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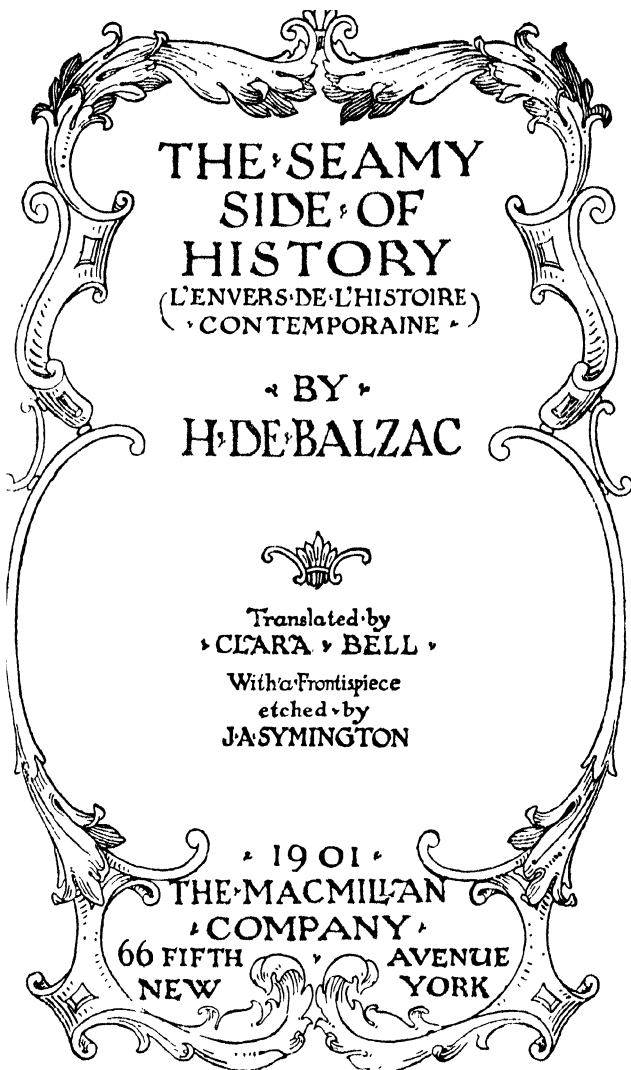
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THE TEMPLE EDITION
OF THE
COMÉDIE HUMAINE

Edited by

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

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THE SEAMY
SIDE OF
HISTORY
(L'ENVERS DE L'HISTOIRE
CONTEMPORAINE)

BY
H. DE BALZAC



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PREFACE

It would be difficult to find another book, composed of two parts by the same author, which offers more remarkable variations and contrasts than the volume which contains *L'Envers de l'Histoire Contemporaine* and *Z. Marcas*. And in certain respects it must be said that the contrast of the longer and later story with the earlier and shorter one is not such as to inspire us with any great certainty that, had Balzac's comparatively short life been prolonged, we should have had many more masterpieces. It is true that, considering the remarkable excellence of the work (*Les Parents Pauvres*) which immediately preceded *L'Envers de l'Histoire*, it is not possible to say with confidence that the inferiority of the present book is anything more than one of the usual phenomena of *maxima* and *minima*—of ups and downs—which present themselves in all human affairs.

At the same time, there is in *L'Envers de l'Histoire Contemporaine* an ominous atmosphere of flagging, combined with a not less ominous return to a weaker handling of ideas and schemes which the author had handled more strongly earlier. We have seen that the secret-society craze—a favourite one with most Frenchmen, and

closely connected with their famous panic-terror of being 'betrayed' in war and politics—had an especially strong hold on this most typical of French novelists. He had almost begun his true career with the notion of a league of *Dévorants*, of persons banded, if not exactly against society, at any rate for the gratifying of their own desires and the avenging of their own wrongs, with an utter indifference to social laws and arrangements. He ended it, or nearly so, with the idea of a contrary league of Consolation, which should employ money, time, pains, and combination to supply the wants and heal the wounds which Society either directly causes or more or less callously neglects.

The later idea is, of course, a far nobler one than the earlier; it shows a saner, healthier, happier state of imagination; it coincides rather remarkably with an increasing tendency of the age ever since Balzac's time. Nay more, the working out of it contains none of those improbabilities and childishnesses which, to any but very youthful tastes and judgments, mar the *Histoire des Treize*. And it is also better written. Balzac, with that extraordinary 'long development' of his, as they say of wines, constantly improved in this particular; and whatever may be the doubts on the point referred to above, we may say with some confidence that had he lived, he would have written, in the mere sense of *writing*, ever better and better. Yet again, we catch quaint and pleasant echoes of youth in these pages, and are carried back nearly fifty years in nominal date, and more than twenty in dates of actual invention, by such names as Montauran and Pille-Miche and Marche-à-Terre.

But when all this is said, it cannot, I think, be denied

that a certain dulness, a heaviness, does rest on Madame de la Chanterie and L'Initié. The very reference to the *Médecin de Campagne*, which Balzac with his systematising mania bring in, calls up another unlucky contrast. There, too, the benevolence and the goodness were something fanciful, not to say fantastic; but there was an inspiration, a vigour, to speak vulgarly, a 'go,' which we do not find here. Balzac's awkward and inveterate habit of parenthetical and episodic narratives and glances backward is not more obvious here than in many other pieces; but there is not, as in some at least of these other pieces, strength enough of main interest to carry it off. The light is clear, it is religious and touching in its dimness; but the lamp burns low.

Z. *Marcas*, on the other hand, written a good deal earlier in the author's public career, at that quaint and tumbledown residence of Les Jardies, where he did some of his very best work, has all the verve and vigour which its companion or companions lack. Numerous and often good as are the stories by all manner of hands, eminent and other, of the strange neighbours and acquaintance which the French habit of living in apartments brings about, this may vie with almost the best of them for individuality and force. Of course, it may be said that its brevity demanded no very great effort; and also, a more noteworthy criticism, that Balzac has not made it so very clear after all why the political ingratitude of those for whom *Marcas* laboured made it impossible for him to gain a living more amply and comfortably than by copying. The former carp needs no answer; the sonnet *is* the equal of the long poem if it is a perfect sonnet. The latter, more respectable, is

also more damaging. But it is a fair, if not quite a full, defence to say that Balzac is here once more exemplifying his favourite notion of the *maniaque* in the French sense—of the man with one idea, who is incapable not only of making a dishonourable surrender of that idea, but of entering into even the most honourable armistice in his fight for it. Not only will such a man not bow in the House of Rimmon, but the fullest liberty to stay outside will not content him—he must force himself in and be at the idol. The external as well as the internal portraiture of *Z. Marcas* is also as good as it can be: and it cannot but add legitimate interest to the sketch to remember, first, that Balzac attributes to Marcas his own favourite habits and times of work; and secondly, that, like some other men of letters, he himself was an untiring, and would fain have been an influential politician.

L'Envers de l'Histoire Contemporaine, as above stated, was, in part, one of the very latest of Balzac's works, and was actually finished during his residence at Vierzschovnia. *Madame de la Chanterie*, however, was somewhat earlier, part of it having been written in 1842. It appeared in a fragmentary and rather topsyturvy fashion, with separate titles, in the *Musée des Familles*, from September in the year just named to November 1844, and was only united together in the first edition of the *Comédie* two years later, though even after this it had a separate appearance with some others of its author's works in 1847. *L'Initié*, or, as it was first entitled, *Les Frères de la Consolation*, was not written till this latter year, and appeared in 1848 in the *Spectateur Republicain*, but not as a book till after the author's

death. In both cases there was the usual alternation of chapter divisions, with headings and none.

Z. Marcas, written in 1840, appeared in the *Revue Parisienne* for July of that year, made its first book appearance in a miscellany by different hands called *Le Fruit Défendu* (1841), and five years later took rank in the *Comédie*.

G. S.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF HISTORY

FIRST EPISODE

MADAME DE LA CHANTERIE

ONE fine September evening, in the year 1836, a man of about thirty was leaning over the parapet of the quay at a point whence the Seine may be surveyed up stream from the Jardin des Plantes to Notre-Dame, and down in grand perspective to the Louvre.

There is no such view elsewhere in the Capital of Ideas (Paris). You are standing, as it were, on the poop of a vessel that has grown to vast proportions. You may dream there of Paris from Roman times to the days of the Franks, from the Normans to the Burgundians, through the Middle Ages to the Valois, Henri iv., Napoleon, and Louis Philippe. There is some vestige or building of each period to bring it to mind. The dome of Sainte-Geneviève shelters the *Quartier Latin*. Behind you rises the magnificent east end of the Cathedral. The Hotel de Ville speaks of all the revolutions, the Hôtel Dieu of all the miseries of Paris. After glancing at the splendours of the Louvre, take a few steps, and you can see the rags that hang out from the squalid crowd of houses that huddle between the Quai de la Tournelle and the Hôtel Dieu; the authorities are, however, about to clear them away.

In 1836 this astonishing picture inculcated yet another lesson. Between the gentleman who leaned over the

parapet and the cathedral, the deserted plot, known of old as le Terrain, was still strewn with the ruins of the Archbishop's palace. As we gaze there on so many suggestive objects, as the mind takes in the past and the present of the city of Paris, Religion seems to have established herself there that she might lay her hands on the sorrows on both sides of the river, from the Faubourg Saint-Antoine to the Faubourg Saint-Marceau.

It is to be hoped that these sublime harmonies may be completed by the construction of an Episcopal palace in a Gothic style to fill the place of the meaningless buildings that now stand between the Island, the Rue d'Arcole, and the Quai de la Cité.

This spot, the very heart of old Paris, is beyond anything deserted and melancholy. The waters of the Seine break against the wall with a loud noise, the Cathedral throws its shadow there at sunset. It is not strange that vast thoughts should brood there in a brain-sick man. Attracted perhaps by an accordance between his own feelings at the moment and those to which such a varied prospect must give rise, the loiterer folded his hands over the parapet, lost in the twofold contemplation of Paris and of himself! The shadows spread, lights twinkled into being, and still he did not stir; carried on as he was by the flow of a mood of thought, big with the future, and made solemn by the past.

At this instant he heard two persons approaching, whose voices had been audible on the stone bridge where they had crossed from the Island of the Cité to the Quai de la Tournelle. The two speakers no doubt believed themselves to be alone, and talked somewhat louder than they would have done in a more frequented place, or if they had noticed the propinquity of a stranger. From the bridge their tones betrayed an eager discussion, bearing, as it seemed, from a few words that reached the involuntary listener, on a loan of money. As they came

closer, one of the speakers, dressed as a working man, turned from the other with a gesture of despair. His companion looked round, called the man back, and said—

‘You have not a sou to pay the bridge-toll. Here!’—and he gave him a coin—‘and remember, my friend, it is God Himself who speaks to us when a good thought occurs to us.’

The last words startled the dreamer. The man who spoke had no suspicion that, to use a proverbial expression, he was killing two birds with one stone; that he spoke to two unhappy creatures—a workman at his wits’ end, and a soul without a compass; a victim of what Panurge’s sheep call Progress, and a victim of what France calls equality.

These words, simple enough in themselves, acquired grandeur from the tone of the speaker, whose voice had a sort of magical charm. Are there not such voices, calm and sweet, affecting us like a view of the distant ocean?

The speaker’s costume showed him to be a priest, and his face, in the last gleam of twilight, was pale, and dignified, though worn. The sight of a priest coming out of the grand Cathedral of Saint Stephen at Vienna to carry extreme unction to a dying man, persuaded Werner, the famous tragic poet, to become a Catholic. The effect was much the same on our Parisian when he saw the man who, without intending it, had brought him consolation; he discerned on the dark line of his horizon in the future a long streak of light where the blue of heaven was shining, and he followed the path of light, as the shepherds of the Gospel followed the voice that called to them from on high, ‘Christ the Lord is born!’

The man of healing speech walked on under the cathedral, and by favour of Chance—which is sometimes consistent—made his way towards the street from which

the loiterer had come, and whither he was returning, led there by his own mistakes in life.

This young man's name was Godefroid. As this narrative proceeds, the reader will understand the reasons for giving to the actors in it only their Christian names.

And this is the reason why Godefroid, who lived near the *Chausée d'Antin*, was lingering at such an hour under the shadow of *Notre-Dame*.

He was the son of a retail dealer, who, by economy, had made some little fortune, and in him centred all the ambitions of his parents, who dreamed of seeing him a notary in Paris. At the early age of seven he had been sent to a school, kept by the *Abbé Liautard*, where he was thrown together with the children of certain families of distinction, who had selected this establishment for the education of their sons, out of attachment to religion, which, under the emperor, was somewhat too much neglected in the *Lycées*, or public schools. At that age social inequalities are not recognised between school-fellows; but in 1821, when his studies were finished, Godefroid, articled to a notary, was not slow to perceive the distance that divided him from those with whom he had hitherto lived on terms of intimacy.

While studying the law, he found himself lost in the crowd of young men of the citizen class, who, having neither a ready-made fortune nor hereditary rank, had nothing to look to but their personal worth or persistent industry. The hopes built upon him by his father and mother, who had now retired from business, stimulated his conceit without giving him pride. His parents lived as simply as Dutch folks, not spending more than a quarter of their income of twelve thousand francs; they intended to devote their savings, with half their capital, to the purchase of a connection for their son. Godefroid, reduced also to live under the conditions of this domestic thrift, regarded them as so much out of pro-

portion to his parents' dreams and his own, that he felt disheartened. In weak characters such discouragement leads to envy. While many other men, in whom necessity, determination, and good sense were more marked than talent, went straight and steadfastly onward in the path laid down for modest ambitions, Godefroid waxed rebellious, longed to shine, insisted on facing the brightest light, and so dazzled his eyes. He tried to 'get on,' but all his efforts ended in demonstrating his incapacity. At last, clearly perceiving too great a discrepancy between his desires and his prospects, he conceived a hatred of social superiority; he became a Liberal, and tried to make himself famous by a book; but he learned, to his cost, to regard talent much as he regarded rank. Having tried by turns the profession of notary, the bar, and literature, he now aimed at the higher branch of the law.

At this juncture his father died. His mother, content in her old age with two thousand francs a year, gave up almost her whole fortune to his use. Possessor now, at five-and-twenty, of ten thousand francs a year, he thought himself rich, and he was so as compared with the past. Hitherto his life had been a series of acts with no will behind them, or of impotent willing; so, to keep pace with the age, to act, to become a personage, he tried to get into some circle of society by the help of his money.

At first he fell in with journalism, which has always an open hand for any capital that comes in its way. Now, to own a newspaper is to be a Personage; it means employing talent and sharing its successes without dividing its labours. Nothing is more tempting to second-rate men than thus to rise by the brains of others. Paris has had a few *parvenus* of this type, whose success is a disgrace both to the age and to those who have lent a lifting shoulder.

In this class of society Godefroid was soon cut out by

the vulgar cunning of some and the extravagance of others, by the money of ambitious capitalists or the manœuvring of editors; then he was dragged into the dissipations that a literary or political life entails, the habits of critics behind the scenes, and the amusements needed by men who work their brains hard. Thus he fell into bad company; but he there learned that he was an insignificant-looking person, and that he had one shoulder higher than the other without redeeming this malformation by any distinguished ill-nature or wit. Bad manners are a form of self-payment which actors snatch by telling the truth.

Short, badly made, devoid of wit or of any strong bent, all seemed at an end for a young man at a time when for success in any career the highest gifts of mind are as nothing without luck, or the tenacity which commands luck.

The revolution of 1830 poured oil on Godefroid's wounds; he found the courage of hope, which is as good as that of despair. Like many another obscure journalist, he got an appointment where his Liberal ideas, at loggerheads with the demands of a newly-established power, made him but a refractory instrument. Veneered only with Liberalism, he did not know, as superior men did, how to hold his own. To obey the Ministry was to him to surrender his opinions. And the Government itself seemed to him false to the laws that had given rise to it. Godefroid declared in favour of *mouvement* when what was needed was tenacity; he came back to Paris almost poor, but faithful to the doctrines of the opposition.

Alarmed by the licentiousness of the press, and yet more by the audacity of the republican party, he sought in retirement the only life suited to a being of incomplete faculties, devoid of such force as might defy the rough jolting of political life, weary too of repeated failures, of suffering and struggles which had won him no glory; and friendless, because friendship needs con-

spicuous qualities or defects, while possessing feelings that were sentimental rather than deep. Was it not, in fact, the only prospect open to a young man who had already been several times cheated by pleasure, and who had grown prematurely old from friction in a social circle that never rests nor lets others rest.

His mother, who was quietly dying in the peaceful village of Auteuil, sent to her son to come to her, as much for the sake of having him with her as to start him in the road where he might find the calm and simple happiness that befits such souls. She had at last taken Godefroid's measure when she saw that at eight-and-twenty he had reduced his whole fortune to four thousand francs a year; his desires blunted, his fancied talents extinct, his energy nullified, his ambition crushed, and his hatred for every one who rose by legitimate effort increased by his many disappointments.

She tried to arrange a marriage for Godefroid with the only daughter of a retired merchant, thinking that a wife might be a guardian to his distressful mind, but the old father brought the mercenary spirit that abides in those who have been engaged in trade to bear on the question of settlements. At the end of a year of attentions and intimacy, Godefroid's suit was rejected. In the first place, in the opinion of these case-hardened traders, the young man must necessarily have retained a deep-dyed immorality from his former pursuits; and then, even during this past year, he had drawn upon his capital both to dazzle the parents and to attract the daughter. This not unpardonable vanity gave the finishing touch; the family had a horror of unthrift; and their refusal was final when they heard that Godefroid had sacrificed in six years a hundred and fifty thousand francs of his capital.

The blow fell all the harder on his aching heart because the girl was not at all good-looking. Still, under his mother's influence, Godefroid had credited the

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object of his addresses with a sterling character and the superior advantages of a sound judgment; he was accustomed to her face, he had studied its expression, he liked the young lady's voice, manners, and look. Thus, after staking the last hope of his life on this attachment, he felt the bitterest despair.

His mother dying, he found himself — he whose requirements had always followed the tide of fashion — with five thousand francs for his whole fortune, and the certainty of never being able to repair any future loss, since he saw himself incapable of the energy which is imperatively demanded for the grim task of *making a fortune*.

But a man who is weak, aggrieved, and irritable cannot submit to be extinguished at a blow. While still in mourning, Godefroid wandered through Paris in search of something to 'turn up'; he dined in public rooms, he rashly introduced himself to strangers, he mingled in society, and met with nothing but opportunities for expenditure. As he wandered about the Boulevards, he was so miserable that the sight of a mother with a young daughter to marry gave him as keen a pang as that of a young man going on horseback to the Bois, of a *parvenu* in a smart carriage, or of an official with a ribbon in his buttonhole. The sense of his own inadequacy told him that he could not pretend even to the more respectable of second-class positions, nor to the easiest form of office-work. And he had spirit enough to be constantly vexed, and sense enough to bewail himself in bitter self-accusation.

Incapable of contending with life, conscious of certain superior gifts, but devoid of the will that brings them into play, feeling himself incomplete, lacking force to undertake any great work, or to resist the temptations of those tastes he had acquired from education or recklessness in his past life, he was a victim to three maladies, any one of them enough to disgust a man with life when

he has ceased to exercise his religious faith. Indeed, Godefroid wore the expression so common now among men, that it has become the Parisian type: it bears the stamp of disappointed or smothered ambitions, of mental distress, of hatred lulled by the apathy of a life amply filled up by the superficial and daily spectacle of Paris, of satiety seeking stimulants, of repining without talent, of the affectation of force; the venom of past failure which makes a man smile at scoffing, and scorn all that is elevating, misprize the most necessary authorities, enjoy their dilemmas, and disdain all social forms.

This Parisian disease is to the active and persistent coalition of energetic malcontents what the soft wood is to the sap of a tree; it preserves it, covers it, and hides it.

Weary of himself, Godefroid one morning resolved to give himself some reason for living. He had met a former school-fellow, who had proved to be the tortoise of the fable while he himself had been the hare. In the course of such a conversation as is natural to old companions while walking in the sunshine on the Boulevard des Italiens, he was amazed to find that success had attended this man, who, apparently far less gifted than himself with talent and fortune, had simply resolved each day to do as he had resolved the day before. The brain-sick man determined to imitate this simplicity of purpose.

‘Life in the world is like the earth,’ his friend had said; ‘it yields in proportion to our labours.’

Godefroid was in debt. As his first penance, his first duty, he required himself to live in seclusion and pay his debts out of his income. For a man who was in the habit of spending six thousand francs when he had five, it was no light thing to reduce his expenses to two thousand francs. He read the advertisement-sheets every morning, hoping to find a place of refuge where he might live on a fixed sum, and where he might enjoy

the solitude necessary to a man who wanted to study and examine himself, and discern a vocation. The manners and customs of the boarding-houses in the Quartier Latin were an offence to his taste; a private asylum, he thought, would be unhealthy; and he was fast drifting back into the fatal uncertainty of a will-less man, when the following advertisement caught his eye:—

‘Small apartments, at seventy francs a month; might suit a clerk in orders. Quiet habits expected. Board included; and the rooms will be inexpensively furnished on mutual agreement. Enquire of M. Millet, grocer, Rue Chanoinesse, by Notre-Dame, for all further particulars.’

Attracted by the artless style of this paragraph, and the aroma of simplicity it seemed to bear, Godefroid presented himself at the grocer’s shop at about four in the afternoon, and was told that at that hour Madame de la Chanterie was dining, and could see no one at meal-times. The lady would be visible in the evening after seven, or between ten and twelve in the morning. While he talked, Monsieur Millet took stock of Godefroid, and proceeded to put him through his first examination—‘Was Monsieur single? Madame wished for a lodger of regular habits. The house was locked up by eleven at latest.’

‘Well,’ said he in conclusion, ‘you seem to me, Monsieur, to be of an age to suit Madame de la Chanterie’s views.’

‘What age do you suppose I am?’ asked Godefroid.

‘Somewhere about forty,’ replied the grocer.

This plain answer cast Godefroid into the depths of misanthropy and dejection. He went to dine on the Quai de la Tournelle, and returned to gaze at Notre-Dame just as the fires of the setting sun were rippling and breaking in wavelets on the buttresses of the great nave. The quay was already in shadow, while the towers

still glittered in the glow, and the contrast struck Godefroid as he tasted all the bitterness which the grocer's brutal simplicity had stirred within him.

Thus the young man was oscillating between the whisperings of despair and the appealing tones of religious harmony aroused in his mind by the cathedral bells, when, in the darkness, and silence, and calm moonshine, the priest's speech fell on his ear. Though far from devout—like most men of the century—his feelings were touched by these words, and he went back to the Rue Chanoinesse, where he had but just decided not to go.

The priest and Godefroid were equally surprised on turning into the Rue Massillon, opposite the north door of the cathedral, at the spot where it ends by the Rue de la Colombe, and is called Rue des Marmousets. When Godefroid stopped under the arched doorway of the house where Madame de la Chanterie lived, the priest turned round to examine him by the light of a hanging oil-lamp, which will, very likely, be one of the last to disappear in the heart of old Paris.

'Do you wish to see Madame de la Chanterie, Monsieur?' asked the priest.

'Yes,' replied Godefroid. 'The words I have just heard you utter to that workman prove to me that this house, if you dwell in it, must be good for the soul.'

'Then you witnessed my failure,' said the priest, lifting the knocker, 'for I did not succeed.'

'It seems to me that it was the workman who failed. He had begged sturdily enough for money.'

'Alas!' said the priest, 'one of the greatest misfortunes attending revolutions in France is that each, in its turn, offers a fresh premium to the ambitions of the lower classes. To rise above his status and make a fortune, which, in these days, is considered the social guarantee, the workman throws himself into monstrous plots, which, if they fail, must bring those who dabble

in them before the bar of human justice. This is what good-nature sometimes ends in.'

The porter now opened a heavy gate, and the priest said to Godefroid—

'Then you have come about the rooms to let?'

'Yes, Monsieur.'

The priest and Godefroid then crossed a fairly wide courtyard, beyond which stood the black mass of a tall house, flanked by a square tower even higher than the roof, and amazingly old. Those who know the history of Paris are aware that the soil has risen so much round the cathedral, that there is not a trace to be seen of the twelve steps which originally led up to it. Hence what was the ground floor of this house must now form the cellars. There is a short flight of outer steps to the door of the tower, and inside it an ancient *Vise* or stairs, winding in a spiral round a newell carved to imitate a vine-stock. This style, resembling that of the Louis XII. staircases at Blois, dates as far back as the fourteenth century.

Struck by these various signs of antiquity, Godefroid could not help exclaiming—

'This tower was not built yesterday!'

'It is said to have withstood the attacks of the Normans and to have formed part of a primeval palace of the kings of Paris; but according to more probable traditions, it was the residence of Fulbert, the famous Canon, and the uncle of Héloïse.'

As he spoke the priest opened the door of the apartment, which seemed to be the ground floor, and which, in fact, is now but just above the ground of both the outer and the inner courtyard—for there is a small second court.

In the first room a servant sat knitting by the light of a small lamp; she wore a cap devoid of any ornament but its gauffered cambric frills. She stuck one of the needles through her hair, but did not lay down her

knitting as she rose to open the door of a drawing-room looking out on the inner court. This room was lighted up. The woman's dress suggested to Godefroid that of some Grey Sisters.

'Madame, I have found you a tenant,' said the priest, showing in Godefroid, who saw in the room three men, sitting in armchairs near Madame de la Chanterie.

The three gentlemen rose; the mistress of the house also; and when the priest had pushed forward a chair for the stranger, and he had sat down in obedience to a sign from Madame de la Chanterie and an old-fashioned bidding to 'Be seated,' the Parisian felt as if he were far indeed from Paris, in remote Brittany, or the backwoods of Canada.

There are, perhaps, degrees of silence. Godefroid, struck already by the tranquillity of the Rue Massillon and Rue Chanoinesse, where a vehicle passes perhaps twice in a month, struck too by the stillness of the courtyard and the tower, may have felt himself at the very heart of silence, in this drawing-room, hedged round by so many old streets, old courtyards, and old walls.

