you care very little for secrecy, and are very facile in the choice of what you call your friends. But you will permit me to act differently from you. If you have no secrets, mademoiselle, I have, and do not make a confidante of the first-comer;" and the devotee cast another contemptuous glance on La Mayeux.

Madeleine, hurt at the insolent tone of the princess, replied, gently and simply,

"I do not at present perceive, madam, any difference so very humiliating between the first and the last comer to the house of Mademoiselle de Cardoville."

"What! Does the creature speak?" said the princess, in a tone of proud and impertinent pity.

"At least, madam, the creature replies," answered La Mayeux, in her soft tone.

"I wish to converse with you alone, mademoiselle," said the devotee to her niece, impatiently.

"Excuse me—I do not comprehend you, madam," replied Adrienne, with an astonished air; "mademoiselle, who honours me with her friendship, will be so kind as to be present at this interview you have requested of me. I say she will kindly do so, because, doubtless, it will require much regard to hear—for my sake—all the gracious, benevolent, charming things which I have no doubt you intend to communicate to me."

"But, mademoiselle—" said the princess, quickly.

"Permit me to interrupt you, madam," said Adrienne, in a tone of amenity, and as if she were addressing to the devotee the most flattering compliments.

"In order to place you on terms of perfect confidence with mademoiselle, allow me to inform you that she is fully aware of all the pious perfidies, the holy infamies, the religious indignities, of which you were anxious, but failed, to make me
the victim; she knows, too, that you are a mother of the Church, such as there are very few; may I then hope, madam, that now your delicate and interesting reserve will cease?"

"Really," replied the princess, with angry amaze, "I do not know whether I am asleep or awake!"

"Ah, indeed!" said Adrienne, in a tone of anxiety; "the doubt you display as to the state of your faculties is very alarming, madam. Your blood mounts into your head, no doubt, for your face is very much flushed; you seem oppressed—compressed—depressed; perhaps (we may say so among women)—perhaps you are laced a little too tight, madam?"

These words, uttered by Adrienne with the affectionate seeming of interest and simplicity, all but choked the princess, who, in spite of herself, became crimson, and cried out, as she suddenly seated herself,

"Well, be it so, mademoiselle; I prefer such a reception to any other—it puts me at my ease; as you say—"

"Does it not, madam?" added Adrienne, with a smile; "at least we can frankly say all we have on our minds, which must at least have for you the charm of novelty. Come, now, between ourselves, own that you feel much obliged to me for having thus put you in a position to throw aside, if for a moment only, that odious mask of devotion, mildness, and benignity which must weigh on you so heavily.

When she thus heard the sarcasms of Adrienne (an innocent and excusable revenge, if we reflect on all the ill which the princess had done, or desired to do, to her niece), La Mayeux felt her heart pierced, for she (and with reason) dreaded, more than did Adrienne, the princess, who replied, with much sang froid,

"A thousand thanks, mademoiselle, for your kind intentions and feelings toward me; I appreciate them as they deserve, and as I ought; and I trust, without keeping you in expectation, to prove it to you."

"Yes, yes, madam," replied Adrienne, with earnestness, "tell us all about it; I am so impatient—so curious—"

"And yet," said the princess, feigning, in her turn, an ironical and bitter concern, "you are a thousand leagues off from guessing what I am about to tell you."

"Really! Indeed, madam, I feel that your candour, your modesty, are in your way," retorted Adrienne, with the same biting affability; "for there are very few things you can do or say that would surprise me, madam. Do you not know that from you I expect every and anything?"

"Perhaps, mademoiselle," said the devotee, pronouncing her words very slowly; "if, for instance, I told you that in four-and-twenty hours—by to-morrow, say— you would be reduced to actual want."

This was so unexpected, that Mademoiselle de Cardoville made a gesture of surprise, and La Mayeux shuddered.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" said the princess, with triumphant joy, and in a tone that was affectionately cruel, as she saw the increasing surprise of her niece.

"Come, confess that I do surprise you, although, as you said, very few things on my part could astonish you. How right you were to give to our conversation the tone you did, else I should have had to use all sorts of apologies and introductions before I could have said to you, 'Mademoiselle, to-morrow you will be as poor as you are rich to-day,' while now I can say this quite easily, quite simply."

Her first surprise over, Adrienne replied, smiling, with a calmness which amazed the devotee,

"Well, I confess frankly, madam, that I have been surprised; for I expected from you one of those base infamies in which you excel—some perfidy well plotted and most cruel. But how could I suppose that you would make so much ceremony for such a trifle?"

"To be ruined—completely ruined!" exclaimed the devotee; "ruined by this time to-morrow: you, so daringly prodigal, to see not only your income, but this
hotel, your furniture, horses, jewels—all, everything, even to those absurd costumes of which you are so vain—sequestrated! Do you call that a trifle? You, who squander with indifference thousands of Louis, to see yourself reduced to a mere humble allowance, less than the wages you give to one of your women! Do you call that a trifle?"

To the intense disappointment of her aunt, Adrienne, who appeared more and more tranquillized, was about to reply, when the door opened, and, without being announced, Djalma entered.

An engrossing and proud tenderness overspread the radiant brow of Adrienne at the sight of the prince, and it is impossible to depict the look of triumphant and haughty happiness which she turned on Madame de Saint-Dizier.

Never had Djalma appeared more handsome; never had more perfect bliss displayed itself in a human countenance. The Indian wore a long robe of white Cachmere with a thousand stripes of purple and gold; his turban was of the same colour and material, and a magnificent flowered shawl was fastened round his waist.

At the sight of the Indian, whom she had not hoped to meet at Mademoiselle de Cardoville's, the Princess de Saint-Dizier could not at first conceal her astonishment. There were present, then, Madame de Saint-Dizier, Adrienne, La Mayeux, and Djalma at the following scene.
CHAPTER LIV.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Djalma, never having seen Madame de Saint-Dizier before at Adrienne's, had appeared at first surprised at her presence. The princess, silent for a moment, contemplated in turns, with deep hatred and implacable envy, those two beings so handsome, so young, so loving, so happy; and then she started as if a recollection of great importance presented itself suddenly to her mind, and for several seconds she remained deeply absorbed in thought.

Adrienne and Djalma profited by this pause to gaze on each other with an ardent idolatry which filled their eyes with a humid flame, and then, on a movement of Madame de Saint-Dizier, who appeared to have shaken off her momentary reverie, mademoiselle said to the young Indian, with a smile,

"My dear cousin, I wish to repair a forgetfulness—I confess a voluntary one (you shall learn why)—by speaking to you, for the first time, of one of my relatives, to whom I have the honour of presenting you—Madame the Princess de Saint-Dizier."

Djalma bowed.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville continued rapidly, at the moment when her aunt was about to reply,

"Madame de Saint-Dizier has come to communicate most graciously an event highly fortunate for me, and of which I will presently inform you, my dear cousin, unless this good princess is desirous of anticipating me in the pleasure of doing so."

The unexpected arrival of Djalma, the recollections which suddenly occurred to the princess, no doubt greatly modified her first plans; for, instead of continuing the conversation as to Adrienne's ruined fortunes, Madame de Saint-Dizier replied, with a smiling air which concealed some evil design,

"I should be miserable, prince, to deprive my dear and amiable niece of the pleasure of announcing to you presently the good news to which she alludes, and of which, as a loving kinswoman, I hastened to inform her. Here are a few notes on the subject (and the princess gave a paper to Adrienne), which I hope will prove satisfactorily the reality of what I have announced to her."

"A thousand thanks, my dearest aunt," said Adrienne, taking the paper with the utmost indifference; "this precaution, this proof, was superfluous. You know I can always take your word when good-will toward me is in question."

Notwithstanding his ignorance of the refined treacheries, the smooth cruelties of civilization, Djalma was endowed with that exquisite tact which is a part of all uncultivated and easily-excited natures, and he felt a kind of moral disquietude when he listened to this exchange of affected amenities. He did not penetrate their inverted sense, but yet they sounded, as it were, false in his ears; and either from instinct or presentiment, he felt a strong prejudice against Madame de Saint-Dizier.

The devotee, reflecting on the seriousness of the incident she was about to bring forward, could scarcely contain her agitation, which was evidenced by the increasing suffusion of her cheeks, her bitter smile, and the wicked joy in her eye; and then, at the sight of this woman, Djalma could not overcome an increasing antipathy, and remained silent, attentive, and his handsome features even lost their original serenity.

La Mayeux also experienced a sort of increasing uneasiness while she continued alternately to gaze with fearful, timid glances on the princess, or supplicatingly on Adrienne, as though imploring of her to cease a conversation from which the young needlewoman foresaw the most painful results.
But, unfortunately, Madame de Saint-Dizier had too much interest in prolonging the interview, while Mademoiselle de Cardoville, deriving courage from, and animated with still greater energy and confidence by the presence of, the man she adored, seemed to revel in the delight of torturing her false, treacherous aunt by the sight of an affection which had resisted all the arts of herself and her accomplices.

After a momentary silence, Madame de Saint-Dizier resumed, in a soft, insinuating voice,

"My dear prince, you can scarcely imagine how delighted I was to learn by public report (for, I assure you, nothing else is talked of)—I say, how gratified I was upon hearing of your intense adoration for my dear niece here; for, really, without being aware of it, you have relieved me from a very awkward dilemma!"

Djalma's only answer was to regard Mademoiselle de Cardoville with a look at once surprised and sad, as though he thus mutely questioned her of what her aunt could possibly mean.

Fully comprehending the appeal, Madame de Saint-Dizier replied to it by saying,

"I will be more explicit, since I perceive you do not fully comprehend my last observation. But, to come to the point, you perceive that, as the nearest relative to this dear, giddy girl"—looking at Adrienne—"I was more or less responsible for her future in the eyes of the world; and behold! just as my difficulties with regard to my niece had reached their height, you, prince, most opportunely arrive to my assistance from the uttermost parts of the globe, to take upon yourself a charge which so infinitely embarrassed me. Oh! it is charming, and, as far as myself and niece are concerned, most exemplary—leaving the astonished world at a loss which to admire most, your courage or your good fortune!"

Having thus spoken, the princess cast a glance of almost fiendish malice on Adrienne, and with an air of deadly defiance seemed to await her reply.

"Pray pay particular attention to my good aunt, dear cousin!" answered Mademoiselle de Cardoville, with a calm and smiling manner. "From the instant that our affectionate relative became a witness of our mutual happiness, and found us, instead of being wretched, as our enemies would have us, full of trust and confidence in each other, her heart overflowed with delight; and you have yet to learn in what manner my good aunt relieves the over-fulness of her tender feelings. But have a little patience, and you will be able to judge for yourself."

Then, with the most natural air imaginable, Adrienne continued,

"I know not how it is, dear cousin; but talking of the outpourings of my aunt's affectionate heart reminds me (without, certainly, there being the slightest connexion between the two subjects) of what you were relating to me—you know, cousin—concerning a species of viper found in your country; how, vainly attempting to bite, they break their fangs, so that they are compelled to swallow their own deadly poison, and perish by the very means intended for
THE WANDERING JEW.

the destruction of others. Now, dear aunt, I am quite sure that your kind, sympatheizing nature will be compassionately these poor vipers!"

Casting a look of implacable hatred on her niece, Madame de Saint-Dizier replied, in a tone of ill-restrained agitation,

"I confess I do not precisely understand either the moral or the application of your 'fact in natural history;' for such, I presume, you desire it to be considered. May I inquire your opinion, prince?"

But Djalma answered not. Leaning on the chimney-piece, he continued searchingly to gaze on the features of the princess, while each moment he felt an increase of aversion for her.

"Dearest aunt!" exclaimed Adrienne, in a voice of feigned, though gentle reproach, "have I, then, presumed too far on your gentle nature? Is it possible you have no sympathy with the unfortunate vipers? Alas, alas! for whom or for what, then, can your commiseration be excited? But, to be sure," added Adrienne, as though merely uttering her thoughts aloud, "they are too insignificant.

Then, perceiving the suppressed fury of her aunt, Adrienne gayly cried, "But let us end this trifling; come, my dear, kind aunt, let us hear the tender thoughts with which our happiness inspires you."

"Why, then, my amiable niece, since you so much desire it, I will speak with candour; first, congratulating this dear prince on having come from the wilds of India to take the charge of you off my hands, with a blind confidence and shut eyes—the worthy nabob—of you, poor, giddy girl! whom we had to shut up as mad (a more respectable cloak for your excesses)—you remember—on account of that handsome young man found concealed in your sleeping apartment; what was his name? Come, help me to remember it; surely you cannot have forgotten it already, you little inconstant. A very handsome young fellow, and a poet! He was called Agricola Baudoin! All Paris was busy with this scandalous story; for you will not marry an unknown person, my dear prince; her name is on every tongue."

And as, at these words, equally startling and unlooked for, Adrienne, Djalma, and La Mayeux all remained mute under their different feelings, the princess, seeing no farther occasion for concealing her fiendish joy and triumphant hatred, with flushed features and sparkling eyes arose, and, addressing herself to Adrienne, added,

"Yes, I dare you to contradict me! Were you, or were you not, shut up as mad? Was there, or was there not, an artisan found in your bedchamber, at that time your favoured lover?"

At this vile accusation, the bright transparency of Djalma's amber complexion became suddenly livid, and almost leaden in its hue; his large, fixed, and dilated eyes became encircled with white; his upper lip, red as blood, was drawn up, so as to display the convulsive clinching of his pearly teeth. In a word, the whole expression of his countenance became in a moment so fearfully threatening and savage that La Mayeux shuddered with terror.

Carried away by his impetuous nature, the young Indian experienced the same paroxysm of unreflecting rage, the same maddening whirlwind of fury, that causes the blood to rush with boiling eagerness to the brain of the man of unsullied honour when he receives a blow. And if, during this terrible access, rapid as the lightning which cleaves the sky, action had succeeded to thought in the mind of Djalma, all present would have perished by an explosion as frightful and sudden as the springing of a mine.

Djalma would have destroyed the princess, because she accused Adrienne of a vile treachery; Adrienne, because she had been suspected of this infamy; La Mayeux, for having heard the accusation; while his own life would have been sacrificed as worthless after being so horribly deceived. But, oh prodigy! his wrathful, bloodshot, infuriated look no sooner encountered the glance of Adrienne, full of calm dignity and serene confidence, than the ferocious anger of the young man disappeared. And even more than this: to the profound astonish-
ment of the princess and La Mayeux, in proportion as the looks of Djalma were
more and more riveted on Adrienne—as they became, in a manner, more pene-
trating and perceptive of her purity and truth—the young Indian grew calm, and
his so lately convulsed and threatening features became sweet and gentle, reflect-
ing, as it were on a mirror, the noble security which rested upon hers. Let us en-
deavour to give some natural explanation of a moral change so delightful to La
Mayeux, so full of discomfiture for the princess.

Scarcely had the venomous lips of Madame de Saint-Dizier distilled their poi-
son into the ears of the young Indian, when he left his reclining position by the
chimney-piece, and in the first burst of his fury advanced toward the princess;
then, as if desirous of restraining his rage, he clung to the marble as with a grasp
of iron; a convulsive agitation shook his frame, and his features were rendered
scarcely recognizable by the distortions of passion.

On her side, Adrienne, yielding to the first impulse of irritated and outraged
feelings, had partly arisen from her chair with flashing eyes; but, immediately
calmed by the consciousness of her own purity, her lovely face resumed its usual
expression of serenity: it was then her eyes encountered those of Djalma; for
an instant her feelings were rather those of sorrow than of anger; she said, men-
tally, “Can a gross insult like this so excite him? Then he must suspect my in-
ocence!” But to this idea, as cruel as it was short-lived, succeeded the most
ecstatic joy, when the eyes of Adrienne, long and steadily fixed on those of the
Indian, saw, as if by magic, those features become again radiant with hap-
piness.

And thus did the fiendish plot of Madame de Saint-Dizier fall harmless before
the noble, dignified expression of her she sought to traduce. Nor was this all.
At the very moment when, beholding this expressive scene, so finely proving the
wonderful sympathy existing between these two beings, who, without even a
word, and by a mere exchange of looks, had comprehended all, explained all, and
become perfectly reassured, the princess was almost suffocating with rage, Adri-
enne, with a bewitching smile, and a playfulness of manner wholly irresistible,
extended her beautiful hand to Djalma, who, kneeling before her, imprinted on
it a kiss so ardent as brought a slight blush to the cheek of the fair girl.

The Indian, then placing himself on the ermine carpet at Mademoiselle de
Cardoville’s feet in an attitude full of grace and respect, leaned his chin on the
palm of one of his hands, and in mute adoration contemplated Adrienne silently,
as, leaning toward him, smiling and happy, she gazed, as the song has it, “in his
eyes of eyes,” with as much fondness as if the devotee, choking with hate, had
not been there.

Adrienne soon, as if something were wanting to her bliss, beckoned to La Ma-
yeux, and made her sit beside her; and then, with a hand clasped in that of her
excellent friend, she smiled at Djalma, adoring at her feet, and cast a look on the
princess, who was more and more in amaze, so sweet, firm, and calm, and de-
picting so nobly the invincible quietude of her happiness, and the immeasurable
height of her contempt for calumny, that Madame de Saint-Dizier, overwhelm-
ed, overcome, stammered out some scarcely intelligible words in a voice that
shook with anger, and then, completely losing all self-command, rushed hastily
to the door.

But at that moment La Mayeux, who feared some plot, some treachery, or
perfidious espionage, resolved, after having exchanged a glance with Adrienne,
to follow the princess to her carriage.

[See cut, on page 604.]

The angry disappointment of Madame de Saint-Dizier, when she saw herself
thus accompanied and watched by La Mayeux, appeared to Mademoiselle de
Cardoville so comic, that she could not refrain from bursting into loud laugh-
ter; and at the sound of this contumacious mirth, the devotee, choked with
rage and despair, left the house on which she had hoped to bring trouble and
misfortune.
Adrienne and Djalma were left alone.

Before we continue the scene which passed between them, a few retrospective words are requisite.

It will be easily believed that, from the moment when Mademoiselle de Cardoville and the Indian had been brought more closely into communion, after so many crosses, their days glided on in unutterable happiness. Adrienne occupied herself particularly in bringing forth, one by one, as it were, all the generous qualities of Djalma, of which she had read such glowing details in the books of travellers.

The young girl had undertaken this tender and patient study of Djalma's character, not only to justify the intense love she felt, but also that this probation, to which she had assigned a time, might aid in tempering the excess of Djalma's love, a task the more meritorious for Adrienne, as she herself experienced the same passionate sentiments. With these two beings, so perfectly endowed by the Creator, the passions and the dreams of the soul formed an equilibrium, and maintained their mutual spring marvellously, God having endowed these two lovers with exceeding beauty of person and admirable beauty of heart, as if to render legitimate the irresistible attraction which drew them to each other.

What was to be the term of this trial which Adrienne imposed on Djalma and herself was what Mademoiselle de Cardoville intended to tell Djalma in this interview, after the sudden departure of Madame de Saint-Dizier.
CHAPTER LV.

THE TRIAL.

MADAME DE CARDOVILLE and Djalma remained alone.

Such was the perfect confidence which had succeeded in the Indian's mind to his first movement of ungovernable rage, when he heard the infamous calumny of Madame de Saint-Dizier, that, when alone with Adrienne, he did not say one word in reference to this unworthy accusation.

On her side, the young lady was too proud, and had too much consciousness of the purity of her love, to condescend to any explanation with Djalma. She would have thought it alike offensive to him and to herself.

The lovers then began their conversation as if the incident referred to by the devotee had never occurred.

The same disdain was extended to the paper which, according to the princess, was to prove the impending ruin of Adrienne. The young lady had placed it on a small table near her without reading it. With a gesture filled with grace, she made a motion to Djalma to sit beside her, which he obeyed, leaving, not without regret, the place he had occupied at her feet.

"My friend," said Adrienne to him, in a soft and serious tone, "you have often and impatiently asked me when the termination of the trial which we have imposed on each other would arrive; it has nearly arrived now."

Djalma started, unable to repress a slight cry of delight and surprise; but this exclamation, almost tremblingly uttered, was so sweet, so gentle, that it seemed rather the first sound of unutterable gratitude than the passionate utterance of happiness.

Adrienne continued:

"Separated, surrounded by snares and falsehoods, mutually deceived as to our sentiments, still we loved each other; in this we followed an irresistible and sure attraction stronger than opposing events, but since, during the days passed in retirement, while we lived isolated from all, we have learned to esteem and honour each other the more. Given up to ourselves, free both of us, we have had the courage to resist the burning impulses of passion, that we might hereafter give ourselves to it without remorse. During these days our hearts have been open to each other, and we have therein read all—all. Thus, Djalma, I believe in you, and you believe in me; I find in you what you find in me—do you not?—every possible, desirable, and human guarantee for our happiness. But to our love there is wanting a consecration, and in the eyes of the world in which we are called to live there is but one—marriage—which binds for the whole of life."

Djalma looked at the young girl with surprise.

"Yes, an entire lifetime; and yet, who can answer forever for the sentiments of a whole life?" continued the young girl: "a God who knows the future of all hearts alone can irrevocably unite certain beings—for their happiness; but, alas! to the eyes of human creatures the future is impenetrable. Thus, when we are unable to answer safely for more than the sincerity of a present sentiment, is it not to commit a mad, selfish, and impious action to take upon us bonds that are indissoluble?"

"It is sad to think so," said Djalma, after a moment's reflection, "but it is true;" and he looked at the young lady with an expression of increasing surprise.

Adrienne continued, in a tone of deep and loving emotion:
"Do not mistake my thought, my dear friend; the love of two beings, who, like us, after a thousand trials of the heart, and soul, and mind, have found in each other all the assurances of desirable happiness—a love like ours is, indeed, so noble, so great, so divine, that it cannot be without divine consecration. I have not the religion of the mass like my venerable aunt; but I have the religion of God, from Him our love has emanated; He should be piously glorified for it; and therefore, invoking Him with profoundest gratitude, we should swear, not to love each other forever, not to belong to each other forever—"

"What do you say?" cried Djalma.

"No," continued Adrienne, "for no person can utter such an oath without falsehood or madness; but we may, in the sincerity of our soul, swear to do loyally all that is humanly possible, in order that our love may last forever, and that we may be forever united. We ought not to take upon us these indissoluble bonds; for if we always love, of what use are these chains? If our love ceases, of what use are these chains, which are, therefore, but intolerable tyranny? I ask you this, my dear friend."

Djalma only replied by a gesture of respect, which showed his wish that Adrienne should continue.

"And then," she resumed, with a mixture of tenderness and pride, "from respect for your dignity and my own, my dear friend, I will never take an oath to observe the law made by man against woman with haughty and brutal egotism—a law which seems to deny the soul, the heart, and mind of woman—a law which she cannot obey without being enslaved or perjured—a law which, as a maiden, deprives her of her name; as a wife, declares her in a state of insensible imbecility, as it imposes on her a degrading state of tutelage; as a mother, refuses her every right and power over her children; and, finally, as a human creature, makes her subservient, places fetters forever on her at the pleasure of another human creature, her equal, and the same before God. You know, my dear friend," added the young girl, with impassioned excitement—"you know how much I honour you—you, whose father was called the Father of the Generous; and I do not, therefore, fear that your noble and generous heart would ever exercise these tyrannical rights against me; but in my life I never told a lie, and our love is too holy, too celestial, to be submitted to a consecration bought by twofold perjury. No, I never will take an oath to observe a law at which my dignity and my reason revolt. If the rights of women should be recognised to-morrow—if divorce should be established to-morrow—I would still observe these usages,
because they would accord with my own feelings, my own heart, with what is just, what is possible, what is human." Then, interrupting herself, Adrienne added, with emotion so deep, so gentle, that a tear glistened in her lovely eyes, "Oh! if you knew, my friend, what your love is to me—if you knew how precious, how sacred to me is your happiness, you would excuse, you would comprehend these generous superstitions of a loving and loyal heart, which would see a sad presage in a lying and perjured consecration: what I wish is, to fix and retain you by attraction, to enchain you by happiness, and leave you free, to be indebted for you to yourself alone."

Djalma had listened to the young girl with fixed and passionate attention. Proud and noble-minded, he idolized her proud and noble disposition. After a moment's reflective silence he said, in his sweet and sonorous voice, and in a tone that was almost solemn,

"As with you, lying, perjury, and iniquity revolt me; like you, I think that a man degrades himself in accepting the right to be tyrannical and cowardly, however resolved he may be not to use this right; like you, it would be impossible for me to think that it was not to your heart only, but to the eternal constraint of an indissoluble union, I owed all that I would only have from yourself alone; like you, I think there is no true dignity but in perfect freedom. But you have said that you desire a divine consecration to love so great, so holy, and if you reject oaths which you could not take without madness, perjury, there are others which your reason—your heart—could and would accept. Who, then, shall give us this divine consecration? Before whom shall we pronounce these oaths?"

"In a very few days, my friend, I believe I shall be able to tell you. Every evening, after your departure, I had no other thought but this; to find some means for uniting ourselves, you and myself, in the eyes of God, but irrespective of the laws and in those limits only which reason approves, without offence to all that is required by the habits of the world in which it may hereafter suit us to live, and whose apparent susceptibilities must not be wounded. Yes, my dear friend, when you shall know to what noble hands I shall confide the office of uniting us, who it is that will thank and glorify God for this union—a sacred union, which will still leave us free that it may leave us worthy—you will say as I do, I am sure, that never were purer hands than will be laid on us. Excuse me, my dear friend; all this is very serious, as serious as our happiness, as serious as our love. If my words seem to you strange, my ideas unreasonable, say, oh! say it, my friend, and we will seek and find a better mode of reconciling what we owe to God, what we owe to the world, with what we owe to ourselves. They say that lovers are always mad," added the young lady, with a smile, "while I say there are none more sensible than real lovers."

"When I hear you speak thus of our happiness," said Djalma, with deep emotion, "and speak with that serious and calm tenderness, it appears as if I saw before me a mother incessantly occupied with the future of her adored child—endeavouring to surround it with everything that can make it courageous, strong, and noble-hearted—trying to turn from its path all that is base and unworthy. You ask me to contradict you, Adrienne, if your ideas seem strange to me. But you forget, then, that what makes my faith, my confidence in our love, is, that I experience it with the same views as yourself. What offends you offends me; what revolts you revolts me; and when but now you quoted to me the laws of this country, which in woman respect not even a mother, I thought, with pride, that in our barbarous countries, where woman is a slave, at least she is free when she becomes a mother; no, no, these laws were not made for you or for me. Does it not prove the holy respect you bear to our love, that you desire to elevate it above all those unworthy servilities which would thus stain it? And, Adrienne, I must tell you that I have often heard the priests in my country say there were beings inferior to the divinities, but superior to other creatures; I did not believe these priests then—here I believe them!"
These last words were pronounced, not with an accent of flattery, but in a tone of the most sincere conviction; with that sort of passionate veneration, of almost timorous fervour, which characterizes the believer when he speaks of his belief. But what is impossible to render is the indescribable harmony of these almost pious words—the soft and serious tone of the young Indian's voice. It is impossible to paint the expression of loving and intense melancholy which gave an irresistible charm to his handsome features.

Adrienne had listened to Djalma with an indescribable mixture of joy, gratitude, and pride. Then laying her hands upon her heart, as if to repress its violent pulsation, she said, looking at the prince with deep affection,

"Yes, yes! always good, always just, always great! Oh, my heart, my heart! how it beats, proud and rejoicingly! Be blessed, O my God, for having created me for this adored lover! Ah! the extent of happy, ardent, and free love is not yet known! Oh! thanks to us two, Djalma, the day on which our hands are united what hymns of happiness and gratitude will mount to heaven!"

As she spoke thus, Adrienne (in Djalma's dazzled eyes) became more and more an ideal being, for, yielding to the force of her love, she cast on him glances radiant with ardour and delight.

Then, overcome by the intensity of his passion, the Indian, throwing himself at the feet of his mistress, exclaimed,

"Oh, do not speak to me thus! What years of my life would I not give to hasten the day of happiness!"

"Nay, nay, not years—they belong to me!"

"Adrienne, dost thou love me?"
MADEMOISELLE MODESTE BORNICHOUX.
The lovely girl made no reply, but her beaming, sparkling, half-veiled eyes overthrew what remained of self-control to her lover, and, taking both her hands in his, he exclaimed, in impassioned accents,

"That day—that happy day—why delay it?"

"Because our love, to have no reserve, ought to be consecrated by the benediction of God."

"Are we not free?"

"Yes, yes, beloved, we are free; but let us prove worthy of our liberty."

"Adrienne, have pity!"

"And I ask pity of you; yes, pity for the sanctity of our love: let us not profane it in the flower—that would be to see it wither! Courage, my friend, for yet some days, and Heaven—without remorse, without regrets—"

"But until then hell—nameless tortures—for you do not know, no, you do not know, that when each day after I leave this house your recollection follows me, surrounds, burns me! It seems as though it were your breath that inflames me and destroys my sleep; and each night I weep, and sob, and call for you as I did when I believed you did not love me, and yet I know now that you are mine, that you really love me! But to see you—to see you each day more beautiful, more adorable, and yet each day to leave you more deeply enslaved, adoring—you do not know—"

Djalma could not proceed. Adrienne had also experienced "the charming agonies of love," and perhaps more acutely than Djalma, and she felt now all the strength and all the weakness of passion. But with an effort she suddenly left her seat, and went to the apartment in which La Mayeux usually remained, calling aloud, "My sister! save me! save us!"

A second had scarcely elapsed ere Mademoiselle de Cardoville, in tears and most unutterably lovely, clasped La Mayeux in her arms, while Djalma knelt at the threshold of the door, which he did not venture to cross.

**Note by the Translator.**

The theory, or, rather, notion of Mademoiselle de Cardoville on the subject of marriage, has been denounced with great severity both in this country and in England, crude and even indistinct as it is, and the author has been strongly condemned for putting forward so flagrant a heresy with such an attempt, at least, at attractiveness. But there is something to be said in his extenuation.

Regard must be paid to the character of Mademoiselle de Cardoville as presented by Eugene Sue. She is the type of high animal organization, keenly alive to all the enjoyments of sense, and, though endowed with exquisite tastes, not of a fine intellectual development. Her love for Prince Djalma is not the pure and purifying sentiment which forms the serenest charm of marriage; it is rather an impulse of the senses, the excitement of youthful and healthful vigour, rushing on with headlong eagerness to the physical gratification. In such a character, the wild, irrational craving which she manifests for what she conceives to be freedom in love, is perfectly consistent; the poor, limited scope of reasoning by which she justifies it to herself is in keeping with her quality of mind and her defective, not to say vicious, education.

But it does not follow that, because the author has portrayed this character, and shown it working itself out to its natural result, therefore he is an advocate for the sentiments he has made her speak. He has shown that he can conceive the existence of that purer, more spiritual, and, therefore, more enduring love which should ever be the accompaniment of the marriage tie, and which makes the tie an unfailling source of harmony and pleasure; he has presented this divine sentiment in the affection of Agricola and Angela, and in them we see it prompt, not to a sensual abhorr-
wo or three days had elapsed since the interview between Djalma and Adrienne, and Rodin was alone in the same apartment in the Rue Vaugirard where he had so firmly endured the severe remedies applied by Doctor Baleinier; his hands were plunged into the recesses of the back pockets of his old greatcoat, while, with head bent forward on his breast, the Jesuit was evidently buried in profound thought. The alternations of his step from slow to rapid pacing of the floor betrayed the agitation of his mind.

"As regards Rome," muttered Rodin to himself, "I feel quite easy; everything is going on as I could wish. The abdication is in a manner agreed upon, and, if I can only pay the price demanded, the cardinal prince promises me a majority of nine voices at the approaching conclave. Our general is on my side. The doubts entertained respecting my sincerity by Cardinal Malipieri have either died away of themselves, or have found no support in Rome. Still, I am not wholly without uneasiness touching the correspondence Father d'Aigrigny is said to hold with Malipieri. I have been unable to discover anything certain respecting it. No matter, this old soldier is a condemned man; his affairs are drawing to a crisis; a little patience, and he will be—executed!"

And here the livid lips of Rodin were distorted by one of those fiendish laughs that gave to his countenance an almost diabolical expression. After a pause, he resumed:

"The funeral obsequies of that free-thinker and philanthropic friend to mankind in general, and the working classes in particular, took place at Saint Hérem the day before yesterday. François Hardy ceased to live while revelling in the delight of one of his absurd fits of crazy enthusiasm called religious ecstasy! I had his formal deed of gift before; but this event makes the thing irrevocable. Living men sometimes recall their bequests—the dead never do."

For a few seconds Rodin remained silent and reflective, then said, with pointed energy,

"There remain, then, only this red-haired girl and her love-sick Mulatto. To-day is the twenty-seventh of May. The first of June is close at hand, and as yet this pair of loving fools have resisted all my endeavours to bring them to my wishes. The princess imagined she had hit upon such a clever idea, and certainly I was of her opinion; it seemed such a sure stroke to recall the finding of Agricola Baudoin in the chamber of her crack-brained niece. And at first the Indian tiger roared with savage jealousy; but scarcely had the loving turtle-
dove cooed out a repetition of her fond notes, before the weak and imbecile savage came crouching to her feet, drawing back the claws previously sharpened by a well-aimed appeal to his violent and vindictive feelings. 'Tis a pity—quite a pity! Something ought to have come of that.'

And again Rodin resumed his rapid pacing of the floor.

"Nothing is more surprising," he said, "than the singular production of one idea from another! How strange that my applying the simile of a turtle-dove to this red-haired wench has brought back to my mind the recollection of that infamous old woman called Madame de la Sainte-Colombe, who was courted and followed by that fat fool, Jacques Dumoulin, but who, I trust, will be carried off by the Abbé Corbinet for our benefit and advantage. I want to know how it comes that the employment of a single term brings this hideous old hag back to my thoughts. I have often observed, that in the same manner as a rhymester is indebted to the most singular chances for some of his best rhymes, so the beginning of our most brilliant ideas may frequently be traced to some association as absurd as that which has just occurred to me—as ridiculous as the very thought of bringing together the images of an old witch like La Sainte-Colombe and a young beauty such as Adrienne de Cardoville. The two suit each other about as well as a ring would a cat, or a necklace adorn a fish. Bah! there is nothing feasible there."

Scarcely had these words escaped the lips of Rodin, when he started, and a malignant joy gleamed over his hideous features, which was succeeded by a sort of meditative surprise, such as the philosopher or the student might be supposed to experience when astonished and delighted by some unexpected discovery: with head erect, eyes opened wide and sparkling, his hollow, flaccid cheeks distended by a sort of proud exultation, Rodin stood, his tall, gaunt figure drawn up to its utmost height, his arms folded, as, with an air of indescribable triumph, he exclaimed,

"Surely the workings of the mind are wonderful—admirable; far beyond our poor powers to comprehend them. Oh! the inexplicable links which form the chain of human reasoning! To think that from a mere word or term of derisive reproach should emanate an idea so great, so vast, and luminous! Comes this of the strength or infirmity of our mental powers? I know not, but it is strange, passing strange! But now I compared this red-haired girl to a dove; by the chain of ideas thus engendered, I was carried on to recollection of the detestable old hag who has trafficked in the souls and bodies of so many of her fellow-creatures. Then mere commonplace phrases came into my head; a ring to a cat, a necklace to a fish; and suddenly, at the word NECKLACE, a sudden light sprang to my eyes, and cleared away the mist and darkness in which all my attempts to disunite these invulnerable lovers have hitherto been wrapped. Yes, the talismanic word NECKLACE has unlocked that portion of my brain which has been closed up by stupidity for I know not how long."

And, again pacing the room with increased rapidity, Rodin continued:

"Yes, yes! it is a thing worth trying; and the more I reflect upon it, the more feasible does the project appear to me. The only thing is about that old hag De la Sainte-Colombe; by what means shall I? Oh! there is that great fat simpleton, Jacques Dumoulin—right! And then the other—where to find her; or if found, how prevail on her? Ah! there's the difficulty. Now comes a stumbling-block in my way. I was rather too hasty in calling out 'Victory!'"

And then, with renewed energy, Rodin recommenced his rapid pace up and down the room, biting his nails with a sort of intensity of thought, which manifested itself after a time by sending large drops of perspiration to his brow, that trickled down his meagre, hollow cheeks as the Jesuit continued his agitated walk—the increased tension of his mind sometimes overcoming him so much that he would suddenly stop, and then, vehemently stamping on the ground, resume his troubled march, sometimes raising his eyes upward, as if seeking inspiration; then, while he gnawed the nails of his right hand, he continually rubbed
his bald skull with his left, giving utterance to various exclamations of vexation, anger, or hope, sometimes as though sanguine of success, at others breathing utter despair. Had the cause of all these painful meditations been less atrocious, it might have afforded a curious and interesting spectacle to an invisible witness of the workings of a mind so powerful, so dangerous; to follow the rapid succession of thoughts and desires as impressed upon his agitated countenance, according to the different lights in which his mental vision reviewed the project upon which he had concentrated all his resources, and employed all the strength and zeal of his masterly spirit.

Apparently his deliberations were bringing the subject of his reverie to a satisfactory conclusion; for all at once Rodin exclaimed,

"True, true! it is venturesome, bold, and hazardous; but, at least, it can instantly be put in practice, and should success attend it, the advantages will be incalculable. Who can undertake to foretell all the consequences of the explosion of a mine?" Then, yielding to an enthusiasm which was by no means natural to him, the Jesuit, with flashing eyes and exulting mien, exclaimed, "Oh! the passions, the passions! what a magnificent key-board for such as possess a finger firm, yet light and skilful enough to touch it properly! And what a stupendous gift is the power of commanding and arranging our thoughts! What a field of mental wonders does it not embrace! Let those who talk largely of the miraculous process by which an acorn becomes an oak, a grain of wheat an ear, bow in silence to the superior operation of thought; for while the grain of wheat must have months ere it can become an ear, and the acorn demand a century ere the tree it gives birth to attains maturity, from merely the combination of a few letters, forming the word NECKLACE—ay, from that single word, dropped, as it were by accident, into my brain a few minutes ago—has sprung up an immense, a gigantic structure, which, like the oak, has a thousand ramifications and roots, shooting upward and stretching downward where none see them; and all for the great glory of the Lord! Yes, for that alone do I thus toil and rack my understanding to devise what is fittest to be done; but then it is that the Lord may be served according to my notions and views when I reach, as reach I must, the aim and end of my ambition; for these Renneponts will have passed away like so many shadows; and what difference can it make to moral order whether the whole family be expunged from the face of the earth or not? Who would ever dream of putting the lives of such insignificant beings in the same scale with the interests of such a cause as ours, while the splendid inheritance my daring hand casts into the balance will cause me to ascend to a height whence even monarchs are controlled and people compelled to obey?" Then, bursting into a fit of savage laughter, Rodin resumed, as he precipitately traversed the chamber, "Only let me reach the good fortune of Sixtus V., that is all, and the world shall see, to her infinite astonishment, what spiritual dominion and authority are when placed in such hands as mine—in the hands of a priest who has reached the age of fifty years, forswearing all the temptations of this life, and who, even if he should ascend the papal chair, would still live on his frugal, self-denying, anchorite's life."

The expression of Rodin's features was really frightful as he pronounced these words. All the sanguinary, sacrilegious, and vile ambition recorded in the histories of those popes whose crimes have obtained for them a disgraceful notoriety, seemed to glow in characters of blood on the forehead of this worthy follower of Ignatius. A thirst for dominion seemed to inflame the impure blood of the Jesuit, a burning fever consumed him, and large drops of thick, clammy perspiration stood on his agitated features.

All at once the sound of a travelling-carriage, entering the court-yard of the house in the Rue de Vaugirard, attracted the attention of Rodin, who, vexed with himself for having given way to so much excitement, drew from his pocket a dirty handkerchief of red and white checks; this he dipped in a glass of water, and bathed his forehead, temples, and cheeks, gradually approaching the window
as he did so, to endeavour to make out, by peeping through the half-open blinds, who was the traveller whose arrival had put all his ambitious reveries to flight.

A projecting portico before the door at which the carriage had stopped, however, effectually screened it from the scrutinizing glance of Rodin.

"No matter," he said, gradually recovering his ordinary coolness and self-possession; "I shall soon know who has arrived. Let me write at once to that fellow Jacques Dumoulin to come hither immediately; he served me well and faithfully as regarded that wretched girl who lived in the Rue Clovis, and almost cracked the tympanum of my ears by screaming out her songs from Béranger. Dumoulin may again render me a considerable assistance; I have him in my power, and he dare not refuse." So saying, Rodin seated himself before his desk and began to write.

A few seconds had scarcely elapsed when some person tapped at his door, doubly locked, though contrary to the established rules of his Order; but from time to time, by dint of his power and influence, Rodin contrived to obtain his general's permission to be relieved of the troublesome presence of a socius, always protesting the necessity of his being allowed entire freedom from all restraint, the better to work out the Company's good; and by this means Rodin had contrived to evade most of the disagreeable and stringent regulations of the society to which he belonged.

A servant entered and delivered a letter to Rodin, who, calmly taking it from him, held it in his hand without opening it, and said, with an air of indifference,

"What carriage was that which just now arrived?"

"It came from Rome, reverend father," replied the servant, bowing.

"From Rome?" repeated Rodin, eagerly; and, spite of himself, a vague inquietude spread over his features; then, in a calmer manner, he added, still holding the unopened letter in his hands, "And who was in the carriage? do you happen to know?"

"A reverend father belonging to our holy Company."

Spite of his intense curiosity—for Rodin well knew that a reverend messenger thus travelling post was always the bearer of some important mission—he asked not another question; but, changing the subject, merely said, "Whence comes this letter?"

"From our holy establishment at Saint Hérem, reverend father."

Looking more attentively at the writing, Rodin recognised it as that of D'Aigrigny, who had been intrusted to watch the last moments of M. Hardy. The letter contained these words:

"I despatch an express to your reverence for the purpose of communicating a fact more astonishing than important. After the funeral rites had been performed over the remains of M. François Hardy, the coffin containing the body was placed temporarily in a vault of our chapel until it could be conveyed to the cemetery of the neighbouring town. This morning, when some of our people went down to the vault for the purpose of commencing the necessary preparations for the removal of the corpse, the coffin, with its contents, had disappeared."

Rodin started with surprise, and exclaimed, "Most strange!" Then he continued the perusal of the letter:

"All our attempts to discover any traces of this singular and sacrilegious act have failed; but the chapel standing (as you know) at a distance from the main building, and being wholly unprotected, nothing could have been easier than for any person to enter it without occasioning the least alarm. All we have been enabled to ascertain is, that a four-wheeled carriage must have been employed by the persons concerned in the affair, as marks of the wheels were visible on the ground, which had been saturated by the late heavy rains; but at a short distance from the chapel these marks were lost in the thick sand where here abounds, and farther discovery rendered impossible."
•••Who could it have been?" murmured Rodin, with a thoughtful air; "and what man could possibly have had sufficient interest in the matter to care about carrying off a corpse?"

He then resumed the perusal of the letter:

"Happily, the death has been duly and legally attested by a medical officer, whom I summoned from Etampes for the purpose of verifying the decease, &c., &c.; consequently, the death of M. François Hardy being regularly established, there can be no difficulty in proving our rights to all property left by him, as well as to any succession that may hereafter arise, he having bestowed on our holy Order all present and future interest in his possessions, lands, or money, to all intents and purposes; but still I deemed it my duty to send immediate information to your reverence of the strange disappearance of the body, in order that you may take what steps may seem best to you," &c., &c.

"D'Aigrigny is right," said Rodin; "the circumstance is in itself more strange than important, yet it demands being well considered: it shall be duly weighed and attended to." Turning to the servant from whom he had received the letter, and who still stood awaiting his orders ere he ventured to leave the room, Rodin said to him, as he gave him the note he had written to Nini-Moulin, "Send this letter immediately according to its address, and desire the person to wait for an answer."

"I will, father."

Just as the servant was leaving the room, a reverend father entered, saying to Rodin,

"Father Caboccini, from Rome, has just arrived, the bearer of an important message to your reverence from our most reverend general."

At these words the blood of Rodin rushed violently to his heart, but he preserved the most imperturbable calmness, as he merely replied,

"Where is Father Caboccini?"

"In the next room, your reverence!"

"Beg him to come hither, and then leave us," said Rodin.

The next minute the Reverend Father Caboccini, from Rome, entered the room, and remained alone with Rodin.
CHAPTER LVII.

SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF.

The Reverend Father Caboccini, the Roman Jesuit, who entered Rodin’s apartment, was a little man, thirty years of age at most, plump, rosy, and with a stomach which made his black cassock to protrude conspicuously. The worthy small father was one-eyed, but his one eye was very keen; his round visage was joyous and smiling, and splendidly crowned with a thick mass of chestnut hair, in tight curls. His manner was cordial even to familiarity, and his free and easy manners harmonized marvellously with his features.

In a second Rodin had analyzed the Italian emissary, and as he knew his Company and the customs of Rome to his fingers’ end, he experienced momentarily a kind of sinister presentiment at the sight of the worthy little father with such courteous manners; he would less have doubted some long and bony reverend with austere and sepulchral face, for he knew that the society endeavoured as much as possible to set aside the suspicions of the curious by the physiognomy and exterior of its agents. If Rodin’s forebodings were just, to judge by the cordial greetings of this emissary, he was charged with some very serious and fatal errand.