This part of the Island, called the Cloister, preserves the character common to all cloisters; it is damp, and cold, and monastic; silence reigns there unbroken, even during the noisiest hours of the day. It may also be remarked that this part of the Cité, lying between the body of the Cathedral and the river, is to the north and under the shadow of Notre-Dame. The east wind loses itself there, unchecked by any obstacle, and the fogs from the Seine are to some extent entrapped by the blackened walls of the ancient metropolitan church.

So no one will be surprised at the feeling that came over Godefroid on finding himself in this ancient abode, and in the presence of four persons as silent and as solemn as everything around them. He did not look about him; his curiosity centred in Madame de la

Chanterie, whose name even had already puzzled him.

This lady was evidently a survival from another century, not to say another world. She had a rather sweet face, with a soft, coldly-coloured complexion, an aquiline nose, a benign brow, hazel eyes, and a double chin, the whole framed in curls of silver hair. Her dress could only be described by the old name of *fourreau* (literally a sheath, a tightly-fitting dress), so literally was she cased in it, in the fashion of the eighteenth century. The material—silk of carmelite grey, finely and closely striped with green—seemed to have come down from the same date; the body, cut low, was hidden under a mantilla of richer silk, flounced with black lace, and fastened at the bosom with a brooch containing a miniature. Her feet, shod in black velvet boots, rested on a little stool. Madame de la Chanterie, like her maidservant, was knitting stockings, and had a knitting pin stuck through her waving hair under her lace cap.

‘Have you seen Monsieur Millet?’ she asked Godefroid in the head voice peculiar to dowagers of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, as if to invite him to speak, seeing that he was almost thunderstruck.

‘Yes, Madame.’

‘I am afraid the rooms will hardly suit you,’ she went on, observing that her proposed tenant was dressed with elegance in clothes that were new and smart.

Godefroid, in fact, was wearing patent leather boots, yellow gloves, handsome shirt-studs, and a neat watch chain passed through the buttonhole of a black silk waistcoat sprigged with blue.

Madame de la Chanterie took a small silver whistle out of her pocket and blew it. The woman servant came in.

‘Manon, child, show this gentleman the rooms. Will you, my dear friend, accompany him?’ she said to the priest. ‘And if by any chance the rooms should

suit you,' she added, rising and looking at Godefroid, 'we will afterwards discuss the terms.'

Godefroid bowed and went out. He heard the iron rattle of a bunch of keys which Manon took out of a drawer, and saw her light a candle in a large brass candlestick.

Manon led the way without speaking a word. When he found himself on the stairs again, climbing to the upper floors, he doubted the reality of things; he felt dreaming though awake, and saw the whole world of fantastic romance such as he had read of in his hours of idleness. And any Parisian dropped here, as he was, out of the modern city with its luxurious houses and furniture, its glittering restaurants and theatres, and all the stirring heart of Paris, would have felt as he did. The single candle carried by the servant lighted the winding stair but dimly; spiders had hung it with their dusty webs.

Manon's dress consisted of a skirt broadly pleated and made of coarse woollen stuff; the bodice was cut square at the neck, behind and before, and all her clothes seemed to move in a piece. Having reached the second floor, which had been the third, Manon stopped, turned the springs of an antique lock, and opened a door painted in coarse imitation of knotted mahogany.

'There!' said she, leading the way.

Who had lived in these rooms? A miser, an artist who had died of want, a cynic indifferent to the world, or a pious man who was alien to it? Any one of the four seemed possible, as the visitor smelt the very odour of poverty, saw the greasy stains on wall-papers covered with a layer of smoke, the blackened ceilings, the windows with their small dusty panes, the brown-tiled floor, the wainscot sticky with a deposit of fog. A damp chill came down the fireplaces, faced with carved stonework that had been painted, and with mirrors framed in the seventeenth century. The rooms were at the angle

of a square, as the house stood, enclosing the inner courtyard, but this Godefroid could not see, as it was dark.

‘Who used to live here?’ Godefroid asked of the priest.

‘A Councillor to the Parlement, Madame’s grand-uncle, a Monsieur de Boisfrelon. He had been quite childish ever since the Revolution, and died in 1832 at the age of ninety-six; Madame could not bear the idea of seeing a stranger in the rooms so soon; still, she cannot endure the loss of rent . . .

‘Oh, and Madame will have the place cleaned and furnished, to be all Monsieur could wish,’ added Manon.

‘It will only depend on how you wish to arrange the rooms,’ said the priest. ‘They can be made into a nice sitting-room and a large bedroom and dressing-room, and the two small rooms round the corner are large enough for a spacious study. That is how my rooms are arranged below this, and those on the next floor.’

‘Yes,’ said Manon; ‘Monsieur Alain’s rooms are just like these, only that they look out on the tower.’

‘I think I had better see the rooms again by daylight,’ said Godefroid shyly.

‘Perhaps so,’ said Manon.

The priest and Godefroid went downstairs again, leaving Manon to lock up, and she then followed to light them down. Then, when he was in the drawing-room, Godefroid, having recovered himself, could, while talking to Madame de la Chanterie, study the place, the personages, and the surroundings.

The window-curtains of this drawing-room were of old red satin; there was a cornice-valance, and the curtains were looped with silk cord; the red tiles of the floor showed beyond an ancient tapestry carpet that was too small to cover it entirely. The woodwork was painted stone-colour. The ceiling, divided down the middle by a joist starting from the chimney, looked like

an addition lately conceded to modern luxury; the easy-chairs were of wood painted white, with tapestry seats. A shabby clock, standing between two gilt candlesticks, adorned the chimney-shelf. An old table with stag's feet stood by Madame de la Chanterie, and on it were her balls of wool in a wicker basket. A clockwork lamp threw light on the picture.

The three men, sitting as rigid, motionless, and speechless as Bonzes, had, like Madame de la Chanterie, evidently ceased speaking on hearing the stranger return. Their faces were perfectly cold and reserved, as befitted the room, the house, and the neighbourhood.

Madame de la Chanterie agreed that Godefroid's observations were just, and said that she had postponed doing anything till she was informed of the intentions of her lodger, or rather of her boarder; for if the lodger could conform to the ways of the household, he was to board with them—but their ways were so unlike those of Paris life! Here, in the Rue Chanoinesse, they kept country hours; every one, as a rule, had to be in by ten at night; noise was not to be endured; neither women nor children were admitted, so that their regular habits might not be interfered with. No one, perhaps, but a priest could agree to such a rule. At any rate, Madame de la Chanterie wished for some one who liked plain living and had few requirements; she could only afford the most necessary furniture in the rooms. Monsieur Alain was satisfied, however—and she bowed to one of the gentlemen—and she would do the same for the new lodger as for the old.

'But,' said the priest, 'I do not think that Monsieur is quite inclined to come and join us in our convent.'

'Indeed; why not?' said Monsieur Alain. 'We are all quite content, and we all get on very well.'

'Madame,' said Godefroid, rising, 'I will have the honour of calling on you again to-morrow.'

Though he was but a young man, the four old gentle-

men and Madame de la Chanterie stood up, and the priest escorted him to the outer steps. A whistle sounded, and at the signal the porter appeared, lantern in hand, to conduct Godefroid to the street; then he closed the yellow gate, as heavy as that of a prison, and covered with arabesque ironwork, so old that it would be hard to determine its date.

When Godefroid found himself sitting in a hackney cab and being carried to the living regions of Paris, where light and warmth reigned, all he had just seen seemed like a dream; and as he walked along the Boulevard des Italiens, his impressions already seemed as remote as a memory. He could not help saying to himself—

‘ Shall I find those people there to-morrow, I wonder?’

On the following day, when he woke in the midst of the elegance of modern luxury and the refinements of English comfort, Godefroid recalled all the details of his visit to the Cloister of Notre-Dame, and came to some conclusions in his mind as to the things he had seen there. The three gentlemen, whose appearance, attitude, and silence had left an impression on him, were no doubt boarders, as well as the priest. Madame de la Chanterie’s gravity seemed to him to be the result of the reserved dignity with which she had endured some great sorrows. And yet, in spite of the explanations he gave himself, Godefroid could not help feeling that there was an air of mystery in these uncommunicative faces. He cast a glance at his furniture to choose what he could keep, what he thought indispensable; but, transporting them in fancy to the horrible rooms in the Rue Chanoinesse, he could not help laughing at the grotesque contrast they would make there, and determined to sell everything, and pay away so much as they might bring; leaving the furnishing of the rooms to Madame de la Chanterie. He longed for a new life, and the objects

that could recall his old existence must be bad for him. In his craving for transformation—for his was one of those natures which rush forward at once with a bound, instead of approaching a situation step by step as others do—he was seized, as he sat at breakfast, by an idea: he would realise his fortune, pay his debts, and place the surplus with the banking firm his father had done business with.

This banking house was that of Mongenod and Co., established in Paris since 1816 or 1817, a firm whose reputation had never been blown on in the midst of the commercial depravity which at this time had blighted, more or less, several great Paris houses. Thus, in spite of their immense wealth, the houses of Nucingen and du Tillet, of Keller Brothers, of Palma and Co., suffer under a secret disesteem whispered, as it were, between lip and ear. Hideous transactions had led to such splendid results; and political successes, nay, monarchical principles, had overgrown such foul beginnings, that no one in 1834 thought for a moment of the mud in which the roots were set of such majestic trees—the upholders of the State. At the same time, there was not one of these bankers that did not feel aggrieved by praises of the house of Mongenod.

The Mongenods, following the example of English bankers, make no display of wealth; they do everything quite quietly, and carry on their business with such prudence, shrewdness, and honesty as allow them to operate with certainty from one end of the world to the other.

The present head of the house, Frédéric Mongenod, is brother-in-law to the Vicomte de Fontaine. Thus his numerous family is connected, through the Baron de Fontaine, with Monsieur Grossetête, the Receiver-General (brother to the Grossetête and Co. of Limoges), with the Vandenesses, and with Planat de Baudry, another Receiver-General. This relationship, after

being of the greatest service to the late Mongenod *senior* in his financial operations at the time of the Restoration, had gained him the confidence of many of the old nobility, whose capital and vast savings were intrusted to his bank. Far from aiming at the peerage, like Keller, Nucingen, and du Tillet, the Mongenods kept out of political life, and knew no more of it than was needed for banking business.

Mongenod's bank occupies a magnificent house in the Rue de la Victoire, with a garden behind and a courtyard in front, where Madame Mongenod resided with her two sons, with whom she was in partnership. Madame la Vicomtesse de Fontaine had taken out her share on the death of the elder Mongenod in 1827. Frédéric Mongenod, a handsome fellow of about five-and-thirty, with a cold manner, as silent and reserved as a Genevese, and as neat as an Englishman, had acquired under his father all the qualifications needed in his difficult business. He was more cultivated than most bankers, for his education had given him the general knowledge which forms the curriculum of the *École Polytechnique*; and, like many bankers, he had an occupation, a taste, outside his regular business, a love of physics and chemistry. Mongenod *junior*, ten years younger than Frédéric, filled the place, under his elder brother, that a head-clerk holds under a lawyer or a notary; Frédéric was training him, as he himself had been trained by his father, in the scientific side of banking, for a banker is to money what a writer is to ideas—they both ought to know everything.

Godefroid, as he mentioned his family name, could see how highly his father had been respected, for he was shown through the offices at once to that next to Mongenod's private room. This room was shut in by glass doors, so that, in spite of his wish not to listen, Godefroid overheard the conversation going on within.

‘Madame, your account shows sixteen hundred thou-

sand francs on both sides of the balance sheet,' Mongenod the younger was saying. 'I know not what my brother's views may be; he alone can decide whether an advance of a hundred thousand francs is possible. You lacked prudence. It is not wise to put sixteen hundred thousand francs into a business——'

'Too loud, Louis!' said a woman's voice. 'Your brother's advice is never to speak but in an undertone. There may be some one in the little waiting-room.'

At this instant Frédéric Mongenod opened the door from his living rooms to his private office; he saw Godefroid, and went through to the inner room, where he bowed respectfully to the lady who was talking to his brother.

He showed Godefroid in first, saying as he did so, 'And whom have I the honour of addressing?'

As soon as Godefroid had announced himself, Frédéric offered him a chair; and while the banker was opening his desk, Louis Mongenod and the lady, who was none else than Madame de la Chanterie, rose and went up to Frédéric. Then they all three went into a window recess, where they stood talking to Madame Mongenod, who was in all the secrets of the business. For thirty years past this clever woman had given ample proofs of her capacity, to her husband first, now to her sons, and she was, in fact, an active partner in the house, signing for it as they did. Godefroid saw in a pigeon-hole a number of boxes labelled 'La Chanterie,' and numbered 1 to 7.

When the conference was ended by a word from the Senior to his brother, 'Well, then, go to the cashier,' Madame de la Chanterie turned round, saw Godefroid, restrained a start of surprise, and then asked a few whispered questions of Mongenod, who replied briefly, also in a low voice.

Madame de la Chanterie wore thin prunella shoes and grey silk stockings; she had on the same dress as before,

and was wrapped in the Venetian cloak that was just coming into fashion again. Her drawn bonnet of green silk, *à la bonne femme*, was lined with white, and her face was framed in flowing lace. She stood very erect, in an attitude which bore witness, if not to high birth, at any rate to aristocratic habits. But for her extreme affability, she would perhaps have seemed proud. In short, she was very imposing.

‘It is not so much good luck as a dispensation of Providence that has brought us together here, Monsieur,’ said she to Godefroid. ‘I was on the point of declining a boarder whose habits, as I fancied, were ill suited to those of my household; but Monsieur Mongenod has just given me some information as to your family which is——’

‘Indeed, Madame—Monsieur——’ said Godefroid, addressing the lady and the banker together, ‘I have no longer any family, and I came to ask advice of my late father’s banker to arrange my affairs in accordance with a new plan of life.’

Godefroid told his story in a few words, and expressed his desire of leading a new life.

‘Formerly,’ said he, ‘a man in my position would have turned monk; but there are now no religious Orders——’

‘Go to live with Madame, if she will accept you as a boarder,’ said Frédéric Mongenod, after exchanging glances with Madame de la Chanterie, ‘and do not sell your investments; leave them in my hands. Give me the schedule of your debts; I will fix dates of payment with your creditors, and you can draw for your own use a hundred and fifty francs a month. It will take about two years to pay everything off. During those two years, in the home you are going to, you will have ample leisure to think of a career, especially as the people you will be living with can give you good advice.’

Louis Mongenod came back with a hundred thousand-franc notes, which he gave to Madame de la Chanterie.

Godefroid offered his arm to his future landlady, and took her to her hackney-coach.

‘Then we shall meet again presently,’ said she in a kind tone.

‘At what hour shall you be at home, Madame?’ said Godefroid.

‘In two hours’ time.’

‘I have time to get rid of my furniture,’ said he, with a bow.

During the few minutes while Madame de la Chanterie’s arm had lain on his as they walked side by side, Godefroid could not see beyond the halo cast about this woman by the words, ‘Your account stands at sixteen hundred thousand francs,’ spoken by Louis Mongenod to a lady who buried her life in the depths of the Cloître de Notre-Dame.

This idea, ‘She must be rich!’ had entirely changed his view of things. ‘How old is she, I wonder?’

And he had a vision of a romance in his residence in the Rue Chanoinesse.

‘She looks like an aristocrat; does she dabble in banking affairs?’ he asked himself.

And in our day nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand would have thought of the possibility of marrying this woman.

A furniture dealer, who was also a decorator, but chiefly an agent for furnished flats, gave about three thousand francs for all that Godefroid wished to dispose of, leaving the things in his rooms for the few days needed to clean and arrange the dreadful rooms in the Rue Chanoinesse.

Thither the brain-sick youth at once repaired; he called in a painter, recommended by Madame de la Chanterie, who undertook for a moderate sum to white-wash the ceilings, clean the windows, paint the wainscoting like grey maple, and colour the floors, within a week. Godefroid measured the rooms to carpet them

all alike with green druggot of the cheapest description. He wished everything to be uniform and as simple as possible in his cell.

Madame de la Chanterie approved of this. With Manon's assistance she calculated how much white dimity would be needed for the window curtains and for a simple iron bedstead; then she undertook to procure the stuff and to have them made for a price so small as to amaze Godefroid. With the new furniture he would send in, his apartments would not cost him more than six hundred francs.

'So I can take about a thousand to Monsieur Mongenod.'

'We here lead a Christian life,' said Madame de la Chanterie, 'which is, as you know, quite out of keeping with much superfluity, and I fear you still preserve too many.'

As she gave her new boarder this piece of advice, she glanced at the diamond that sparkled in a ring through which the ends of Godefroid's blue necktie were drawn.

'I only mention this,' she added, 'because I perceive that you are preparing to break with the dissipated life of which you spoke with regret to Monsieur Mongenod.'

Godefroid gazed at Madame de la Chanterie, listening with delight to the harmony of her clear voice; he studied her face, which was perfectly colourless, worthy to be that of one of the grave cold Dutch women so faithfully depicted by the painters of the Flemish school, faces on which a wrinkle would be impossible.

'Plump and fair!' thought he, as he went away. 'Still, her hair is white——'

Godefroid, like all weak natures, had readily accustomed himself to the idea of a new life, believing it would be perfect happiness, and he was eager to settle in the Rue Chanoinesse; nevertheless, he had a gleam of prudence—or, if you like, of suspicion. Two days

before moving in he went again to Monsieur Mongenod to ask for further information concerning the household he was going to join. During the few minutes he had spent now and then in his future home, to see what alterations were being made, he had observed the going and coming of several persons whose appearance and manner, without any air of mystery, suggested that they were busied in the practice of some profession, some secret occupation with the residents in the house. At this time many plots were afoot to help the elder branch of Bourbons to remount the throne, and Godefroid believed there was some conspiracy here.

But when he found himself in the banker's private room and under his searching eye, he was ashamed of himself as he formulated his question and saw a sardonic smile on Frédéric Mongenod's lips.

'Madame la Baronne de la Chanterie,' he replied, 'is one of the obscurest but one of the most honourable women in Paris. Have you any particular reason for asking for information?'

Godefroid fell back on flat excuses—he was arranging to live a long time with these strangers, and it was as well to know to whom he was tying himself, and the like. But the banker's smile only became more and more ironical, and Godefroid more and more ashamed, till he blushed at the step he had taken, and got nothing by it; for he dared ask no more questions about Madame de la Chanterie or his fellow-boarders.

Two days later, after dining for the last time at the Café Anglais, and seeing the two first pieces at the *Variétés*, at ten o'clock on a Monday night he came to sleep in the Rue Chanoinesse, where Manon lighted him to his room.

Solitude has a charm somewhat akin to that of the wild life of savages, which no European ever gives up after having once tasted it. This may seem strange in

an age when every one lives so completely in the sight of others that everybody is inquisitive about everybody else, and that privacy will soon have ceased to exist, so quickly do the eyes of the Press—the modern Argus—increase in boldness and intrusiveness; and yet the statement is supported by the evidence of the six first Christian centuries, when no recluse ever came back to social life again. There are few mental wounds that solitude cannot cure. Thus, in the first instance, Godefroid was struck by the calm and stillness of his new abode, exactly as a tired traveller finds rest in a bath.

On the day after his arrival as a boarder with Madame de la Chanterie, he could not help cross-examining himself on finding himself thus cut off from everything, even from Paris, though he was still under the shadow of its Cathedral. Here, stripped of every social vanity, there would henceforth be no witnesses to his deeds but his conscience and his fellow-boarders. This was leaving the beaten high-road of the world for an unknown track; and whither would the track lead him? To what occupation would he find himself committed?

He had been lost in such reflections for a couple of hours, when Manon, the only servant of the establishment, knocked at his door and told him that the second breakfast was served; they were waiting for him. Twelve was striking.

The new boarder went downstairs at once, prompted by his curiosity to see the five persons with whom he was thenceforth to live. On entering the drawing-room, he found all the residents in the house standing up and dressed precisely as they had been on the day when he had first come to make inquiries.

‘Did you sleep well?’ asked Madame de la Chanterie.

‘I did not wake till ten o’clock,’ said Godefroid, bowing to the four gentlemen, who returned the civility with much gravity.

‘We quite expected it,’ said the old man, known as Monsieur Alain, and he smiled.

‘Manon spoke of the second breakfast,’ Godefroid went on. ‘I have, I fear, already broken one of your rules without intending it.—At what hour do you rise?’

‘We do not get up quite by the rule of the monks of old,’ replied Madame de la Chanterie graciously, ‘but, like workmen, at six in winter and at half-past three in summer. We also go to bed by the rule of the sun; we are always asleep by nine in winter, by half-past eleven in summer. We drink some milk, which is brought from our own farm, after prayers, all but Monsieur l’Abbé de Vèze, who performs early Mass at Notre-Dame—at six in summer, at seven in winter—and these gentlemen as well as I, your humble servant, attend that service every day.’

Madame de la Chanterie finished this speech at table, where her five guests were now seated.

The dining-room, painted grey throughout, and decorated with carved wood of a design showing the taste of Louis XIV., opened out of the sort of anteroom where Manon sat, and ran parallel with Madame de la Chanterie’s room, adjoining the drawing-room, no doubt. There was no ornament but an old clock. The furniture consisted of six chairs, their oval backs upholstered with worsted-work evidently done by Madame de la Chanterie, of two mahogany sideboards, and a table to match, on which Manon placed the breakfast without spreading a cloth. The breakfast, of monastic frugality, consisted of a small turbot with white sauce, potatoes, a salad, and four dishes of fruit: peaches, grapes, strawberries, and green almonds; then, by way of *hors d’œuvre*, there was honey served in the comb as in Switzerland, besides butter, radishes, cucumber, and sardines. The meal was served in china sprigged with small blue cornflowers and green leaves, a pattern which was no

doubt luxuriously fashionable in the time of Louis XVI., but which the increasing demands of the present day have made common.

‘It is a fast day!’ observed Monsieur Alain. ‘Since we go to Mass every morning, you may suppose that we yield blindly to all the practices of the Church, even the strictest.’

‘And you will begin by following our example,’ added Madame de la Chanterie, with a side-glance at Godefroid, whom she had placed by her side.

Of the four boarders, Godefroid already knew the names of the Abbé de Vèze and Monsieur Alain; but he yet had to learn those of the other two gentlemen. They sat in silence, eating with the absorbed attention that the pious seem to devote to the smallest details of their meals.

‘And does this fine fruit also come from your farm, Madame?’ Godefroid inquired.

‘Yes, Monsieur,’ she replied. ‘We have our little model farm, just as the Government has; it is our country house, about three leagues from hence, on the road to Italy, near Villeneuve-Saint-Georges.’

‘It is a little estate that belongs to us all, and will be the property of the last survivor,’ said the worthy Monsieur Alain.

‘Oh, it is quite inconsiderable,’ added Madame de la Chanterie, who seemed afraid lest Godefroid should regard this speech as a bait.

‘There are thirty acres of arable land,’ said one of the men unknown to Godefroid, ‘six acres of meadow, and an enclosure of about four acres of garden, in the midst of which our house stands; in front of it is the farm.’

‘But such an estate must be worth above a hundred thousand francs,’ observed Godefroid.

‘Oh, we get nothing out of it but our produce,’ replied the same speaker.

He was a tall man, thin and grave. At a first glance he seemed to have served in the army; his white hair showed that he was past sixty, and his face revealed great sorrows and religious resignation.

The second stranger, who appeared to be a sort of compound of a master of rhetoric and a man of business, was of middle height, stout but active, and his face bore traces of a joviality peculiar to the notaries and attorneys of Paris.

The dress of all four men was marked by the extreme neatness due to personal care; and Manon's hand was visible in the smallest details of their raiment. Their coats were perhaps ten years old, and preserved, as a priest's clothes are preserved, by the occult powers of a housekeeper and by constant use. These men wore, as it were, the livery of a system of life; they were all the slaves of the same thought, their looks spoke the same word, their faces wore an expression of gentle resignation, of inviting tranquillity.

'Am I indiscreet, Madame,' said Godefroid, 'to ask the names of these gentlemen? I am quite prepared to tell them all about myself; may I not know as much about them as circumstances allow?'

'This,' said Madame de la Chanterie, 'introducing the tall, thin man, 'is Monsieur Nicolas; he is a retired Colonel of the Gendarmerie, ranking as a Major-General.—And this gentleman,' she went on, turning to the little stout man, 'was formerly Councillor to the Bench of the King's Court in Paris; he retired from his functions in August 1830; his name is Monsieur Joseph. Though you joined us but yesterday, I may tell you that in the world Monsieur Nicolas bore the name of Marquis de Montauran, and Monsieur Joseph that of Lecamus, Baron de Tresnes; but to us, as to the outer world, these names no longer exist. These gentlemen have no heirs; they have anticipated the oblivion that must fall on their families; they are simply Monsieur

Nicolas and Monsieur Joseph, as you will be simply Monsieur Godefroid.'

As he heard these two names—one so famous in the history of Royalism from the disaster which put an end to the rising of the Chouans at the beginning of the Consulate, the other so long respected in the records of the old *Parlement*—Godefroid could not repress a start of surprise; but when he looked at these survivors from the wreck of the two greatest institutions of the fallen monarchy, he could not detect the slightest movement of feature or change of countenance that betrayed a worldly emotion. These two men did not or would not remember what they once had been. This was Godefroid's first lesson.

'Each name, gentlemen, is a chapter of history,' said he respectfully.

'The history of our own time,' said Monsieur Joseph, 'of mere ruins.'

'You are in good company,' said Monsieur Alain, smiling.

He can be described in two words: he was a middle-class Paris citizen; a worthy man with the face of a calf, dignified by white hairs, but insipid with its eternal smile.

As to the priest, the Abbé de Vèze, his position was all sufficient. The priest who fulfils his mission is recognisable at the first glance when his eyes meet yours.

What chiefly struck Godefroid from the first was the profound respect shown by the boarders to Madame de la Chanterie; all of them, even the priest, notwithstanding the sacred dignity conferred by his functions, behaved to her as to a queen. He also noted the temperance of each guest; they ate solely for the sake of nourishment. Madame de la Chanterie, like the rest, took but a single peach and half a bunch of grapes; but she begged the newcomer not to restrict himself in the same way, offering him every dish in turn.

Godefroid's curiosity was excited to the highest pitch by this beginning. After the meal they returned to the drawing-room, where he was left to himself; Madame de la Chanterie and her four friends held a little privy council in a window recess. This conference, in which no animation was displayed, lasted for about half an hour. They talked in undertones, exchanging remarks which each seemed to have thought out beforehand. Now and again Monsieur Alain and Monsieur Joseph consulted their pocket-books, turning over the leaves.