Mistrusting, attentive, with his eye and mind on the alert, like an old wolf that smells and anticipates an attack or a surprise, Rodin, according to his custom, had slowly and with a snake-like movement advanced toward the little one-eyed man, in order to examine him leisurely and to penetrate accurately beneath his jovial exterior; but the Roman did not give him time, for, with
burst of impetuous affection, he rushed from the door to Rodin's neck, squeezing him in his arms with the greatest display of affection, embracing him again and again, and kissing him on both cheeks so vigorously and noisily that his resounding kisses echoed from one end of the apartment to the other.

Rodin had never in his life been thus encountered, and more and more uneasy at the deceit he felt was concealed beneath such warm embraces; moreover, bitterly irritated by his depressing presentiments, the French Jesuit made every exertion to get away from the very exaggerated tenderness of the Romish Jesuit; but the latter held his ground well and firmly. His arms, though short, were very potent, and Rodin was kissed and kissed again by the little rotund one-eyed priest, until the Italian's strength and wind failed him.

It is needless to say that these excessive huggings were accompanied by the most friendly, affectionate, and fraternal exclamations, all delivered in very good French, but with an Italian accent excessively broad, forming a patois that was very comic.

It will perhaps be remembered that, aware of the dangers which his ambitious machinations might draw down upon him, and knowing from records that the use of poison had often been considered at Rome as an affair of state policy, Rodin, rendered suspicious by the arrival of the Cardinal Malipieri, and fiercely attacked by the cholera, yet ignorant that his bitter agony was occasioned by that contagion, had exclaimed, as he darted a furious glance at the Romish prelate,

"I am poisoned!"

The same apprehension came involuntarily to the Jesuit while he was endeavouring, by violent and useless efforts, to escape the embraces of his general's emissary, and he said to himself,

"This one-eyed individual is very tender; but is there not the poison of Judas beneath these kisses?"

At length the good little Father Caboccini, quite out of breath, was compelled to let go Rodin's neck, who, adjusting his greasy collar, his cravat, and worn-out waistcoat, which had been outrageously rumpled by the severity of these caresses, said, in a blunt tone,

"Your servant, father—your servant; there's no occasion for so much kissing."

But without replying to this reproach, the good little father, fixing on Rodin his solitary eye with an expression of enthusiasm, and accompanying these words with petulant gestures, said, in his patois (impossible to render in translation),

"At length I see this superb light of our holy Society, and can press him to my heart! yes, again and again."

And as the reverend father was fast getting into his second wind, he was about to dash again on Rodin's bosom, when the Frenchman retreated with quickness, extending his arms as if toward him off, and saying to this remorseless embracer, in allusion to the comparison so illogically made use of by Father Caboccini,

"Good, good, my father; but we do not squeeze lights against our hearts, even if I were a light, which I am not: I am merely an humble and obscure labourer in the vineyard of the Lord."

The Roman replied, with enthusiasm and emphasis,

"You are right, father; we do not squeeze lights against our hearts, but we prostrate ourselves before them to admire their resplendent, dazzling brilliancy."

And Father Caboccini was about to "suit the action to the word," and go on his knees before Rodin, if the latter had not anticipated this adulatory movement and restrained him by the arm, saying to him impatiently,

"This is a little too like idolatry, father: no more, no more of me personally, but let us come to the main purpose of your journey; what is that?"

"The purpose, dear father! That purpose fills me with joy, happiness, tenderness. I have endeavoured to testify to you this tenderness by my caresses and embraces, for my heart is in my sleeve; even on my journey it turned to
you, swelled to you, my dear, dear father. This purpose! oh, it transports, it ravishes me! This purpose! it—"

"But this purpose which ravishes you," exclaimed Rodin, exasperated at the exaggerations of southern origin, and interrupting the Roman; "this purpose, what is it?"

"This rescript of our most reverend and most excellent general will instruct you, my very dear father." And Caboccini took from his pocket-book a paper folded and sealed with three seals, which he kissed respectfully before he handed it to Rodin, who took it, and, after having kissed it himself, opened it with extreme anxiety.

While he read it, the Jesuit's features remained impassive; nothing betokened his internal agitation but a hasty beating of the pulses in his temples.

Then putting the letter calmly into his pocket, Rodin looked at the Roman and said,

"All shall be done as orders our most excellent general."

"Thus, then," exclaimed Father Caboccini, with a revival of enthusiasm and excessive admiration, "it is I who shall be now and hereafter the shadow of your light—your second self; I shall have the happiness of never leaving you day or night—of being your socius, in a word; since, after having granted to you the faculty of not having one for some time, according to your desire, and in the best interest of the affairs of our holy Company, our most excellent general thinks it fit to send me from Rome to you to fulfil this function: unhoped-for favour—immense—which fills me with gratitude for our general and tender-ness for you, my dear and worthy father!"

"This is well acted," thought Rodin, "but I am not to be caught with such chaff; and, besides, it is only in the kingdom of the blind that one-eyed men are kings."

The same evening on which this scene passed between the Jesuit and the new socius, Nini-Moulin, after having received Rodin's instructions (in Caboccini's presence), repaired to Madame de la Sainte-Colombe.
CHAPTER LVIII.

MADAME DE LA SAINTE-COLOMBE.

MADAME DE LA SAINTE-COLOMBE, who, at the beginning of this recital, had gone to visit the grounds and Chateau de Cardoville, with the intention of purchasing the property, had made her fortune by keeping a milliner’s shop in the Palais Royal when the allies entered Paris. It was a remarkable house, in which the workwomen were always fresher and handsomer than the bonnets they made and sold. It would be difficult to detail the modes by which this creature had contrived to amass the considerable fortune on which the reverend fathers, totally regardless of the origin of such property, so that they could pocket it (ad majorem Dei gloriam), had cast longing eyes and serious intentions. They had proceeded according to the A B C of their trade. This woman was a weak, vulgar, coarse-minded creature. The reverend fathers managed an introduction to her, and had not over-blamed her for her former life. They had even found means of extenuating these pecadilloes, for their moral code is easy and elastic; but they had announced to her, that even as a calf becomes a bull in time, so peccadilloes increase with impenitence; and as they increase with years, so they conclude by attaining the proportions of enormous sins; and then, as a fearful punishment of these sins, came the well-timed representation of the devil and his horns, his flames and pitchforks. In the reverse case, the reparation of these peccadilloes would come in good time if assuaged by a good and bountiful donation to the Company; the reverend fathers would speedily dismiss Lucifer to his furnaces, and guarantee to Sainte-Colombe (for a good lump of ready money or landed bequest) a prominent berth among the elect.

Despite the ordinary efficacy of these means, this conversion presented many difficulties. La Sainte-Colombe, subject from time to time to terrible returns of youthful feelings, had quite worn out two or three spiritual directors. And Nini-Moulin, who really and seriously coveted the fortune, and with it (compulsorily) the hand of this creature, had considerably damaged the plans of the right reverends.

At the moment when the religious writer went to La Sainte-Colombe as Rodin’s messenger, she occupied an apartment on the first floor in the Rue de Richelieu, for, notwithstanding her retirement from business, this woman found infinite pleasure in the noisy din and perpetual bustle of a thronged and principal thoroughfare; her apartment was richly furnished, but usually dirty and littering, in spite of, or in consequence of, the care of two or three domestics, with whom La Sainte-Colombe was on terms of decided familiarity or quarrelling like a fury.

We will introduce the reader to the sanctuary in which this creature had been for some time in secret confidence with Nini-Moulin.
The neophyte so much coveted by the right reverend fathers was seated on a mahogany sofa covered with crimson silk. She had two cats on her knees and a spaniel at her feet, while a large old gray parrot was moving backward and forward at the back of the sofa; a green parrot, less favoured, or not so tame, shrieked out from time to time, chained to a stand placed near the window. The parrot did not cry out, but occasionally interspersed conversation by uttering coarse oaths in a loud voice, or giving out the language of the fish-market or those haunts of vice in which he had passed his youth. The truth was, that this old pet of La Sainte-Colombe had received from his mistress (before her conversion) his by no means refined education, and had even been christened by her with a very ill-sounding name, for which, however, La Sainte-Colombe, on the abjuration of her early errors, had substituted the modest appellation of Barnaby.

As to La Sainte-Colombe's portrait, she was a stout woman of about fifty, with a broad florid face, somewhat bearded, and a masculine voice. She had on this evening an orant turban and a gown of violet velvet, although it was the end of May. She had, moreover, rings on all her fingers, and around her forehead a ferronière of diamonds.

Nini-Moulin had exchanged the sack coat which he usually wore for a suit of black, with a large white waistcoat à la Robespierre; his hair was smoothed around his projecting skull, and he had assumed a most devout look, which he believed better suited to his matrimonial schemes, and to counterbalance the influence of the Abbé Corbinet, than the roystering air which he had at first affected.

At this moment the religious writer, laying aside his own interest, thought only of succeeding in the delicate mission with which Rodin had charged him—a mission which, besides, had been offered to him very adroitly by the Jesuit under the most acceptable appearances, and whose aim being, as he believed, honourable, formed the excuse for means somewhat hazardous.

"Then," said Nini-Moulin, continuing a conversation begun some time, "she is twenty years old?"

"At most," replied La Sainte-Colombe, who seemed to feel a very lively curiosity; "but it is still a great farce what you tell me, my stout darling." La Sainte-Colombe was, it will be seen, already on a footing of easy familiarity with the religious writer.

"Farce is not quite the proper word, my worthy friend," replied Nini-Moulin; "it is touching, interesting, you should say; for if by to-morrow you could find the person in question—"

"The devil! by to-morrow, my trump?" said La Sainte-Colombe, cavalierly. "How fast you get on! why, it is more than a year since I heard of her. Ah! yes, Antonia, whom I met a month since, told me where she was—"

"But can you not find her out by the means you first thought of?"

"Yes, fat darling; but it is very tiresome to take a great deal of trouble in such a matter when one has left off the habit—"

"What, my charming friend! you so good, you who work so hard for your own salvation, do you hesitate at a little trouble or inconvenience when it is to effect a very desirable and worthy end—when it is to snatch a young girl from the snares of Satan and all his works?"

[See cut, on page 622.]

Here Parrot Barnaby uttered two fearful oaths with perfect articulation.

In her first feeling of indignation, La Sainte-Colombe cried, as she turned to Barnaby with an angry, revolted air:

"This— (a word quite as coarse as that uttered by Barnaby) will never reform. Will you hold your tongue?" (Here again Barnaby let fly a whole volume of his usual expletives.) "He really does it on purpose; yesterday he made the Abbé Corbinet blush to his ears. Will you hold your tongue?"

"If you always scold Barnaby in this severe way," said Nini-Moulin, preserv-
ing his seriousness to perfection, "you will eventually correct him. But to return to our affair. Come, be what you naturally are, my worthy friend, excessively obliging; hasten to do an action doubly good; in the first instance, to snatch, as I said, a young girl from Satan and his vanities by giving her an honourable position, that is to say, the means of returning to virtue; and then—a thing equally noble—restore, perchance, to her senses, a poor mother gone mad with grief. To effect this, very little trouble is required."

"But why this girl more than any other, my dear fellow? Is it because she is a kind of rarity?"

"Assuredly, my worthy friend; and remember the poor crazy mother, whom they are so desirous to restore to reason, might be (as we hope) recovered at the sight of her child."

"That's true."

"So come, my worthy friend, do make a little effort."

"Ah, you coxer!" said La Sainte-Colombe, in her most dulcet tone; "one must do all you wish."

"Then," said Nini-Moulin, anxiously, "you promise—"

"I promise; and, more than that, I will go at once and do all I can; it will be the sooner managed. This evening I shall know enough to decide whether it can be done or not."

So saying, La Sainte-Colombe rose with an effort, deposited her two cats on the sofa, pushed the dog away with her foot, and rang the bell vigorously.

"You are really most kind," said Nini-Moulin, with dignity; "I shall never forget it during my life."

"Don't trouble yourself, my stout friend," said La Sainte-Colombe; "it is not on your account that I have resolved to do this."
"Then on whose account, or why?" inquired Nini-Moulin.

"Ah, that's my secret!" replied La Sainte-Colombe. Then addressing her femme de chambre, who entered,

"My girl, tell Ratisbonne to go and fetch me a coach, and give me my coquelicot velvet hat and feathers."

While the servant was gone to execute these orders, Nini-Moulin went toward La Sainte-Colombe, and said to her in a low voice, and with an insinuating and gentle air,

"You will at least remark, my charming friend, that I have not said one word about love this evening: do you not give me credit for my discretion?"

At this moment La Sainte-Colombe had taken off her turban, and, turning round suddenly, she put this head-dress on Nini-Moulin's bald pate, laughing loudly as she did so. The religious writer appeared overjoyed at this proof of confidence, and at the moment when the servant returned with the hat and shawl of her mistress, he kissed the turban passionately, looking askance at La Sainte-Colombe.

The day after this scene, Rodin, whose countenance appeared triumphant, put with his own hands into the post a letter thus addressed:

"To Monsieur Agricola Baudouin,
"Rue Brise-Miche, No. 2,
"Paris.

"[With speed.]"
CHAPTER LIX.

FARINGHEA'S AMOURS.

JALMA, it may be remembered, when he first learned that he was beloved by Adrienne, had, in the excess of his happiness, said to Faringhea, whose treachery he had detected,

"You are leagued with my enemies, yet I never did you any ill. You are wicked, because, doubtless, you are unhappy; I would make you happy, that you may be good. Would you have gold?—you shall have gold; would you have a friend?—you are a slave, I am a king's son: I offer you my friendship."

Faringhea had refused the gold, and affected to accept the friendship of Kadja-Sing's son. Endowed with singular intelligence and profound dissimulation, the Meti had easily persuaded of the sincerity of his repentance, his gratitude, and his attachment, a man of a character so confiding, so generous, as Djalma: besides, what motive could he have to distrust the slave become his friend? Certain of Mademoiselle de Cardoville's love, with whom he passed every day, he would have been defended by the salutary influence of the young girl against the perfidious counsels or calumnies of the Meti, the faithful and secret instrument of Rodin, who had affiliated him to the Company: but Faringhea, whose tact was perfect, did not act without caution; he never spoke to the prince of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, but discreetly awaited the confidence which the overflowing delight of Djalma sometimes induced.

A very few days after Adrienne had fled from the contagious bewilderment of Djalma's passion—the day after that on which Rodin, certain of the success of Nini-Moulin with La Sainte-Colombe, had himself put a letter in the post addressed to Agricola Baudoin—the Meti, who had for some time seemed gloomy, appeared so dejected that the prince, struck by the appearance of the man in whom he was interested as well from affection as happiness, asked him several times the cause of this sorrow; but the Meti, while he thanked the prince for the interest he evinced with gratitude, preserved the same dispirited air.

This told, the following scene may be conceived. It took place toward the middle of the day, in the small house in the Rue de Clichy, occupied by the Indian.

Djalma, contrary to his usual custom, had not passed the day with Adrienne, as he had been informed by the young girl that she should ask of him the sacrifice of the whole day, that she might employ it in taking the necessary measures to render their union blessed and acceptable in the eyes of the world, and yet surrounded by the restrictions which she and Djalma desired; as to the means which Mademoiselle de Cardoville might employ to attain this result—as to the person, so pure and so honourable, who was to consecrate this union, that was a secret which, not belonging only to the young girl, could not yet be confided to Djalma.
FATHER CABOCCHINI.
As to the Indian, so long accustomed to consecrate every instant to Adrienne, the whole day passed away from her seemed interminable. By turns a prey to burning agitation or a kind of bewilderment, in which he endeavoured to plunge his thoughts to escape those which caused him such overwhelming tortures, Djalma had extended himself on a divan, his face hidden in his hands, as if he desired to escape from a vision that was too tempting. Suddenly Faringhea entered the apartment, without giving a knock on the door as usual.

Djalma, startled at the noise which the Metis made as he entered, raised his head and looked about him with surprise, and at the sight of the pale and distressed countenance of the slave he rose suddenly, and, advancing toward him, exclaimed,

"What ails you, Faringhea?"

After a moment's silence, and as if yielding to a painful hesitation, Faringhea, throwing himself at Djalma's feet, murmured in a faint voice, and despairing, almost supplicating tone,

"I am very unhappy; have pity on me, my lord."

The accent of the Metis was so touching, the great grief he seemed to experience gave his features, ordinarily so impassive and inflexible, such an expression of agony, that Djalma was touched by it, and bending down to raise the Metis, said to him, with affection,

"Speak, speak; confidence soothes the torments of the heart. Have confidence in me; rely on me: the angel said to me, a few days since, Happy Love admits no tears about him."

"But unfortunate love, wretched love, betrayed love, sheds tears of blood," replied Faringhea, with extreme dejection.

"What betrayed love do you allude to?" inquired Djalma, surprised.

"I allude to my own love," replied the Metis, with a gloomy air.

"Your love?" said Djalma, more and more astonished; not that the Metis, who was still young, and had a face of sombre beauty, appeared to him incapable of inspiring or experiencing a tender sentiment, but because he had not believed until then that this man was capable of so poignant a grief.

"My lord," replied the Metis, "you said to me, Misfortune has made you wicked; be happy and you will be good. In these words I saw a presage, as if one had said, that in order for a noble love to enter my breast, hatred and treachery must leave it. Now I, half a savage, had found a young and lovely female who shared my passion—at least I believed so; but I had been a traitor to you, my lord, and for traitors, even if repentant, there is no happiness; in my turn I have been betrayed—infamously betrayed."

Then, seeing the prince's movement of surprise, the Metis added, as if he were overcome with confusion,

"Pray do not jest with me, my lord; the most fearful tortures would not have torn this heart-rending confession from me; but you, son of a king, have deigned to say to your slave, 'Be my friend.'"

"And that friend thanks you for your confidence," said Djalma, earnestly; "far from jesting, I will console you. Take heart, and do not think I would jest with you."

"Betrayed love merits so much contempt, such insult," said Faringhea, bitterly. "Cowards even have a right to point at you with disdain; in this country, the sight of a man deceived in that which is the soul of his soul, the blood of his blood, the life of his life, makes men shrug their shoulders and burst into derisive laughter."

"But are you certain of this treachery?" replied Djalma; adding, with a degree of hesitation which proved the goodness of his heart, "Listen, and excuse me for speaking to you of the past. Besides, it will prove to you that I do not preserve any bad feeling toward you, and that I believe in the repentance and affection you show me daily. Remember, I also believed that the angel who is
now my life did not love me; yet that was false. What assures you that you
are not, as I was, abused by false appearances?"

"Alas! my lord, I would fain believe so, but I dare not hope it; amid all
these perplexities my brain seems quite turned, and I am unable to come to any
decided conclusion. In my perplexity, therefore, my lord, I venture to beg your
advice."

"But what has excited your suspicions?"

"The coldness which sometimes succeeds to her most impassioned tenderness,
her occasional rejection of my most trifling caresses, alleging her 'duties' as the
cause; and then—" but, as though withheld by some powerful restraint, the
Metis did not finish his sentence, and became suddenly silent and thoughtful.
After a pause of several minutes he added, "My lord, she reasons too calmly,
too dispassionately, when I urge my suit. No, no! all proves too clearly, either
that she has never loved me, or that she loves me no longer."

"Nay, I should rather believe in the excess of her regard, if she seeks to ele-
vate the dignity and value of her affection in your eyes."

"That is what they all say," replied the Metis, with bitter irony, as he fixed
his searching glance on Djalma, "or at least those who love feebly; but the
woman whose heart beats with true passion mistrusts not the man she loves;
with her coyness or excess of maiden modesty is not permitted to stand in op-
position to the half-expressed wish of her lover; to a true mistress the cruel
thought could never come, of exciting the passions but for the delight of com-
pelling him to listen to her severe dogmas, her rigid notions. No, no, I say, and
I insist, that a woman who loves as I would be loved could have no reservations
from the object of her affections; and whether the surrender of her life or hon-
our was required of her, at his word either or both would be freely given, and
that because, in the idolatry of her heart, the wishes of the man she loved would
outweigh every consideration, human or divine. But, alas! these women, and,
above all, she who has caused me to endure my present tortures—these artful
beings, whose pride and happiness consist in subduing and conquering man, no
matter how proud or impatient of restraint the passive slave may naturally be—
the greater then their triumph in bringing him to their feet. These women, I say
again, who lead a man on, step by step, till the poor victim believes nothing he can
ask will be denied—these women are fiends, who rejoice in the wretchedness of
the strong man who loves them with the weakness of a child. And while men are
expiring for love at the feet of their obdurate enslavers, these perfidious crea-
tures will just dole out as much tenderness as serves to keep alive that passion
their vanity would not have extinguished. No, no, they know exactly how far
it will be safe and wise to go, that their victim be not driven to utter despair.
Oh, how cold, passionless, and weak do these heartless beings appear, compared
with the noble generosity of the loving mistress, who, when she reads the wishes
of the man of her choice, expressed in his kindling glances, says to him, with
unutterable tenderness, 'Be happy, O beloved of my heart! and whether shame,
sorrow, disgrace, or death overtake me, what care I? My entire existence were
well given to spare you a single regret. My life is of less value than one tear
from those dear eyes!'"

A cloud overspread the forehead of Djalma as he listened to the Mulatto;
having always preserved the strictest silence respecting his passion for Mademoi-
selle de Cardoville, the prince could only see in these words an unintentional
allusion to the chaste refusals of Adrienne to permit the slightest infringement
of the most rigid propriety; yet still the self-love of Djalma was piqued, as he
reflected that Faringhea spoke truly when he said that there were restraints and
considerations, duties and observances, which a woman, while professing to have
bestowed her heart, allowed to stand between herself and the object of her love.
But this unworthy feeling was soon dispelled from the prince's breast, and the
sweet image of Adrienne, recovering its wonted influence, put to flight all the sensual arguments of the Metis; the frowning brow resumed its usual serenity, and he replied to the Mulatto, who was stealthily watching each turn of his expressive countenance, by saying,

"Your grief disturbs your judgment; be assured, if you have no stronger reasons for doubting the fidelity of her you love than vague suspicions and displeasure at her repulsing the ardour of your wishes, that she loves you far better, perhaps, than you have ever fancied."

"May your words, my lord, prove those of truth," replied the Metis, dejectedly, and as though touched by the words of Djalma; "still I cannot help saying to myself, from time to time, there are evidently objects she prefers to me; her delicacy, her scruples, her dignity, her honour, are all of superior value to myself: she will not sacrifice one of these personal considerations to my happiness. Well, it matters not! After all these worldly reasons have had their due place, then she can bestow a little thought upon my poor affection."