'You will see to the Faubourg,' said Madame de la Chanterie to Monsieur Nicolas, who went away.

These were the first words Godefroid could overhear.

'And you to the Quartier Saint-Marceau,' she went on, addressing Monsieur Joseph.

'Will you take the Faubourg Saint-Germain and try to find what we need?' she added to the Abbé de Vèze, who at once went off.—'And you, my dear Alain,' she added with a smile, 'look into matters.—To-day's business is all settled,' said she, returning to Godefroid.

She sat down in her armchair, and took from a little work-table some under-linen ready cut out, on which she began to sew as if working against time.

Godefroid, lost in conjectures, and seeing in all this a Royalist conspiracy, took the lady's speech as introductory, and, seating himself by her side, watched her closely. He was struck by her singular skill in stitching; while everything about her proclaimed the great lady, she had the peculiar deftness of a paid sempstress; for every one can distinguish, by certain tricks of working, the habits of a professional from those of an amateur.

'You sew,' said Godefroid, 'as if you were used to the business.'

'Alas!' she said, without looking up, 'I have done it ere now from necessity——'

Two large tears rose to the old woman's eyes, and rolled down her cheeks on to the work she held.

'Pray, forgive me, Madame!' cried Godefroid.

Madame de la Chanterie looked at her new inmate, and saw on his features such an expression of regret, that she nodded to him kindly. Then, after wiping her eyes, she recovered the composure that characterised her face, which was not so much cold as chilled.

'You here find yourself, Monsieur Godefroid—for, as you know already, you will be called only by your Christian name—amid the wreckage from a great storm. We have all been stricken and wounded to the heart through family interests or damaged fortunes, by the forty years' hurricane that overthrew royalty and religion, and scattered to the winds the elements that constituted France as it was of old. Words which seem but trivial bear a sting for us, and that is the reason of the silence that reigns here. We rarely speak of ourselves; we have forgotten what we were, and have found means of substituting a new life for the old life. It was because I fancied, from your revelation to the Mongenods, that there was some resemblance between your situation and our own, that I persuaded my four friends to receive you among us; in fact, we were anxious to find another recluse for our convent. But what do you propose to do? We do not enter on solitude without some stock of moral purpose.'

'Madame, as I hear you speak, I shall be too happy to accept you as the arbiter of my destiny.'

'That is speaking like a man of the world,' said she. 'You are trying to flatter me—a woman of sixty!—My dear boy,' she went on, 'you are, you must know, among people who believe firmly in God, who have all felt His hand, and who have given themselves up to Him almost as completely as do the Trappists. Have you ever observed the assurance of a true priest when he has given himself to the Lord, when he hearkens to His voice and

strives to be a docile instrument under the fingers of Providence? He has shed all vanity, all self-consciousness, all the feelings which cause constant offences to the worldly; his quiescence is as complete as that of the fatalist, his resignation enables him to endure all things. The true priest—an Abbé de Vèze—is like a child with his mother; for the Church, my dear sir, is a good mother. Well, a man may be a priest without a tonsure; not all priests are in orders. If we devote ourselves to doing good, we imitate the good priest, we obey God!—I am not preaching to you; I do not want to convert you; I am only explaining our life.'

'Instruct me, Madame,' said Godefroid, quite conquered. 'I would wish not to fail in any particular of your rules.'

'You would find that too much to do; you will learn by degrees. Above all things, never speak here of your past misfortunes, which are mere child's play as compared with the terrible catastrophes with which God has stricken those with whom you are now living——'

All the time she spoke, Madame de la Chanterie went on pulling her thread through with distracting regularity; but at this full stop, she raised her head and looked at Godefroid; she saw that he was spellbound by the thrilling sweetness of her voice, which had indeed a sort of apostolic unction. The young sufferer was gazing with admiration at the really extraordinary appearance of this woman, whose face was radiant. A faint flush tinged her wax-white cheeks, her eyes sparkled, a youthful soul gave life to the wrinkles that had acquired sweetness, and everything about her invited affection. Godefroid sat measuring the depth of the gulf that parted this woman from vulgar souls; he saw that she had attained to an inaccessible height, whither religion had guided her; and he was still too much of the world not

to be stung to the quick, not to long to go down into that gulf and climb to the sharp peak where Madame de la Chanterie stood, and to stand by her side. While he gave himself up to a thorough study of this woman, he related to her all the mortifications of his life, all he could not say at Mongenod's, where his self-betrayal had been limited to a statement of his position.

'Poor child!'

This motherly exclamation, dropping from the lips of Madame de la Chanterie, fell, from time to time, like healing balm, on the young man's heart.

'What can I find to take the place of so many hopes deceived, of so much disappointed affection?' said he at last, looking at the lady, who seemed lost in reverie. 'I came here,' he went on, 'to reflect and make up my mind. I have lost my mother—will you take her place——'

'But,' said she, 'will you show me a son's obedience?'

'Yes, if you can show me the tenderness that exacts it.'

'Very well; we will try,' said she.

Godefroid held out his hand to take that which the lady offered him, and raised it reverently to his lips. Madame de la Chanterie's hands were admirably formed—neither wrinkled, nor fat, nor thin; white enough to move a young woman to envy, and of a shape that a sculptor might copy. Godefroid had admired these hands, thinking them in harmony with the enchantment of her voice and the heavenly blue of her eye.'

'Wait here,' said Madame de la Chanterie, rising and going into her own room.

Godefroid was deeply agitated, and could not think to what he was to attribute the lady's departure: he was not left long in perplexity, for she returned with a book in her hand.

‘Here, my dear boy,’ said she, ‘are the prescriptions of a great healer of souls. When the things of everyday life have failed to give us the happiness we looked for, we must seek in a higher life, and here is the key to that new world. Read a chapter of this book morning and evening; but give it your whole attention; study every word as if it were some foreign tongue. By the end of a month you will be another man. For twenty years now have I read a chapter every day, and my three friends, Nicolas, Alain, and Joseph, would no more omit it than they would miss going to bed and getting up again; imitate them for the love of God—for my sake——’ she said, with divine serenity and dignified confidence.

Godefroid turned the book round and read on the back *Imitation of Jesus Christ*. The old lady’s artlessness and youthful candour, her certainty that she was doing him good, confounded the ex-dandy. Madame de la Chanterie had exactly the manner, the intense satisfaction, of a woman who might offer a hundred thousand francs to a merchant on the verge of bankruptcy.

‘I have used this book,’ she said, ‘for six-and-twenty years. God grant that its use may prove contagious! Go and buy me another copy, for the hour is at hand when certain persons are coming here who must not be seen.’

Godefroid bowed and went up to his rooms, where he tossed the book on to a table, exclaiming—

‘Poor, dear woman! There——’

The book, like all that are constantly used, fell open at a particular place. Godefroid sat down to arrange his ideas a little, for he had gone through more agitation that morning than he had in the course of the most stormy two months of his life; his curiosity especially had never been so strongly excited. His eyes wandered mechanically, as happens with men when their minds are

absorbed in meditation, and fell on the two pages that lay facing him. He read as follows:—

‘CHAPTER XII.

‘ON THE ROYAL ROAD OF THE HOLY CROSS.’

He picked up the volume, and this paragraph of that grand book captivated his eyes as though by words of fire:—

‘He has gone before you carrying His cross, and died for you, that you too might have strength to carry your cross, and be willing to die upon the Cross. . . .

‘Go where you will, try what you will, you will not find a grander way, or a safer way, than the way of the Holy Cross. Arrange and order all your life as you like or think fit, still you will find that you will always have something to suffer, by your own choice or by necessity; and so you will always find a cross. For either you will have bodily pain to bear, or some trouble of the spirit.

‘Sometimes God will leave you to yourself, sometimes you will be vexed by your neighbour, and, what is harder than all, you will often be weary of yourself, and there is no remedy or solace by which you can be delivered or relieved. You will have to bear your trouble as long as God decrees. For He wishes you to learn to suffer trial without consolation, to yield humbly to His will, and to become humbler by means of tribulations.’

‘What a book!’ said Godefroid to himself, as he turned over the pages.

And he came upon these words:—

‘When you have come to feel all trouble sweet and pleasant for the love of Christ, then indeed you may say that all is well with you; you have made for yourself a heaven on earth.’

Irritated by this simplicity, characteristic of strength, and enraged at being vanquished by this book, he shut it; but on the morocco cover he saw this motto, stamped in letters of gold—

‘Seek only that which is eternal.’

‘And have they found it here?’ he wondered.

He went out to purchase a handsome copy of the *Imitation of Christ*, remembering that Madame de la Chanterie would want to read a chapter that evening. He went downstairs and into the street. For a minute or two he remained standing near the gate, undecided as to which way he would go, and wondering in what street, and at what bookseller’s he might find the book he needed; and he then heard the heavy sound of the outer gate shutting.

Two men had just come out of the Hôtel de la Chanterie—for the reader, if he has understood the character of the old house, will have recognised it as an ancient family mansion. Manon, when she had called Godefroid to breakfast, had asked him how he had slept the first night at the Hôtel de la Chanterie, laughing as she spoke.

Godefroid followed the two men, with no idea of spying on them; and they, taking him for an indifferent passer-by, talked loud enough for him to hear them in those deserted streets. The men turned down the Rue Massillon, along by the side of Notre-Dame, and across the Cathedral Square.

‘Well, old man, you see how easy it is to get the coppers out of ’em! You must talk their lingo, that is all.’

‘But we owe the money.’

‘Who to?’

‘To the lady——’

‘I should like to see myself sued for debt by that old image! I would——’

‘You would what?—You would pay her, I can tell you.’

‘You’re right there, for if I paid I could get more out of her afterwards than I got to-day.’

‘But wouldn’t it be better to take their advice and set up on the square?’

‘Get out!’

‘Since she said she could find some one to stand security?’

‘But we should have to give up life——’

‘I am sick of “life”—it is not life to be always working in the vineyards——’

‘No; but didn’t the Abbé throw over old Marin the other day. He wouldn’t give him a thing.’

‘Ay, but old Marin wanted to play such a game as no one can win at that has not thousands at his back.’

At this moment the two men, who were dressed like working foremen, suddenly doubled, and retraced their steps to cross the bridge by the Hôtel-Dieu to the Place Maubert; Godefroid stood aside; but seeing that he was following them closely, the men exchanged looks of suspicion, and they were evidently vexed at having spoken out so plainly.

Godefroid was indeed all the more interested in the conversation because it reminded him of the scene between the Abbé de Vèze and the workman on the evening of his first call.

‘What goes on at Madame de la Chanterie’s?’ he asked himself once more.

As he thought over this question, he made his way to a bookshop in the Rue Saint-Jacques, and returned home with a very handsome copy of the best edition of *The Imitation* that has been published in France.

As he walked slowly homewards to be punctual to the dinner-hour, he went over in his mind all his experience of the morning, and found his soul singularly refreshed by it. He was possessed indeed by intense curiosity, but that curiosity paled before an indefinable wish; he was attracted by Madame de la Chanterie, he felt a vehement

longing to attach himself to her, to devote himself for her, to please her and deserve her praise; in short, he was aware of a Platonic passion; he felt that there was unfathomed greatness in that soul, and that he must learn to know it thoroughly. He was eager to discover the secrets of the life of these pure-minded Catholics. And then, in this little congregation of the Faithful, practical religion was so intimately allied with all that is most majestic in the Frenchwoman, that he resolved to do his utmost to be admitted to the fold. Such a vein of feeling would have been sudden indeed in a man of busy life; but Godefroid, as we have seen, was in the position of a shipwrecked wretch who clings to the most fragile bough, hoping that it may bear him, and his soul was ploughed land, ready to receive any seed.

He found the four gentlemen in the drawing-room, and he presented the book to Madame de la Chanterie, saying:—

‘I would not leave you without a copy for this evening.’

‘God grant,’ said she, looking at the splendid volume, ‘that this may be your last fit of elegance!’

And seeing that the four men had reduced the smallest details of their raiment to what was strictly decent and useful, noticing too that this principle was rigorously carried out in every detail of the house, Godefroid understood the purpose of this reproof so delicately expressed.

‘Madame,’ said he, ‘the men you benefited this morning are monsters. Without intending it, I overheard what they were saying as they went away, and it was full of the blackest ingratitude.’

‘The two iron-workers from the Rue Mouffetard,’ said Madame de la Chanterie to Monsieur Nicolas, ‘that is your concern——’

‘The fish gets off the hook more than once before it is caught,’ said Monsieur Alain, laughing.

Madame de la Chanterie’s entire indifference on hear-

ing of the immediate ingratitude of the men to whom she had certainly given money amazed Godefroid, who became thoughtful.

Monsieur Alain and the old lawyer made the dinner a cheerful meal ; but the soldier was constantly grave, sad, and cold ; his countenance bore the ineradicable stamp of a bitter sorrow, a perennial grief. Madame de la Chanterie was equally attentive to all. Godefroid felt that he was watched by these men, whose prudence was not less than their piety, and vanity led him to imitate their reserve, so he measured his words carefully.

This first day, indeed, was far more lively than those which came after. Godefroid, finding himself shut out from all serious matters, was obliged, during the early morning and the evening when he was alone in his rooms, to read *The Imitation of Christ*, and he finally studied it as we must study a book when we are imprisoned with that one alone. We then feel to the book as we should towards a woman with whom we dwelt in solitude ; we must either love or hate the woman ; and in the same way we must enter into the spirit of the author or not read ten lines of his work.

Now it is impossible not to be held captive by *The Imitation*, which is to dogma what action is to thought. The Catholic Spirit thrills through it, moves and works in it, struggles in it hand to hand with the life of man. That book is a trusty friend. It speaks to every passion, to every difficulty, even to the most worldly ; it answers every objection, it is more eloquent than any preacher, for it speaks with your own voice—a voice that rises from your own heart and that you hear with your soul. In short, it is the Gospel interpreted and adapted to all times and seasons, controlling every situation. It is strange indeed that the Church should not have canonised Gerson, for the Holy Spirit certainly guided his pen.

To Godefroid the Hôtel de la Chanterie contained a

woman as well as a book ; every day he was more and more bewitched by her. In her he found flowers buried under the snow of many winters ; he had glimpses of such a sacred friendship as religion sanctions, as the angels smile on—as bound those five, in fact—and against which no evil could prevail. There is a sentiment superior to all others, an affection of soul for soul which resembles those rare blossoms that grow on the loftiest peaks of the earth. One or two examples are shown us in a century ; lovers are sometimes united by it ; and it accounts for certain faithful attachments which would be inexplicable by the ordinary laws of the world. In such an attachment there are no disappointments, no differences, no vanities, no rivalries, no contrasts even, so intimately fused are two spiritual natures.

It was this immense and infinite feeling, the outcome of Catholic charity, that Godefroid was beginning to dream of. At times he could not believe in the spectacle before his eyes, and he sought to find reasons for the sublime friendships between these five persons, wondering to find true Catholics, Christians of the most primitive type, in Paris, and in 1836.

A week after entering the house, Godefroid had seen such a number of people come and go, he had overheard fragments of conversation in which such serious matters were discussed, that he understood that the existence of this council of five was full of prodigious activity. He noticed that not one of them slept more than six hours at most. Each of them had, as it were, lived through a first day before they met at the second breakfast. Strangers brought in or carried away sums of money, sometimes rather considerable. Mongenod's cashier came very often, always early in the morning, so that his work in the bank should not be interfered with by this business, which was independent of the regular affairs of the House.

One evening Monsieur Mongenod himself called, and Godefroid observed a touch of filial familiarity in his tone to Monsieur Alain, mingled with the deep respect he showed to him, as to Madame de la Chanterie's three other boarders.

That evening the banker only asked Godefroid the most ordinary questions: Was he comfortable? Did he mean to stay? and so forth, advising him to persevere in his determination.

'There is but one thing wanting to make me happy,' said Godefroid.

'And what is that?' said the banker.

'An occupation.'

'An occupation!' cried the Abbé de Vèze. 'Then you have changed your mind; you came to our retreat in search of rest.'

'But without prayer, which gives life to the cloister; without meditation, which peoples the desert, rest becomes a disease,' said Monsieur Joseph sententiously.

'Learn bookkeeping,' said Mongenod, smiling. 'In the course of a few months you may be of great use to my friends here——'

'Oh, with the greatest pleasure,' exclaimed Godefroid.

The next day was Sunday. Madame de la Chanterie desired her boarder to give her his arm and to escort her to High Mass.

'This,' she said, 'is the only thing I desire to force upon you. Many a time during the week I have been moved to speak to you of your salvation; but I do not think the time has come. You would have plenty to occupy you if you shared our beliefs, for you would also share our labours.'

At Mass, Godefroid observed the fervency of Messieurs Nicolas, Joseph, and Alain. Having, during these few days, convinced himself of the superior intellect of these three men, their perspicacity, extensive learning,

and lofty spirit, he concluded that if they could thus abase themselves, the Catholic religion must contain mysteries which had hitherto escaped his ken.

‘And, after all,’ said he to himself, ‘it is the religion of Bossuet, of Pascal, of Racine, of Saint-Louis, of Louis XVI., of Raphael, Michael-Angelo, and Ximenes, of Bayard and du Guesclin—and how should such a poor creature as I compare myself with these great brains, statesmen, poets, warriors?—’

Were it not that a great lesson is to be derived from these trivial details, it would be foolish in such times as these to dwell on them; but they are indispensable to the interest of this narrative, which the readers of our day will, indeed, find it hard to believe, beginning as it does by an almost ridiculous incident—the influence exerted by a woman of sixty over a young man who had tried everything and found it wanting.

‘You did not pray,’ said Madame de la Chanterie to Godefroid as they came out of Notre-Dame. ‘Not for any one, not even for the peace of your mother’s soul!’

Godefroid reddened, but said nothing.

‘Do me the pleasure,’ Madame de la Chanterie went on, ‘to go to your room, and not to come down to the drawing-room for an hour. And for the love of me, meditate on a chapter of the *Imitation*—the first of the Third Book, entitled “ON CHRIST SPEAKING WITHIN THE FAITHFUL SOUL.”’

Godefroid bowed coolly, and went upstairs.

‘The Devil take ’em all!’ he exclaimed, now really in a rage. ‘What the deuce do they want of me here? What game are they playing? Pshaw! Every woman, even the veriest bigot, is full of tricks, and if Madame’ (the name the boarders gave their hostess) ‘does not want me downstairs, it is because they are plotting something against me.’

With this notion in his head, he tried to look out of his own window into that of the drawing-room, but the

plan of the building did not allow of it. Then he went down one flight, but hastily ran up again; for it struck him that in a house where the principal inhabitants held such strict principles, an act of espionage would lead to his immediate dismissal. Now, to lose the esteem of those five persons seemed to him as serious a matter as public dishonour.

He waited about three-quarters of an hour, resolved to take Madame de la Chanterie by surprise, and to go down a little before the time she had named. He intended to excuse himself by a fib, saying that his watch was in fault, and twenty minutes too fast. He went down cautiously, without a sound, and on reaching the drawing-room door opened it suddenly.

He saw a man, still young but already famous, a poet whom he had often met in society, Victor de Vernisset, kneeling on one knee before Madame de la Chanterie and kissing the hem of her gown. The sky falling in splinters as if it were made of crystal, as the ancients believed, would have amazed Godefroid less than this sight. The most shocking ideas besieged his brain, and the reaction was even more terrible when, just as he was about to utter the first sarcasm that rose to his lips, he saw Monsieur Alain standing in a corner, counting thousand-franc notes.

In an instant Vernisset had started to his feet. Good Monsieur Alain stared in astonishment. Madame de la Chanterie flashed a look that petrified Godefroid, for the doubtful expression in the new boarder's face had not escaped her.

'Monsieur is one of us,' she said to the young author, introducing Godefroid.

'You are a happy man, my dear fellow,' said Vernisset. 'You are saved!—But, Madame,' he went on, turning to Madame de la Chanterie, 'if all Paris could have seen me, I should be delighted. Nothing can ever pay my debt to you. I am your slave for ever! I am yours,

body and soul. Command in whatever you will, I will obey; my gratitude knows no bounds. I owe you my life—it is yours.'

'Come, come,' said the worthy Alain, 'do not be rash. Only work; and, above all, never attack religion in your writings.—And remember you are in debt.'

He handed him an envelope bulging with the bank-notes he had counted out. Victor de Vernisset's eyes filled with tears. He respectfully kissed Madame de la Chanterie's hand, and went away after shaking hands with Monsieur Alain and with Godefroid.

'You did not obey Madame,' said the good man solemnly; and his face had an expression of sadness, such as Godefroid had not yet seen on it. 'That is a capital crime. If it occurs again, we must part.—It would be very hard on you, after having seemed worthy of our confidence——'

'My dear Alain,' said Madame de la Chanterie, 'be so good, for my sake, as to say nothing of this act of folly. We must not expect too much of a newcomer who has had no great sorrows, who has no religion—who has nothing, in fact, but great curiosity concerning every vocation, and who as yet does not believe in us.'

'Forgive me, Madame,' replied Godefroid. 'From this moment I will be worthy of you; I submit to every test you may think necessary before initiating me into the secret of your labours; and if Monsieur the Abbé will undertake to enlighten me, I give myself up to him, soul and reason.'

These words made Madame de la Chanterie so happy that a faint flush rose to her cheeks, she clasped Godefroid's hand and pressed it, saying, with strange emotion, 'That is well!'

In the evening, after dinner, Godefroid saw a Vicar-General of the Diocese of Paris, who came to call, two canons, two retired mayors of Paris, and a lady who devoted herself to the poor. There was no gambling;

the conversation was general, and cheerful without being futile.

A visitor who greatly surprised Godefroid was the Comtesse de Saint-Cygne, one of the loftiest stars of the aristocratic spheres, whose drawing-room was quite inaccessible to the citizen class and to parvenus. The mere presence of this great lady in Madame de la Chanterie's room was sufficiently amazing; but the way in which the two women met and treated each other was to Godefroid quite inexplicable, for it bore witness to an intimacy and constant intercourse which proved the high merit of Madame de la Chanterie. Madame de Saint-Cygne was gracious and friendly to her friend's four friends, and very respectful to Monsieur Nicolas.

As may be seen, social vanity still had a hold on Godefroid, who, hitherto undecided, now determined to yield, with or without conviction, to everything Madame de la Chanterie and her friends might require of him, to succeed in being affiliated by them to their Order, or initiated into their secrets, promising himself that until then he would not definitely commit himself.

On the following day, he went to the bookkeeper recommended by Madame de la Chanterie, agreed with him as to the hours when they were to work together, and so disposed of all his time; for the Abbé de Vèze was to catechise him in the morning, he spent two hours of every day learning bookkeeping, and between breakfast and dinner he worked at the exercises and imaginary commercial correspondence set him by his master.

Some few days thus passed, during which Godefroid learned the charm of a life of which every hour has its employment. The recurrence of the same duties at fixed hours, and perfect regularity, sufficiently account for many happy lives, and prove how deeply the founders of religious orders had meditated on human nature. Godefroid, who had made up his mind to learn of the

Abbé de Vèze, had already begun to feel qualms as to his future life, and to discover that he was ignorant of the importance of religious matters.

Finally, day by day, Madame de la Chanterie, with whom he always sat for about an hour after the second breakfast, revealed some fresh treasures of her nature; he had never conceived of goodness so complete, so all-embracing. A woman as old as Madame de la Chanterie seemed to be has none of the triviality of a young woman; she is a friend who may offer you every feminine dainty, who displays all the grace and refinement with which Nature inspires woman to please man, but who no longer asks for a return; she may be execrable or exquisite, for all her demands on life are buried beneath the skin—or are dead; and Madame de la Chanterie was exquisite. She seemed never to have been young; her looks never spoke of the past. Far from allaying his curiosity, Godefroid's increased intimacy with this beautiful character, and the discoveries he made day by day, increased his desire to know something of the previous history of the woman he now saw as a saint. Had she ever loved? Had she been married? Had she been a mother? There was nothing in her suggestive of the old maid; she had all the elegance of a woman of birth; and her strong health, and the extraordinary charm of her conversation, seemed to reveal a heavenly life, a sort of ignorance of the world. Excepting the worthy and cheerful Alain, all these persons had known suffering; but Monsieur Nicolas himself seemed to give the palm of martyrdom to Madame de la Chanterie; nevertheless, the memory of her sorrows was so entirely suppressed by Catholic resignation, and her secret occupations, that she seemed to have been always happy.

'You are the life of your friends,' said Godefroid to her one day. 'You are the bond that unites them; you are the housekeeper, so to speak, of a great

work ; and as we are all mortal, I cannot but wonder what would become of your association without you.'

'Yes, that is what they fear ; but Providence—to whom we owe our bookkeeper,' said she with a smile—'will doubtless provide. However, I shall think it over——'

'And will your bookkeeper soon find himself at work for your business?' asked Godefroid, laughing.

'That must depend on him,' she said with a smile. 'If he is sincerely religious, truly pious, has not the smallest conceit, does not trouble his head about the wealth of the establishment, and endeavours to rise superior to petty social considerations by soaring on the wings God has bestowed on us——'

'Which are they?'

'Simplicity and purity,' replied Madame de la Chanterie. 'Your ignorance proves that you neglect reading your book,' she added, laughing at the innocent trap she had laid to discover whether Godefroid read the *Imitation of Christ*. 'Soak your mind in Saint Paul's chapter on Charity. It is not you who will be devoted to us, but we to you,' she said with a lofty look, 'and it will be your part to keep account of the greatest riches ever possessed by any sovereign ; you will have the same enjoyment of them as we have ; and let me tell you, if you remember the Thousand and One Nights, that the treasures of Aladdin are as nothing in comparison with ours. Indeed, for a year past, we have not known what to do ; it was too much for us. We needed a book-keeper.'

As she spoke she studied Godefroid's face ; he knew not what to think of this strange confidence ; but the scene between Madame de la Chanterie and the elder Madame Mongenod had often recurred to him, and he hesitated between doubt and belief.

'Yes, you would be very fortunate !' said she.