"My friend, you are paining yourself unnecessarily," said Djalma, mildly, though at the same time a painful feeling shot through his heart at the pertinacity with which the Metis reiterated his opinion; "you are wrong; the greater a woman's love, the greater is the chaste dignity by which it is guarded, and her very scruples and delicacy are awakened by the sensitiveness of her affection, which influences every word and thought instead of being governed by worldly motives."

"No doubt my lord is right; and, since this woman imposes on me a certain manner of showing my love, there is nothing left for it but a blind submission—"

Then suddenly interrupting himself, the Mulatto concealed his face in his hands, uttering a heavy groan, while his features expressed a mixture of rage, hatred, and despair, at once so frightful and yet so sorrowful, that Djalma, pitying him more and more, seized the hand of Faringhea, saying,
"Calm these angry passions, and listen to the voice of friendship, that it may dispel the evil influence which now possesses your mind. Speak; say why this fresh burst of anger?"

"No, no! it is too dreadful."

"Speak; I command you, speak!"

"Leave a wretched being like myself to a despair that admits not of cure."

"Do you think me capable of so doing?" asked Djalma, with a mixture of gentleness and dignity that seemed to produce a lively emotion on the part of the Metis.

"Alas!" he replied, still hesitating, "does my lord insist upon it?"

"I do."

"Well, then, I have not told you all, for at the moment of confessing the cause of my misery, shame and a dread of ridicule restrained me; when you inquired my reasons for believing myself deceived, I spoke of vague suspicions—coldness—reserve on the part of her I loved; but that was not the entire truth; this very evening she—the faithless one—"

"Go on—go on."

"Has appointed a meeting with a favoured lover."

"How do you know?"

"I learned it from one who, though unknown to me, has seen and pitied my infatuated blindness."

"But how if this should be false—if this stranger were deceiving you?"

"He has offered me the most incontestable proofs of what he asserts."

"What proofs?"

"He has undertaken to make me an unperceived witness of the meeting. 'It is possible,' he said, 'that there may be nothing criminal in the interview, although appearances indicate the reverse; but judge for yourself,' added the man; 'be courageous enough to do this, and all your cruel doubts will end.'"

"And what reply did you make?"

"None whatever, my lord; my brain seemed bewildered then as it is now; and all I could determine upon was to entreat your advice." Then, making a despairing gesture, the Metis continued, wildly, and with a burst of savage laughter, "Counsel! advice! Why ask them of man when 'tis of the blade of my kandjiar I should seek them, and the steel would reply, 'Blood, blood!'" and with these words the Metis convulsively grasped a long poniard he wore in his belt.

There are certain outbursts of feeling and violence that are fatally contagious as the plague itself.

At the sight of Faringhea's features, thus distorted by jealousy and rage, Djalma started; for it brought back to his recollection the remembrance of his own insane fury when the Princess de Saint-Dizier had defied Adrienne to deny the fact of Agricola Baudoin's being found secreted in her bedchamber, representing him as a favoured lover. But, quickly reassured by the proud and dignified calmness of the young girl, Djalma's violence had been succeeded by contempt for the author of so base a calumny, of which Adrienne had not even deigned to take the slightest notice.

Nevertheless, the recollection of this unworthy accusation had more than once shot like a flame through the mind of the young Indian, but it had almost quickly been dispelled by his confidence in the purity of his beloved, and the assurance of his happiness.

These reminiscences, as well as the recollection of Adrienne's chaste reserve, by rendering Djalma somewhat sad, seemed also to excite in him a greater degree of pity for Faringhea than he would have felt but for this strange and secret similarity between their relative positions. Knowing by his own experience to what fearful extremities a blind fury may lead, and wishing to soften the
mind of the Metis by kindness and affection, Djalma said to him, 'in a serious though gentle tone,

"I have offered you my friendship; I would fain act toward you according to my words."

But the Mulatto, feigning the most absorbing and deadly fury, continued with fixed and haggard eyes to gaze upon vacancy, as though he heard not the prince, who, finding himself unnoticed, placed his hand lightly on the shoulder of the Mulatto, and said,

"Faringhea, hearken to me!"

"My lord!" exclaimed the Metis, abruptly, starting, as though just roused from a deep reverie, "your pardon, but I—I—"

"In the agony of mind caused by your cruel suspicions, 'tis not of your dagger you should ask counsel or assistance, but of your friend; and have I not already told you that friend is myself?"

"My lord—"

"This meeting, which, as you are told, will prove the guilt or innocence of her you love—this meeting must be watched."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the Metis, with a hoarse voice and menacing look;

"I will be there."

"But not alone; you go not unaccompanied."

"What does my lord mean?" inquired the Mulatto, with an air of perplexity;

"Who will accompany me?"

"I!"

"You, my lord?"

"Yes; it may be to save you from the commission of a crime, for I know how blind and unjust are our first impulses of anger."

"But," replied Faringhea, with a bitter smile, "'tis our first impulses that avenge us."

"Faringhea, I have the whole of to-day at my disposal; I will not leave you for an instant," said the prince, resolutely; "either you do not attend this meeting, or I go with you!"

As though conquered by this generous persistence, the Mulatto fell at the feet of Djalma and caught his hand, which he carried respectfully first to his forehead, then to his lips, saying,

"My lord must not be generous by halves; he must also grant me his pardon!"

"Pardon! for what?"

"For having had the boldness to form the audacious wish to crave the very favour you offer me. Yes, not knowing whither my blind fury might lead me, I had purposed asking a proof of goodness which you would probably have refused to an equal; and until it came to the point, I durst not, any more than avow the whole extent of the treachery I apprehend; and my only motive in seeking you to-day was to tell you I was wretched, because you were the only person in the world to whom I could own my misery."

It is impossible to convey an accurate idea of the almost childlike simplicity and guileless candour with which the Metis pronounced these words, or the expressive tone of voice, mingled with tears, which succeeded his late ferocity.

Deeply affected, Djalma, kindly extending his hand, said to him,

"You were entitled to claim a proof of friendship at my hands, and I feel pleased and happy at having thus anticipated your wishes. Come, take courage and hope for the best. I will bear you company to this meeting, and, if I may trust my own presentiments, you will find that you have been the dupe of false appearances."

When it was perfectly dark, the Metis and Djalma, well concealed amid the
folds of their large cloaks, entered a hackney-coach, which, according to Faringhea's bidding, drove rapidly to the abode of Madame de la Sainte-Colombe.

CHAPTER LX.

AN EVENING AT MADAME DE LA SAINTE-COLOMBE'S.

We left Djalma and Faringhea proceeding to the residence of Madame de la Sainte-Colombe, but before we proceed it will be necessary to make some retrospective explanations. Nini-Moulin, who still continued ignorant of the real purport of the various steps he took at Rodin's instigation, had gone the preceding evening, according to the Jesuit's desire, to offer to Madame de la Sainte-Colombe a very considerable sum to induce this person, who still retained an inordinate craving for money, to give up the entire occupation of her apartments for a whole day. La Sainte-Colombe, having accepted the proposition, which was far too tempting for one of her sordid, avaricious nature to refuse, had gone away at an early hour in the morning with her servants, telling them that she wished to requite their faithful services by taking them to spend a long day in the country.

Left master of the place, Rodin, his bald head covered with a black wig, a pair of blue glass spectacles on his nose, wrapped in a cloak, and having the lower part of his countenance buried in a deep white worsted neck-wrapper—in a word, so completely disguised as to render recognition impossible—had come at an early hour with Faringhea to survey the apartments and give the necessary orders to the Metis, who, before the Jesuit had been gone a couple of hours, had, by his intelligence and address, made the needful preparations, after which he hastily returned home to play the part of detestable hypocrisy, to which Djalma was so unsuspecting a victim.

During the drive from the Rue de Clichy to the residence of Madame de la
Sainte-Colombe in the Rue de Richelieu, Faringhea remained plunged in a deep and painful reverie, which he suddenly broke by saying to Djalma, in a hoarse and abrupt tone,

"If I am betrayed, then, my lord, I must have a fearful vengeance."

"And what can you have more terrible than contempt?"

"No, no!" replied the Metis, with an accent of suppressed rage; "no, that suffices not; the nearer the moment approaches, the more do I feel that blood must be shed!"

"Hearken to me!"

"My lord, have pity on me; I was weak and cowardly; I recoiled from the idea of vengeance; but now she shall have torture for torture. Ah! my lord, permit me to leave you, and to go alone to this meeting."

And with these words Faringhea made a feigned attempt to precipitate himself from the carriage. Djalma, however, seized him quickly by the arm, saying,

"Remain where you are; I will not leave you. If you have been betrayed, 'tis not by blood, but contempt, you shall avenge your wrongs: friendship shall console you."

"No, no, my lord! I am fixed. When I have killed, then will I kill myself," exclaimed the Mulatto, with savage energy. "To the traitors, this kandjiar," clutching the poniard he wore in his belt; "for me, the poison contained in its handle!"

"Faringhea!"

"Pardon me, my lord, for resisting your will; my destiny must be accomplished!"

Time was hurrying on; and Djalma, despairing of being able to calm the ferocious rage of the Metis, resolved upon employing a species of artifice. 

After a few minutes' silence, he said to Faringhea,

"I will not leave you; I will do all in my power to spare you the commission of a crime, and if I fail, let the blood you shed be on your head alone; never again shall my hand touch yours."

These words seemed to make a lively impression on Faringhea, who, heaving a deep sigh, let his head drop forward on his breast, while Djalma prepared, by the aid of the feeble light cast into the vehicle from the outside lamps, to employ either force or surprise to dispossess the Metis of his weapon, when, having by an oblique glance discovered the prince's intentions, the Mulatto suddenly plucked the kandjiar from his belt, and said, in a solemn yet savage voice,
"This dagger is terrible when wielded by a firm hand; in this small vial is contained one of the subtle poisons of our country;" and, pushing back a spring concealed in the setting of the kandjiar, the handle lifted up like a lid, and displayed a small crystal vial hid in the thickness of the hilt of this murderous weapon. "Two or three drops of this poison on the lips," continued the Metis, "will bring a slow, calm, and painless death at the end of a few hours, the only symptom being the discoloration of the nails, which turn blue; but he who should drain the vial would die on the instant, without pain or suffering, as though stricken by a thunderbolt."

"I know," replied Djalma, "that our country produces mysterious poisons; some destroying slowly, others with lightning swiftness: but why thus dwell on the destructive properties of this weapon?"

"To prove to you, my lord, that this kandjiar is at once the means of securing vengeance and impunity: with this dagger I slay; with this poison I escape by a speedy death from the justice of men. And yet this kandjiar I resign to you; take it, my lord; I can more easily renounce my vengeance than make myself unworthy to touch your hand;" and the Metis presented the poniard to the prince.

As much surprised as delighted by this unexpected resolution, Djalma hastily placed the terrible weapon in his girdle, while the Metis resumed, in a voice of intense emotion,

"Keep this kandjiar, my lord; and when you have seen and heard what we are about to see and hear, you shall either give me the poniard and I will strike a guilty wretch, or you shall give me the poison and I will die without giving a blow; 'tis for you to command, for me to obey."

As Djalma was about to reply, the carriage stopped at the residence of Madame de la Sainte-Colombe; and the prince and the Metis, well enveloped in their mantles, entered beneath a porch, the gates of which immediately closed upon them, when Faringhea, having said a few words to the porter, received a key from him.

The two Indians then proceeded to one of the doors communicating with Madame de la Sainte-Colombe's apartments, which contained two entrances from the landing-place, and a back staircase that led to the court below. At the moment when Faringhea was putting the key in the lock, he said to Djalma in an agitated voice,

"My lord, pardon my weakness; but at this fearful moment I tremble and hesitate: perhaps it would be better to remain a prey to my doubts, or to forget—"

Then, as the prince was about to speak, the Metis exclaimed,

"No, no! let me be firm;" and, opening the door in a hurried manner, he entered, followed by Djalma. The door closed: the Metis and the prince found themselves in utter darkness in a sort of narrow corridor.

"Give me your hand, my lord, and let me guide you," said the Mulatto, in a low voice; "tread lightly," he continued, as he extended his hand to the prince, who took it and proceeded silently and cautiously by his side along the dark passage.

After having made Djalma take a long and circuitous walk, opening and shutting several doors, the Metis suddenly stopped, and, letting drop the prince's hand, said, in a low voice,

"My lord, the decisive moment approaches; let us wait here a few instants."

A profound silence followed these words.

So great was the darkness that Djalma could discern nothing; but at the expiration of a few seconds he could hear Faringhea moving away from him, then all at once the noise of a door quickly opened, and then double-locked.

This sudden disappearance began to create a feeling of uneasiness in the mind of Djalma; by a mechanical movement he felt for his dagger, and finding it safe in his girdle, commenced a rapid attempt to grope his way toward the spot
whence he imagined the sounds to have proceeded. All at once the voice of the Metis struck on the prince's ear; and, without its being possible to discover the precise place where the speaker stood, these words were clearly and distinctly heard:

"You bade me be your friend, my lord; I have acted as such, and employed stratagem to bring you hither. Had I told you the truth, the blind infatuation of your fatal passion would have prevented your following me or listening to my counsel. You have heard from the Princess de Saint-Dizier of Agricola Baudoin, the favoured lover of Adrienne de Cardoville. Now hearken, behold, and judge for yourself!"

The voice, which had seemed to proceed from one of the corners of the room, here ceased, leaving Djalma still in utter darkness, and half suffocated with rage at finding, too late, the snare into which he had fallen.

"Faringhea," he exclaimed, "where am I? Whither have you gone? On your life, open these doors! I would depart instantly!" And with these words Djalma advanced rapidly till he struck against a wall; and passing his hands over it, in search of some outlet, he at length found a door, but fastened. In vain he shook it; the lock refused to yield. Still groping his way, he came to a fireplace, the fire of which was extinct; then to a second door, equally well secured with the first. In a few seconds he had gone round the apartment, and found himself again by the fireplace. The prince's uneasiness grew stronger and stronger; and in a voice, tremulous with rage, he called Faringhea, without receiving any reply: the most profound silence reigned without, and all within was enveloped in the utmost obscurity. Ere long, a sort of perfumed vapour, of indescribable sweetness, but of a most subtle and penetrating kind, began to spread itself through the chamber in which Djalma was standing; it seemed as though it were introduced by means of a tube passed through one of the doors. A prey to the many perplexing ideas by which his mind was oppressed, Djalma had at first paid no attention to this circumstance; but many minutes had not elapsed before the pulses of his temples began to accelerate; a fervid heat circulated rapidly in his veins, while a vague feeling of happiness stole over him. The angry passions which had so recently animated him seemed to die away by degrees, and to lose themselves in a delicious torpor, which lulled both mind and body to rest, without his being scarcely conscious of the moral transformation he underwent even in spite of himself.

Still, by a last effort of his failing resolution, Djalma went forward, to endeavour once again to open one of the doors. The object of his search was easily regained; but at this moment the fragrant vapour became so penetrating, that Djalma, unable longer to resist its power, felt himself compelled to lean against the wainscot. And now a singular circumstance occurred.* A faint light appeared in an adjoining chamber, and, gradually increasing, revealed to Djalma a sort of window let into the wall, which either gave or received light from the apartment in which he was. On the prince's side, this opening was protected by an iron grating, light but strong, and not in the least obstructing the view; on the other side, a thick glass was let into the depth of the wall, but at the distance of two or three inches from the iron grating. The apartment, seen through this opening, appeared to Djalma, by the faint, uncertain, but soft and pleasing light, to be splendidly furnished. Between the two windows, before which hung elegantly-arranged curtains of crimson silk, stood a large wardrobe, the front of which, composed entirely of glass, served admirably to reflect the whole form, as in the largest Psyche mirror. Opposite the fireplace, in which were only wood coals, thoroughly ignited, was a long and large divan, piled high with luxurious cushions. A second had scarcely elapsed when a female entered the apartment. It was impossible to distinguish either her figure or face, so carefully was she wrapped in a large dark mantle, of a par.

* See the strange effects of wambay, a resinous gum, proceeding from a shrub growing in the Himalaya Mountains, the smoke of which possesses exhilarating properties of extraordinary energy, and infinitely more powerful than that of opium, hashish, &c., &c. To the singular effect of this gum is attributed the species of hallucination which controls the unhappy beings whom the Prince of the Mountains (or Old Man of the Mountains) makes the instruments of his vengeance.
ticular form and style, the ample hood of which, thrown over the head of the
wearer, concealed every feature.

The sight of this mantle made Djalma start; and to the soft, dreamy delight in
which his senses had been steeped, succeeded a feverish restlessness resembling
the increasing fumes of intoxication, while his head and ears seemed filled with
a sort of hollow, booming sound, similar to that experienced by such as plunge
into deep water.

Djalma continued to gaze with a sort of stupor on what was passing in the
other chamber. The female who had just appeared seemed to enter with a de-
gree of precaution almost amounting to fear: first she put aside one of the cur-
tains, and looked with a timid and inquiring glance into the street, then slowly
returned to the fireplace, where, leaning her elbow on the mantel-piece, she re-
mained for a minute pensive and thoughtful, still concealed beneath the dark folds
of her cloak. Mastered by the overpowering and exhilarating odour, Djalma
had completely forgotten both Faringhea and the circumstances which had led
him to the house, and continued to gaze with fascinated glance upon every move-
ment of the strange female thus singularly presented to his view, whose move-
ments he watched as though she were enacting a part in one of his own dreams.

Suddenly she turned from the fireplace, and approached the large glass-fronted
wardrobe. Unfastening the clasp of her mantle, the covering fell from her
head and whole person, and lay in a dark mass at her feet.

Djalma remained mute, and almost paralyzed with amazement. Adrienne de
Cardoville stood before him!!

Yes; there he believed he saw her as on the previous evening, dressed pre-
cisely as she had been during her interview with the Princess de Saint-Dizier.
There was the light-green silk dress, striped with pink, and ornamented with
white embroidery. A net-work of white beads covered the knot of hair at the
back of her head, and contrasted beautifully with the golden tint
of her rich hair; there, too, was,
as well as the Indian could make
out by the indistinct light which
faintly glimmered in the room,
and through the iron grating
which covered the glass, the
slight, elegant, nymph-like form
of Adrienne, her ivory shoulders,
and her proud, yet graceful air,
with the fair, round, swan-like
throat; in a word, there stood
Mademoiselle de Cardoville her-
selß; it was impossible to doubt
her identity, and Djalma ent-
tained not the smallest doubt.

Large drops of perspiration
coursed each other down the
beating temples of the astonished
prince; his head became dizzy;
with fixed gaze and heaving bo-
som he stood motionless, and as
though bereft of all power but
that of seeing.

The young female, who still
stood with her back toward Djal-
ma, having arranged her hair with
graceful coquetry, took off the
pearl netting which confined it
and laid it on the marble mantel-
THE WANDERING JEW.

piece. She then seemed about to unclasp the fastening of her dress, but suddenly leaving her place before the glass, she momentarily disappeared from the eyes of Djalma, in whose ears sounded these words, seeming to issue from the wall of the dark chamber in which the prince remained—"She expects Agricola Baudoin, her lover!" Spite of the bewilderment of the unhappy Indian, each word seemed to burn itself into his brain and heart in characters of fire. A blood-like mist seemed to float before his eyes; a deep groan burst from him, though the thickness of the glass through which he was looking prevented it from being heard in the adjoining chamber, while the frantic lover wounded his hands in fruitless attempts to tear down the iron grating.

At this moment of concentrated fury, Djalma observed the light, always pale and uncertain, become still fainter, as though cautiously shrouded by some person within, and then through the vapoury gleaming so stealthily admitted he saw the same form he had just lost sight of return, clad in a long and loose white muslin robe, displaying her bare neck and arms, while her long golden hair fell in rich masses to her waist. The female continued cautiously to advance, as though directing her steps toward some door which Djalma was unable to see.

At this moment one of the entrances to the apartment in which was the prince was gently and noiselessly opened by an invisible hand, Djalma only becoming aware of the fact by the noise made in turning the lock and the fresh sensation from feeling a cooler air blow on his face, for not a glimmer of light reached him, the door being on the same side with the little window.

The door thus left open for Djalma communicated (like one of the doors in the adjoining room, where he had seen the female) with an anteroom opening on the staircase, up which ascending steps were distinctly heard; and almost immediately the sound was followed by two distinct knocks on the outer door, while the same voice which had previously been heard said, in the darkness which enveloped the prince, "'Tis Agricola Baudoin! Listen, and behold!"

Maddened and intoxicated with blind fury, and a disturbed recollection of what had happened, yet with all the fixedness of idea peculiar to those whose brain is troubled, Djalma drew the poniard he had received from Faringhea, and awaited, mute and motionless, the result of this second warning.

Scarcely had the two knocks been given, when the young girl, coming from her chamber, from which a faint light issued, hastened to the door opening on the staircase, so that sufficient light reached the spot where Djalma had placed himself, weapon in hand, for him to see all that was going on.

Thus he distinctly perceived the female cross the antechamber and approach the entrance to the staircase, saying, in a low tone, as she reached the door,

"Who is there?"

"'Tis I—Agricola Baudoin," replied a full, manly voice from the outside.

What followed was the work of an instant; the rapidity of thought can scarcely equal its swiftness.

Scarcely had the female withdrawn the fastenings of the door, and the foot of Agricola Baudoin touched the threshold, when, springing forward like a tiger, Djalma struck (so rapid were his blows) at the same time the unfortunate girl, who fell lifeless at his feet, and Agricola, who, though not mortally wounded, staggered, and fell beside the inanimate form of the ill-fated female.

That scene of murder, rapid in its execution as the quickest flash of lightning, had taken place in a sort of dim light, which enabled Djalma to plant his blows with fatal accuracy; but, all at once, the faint glimmering which had issued from the chamber was wholly extinguished, and in another second Djalma felt his arm seized as in a grasp of iron, while, amid the darkness which prevailed, he heard the voice of Faringhea say, "You are revenged! Come, your escape is sure." Bewildered, phrenied, and incapable of resistance, Djalma allowed himself to be drawn by the Metis into the inner apartment, from which there were two outlets.
When Rodin, while expatiating on the wonderful combination of ideas in the human brain, had exclaimed that the word NECKLACE had served as the germ of a fiend-like design, of which he then vaguely discerned the outline, he had by accident stumbled upon the recollection of the too notorious affair of the NECKLACE in which, by the striking resemblance she bore to the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, and being dressed like the queen, a female had, by favour of an imperfect light, so successfully enacted the part of the unfortunate queen, that even the Cardinal Prince de Rohan, one of the most experienced courtiers of the day, was deceived, and became the dupe of the illusion. His execrable design once decided on, Rodin had despatched Jacques Dumoulin to Madame de la Sainte-Colombe without explaining to him the real import of his errand, which was simply to inquire of this experienced woman if she knew a tall, handsome girl, with a profusion of golden or auburn hair. Such a female found, a costume precisely similar to that worn by Adrienne, the description of which Rodin had obtained from the Princess de Saint-Dizier (who, it is but just to say, was perfectly unacquainted with the diabolical scheme), completed the deception.