Godefroid was so consumed by curiosity, that from

that instant he resolved to undermine the reserve of the four friends, and to ask them about themselves. Now, of all Madame de la Chanterie's boarders, the one who most attracted Godefroid, and who was the most fitted in all ways to invite the sympathy of people of every class, was the kindly, cheerful, and unaffected Monsieur Alain. By what means had Providence guided this simple-minded being to this secular convent, where the votaries lived under rules as strictly observed, in perfect freedom and in the midst of Paris, as though they were under the sternest of Priors? What drama, what catastrophe, had made him turn aside from his road through the world to take a path so hard to tread across the troubles of a great city?

One evening Godefroid determined to call on his neighbour, with the purpose of satisfying a curiosity which was more excited by the incredibility of any catastrophe in such a man's life than it could have been by the expectation of listening to some terrible episode in the life of a pirate.

On hearing the reply, 'Come in,' in answer to two modest raps on the door, Godefroid turned the key, which was always in the lock, and found Monsieur Alain seated in his chimney corner, reading a chapter of the *Imitation* before going to bed by the light of two wax candles with green shades, such as whist-players use. The worthy man had on his trousers and a dressing-gown of thick grey flannel; his feet were raised to the level of the fire on a hassock worked in cross-stitch—as his slippers were also—by Madame de la Chanterie. His striking old head, with its circlet of white hair, almost resembling that of an old monk, stood out, a lighter spot against the brown background of an immense armchair.

Monsieur Alain quietly laid his book, with its worn corners, on the little table with twisted legs, while with

the other hand he waved the young man to the second armchair, removing his glasses, which nipped the end of his nose.

‘Are you unwell, that you have come down so late?’ he asked.

‘Dear Monsieur Alain,’ Godefroid frankly replied, ‘I am a prey to curiosity which a single word from you will prove to be very innocent or very indiscreet, and that is enough to show you in what spirit I shall venture to ask a question.’

‘Oh, ho! and what is it?’ said he, with an almost mischievous sparkle in his eye.

‘What was the circumstance that induced you to lead the life you lead here? For to embrace such a doctrine of utter renunciation, a man must be disgusted with the world, must have been deeply wounded, or have wounded others.’

‘Why, why, my boy?’ replied the old man, and his full lips parted in one of those smiles which made his ruddy mouth one of the most affectionate that the genius of a painter could conceive of. ‘May he not feel touched to the deepest pity by the sight of the woes to be seen within the walls of Paris? Did Saint Vincent de Paul need the goad of remorse or of wounded vanity to devote himself to foundling babes?’

‘Such an answer shuts my mouth all the more effectually, because if ever a soul was a match for that of the Christian hero, it is yours,’ replied Godefroid.

In spite of the thickening given by age to his yellow and wrinkled face, the old man coloured crimson, for he might seem to have invited the eulogium, though his well-known modesty forbade the idea that he had thought of it. Godefroid knew full well that Madame de la Chanterie’s guests had no taste for this kind of incense. And yet good Monsieur Alain’s guilelessness was more distressed by this scruple than a young maid would have been by some evil suggestion.

‘Though I am far from resembling him in spirit,’ replied Monsieur Alain, ‘I certainly am like him in appearance——’

Godefroid was about to speak, but was checked by a gesture from the old man, whose nose had in fact the bulbous appearance of the Saint’s, and whose face, much like that of some old vinedresser, was the very duplicate of the coarse, common countenance of the founder of the Foundling Hospital. ‘As to that, you are right,’ he went on; ‘my vocation to this work was the result of an impulse of repentance in consequence of an adventure——’

‘An adventure! You!’ said Godefroid softly, who at this word forgot what he had been about to say.

‘Oh, the story I have to tell will seem to you a mere trifle, a foolish business; but before the tribunal of conscience it looked different. If, after having heard me, you persist in your wish to join in our labours, you will understand that feelings are in inverse proportion to our strength of soul, and that a matter which would not trouble a Freethinker may greatly weigh on a feeble Christian.’

After this prelude, the neophyte’s curiosity had risen to an indescribable pitch. What could be the crime of this good soul whom Madame de la Chanterie had nicknamed her *Paschal Lamb*? It was as exciting as a book entitled *The Crimes of a Sheep*. Sheep, perhaps, are ferocious to the grass and flowers. If we listen to one of the mildest republicans of our day, the best creatures living are cruel to something. But good Monsieur Alain! He, who, like Sterne’s Uncle Toby, would not crush a fly when it had stung him twenty times! This beautiful soul—tortured by repentance!

These reflections filled up the pause made by the old man after he had said, ‘Listen, then!’ and during which he pushed forward the footstool under Godefroid’s feet that they might share it.

‘I was a little over thirty,’ said he; ‘it was in the year ’98, so far as I recollect, a time when young men of thirty had the experience of men of sixty. One morning, a little before my breakfast hour at nine o’clock, my old housekeeper announced one of the few friends left to me by the storms of the Revolution. So my first words were to ask him to breakfast. My friend, whose name was Mongenod, a young fellow of eight-and-twenty, accepted, but with some hesitancy. I had not seen him since 1793——’

‘Mongenod!’ cried Godefroid, ‘the——?’

‘If you want to know the end of the story before the beginning,’ the old man put in with a smile, ‘how am I to tell it?’

Godefroid settled himself with an air that promised perfect silence.

‘When Mongenod had seated himself,’ the good man went on, ‘I observed that his shoes were dreadfully worn. His spotted stockings had been so often washed, that it was hard to recognise that they were of silk. His knee-breeches were of nankeen-coloured kerseymere, so faded as to tell of long wear, emphasised by stains in many places, and their buckles, instead of steel, seemed to me to be of common iron; his shoe-buckles were to match. His flowered white waistcoat, yellow with long use, his shirt with its frayed pleated frill, revealed extreme though decent poverty. Finally, his coat—a *houppelande*, as we called such a coat, with a single collar like a very short cape—was enough to assure me that my friend had fallen on bad times. This coat of nut-brown cloth, extremely threadbare, and brushed with excessive care, had a rim of grease or powder round the collar, and buttons off which the plating had worn to the copper. In fact, the whole outfit was so wretched, that I could not bear to look at it. His crush hat—a semicircular structure of beaver, which it was then customary to carry under one arm instead of wearing it

on the head—must have survived many changes of government.

‘However, my friend had no doubt just spent a few sous to have his head dressed by a barber, for he was freshly shaved, and his hair, fastened into a club with a comb, was luxuriously powdered, and smelt of pomatum. I could see two chains hanging parallel out of his fobs, chains of tarnished steel, but no sign of the watches within. It was winter, but Mongenod had no cloak, for some large drops of melting snow fallen from the eaves under which he had walked for shelter lay on the collar of his coat. When he drew off his rabbit-fur gloves and I saw his right hand, I could perceive the traces of some kind of hard labour.

‘Now, his father, an advocate in the higher court, had left him some little fortune—five or six thousand francs a year. I at once understood that Mongenod had come to borrow of me. I had in a certain hiding-place two hundred louis in gold, an enormous sum at that time, when it represented I know not how many hundred thousand francs in paper *assignats*.

‘Mongenod and I had been schoolfellows at the Collège des Grassins, and we had been thrown together again in the same lawyer’s office—an honest man, the worthy Bordin. When two men have spent their boyhood together and shared the follies of their youth, there is an almost sacred bond of sympathy between them; the man’s voice and look stir certain chords in your heart, which never vibrate but to the particular memories that he can rouse. Even if you have some cause to complain of such a comrade, that does not wipe out every claim of friendship, and between us there had not been the slightest quarrel.

‘In 1787, when his father died, Mongenod had been a richer man than I; and though I had never borrowed from him, I had owed to him certain pleasures which my father’s strictness would have prohibited. But for

my friend's generosity, I should not have seen the first performance of the *Marriage of Figaro*.

'Mongenod was at that time what was called a finished gentleman, a man about town and attentive to "the ladies." I constantly reprov'd him for his too great facility in making friends and obliging them; his purse was constantly open, he lived largely, he would have stood surety for you after meeting you twice.—Dear me, dear me! You have started me on reminiscences of my youth!' cried Monsieur Alain, with a bright smile at Godefroid as he paused.

'You are not vexed with me?' said Godefroid.

'No, no. And you may judge by the minute details I am giving you how large a place the event filled in my life.—Mongenod, with a good heart and plenty of courage, something of a Voltairean, was inclined to play the fine gentleman,' Monsieur Alain went on. 'His education at the Grassins, where noblemen's sons were to be met, and his adventures of gallantry, had given him the polish of men of rank, in those days termed Aristocrats. So you may imagine how great was my consternation at observing in Mongenod such signs of poverty as degraded him in my eyes from the elegant young Mongenod I had known in 1787, when my eyes wandered from his face to examine his clothes.

'However, at that time of general public penury, some wily folks assumed an appearance of wretchedness; and as others no doubt had ample reasons for assuming a disguise, I hoped for some explanation, and invited it.

"What a plight you are in, my dear Mongenod!" said I, accepting a pinch of snuff, which he offered me from a box of imitation gold.

"Sad enough!" replied he. "I have but one friend left—and you are that friend. I have done everything in the world to avoid coming to this point, but I have come to ask you to lend me a hundred louis. It is a large sum," said he, noticing my surprise, "but if you lend me

no more than fifty, I shall never be able to repay you ; whereas, if I should fail in what I am undertaking, I shall still have fifty louis to try some other road to fortune, and I do not yet know what inspiration despair may bring me."

"Then, have you nothing ?" said I.

"I have," said he, hiding a tear, "just five sous left out of my last piece of silver. To call on you, I had my boots cleaned and my head dressed. I have the clothes on my back.—But," he went on, with a desperate shrug, "I owe my landlady a thousand crowns in assignats, and the man at the cookshop yesterday refused to trust me. So I have nothing—nothing."

"And what do you propose to do ?" said I, insistently meddling with his private affairs.

"To enlist if you refuse to help me."

"You, a soldier ! You—Mongenod !"

"I will get killed, or I will be General Mongenod."

"Well," said I, really moved, "eat your breakfast in peace ; I have a hundred louis——"

'And here,' said the good man, looking slyly at Godefroid, 'I thought it necessary to tell a little lender's fib.

"But it is all I have in the world," I said to Mongenod. "I was waiting till the funds had gone down to the lowest mark to invest my money, but I will place it in your hands, and you may regard me as your partner ; I leave it to your conscience to repay me the whole in due time and place. An honest man's conscience," I added, "is the best possible security."

'Mongenod looked hard at me as I spoke, seeming to stamp my words on his heart. He held out his right hand, I gave him my left, and we clasped hands—I, greatly moved, and he, without restraining ~~any~~ tears which now trickle sight
of those tears wi more
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moment, Mongenod, to wipe them away, pulled out a ragged bandana.

“Wait here,” said I, running off to my hidden store, my heart as full as though I had heard a woman confess that she loved me. I returned with two rolls of fifty louis each.

“Here—count them.”

But he would not count them; he looked about him for a writing-table in order, as he said, to give me a receipt. I positively refused to have one.

“If I were to die,” said I, “my heirs would worry you. This is a matter between you and me.”

Finding me so true a friend, Mongenod presently lost the haggard and anxious expression he had worn on entering, and became cheerful. My housekeeper gave us oysters, white wine, an omelette, kidneys *à la brochette*, and the remains of a *pâté de Chartres* sent me by my mother; a little dessert, coffee, and West Indian liqueur. Mongenod, who had fasted for two days, was the better for it. We sat till three in the afternoon talking over our life before the Revolution, the best friends in the world.

Mongenod told me how he had lost his fortune. In the first instance, the reduction of the dividends on the *Hôtel de Ville* had deprived him of two-thirds of his income, for his father had invested the larger part of his fortune in municipal securities; then, after selling his house in the *Rue de Savoie*, he had been obliged to accept payment in *assignats*; he had then taken it into his head to run a newspaper, *La Sentinelle*, and at the end of six months was forced to fly. At the present moment all his hopes hung on the success of a comic opera called *Les Péruviens*. This last confession made me quake. Mongenod, as an author, having spent his all on the *Sentinelle*, and living no doubt at the theatre, mixed up with Feydeau's singers, with musicians, and the motley world behind the curtain, did not seem to

me like the same, like my Mongenod. I shuddered a little. But how could I get back my hundred louis? I could see the two rolls, one in each fob like the barrel of a pistol.

‘Mongenod went away. When I found myself alone, no longer face to face with his bitter and cruel poverty, I began to reflect in spite of myself; I was sober again. “Mongenod,” thought I to myself, “has no doubt sunk as low as possible; he has acted a little farce for my benefit!” His glee when he saw me calmly hand over so vast a sum now struck me as that of a stage rascal cheating some *Géronte*. I ended where I ought to have begun, resolved to make some inquiries about my friend Mongenod, who had written his address on the back of a playing-card.

‘A feeling of delicacy kept me from going to see him the next day; he might have ascribed my haste to distrust of him. Two days after I found my whole time absorbed by various business; and it was not, in fact, till a fortnight had elapsed that, seeing no more of Mongenod, I made my way from La Croix-Rouge, where I then lived, to the Rue des Moineaux, where he lived.

‘Mongenod was lodged in a furnished house of the meanest description; but his landlady was a very decent woman, the widow of a farmer-general who had died on the scaffold. She, completely ruined, had started with a few louis the precarious business of letting rooms. Since then she has rented seven houses in the neighbourhood of Saint-Roch and made a fortune.

“Citizen Mongenod is out,” said she. “But there is some one at home.”

‘This excited my curiosity. I climbed to the fifth floor. A charming young woman opened the door! Oh! A person of exquisite beauty, who, looking at me doubtfully, stood behind the partly opened door.

“I am Alain,” said I, “Mongenod’s friend.”

‘At once the door was wide open, and I went into a horrible garret, which the young woman had, however, kept scrupulously clean. She pushed forward a chair to the hearth piled with ashes, but with no fire, where in one corner I saw a common earthenware fire-pan. The cold was icy.

“‘I am glad indeed, Monsieur,” said she, taking my hands and pressing them warmly, “to be able to express my gratitude, for you are our deliverer. But for you I might never have seen Mongenod again. He would have—God knows—have thrown himself into the river. He was desperate when he set out to see you.”

‘As I looked at the young lady I was greatly astonished to see that she had a handkerchief bound about her head; and below its folds at the back and on the temples there was a sort of black shadow. Studying it attentively, I discovered that her head was shaved.

“‘Are you ill?’” I asked, noticing this strange fact.

‘She glanced at herself in a wretched dirty pier-glass, and coloured, while tears rose to her eyes.

“‘Yes, Monsieur,” said she hastily; “I had dreadful headaches; I was obliged to cut off my hair, which fell to my heels——”

“‘Have I the honour of speaking to Madame Mongenod?’” I asked.

“‘Yes, Monsieur,” said she, with a really heavenly expression.

‘I made my bow to the poor little lady, and went downstairs, intending to make the landlady give me some information, but she was gone out. It struck me that the young woman had sold her hair to buy bread. I went off at once to a wood merchant, and sent in half a load of wood, begging the carter and the sawyers to give the lady a receipted bill to the name of Mongenod.

‘And there ends the phase of my life which I long called my foolish stage,’ said Monsieur Alain, clasping his hands and uplifting them a little with a repentant gesture.

Godefroid could not help smiling ; but he was, as will be seen, quite wrong to smile.

‘Two days later,’ the good man went on, ‘I met one of those men who are neither friends nor strangers—persons whom we see from time to time, in short, an acquaintance, as we say—a Monsieur Barillaud, who, as we happened to speak of *Les Péruviens*, proclaimed himself a friend of the author’s.

“‘Thou know’st Citizen Mongenod?’” said I—for at that time we were still required by law to address each other with the familiar *tu*,’ said he to Godefroid in a parenthesis.

‘The citizen looked at me,’ said Monsieur Alain, resuming the thread of his story, and exclaimed—

“‘I only wish I had never known him, for he has borrowed money of me many a time, and is so much my friend as not to return it. He is a queer fellow! the best old boy alive, but full of illusions?—An imagination of fire.—I will do him justice; he does not mean to be dishonest, only as he is always deceiving himself about a thousand things, he is led into conduct that is not altogether straight.”

“‘How much does he owe you?’”

“‘Oh, a few hundred crowns. He is a regular sieve. No one knows where his money goes, for he perhaps does not know that himself.”

“‘Has he any expedients?’”

“‘Oh, dear, yes!’” said Barillaud, laughing. “‘At this moment he is talking of buying up land among the wild men in the United States.”

‘I went away with this drop of vitriol shed by slander on my heart to turn all my best feelings sour. I went to call on my old master in the law, who was always my counsellor. As soon as I had told him the secret of my loan to Mongenod, and the way in which I had acted:—

“‘What,’” cried he, “‘is it a clerk of mine that can behave so? You should have put him off a day and have

come to me. Then you would have known that I had shown Mongenod the door. He has already borrowed from me in the course of a year more than a hundred crowns in silver, an enormous sum! And only three days before he went to breakfast with you, he met me in the street and described his misery in such desperate language that I gave him two louis."

"Well, if I am the dupe of a clever actor, so much the worse for him rather than for me!" said I. "But what is to be done?"

"At any rate, you must try to get some acknowledgment out of him, for a debtor however worthless may recover himself, and then you may be paid."

'Thereupon Bordin took out of one of the drawers of his table a wrapper on which was written the name of Mongenod; he showed me three acknowledgments, each for a hundred livres.

"The first time he comes," said he, "I shall make him add on the interest and the two louis I gave him, and whatever money he asks for; and then he must sign an acceptance and a statement, saying that interest accrues from the first day of the loan. That, at any rate, will be all in order; I shall have some means of getting paid."

"Well, then," said I to Bordin, "cannot you put me as much in order as yourself? For you are an honest man, and what you do will be right."

"In this way I remain the master of the field," replied the lawyer. "When a man behaves as you have done, he is at the mercy of another who may simply make game of him. Now I don't choose to be laughed at. A retired Public Prosecutor of the Châtelet! Bless me, what next!—Every man to whom you lend money as recklessly as you lent it to Mongenod, sooner or later thinks of it as his own. It is no longer your money; it is his money; you are his creditor, a very inconvenient person. The debtor then tries to be quit

of you by a compromise with his conscience, and seventy-five out of every hundred will try to avoid meeting you again to the end of his days——”

“Then you look for no more than twenty-five per cent. of honest men?”

“Did I say so?” said he, with an ironical smile. “That is a large allowance!”

‘A fortnight later I had a note from Bordin desiring me to call on him to fetch my receipt. I went.

“I tried to snatch back fifty louis for you,” said he. —I had told him all about my conversation with Mon-genod.—“But the birds are flown. You may say good-bye to your yellow-boys! Your canary-birds have fled to warmer climes. We have a very cunning rascal to deal with. Did he not assure me that his wife and his father-in-law had set out for the United States with sixty of your louis to buy land, and that he intended to join them there? To make a fortune, as he said, so as to return to pay his debts, of which he handed me the schedule drawn out in due form; for he begged me to keep myself informed as to what became of his creditors. Here is the schedule,” added Bordin, showing me a wrapper on which was noted the total. “Seventeen thousand francs in hard cash! With such a sum as that a house might be bought worth two thousand crowns year.”

‘After replacing the packet, he gave me a bill of exchange for a sum equivalent to a hundred louis in gold, stated in assignats, with a letter in which Mon-genod acknowledged the debt with interest on a hundred louis d’or.

“So now I am all safe?” said I to Bordin.

“He will not deny the debt,” replied my old master. “But where there are no effects, the King—that is to say, the Directoire—has no rights.”

‘I thereupon left him. Believing myself to have been robbed by a trick that evades the law, I withdrew

my esteem from Mongenod, and was very philosophically resigned.

‘It is not without a reason that I dwell on these commonplace and apparently unimportant details,’ the good man went on, looking at Godefroid. ‘I am trying to show you how I was led to act as most men act, blindly, and in contempt of certain rules which even savages do not disregard in the most trifling matters. Many men would justify themselves by the authority of Bordin; but at this day I feel that I had no excuse. As soon as we are led to condemn one of our fellows, and to refuse him our esteem for life, we ought to rely solely on our own judgment—and even then!—Ought we to set up our own feelings as a tribunal before which to arraign our neighbour? Where would the law be? What should be our standard of merit? Would not a weakness in me be strength in my neighbour? So many men, so many different circumstances would there be for each deed; for there are no two identical sets of conditions in human existence. Society alone has the right of reproofing its members; for I do not grant it that of punishing them. A mere reprimand is sufficient, and brings with it cruelty enough.

‘So as I listened to the haphazard opinions of a Parisian, admiring my former teacher’s acumen, I condemned Mongenod,’ the good man went on, after drawing from his narrative this noble moral.

‘The performance of *Les Péruviens* was announced. I expected to have a ticket for the first night; I conceived myself in some way his superior. As a result of his indebtedness, my friend seemed to me a vassal who owed me many things besides the interest on my money. We are all alike!

‘Not only did Mongenod send me no ticket, but I saw him at a distance coming along the dark passage under the Théâtre Feydeau, well dressed—nay, almost elegant; he affected not to see me; then, when he had

passed me, and I thought I would run after him, he had vanished down some cross passage. This irritated me extremely ; and my annoyance, far from being transient, increased as time went on.

‘This was why. A few days after this incident I wrote to Mongenod much in these words:—

“MY FRIEND,—You should not regard me as indifferent to anything that can happen to you, whether for good or ill. Does the *Péruviens* come up to your expectations? You forgot me—you had every right to do so—at the first performance, when I should have applauded you heartily! However, I hope, all the same, that you may find Peru in the piece, for I can invest my capital, and I count on you when the bill falls due.—Your friend,
“ALAIN.”

‘After waiting for a fortnight and receiving no answer, I called in the Rue des Moineaux. The landlady told me that the little wife had, in fact, set out with her father, at the date named by Mongenod to Bordin. Mongenod always left his garret early in the morning, and did not come in till late at night. Another fortnight passed; I wrote another letter in these terms:—

“MY DEAR MONGENOD,—I see nothing of you ; you do not answer my notes ; I cannot at all understand your conduct ; and if I were to behave so to you, what would you think of me ?”

‘I did not sign myself “Your friend.” I wrote “With best regards.”

‘A month slipped by ; no news of Mongenod. The *Péruviens* had not obtained so great a success as Mongenod had counted on. I paid for a seat at the twentieth performance, and I found a small house. And yet Madame Scio was very fine in it. I was told in the

foyer that there would be a few more performances of the piece. I went seven times to call on Mongenod; he was never at home, and each time I left my name with the landlady. So then I wrote again:—

“Monsieur, if you do not wish to lose my respect after forfeiting my friendship, you will henceforth treat me as a stranger—that is to say, with civility—and you will tell me whether you are prepared to pay me when your note of hand falls due. I shall act in accordance with your reply.—Yours faithfully,

“ALAIN.”

‘No reply. It was now 1799; a year had elapsed all but two months.

‘When the bill fell due I went to see Bordin. Bordin took the note of hand, and then took legal proceedings. The reverses experienced by the French armies had had such a depressing effect on the funds that five francs a year could be purchased for seven francs. Thus, for a hundred louis in gold, I might have had nearly fifteen hundred francs a year. Every morning, as I read the paper over my cup of coffee, I would exclaim—

“Confound that Mongenod! But for him, I could have a thousand crowns a year!”

‘Mongenod had become my chronic aversion; I thundered at him even when I was walking in the street.

“Bordin is after him!” said I to myself. “He will catch him—and serve him right!”

‘My rage expended itself in imprecations; I cursed the man; I believed him capable of any crime. Yes! Monsieur Barillaud was quite right in what he said.

‘Well, one morning my debtor walked in, no more disconcerted than if he had not owed me a centime; and I, when I saw him, I felt all the shame that should have been his. I was like a criminal caught in the act;

I was quite ill at ease. The 18th of Brumaire was past, everything was going on well, and Bonaparte had set out to fight the battle of Marengo.

“It is unlucky, Monsieur,” said I, “that I should owe your visit solely to the intervention of a bailiff.”

‘Mongenod took a chair and sat down.

“I have come to tell you,” said he, with the familiar *tu*, “that I cannot possibly pay you.”

“You have lost me the chance of investing my money before the arrival of the First Consul—at that time I could have made a little fortune——”

“I know it, Alain,” said he; “I know it. But what will you get by prosecuting me for debt and plunging me deeper by loading me with costs? I have letters from my father-in-law and my wife; they have bought some land and sent me the bill for the necessaries of the house; I have had to spend all I had in those purchases. Now, and nobody can hinder me—I mean to sail by a Dutch vessel from Flushing, whither I have sent all my small possessions. Bonaparte has won the battle of Marengo, peace will be signed, and I can join my family without fear—for my dear little wife was expecting a baby.”

“And so you have sacrificed me to your own interests?” cried I.

“Yes,” said he; “I thought you my friend.”

‘At that moment I felt small as compared to Mongenod, so sublime did that speech seem to me, so simple and grand.

“Did I not tell you so,” he went on; “was I not absolutely frank with you—here, on this very spot? I came to you, Alain, as being the only man who would appreciate me.—Fifty louis would be wasted, I told you; but if you lent me a hundred, I would repay them. I fixed no date, for how can I tell when my long struggle with poverty will come to an end? You were my last friend. All my friends, even our old master Bordin,

despised me simply because I wanted to borrow money of them. Oh! Alain, you can never know the dreadful feelings that grip the heart of an honest man fighting misfortune when he goes into another man's house to ask for help!—and all that follows!—— I hope you may never know them; they are worse than the anguish of death!

““ You have written me certain letters which, from me under similar circumstances, would have struck you as odious. You expected things of me that were out of my power. You are the only man to whom I attempt to justify myself. In spite of your severity, and though you ceased to be my friend and became only my creditor from the day when Bordin asked me for an acknowledgment of your loan, thus discrediting the handsome agreement we ourselves had come to, here, shaking hands on it with tears in our eyes!—Well, I have forgotten everything but that morning's work.

““ It is in memory of that hour that I have come now to say, ‘You know not what misfortune is; do not rail at it!—I have not had an hour, not a second, to write to you in reply! Perhaps you would have liked me to come and pay you compliments?—You might as well expect a hare, harassed by dogs and hunters, to rest in a clearing and crop the grass!—I sent you no ticket! No; I had not enough to satisfy those on whom my fate depended. A novice in the theatrical world, I was the prey of musicians, actors, singers, the orchestra. To enable me to join my family over seas, and buy what they need, I sold the *Péruviens* to the manager with two other pieces I had in my desk. I am setting out for Holland without a sou. I shall eat dry bread on my journey till I reach Flushing. I have paid my passage, and have nothing more. But for my landlady's compassion, and her trust in me, I should have had to walk to Flushing with a knapsack on my back. And so, in spite of your doubting me, as, but for you, I could not

have sent my father-in-law and my wife to New York, I am entirely grateful.'—No, *Monsieur* Alain, I will not forget that the hundred louis you lent me might at this time be yielding you an income of fifteen hundred francs.'

“I would fain believe you, Mongenod,” said I, almost convinced by the tone in which he poured out this explanation.

“At any rate, you no longer address me as *Monsieur*,” said he eagerly, and looking at me with emotion. “God knows I should quit France with less regret if I could leave one man behind me in whose eyes I was neither half a rogue, nor a spendthrift, nor a victim to illusions. A man who can love truly, Alain, is never wholly despicable.”

‘At these words I held out my hand; he took it and pressed it.

“Heaven protect you!” said I.

“We are still friends?” he asked.

“Yes,” I replied; “it shall never be said that my schoolfellow, the friend of my youth, set out for America under the ban of my anger!——”

‘Mongenod embraced me with tears in his eyes, and rushed off to the door.

‘When I met Bordin a few days afterwards, I told him the story of our interview, and he replied with a smile—

“I only hope it was not all part of the performance!—He did not ask you for anything?”

“No,” said I.

“He came to me too, and I was almost as weak as you; but he asked me for something to get food on the way. However, he who lives will see!”

‘This remark of Bordin’s made me fear lest I had yielded stupidly to an impulse of feeling.

“Still, he too, the Public Prosecutor, did the same,” said I to myself.

‘It is unnecessary, I think, to explain to you how I

lost all my fortune excepting the other hundred louis, which I invested in Government securities when prices had risen so high that I had barely five hundred francs a year to live upon by the time I was four-and-thirty. By Bordin's interest I obtained an appointment at eight hundred francs a year in a branch of the *Mont de Piété*, Rue des Petits Augustins. I lived in the humblest way; I lodged on the third floor of a house in the Rue des Marais in an apartment consisting of two rooms and a closet for two hundred and fifty francs. I went out to dinner in a boarding-house where there was an open table, and for this I paid forty francs a month. In the evening I did some copying. Ugly as I am, and very poor, I had to give up all ideas of marriage——'

As he heard this verdict pronounced on himself by poor Alain in a tone of angelic resignation, Godefroid gave a little start, which proved better than any speech could have done the similarity of their fate; and the good man, in reply to this eloquent gesture, seemed to pause for his hearer to speak.

'And no one ever loved you?' asked Godefroid.

'No one,' he replied, 'excepting Madame, who returns to all of us alike our love for her—a love I might almost call divine.—You must have seen it: we live in her life, as she lives in ours; we have but one soul among us; and though our enjoyments are not physical, they are none the less very intense, for we live only through the heart.—How can we help it, my dear boy? By the time women are capable of appreciating moral qualities they have done with externals, and are growing old.—I have suffered much, I can tell you!'

'Ah! that is the stage I am at——' said Godefroid.

'Under the Empire,' the old man went on, bowing his head, 'dividends were not very punctually paid; we had to be prepared for deferred payment. From 1802 to 1814 not a week passed that I did not ascribe my difficulties to Mongenod: "But for Mongenod," I used

to think, "I might have been married. But for him I should not be obliged to live in privation."—But sometimes, too, I would say to myself, "Perhaps the poor man is pursued by ill-luck out there!"

'In 1806, one day when I found my life a heavy burthen to bear, I wrote him a long letter that I despatched *via* Holland. I had no answer; and for three years I waited, founding hopes on that reply which were constantly deceived. At last I resigned myself to my fate. To my five hundred francs of dividends, and twelve hundred francs of salary from the Mont de Piété, for it was raised, I added five hundred for my work as book-keeper to a perfumer, Monsieur Birotteau. Thus I not only made both ends meet, but I saved eight hundred francs a year. By the beginning of 1814, I was able to invest nine thousand francs of savings in the funds, buying at forty; thus I had secured sixteen hundred francs a year for my old age. So then, with fifteen hundred francs a year from the Mont de Piété, six hundred as a book-keeper, and sixteen hundred in dividends, I had an income of three thousand seven hundred francs. I took rooms in the Rue de Seine, and I lived in rather more comfort.

'My position brought me into contact with many of the very poor. For twelve years I have known, better than any one, what the misery of the world is; once or twice I have helped some poor creatures; and I felt the keenest pleasure when, out of ten that I had assisted, one or two families were rescued from their difficulties.

'It struck me that true beneficence did not consist in throwing money to the sufferers. Being charitable, in the common phrase, often appeared to me to be a sort of premium on crime. I set to work to study this question. I was by this time fifty years old, and my life was drawing to a close.

"What good am I in the world?" I asked myself. "To whom can I leave my money? When I shall

have furnished my rooms handsomely, have secured a good cook, have made my life suitably comfortable, what am I to do with my time?"

'For eleven years of revolutions and fifteen years of poverty had wasted the happiest part of my life, had consumed it in labours that were fruitless, or devoted solely to the preservation of my person! At such an age no one can make an obscure and penurious youth the starting-point to reach a brilliant position; but every one may make himself useful. I understood, in short, that a certain supervision and much good advice would increase tenfold the value of money given, for the poor always need guidance; to enable them to profit by the work they do for others, it is not the intelligence of the speculator that is wanting.

'A few happy results that I achieved made me extremely proud. I discerned both an aim and an occupation, to say nothing of the exquisite pleasure to be derived from playing the part of Providence, even on the smallest scale.'

'And you now play it on a large scale?' said Godefroid eagerly.

'Oh, you want to know too much!' said the old man. 'Nay, nay.—Would you believe it,' he went on after a pause, 'the smallness of the means at my command constantly brought my thoughts back to Mongenod?'

"But for Mongenod I could have done so much more," I used to reflect. "If a dishonest man had not robbed me of fifteen hundred francs a year," I often thought, "I could have helped this or that family."

'Thus excusing my inability by such an accusation, those to whom I gave nothing but words to comfort them joined me in cursing Mongenod. These maledictions were balm to my heart.

'One morning, in January 1816, my housekeeper announced—whom do you think?—Mongenod.—Mon-

sieur Mongenod. And who should walk in but the pretty wife, now six-and-thirty, accompanied by three children; then came Mongenod, younger than when he left, for wealth and happiness shed a glory on those they favour. He had gone away lean, pale, yellow, and haggard; he had come back fat and well-liking, as flourishing as a prebendary, and well dressed. He threw himself into my arms, and finding himself coldly welcomed, his first words were:—

““Could I come any sooner, my friend? The seas have only been open since 1815, and it took me eighteen months to realise my property, close my accounts, and call in my assets. I have succeeded, my friend! When I received your letter in 1806, I set out in a Dutch vessel to bring you home a little fortune; but the union of Holland to the French Empire led to our being taken by the English, who transported me to the coast of Jamaica, whence by good luck I escaped.

““On my return to New York I was a victim to bankruptcy; for Charlotte, during my absence, had not known how to be on her guard against swindlers. So I was compelled to begin again to accumulate a fortune.

““However, here we are at last. From the way the children look at you, you may suppose that they have often heard of the benefactor of the family.”

““Yes, indeed,” said pretty Madame Mongenod, “we never passed a day without speaking of you. Your share has been allowed for in every transaction. We have longed for the happiness we enjoy at this moment of offering you your fortune, though we have never for a moment imagined that this ‘rector’s tithe’ can pay our debt of gratitude.”

‘And as she spoke, Madame Mongenod offered me the beautiful casket you see there, which contained a hundred and fifty thousand-franc-notes.

““You have suffered much, my dear Alain, I know; but we could imagine all your sufferings, and we craked

our brains to find means of sending you money ; but without success," Mongenod went on. "You tell me you could not marry ; but here is our eldest daughter. She has been brought up in the idea that she should be your wife, and she has five hundred thousand francs——"

"God forbid that I should wreck her happiness!" cried I, as I beheld a girl as lovely as her mother had been at her age ; and I drew her to me, and kissed her forehead.

"Do not be afraid, my pretty child," said I. "A man of fifty and a girl of seventeen—and so ugly an old fellow as I!—Never!"

"Monsieur," said she, "my father's benefactor can never seem ugly in my eyes."

'This speech, made with spontaneous candour, showed me that all Mongenod had told me was true. I offered him my hand, and we fell into each other's arms once more.

"My friend," said I, "I have often abused you, cursed you——"

"You had every right, Alain," replied he, reddening. "You were in poverty through my fault——"

'I took Mongenod's papers out of a box and restored them to him, after cancelling his note of hand.

"Now you will all breakfast with me," said I to the family party.

"On condition of your dining with my wife as soon as we are settled," said Mongenod, "for we arrived only yesterday. We are going to buy a house, and I am about to open a bank in Paris for North American business to leave to that youngster," he said, pointing to his eldest son, a lad of fifteen.

'We spent the afternoon together, and in the evening we all went to the theatre, for Mongenod and his party were dying to see a play. Next day I invested in the funds, and had then an income of about fifteen thousand

francs in all. This released me from bookkeeping in the evening, and allowed me to give up my appointment, to the great satisfaction of all my subordinates.

‘My friend died in 1827, after founding the banking house of Mongenod and Co., which made immense profits on the first loans issued at the time of the Restoration. His daughter, to whom he subsequently gave about a million of francs, married the Vicomte de Fontaine. The son whom you know is not yet married; he lives with his mother and his younger brother. We find them ready with all the money we may need.

‘Frédéric—for his father, in America, had named him after me—Frédéric Mongenod, at seven-and-thirty, is one of the most skilful and respected bankers in Paris.

‘Not very long since Madame Mongenod confessed to me that she had sold her hair for two crowns of six livres to be able to buy some bread. She gives twenty-four loads of wood every year, which I distribute among the poor, in return for the half-load I once sent her.’

‘Then this accounts for your connection with the house of Mongenod,’ said Godefroid. ‘And your fortune——’

The old man still looked at Godefroid with the same expression of mild irony.

‘Pray go on,’ said Godefroid, seeing by Monsieur Alain’s manner that he had more to say.

‘This conclusion, my dear Godefroid, made the deepest impression on me. Though the man who had suffered so much, though my friend had forgiven me my injustice, I could not forgive myself.’

‘Oh!’ said Godefroid.

‘I determined to devote all my surplus income, about ten thousand francs a year, to acts of rational beneficence,’ Monsieur Alain calmly went on. ‘At about that time I met an Examining Judge of the department of the Seine named Popinot, whose death we mourned three years ago, and who for fifteen years practised the

most enlightened charity in the Saint-Marcel quarter. He, in concert with the venerable vicar of Notre-Dame and with Madame, planned the work in which we are all engaged, and which, since 1823, has secretly effected some good results.

‘This work has found a soul in Madame de la Chanterie; she is really the very spirit of the undertaking. The vicar has succeeded in making us more religious than we were at first, demonstrating the necessity for being virtuous ourselves if we desire to inspire virtue—for preaching, in fact, by example. And the further we progress in that path, the happier we are among ourselves. Thus it was my repentance for having misprized the heart of my boyhood’s friend which led me to the idea of devoting to the poor, through myself, the fortune he brought home to me, which I accepted without demurring to the vast sum repaid to me for so small a loan; the application of it made it right.’

This narrative, devoid of all emphasis, and told with touching simplicity of tone, gesture, and expression, would have been enough to make Godefroid resolve on joining in this noble and saintly work, if he had not already intended it.

‘You know little of the world,’ said Godefroid, ‘if you had such scruples over a thing which would never have weighed on any other conscience.’

‘I know only the wretched,’ replied the good man. ‘I have no wish to know a world where men misjudge each other with so little compunction.—Now, it is nearly midnight, and I have to meditate on my chapter of the *Imitation*.—Good-night.’

Godefroid took the kind old man’s hand and pressed it with an impulse of genuine admiration.

‘Can you tell me Madame de la Chanterie’s history?’ asked Godefroid.

‘It would be impossible without her permission, for it

is connected with one of the most terrible incidents of imperial politics. I first knew Madame through my friend Bordin ; he knew all the secrets of that beautiful life ; and it was he who led me, so to speak, to this house.'

'At any rate, then,' said Godefroid, 'I thank you for having told me your life ; it contains a lesson for me.'

'Do you discern its moral ?'

'Nay, tell it me,' said Godefroid ; 'for I might see it differently to you——'

'Well, then,' said the good man, 'pleasure is but an accident in the life of the Christian ; it is not his aim and end—and we learn this too late.'

'What then happens when we are converted ?' asked Godefroid.

'Look there!' said Alain, and he pointed to an inscription in letters of gold on a black ground, which the newcomer had not seen before, as this was the first time he had ever been into his companion's rooms. He turned round and read the words, 'TRANSIRE BENEFACIENDO.'

'That, my son, is the meaning we then find in life. That is our motto. If you become one of us, that constitutes your brevet. We read that text and take it as our counsel at every hour of the day, when we rise, when we go to bed, while we dress. Oh ! if you could but know what infinite happiness is to be found in carrying out that device !'

'In what way ?' said Godefroid, hoping for some explanations.

'In the first place, we are as rich as Baron de Nucingen.—But the *Imitation* prohibits our calling anything our own ; we are but stewards ; and if we feel a single impulse of pride, we are not worthy to be stewards. That would not be *transirebenefaciendo* ; it would be enjoyment in thought. If you say to yourself, with a certain dilation of the nostrils, "I am playing the part of Providence"—as you might have thought this morn-

ing, if you had been in my place, giving new life to a whole family, you are a Sardanapalus at once—and wicked! Not one of our members ever thinks of himself when doing good. You must cast off all vanity, all pride, all self-consciousness; and it is difficult, I can tell you.'

Godefroid bid Monsieur Alain good-night, and went to his own rooms, much moved by this story; but his curiosity was excited rather than satisfied, for the chief figure in the picture of this domestic scene was Madame de la Chanterie. This woman's history was to him so supremely interesting that he made the knowledge of it the first aim of his stay in the house. He understood that the purpose for which these five persons were associated was some great charitable endeavour; but he thought much less of that than of his heroine.

The neophyte spent some days in studying these choice spirits, amid whom he found himself, with greater attention than he had hitherto devoted to them; and he became the subject of a moral phenomenon which modern philanthropists have overlooked, from ignorance perhaps. The sphere in which he lived had a direct influence on Godefroid. The law which governs physical nature in respect to the influence of atmospheric conditions on the lives of the beings subject to them, also governs moral nature; whence it is to be inferred that the collecting in masses of the criminal class is one of the greatest social crimes, while absolute isolation is an experiment of which the success is very doubtful. Condemned felons ought, therefore, to be placed in religious institutions and surrounded with prodigies of goodness instead of being left among marvels of evil. The Church may be looked to for perfect devotion to this cause; for if She is ready to send missionaries to barbarous or savage nations, how gladly would She charge her religious Orders with the mission of rescuing

and instructing the savages of civilised life! Every criminal is an atheist—often without knowing it.

Godefroid found his five companions endowed with the qualities they demanded of him; they were all free from pride or vanity, all truly humble and pious, devoid of the pretentiousness which constitutes *devoutness* in the invidious sense of the word. These virtues were contagious; he was filled with the desire to imitate these obscure heroes, and he ended by studying with ardour the book he had at first scorned. Within a fortnight he had reduced life to its simplest expression, to what it really is when regarded from the lofty point of view to which the religious spirit leads us. Finally, his curiosity, at first purely worldly and roused by many vulgar motives, became rarefied. He did not cease to be curious; it would have been difficult to lose all interest in the life of Madame de la Chanterie; but, without intending it, he showed a reserve which was fully appreciated by these men, in whom the Holy Spirit had developed wonderful depths of mind, as happens, indeed, with all who devote themselves to a religious life. The concentration of the moral powers, by whatever means or system, increases their scope tenfold.

‘Our young friend is not yet a convert,’ said the good Abbé de Vèze; ‘but he wishes to be.’

An unforeseen circumstance led to the revelation of Madame de la Chanterie’s history, so that his intense interest in it was soon satisfied.

Paris was just then engrossed by the investigation of the case of the Barrière Saint-Jacques, one of those hideous trials which mark the history of our assizes. The trial derived its interest from the criminals themselves, whose daring and general superiority to ordinary culprits, with their cynical contempt for justice, really appealed the public. It was a noteworthy fact that no newspaper ever entered the Hôtel de la Chanterie, and Godefroid only heard of the rejection of the appeal to

the Supreme Court from his master in bookkeeping; the trial had taken place long before he came to Madame de la Chanterie.

‘Do you ever meet with such men as these atrocious scoundrels?’ he asked his new friends. ‘Or, when you do, how do you deal with them?’

‘In the first place,’ said Monsieur Nicolas, ‘there is no such thing as an atrocious scoundrel; there are mad creatures fit only for the asylum at Charenton; but with the exception of those rare pathological exceptions, what we find are simply men without religion, or who argue falsely, and the task of the charitable is to set souls upright and bring the erring into the right way.’

‘And to the apostle all things are possible,’ said the Abbé de Vèze; ‘he has God on his side.’

‘If you were sent to these two condemned men,’ said Godefroid, ‘you could do nothing with them.’

‘There would not be time,’ observed Monsieur Alain.

‘As a rule,’ said Monsieur Nicolas, ‘the souls handed over to be dealt with by the Church are in utter impenitence, and the time is too short for miracles to be wrought. The men of whom you are speaking, if they had fallen into our hands, would have been men of mark; their energy is immense; but when once they have committed murder, it is impossible to do anything for them; human justice has taken possession of them——’

‘Then you are averse to capital punishment?’ said Godefroid.

Monsieur Nicolas hastily rose and left the room.

‘Never speak of capital punishment in the presence of Monsieur Nicolas. He once recognised in a criminal, whose execution it was his duty to superintend, a natural child of his own——’

‘And who was innocent!’ added Monsieur Joseph.

At this moment Madame de la Chanterie, who had not been in the room, came in.

‘Still, you must allow,’ Godefroid went on, addressing

Monsieur Joseph, 'that society cannot exist without capital punishment, and that these men, whose heads——'

Godefroid felt his mouth suddenly closed by a strong hand, and the Abbé de Vèze led away Madame de la Chanterie, pale and half dead.

'What have you done?' cried Monsieur Joseph. 'Take him away, Alain,' he said, removing the hand with which he had gagged Godefroid; and he followed the Abbé de Vèze into Madame's room.

'Come with me,' said Alain to Godefroid. 'You have compelled us to tell you the secrets of Madame's life.'

In a few minutes the two friends were together in Monsieur Alain's room, as they had been when the old man had told Godefroid his own history.

'Well,' said Godefroid, whose face sufficiently showed his despair at having been the cause of what might be called a catastrophe in this pious household.

'I am waiting till Manon shall have come to say how she is going on,' replied the good man, as he heard the woman's step on the stairs.

'Monsieur, Madame is better. Monsieur l'Abbé managed to deceive her as to what had been said,' and Manon shot a wrathful glance at Godefroid.

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed the unhappy young man, his eyes filling with tears.

'Come, sit down,' said Monsieur Alain, seating himself. Then he paused to collect his thoughts.

'I do not know,' said the kind old man, 'that I have the talent necessary to give a worthy narrative of a life so cruelly tried. You must forgive me if you find the words of so poor a speaker inadequate to the magnitude of the events and catastrophes. You must remember that it is a very long time since I was at school, and that I date from a time when thoughts were held of more importance than effect—from a prosaic age, when we knew not how to speak of things except by their names.'

Godefroid bowed with an expression of assent, in which his worthy old friend could discern his sincere admiration, and which plainly said, 'I am listening.'

'As you have just perceived, my young friend, it would be impossible for you to remain one of us without learning some of the particulars of that saintly woman's life. There are certain ideas, allusions, words, which are absolutely prohibited in this house, since they inevitably reopen wounds, of which the anguish might kill Madame if it were once or twice revived——'

'Good Heavens !' exclaimed Godefroid, 'what have I done ?'

'But for Monsieur Joseph, who happily interrupted you just as you were about to speak of the awful instrument of death, you would have annihilated the poor lady.—It is time that you should be told all ; for you will be one of us, of that we are all convinced.

'Madame de la Chanterie,' he went on after a short pause, 'is descended from one of the first families of Lower Normandy. Her maiden name was Mademoiselle Barbe-Philiberte de Champignelles — of a younger branch of that house ; and she was intended to take the veil unless a marriage could be arranged for her with the usual renunciations of property that were commonly required in poor families of high rank. A certain Sieur de la Chanterie, whose family had sunk into utter obscurity, though dating from the time of Philippe-Auguste's crusade, was anxious to recover the rank to which so ancient a name gave him a claim in the province of Normandy. But he had fallen quite from his high estate, for he had made money—some three hundred thousand francs—by supplying the commissariat for the army at the time of the war with Hanover. His son, trusting too much to this wealth, which provincial rumour magnified, was living in Paris in a way calculated to cause the father of a family some uneasiness.

'Mademoiselle de Champignelles' great merits became

famous throughout the district of le Bessin ; and the old man, whose little feof of la Chanterie lay between Caen and Saint-Lô, heard some expressions of regret that so accomplished a young lady, and one so capable of making a husband happy, should end her days in a convent. On his uttering a wish to seek her out, some hope was given him that he might obtain the hand of Mademoiselle Philiberte for his son if he were content to renounce any marriage portion. He went to Bayeux, contrived to have two or three meetings with the Champignelles family, and was fascinated by the young lady's noble qualities.

‘At the age of sixteen, Mademoiselle de Champignelles gave promise of what she would become. She evinced well-founded piety, sound good sense, inflexible rectitude—one of those natures which will never veer in its affections even if they are the outcome of duty. The old nobleman, enriched by his somewhat illicit gains, discerned in this charming girl a wife who might keep his son in order by the authority of virtue and the ascendancy of a character that was firm but not rigid ; for, as you have seen, no one can be gentler than Madame de la Chanterie. Then, no one could be more confiding ; even in the decline of life she has the candour of innocence ; in her youth she would not believe in evil ; such distrust as you may have seen in her she owes to her misfortunes. The old man pledged himself to the Champignelles to give them a discharge in full for the portion legitimately due to Mademoiselle Philiberte on the signing of the marriage contract ; in return, the Champignelles, who were connected with the greatest families, promised to have the feof of la Chanterie created a barony, and they kept their word. The bridegroom's aunt, Madame de Boisfrelon, the wife of the councillor to the Parlement who died in your rooms, promised to leave her fortune to her nephew.

‘When all these arrangements were completed between

the two families, the father sent for his son. This young man, at the time of his marriage, was five-and-twenty, and already a Master of Appeals; he had indulged in numerous follies with the young gentlemen of the time, living in their style; and the old army contractor had several times paid his debts to a considerable amount. The poor father, foreseeing further dissipation on his son's part, was only too glad to settle a part of his fortune on his daughter-in-law; but he was so cautious as to entail the estate of la Chanterie on the heirs male of the marriage——'

'A precaution,' added Monsieur Alain in a parenthesis, 'which the Revolution made useless.'

'As handsome as an angel, and wonderfully skilled in all athletic exercises, the young Master of Appeals had immense powers of charming,' he went on. 'So Mademoiselle de Champignelles, as you may easily imagine, fell very much in love with her husband. The old man, made very happy by this promising beginning, and hoping that his son was a reformed character, sent the young couple to Paris. This was early in 1788. For nearly a year they were perfectly happy. Madame de la Chanterie was the object of all the little cares, the most delicate attentions that a devoted lover can lavish on the one and only woman he loves. Brief as it was, the honeymoon beamed brightly on the heart of the noble and unfortunate lady.

'As you know, in those days mothers all nursed their infants themselves. Madame de la Chanterie had a daughter. This time, when a wife ought to be the object of double devotion on her husband's part, was, on the contrary, the beginning of dreadful woes. The Master of Appeals was obliged to sell everything he could part with to pay old debts which he had not confessed, and more recent gambling debts. Then, suddenly the National Assembly dissolved the Supreme Council and the Parlement, and abolished all the great law

appointments that had been so dearly purchased. Thus the young couple, with the addition of their child, had no income to rely on but the revenues from the entailed estate, and from the portion settled on Madame de la Chanterie. Twenty months after her marriage this charming woman, at the age of seventeen and a half, found herself reduced to maintaining herself and the child at her breast by the work of her hands, in an obscure street where she hid herself. She then found herself absolutely deserted by her husband, who fell step by step into the society of the very lowest kind. Never did she blame her husband, never did she put him in the least in the wrong. She has told us that all through the worst time she prayed to God for her dear Henri.

‘The rascal’s name was Henri,’ remarked Monsieur Alain. ‘It is a name that must never be spoken here, any more than that of Henriette.—To proceed:—

‘Madame de la Chanterie, who never quitted her little room in the Rue de la Corderie-du-Temple unless to buy food or fetch her work, kept her head above water, thanks partly to an allowance of a hundred francs a month from her father-in-law, who was touched by so much virtue. However, the poor young wife, foreseeing that this support might fail her, had taken up the laborious work of a staymaker, and worked for a famous dressmaker. In fact, ere long the old contractor died, and his estate was consumed by his son under favour of the overthrow of the Monarchy.

‘The erewhile Master of Appeals, now one of the most savage of all the presidents of the revolutionary tribunal, had become a terror in Normandy, and could indulge all his passions. Then, imprisoned in his turn on the fall of Robespierre, the hatred of the department condemned him to inevitable death. Madame de la Chanterie received a farewell letter announcing her husband’s fate. She immediately placed her little girl in the care of a neighbour, and went off to the town where the

wretch was in confinement, taking with her a few louis, which constituted her whole fortune. This money enabled her to get into the prison. She succeeded in helping her husband to escape, dressing him in clothes of her own, under circumstances very similar to those which not long after favoured Madame de la Valette. She was condemned to death, but the authorities were ashamed to carry out this act of revenge, and she was secretly released with the connivance of the Court over which her husband had formerly presided. She got back to Paris on foot without any money, sleeping at farm-houses, and often fed by charity.'

'Good Heavens!' exclaimed Godefroid.