The rest may be easily imagined. The unfortunate representative of Adrienne had played the part allotted to her, believing the whole to be merely a practical jest.

As for Agricola, his appearance may be accounted for by saying that he had received a letter praying him to attend at a certain place and hour, when matters of the utmost consequence to Mademoiselle de Cardoville would be revealed to him.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE NUPTIAL COUCH.

UNDER the soft light issuing from a sphericallamp of Oriental alabaster was seen, in the sleeping apartment of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, a large ivory bedstead, delicately inlaid with mother-of-pearl. A snow-white mass of transparent muslin and Valenciennes lace hung in graceful folds around the bed, which had not yet been occupied. On the mantelpiece, of purest white marble, was placed, as usual, a large vase filled with fresh-gathered camellias, whose waxen flowers contrasted beautifully with the bright-green foliage. The glowing embers that lingered on the hearth cast a rich red glow on the snow-white ermine carpet that covered the floor.

A sweet odour filled the chamber, proceeding from the adjoining bath-room, in which Adrienne's accustomed bath of perfumed water had been prepared according to her evening custom. All was tranquillity within and without. Eleven o'clock in the evening had scarcely struck from the silvery pendule that proclaimed the hour to the graceful mistress of this elegant chamber, when the ivory doors opposite to those conducting to the bath-room slowly opened, and Djalma appeared. Two hours had elapsed since his commission of the double murder recorded in the last chapter, imagining that he had sacrificed Adrienne to his jealous fury. The household of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, accustomed to Djalma's daily visits, had long since ceased to announce him, and, not having received any contrary orders from their mistress, who was at that moment engaged in one of the rooms on the ground floor, they felt no surprise at the sight of the Indian.
THE WANDERING JEW.

Never before had the prince entered the sacred precincts of this apartment, but, aware of its locality, he doubted not of being able to find it. As Djalma entered the apartment, his features were calm and composed, owing to the powerful effort he was making over himself. The only perceptible difference in his appearance might be found in the paleness which had dimmed the rich amber of his complexion. He wore a robe of purple Cachmere striped with silver, so that the blood which had sprinkled him as he plunged his dagger into his supposed rival and false mistress showed not its hideous stains.

Closing the door firmly, yet noiselessly, Djalma threw from him his turban, for it seemed as though a band of burning fire encircled his head. His raven locks hung round his pale, handsome countenance, and, folding his arms, he looked slowly around him. As his eyes rested on the bed of Adrienne, he appeared as though intending to approach it, then, suddenly stopping short, a convulsive shudder shook his frame. He passed his hand across his brows, let his head drop forward on his breast, and remained for several moments thoughtful and motionless as a statue. After resting for some time in this attitude of deep contemplation, his thoughts took another turn, and, throwing himself on his knees, the prince seemed engaged in deep and earnest supplication; his features, bathed in tears, betrayed no violent passion. Neither hatred, despair, nor savage exultation was there to be seen. On the contrary, the predominating expression was that of acute and unaffected grief.

For several minutes tears and sobs prevented his utterance; but at length he articulated, in an agonized voice,

"Dead, dead! She who this morning reposed so peacefully in this very chamber! And I am her murderer! By what right did I take her life? Alas! perjured as she was, 'twas not my hand should have punished her. True, she loved another, and that other has paid for his presumption with his life! But was it her fault that she preferred my rival? No, no! it was rather mine that knew not better how to win her affections," he added, with an air of humility, that expressed also the deep distress and remorse. "But how could I, a poor, untaught, uncivilized being, hope to gain a heart like hers? Alas! she tried to love me, but unable to requite my passion, her generous nature, unwilling to cause pain, concealed her real indifference, and affected a love I was unworthy to create; and this, this she did to save me from anguish—from utter despair! And for this I killed her! Yet how nobly had she received me, a poor, shipwrecked wanderer! Did she not herself come to welcome me to her country, throw open her doors for my reception, and permit me to pass my days in her delightful society? She did, she did! and how have I requited all this goodness? What crime had she committed, that my hand, covered as it was with her benefits, plunged a dagger in her breast? She would have returned my love, but could not compel her heart to surrender itself to one who, though idolizing her beyond all earthly things, yet came not up to the standard of excellence which alone could satisfy a mind such as she possessed; and for this involuntary offence to take her life! I know not what demon urged me on. I seemed mad; but scarcely was the dreadful deed completed, when I seemed to wake as from a fearful dream. But, alas! it is no imaginary crime I have committed. She whom I so tenderly, adoringly loved and worshipped, has died by my hand! And up to this wretched evening what ineffable bliss have I not enjoyed, when, seated by her side, I have revelled in long vistas of joyful years and unfading happiness! She, too, with untiring goodness, had laboured to clear away the errors from my darkened soul, and fill it with sentiments noble and generous as those which inspired her! That at least remains," added the Indian, bursting into renewed sobs; "that blessed treasure, her own pure gift, can never be taken from me. No! this jewel of the past is all my own; no one can bereave me of that; it must henceforth be my consolation. But why do I speak of being consoled? Have I not murdered two defenceless beings—cowardly and basely slain them—without even affording them the means of defending their lives? I
rushed on my unresisting victims with the savage fury of a tiger, that seizes and tears the innocent as ferociously as the guilty!

Djalma could proceed no farther. He pressed his hands to his forehead with convulsive energy. Then, mastering his emotion, he said, in a calm voice,

"I know that I, too, must die, even as she has died; but, alas! my death will not restore her to life!" And, feebly rising, Djalma drew from his belt the blood-stained poniard of Faringhea, opened the handle and took from it the crystal vial that contained the poison, then threw from him the poniard, which, as it fell on the ermine carpet, spotted its snowy whiteness with the sanguinary moisture still remaining on the bright steel.

"Yes!" exclaimed Djalma, grasping the vial in his hand; "I, too, must die! 'Tis fit and right it should be so! Blood for blood! and my death shall avenge hers! How was it that the dagger I plunged into her heart was not turned back upon my own? I know not! I know but this, that she is dead, and by my hand! All that is left me is to utter my dying expressions of anguish, remorse, and unutterable affection; and, then, in this holy temple, of which she was the pure, the bright, the presiding goddess, to offer up my own life in atonement. Yes," he continued, "in this dear chamber, sanctified as it has been by her presence!"

Then, again relapsing into an agony of grief, and burying his face in his hands, he exclaimed, "Dead, dead!" After some minutes he succeeded in subduing the violence of his feelings, and added, in a firm, calm tone, "Well, death is my only refuge! Nor need I linger long; but no—the poison may be rendered either instantaneous, or slow and gradual in its effects. So Faringhea informed me; for those who would die by imperceptible approaches of its fatal influence a few drops only are needful. Then be such my death! Once assured of quitting this wretched existence, I would fain live over, in my thoughts, all the enchanting hours I have passed with her. Alas, alas! who would have thought, when we parted yesterday, so full of hope and fond affection, that this night would behold—"

So saying, the prince raised the vial to his lips, and having swallowed several drops of the fluid it contained, placed it on a small ivory table that stood beside the bed of Adrienne.

"This poison," he said, "is of a burning, acrid taste. I am now sure of death. Let me, then, feast my senses by gazing on this chamber and inhaling its sweet perfume, and then let me rest my dying head on the same pillow on which hers has so often reposed." And thus saying, Djalma fell on his knees before the bed, pressing his burning forehead on its delicate covering.

At this moment the ivory door which communicated with the bath-room turned softly on its hinges, and Adrienne appeared, having just dismissed her attendants after they had waited upon her toilet. She wore a long, white muslin dressing-gown, her hair, arranged for the night in a quantity of small plaits, formed two large bandeaux, which imparted to her lovely countenance an air of girlish sim-
GABRIEL ENCOUNTERING MOROK.
plicity, while the delicate fairness of her complexion was becomingly heighten-
by the action of the perfumed tepid bath she was accustomed to use before
retiring to rest. Nothing could be more resplendently beautiful than the whole
appearance of Adrienne, as she opened the ivory door, and placed her small and
exquisitely-moulded foot, thrust hastily in a slipper of white satin, upon the er-
mine carpet. Happiness sparkled in her eyes, and diffused itself over her air,
her step, her every movement: she had overcome every difficulty as to the mode
in which she desired to solemnize her marriage. All was arranged, and in two
days Djalma and herself would pronounce their mutual vows; and the very
thought of the nearness of the time when Djalma, too, would be possessor of the
luxurious apartment she had destined for their nuptial chamber brought a richer
glow to her cheek. The ivory door had opened so noiselessly, and the steps of
Adrienne fell so gently on the soft carpet, that Djalma, who still remained with
his head pressed on the muslin draperies of the bed, had not heard her approach.
But suddenly a mingled cry of terror and surprise struck on his ear. He turned
abruptly, and beheld Adrienne. By an involuntary impulse the startled girl,
wrapping her muslin robe more closely around her, withdrew several steps, feel-
ing more of sorrow than anger at finding Djalma. Believing that he had been
induced, during some wild burst of passion, to seek her in her chamber, she expe-
rienced extreme regret at conduct so unworthy both of him and herself, and was
just about to bid him depart in a tone and manner that should express the pain
his intrusion caused her, when she perceived the dagger lying almost at her feet.
At the sight of the weapon, and the expression of stupefaction and terror
which overspread the features of Djalma, who, still kneeling, continued to gaze
on her in fixed amazement, with eyes dilated and arms outstretched, as though
unable to believe even what he beheld, dismissing all idea of the prince’s pres-
ence having originated in the motive he first assigned to it, Adrienne now felt
a species of terror thrill through her veins; a dread of evil was uppermost in her
thoughts, and instead of retreating from the prince she advanced toward him, say-
ing, in an agitated voice, as she pointed to the kandjar,

"Why are you here, prince? what has befallen you? and wherefore this dag-
ger?"

Djalma replied not; the presence of Adrienne had at first seemed to him
the creation of a brain already disturbed and acted upon by the effects of the
poison.

But when the soft voice of Adrienne reached his ear, when the sudden beating
of his heart announced the sort of electric shock he experienced in now meeting
the glance of her he so passionately adored, when he contemplated that lovely
face so bright, so fresh and purely innocent, tranquil even amid the extreme un-
easiness she endured, Djalma perceived that he was not under the influence of a
dream or vision, but—that the object of his heart’s devotion was before his eyes.

Then, as by degrees he became more and more convinced of the identity of
the figure before him with her he had so deeply mourned; as the full delight pos-
sessed his mind that Adrienne still existed, though wholly unable to comprehend
the wonder by which she was thus restored to life, the countenance of the Indian underwent a change; the pale, golden tint of his complexion became
bright and glowing; his eyes, dimmed by remorse and tears, were again radiant
with joy, while his features, so lately contracted by despair, expressed every al-
ternation of a delight that was almost the delirium of happiness too great for
mortal to endure.

Approaching Adrienne in his kneeling attitude, and extending to her his sup-
plicating hands, too deeply affected for speech, he gazed on her with so much
astonishment, passionate tenderness, and intense gratitude, that the object of his
mute regard, terrified by his looks, and warned also by the forebodings of her
own heart, concluded with indescribable fear that some dreadful mystery lurked
beneath all this.

At length Djalma, clasping his hands, exclaimed, in accents impossible to de-
scribe,
"You live! You did not, then, die as I thought!"

"Die!" exclaimed the bewildered girl: "what do you mean?"

"Then 'twas not you I slew; thanks, thanks, to that great and good Providence that preserved you!" And in the ecstasy of this idea, the unhappy prince forgot the ill-fated victim who had perished by his hand.

More and more terrified, and again directing her eyes to the dagger which lay on the ground, Mademoiselle de Cardoville for the first time perceived that it was stained with blood—a discovery which afforded a dreadful confirmation of the words of Djalma: almost frantic, she exclaimed,

"My God! what is all this? Djalma! speak, tell me—whom have you killed? clear up this horrible mystery, or you will drive me mad!"

"You live—I see you," replied Djalma, in a voice of rapture; "yes, I have you before my eyes, lovely, pure, and spotless as ever. No, no, 'twas not you; I knew it could not be, or the dagger raised against your life would have refused to harm you, and been plunged in my own breast."

"For the love of Heaven," cried Adrienne, holding up her hands in earnest supplication, "explain all this if you would not see me die before you! What has occurred? whom have you killed? and wherefore commit so horrible a deed?"

"I know not, but 'twas some female who greatly resembled you, and there was a man also—her lover—but it was a dream—a vision of my heated brain—for, do I not behold you—and you yet mine—faithful and pure as ever? Oh, yes! oh, yes! and my happiness cannot be told in words;" and again sobs of ecstatic joy interrupted the speech of the young Indian.

"No, no, 'tis no dream!" exclaimed the terrified girl, pointing with phrenzied eagerness to the blood-stained kandjar; "there is blood on this dagger—tell me, Djalma, I charge you by our love, explain the cause of this murderous weapon lying here, and why its blade bears these dreadful marks!"

"I threw the poniard there just now, when I took the poison, fancying I had killed you."

"Poison!" shrieked Adrienne, her lips quivering with horror; "what poison?"

"I believed I had murdered you; and my only desire was to come here and offer up my own life as an atonement. I came hither to die."

"To die? what do I hear? Merciful God! what can this mean? wherefore would you die? for whom—for what?" exclaimed the almost frantic girl.

"I meant to take my own life," replied Djalma, with a look of ineffable tenderness, "even as I believed I had taken yours; for that purpose I swallowed poison!"

"You!" exclaimed Adrienne, becoming paler than the whitest marble, "you poisoned?"
"Even as I have told you."
"You cannot mean it," cried the horror-struck girl; "you are deceiving me!"
"Behold!" said the Indian, mechanically turning his head toward the little ivory table on which sparkled the crystal vial.

By an impulse more rapid than thought itself, and almost superseding the power of volition, Adrienne flew to the table, seized the vial, and carried it to her lips.

Djalma had hitherto continued kneeling, but as his eyes followed the movements of the half-frantic girl, he suddenly sprang up with one bound, and, overtaking Adrienne, tore from her grasp the vial she held to her lips.

"Tis done!" exclaimed Adrienne, with a gloomy and triumphant smile; "I, too, have drunk of this deadly draught."

A fearful silence reigned for several minutes, while the wretched pair gazed in each other's face in mute, motionless despair.

This gloomy pause was at length broken by Adrienne, who said, in a broken and agitated voice she vainly strove to render firm,

"After all, there is nothing very extraordinary in what has occurred: you have taken away life, and you wished to expiate your crime by your own death—that is just; and I will not survive you—that is natural. But why do you gaze on me so intently? tell me, dear Djalma, is the poison we have taken as prompt in its effects as it is burning and acrid to the taste?"

But the prince replied not; with a universal shudder he looked at his hands.

Faringheahad said truly; a slight tinge of violet already stained the polished nails of the young Indian, showing that a slow, painless, almost imperceptible, but sure death was approaching.

Overwhelmed with despair at the thought of Adrienne's approaching end, Djalma felt his courage forsake him; he groaned heavily, and covered his face with his hands; his knees failed to support him, and he sank on the bed beside which she was standing.

"So soon!" exclaimed the distracted girl, as she threw herself on her knees at Djalma's feet; "dead already! Oh! why do you hide your face from me?"

And in her extreme terror she eagerly pulled away the hands of the Indian, and beheld his features streaming with tears.

"No, no!" he replied, amid choking sobs; "no, death has not yet arrived; its progress is slow; the effect of this poison is gradual, though certain."

"Are you quite sure of that?" exclaimed Adrienne, with indescribable joy; then, kissing the hands of Djalma with extreme tenderness, she added, "Then, since this poison is slow, why do you weep?"

"For you—for you!" said the Indian.

"Think not of me," replied Adrienne, resolutely. "You have committed a fearful crime, which we shall expiate by our mutual death. I know not what has happened, but this I swear to you, by our fond loves, that you had no wrong to revenge. My heart was all your own: some horrible mystery is contained in this affair."

"Under a pretext so plausible that I could not refuse to credit it," replied Djalma, in a rapid and broken voice, "Faringheah succeeded in inducing me to enter a house; and when we were there, he told me you had deceived me. I did not at first believe him, but a sort of vertigo came over me, and directly afterward I saw, amid a doubtful light, yourself."

"Me!"

"No, not you, but a female who resembled you greatly, and who was dressed precisely as I had last seen you; my brain seemed to turn round; my ideas were no longer clear or distinct, and I fancied all I saw was reality. Then a man came; you ran to meet him; and I, mad with jealous rage, struck both the man and woman to the ground. I saw them fall! Then the idea occurred to me of coming hither to die, and in so doing I found you again—found you to be the cause of your death. Oh! grief, grief too great to bear! that you should lose your life through me!"
And here Djalma, hitherto endowed with so remarkable an energy, burst afresh into tears and sobs with all the weakness of a child.

At the sight of this deep and impassioned despair, Adrienne, filled with that admirable courage women alone possess where their fondest affections are concerned, forgot her own wretchedness, and thought only of consoling Djalma by an effort of almost superhuman passion. As the devoted girl listened to this account, which so clearly proved the fiendish plot that had been formed against their happiness, the countenance of Adrienne became so radiant with tenderness, love, and exulting happiness, that Djalma gazed on her with fear and wonder, dreading lest she had lost her reason.

"No more tears, my adored," exclaimed the young girl, radiant with happiness; "no more tears, but smiles of joy and love; be assured our enemies shall not triumph over us."

"What do you mean?"

"They would make us wretched; let us pity them, for our happiness shall be the envy of the world."

"Adrienne! calm yourself."

"I am calm—I am rational. Listen to me, dearest; now I understand all. Falling into the snare which these wretches have spread for you, you have killed! In this country this is a murder, and that is infamy or the scaffold; to-morrow, or even this very night, you would be thrown into prison; our enemies have said, 'A man like Prince Djalma will not await infamy on the scaffold, but will kill himself; a woman like Adrienne de Cardoville will not survive the infamy or death of her lover; she will kill herself or die of despair. Thus a fearful death for him, a fearful death for her; and for us,' as these black-gowned men have said, 'the enormous inheritance we covet.'"

"But for you, so young, so lovely, so pure, death is terrible; and these monsters triumph!" exclaimed Djalma; "they will have spoken the truth."

"They will have lied!" cried Adrienne; "our death shall be celestial, glorious; for this poison is slow, and, Djalma, I love you."

And as Adrienne said this, she approached so closely to Djalma that their breath mingled.

At this the Indian started, and a devouring flame lighted up his countenance; his blood boiled in his veins. He forgot all—his despair, his approaching death; and his features, like those of Adrienne, were resplendent with beauty.

"Oh, how lovely you are, my adored husband!" said Adrienne. "How often have the thoughts of you almost bereft me of reason, while awaiting the moment when I should be yours, and yours only! You see, Heaven decrees that I should be yours, and yours only, and nothing can now divide us; for this very morning the holy man, who was in two days to bless our union, has received from me a royal gift, which must forever put joy in the hearts of many unfortunate creatures. What, then, can we regret? Our immortal souls will exhale in sighs of mutual love, and mount to that adorable God who is all love!"

"Adrienne!—"

"Djalma!—"

Two hours after, Adrienne and Djalma breathed their last sigh in each other's arms.
Drienne and Djalma died on the 30th of May.

The following scene occurred on the 31st of the same month, on the eve of the day appointed for the final meeting of the heirs of Marius de Rennepont.

It will no doubt be remembered that the apartments which M. Hardy had occupied in the "Retreat" of the reverend fathers in the Rue de Vaugirard were sombre and isolated, the remotest chamber having access to a small garden planted with yews, and surrounded by lofty walls. To arrive at this farther room it was requisite to traverse two large apartments, whose doors, when closed, prevented all noise from being heard, as well as all communication from without.

During the last two or three days Father d'Aigrigny had occupied this apartment. He had not selected it, but had been induced to remain there by certain plausible reasons which the reverend father steward had advanced on the instigation of Rodin.

It was about noon.

Father d'Aigrigny, seated in an arm-chair near the glass door which looked into the dull little garden, was reading the following in a Paris newspaper:

"Eleven o'clock P.M. An event as horrible as tragical has thrown alarm throughout the whole of the Quartier Richelieu. A double assassination has been committed on a young girl and a young artisan. The girl was killed by the blow of a dagger, but it is hoped that the young artisan will be saved. This crime is attributed to jealousy. Justice has taken cognizance of the facts. Particulars to-morrow."

After having read this, Father d'Aigrigny threw the journal on the table, and meditated deeply.

"It is incredible!" he said, with bitter envy, as he thought of Rodin; "yet he has reached the desired goal: scarcely one of his anticipations has failed. This family has been destroyed by merely playing on their passions, good or bad, which he has artfully called into motion. He said so! Yes, I confess it," added Father d'Aigrigny, with a jealous and hateful smile; "Father Rodin is a dissembling, crafty, patient, energetic, and wonderfully intelligent being. Who would have said, some months since, when he was writing under my orders, an humble and discreet socius, that this man had already and for so long a time possessed the most daring, most unbounded ambition; that he dared to throw his eyes even to the holy seat; and that by intrigues, marvellously plotted, and corruption followed up with wonderful skill, in the very heart of the holy college, this aim was not unreasonable; and that, perhaps soon, this hellish ambition might have been gratified, had not the secret workings of this wonderfully dangerous man been watched unknown to him, as I have now learned. Ah!" continued Father d'Aigrigny, with a smile of bitter but exulting irony; "ah, you foul being! you would have played Sixtus Quintus, eh? And, not content with this bold daring, you would, had you been successful, have annulled, absorbed our Company into your papacy, as the sultan has absorbed the Janizaries! Ah! were men but your ambitious footstool? Oh! you have bent, humiliated, crushed
me beneath your insolent disdain! Patience!" added D'Aigrigny, with repressed joy; "patience! the day of retribution is at hand; I alone am the depository of the will of our general. Father Caboccini, sent here as a socius, is himself ignorant of it. Thus, then, the fate of Rodin is in my hands; and he little anticipates what is in store for him. In this Rennepont affair, which he has so admirably handled, I recognise him; he thinks to outwit us, and that he has succeeded for himself alone, but to-morrow—"

Father d'Aigrigny was suddenly aroused from these agreeable reflections by hearing the doors, which led to the apartment where he was, open. At the instant when he turned his head to see who entered, the door turned on its hinges. He made a gesture of surprise, and turned very red.

Marshal Simon was before him.

And behind him, in the shade, D'Aigrigny saw the cadaverous countenance of Rodin, who, having cast on D'Aigrigny a look full of fiendish joy, suddenly disappeared; and the door shutting, D'Aigrigny and Marshal Simon were alone.

The father of Rose and Blanche was not recognisable; his gray hair had turned perfectly white; on his pale, wan cheeks was a rugged beard, unshaven for many days; his eyes, hollow, red, glaring, and restless, were savage and haggard; he had on a large cloak, with his black cravat carelessly tied around his throat.

Rodin, as he left the room, had (inadvertently) double-locked the door.

When he was alone with the Jesuit, the marshal suddenly let fall his cloak from his shoulders, and Father d'Aigrigny saw in a silk handkerchief, which served the father of Rose and Blanche as a belt, two swords, bare and sharp-pointed.

D'Aigrigny instantly comprehended all.
He remembered that a few days before Rodin had obstinately inquired what he would do if the marshal struck him on the cheek. He no longer doubted; and Father d'Aigrigny, who believed that he held in his hands the destiny of Rodin, was now ensnared, and left by him without possibility of escape, for he knew that the two other rooms were shut up, and that there was no possibility of making himself heard without by any cries for help, as the high walls of the garden were surrounded by waste grounds.

His first thought—and by no means improbable—was, that Rodin, either by his agents at Rome or by his subtle penetration, having discovered that his fate was about to depend entirely on D'Aigrigny, hoped to get rid of him by thus handing him over to the inexorable vengeance of the father of Rose and Blanche.

The marshal, still keeping silence, unfastened the handkerchief that served him as a belt, laid the two swords on a table, and crossing his arms over his chest, advanced slowly toward Father d'Aigrigny.

Thus were they face to face—those two men, who, during all their lives as soldiers, had pursued each other with implacable hatred, and who, after having fought in opposite camps, had already met in a fierce and sanguinary duel: these two men—one of whom had come now to the other to call him to account for the death of his children.

On the marshal's approach, D'Aigrigny rose. He wore a black cassock, which made him appear still paler, as the redness at first caused fled from his cheeks.

For some seconds these two men stood erect face to face, neither uttering a word.

The marshal was fearful in his paternal despair: his calmness, as inexorable as fate, was more terrible than the fiercest outbursts of anger.

"My children are dead," he said at length to the Jesuit, in a slow, hollow voice, and first breaking silence, "and I must kill you!"

"Sir," cried D'Aigrigny, "listen to me; do not believe—"

"I must kill you," repeated the marshal, interrupting the Jesuit; "your hate pursued my wife to exile, where she perished; you and your accomplices sent my children to a certain death. For twenty years you have been my evil demon; it is enough, I seek your life, and I will have it."

"My life belongs first to God," replied D'Aigrigny, piously, "and afterward to him who seeks to take it."

"We will fight to death in this chamber," said the marshal; "and, as I have to avenge my wife and children, I am calm, you see."

"Sir," replied D'Aigrigny, calmly, "you forget that my profession prevents me from fighting. Formerly I could have accepted the duel you offer, but now my position has altered."

"Ah!" inquired the marshal, with a sneer, "you refuse to fight now because you are a priest?"

"Yes, sir, because I am a priest."

"So, then, because a scoundrel like you is a priest he is certain of impunity, and he may cover his cowardice and crimes with his black gown?"

"I do not understand one word of your accusation, sir. Under any circumstances, you have the law to resort to," added D'Aigrigny, biting his lips, pale with rage, for he felt deeply the insult which the marshal had addressed to him; "if you have any cause of complaint, address yourself to justice; it is impartial to all."

Marshal Simon shrugged his shoulders with fierce disdain.

"Your crimes escape the law; and, if she would punish them, I would not leave my vengeance to her. After all the ill you have done me—after all you have snatched from me—" and at the remembrance of his children the marshal's voice faltered, but he soon resumed his original calmness, "you must see that I live for vengeance only, a vengeance in which I can glory when I feel your cowardly heart beating at my sword's point. Our last duel was child's play; but this—you will see—you will see!"
And the marshal went toward the table on which he had deposited the swords. Father d'Aigrigny had need of all his self-control to restrain himself. The implacable hatred he had always felt toward Marshal Simon, his insulting provocations, aroused within him a thousand fierce sentiments, yet he maintained a command over himself as he answered,

"For the last time, sir, I repeat, that the character with which I am invested prevents me from fighting you."

"Then you refuse?" said the marshal, turning round and advancing toward him.

"I refuse."

"Positively?"

"Positively: nothing shall force me."

"Nothing?"

"No, sir, nothing."

"We shall see," said the marshal.

And his hand slapped D'Aigrigny full on the cheek.

The Jesuit uttered a cry of rage. All his blood mounted to his face, so rudely buffeted. All his courage—for he was a brave man—was recalled; his old soldierly valour revived in spite of himself, and, with clinched teeth, clasped hands, he started violently, and exclaimed, "The swords! the swords!"

But he suddenly remembered Rodin's appearance and the deep interest he had in inducing this meeting, and he extracted from his desire to escape the diabolical snare laid for him by his former society, the force to restrain his burning resentment.

To the momentary excitement of Father d'Aigrigny suddenly succeeded a calm filled with regret; and, desirous of playing his part to the end, he went on his knees, and, bowing his head, struck his breast with an air of contrition, saying, "Forgive me, Lord, for having given way to an impulse of anger, and, above all, forgive him who has outraged me."

In spite of his apparent resignation, the Jesuit's voice was deeply affected: he seemed to feel a fever in his cheeks; for the first time in his life—his life, as soldier or priest—he had undergone such an insult. He had thrown himself on his knees, as much from mummery as in order to avoid the gaze of the marshal, fearing, if he encountered it, that he might not be able to answer for himself, but should give way to his impetuosity and resentment.

When the marshal saw the Jesuit fall on his knees, and heard his invocation, he shook with indignation, and grasping one of the swords in his hand, cried,

"Rise, hypocrite, scoundrel! rise instantly!"

And the marshal pushed the Jesuit violently with the toe of his boot.

At this fresh insult Father d'Aigrigny sprang up as if moved by a steel spring. This was too much, and beyond all endurance. Excited, blind with rage, he rushed to the table on which the other sword was, and exclaimed, as he ground his teeth,

"Ah, you require blood! well! blood—and your own, if so I may—"

And the Jesuit, in all the vigour of manhood, his face purple with passion, his large eyes sparkling with hate, placed himself on guard with the skill and ease of a practised swordsman.

"At last!" exclaimed the marshal, preparing to cross swords.

But reflection came once more to calm the headlong rage of D'Aigrigny. He remembered again that the chances of the duel would be everything for Rodin, whose destiny he held in his hands—whom he, in his turn, should now overwhelm—and whom he detested, perhaps, even still more than the marshal, although he felt a secret hope of being the victor in this combat, for he felt himself full of strength and health, while heavy griefs had borne down the marshal. The Jesuit grew calm, and, to the great amazement of the marshal, lowered the point of his sword, saying,

"I am a minister of the Lord, and ought not to shed blood. Once again for-
THE WANDERING JEW.

give my excitement, Lord, and forgive also my brother who hath stirred up my wrath.

Then placing the blade of the sword beneath his heel, he bent it up suddenly toward him, so that the weapon was broken in two pieces. There was thus no farther possibility of a duel.

Father d'Aigrigny had rendered himself powerless to yield to fresh violence, to whose imminence and danger he was fully alive. Marshal Simon remained for a moment mute with surprise and indignation, for he also saw at once the impossibility of the duel; but suddenly, in imitation of the Jesuit, he placed the blade of his weapon beneath his heel, and, breaking it nearly in halves, took up the pointed end, about eighteen inches long, took off his black silk cravat, rolled it around the fragment at the broken end, and, having thus suddenly armed himself with a dagger, said to Father d'Aigrigny,

"Now, then, for poniards!"

Aghast at such coolness and determination, Father d'Aigrigny exclaimed,

"This is a suggestion of hell itself!"

"No, it is but a father whose children have been murdered," said the marshal, in a gloomy voice, and clutching the dagger more firmly in his hand, while a tear rose to his eyes, which in an instant became again fierce and glaring.

The Jesuit saw the tear. There was in this mixture of vindictive hatred and paternal grief something so terrible, so sacred, that, for the first time in his life, D'Aigrigny experienced a sensation of fear,—base, cowardly fear,—fear for his life. While it was only a question of a duel with swords, in which stratagem, skill, and experience are such powerful auxiliaries of courage, he had but to
THE WANDERING JEW.

repress the impulses of his fury and hate; but before this encounter of body to
body, heart to heart, he trembled for a moment, turned pale, and cried, "A
butchery with knives! never!"

The accents, the countenance of the Jesuit betrayed his feelings, his alarm, so
decidedly, that the marshal was struck by it, and exclaimed, with agony, dreading
lest his vengeance should escape him,

"Is he, then, really a coward? This wretch, then, had only the courage of a
fencer, or of his pride—this miserable renegade, this traitor to his country,
whom I have buffeted and kicked! for I have buffeted and kicked you, marquis
of ancient descent! You, the shame of your house, the shame of all brave men,
modern or ancient! Ah! then it is not from hypocrisy or calculation, as I be-
lieved, that you refuse to fight, but from fear! Ah! you needed, then, the noise
of battle or the eyes of seconds in a duel to give you courage?"

"Take care, sir!" replied D'Aigrigny, stammering, and with his teeth set,
for at this contemptuous language passion and hatred made him forget his fear.

"Must I, then, spit in your face to summon thither all the blood left in your
veins?" cried the marshal, in his exasperation.

"Oh! this is too much—too much!" said the Jesuit. And he hastily picked
up the piece of the blade which was at his feet, repeating, as he did so, "This is
too much!"

"It is not enough!" said the marshal; "there, Judas!" and he spat in his
face. "And if you will not fight now," he added, "I will break your skull with
the chair, infamous assassin of my children!"

Father d'Aigrigny, on receiving this— the last outrage which a man already
grossly insulted can receive— forgot his interests, his resolution, his fear— forgot
even Rodin—he felt only the longing of unbridled revenge, and his courage re-
turned; instead of dreading this struggle, he joyfully compared his vigorous
frame to the feeble appearance of the marshal, almost worn down by grief; for
in such a combat—a brutal, savage, body-to-body combat—physical strength is
an immense advantage.

In an instant D'Aigrigny had rolled his handkerchief around the sword-blade,
and rushed on Marshal Simon, who received his attack with intrepidity.

During the whole time that this unequal struggle lasted (for the marshal had
been for several days a prey to severe fever, which had weakened his frame),
the two opponents, mute and sanguinary, did not utter a word or a cry. Had
any person been present at this horrible scene, it would have been impossible to
know how, when, and where the blows were given. They would have seen
two fearful, livid, convulsive heads stoop, rise again, or thrown back as the fierce
contest proceeded; arms stiffen like bars of iron, or twist like snakes; and then,
between the rapid undulations of the marshal's blue frock coat and the Jesuit's
black cassock, something glare and glitter at rapid intervals, like a blade of
steel—would have heard a heavy, dull trampling, or, from time to time, a deep
and oppressed breathing.

At the end of not more than two minutes both adversaries fell and rolled over
each other.

One of them—it was D'Aigrigny—making a violent effort, contrived to disen-
gage himself from the arms that clasped him and raise himself on his knees. His
arms fell by his side, and at the moment the expiring voice of the marshal mur-
mured these words, "My children! Dagobert!" "I have killed him!" said
D'Aigrigny, in a feeble voice, "but I feel that I, too, am wounded mortally!"

And resting one hand on the ground, the Jesuit raised the other to his breast.
His cassock was slashed with cuts, but the blades they had used being trian-
gular, and very sharp, the blood, instead of flowing outwardly, was absorbed
within.

"Oh! I am dying! I choke!" said D'Aigrigny, whose convulsed features
already announced the approaches of death.

At this moment the key turned twice in the lock with some noise, and Rodin,
appearing at the threshold, thrust in his head, saying, in an humble tone and with a discreet air,

"May one come in?"

At such fearful sarcasm, Father d'Aigrigny made a movement as if to rush at Rodin, but fell on one hand, uttering a deep groan. The blood was choking him.

"Ah! monster of hell!" he murmured, throwing a look of fearful rage and agony at Rodin; "it is you who are the cause of my death."

"I always told you, my very dear father, that the old leaven of the horse-trooper in you would be injurious to you," replied Rodin, with a demon's sneer.

"It was only a few days back that I so warned you, advising you to allow yourself to be quietly buffeted by this swordsman, who will, however, never handle sword again; and it is rightly so, because, in the first place, 'He who draws the sword perishes by the sword,' says the Scripture; and then, in the next place, Marshal Simon would have inherited in right of his daughters. What would you have had me do, my very dear father? It was absolutely necessary to sacrifice you to the common interest, and the more so as I knew what you had in store for me to-morrow. But I am too old a bird to be caught."

"Before I die," said D'Aigrigny, in a faint voice, "I will unmask you!"

"No, no; no such thing," said Rodin, shaking his head with a crafty air; "no, I tell you. I will confess you myself, if you desire it."

"Oh, how this alarms me!" murmured D'Aigrigny, whose eyelids were gradually closing; "may God have mercy upon me, if it be not too late. Alas! I am at this my last moment! I am—very guilty!"

"And, moreover, a great noodle," said Rodin, with a shrug of his shoulders, as he gazed on the agony of his accomplice with calm contempt.

Father d'Aigrigny had but a few moments more to live, and Rodin, perceiving this, said to himself,
"It is time now to call for help."
And this the Jesuit began to do, running into the other apartments aghast, alarmed!

Persons came at his cries.
But, as we have said, Rodin only quitted D'Aigrigny at the moment when he was breathing his last sigh.

That same evening, in his own chamber, by the light of a small lamp, Rodin was plunged in a kind of ecstatic contemplation in presence of the engraving representing Sixtus Quintus.

Midnight was struck slowly by the large clock of the house.
When the last sounds had vibrated, Rodin stood erect, in all the savage majesty of his infernal triumph, and exclaimed,

"It is the first of June! there is no longer a living Rennepont!! Methinks I hear St. Peter's at Rome striking the hour!"

CHAPTER LXIII.

A MESSAGE.

While Rodin remained plunged in ambitious ecstasy in contemplation of the portrait of Sixtus Quintus, the good little Father Caboccini, whose warm and indefatigable embraces had so much annoyed Rodin, had gone mysteriously in search of Faringhea, and, presenting to him a portion of an ivory crucifix, said to him only these words, with his usual complaisance and easy air:

"His excellency the Cardinal Malipieri, when I left Rome, charged me to convey this to you on this day, the 31st of May."

The Metis, who seldom evinced emotion, started suddenly, almost painfully; his features became gloomy, and, fixing on the little one-eyed father a piercing look, he replied,

"You have still some other words to say to me?"

"True," replied Caboccini, "and they are these: 'There's many a slip between the cup and the lip.'"

"'Tis well," said the Metis; and, heaving a deep sigh, he fitted the fragment of the ivory crucifix with that he had already in his possession, and it matched precisely.

Father Caboccini looked at him with curiosity, for the cardinal had told him no more than to hand this piece of ivory to Faringhea, and say the words he had uttered, in order to prove the authenticity of his mission; and the reverend father, very much mystified, said to the Metis,

"And what are you going to do with the crucifix now it is complete?"

"Nothing," said Faringhea, still absorbed in painful meditation.

"Nothing!" asked the reverend father, much astonished. "Then what was the use of bringing it to you from so great a distance?"

Without satisfying his curiosity, the Metis said to him,

"At what hour to-morrow does the Reverend Father Rodin go to the Rue Saint François?"

"Very early."

"Before he goes out, will he go to the chapel to say his prayers?"

"Yes, according to the custom of our reverend fathers."

"You sleep near him?"

"As his socinum, I occupy a chamber close to his."

"It may be," said Faringhea, after a moment's silence, "that the reverend father, absorbed by the great interests which occupy him, may forget to go to the chapel; remind him of this pious duty."

"I will not fail."
"No, do not fail!" said Faringhea, with emphasis.
"Make your mind easy," said the worthy little father; "I see you are interested in his welfare."
"Very much."
"Such interest is praiseworthy: continue thus, and you may one day belong to our Society," said Father Caboccini, with earnestness.
"I am as yet but a poor auxiliary and affiliated member," said Faringhea, humbly; "but there is not one more devoted—soul, body, and mind—than myself to the Society," added the Metis, with gloomy enthusiasm. "Bohwanie is nothing compared to them!"
"Bohwanie! who is that, my good friend?"
"Bohwanie makes carcasses which rot, and the holy Society makes carcasses which move."
"Ah, yes—Perinde ac cadaver, these were the last words of our great Saint Ignatius de Loyola. But who is Bohwanie?"
"Bohwanie is to the holy Society what the child is to the man," replied the Metis, more and more excited. "Glory to the Company—glory! If my father were its enemy, I would strike my father. The man whose genius should inspire me with the greatest admiration, respect, and terror, might be its enemy, yet would I strike that man, in spite of the admiration, respect, and terror with which he would inspire me," said the Metis, with an effort; and then, after a moment's silence, he added, looking Father Caboccini in the face, "I speak thus that you may repeat my words to Cardinal Malipieri, begging him to report them to—"
Faringhea paused suddenly.
"To whom would you that the cardinal report your words?"
"He knows," said the Metis, abruptly. "Good-night."
"Good-night, my worthy friend; I can but commend your sentiments toward our holy Company. Alas! she has need of energetic defenders, for they do say that traitors have glided into her bosom."
"For such," replied Faringhea, "we should be wholly without pity."
"Without pity!" said the good little father; "we understand each other."
"Perhaps," said the Metis. "But be sure you do not forget to remind the Reverend Father Rodin to go to the chapel before he leaves in the morning."
"I will not fail," said the Reverend Father Caboccini.
And the two men separated.
When he returned to his apartment, Father Caboccini learned that a courier, arrived from Rome that night, had brought despatches to Rodin.
CHAPTER LXIV.

THE FIRST OF JUNE.

ARGE it could not be called, but the chapel in the house of the reverend fathers in the Rue de Vaugirard was very prettily fitted up. Large stained glass windows threw over it a mysterious twilight, the altar sparkled with gilding and enamel, and at the door of this little church, under the organ, in a dark recess, was a large holy-water font, richly sculptured.

It was near this font, in an obscure corner, in which he could hardly be distinguished, that Faringhea came to kneel on the first of June, very early, as soon as the chapel doors were opened.

The Metis was greatly dejected, and from time to time he shuddered and sighed, as if repressing the agitation of a violent internal struggle. That savage and untameable soul, that monomaniac, possessed by the genius of evil and destruction, experienced, as may be supposed, a deep admiration for Rodin, who exercised over him a kind of magnetic fascination. The Metis, a brute beast, ferocious in his intelligence, and with human features, saw in the infernal genius of Rodin something superhuman. And Rodin, too penetrating not to be certain of the savage devotion of this wretch, had, as we have seen, made fruitful use of him in the tragic termination of the loves of Adrienne and Djalma. What excited, to an incredible point, Faringhea's admiration, was all he knew or could comprehend, of the Society of Jesus. This immense occult power, which undermined the world by its subterranean ramifications, and attained its ends by a diabolical means, had struck the Metis with the most savage enthusiasm. And if anything in the world surpassed his fanatic admiration of Rodin, it was his blind devotion for the company of Ignatius Loyola, who made corpses that moved, as the Metis expressed it.

Faringhea, concealed in the recess of the chapel, was reflecting deeply, when steps were heard, and Rodin appeared, accompanied by his socius, the good little one-eyed father.

Whether from abstraction, or that the shadows projected by the organ did not allow him to see the Metis, Rodin dipped his fingers in the holy-water font without perceiving Faringhea, motionless as a statue, and feeling a cold damp on his brow, so greatly was he excited.

Rodin's prayer was short, as may be believed, for he was in haste to go to the Rue Saint François. After having (as did Father Caboccini) knelt for some moments, he arose, bowed respectfully to the choir, and went toward the door, followed a few paces off by his socius.

At the moment when Rodin approached the holy-water font he saw the Metis, whose tall figure was visible in the deep shadow in which he had until this moment remained. Faringhea, advancing a little, bowed respectfully to Rodin, who said to him, in a low voice and with an abstracted air,

"By-and-by—at two o'clock—at my residence."

And thus saying, Rodin stretched out his arm to dip his hand in the holy water; but the Metis saved him this trouble by presenting hastily the brush (called the goupillon), which usually remains in the font.
RODIN CONVALESCENT.
Squeezing in his dirty fingers the moistened hairs of the brush, which the Metis held by the handle, Rodin imbibed sufficient on his thumb and forefinger, and raised them to his forehead, where, according to custom, he traced the sign of the cross; he then opened the chapel door and went out, after having turned and again said to Faringhea,

"At two o'clock, at my residence."

Thinking that he would avail himself of the brush, which Faringhea, motionless, aghast, still held out with a trembling and agitated hand, Father Caboccini extended his fingers toward the Metis; but he (desirous, perhaps, to confine his attentions to Rodin) withdrew the brush hastily, and Father Caboccini, frustrated in his attempt, followed Rodin precipitately, as he dared not, especially on this day, lose sight of him for a moment, and entered with him into the hackney-coach which conveyed them to the Rue Saint François.

It is impossible to depict the look which the Metis threw on Rodin at the moment when the latter departed from the chapel.

Left alone in the holy place, Faringhea sank down, and falling, half kneeling, half crouching, on the pavement, hid his face in his hands.

As the vehicle approached the Quartier du Marais, where the house of Marius de Rennepont was, the feverish agitation, the devouring impatience of triumph, were visible in Rodin's countenance. Two or three times, opening his pocket-book, he read and arranged the different attestations of the deaths of the members of the Rennepont family, and from time to time thrust his head out of the window with anxiety, as though he would hasten the slow motion of the vehicle.

The good little father, his socius, never took his eyes from him, and his look had an expression as crafty as peculiar.

At length the carriage, entering the Rue Saint François, stopped before the iron-bound door of the old house, which had been so recently opened after having been closed for a century and a half.

Rodin sprang from the coach as agile as a young man, and knocked violently at the door, while Father Caboccini, less nimble, alighted more cautiously.

There was no answer to the resounding strokes of the knocker which Rodin gave.

Trembling with anxiety, he again knocked, and, listening attentively, heard the approach of slow and dragging footsteps; but they paused some paces from the door, which did not open.

"It is being roasted alive on burning coals," said Rodin, for his breast seemed on fire with anxiety. After having again knocked at the door, he began to bite his nails, according to his usual custom.
Suddenly the door turned on its hinges, and Samuel, the guardian Jew, appeared under the portico.

The old man's features expressed the bitterest grief: on his venerable cheeks was still visible the trace of recent tears, which his tremulous and aged hands endeavoured to wipe away as he opened the door to Rodin.

"Who are you, gentlemen?" inquired Samuel, of Rodin.

"I am the agent charged with the powers and procurations of the Abbé Gabriel, the sole surviving heir of the Rennepon family," replied Rodin, in a hurried voice. "This gentleman is my secretary," he added, pointing to Father Caboccini, who bowed.