'Wait,' said the old man, 'that was nothing.—In the course of eight years the poor woman saw her husband three times. The first time the gentleman spent twenty-four hours in his wife's humble lodgings, and went away with all her money, after heaping on her every mark of affection, and leading her to believe in his complete reformation.—“For I could not resist,” said she, “a man for whom I prayed every day, and who filled my thoughts exclusively.”—The second time Monsieur de la Chanterie came in a dying state, and from some horrible disease! She nursed him, and saved his life; then she tried to reclaim him to decent feeling and a seemly life. After promising everything this angel begged of him, the revolutionary relapsed into hideous debaucheries, and in fact only escaped prosecution by the authorities by taking refuge in his wife's rooms, where he died unmolested.

'Still, all this was nothing!' said Alain, seeing dismay in Godefroid's face.

'No one in the world he had mixed with had known that the man was married. Two years after the miserable creature's death, she heard that there was a ^{second} Madame de la Chanterie, widowed and ruined like herself. The bigamous villain had found two such angels incap-

able of betraying him.—Towards 1803, the old man went on after a pause, ‘Monsieur de Boisfrelon, Madame de la Chanterie’s uncle, having his name removed from the list of proscribed persons, came back to Paris and paid over to her two hundred thousand francs that the old Commissariat contractor had placed in his keeping, with instructions to hold it in trust for his niece. He persuaded the widow to return to Normandy, where she completed her daughter’s education, and, by the advice of the old lawyer, purchased back one of the family estates under very favourable conditions.’

‘Ah!’ sighed Godefroid.

‘Oh! all this was nothing!’ said Monsieur Alain. ‘We have not yet come to the hurricane.—To proceed. In 1807, after four years of peace, Madame de la Chanterie saw her only daughter married to a gentleman whose piety, whose antecedents, and fortune seemed a guarantee from every point of view; a man who was reported to be the “pet lamb” of the best society in the country-town where Madame and her daughter spent every winter. Remark: this society consisted of seven or eight families belonging to the highest French nobility—the d’Esgrignons, the Troisvilles, the Casterans, the Nouâtres, and the like.

‘At the end of eighteen months this man deserted his wife and vanished in Paris, having changed his name. Madame de la Chanterie could never discover the cause of this separation till the lightning flash showed it in the midst of the storm. Her daughter, whom she had brought up with the greatest care and the purest religious feelings, preserved absolute silence on the subject.

‘This lack of confidence was a great shock to Madame de la Chanterie. Many times already she had detected in her daughter certain indications of the father’s adventurous spirit, strengthened by an almost manly determination of character. The husband had

departed without let or hindrance, leaving his affairs in the utmost disorder. To this day Madame de la Chanterie is amazed at this catastrophe, which no human power could remedy. All the persons she privately consulted had assured her before the marriage that the young man's fortune was clear and unembarrassed, in land unencumbered by mortgages, when, at that very time, the estate had, for ten years, been loaded with debt far beyond its value. So everything was sold, and the poor young wife, reduced to her own little income, came back to live with her mother.

Madame de la Chanterie subsequently learned that this man had been kept going by the most respectable persons in the district for their own benefit, for the wretched man owed them all more or less considerable sums of money. Indeed, ever since her arrival in the province, Madame de la Chanterie had been regarded as a prey.

‘However, there were other reasons for this climax of disaster, which you will understand from a confidential communication addressed to the Emperor.

‘This man had long since succeeded in winning the good graces of the leading Royalists of the Department by his devotion to the cause during the stormiest days of the Revolution. As one of Louis xviii.'s most active emissaries, he had, since 1793, been mixed up in every conspiracy, always withdrawing at the right moment, and with so much dexterity as to give rise at last to suspicions of his honour. The King dismissed him from service, and he was excluded from all further scheming, so he retired to his estate, already deeply involved. All these antecedents, at that time scarcely known—for those who were initiated into the secrets of the Cabinet did not say much about so dangerous a colleague—made him an object almost of worship in a town devoted to the Bourbons, where the cruellest devices of the Chouans were regarded as honest warfare.

The Esgrignons, the Casterans, the Chevalier de Valois, in short, the Aristocracy and the Church, received the Royalist with open arms, and took him to their bosom. This favour was supported by his creditors' earnest desire to be paid.

'This wretch, a match for the deceased la Chanterie, was able to keep up this part for three years; he affected the greatest piety, and subjugated his vices. During the first few months of his married life he had some little influence over his wife; he did his utmost to corrupt her by his doctrines, if atheism may be called a doctrine, and by the flippant tone in which he spoke of the most sacred things.

'This backstairs diplomate had, on his return to the country, formed an intimacy with a young man, over head and ears in debt like himself, but attractive, in so far that he had as much courage and honesty as the other had shown hypocrisy and cowardice. This guest at his house—whose charm and character could not fail to impress a young woman, to say nothing of his adventurous career—was a tool in the husband's hands which he used to support his infamous principles. The daughter never confessed to her mother the gulf into which circumstances had thrown her—for human prudence is no word for the caution exercised by Madame de la Chanterie when seeking a husband for her only child. And this last blow, in a life so devoted, so guileless, so religious as hers, tested as she had been by every kind of misfortune, filled Madame de la Chanterie with a distrust of herself which isolated her from her daughter; all the more so because her daughter, in compensation for her ill-fortune, insisted on perfect liberty, overruled her mother, and was sometimes very rough with her.

'Thus wounded in every feeling, cheated alike in her devotion and her love for her husband—to whom she had sacrificed her happiness, her fortune, and her life,

without a murmur; cheated in the exclusively religious training she had given her daughter; cheated by the world, even in the matter of that daughter's marriage, and meeting with no justice from the heart in which she had implanted none but right feelings, she turned more resolutely to God, clinging to Him whose hand lay so heavy on her. She was almost a nun; she went to mass every morning, carried out monastic discipline, and saved in everything to be able to help the poor.

'Has any woman ever known a more saintly or more severely tried life than this noble creature, so mild to the unfortunate, so brave in danger, and always so perfect a Christian?' said the worthy man, appealing to Godefroid. 'You know Madame, you know whether she is deficient in sense, judgment, and reflection. She has all these qualities in the highest degree. Well, and still all these misfortunes, which surely were enough to qualify any life as surpassing all others in adversity, were a trifle compared with what God had yet in store for this woman.—We will speak only of Madame de la Chanterie's daughter,' said Monsieur Alain, going on with his narrative.

'At the age of eighteen, when she married, Made-moiselle de la Chanterie had an extremely delicate complexion, rather dark, with a brilliant colour, a slender form, and charming features. An elegantly formed brow was crowned by the most beautiful black hair, that matched well with bright and lively hazel eyes. A peculiar prettiness and a childlike countenance belied her real nature and masculine decisiveness. She had small hands and feet; in all her person there was something tiny and frail, which excluded any idea of strength and wilfulness. Never having lived away from her mother, her mind was absolutely innocent, and her piety remarkable.

'This young lady, like Madame de la Chanterie, was fanatically devoted to the Bourbons, and hated the

Revolution; she regarded Napoleon's empire as a plague inflicted on France by Providence, as a punishment for the crimes of 1793. Such a conformity of opinion between the lady and her son-in-law was, as it always must be in such cases, a conclusive reason in favour of the marriage, in which all the aristocracy of the province took the greatest interest.

'This wretched man's friend had at the time of the rebellion in 1799 been the leader of a troop of Chouans. It would seem that the Baron—for Madame de la Chanterie's son-in-law was a Baron—had no object in throwing his wife and his friend together but that of extracting money from them. Though deeply in debt, and without any means of living, the young adventurer lived in very good style, and was able, no doubt, to help the promoter of Royalist conspiracies.

'Here you will need a few words of explanation as to an association which made a great noise in its day,' said Monsieur Alain, interrupting his narrative. 'I mean that of the raiders known as the *Chauffeurs*. These brigands pervaded all the western provinces more or less; but their object was not so much pillage as a revival of the Royalist opposition. Advantage was taken of the very general resistance of the people to the law of conscription, which, as you know, was enforced with many abuses. Between Mortagne and Rennes, and even beyond, as far as to the Loire, nocturnal raids were frequent, commonly to the injury of those who held national lands. These bands of destroyers were the terror of the country. I am not exaggerating when I tell you that in some Departments the arm of Justice was practically paralysed. Those last thunders of civil war did not echo so far as you might suppose, accustomed as we now are to the startling publicity given by the press to the most trivial acts of political and private life. The Censor allowed nothing to appear in print that bore on politics, unless it were accomplished fact,

and even that was distorted. If you will take the trouble to look through old files of the *Moniteur* and other newspapers, even those issued in the western provinces, you will find not a word concerning the four or five great trials which brought sixty or eighty of these rebels to the scaffold. *Brigands*, this was the name given under the Revolution to the Vendéens, the Chouans, and all who took up arms for the house of Bourbon; and it was still given in legal phraseology under the Empire to the Royalists who were victims to sporadic conspiracies. For to some vehement souls the Emperor and his government were "the Enemy," and everything seemed good that was adverse to him.—I am explaining the position, not justifying the opinions, and I will now go on with my story.

'So now,' he said, after a pause, such as must occur in a long story, 'you must understand that these Royalists were ruined by the war of 1793, though consumed by frantic passions; and if you can conceive of some exceptional natures consumed also by such necessities as those of Madame de la Chanterie's son-in-law and his friend the Chouan leader, you will see how it was that they determined to commit, for their private advantage, acts of robbery which their political opinions would justify, against the Imperial government for the advantage of the Cause.

'The young leader set to work to fan the ashes of the Chouan faction, to be ready to act at an opportune moment. There was, soon after, a terrible crisis in the Emperor's affairs when he was shut up in the island of Lobau, and it seemed that he must inevitably succumb to a simultaneous attack by England and by Austria. The victory of Wagram made the internal rebellion all but abortive. This attempt to revive the fires of civil war in Brittany, la Vendee, and part of Normandy, was unfortunately coincident with the Baron's money difficulties; he had flattered himself that he could

contrive a separate expedition, of which the profits could be applied solely to redeem his property. But his wife and friend, with nobler feeling, refused to divert to private uses any sums that might be snatched at the sword's point from the State coffers; these were to be distributed to the rebel conscripts and Chouans, and to purchase weapons and ammunition to arm a general rising.

'At last, when after heated discussions the young Chouan, supported by the Baroness, positively refused to retain a hundred thousand francs in silver crowns which was to be seized from one of the Government Receivers' offices in the west to provide for the Royalist forces, the husband disappeared, to escape the execution on his person of several writs that were out against him. The creditors tried to extract payment from his wife, but the wretched man had dried up the spring of affection which prompts a woman to sacrifice herself for her husband.

'All this was kept from poor Madame de la Chanterie, but it was a trifle in comparison with the plot that lay behind this merely preliminary explanation.

'It is too late this evening,' said the good man, looking at the clock, 'and there is too much still to tell, to allow of my going on with the rest of the story. My old friend Bordin, who was made famous as a Royalist by his share in the great Simeuse trial, and who pleaded in the case of the *Chauffeurs* of Mortagne, gave me when I came to live here two documents which, as he died not long after, I still have in my possession. You will there find the facts set forth much more concisely than I could give them. The details are so complicated that I should lose myself in trying to state them, and it would take me more than two hours, while in these papers you will find them summarised. To-morrow morning I will tell you what remains to be told concerning Madame de la Chanterie, for when you

have read these documents you will be sufficiently informed for me to conclude my tale in a few words.'

He placed some papers, yellow with years, in Godefroid's hands; after bidding his neighbour good-night, the young man retired to his room, and before he went to sleep read the two documents here reproduced:—

'BILL OF INDICTMENT.

'Court of Criminal and Special Justice for the Department of the Orne.

'The Public Prosecutor to the Imperial Court of Justice at Caen, appointed to carry out his functions to the Special Criminal Court sitting by the Imperial decree of September 1809, in the town of Alençon, sets forth to the Court the following facts, as proved by the preliminary proceedings, to wit:

'That a conspiracy of brigands, hatched for a long time with extraordinary secrecy, and connected with a scheme for a general rising in the western departments, has vented itself in several attempts on the lives and property of citizens, and more especially in the attack with robbery, under arms, on a vehicle conveying, on the — of May 18—, the Government moneys collected at Caen. This attack, recalling in its details the memories of the civil war now so happily at an end, showed deep-laid designs of a degree of villainy which cannot be excused by the vehemence of passion.

'From its inception to the end, the plot is extremely complicated, and the details numerous. The preliminary examinations lasted for more than a year, but the evidence forthcoming at every stage of the crime throws full light on the preparations made, on its execution, and results.

'The first idea of the plot was conceived of by one Charles-Amédée-Louis-Joseph Rifoël, calling himself

the Chevalier du Vissard, born at le Vissard, a hamlet of Saint-Mexme by Ernée, and formerly a leader of the rebels.

‘This man, who was pardoned by His Majesty the Emperor at the time of the general peace and amnesty, and whose ingratitude to his sovereign has shown itself in fresh crimes, has already suffered the extreme penalty of the law as the punishment for his misdeeds; but it is necessary here to refer to some of his actions, as he had great influence over some of the accused now awaiting the verdict of justice, and he is concerned in every circumstance of the case.

‘This dangerous agitator, who bore an alias, as is common with these rebels, and was known as *Pierrot*, used to wander about the western provinces enlisting partisans for a fresh rebellion; but his safest lurking-place was the château of Saint-Savin, the home of a woman named Lechantre and her daughter named Bryond, a house in the hamlet of Saint-Savin and in the district of Mortagne. This spot is famous in the most horrible annals of the rebellion of 1799. It was there that a courier was murdered, and his chaise plundered by a band of brigands under the command of a woman, helped by the notorious Marche-à-Terre. Hence brigandage may be said to be endemic in this neighbourhood.

‘An intimacy for which we seek no name had existed for more than a year between the woman Bryond and the above-named Rifoël.

‘It was close to this spot that, in the month of April 1808, an interview took place between Rifoël and one Boislaurier, a superior leader, known in the more serious risings in the west by the name of Auguste, and he it was who was the moving spirit of the rising now under the consideration of the Court.

‘This obscure point, namely, the connection of these two leaders, is plainly proved by the evidence of numerous

witnesses, and also stands as a demonstrated fact by the sentence of death carried out on Rifoël. From the time of that meeting, Boislaurier and Rifoël agreed to act in concert.

‘They communicated to each other, and at first to no one else, their atrocious purpose, founded on His Royal and Imperial Majesty’s absence, in command, at the time, of his forces in Spain; and then, or soon after, they must have plotted to capture the State moneys in transit, as the base for further operations.

‘Some time later, one Dubut of Caen despatched a messenger to the château of Saint-Savin, namely, one Hiley, known as le Laboureur, long known as a robber of the diligences; he was charged with information as to trustworthy accomplices. And it was thus, by Hiley’s intervention, that the plot secured the co-operation from the first of one Herbomez, called Général-Hardi, a pardoned rebel of the same stamp as Rifoël, and, like him, a traitor to the amnesty.

‘Herbomez and Hiley recruited in the neighbouring villages seven banditti, whose names must at once be set forth as follows:—

‘1. Jean Cibot, called Pille-Miche, one of the boldest brigands of a troop got together by Montauran in the year VII., and one of the actors in the robbery and murder of the Mortagne courier.

‘2. François Lisieux, known as Grand-Fils, a rebel-conscript of the department of the Mayenne.

‘3. Charles Grenier, or Fleur-de-Genet, a deserter from the 69th half-brigade.

‘4. Gabriel Bruce, known as Gros-Jean, one of the fiercest Chouans of Fontaine’s division.

‘5. Jacques Horeau, called Stuart, ex-lieutenant of that brigade, one of Tinténac’s adherents, and well known by the share he took in the Quiberon expedition.

‘6. Marie-Anne Cabot, called Lajeunesse, formerly huntsman to the Sieur Carol of Alençon.

‘7. Louis Minard, a rebel conscript.

‘These, when enrolled, were quartered in three different hamlets in the houses of Binet, Mélin, and Laravinière, inn or tavern-keepers, all devoted to Rifoël.

‘The necessary weapons were at once provided by one Jean-François Léveillé, a notary, and the incorrigible abettor of the brigands, serving as a go-between for them with several leaders in hiding; and, in this town, by one Felix Courceuil, called le Confesseur, formerly surgeon to the rebel army of la Vendée; both these men are natives of Alençon. Eleven muskets were concealed in a house belonging to Bryond in a suburb of Alençon; but this was done without his knowledge, for he was at that time living in the country on his estate between Alençon and Mortagne.

‘When Bryond left his wife to go her own way in the fatal road she had set out on, these muskets, cautiously removed from the house, were carried by the woman Bryond in her own carriage to the château of Saint-Savin.

‘It was then that the Department of the Orne and adjacent districts were dismayed by acts of highway robbery that startled the authorities as much as the inhabitants of those districts which had so long enjoyed quiet; and these raids prove that the atrocious foes of the Government and the Empire had been kept informed of the secret coalition of 1809 by means of communications from abroad.

‘Léveillé the notary, the woman Bryond, Dubut of Caen, Herbomez of Mayenne, Boislaurier of le Mans, and Rifoël were the ringleaders of the association, which was also joined by those criminals who have been already executed under the sentence passed on them with Rifoël, by those accused under this trial, and by several others who have escaped public vengeance by flight, or by the silence of their accomplices.

‘It was Dubut who, as a resident near Caen, gave

notice to Lèveillé of the despatch of the money. Dubut made several journeys between Caen and Mortagne, and Lèveillé also was often on the roads. It may here be noted that, at the time when the arms were moved, Lèveillé, who came to visit Bruce, Grenier, and Cibot at Mélin's house, found them arranging the muskets in an inside shed, and helped them himself in doing so.

‘A general meeting was arranged to take place at Mortagne at the *Écu de France* inn. All the accused were present in various disguises. It was on this occasion that Lèveillé, the woman Bryond, Dubut, Herboomez, Boislaurier, and Hiley, the cleverest of the subordinate conspirators, of whom Cibot is the most daring, secured the co-operation of one Vauthier, called Vieux-Chêne, formerly a servant to the notorious Longuy, and now a stableman at the inn. Vauthier agreed to give the woman Bryond due notice of the passing of the chaise conveying the Government moneys, as it commonly stopped to bait at the inn.

‘The opportunity ere long offered for assembling the brigand recruits who had been scattered about in various lodgings with great precaution, sometimes in one village, and sometimes in another, under the care of Courceuil and of Lèveillé. The assembly was managed by the woman Bryond, who afforded the brigands a new hiding-place in the uninhabited parts of the château of Saint-Savin, at a few miles from Mortagne, where she had lived with her mother since her husband's departure. The brigands established themselves there with Hiley at their head, and spent several days there. The woman Bryond, with her waiting-maid Godard, took care to prepare with her own hands everything needed for lodging and feeding these guests. To this end she had trusses of hay brought in, and went to see the brigands in the shelter she had arranged for them, going to and fro with Lèveillé. Provisions and victuals were

procured under the orders and care of Courceuil, who took his orders from Rifoël and Boislaurier.

‘The principal feat was decided on and the men fully armed; the brigands stole out of Saint-Savin every night; pending the transit of the Government chest, they carried out raids in the neighbourhood, and the whole country was in terror under their repeated incursions. There can be no doubt that the robberies committed at la Sartinière, at Vonay, and at the château of Saint-Seny were the work of this band; their daring equalled their villainy, and they contrived to terrify their victims so effectually that no tales were told, so that justice could obtain no evidence.

‘While levying contributions on all who held possession of the nationalised land, the brigands carefully reconnoitred the woods of Le Chesnay, which they had chosen to be the scene of their crime.

‘Not far away is the village of Louvigny, where there is an inn kept by the brothers Chaussard, formerly gamekeepers on the property of Troisville, and this was to be the brigands’ final rendezvous. The two brothers knew beforehand the part they were to play; Courceuil and Boislaurier had long before sounded them, and revived their hatred of the government of our august Emperor; and had told them that among the visitors who would drop in on them would be some men of their acquaintance—the formidable Hiley and the not less formidable Cibot.

‘In fact, on the 6th the seven highwaymen, under the leadership of Hiley, arrived at the brother Chaussards’ inn and spent two days there. On the 8th the chief led out his men, saying they were going three leagues away, and he desired the innkeepers to provide food, which was taken to a place where the roads met, a little way from the village. Hiley came home alone at night.

‘Two riders—who were probably the woman Bryond and Rifoël, for it is said that she accompanied him in

his expeditions, on horseback, and dressed as a man—arrived that evening and conversed with Hiley. On the following day Hiley wrote to Léveillé the notary, and one of the Chaussard brothers carried the letter and brought back the answer. Two hours later Bryond and Rifoël came on horseback to speak with Hiley.

‘The upshot of all these interviews and coming and going was that a hatchet was indispensable to break open the cases. The notary went back with the woman Bryond to Saint-Savin, where they sought in vain for a hatchet.

‘Thereupon he returned to the inn and met Hiley halfway, to whom he was to explain that no hatchet was to be found. Hiley made his way back and ordered supper at the inn for ten persons; he then brought in the seven brigands all armed. Hiley made them pile arms like soldiers. They all sat down and supped in haste, Hiley ordering a quantity of food to be packed for them to take away with them. Then he led the elder Chaussard aside and asked him for a hatchet. The innkeeper, much astonished, by his own account, refused to give him one. Courceuil and Boislaurier presently came in, and the three men spent the whole night pacing up and down the room and discussing their plan. Courceuil, nicknamed the Confessor, the most cunning of the band, took possession of a hatchet, and at about two in the morning they all went out by different doors.

‘Every minute was now precious; the execution of the crime was fixed for that day. Hiley, Courceuil, and Boislaurier placed their men. Hiley with Minard, Cabot, and Bruce, formed an ambush to the right of the wood of Le Chesnay. Boislaurier, Grenier, and Horeau occupied the centre. Courceuil, Herbomez, and Lisieux stood by the ravine under the fringe of the wood. All these positions are indicated on the subjoined plan to scale, drawn by the surveyor to the Government.

‘The chaise, meanwhile, had started from Mortagne

at about one in the morning, driven by one Rousseau, who was so far inculpated by circumstantial evidence as to make it seem desirable to arrest him. The vehicle, driving slowly, would reach the wood of Le Chesnay by about three. It was guarded by a single gendarme; the men were to breakfast at Donnery. There were three travellers as it happened besides the gendarme.

‘The driver, who had been walking with them very slowly, on reaching the bridge of Le Chesnay, whipped up the horses to a speed and energy that the others remarked upon, and turned into a cross-road known as the Senzey road. The chaise was soon lost to sight; the way it had gone was known to the gendarme and his companions only by the sound of the horses’ bells; the men had to run to come up with it. Then they heard a shout: “Stand, you rascals!”—and four shots were fired.

‘The gendarme, who was not hit, drew his sword and ran on in the direction he supposed the driver to have taken. He was stopped by four men, who all fired; his eagerness saved him, for he rushed past to desire one of the young travellers to run on and have the alarm bell tolled at Le Chesnay, but two of the brigands took steady aim, advancing towards him; he was forced to draw back a few steps; and just as he was about to turn the wood, he received a ball in the left armpit, which broke his arm; he fell, and found himself completely disabled.

‘The shouting and shots had been heard at Donnery. The officer in command at this station hurried up with one of his gendarmes; a running fire led them away to the side of the wood furthest from the scene of the robbery. The single gendarme tried to intimidate the brigands by a hue and cry, and to delude them into the belief that a force was at hand.

“Forward!” he cried. “First platoon to the right! now we have them! Second platoon to the left!”

‘The brigands on their side shouted: “Draw! This

way, comrades! Send up the men as fast as you can!"

'The noise of firing hindered the officer from hearing the cries of the wounded gendarme, and helping in the manœuvre by which the other was keeping the robbers in check; but he could hear a clatter close at hand, arising from splitting the cases open. He advanced towards that side; four armed men took aim at him, and he called out, "Surrender, villains!"

'They only replied, "Stand, or you are a dead man!"

'He rushed forward; two muskets were fired, and he was hit, one ball going through his left leg and into his horse's flank. The brave man, bleeding profusely, was forced to retire from the unequal struggle, shouting, but in vain, "Help—come on—the brigands are at Le Chesnay."

'The robbers, left masters of the field by superiority of numbers, pillaged the chaise which had been intentionally driven into a ravine. They blindfolded the driver, but this was only a feint. The chests were forced open, and bags of money strewed the ground. The horses were unharnessed and loaded with the coin. Three thousand francs worth of copper money was scornfully left behind; three hundred thousand francs were carried off on four horses. They made for the village of Menneville adjacent to the town of Saint-Savin.

'The horde and their booty stopped at a solitary house belonging to the Chaussard brothers, inhabited by their uncle, one Bourget, who had been in their confidence from the first. This old man, helped by his wife, received the brigands, warned them to be silent, unloaded the beasts, and then fetched up some wine. The wife remained on sentry by the château. The old man led the horses back to the wood and returned them to the driver; then he released the two young men who had been gagged as well as the accommodating driver.

After refreshing themselves in great haste, the brigands went on their way. Courceuil, Hiley, and Boislaurier reviewed their party, and after bestowing on each a trifling recompense, sent off the men, each in a different direction.

‘On reaching a spot called le Champ-Landry, these malefactors, obeying the prompting which so often leads such wretches into blunders and miscalculations, threw their muskets away into a field of standing corn. The fact that all three did so at the same time is a crowning proof of their collusion. Then, terrified by the boldness and success of their crime, they separated.

‘The robbery having been committed, with the additional features of violence and attempt to murder, the chain of subsidiary events was already in preparation, and other actors were implicated in receiving and disposing of the stolen property. Rifoël, hidden in Paris, whence he pulled all the wires of the plot, sent an order to Lèveillé to forward to him immediately fifty thousand francs. Courceuil, apt at the management of such felonies, had sent off Hiley to inform Lèveillé of their success and of his arrival at Mortagne, where the notary at once joined him.

‘Vauthier, to whose fidelity they believed they might trust, undertook to find the Chaussards’ uncle; he went to the house, but was told by the old man that he must apply to the nephews, who had given over large sums to the woman Bryond. However, he bid Vauthier wait for him on the road, and he there gave him a bag containing twelve hundred francs, which Vauthier took to the woman Lechantre for her daughter.