After having looked attentively at Rodin, Samuel replied, "Yes, I remember. Be so good as to follow me, sir." And the old guardian turned to the building in the garden, motioning the two reverend fathers to follow him.

"This cursed old man has so irritated me by keeping me at the door," said Rodin, in a low voice, to his socia, "that I feel as if I had a fever. My lips and throat are as dry and burning as parchment shrivelled in the fire."

"Won't you take something, good father—dear father? Let me ask for a glass of water from this man," replied the one-eyed Jesuit, with tender solicitude.

"No, no," said Rodin, "it is nothing. My impatience favors me, that's all."

Pale and disconsolate, Bathsheba, Samuel's wife, was standing at the door of the lodge they occupied, which was under the portico of the main entrance, when the Israelite went to her, and said, in Hebrew,

"The curtains of the chamber of mourning?"

"Are closed."

"And the iron chest?"

"Is prepared," replied Bathsheba, still speaking Hebrew.

After having pronounced these words, completely unintelligible to Rodin and Father Caboccini, Samuel and Bathsheba, in spite of the misery so apparent in their countenances, exchanged a peculiar and sinister smile.

Then Samuel, preceding the two reverend fathers, went up the steps and entered the vestibule, where a lamp was burning. Rodin, who had a good memory for localities, went toward the red salon where the first meeting of the heirs had taken place, when Samuel stopped him, saying,

"That is not the way to go."

Then, taking the lamp, he turned to a dark staircase, for the windows of the house had not been opened.

"But," said Rodin, "the last time we met in the room on the ground floor."

"To-day we meet above," replied Samuel.

And he ascended the stairs slowly.

"Where? where above?" inquired Rodin, as he followed him.

"In the chamber of mourning," said the Israelite, still ascending the stairs.

"And what is the chamber of mourning?" inquired Rodin, surprised.

"A place of tears and death," replied the Jew, and he still mounted the stairs through darkness which the small lamp scarcely dissipated.

"But," said Rodin, more and more surprised, and stopping short, "why go to this place?"

"The money is there," replied Samuel.

And he still ascended.

"The money is there! Oh, that's another thing!" answered Rodin.

And he hastened to regain the steps he had lost by his delay.

Samuel went higher, higher. Having attained a certain height, the staircase made an abrupt turn, and the two Jesuits could see, by the pale ray of the little lamp in the void left between the iron balustrade and the arched roof, the profile of the old Israelite, who, in advance of them, was ascending the stairs with difficulty, and by the aid of the iron baluster.

Rodin was struck by the expression of Samuel's physiognomy. His black
eyes, usually mild and veiled by age, shone with singular brightness. His features, still stamped with sorrow, intelligence, and goodness, seemed to contract and harden, and with his thin lips he smiled strangely.

"It is not extremely high," observed Rodin, in a low voice, to Father Cabocciini, "and yet my legs quite fail me. I am completely out of breath, and my temples beat as if they would burst."

And Rodin panted for breath; but the worthy little Father Caboccini, usually so full of tender care for his companion, made no reply, and appeared much preoccupied.

"Shall we soon reach the place?" asked Rodin of Samuel, in an impatient tone.

"We have arrived," replied Samuel.

"At last! Well, that is fortunate!" was Rodin's remark.

"Very fortunate," responded the Israelite.

And standing aside on the corridor, whither he had preceded Rodin, he pointed, with the hand in which he held the lamp, to a large door from which proceeded a pale light.

Rodin, spite of his increasing surprise, entered boldly, followed by Father Caboccini and Samuel.

The chamber in which these three persons now found themselves was very large, and only received its light from a square look-out; but the glass on four sides of this sort of lantern was covered by sheets of lead, pierced each with seven holes, forming the cross.

Thus the daylight could only penetrate this apartment by these punctured crosses, and the obscurity would have been entire but for a lamp which was burning on a large and massive console of black marble placed against one of the walls. It might, indeed, be called a funereal apartment, for throughout there was nothing but black draperies or black curtains fringed with white. There was no other piece of furniture but the console of marble.

On this console was an iron casket of the style and construction of the seventeenth century, admirably forged of open work—a real lace of steel.

Samuel, addressing Rodin, who was wiping his brows with his dirty pocket-handkerchief, and looking about him much astonished, but by no means alarmed, said to him,

"The wishes of the testator, however strange, are sacred for me, and with your leave I will accomplish them all."

"Nothing more just," replied Rodin; "but what are we going to do here?"

"You will know directly, sir. You appear here as the representative of the sole remaining heir of the Rennepont family, the Abbé Gabriel de Rennepont: do you not?"

"I do; and here are my credentials," answered Rodin.

"To save time," resumed Samuel, "while we are waiting the presence of the attesting magistrate, I will go over with you the inventory of accumulated property belonging to the Rennepont family, which I but yesterday withdrew from the Bank of France."

"Ah!" exclaimed Rodin, springing forward to seize the casket, "the money is there—is it?"

"It is," said Samuel. "Here is my account—your secretary will call over the sums, and I will produce the corresponding vouchers as he names them. After which the whole will be replaced in the casket, which I shall deliver up to you in the presence of a magistrate."

"Nothing can be better or more business-like," said Rodin.

Samuel then placed a small ledger in the hands of Caboccini, and, approaching the iron casket, touched a spring unperceived by Rodin, and immediately the lid flew open and displayed a mass of notes and papers.

Caboccini then, by Samuel's direction, began reading aloud the inventory of values contained in the casket, the Jew verifying each amount by handing to
Rodin a voucher, which, after due examination on the part of the Jesuit, was by
him returned to Samuel.

This affair, important as it was, took up but a short time, for these immense
sums were all comprised in eight vouchers, 500,000 francs in bank-notes, 35,000
francs in gold, and 250 francs in silver, odd money—making a total of 212,175,000
francs.*

As Rodin finished counting the last of the five hundred bank-notes, each for
1000 francs, he said, as he returned it to Samuel,

"All is correct, and the total, as you say, TWO HUNDRED AND TWELVE MILLIONS
ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND FRANCS!"

Doubtless the sight of such riches within his immediate grasp was too much
for him, for a species of giddiness seized him, his breathing became short, and a
mist seemed to dance before his eyes. So powerfully was he affected that he
became quite unable to support himself, and, taking the arm of Caboccini, he
said, in an agitated manner,

"It is strange I should be thus overcome. I thought my nerves were stronger;
but what I experience is unlike anything I ever felt in my life."

And so fearfully was the natural lividity of Rodin’s countenance increased,
so severe were his convulsive spasms, that poor, fat, little Father Caboccini,
while striving his utmost to sustain him, exclaimed, with alarm,

"My dear, worthy father! pray, try and recover yourself—let not the intoxi-
cation of success carry you away to this extent!"

While the one-eyed socius was thus lavishing his cares on Rodin, Samuel had
been occupied in replacing the list of moneys, cash, and other valuables, in the
iron box.

The unconquerable energy of Rodin’s character, aided by the joy he expe-
rienced at finding himself on the very verge of attaining an object so ardently
pursued, enabled him to surmount his sufferings, and, conquering the languor
and weakness he felt, he drew himself up, and, with a calm and haughty air,
said to Caboccini,

"It is nothing; I yielded not to the cholera! and I do not intend to die of joy
on the 1st of June."

And truly the countenance of Rodin, although ghastly pale, was lighted up by
pride and exultation.

So soon as he appeared perfectly recovered, a wonderful change came over
Father Caboccini. The little, fat, pudgy, one-eyed man seemed suddenlytrans-
formed, and his fat, mirthful features took all at once an expression so firm, stern,
and commanding, that Rodin involuntarily drew back, as he gazed on him with
mute surprise.

Father Caboccini then, drawing from his pocket a paper, which he respect-
fully kissed, bestowed a look of extreme severity on Rodin, and, in a loud and
threatening voice, read aloud as follows:

"Upon receipt of these presents, the Reverend Father Rodin shall resign all
authority with which he may be invested into the hands of Father Caboccini, who
will, with the Reverend Father d’Aigrigny, be alone authorized to receive and
take charge of the Rennepont inheritance, should our holy Order have restored
to it the treasures of which it was formerly deprived.

"And farther, upon receipt of this our pleasure, the Reverend Father Rodin
shall be constantly watched by one of our reverend fathers, according to the
selection of Father Caboccini, and conducted to our establishment in the city of
Laval, where, confined to his cell, he shall be kept in retreat and sequestration
until our farther will shall be made known!"

Here Father Caboccini extended the document to Rodin, that he might per-
ceive the signature of the general of the Company.

* The eight vouchers were for 2,000,000 francs in the French funds, at 5 per cent.; 900,000 francs in the 3 per cent.;
5000 bank shares; 3000 shares in the 4 canals; 135,000 ducats in the Neapolitan funds; 3000 metallicques of Austria;
75,000 pounds sterling in the 3 per cent. English funds; 1,300,000 Dutch florins; 36,860,000 of florins in the funds of
the Low Countries, payable, like all the preceding, to the bearer.
Samuel, deeply interested in this scene, left the casket half open, while he drew nearer to the actors.

All at once Rodin burst into such a fit of wild, exulting laughter, as defies description.

Father Caboccini beheld him with angry surprise, when Rodin, drawing himself up to more than his usual height, and assuming an expression more imperious, haughty, and disdainful than ever, rejected with the back of his coarse, discoloured hand the paper offered to him by Father Caboccini, saying,

"What is the date of this order?"

"The 14th of May," replied the astonished Caboccini.

"Here is a brief I received during the past night from Rome, dated the 18th, which informs me that I am named General of the Order. Read it."

Father Caboccini took the paper, read it, and seemed thunderstruck by its contents; then, returning it to Rodin, he bent his knee before him in token of respectful submission.

And thus was Rodin's first ambitious aim attained. Spite of the suspicions, dislikes, and aversions he had excited in the party of which Cardinal Malipieri was the representative and head, Rodin, by means of skill, address, cunning, and persuasion, but principally from the high opinion entertained by his partisans at Rome of his singular capacity, had contrived, thanks to the active intrigues of his agents, to depose his general, and cause his own elevation to this lofty post. And Rodin calculated that, backed by the millions he was upon the point of securing, the transition from this post to the pontifical throne was a mere step.
The silent spectator of this strange scene, Samuel, in his turn, smiled, when by means of a spring known to himself alone, he had secured the casket.

The metallic sound caused by the closing of the spring recalled Rodin from his boundless flights of ambition to the realities of life, and he observed to Samuel, in a sharp voice,

"You hear! to me—to me alone do these treasures belong!"

So saying, he extended his eager and impatient hands to grasp the casket of iron, as if he would take possession of it even before the arrival of the magistrate.

But Samuel also exhibited a singular transformation. Folding his arms on his breast, and drawing up his form bent by extreme age, he assumed a look at once imposing and menacing; his eyes sparkled with unwonted brightness, and appeared to dart forth fiery glances of wrathful indignation, as he exclaimed, in a deep, solemn voice,

"This fortune, originally the wreck of all possessed by one of the noblest of mankind, driven to self-destruction by the artifices and persecutions of the sons of Loyola—this fortune, swelled even to an amount that it would make a monarch happy to call his, thanks to the faithful guardianship of the three generations through whose hands this trust has passed, shall never be the reward of falsehood, hypocrisy, and murder! No, no! the Almighty, in His all-seeing justice, has willed it otherwise!"

"What do you say of murder?" asked Rodin, boldly.

Samuel replied not; but stamped his foot, and extended his arms slowly toward the lower end of the room; and a fearful spectacle presented itself to the eyes of Rodin and Father Caboccini.

The draperies which concealed the walls were drawn back, as though by some invisible hand; and ranged round a sort of crypt, lighted by the blue funereal rays of a silver lamp, were placed six corpses, extended upon black draperies, and clad in long black dresses: these bodies were those of

Jacques Rennepont,
François Hardy,
Rose and Blanche Simon,
Adrienne and Djalma.

They appeared as if sleeping, their eyelids gently closed, and their hands folded across their bosoms.

Trembling in every limb, Father Caboccini made the sign of the cross; then, retreating to the utmost limits of the apartment, he supported himself against the wall, while he covered his face closely with his hands.

Rodin, on the contrary, as though under some irresistible attraction, drew nigh, with glaring eyes, distorted features, and hair that stood on end, to behold more closely these inanimate remains.

It might have been supposed that these unfortunate descendants of Marius Rennepont had just given up their breath, so calm and peaceful seemed their slumber.*

"Behold your victims!" cried Samuel, in a voice broken by sobs. "Yes, they have been sacrificed to your vile machinations; their death was necessary to the furtherance of your base desires; but each time that one of the ill-fated members of this unfortunate race fell beneath your fiendish devices, I contrived to obtain possession of the remains, which received from me every pious care or duty could suggest; for it was appointed me to see that they all reposed in the same sepulchre. Oh! cursed, thrice accursed man! though you have thus rent them from life, your murderous hands dare not molest their corpses!"

Still drawn on by an irresistible impulse, Rodin had by degrees approached close to the funereal couch of Djalma, when, desirous of satisfying himself that he was not the sport of some horrible vision, the Jesuit ventured to touch the hands of the Indian, which were folded across his bosom; though icy cold, the

* Should this picture be considered overdrawn, we must beg of the reader to recollect the surprising discoveries and improvements made in the art of embalming, and among others those brought to light by Doctor Gonnal.—E. S.
THE WANDERING JEW.

skin was soft and moist. Rodin started back with horror, and for several seconds a convulsive spasm seemed to rack his frame; but, the first shock over, reflection came to his aid, and with it that unconquerable, unflinching energy, that stubborn perseverance in his most diabolical schemes which had raised him so high in the opinion of his confederates. Recovering his self-possession, then, he boldly planted himself in a stern attitude of defiance, passed his hand across his brow, and drew up his head, several times moistening his lips so as to be capable of articulating; for he felt the burning dryness and scorching of his mouth, throat, and chest momentarily increase, without being able to divine the cause of the devouring fire by which he was consumed. But he at length succeeded in giving to his excited features an ironical and imperious expression, as, turning to Samuel, who was weeping silently and bitterly, he said, in a harsh, guttural voice,

"We have no need of witnesses to prove the deaths of the various heirs, for here they all attest to their own decease;" then, extending his bony hand, he pointed derisively to the six bodies.

At these words, from the lips of his general, Father Caboccini again made the sign of the cross, as though in presence of a fiend.

"Father of Mercies!" said Samuel; "have you, then, utterly forsaken this man? With what a fiendish glare he contemplates his victims!"

"Come, sir," observed Rodin, with a horrid smile, "we have been kept gazing sufficiently long on your collection of natural curiosities. My calmness must convince you of my innocence. I must insist upon a conclusion to the affair, as I have an appointment at my own house at two o'clock. Reach down the casket!" and, thus speaking, Rodin advanced toward the console.

Struck with indignation, wrath, and horror at the effrontery of Rodin, Samuel quickly stepped before him, and, forcibly pressing on a small knob placed in the centre of the lid of the casket, which yielded to his pressure, he exclaimed,

"Since your diabolical spirit cannot be touched by remorse, let us see whether it will remain equally inaccessible to the cry of baffled cupidity."

"What says he?" exclaimed Rodin, "and what is he about to do?"

"Behold!" said Samuel, with vindictive exultation. "I told you that, though you had hunted your victims to their graves, the object of your wicked desires would escape your blood-stained hands."

Scarcely had Samuel finished speaking, when jets of smoke issued through the open-worked sides of the iron casket, while a slight odour, as of burning paper, diffused itself throughout the room. Rodin comprehended all.

"It is on fire!" he exclaimed, precipitating himself on the casket to carry it off; but the object of so many crimes, so many nefarious schemes, yielded not to his hand; it was firmly riveted to the heavy marble console.

"Yes," said Samuel, "it is on fire; in a few minutes ashes will alone remain of all this regal treasure, and far better it were a heap of ashes than pass to you or yours. These riches are not mine, but the right to destroy them is mine; for Gabriel de Rennepont will be faithful to the oath he has taken."

"Help, help! water!" screamed Rodin, throwing himself on the casket, which he covered with his body, while he vainly strove to extinguish the flame which, kept alive by the current of air, streamed forth in bright jets from the numberless openings in the iron work; then, its intensity gradually diminishing, a few slender wreaths of blue smoke escaped from the box, and all was extinct. The deed was accomplished!

Then Rodin, breathless and exhausted, turned round, and supported himself with one hand on the console. For the first time in his life large tears of rage streamed down his cadaverous cheeks.

Suddenly the most acute pains shot through his frame; they had been gradually increasing for some time past, though he had exerted himself to the utmost to subdue them. The mortal agony he endured at length burst through all re-
and in the paroxysm by which he was attacked, he was compelled to sink upon his knees, for his limbs were unable to support him; and, pressing his hands convulsively to his bosom, he exclaimed, while endeavouring to force a smile,

"'Tis nothing; do not rejoice too much—merely a passing spasm. The treasure is destroyed, 'tis true; but I still—remain head of the Order; and—I—oh! what torture do I suffer! I am parching, as though in a furnace," he continued, writhing in agony; "from the moment of my entering this accursed house I have felt—I know—not what; if it were not that I have so—long—lived on roots—and bread, drinking only water, all of which—I have—purchased—myself, I should—fancy—I had—been—poisoned; for I triumph, and Cardinal—Malipieri—has long arms. I cannot, will not—die—any more now than when I had the cholera. No, I will not die!"

Then, with a convulsive start and stiffening limbs, he exclaimed,

"Surely some fire devours my vitals! 'tis too, too true; I am poisoned! but by whom, and where?"

And again interrupting himself, Rodin exclaimed, in a stifled voice,

"Help! Why do you not come—to my assistance—instead of gazing on me—like spectres? Help, I say!"

Samuel and Father Caboccini, horror-struck at the sight of such fearful agony, had no power to move.

"Help, I say!" repeated Rodin, in a strangling voice, "for this poison is horrible; but how—could it—have—been—given—to me?"
Then, with a wild scream of rage, as though a sudden thought had darted into his mind, he exclaimed,

"Ah! this morning—Faringhea—the holy water—given by him—he so expert—in all subtle poisons! Yes, 'twas he did it; he had—had—an interview with Malipieri. Oh, demon! well—have—you played your part. Oh, torture! 'tis finished—I die! They will—regret me, the fools!" Oh, hell! thy torments—cannot exceed mine! No; the Church knows—not—all it loses in me; but I burn—I scorch! help me—save me!"

At this instant rapid steps were heard on the stairs, and in a few seconds Dr. Baleinier, followed by the Princess de Saint-Dizier, appeared at the entrance of the chamber of mourning. The princess, having only that day heard vaguely of the death of D'Aigrigny, was hurrying to Rodin to learn the particulars from him.

But when, abruptly entering the room, she cast a glance around her, and beheld the frightful spectacle which presented itself—Rodin convulsed in his last agonies, then a little farther off the six dead bodies, lighted by the dim funereal lamp, and recognised among them the remains of her niece as well as those of the two innocent girls sent by her advice to meet a certain death—the princess remained transfixed with astonishment and horror. Her reason was unequal to so dreadful a shock. After slowly gazing around her, she raised her arms toward heaven and burst into a loud, wild laugh. The wretched woman was mad!

While Dr. Baleinier, in deep distress, supported the head of Rodin, who expired in his arms, Faringhea appeared at the door, and, standing in the shadow, pointed to the corpse of Rodin, and exclaimed, with a ferocious glance,

"That man sought to become chief of the Company of Jesus only to destroy it. To me the Company of Jesus is dearer than Bohwanie. I have, therefore, obeyed the cardinal."
EPILOGUE.

CHAPTER I.

FOUR YEARS AFTERWARD.

In the wings of Time four years had been borne away since the events last recorded, when Gabriel de Rennepont despatched the following epistle to the Abbé Joseph Carpentier, acting curate of the parish of Saint Aubin, a small village in Sologne:

"Freshwater Farm, Jane 2, 1838.

"My dear Joseph,—

"With the intention of writing you a long letter, I had seated myself yesterday before the small, old-fashioned table of black wood you have so often admired. You recollect, do you not, that the window of my room looks into the farm-yard, and that, while sitting at my writing, I can distinctly perceive all that passes there?

"I think I see you smile at this long introduction—have a little patience, and I will tell you what I saw, and how it was that my attention became so diverted as to induce me to put off my letter till to-day.

"How I wished for you, my dear Joseph, to share with me the delightful spectacle that presented itself! and equally did I long for your artistical skill, that I might transfer the charming scene to paper, through the medium of my pencil.

"The sun was just sinking behind the hills, the sky glittering with the light, fleecy clouds of vivid gold and purple, and the soft, balmy air of spring came laden with fresh sweetness, as it passed over the thick, clustering honeysuckle
hedge, which, growing along the side of the little rivulet, forms one of the boundaries of the court below.

"Seated on a stone bench, beneath the great pear-tree, whose branches overspread the barn, was my adoptive father Dagobert—the brave and fine-hearted old soldier you so much admire. He seemed pensive, his careworn, wrinkled face was bent downward, his head drooped upon his breast, as, with an abstracted air, he patted old Killjoy, who stood near his master, resting his intelligent head on his knees. Beside Dagobert was his wife, my adoptive mother, busily occupied in some kind of needlework, and close by them, on a low stool, sat Angela, Agricola's young wife, nursing her infant, while the gentle-hearted Mayeux, holding the elder of Agricola's children on her knees, was engaged in teaching him his letters.

"Agricola had just returned from the fields, and was beginning to free his oxen from the yoke, when, no doubt, struck like me by the beauty of the picture before him, he stood for an instant gazing on it in mute admiration, his hand still leaning on the yoke, beneath which the pair of fine large black oxen bent their strong yet submissive heads.

"I cannot attempt to convey to you, my friend, an adequate idea of the extreme loveliness of the scene, gilded by the last rays of the setting sun, whose beams flickered and danced among the bright green leaves of the foliage.

"What different expressions were visible on the countenances of the various persons composing the interesting group! First, the venerable features of the old soldier; then the tender, maternal goodness evident in the physiognomy of my mother; the sweet and blooming face of Angela, as she gazed upon her child; the gentle sadness of La Mayeux, as she from time to time pressed her lips on the cherub cheeks of Agricola's eldest born; and, last of all, Agricola
himself, whose fine, manly features seemed the very mirror of the noble, generous spirit that dwelt within.

"Oh, my friend! when I contemplate this assemblage of beings—so good, so devoted, so truly attached and mutually dear, collected together in the retirement of a place like this, I lift up my heart to God with a feeling of gratitude too great for words to express: but this domestic peace, the pure calm evening, the perfume of the wild flowers and woods borne along by the evening breeze, the profound silence, interrupted only by the plashing of the small waterfall adjoining the farm—all these calm delights lull the soul into a state of peace and good-will toward all men, and ineffable love and thankfulness to the Great Giver of them, while our hearts seem to swell with an indescribable feeling of happiness.

"Can you not understand all this, my friend? you who have so often dwelt upon the sweet yet melancholy pleasure which has elevated your feelings when wandering alone amid your immense plains of brier roses, surrounded by dark forests of fir! Have you not felt your eyes become moist, without being able to explain why it was so? I have felt all this, and more; often and often during the delicious nights I have passed in utter loneliness amid the deep solitudes of America.

"But, alas! a painful interruption caused a temporary cloud to fall over the charming picture I have endeavoured to sketch for you. All at once I heard Dagobert's wife exclaim,

"'Dear husband, you are weeping!'

"At these words, Agricola, Angela, and La Mayeux rose, and eagerly crowded round the old soldier, while their countenances expressed the most tender solicitude; then, as the soldier raised his head, two large round tears might be seen coursing each other down his weather-beaten cheeks, till they fell on his gray mustache.

"'Do not be uneasy, my children,' he said, in a voice of deep emotion; 'tis nothing; but I could not help sorrowing as I remembered that it is exactly four years since that 1st of June.'

"He could not proceed, and, as he lifted his hands upward for the purpose of drying his eyes, those around him, as well as myself, could observe that he held in his fingers a small bronze chain, to which was suspended a medal. This was his most precious relic, and fell into his possession four years ago, when, almost dying of grief for the loss of those two angelic creatures of whom I have so often talked to you, my friend, he found it round the neck of Marshal Simon, brought home dead after a desperate encounter, the despairing father having placed around his own neck the medal so long worn by his children.

"I instantly left my room, as you may suppose, to lend my aid in endeavouring to calm the distress and soften the painful recollections of this excellent man. By degrees we succeeded in restoring him to tranquillity, and the rest of the evening passed away calmly and piously.

"You can scarcely believe how vividly this little incident recalled to my mind the distressing scenes that have occurred to my ill-fated family, and how deeply, after I was again in the solitude of my chamber, I pondered over those events, from which I turn with fear and horror. My imagination seemed to call up the victims of those fearful and mysterious circumstances, the frightful extent of which can never be known, owing to the deaths of Fathers d'Aigrigny and Rodin, and the incurable madness of Madame de Saint-Dizier, the three authors, or, at least, principal actors, in so many horrible calamities—calamities never to be repaired—for those who have thus been sacrificed to an insatiable ambition would have been the pride and honour of mankind by their extensive benevolence and good works.

"Ah, my friend, had you but known, as I did, the real value of those noble hearts now forever cold, or the splendid projects of universal charity meditated by the young and lovely lady, whose mind was formed of none but the finer and superior elements that constitute a generous spirit, an enlightened understanding, and a soul all greatness, magnanimity, and the purest truth! The evening of
her death, after a long conversation with her on a subject (which must be a secret even from you), as if by way of preliminary to the magnificent design she contemplated, she confided to my charge a considerable sum of money, saying, with her usual grace and sweetness of manner, 'My enemies are endeavouring to ruin me, and it is possible they may succeed. What I now give you will, at least, be safe in your hands, and may be useful to those who are in need; to such give largely—give freely—dispense wherever and whenever the opportunity presents itself. I would fain make all the world partakers in my own happiness.'

I forget whether I ever told you, my friend, that, after the fatal occurrences which followed each other with such fearful rapidity, perceiving Dagobert and his wife (my adoptive mother) reduced to want, the gentle and amiable Mayeux unable to support herself upon her slender earnings, Agricola expecting to become a father, and myself deprived by my bishop of my humble curacy, and placed under an interdict, for having given religious consolation to a Protestant, and performed the funeral rites over the body of an unfortunate creature whom despair had driven to suicide; finding myself without resources of any kind, for the profession I follow admits not of my seeking the every-day means of gaining a livelihood, I considered myself at liberty to employ a small portion of the money intrusted to me for the aid of the unfortunate, in purchasing this small farm in Dagobert's name. Yes, my friend, you have now the true history of the origin of my fortune, concerning which so many rumours have been spread.

The farmer of whom we bought our few acres of land began our agricultural education; our own desire to learn, aided by the perusal of several clever and practical works, completed it. Agricola is a skilful farmer, and I have done my best to imitate him, without considering it in any manner derogatory to my sacred calling; for the toil which furnishes bread to the hungry is thrice blessed of the Lord, and it is merely showing forth the praise and glory of the all-bountiful Giver of Good to till and cultivate the earth His hand created.

Dagobert, his first bitter grief a little calmed, soon regained his health and vigour amid the simple, quiet life we lead; he had practised many agricultural arts in Siberia, and became of value and importance in our little colony.

My mother, Agricola's excellent wife, and La Mayeux, divide the domestic duties between them, and I gratefully acknowledge that the Almighty's blessing has visited our humble dwelling; the united group of careworn creatures, whose hearts have been so severely chastened, now assemble in peace, feel content beneath one roof, thankfully exchange their past hard trials for the calm solitude of a country life, and gladly devote themselves to the rude labours of the field in return for an innocent, peaceful, and tranquil mode of existence.

Yourself, my friend, have had opportunities of seeing and admiring, during our long winter evenings, the fine and delicate mind of the gentle Mayeux, the uncommon power of understanding and high poetical talent possessed by Agricola, the devoted maternal affection of his mother, the strong, plain sense of his father, with the sweet cheerfulness and winning kindness of Angela. You, then, can agree with me in asserting that it would be impossible to form a more delightful society, or one more anxious to contribute to each other's happiness. How many long winter evenings have we not passed together, assembled round a fire of crackling fagots, reading aloud by turns, or commenting on the contents of those inspired chapters, always new, imperishable, and divine, that warm the heart and expand and elevate the soul! What interesting discussions have we not pursued till the advance of night compelled us unwillingly to separate? Then, upon other occasions, there was the treat of listening to the effusions of Agricola's pastoral muse, or the timid contributions of La Mayeux, varied by the union of the clear, sweet voice of Angela with the rich, manly tones of Agricola, as they sang together some simple national melody. Sometimes Dagobert would recite to us in his plain, unpretending way, the scenes he had been engaged in in other lands, and relate his exploits, till his eye would kindle and his manner resume its former energy. To wind up this catalogue of rural delights, fancy the merry laugh of the happy, healthful children, as they sported with the good old
dog Killjoy, which permitted his little playfellows to do with him as they would, seeming conscious that he could not with safety return their innocent and loving attacks.

"'Intelligent creature!' would Dagobert exclaim, as he watched every turn of his old and faithful companion's countenance; 'he seems, however happy, as though continually looking for and expecting somebody!'

"Yes, the sagacious animal has never forgotten those two pure angels, whose guard and escort he was so many years; time seems not to diminish his regrets; he seems, as Dagobert expresses it, 'to be always looking for some one.' Think not that our own enjoyment has rendered us forgetful; far from it. Not a day passes on which those names dearest to our hearts are not tenderly and piously uttered; and the sad recollections they recall, incessantly hovering around us, give to our calm and peaceful existence that shade of gentle seriousness which so much struck you.

"Doubtless, my friend, this mode of life, restricted as it is to our immediate family circle, and extending not abroad for the relief and well-being of our fellow-creatures, is somewhat egotistical. But, alas! our means are as limited as our sphere of action; and although the poor and needy ever find a place beside our frugal table, and a shelter beneath our roof, we are compelled to abandon all idea of doing good upon an enlarged scale, the trifling produce of our little farm barely sufficing for our own wants.

"Yet painful as these reflections are, I still cannot blame myself for the resolution I formed to keep the oath I voluntarily took—sacred and irrevocable—forever to renounce the immense wealth to which, by the death of the other descendants of the family, I became so heir. And I consider myself as having discharged a great and imperative duty in directing the person in whose hands the riches were deposited, to reduce them to ashes sooner than allow them to fall into the possession of persons who would have made so vile a use of them, or perjure myself by rescinding a donation made freely, seriously, and voluntarily by me.

"And yet, when I consider the realization of the magnificent designs of my ancestor, designs only practicable with immense resources, but which Mademoiselle de Cardoville, ere the late fatal events took place, had purposed carrying out, in concert with M. François Hardy, Prince Djalma, Marshal Simon, his daughters, and myself—when I think of the splendid focus of living strength which such an association would have displayed, and consider the prodigious influence its emanations and radiations might have had on the whole civilized world, my indignation, my horror, my hatred, both as a man and a Christian, increase still more against the vile Company whose nefarious schemes have crushed the germ of so great, so admirable, and so prolific a prospect of universal good.

"And what remains of projects so ably devised and so splendidly provided for? Seven tombs alone bear witness to the frustration of one of the noblest designs that ever graced the heart of man. Yes, my friend, seven tombs; for mine, too, is prepared in the mausoleum, built under Samuel's direction, on the site of the house in the Rue Neuve Saint François, of which he has constituted himself the keeper, faithful even to the last.

"I had proceeded thus far with my letter, my friend, when yours arrived.

"It appears, then, that, not satisfied with forbidding you to see me, your bishop now prohibits your correspondence with me. Your regrets, expressive of so much sorrow and distress, at this fresh injunction, have deeply affected me. How many times have we conversed together touching ecclesiastical discipline, and the absolute power possessed by bishops over poor humble individuals like ourselves, left wholly to their mercy, without help or appeal!

"All this is very, very painful, and not a little hard to bear; but still it is the law of that Church whose laws you, my friend, as well as myself, have vowed to observe and obey; you must, therefore, imitate my submission. To a man of honour a promise is sacred.
"I only wish, my dear and worthy Joseph, that you possessed the same delightful consolations I have found in my disgrace and retirement. But I must not proceed. I feel I cannot write with the calmness I should; and I know too well, by my own heart, what you suffer, to desire to increase your unhappiness.

"I must conclude this letter: were I to write more, I should, perhaps, express myself in an unbecoming way toward those whose commands we are bound to respect.

"Then, since it must be so, I address you for the last time. Adieu! adieu! most affectionately and tenderly I bid you, my beloved friend, farewell forever. My heart seems broken—crushed!

"Gabriel de Rennepont."

CHAPTER II.

PARDON.

The day was just about to break. A pale and almost imperceptible pink light was beginning to appear in the east; but the stars were still shining with brightness in the azure of the sky. The birds, awaking in the fresh foliage of the large woods of the valley, began to warble their matin song. A light white vapour was arising from the high grass, bathed with the dews of night, while the calm and limpid waters of the great lake reflected the gray dawn in its deep-blue mirror. All bespoke one of those joyous and warm days at the commencement of summer.

On one side of the valley, and facing toward the east, was a clump of old hoar willows, hollowed by time, and their rugged bark concealed by the climbing branches of wild honeysuckle and creepers of all colours. These aged willows formed a sort of natural shelter, and on their gnarled roots, covered with thick moss, a man and woman were seated. Their hair was perfectly white, and their deep wrinkles and bent backs bespoke extreme old age. Yet this woman had very lately been young and handsome, and long black tresses had covered her pale brow. And this man, too, had very lately been in the vigour of his age.

From the spot where this man and this woman were reposing, the valley, the lake, the woods, and, above the woods, the lofty and abrupt summit of a blue-topped mountain, behind which the sun was rising, were all visible. The picture, half concealed by the pale transparency of the early hour, was at once smiling, melancholy, and solemn.

"O my sister!" said the old man to the woman, who, like himself, was reposing in the rural retreat formed by the clump of willows, "O my sister! how many times, for how many ages, since the hand of the Lord thrust us into space, we have traversed apart the world from pole to pole! how many times have we been present at the waking of nature with feelings of incurable grief! Alas! it was another day to wander in from sunrise to sunset—another day uselessly added to our days, of which it in vain increased the number, since death perpetually fled us."

"But, oh! what bliss! For some time, my brother, the Lord, in His pity, has willed that we, as well as His other creatures, shall each day be brought nearer to the tomb! Glory to Him! Glory to Him!"

"Glory to Him! my sister; for since yesterday, when His will was wrought in us, I feel that languor so indescribable, but which must be caused by the approaches of death."

"I am like you, my brother, and have also felt my strength fail me, and gradually weaken in a sweet exhaustion. No doubt the end of our life approaches. The anger of the Lord is appeased."

"Alas, my sister! no doubt the last member of my ill-fated race will, by his death, now near at hand, achieve my pardon; for the will of God is at length manifested. I shall be pardoned when the last of my race shall have disappear-
ed from the earth. For him, holy among the most holy, was reserved the power of accomplishing my ransom—he who has done so much for his brethren."

"Ah! yes, my brother, he who has suffered so much—he who, without complaining, has emptied cups so bitter, borne crosses so heavy—he who, a minister of the Lord, has been the image of Christ on earth—he will be the last instrument of this pardon."

"Yes; for I feel that at this hour, my sister, the last of my race, the exemplary victim of a slow persecution, is on the point of rendering up his angelic soul to God. Thus, even to the very end, I have been fatal to my race thus cursed. Lord, Lord, if thy clemency is great, thine anger has been great also!"

"Courage and hope, my brother; think that after expiation comes pardon—after pardon, reward. The Lord has smitten in you and in your posterity the artisan, made wicked by misfortune and injustice, when he said to you, 'Onward! onward! without cessation or repose; and your journeying shall be vain; and every evening, when throwing yourself on the hard ground, you shall be no nearer your end than you were in the morning, when you again began your eternal course.' Thus for ages pitiless men have said to the artisan, 'Work! work! work! without cessation or repose, and your labour, fruitful for all, shall be sterile for yourself; and every evening, when throwing yourself on the hard ground, you shall be no nearer the attainment of happiness and repose than you were on the preceding evening, when you returned from your daily labour. Your wages will suffice to keep you in an existence of grief, privation, and misery."

"Alas! alas! will it be always thus?"

"No, no, my brother; instead of weeping over those of your race, rejoice over them; for if the Lord has required their death for your pardon, the Lord, redeeming in you the artisan accursed by Heaven, will also redeem the artisan now, cursed and feared by those who bow him down beneath a yoke of iron. In truth, my brother, the time is at hand—the time is at hand! The mercy of the Lord will not be limited to us only. Yes, I tell you, in us are ransomed women and the modern slave. The trial has been cruel, brother; for eighteen centuries it has endured; but it has endured long enough. See, my brother—see in the east that rosy light which gradually reaches—reaches to the firmament. There will speedily arise the sun of a new emancipation—an emancipation, pacific, holy, great, salutary, productive, which will spread over the world its brightness and heat, vivifying even as the day-star, which will soon blaze resplendent in the heavens."

"Yes, yes, my sister, I feel this; your words are prophetic. Yes, we shall close our wearied eyes, having at least seen the aurora of the day of deliverance—a day as splendid, glorious, as that which is about to arise. Ah! no, no! I have no longer any tears but of pride and glorification for those of my race who have died, perchance, to assure this redemption. Holy martyrs of humanity, sacrificed by the eternal enemies of humanity, for the ancestry of these sacrilegious men, who blaspheme the holy name of Jesus in giving it to their Company, were the Pharisees, the false and unworthy priests, on whom Christ laid his malediction. Yes, glory to the descendants of my race, for having been the last martyrs immolated by these accomplices in all slavery, all despotism—by these pitiless enemies of the freedom of those who would think and would not suffer—of those who would enjoy, as sons of God, the gifts which the Creator has shed upon the whole of His vast human family. Yes, yes, it is at hand, the end of the reign of those modern Pharisees, those false priests, who lend a sacrilegious support to the pitiable and pitiless selfishness of the strong against the weak, by daring to maintain, in the face of the inexhaustible treasures of the creation, that God has made man for tears, misfortune, and misery—those false priests who, the favourers of all oppressions, desire always to bow to the very earth the forehead of the created being in humiliation, wretchedness, and ignorance. But no, let him boldly raise his head. God created man to be worthy, intelligent, free, and happy."
"Oh! my brother, your words are also prophetic. Yes, yes, the dawn of this glorious day approaches—approaches as the rising of this day, which, by the mercy of God, will be the last of our terrestrial life."

"The last, my sister; for some indescribable weakness gains fast upon me; it seems as though all within me that is material is dissolving away, and I feel deep aspirations of my soul, which longs for heaven."

"My brother, my eyes are closing, and I can scarcely see through my half-veiled lids the east with its dawn of rosy light."

"Sister, I can scarcely see the valley, the lake, the woods, through a dim vapour; my strength is leaving me."

"Brother, God be blessed, the moment of our eternal repose is at hand."

"Yes, it comes, sister; the happiness of eternal sleep seizes on all my senses."

"Oh! happiness, brother, I die!"

"Sister, my eyes close; pardoned—pardoned."

"Yes, brother, and may this divine redemption extend over all—those who suffer—on earth."

"Die in peace, my sister; the dawn of this great day—is—near; the sun has arisen—behold it!"

"Oh! God be blessed!

"Oh! God be blessed!"

And at the moment when these two voices ceased forever, the sun shone forth in its dazzling radiance, and inundated the valley with its rays.
CONCLUSION.

Our task is done—our work is ended. We well know how incomplete, imperfect, is this production. We know all that it wants in style, conception, and story. But we believe we have the right to say that this work is honest, conscientious, and sincere.

During the progress of the publication many hateful, unjust, and fierce attacks have assailed it; many severe criticisms, many harsh but honest criticisms, have assailed it. The hateful, unjust, and fierce attacks have diverted us—we confess it in all humility—inasmuch as they have been directed against us from certain episcopal pulpits. These amusing displays of anger, these anathematizing buffooneries, have been thundered against us for more than a year. They are too amusing to be disliked. It is simply the high comedy of clerical manners. We have enjoyed—very much enjoyed—this comedy. We have tasted and relished it; and it is right that we should express our sincere gratitude to those who, like the divine Molière, are both authors of and actors in it.

As to the violent, bitter critiques, we accept them freely and gratefully as far as they relate to the literary portion of our work, and profit by the advice given to us, although, perhaps, somewhat sharply. Our humble deference to the opinion of judgments more correct than kind or sympathizing has, we fear, somewhat disconcerted and annoyed them; and this we doubly regret, for we have profited by their criticism; and it is involuntary on our part if we displease those who have rendered us a service, although unintentional.

A few words on other but graver attacks. We have been accused of having appealed to the passions by marking out for public animadversion the members of the Company of Jesus. This is our answer: There is no longer any doubt—it is incontestable—it is demonstrated by texts submitted to evidence of the most opposite character, from Pascal to our days, that the theological works of the best-accredited members of the Company of Jesus contain justification or excuse for THEFT—ADULTERY—VIOLATION—MURDER!

It is also undeniable that foul and revolting works, sanctioned by the reverend fathers of the Company of Jesus, have been more than once placed in the hands of the youth at their seminaries.

This last fact established, demonstrated by a scrupulous examination of texts, having been, besides, solemnly and lately exposed in an oration full of high feelings, reasoning, and serious and noble eloquence, by M. l'Avocat-Général Dupoty, during the trial of the learned and honourable M. Busch, of Strasbourg, what has been our proceeding? We have imagined members of the Company of Jesus inspired by the detestable principles of their theologian classics, and acting according to the spirit and letter of these abominable works, their catechism and rudiments; we have, in fact, put in action, in relief, in flesh and blood, these detestable doctrines: nothing more—nothing less.

Have we pretended that all the members of the Society of Jesus had the black skill, the audacity, or the wickedness to employ those dangerous arms which are contained in the dark arsenal of their Order? By no means. What we have attacked is the abominable spirit of the constitution of the Company of Jesus, the books of their classic theologians.

Is there any need to add that, since popes, kings, nations, and latterly France, have shown their disgust for the horrible doctrines of this Company by expelling
its members or dissolving their congregation, we have done no more than present, under a new form, ideas, convictions, and facts, for a long while consecrated and of public notoriety.

This stated, we pass on to the next point.

We have been reproached, also, with exciting the hatred of the poor against the rich; of envenoming the envy which the unfortunate feels at the sight of wealth.

To this we reply that we have, on the contrary, endeavoured, in the creation of Adrienne de Cardoville, to personify that portion of the aristocracy, by name and fortune, which, as much from a noble and generous impulse as by a knowledge of the past and forecast for the future, extends, or endeavours to extend, a benevolent and fraternal hand to all who suffer, to all who preserve their honesty in distress, and to all that labour renders worthy. Is it, in a word, to sow the germs of division between the rich and poor when we exhibit Adrienne de Cardoville, the beautiful and wealthy patrician, calling La Mayeux her sister, and treating her as a sister, when she is a poor, wretched, deformed seamstress?

Is it to irritate the workman against his employer, to show M. Francois Hardy laying the foundation of a maison commune?

No; we have, on the contrary, endeavoured to effect a union, a reconciliation between the two classes placed at the two extremities of the social ladder, for during three years we have written these words, If the rich only knew!

We have said, and we repeat, that there are frightful and innumerable miseries, against which the masses—better and better informed as to their rights, but still calm, patient, resigned—demand protection. They require that those who govern should at length occupy themselves with the melioration of their deplorable position, each day aggravated by the anarchy and the pitiless rivalry which prevail in commerce. Yes, we have said, and we repeat, that the honest and industrious workman has a right to a labour which shall give him adequate wages.

Let us sum up in a few lines the questions raised by us in this work.

We have endeavoured to prove the cruel deficiency of women's wages, and the horrible consequences of this deficiency.

We have demanded fresh securities against the facility with which any person may be shut up in a lunatic asylum.

We have demanded that the artisan should enjoy the benefit of the law with respect to liberty on deposit of caution money—caution reaching the amount of 600 francs, a sum impossible for him to acquire, while liberty is more important to him than to any other person, as his family often lives on his sole industry, which he cannot exercise in jail. We have, therefore, proposed the sum of sixty or eighty francs, as nearly representing the amount of a month's labour.

We have, in fine, by endeavouring to render practical the organization of a maison commune for workpeople, demonstrated (at least we hope so) the immense advantages, even at the present ratio of wages, insufficient as it is, which workpeople would find in the principle of association and living in common if the means of achieving such a result were afforded to them.

And that this might not be treated as a utopianism, we have established, by figures, that speculators might do, at the same time, a humane and a generous action, profitable to all, and gain five per cent. for their money, by founding common houses.

A humane and generous speculation we have also recommended to the attention of the Municipal Council, always so full of solicitude for the Parisian population. The city of Paris is rich, and in no way could it dispose of some of its capital more advantageously than in establishing in some quarter of the capital a model maison commune. In the first place, the hope of being admitted there for a moderate sum would excite a praiseworthy emulation among the working classes; and in the next, they would draw from this example the first and most powerful rudiments of association.
Now one last word to thank, from the depths of our heart, the friends, known and unknown, whose benevolence, encouragement, and sympathy have constantly followed us, and have been to us of such powerful aid in our long task.

One other word, also, of respectful and unfailing gratitude for our friends in Belgium and Switzerland, who have deigned to give us public proofs of their sympathy, which will always be to us a source of satisfaction, and one of our sweetest rewards.

THE END.
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