‘By Lèveillé’s advice Courceuil then went to Bourget, who sent him direct to his nephews. The elder Chaussard led Vauthier to the wood and showed him a tree beneath which a bag of a thousand francs was found buried. In short, Lèveillé, Hiley, and Vauthier went to and fro several times, and each time obtained a small

sum, trifling in comparison with the whole amount stolen.

‘These moneys were handed over to the woman Lechantre at Mortagne; and, in obedience to a letter from her daughter, she carried them to Saint-Savin, whither the said Bryond had returned.

‘It is not immediately necessary to inquire whether this woman Lechantre had any previous knowledge of the plot. For the present it need only be noted that she had left Mortagne to go to Saint-Savin the day before the crime was committed in order to fetch away her daughter; that the two women met halfway, and returned to Mortagne; that, on the following day, the notary, being informed of this by Hiley, went from Alençon to Mortagne, and straight to their house, where he persuaded them to transport the money, obtained with so much difficulty from the Chaussards and from Bourget, to a certain house in Alençon, presently to be mentioned as belonging to one Pannier, a merchant there. The woman Lechantre wrote to the man in charge at Saint-Savin to come to Mortagne and escort her and her daughter by cross roads to Alençon. The money, amounting to twenty thousand francs in all, was packed into a vehicle at night, the girl Godard helping to dispose of it.

‘The notary had planned the way they were to travel. They reached an inn kept by one of their allies, a man named Louis Chargegrain, in the hamlet of Littray. But in spite of the notary’s precautions—he riding ahead of the chaise—some strangers were present and saw the portmanteaus and bags taken out which contained the coin.

‘But just as Courceuil and Hiley, disguised as women, were consulting, in the market-place at Alençon, with the aforementioned Pannier—who since 1794 had been the rebels’ treasurer, and who was devoted to Rifoël—as to the best means of transmitting the required sum to

Rifoël, the terror occasioned by the arrests and inquiries already made was so great that the woman Lechantre, in her alarm, set off at night from the inn where they were, and fled with her daughter by country byways, leaving Léveillé behind, and took refuge in the hiding-places known to them in the château of Saint-Savin. The same alarm came over the other criminals. Courceuil, Bois-laurier, and his relation Dubut exchanged two thousand francs in silver for gold at a dealer's, and fled across Brittany to England.

‘On arriving at Saint-Savin, the mother and daughter heard that Bourget was arrested with the driver and the runaway conscripts.

‘The magistrates, the police, and the authorities acted with so much decision, that it was deemed necessary to protect the woman Bryond from their investigations, for all these felons were devotedly attached to her, and she had won them all. So she was removed from Saint-Savin, and hid at first at Alençon, where her adherents held council and succeeded in concealing her in Pannier's cellars.

‘Hereupon fresh incidents occurred. After the arrest of Bourget and his wife, the Chaussards refused to give up any more money, saying they had been betrayed. This unexpected defection fell out at the very moment when all the conspirators were in the greatest need of supplies, if only as a means of escape. Rifoël was thirsting for money. Hiley, Cibot, and Leveillé now began to doubt the honesty of the two Chaussards. This led to a fresh complication which seems to demand the intervention of the law.

‘Two gendarmes, commissioned to discover the woman Bryond, succeeded in getting into Pannier's house, where they were present at a council held by the criminals; but these men, false to the confidence placed in them, instead of arresting Bryond, were enslaved by her charms. These rascally soldiers—named Ratel and

Mallet—showed the woman every form of interest and devotion, and offered to escort her to the Chaussards' inn and compel them to make restitution. The woman went off on horseback, dressed as a man, and accompanied by Ratel, Mallet, and the maidservant Godard. She set out at night, and on reaching the inn she and one of the Chaussard brothers had a private but animated interview. She had a pistol, and was resolved to blow her accomplice's brains out in case of his refusal; in fact, he led her to the wood, and she brought back a heavy sack. In it she found copper coin and twelve-sou pieces to the value of fifteen hundred francs.

‘It was then suggested that as many of the conspirators as could be got together should take the Chaussards by surprise, seize them, and put them to torture. Pannier, on hearing of this disappointment, flew into a rage and broke out in threats; and though the woman Bryond threatened him in return with Rifoël's vengeance, she was compelled to fly.

‘All these facts were confessed by Ratel.

‘Mallet, touched by her position, offered the woman Bryond a place of shelter; they all set off together and spent the night in the wood of Troisville. Then Mallet and Ratel, with Hiley and Cibot, went by night to the Chaussards' inn, but they found that the brothers had left the place, and that the remainder of the money had certainly been removed.

‘This was the last attempt on the part of the conspirators to recover the stolen money.

‘It is now important to define more accurately the part played by each of the criminals implicated in this affair.

‘Dubut, Boislaurier, Gentil, Herbomez, Courceuil, and Hiley are all leaders, some in council, and some in action. Boislaurier, Dubut, and Courceuil, all three contumacious deserters, are habitual rebels, stirring up troubles, the implacable foes of Napoleon the Great, of

his successes, his dynasty, and his government, of our new code of laws and of the Imperial constitution. Herbomez and Hiley, as their right-hand men, boldly carried out what the three others planned. The guilt of the seven instruments of the crime is beyond question—Cibot, Lisieux, Grenier, Bruce, Horeau, Cabot, and Minard. It is proved by the depositions of those who are now in the hands of justice: Lisieux died during the preliminary inquiry, and Bruce has evaded capture.

‘The conduct of the chaise-driver Rousseau marks him as an accomplice. The slow progress on the high road, the pace to which he flogged the horses on reaching the wood, his persistent statement that his head was muffled, whereas, by the evidence of the young fellow-travellers, the leader of the brigands had the handkerchief removed and ordered him to recognise the men,—all contribute to afford presumptive evidence of his collusion.

‘As to the woman Bryond and Lèveillé the notary, their complicity was constant and continuous from the first. They supplied funds and means for the crime; they knew of it and abetted it. Lèveillé was constantly travelling to and fro. The woman Bryond invented plot upon plot; she risked everything—even her life—to secure the money. She lent her house, her carriage, and was concerned in the plot from the beginning, nor did she attempt to persuade the chief leader to desist from it when she might have exerted her evil influence to hinder it. She led the maidservant Godard into its toils. Lèveillé was so entirely mixed up in it, that it was he who tried to procure the hatchet needed by the robbers.

‘The woman Bourget, Vauthier, the Chaussards, Pannier, the woman Lechantre, Mallet, and Ratel were all incriminated in various degrees, as also the innkeepers Mélin, Binet, Laravinière, and Chargegrain.

‘Bourget died during the preliminary inquiry, after

making a confession which leaves no doubt as to the part taken by Vauthier and the woman Bryond; and though he tried to mitigate the charge against his wife and his nephews the Chaussards, the reasons for his reticence are self-evident.

‘But the Chaussards certainly knew that they were supplying provisions to highway robbers; they saw that the men were armed and were informed of all their scheme; they allowed them to take the hatchet needed for breaking open the chests, knowing the purpose for which it was required. Finally, they received wittingly the money obtained by the robbery, they hid it, and in fact made away with the greater part of it.

‘Pannier, formerly treasurer to the rebel party, concealed the woman Bryond; he is one of the most dangerous participators in the plot of which he was informed from its origin. With regard to him we are in the dark as to some circumstances as yet unknown, but of which justice will take cognisance. He is Rifoël’s immediate ally and in all the secrets of the ante-revolutionary party in the West; he greatly regretted the fact that Rifoël should have admitted the women into the plot or have trusted them at all. He forwarded money to Rifoël and received the stolen coin.

‘As to the two gendarmes, Ratel and Mallet, their conduct deserves the utmost rigour of the law. They were traitors to their duty. One of them, foreseeing his fate, committed suicide after making some important revelations. The other, Mallet, denied nothing, and his confession removes all doubt.

‘The woman Lechantre, in spite of her persistent denials, was informed of everything. The hypocrisy of this woman, who attempts to shelter her professed innocence under the practice of assumed devotion, is known by her antecedents to be prompt and inrepid in extremities. She asserts that she was deceived by her daughter, and believed that the money in question

belonged to the man Bryond. The trick is too transparent. If Bryond had had any money, he would not have fled from the neighbourhood to avoid witnessing his own ruin. Lechantre considered that there was no harm in the robbery when it was approved of by her ally Boislaurier. But how, then, does she account for Rifoel's presence at Saint-Savin, her daughter's expeditions and connection with the man, and the visit of the brigands who were waited on by the woman Godard and Bryond? She says she sleeps heavily, and is in the habit of going to bed at seven o'clock, and did not know what answer to make when the examining Judge observed that then she must rise at daybreak, and could not have failed to discern traces of the plot and of the presence of so many men, or to be uneasy about her daughter's nocturnal expeditions. To this she could only say that she was at her prayers.

'The woman is a model hypocrite. In fact, her absence on the day when the crime was committed, the care she took to remove her daughter to Mortagne, her journey with the money, and her precipitate flight when everything was discovered, the care with which she hid herself, and the circumstances of her arrest, all prove her complicity from an early stage of the affair. Her conduct was not that of a mother anxious to explain the danger to her daughter and to save her from it, but that of a terrified accomplice; and she was an accessory, not out of foolish affection, but from party spirit inspired by hatred, as is well known, for his Imperial Majesty's government. Maternal weakness indeed could not excuse her, and it must not be forgotten that consent, long premeditated, is an evident sign of her complicity.

'Not the crime alone, but its moving spirits, are now known. We see in it the monstrous combination of the delirium of faction with a thirst for rapine; murder prompted by party spirit, under which men take shelter, and justify themselves for the most disgraceful excesses.

The orders of the leaders gave the signal for the robbery of State moneys to pay for subsequent violence ; base and ferocious hirelings were found to do it for wretched pay, and fully prepared to murder ; while the agitators to rebellion, not less guilty, helped in dividing and concealing the booty. What society can allow such attempts to go unpunished ? The law has no adequate punishment.

‘ The Bench of this Criminal and Special Court, then, will be called upon to decide whether the aforementioned Herbomez, Hiley, Cibot, Grenier, Horeau, Cabot, Minard, Mélin, Binet, Laravinière, Rousseau, the woman Bryond, Lèveillé, the woman Bourget, Vauthier, the elder Chaussard, Pannier, the widow Lechantre, and Mallet—all hereinbefore described and in presence of the Court, and the aforementioned Boislaurier, Dubut, Courceuil, Bruce, Chaussard the younger, Chargegrain, and the girl Godard, being absent or having fled, are or are not guilty of the acts described in this bill of indictment.

‘ Given in to the Court at Caen the 1st of December, 180—

‘ (*Signed*) BARON BOURLAC.’

This legal document, much shorter and more peremptory than such bills of indictment are in these days, so full of detail and so complete on every point, especially as to the previous career of the accused, excited Godefroid to the utmost. The bare, dry style of an official pen, setting forth, in red ink as it were, the principal facts of the case, was enough to set his imagination working. Concise, reserved narrative is to some minds a problem in which they lose themselves in exploring the mysterious depths.

In the dead of night, stimulated by the silence, by the darkness, by the dreadful connection hinted at by Monsieur Alain of this document with Madame de la

Chanterie, Godefroid concentrated all his intelligence on the consideration of this terrible affair.

The name of Lechantre was evidently the first name of the la Chanterie family, whose aristocratic titular name had of course been curtailed under the Republic and the Empire.

His fancy painted the scenery where the drama was played out, and the figures of the accomplices rose before him. Imagination showed him, not indeed 'the aforementioned Rifoël,' but the Chevalier du Vissard, a youth resembling Walter Scott's Fergus—in short, a French edition of the Jacobite. He worked out a romance on the passion of a young girl grossly betrayed by her husband's infamy—a tragedy then very fashionable—and in love with a young leader rebelling against the Emperor; rushing headlong, like Diana Vernon, into the toils of a conspiracy, fired with enthusiasm, and then, having started on the perilous descent, unable to check her wild career.—Had she ended it on the scaffold?

A whole world seemed to rise before Godefroid. He was wandering through the groves of Normandy; he could see the Breton gentleman and Madame Bryond in the copse; he dwelt in the old château of Saint-Savin; he pictured the winning over of so many conspirators—the notary, the merchant, and the bold Chouan leaders. He could understand the almost unanimous adhesion of a district where the memory was still fresh of the famous Marche-à-Terre, of the Comtes de Bauvan and de Longuy, of the massacre at la Vive-tière, and of the death of the Marquis de Montauran, of whose exploits he had heard from Madame de la Chanterie.

This vision, as it were, of men and things and places, was but brief. As he realised the fact that this story was that of the noble and pious old lady whose virtues affected him to the point of a complete metamorphosis,

Godefroid, with a thrill of awe, took up the second document given to him by Monsieur Alain, which bore the title :—

‘AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF MADAME HENRIETTE
BRYOND DES TOURS-MINIÈRES, née LECHANTRE
DE LA CHANTERIE.’

‘That settles it,’ thought Godefroid.
The paper ran as follows :—

‘We are condemned and guilty; but if ever the Sovereign had cause to exercise his prerogative of mercy, would it not be under the circumstances herein set forth ?

‘The culprit is a young woman, who says she is a mother, and is condemned to death.

‘On the threshold of the prison, and in view of the scaffold, this woman will tell the truth. That statement will be in her favour, and to that she looks for pardon.

‘The case, tried in the Criminal Court of Alençon, presents some obscure features, as do all cases where several accused persons have combined in a plot inspired by party feeling.

‘His Imperial and Kingly Majesty’s Privy Council are now fully informed as to the identity of a mysterious personage, known as *le Marchand*, whose presence in the department of the Orne was not disputed by the public authorities in the course of the trial, though the pleader for the Crown did not think it advisable to produce him in Court, and the defendants had no right to call him, nor, indeed, power to produce him.

‘This man, as is well known to the Bench, to the local authorities, to the Paris police, and to the Imperial and Royal Council, is Bernard-Polydor Bryond de la Tour-Minières, who, since 1794, has been in correspondence with the Comte de Lille; he is known

abroad as the Baron des Tours-Minières, and in the records of the Paris police as Contenson.

‘He is a very exceptional man, whose youth and rank were stained by unremitting vice, such utter immorality and such criminal excesses, that so infamous a life would inevitably have ended on the scaffold but for the skill with which he played a double part under shelter of his two names. Still, as he is more and more the slave of his passions and insatiable necessities, he will at last fall below infamy, and find himself in the lowest depths, in spite of indisputable gifts and an extraordinary mind.

‘When the Comte de Lille’s better judgment led to his forbidding Bryond to draw money from abroad, the man tried to get out of the blood-stained field on to which his necessities had led him. Was it that this career no longer paid him well enough? Or was it remorse or shame that led the man back to the district where his estates, loaded with debt when he went away, could have but little to yield even to his skill? This it is impossible to believe. It seems more probable that he had some mission to fulfil in those departments where some sparks were still lingering of the civil broils.

‘When wandering through the provinces, where his perfidious adhesion to the schemes of the English and of the Comte de Lille gained him the confidence of certain families still attached to the party that the genius of our immortal Emperor has reduced to silence, he met one of the former leaders of the Rebellion—a man with whom he had had dealings as an envoy from abroad at the time of the Quiberon expedition, during the last rising in the year VII. He encouraged the hopes of this agitator, who has since paid the penalty of his treasonable plots on the scaffold. At that time, then, Bryond was able to learn all the secrets of the incorrigible faction who misprize the glory of His Majesty the Emperor

Napoleon I., and the true interests of the country as represented by his sacred person.

‘ At the age of five-and-thirty, this man, who affected the deepest piety, who professed unbounded devotion to the interests of the Comte de Lille, and perfect adoration for the rebels of the West who perished in the struggle, who skilfully disguised the ravages of a youth of debauchery, and whose personal appearance was in his favour, came, under the protection of his creditors, who told no tales, and of the most extraordinary good-nature on the part of all the *ci-devants* of the district, to be introduced with all these claims on her regard to the woman Lechantre, who was supposed to have a very fine fortune. The scheme in view was to secure a marriage between Madame Lechantre’s only daughter, Henriette, and this *protégé* of the Royalist party.

‘ Priests, ex-nobles, and creditors, all from different motives, conspired to promote the marriage between Bernard Bryond and Henriette Lechantre.

‘ The good judgment of the notary who took charge of Madame Lechantre’s affairs, and his shrewd suspicions, led perhaps to the poor girl’s undoing. For Monsieur Chesnel, a notary at Alençon, settled the lands of Saint-Savin, the bride’s sole estate, on her and her children, reserving a small charge on it and the right of residence to the mother for life.

‘ Bryond’s creditors, who, judging from her methodical and economical style of living, had supposed that Madame Lechantre must have saved large sums, were disappointed in their hopes, and believing that she must be avaricious, they sued Bryond, and this led to a revelation of his imppecuniosity and difficulties.

‘ Then the husband and wife quarrelled violently, and the young woman came to full knowledge of the dissipated habits, the atheistical opinions both in religion and in politics, nay, I may say, the utter infamy, of the man to whom fate had irrevocably bound her. Then Bryond,

being obliged to let his wife into the secret of the atrocious plots against the Imperial Government, offered an asylum under his roof to Rifoël du Vissard.

‘Rifoël’s character, adventurous, brave, and lavish, had an extraordinary charm for all who came under his influence; of this there is abundant proof in the cases tried in no less than three special criminal courts.

‘The irresistible influence, in fact the absolute power, he acquired over a young woman who found herself at the bottom of a gulf, is only too evident in the catastrophe of which the horror brings her as a suppliant to the foot of the throne. And His Imperial and Kingly Majesty’s Council will have no difficulty in verifying the infamous collusion of Bryond, who, far from doing his duty as the guide and adviser of the girl intrusted to his care by the mother he had deceived, condoned and encouraged the intimacy between his wife Henriette and the rebel leader.

‘This was the plan imagined by this detestable man, who makes it his glory that he respects nothing, and that he never considers any end but the gratification of his passions, while he regards every sentiment based on social or religious morality as a mere vulgar prejudice. And it may here be remarked that such scheming is habitual to a man who has been playing a double part ever since 1794, who for eight years has deceived the Comte de Lille and his adherents, probably deceiving at the same time the superior police of the Empire—for such men are always ready to serve the highest bidder.

‘Bryond, then, was urging Rifoël to commit a crime; he it was who insisted on an armed attack and highway robbery of the State treasure in transit, and on heavy contributions to be extorted from the purchasers of the national land, by means of atrocious tortures which he invented, and which carried terror into five Departments. He demanded no less than three hundred thousand francs to pay off the mortgages on his property.

‘In the event of any objection on the part of Rifoël or Madame Bryond, he intended to revenge himself for the contempt he had inspired in his wife’s upright mind, by handing them both over to be dealt with by the law as soon as they should commit some capital crime.

‘As soon as he perceived that party spirit was a stronger motive than self-interest in these two whom he had thus thrown together, he disappeared; he came to Paris, armed with ample information as to the state of affairs in the western departments.

‘The Chaussard brothers and Vauthier were, it is well known, in constant correspondence with Bryond.

‘As soon as the robbery on the chests from Caen was accomplished, Bryond, assuming the name of le Marchand, opened secret communications with the préfet and the magistrates. What was the consequence? No conspiracy of equal extent, and in which so many persons in such different grades of the social scale were involved, has ever been so immediately divulged to justice as this, of which the first attempt was the robbery of the treasure from Caen. Within six days of the crime, all the guilty parties had been watched and followed with a certainty that betrays perfect knowledge of the persons in question, and of their plans. The arrest, trial, and execution of Rifoël and his companions are a sufficient proof, and mentioned here only to demonstrate our knowledge of this fact, of which the Supreme Council knows every particular.

‘If ever a condemned criminal might hope for the clemency of the Sovereign, may not Henriette Lechantre?

‘Carried away by a passion and by rebellious principles imbibed with her mother’s milk, she is, no doubt, unpardonable in the eye of the law; but in the sight of our most magnanimous Emperor, may not the most shameless betrayal on one hand, and the most vehement enthusiasm on the other, plead her cause?

‘The greatest of Generals, the immortal genius who pardoned the Prince of Hatzfeld, and who, like God Himself, can divine the arguments suggested by a blind passion, may, perhaps, vouchsafe to consider the temptations invincible in the young, which may palliate her crime, great as it is.

‘Twenty-two heads have already fallen under the sword of justice and the sentence of the three courts. One alone remains—that of a young woman of twenty, not yet of age. Will not the Emperor Napoleon the Great grant her time for repentance? Is not that a tribute to the grace of God?

‘For Henriette Lechantre, wife of Bryond des Tours-Minières,

‘BORDIN,

‘Retained for the defence, Advocate in the Lower Court of the Department of the Seine.’

This terrible tragedy haunted the little sleep Godefroid was able to get. He dreamed of decapitation, as the physician Guillotin perfected it with philanthropic intentions. Through the hot vapours of a nightmare he discerned a beautiful young woman, full of enthusiasm, undergoing the last preparations, drawn in a cart, and mounting the scaffold with a cry of ‘Vive le Roi!’

Godefroid was goaded by curiosity. He rose at day-break, dressed, and paced his room, till at length he posted himself at the window, and mechanically stared at the sky, reconstructing the drama, as a modern romancer might, in several volumes. And always against the murky background of Chouans, of country-folks, of provincial gentlemen, of rebel leaders, police agents, lawyers and spies, he saw the radiant figures of the mother and daughter; of the daughter deceiving her mother, the victim of a wretch, and of her mad passion for one of those daring adventurers who were

afterwards regarded as heroes—a man who, to Godefroid's imagination, had points of resemblance to Georges Cadoudal and Charette, and the giants of the struggle between the Republic and the Monarchy.

As soon as Godefroid heard old Alain stirring, he went to his room; but on looking in through the half-opened door, he shut it again, and withdrew. The old man, kneeling on his prie-Dieu, was saying his morning prayers. The sight of that white head bent in an attitude of humble piety recalled Godefroid to a sense of duty, and he prayed too, with fervency.

'I was expecting you,' said the good man when, at the end of a quarter of an hour, Godefroid entered his room. 'I anticipated your impatience, and rose earlier than usual.'

'Madame Henriette?—' Godefroid began, with evident agitation.

'Was Madame's daughter,' replied Alain, interrupting him. 'Madame's name is Lechantre de la Chanterie. Under the Empire old titles were not recognised, nor the names added to the patronymic or first surname. Thus the Baronne des Tours-Minières was "the woman Bryond"; the Marquis d'Esgrignon was called Carol—Citizen Carol, and afterwards the Sieur Carol; the Troisvilles were the Sieurs Guibelin.'

'But what was the end? Did the Emperor pardon her?'

'No, alas!' said Alain. 'The unhappy little woman perished on the scaffold at the age of twenty-one.—After reading Bordin's petition, the Emperor spoke to the Supreme Judge much to this effect:—

'Why make an example of a spy? A secret agent ceases to be a man, and ought to have none of a man's feelings; he is but a wheel in the machine. Bryond did his duty. If our instruments of that kind were not what they are—steel bars, intelligent only in behalf of the Government they serve—government would be

impossible. The sentences of Special Criminal Courts must be carried out, or my magistrates would lose all confidence in themselves and in me. And besides, the men who fought for these people are executed, and they were less guilty than their leaders. The women of the western provinces must be taught not to meddle in conspiracies. It is because the victim of the sentence is a woman that the law must take its course. No excuse is available as against the interests of authority."

'This was the substance of what the Supreme Judge was so obliging as to repeat to Bordin after his interview with the Emperor. To re-establish tranquillity in the west, which was full of refractory conscripts, Napoleon thought it needful to produce a real "terror." The Supreme Judge, in fact, advised the lawyer to trouble himself no further about his clients.'

'And the lady?' said Godefroid.

'Madame de la Chanterie was condemned to twenty-two years' imprisonment,' replied Alain. She had already been transferred to Bicêtre, near Rouen, to undergo her sentence, and nothing could be thought of till her Henriette was safe; for after these dreadful scenes, she was so wrapped up in her daughter that, but for Bordin's promise to petition for the mitigation of the sentence of death, it was thought that Madame would not have survived her condemnation. So they deceived the poor mother. She saw her daughter after the execution of the men who had been sentenced to death, but did not know that the respite was granted in consequence of a false declaration that her daughter was expecting her confinement.'

'Ah, now I understand everything!' cried Godefroid.

'No, my dear boy. There are some things which cannot be guessed.—For a long time after that, Madame believed that her daughter was alive.'

'How was that?'

'When Madame des Tours-Minières heard through

Bordin that her appeal was rejected, the brave little woman had enough strength of mind to write a score of letters dated for several months after her execution to make her mother believe that she was still alive, but gradually suffering more and more from an imaginary malady, till it ended in death. These letters were spread over a period of two years. Thus Madame de la Chanterie was prepared for her daughter's death, but for a natural death; she did not hear of her execution till 1814.

‘For two years she was kept in the common prison with the most infamous creatures of her sex, wearing the prison dress; then, thanks to the efforts of the Champignelles and the Beauséants, after the second year she was placed in a private cell, where she lived like a cloistered nun.’

‘And the others?’

‘The notary Lèveillé, Herbomez, Hiley, Cibot, Grenier, Hureau, Cabot, Minard, and Mallet were condemned to death, and executed the same day; Pannier, with Chaussard and Vauthier, was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude; they were branded and sent to the hulks; but the Emperor pardoned Chaussard and Vauthier. Melin, Laravinière, and Binet had five years' imprisonment. The woman Bourget was imprisoned for twenty-two years. Chargegrain and Rousseau were acquitted. Those who had got away were all sentenced to death, with the exception of the maidservant Godard, who, as you will have guessed, is none other than our good Manon.

‘Manon!’ exclaimed Godefroid in amazement.

‘Oh, you do not yet know Manon,’ replied the worthy man. ‘That devoted soul, condemned to twenty-two years' imprisonment, had given herself up to justice that she might be with Madame de la Chanterie in prison. Our beloved vicar is the priest from Mortagne who gave the last sacrament to Madame des

Tours-Minières, who had the fortitude to escort her to the scaffold, and to whom she gave her last farewell kiss. The same brave and exalted priest had attended the Chevalier du Vissard. So our dear Abbé de Vèze learned all the secrets of the conspirators.'

'I see now when his hair turned white,' said Godefroid.

'Alas!' said Alain.—'He received from Amédée du Vissard a miniature of Madame des Tours-Minières, the only likeness of her that exists; and the Abbé has been a sacred personage to Madame de la Chanterie ever since the day when she was restored triumphant to social life.'

'How was that?' asked Godefroid in surprise.

'Well, on the restoration of Louis XVIII. in 1814, Boislaurier, who was the younger brother of Monsieur de Boisfrelon, was still under the King's orders to organise a rising in the West—first in 1809, and afterwards in 1812. Their name is Dubut; the Dubut of Caen was related to them. There were three brothers: Dubut de Boisfranc, President of the Court of Subsidies; Dubut de Boisfrelon, Councillor at Law; and Dubut-Boislaurier, a Captain of Dragoons. Their father had given each the name of one of his three several estates to give them a title and status (*savonnette à la vilain*, as it was called), for their grandfather was a linen merchant. Dubut of Caen, who succeeded in escaping, was one of the branch who had stuck to trade; but he hoped, by devoting himself to the Royal cause, to be allowed to succeed to Monsieur de Boisfranc's title. And in fact Louis XVIII. gratified the wish of his faithful adherent, who, in 1815, was made Grand Provost, and subsequently became a Public Prosecutor under the name of Boisfranc; he was President of one of the Higher Courts when he died. The Marquis du Vissard, the unhappy Chevalier's elder brother, created peer of France, and loaded with honours by the King, was made Lieutenant of the Maison Rouge, and when that was abolished became Prefet. Monsieur

d'Herbomez had a brother who was made a Count and Receiver-General. The unfortunate banker Pannier died on the hulks of a broken heart. Boislaurier died childless, a Lieutenant-General and Governor of one of the Royal residences.

‘Madame de la Chanterie was presented to His Majesty by Monsieur de Champignelles, Monsieur de Beauséant, the Duc de Verneuil, and the Keeper of the Seals.—“You have suffered much for me, Madame la Baronne,” said the King; “you have every claim on my favour and gratitude.”

“Sir,” she replied, “your Majesty has so much to do in comforting the sufferers, that I will not add the burthen of an inconsolable sorrow. To live forgotten, to mourn for my daughter, and do some good—that is all I have to live for. If anything could mitigate my grief, it would be the graciousness of my Sovereign, and the happiness of seeing that Providence did not suffer so much devoted service to be wasted.”

‘And what did the King do?’ asked Godefroid.

‘He restored to Madame de la Chanterie two hundred thousand francs in money,’ said the good man, ‘for the estate of Saint-Savin had been sold to make good the loss to the treasury. The letters of pardon granted to Madame la Baronne and her woman express the Sovereign’s regret for all they had endured in his service, while acknowledging that the zeal of his adherents had carried them too far in action; but the thing that will seem to you most horrible of all is, that throughout his reign Bryond was still the agent of his secret police.’

‘Oh, what things kings can do!’ cried Godefroid.—‘And is the wretch still living?’

‘No. The scoundrel, who at any rate concealed his name, calling himself Contenson, died at the end of 1829, or early in 1830. He fell from a roof into the street when in pursuit of a criminal.—Louis XVIII. was of the same mind as Napoleon as regards police agents.

‘Madame de la Chanterie, a perfect saint, prays for this monster’s soul, and has two masses said for him every year.

‘Though her defence was undertaken by one of the famous pleaders of the day, the father of one of our great orators, Madame de la Chanterie, who knew nothing of her daughter’s risks till the moment when the money was brought in—and even then only because Boislaurier, who was related to her, told her the facts—could never establish her innocence. The *Président du Ronceret*, and Blondet, Vice-President of the Court at Alençon, vainly tried to clear the poor lady; the influence of the notorious Mergi, the Councillor to the Supreme Court under the Empire, who presided over these trials—a man fanatically devoted to the Church and Throne, who afterwards, as Public Prosecutor, brought many a Bonapartist head under the axe—was so great at this time over his two colleagues that he secured the condemnation of the unhappy *Baronne de la Chanterie*. Bourlac and Mergi argued the case with incredible virulence. The President always spoke of the *Baronne des Tours-Minières* as the woman Bryond, and of Madame as the woman Lechantre. The names of all the accused were reduced to the barest Republican forms, and curtailed of all titles.

‘There were some extraordinary features of the trial, and I cannot recall them all; but I remember one stroke of audacity, which may show you what manner of men these Chouans were.—The crowd that pressed to hear the trials was beyond anything your fancy can conceive of; it filled the corridors, and the square outside was thronged as if on market days. One morning at the opening of the Court, before the arrival of the judges, Pille-Miche, the famous Chouan, sprang over the balustrade into the middle of the mob, made play with his elbows, mixed with the crowd, and fled among the terrified spectators, “butting like a wild boar,” as Bordin

told me. The gendarmes and the people rushed to stop him, and he was caught on the steps just as he had reached the market-place. After this daring attempt, they doubled the guard, and a detachment of men-at-arms was posted on the square, for it was feared that there might be among the crowd some Chouans ready to aid and abet the accused. Three persons were crushed to death in the crowd in consequence of this attempt.

‘It was subsequently discovered that Contenson—for, like my old friend Bordin, I cannot bring myself to call him Baron des Tours-Minières, or Bryond, which is a respectable old name—that wretch, it was discovered, had made away with sixty thousand francs of the stolen treasure. He gave ten thousand to the younger Chaussard, whom he enticed into the police and inoculated with all his low tastes and vices; but all his accomplices were unlucky. The Chaussard who escaped was pitched into the sea by Monsieur de Boislaurier, who understood from something said by Pannier that Chaussard had turned traitor. Contenson indeed had advised him to join the fugitives in order to spy upon them. Vauthier was killed in Paris, no doubt by one of the Chevalier du Vissard’s obscure but devoted followers. The younger Chaussard too was finally murdered in one of the nocturnal raids conducted by the police; it seems probable that Contenson took this means of ridding himself of his demands or of his remorse by sending him to sermon, as the saying goes.

‘Madame de la Chanterie invested her money in the funds, and purchased this house by the particular desire of her uncle, the old Councillor de Boisfrelon, who in fact gave her the money to buy it. This quiet neighbourhood lies close to the Archbishop’s residence, where our beloved Abbé has an appointment under the Cardinal. And this was Madame’s chief reason for acceding to the old lawyer’s wish when his income, after twenty-five years of revolutions, was reduced to six thousand

francs a year. Besides, Madame wished to close a life of such terrible misfortunes as had overwhelmed her for six-and-twenty years in almost cloistered seclusion.

‘You may now understand the dignity, the majesty, of this longsuffering woman—august indeed, as I may say——’

‘Yes,’ said Godefroid, ‘the stamp of all she has endured has given her an indefinable air of grandeur and majesty.’

‘Each blow, each fresh pang has but increased her patience and resignation,’ Alain went on. ‘And if you could know her as we do, if you knew how keen her feelings are, and how active is the spring of tenderness that wells up in her heart, you would be afraid to take count of the tears she must shed, and her fervent prayers that ascend to God. Only those who, like her, have known but a brief season of happiness can resist such shocks. Hers is a tender heart, a gentle soul clothed in a frame of steel, tempered by privation, toil, and austerity.’

‘Such a life as hers explains the life of hermits,’ said Godefroid.

‘There are days when I wonder what can be the meaning of such an existence. Is it that God reserves these utmost, bitterest trials for those of His creatures who shall sit on His right hand on the day after their death?’ said the good old man, quite unaware that he was artlessly expressing Swedenborg’s doctrine concerning the angels.

‘What!’ exclaimed Godefroid, ‘Madame de la Chanterie was mixed up with——?’

‘Madame was sublime in prison,’ Alain said. ‘In the course of three years the story of the Vicar of Wakefield came true, for she reclaimed several women of profligate lives. And in the course of her imprisonment, as she took note of the conduct of those confined with her, she learned to feel that great pity for the misery of the

people which weighs on her soul, and has made her the queen of Parisian charity. It was in the horrible Bicêtre of Rouen that she conceived of the plan which we devote ourselves to carry out. It was, as she declared, a dream of rapture, an angelic inspiration in the midst of hell; she had no thought of ever seeing it realised.

‘But here, in 1819, when peace seemed to be descending on Paris, she came back to her dream. Madame la Duchesse d’Angoulême, the Dauphiness, the Duchesse de Berri, the Archbishop, and then the Chancellor and some pious persons contributed very liberally to the first necessary expenses. The fund was increased by what we could spare from our income, for each of us spends no more than is absolutely necessary.’

Tears rose to Godefroid’s eyes.

‘We are the faithful priesthood of a Christian idea, and belong body and soul to this work, of which Madame de la Chanterie is the founder and the soul—that lady whom you hear us respectfully designate as Madame.’

‘Ah, and I too am wholly yours!’ cried Godefroid, holding out his hands to the worthy man.

‘Now, do you understand that there are subjects of conversation absolutely prohibited here, never even to be alluded to?’ Alain went on. ‘Do you appreciate the obligation of reticence under which we all feel ourselves to a lady whom we reverence as a saint? Do you understand the charm exerted by a woman made sacred by her misfortunes, having learned so many things, knowing the inmost secret of every form of suffering—a woman who has derived a lesson from every grief, whose every virtue has the twofold sanction of the hardest tests and of constant practice, whose soul is spotless and above reproach; who has known motherhood only through its sorrows, and conjugal affection only through its bitterness; on whom life never smiled but for a few months—for whom Heaven no doubt keeps a palm in

store as the reward of such resignation and gentleness amid sorrows? Is she not superior to Job in that she has never murmured?

‘So you need never again be surprised to find her speech so impressive, her old age so fresh, her spirit so full of communion, her looks so persuasive; she has had powers extraordinary bestowed on her as a *confidante* of the sorrowing, for she has known every sorrow. In her presence smaller griefs are mute.’

‘She is the living embodiment of charity,’ cried Godefroid with enthusiasm. ‘May I become one of you?’

‘You must pass the tests, and above all else, *Believe!*’ said the old man with gentle excitement. ‘So long as you have not hold on faith, so long as you have not assimilated in your heart and brain the divine meaning of Saint Paul’s epistle on Charity, you can take no part in our work.’

PARIS, 1843-1845.

SECOND EPISODE

INITIATED

WHAT is nobly good is contagious, as evil is. And by the time Madame de la Chanterie’s boarder had dwelt for some months in this silent old house, after the story told him by Monsieur Alain, which filled him with the deepest respect for the half-monastic life he saw around him, he became conscious of the ease of mind that comes of a regular life, of quiet habits and harmonious tempers in those we live with. In four months Godefroid, never hearing an angry tone or the least dispute, owned to himself that since he had come to years of discretion he did not remember ever being so completely at peace

—for he could not say happy. He looked on the world from afar, and judged it sanely. At last the desire he had cherished these three months past to take his part in the deeds of this mysterious association had become a passion ; and without being a very profound philosopher, the reader may imagine what strength such a passion may assume in seclusion.

So one day—a day marked as solemn by the ascendancy of the Spirit—Godefroid, after sounding his heart and measuring his powers, went up to his good friend Alain—whom Madame de la Chanterie always called her lamb—for of all the dwellers under that roof he had always seemed to Godefroid the most accessible and the least formidable. To him, then, he would apply, to obtain from the worthy man some information as to the sort of priesthood which these Brethren in God exercised in Paris. Many allusions to a period of probation suggested to him that he would be put to initiatory tests of some kind. His curiosity had not been fully satisfied by what the venerable old man had told him of the reasons why he had joined Madame de la Chanterie's association ; he wanted to know more about this.

At half-past ten o'clock that evening Godefroid found himself for the third time in Monsieur Alain's rooms, just as the old man was preparing to read his chapter of *The Imitation*. This time the mild old man could not help smiling, and he said to the young man, before allowing him to speak :—

‘Why do you apply to me, my dear boy, instead of addressing yourself to Madame? I am the most ignorant, the least spiritual, the most imperfect member of the household.—For the last three days Madame and my friends have seen into your heart,’ he added, with a little knowing air.

‘And what have they seen?’ asked Godefroid.

‘Oh,’ said the good man, with perfect simplicity, ‘they have seen a guileless desire to belong to our com-

munity. But the feeling is not yet a very ardent vocation. Nay,' he replied to an impulsive gesture of Godefroid's, 'you have more curiosity than fervour. In fact, you have not so completely freed yourself from your old ideas but that you imagine something adventurous, something romantic, as the phrase goes, in the incidents of our life——'

Godefroid could not help turning red.

'You fancy that there is some resemblance between our occupations and those of the Khalifs in the *Arabian Nights*, and you anticipate a kind of satisfaction in playing the part of the good genius in the idyllic beneficences of which you dream! Ah, ha! my son, your smile of confusion shows me that we were not mistaken. How could you expect to conceal your thoughts from us, who make it our business to detect the hidden impulses of the soul, the cunning of poverty, the calculations of the needy; who are honest spies, the police of a merciful Providence, old judges whose code of law knows only absolution, and physicians of every malady whose only prescription is a wise use of money? Still, my dear boy, we do not quarrel with the motives that bring us a neophyte if only he stays with us and becomes a brother of our Order. We shall judge you by your works. There are two kinds of curiosity—one for good, and one for evil. At this moment your curiosity is for good. If you are to become a labourer in our vineyard, the juice of the grapes will give you perpetual thirst for the divine fruit. The initiation looks easy, but is difficult, as in every natural science. In well-doing, as in poetry, nothing can be easier than to clutch at its semblance; but here, as on Parnassus, we are satisfied with nothing short of perfection. To become one of us, you must attain to great knowledge of life—and of such life. Good God! Of that Paris life which defies the scrutiny of the Chief of the Police and his men. It is our task to unmask the permanent conspiracy of evil, and

detect it under forms so endlessly changing that they might be thought infinite. In Paris, Charity must be as omniscient as Sin, just as the police agent must be as cunning as the thief. We have to be at once frank and suspicious; our judgment must be as certain and as swift as our eye.

‘As you see, dear boy, we are all old and worn out; but then we are so well satisfied with the results we have achieved, that we wish not to die without leaving successors, and we hold you all the more dear because you may, if you will, be our first disciple. For us there is no risk, we owe you to God! Yours is a sweet nature turned sour, and since you came to live here the evil leaven is weaker. Madame’s heavenly nature has had its effect on you.

‘We held council yesterday; and as you have given me your confidence, my good brothers decided on making me your instructor and guide.—Are you satisfied?’

‘Oh, my kind Monsieur Alain, your eloquence has aroused——’

‘It is not I that speak well, my dear boy, it is that great deeds are eloquent.—We are always sure of soaring high if we obey God and imitate Jesus Christ so far as lies in man aided by faith.’

‘This moment has decided my fate; I feel the ardour of the neophyte!’ cried Godefroid. ‘I too would fain spend my life in well-doing——’

‘That is the secret of dwelling in God,’ replied the good man. ‘Have you meditated on our motto, *Transire benefaciendo*? *Transire* means to pass beyond this life, leaving a long train of good actions behind you.’

‘I have understood it so, and I have written up the motto of the order in front of my bed.’

‘That is well.—And that action, so trivial in itself, is of great value in my eyes.—Well, my son, I have your first task ready for you, I will see you with your foot in the stirrup. We must part.—Yes, for I have to leave

our retreat and take my place in the heart of a volcano. I am going as foreman in a large factory where all the workmen are infected with communistic doctrines—and dream of social destruction, of murdering the masters, never seeing that this would be to murder industry, manufacture, and commerce.

‘I shall remain there—who knows—a year, perhaps, as cashier, keeping the books, and making my way into a hundred or more humble homes, among men who were misled by poverty, no doubt, before they were deluded by bad books. However, we shall see each other here every Sunday and holiday; as I shall live in the same quarter of the town we may meet at the Church of Saint-Jacques du Haut-Pas; I shall attend mass there every morning at half-past seven. If you should happen to meet me elsewhere, you must never recognise me, unless I rub my hands with an air of satisfaction. That is one of our signals.—Like the deaf-mutes, we have a language by signs, of which the necessity will soon be more than abundantly evident to you.’

Godefroid’s expression was intelligible to Monsieur Alain, for he smiled and went on—

‘Now for your business. We do not practise either beneficence or philanthropy as they are known to you, under a variety of branches which are preyed upon by swindlers, just like any other form of trade. We exercise charity as it is defined by our great and sublime master Saint Paul; for it is our belief, my son, that such charity alone can heal the woes of Paris. Thus, in our eyes, sorrow, poverty, suffering, trouble, evil—from whatever cause they may proceed and in whatever class of society we find them—have equal claims upon us. Whatever their creed or their opinions, the unfortunate are, first and foremost, unfortunate; we do not try to persuade them to look to our Holy Mother the Church till we have rescued them from despair and starvation. And even then we try to convert them by example and

kindness, for thus we believe that we have the help of God. All coercion is wrong.

‘Of all the wretchedness in Paris, the most difficult to discover and the bitterest to endure is that of the respectable middle-class, the better class of citizens, when they fall in to poverty, for they make it a point of honour to conceal it. Such disasters as these, my dear Godefroid, are the object of our particular care. Such persons, when we help them, show intelligence and good feeling; they return us with interest what we may lend to them; and in the course of time their repayments cover the losses we meet with through the disabled, or by swindlers, or those whom misfortune has stultified. Sometimes we get useful information from those we have helped; but the work has grown to such vast dimensions, and its details are so numerous, that it is beyond our powers. Now, for the last seven or eight months, we have a physician in our employment in each district of the city of Paris. Each of us has four *arrondissements* (or wards) under his eye; and we are prepared to pay to each three thousand francs a year to take charge of our poor. He is required to give up his time and care to them by preference, but we do not prevent his taking other patients. Would you believe that we have not in eight months been able to find twelve such men, twelve good men, in spite of the pecuniary aid offered by our friends and acquaintance? You see, we needed men of absolute secrecy, of pure life, of recognised abilities, and with a love of doing good. Well, in Paris there are perhaps ten thousand men fit for the work, and yet in a year’s search the twelve elect have not been found.’

‘Our Lord found it hard to collect His apostles,’ said Godefroid, ‘and there were a traitor and a disbeliever among them after all!’

‘At last, within the past fortnight, each *arrondissement* has been provided with a *visitor*,’ said the old man, smiling—‘for so we call our physicians—and, indeed,

within that fortnight there has been a vast increase of business. However, we have worked all the harder. I tell you this secret of our infant fraternity because you must make acquaintance with the physician of your district, all the more so because we depend on him for information. This gentleman's name is Berton—Doctor Berton—and he lives in the Rue de l'Enfer.

‘Now for the facts. Doctor Berton is attending a lady whose disease seems in some way to defy science. That indeed does not concern us, but only the Faculty; our business is to find out the poverty of the sick woman's family, which the doctor believes to be frightful, and concealed with a determination and pride that baffle all our inquiries. Hitherto, my dear boy, this would have been my task; but now the work to which I am devoting myself makes an assistant necessary in my four districts, and you must be that assistant. The family lives in the Rue Notre-Dame des Champs, in a house looking out over the Boulevard du Mont-Parnasse. You will easily find a room to let there, and while lodging there for a time you must try to discover the truth. Be sordid as regards your own expenses, but do not trouble your head about the money you give. I will send you such sums as we consider necessary, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration. But study the moral character of these unfortunate people. A good heart and noble feelings are the security for our loans. Stingy to ourselves and generous to suffering, we must still be careful and never rash, for we dip into the treasury of the poor.—Go to-morrow, and remember how much power lies in your hands. The Brethren will be on your side.’

‘Ah!’ cried Godefroid, ‘you have given me so much pleasure in trusting me to do good and be worthy of some day being one of you, that I shall not sleep for joy.’

‘Stay, my boy, one last piece of advice. The pro-

hibition to recognise me unless I make the sign concerns the other gentlemen and Madame, and even the servants of the house. Absolute incognito is indispensable to all our undertakings, and we are so constantly obliged to preserve it that we have made it a law without exceptions. We must be unknown, lost in Paris.

‘Remember, too, my dear Godefroid, the very spirit of our Order, which requires us never to appear as benefactors, but to play the obscure part of intermediaries. We always represent ourselves as the agents of some saintly and beneficent personage—are we not toiling for God?—so that no gratitude may be considered due to ourselves, and that we may not be supposed to be rich. True, sincere humility, not the false humility of those who keep in the shade that others may throw a light on them, must inspire and govern all your thoughts.—You may rejoice when you succeed; but so long as you feel the least impulse of vanity, you will be unworthy to join the Brotherhood. We have known two perfect men. One, who was one of our founders, Judge Popinot; the other, who was known by his works, was a country doctor who has left his name written in a remote parish. He, my dear Godefroid, was one of the greatest men of our day; he raised a whole district from a savage state to one of prosperity, from irreligion to the Catholic faith, from barbarism to civilisation. The names of those two men are graven on our hearts, and we regard them as our examples. We should be happy indeed if we might one day have in Paris such influence as that country doctor had in his own district.

‘But here the plague-spot is immeasurable, and, so far, quite beyond our powers. May God long preserve Madame, and send us many such helpers as you, and then perhaps we may found an Institution that will lead men to bless His holy religion.

‘Well, farewell. Your initiation now begins.

‘Bless me! I chatter like a Professor, and was for-

getting the most important matter. Here is the address of the family I spoke of,' he went on, handing a scrap of paper to Godefroid. 'And I have added the number of Monsieur Berton's house in the Rue de l'Enfer.—Now, go and pray God to help you.'

Godefroid took the good old man's hands and pressed them affectionately, bidding him good-night, and promising to forget none of his injunctions.

'All you have said,' he added, 'is stamped on my memory for life.'

Alain smiled with no expression of doubt, and rose to go and kneel on his prie-Dieu. Godefroid went back to his own room, happy in being at last allowed to know the mysteries of this household, and to have an occupation which, in his present frame of mind, was really a pleasure.

At breakfast next morning there was no Monsieur Alain, but Godefroid made no remark on his absence. Nor was he questioned as to the mission given him by the old man; thus he received his first lesson in secrecy. After breakfast, however, he took Madame de la Chanterie aside, and told her that he should be absent for a few days.

'Very well, my child,' replied Madame de la Chanterie. 'And try to do your sponsor credit, for Monsieur Alain has answered for you to his brethren.'

Godefroid took leave of the other three men, who embraced him affectionately, seeming thus to give him their blessing on his outset in his laborious career.

Association—one of the greatest social forces which was the making of Europe in the Middle Ages—is based on feelings which have ceased, since 1792, to exist in France, where the individual is now supreme over the State. Association requires, in the first place, a kind of devotedness which is not understood in this country; a simplicity of faith which is contrary to the national

spirit ; and finally, a discipline against which everything rebels, and which nothing but the Catholic faith can exact. As soon as an Association is formed in France, each member of it, on returning home from a meeting where the finest sentiments have been expressed, makes a bed for himself of the collective devotion of this combination of forces, and tries to milk for his own benefit the cow belonging to all, till the poor thing, inadequate to meet so many individual demands, dies of attenuation.

None can tell how many generous emotions have been nipped, how many fervid germs have perished, how much resource has been crushed and lost to the country by the shameful frauds of the French secret Societies, of the patriotic fund for the Champs d'Asile (emigration to America), and other political swindles, which ought to have produced great and noble dramas, and turned out mere farces of the lower police courts.

It was the same with industrial as with political associations. Self-interest took the place of public spirit. The Corporations and Hanseatic Guilds of the Middle Ages, to which we shall some day return, are as yet out of the question ; the only Societies that still exist are religious institutions, and at this moment they are being very roughly attacked, for the natural tendency of the sick is to rebel against the remedies and often to rend the physician. France knows not what self-denial means. Hence no Association can hold together but by the aid of religious sentiment, the only power that can quell the rebellion of the intellect, the calculations of ambition, and greed of every kind. Those who are in search of worlds fail to understand that Association has worlds in its gift.

Godefroid, as he made his way through the streets, felt himself a different man. Any one who could have read his mind would have wondered at the curious phenomenon of the communication of the spirit of union. He was no longer one man, but a being multiplied ten-

fold, feeling himself the representative of five persons whose united powers were at the back of all he did, and who walked with him on his way. With this strength in his heart, he was conscious of a fulness of life, a lofty power that uplifted him. It was, as he afterwards owned, one of the happiest moments of his life, for he rejoiced in a new sense—that of an omnipotence more absolute than that of despots. Moral force, like thought, knows no limits.

‘This is living for others,’ said he to himself, ‘acting with others as if we were but one man, and acting alone as if we were all together!’ This is having Charity for a leader, the fairest and most living of all the ideals that have been created of the Catholic virtues.—Yes, this is living!—Come, I must subdue this childish exultation which Father Alain would laugh to scorn.—Still, is it not strange that it is by dint of trying to annul my Self that I have found the power so long wished for? The world of misfortune is to be my inheritance.’

He crossed the precincts of Notre-Dame to the Avenue de l’Observatoire in such high spirits that he did not heed the length of the walk.

Having reached the Rue Notre-Dame des Champs, at the end of the Rue de l’Ouest, he was surprised to find such pools of mud in so handsome a quarter of the town, for neither of those streets was as yet paved. The foot-passenger had to walk on planks laid close to the walls of the marshy gardens, or creep by the houses on narrow side-paths, which were soon swamped by the stagnant waters that turned them into gutters.

After much seeking, he discovered the house described to him, and got to it, not without some difficulty. It was evidently an old manufactory which had been abandoned. The building was narrow, and the front was a long wall pierced with windows quite devoid of any ornament; but there were none of these square openings on the ground floor—only a wretched back-door.

Godefroid supposed that the owner had contrived a number of rooms in this structure to his own profit, for over the door there was a board scrawled by hand to this effect: *Several rooms to let.* Godefroid rang, but no one came; and as he stood waiting, a passer-by pointed out to him that there was another entrance to the house from the boulevard, where he would find somebody to speak to.

Godefroid acted on the information, and from the boulevard he saw the front of the house screened by the trees of a small garden-plot. This garden, very ill-kept, sloped to the house, for there is such a difference of level between the boulevard and the Rue Notre-Dame des Champs as to make the garden a sort of ditch. Godefroid went down the path, and at the bottom of it saw an old woman whose dilapidated garb was in perfect harmony with the dwelling.

‘Was it you who rang in the Rue Notre-Dame?’ she asked.

‘Yes, Madame.—Is it your business to show the rooms?’

On a reply in the affirmative from this portress, whose age it was difficult to determine, Godefroid inquired whether the house was tenanted by quiet folk; his occupations required peace and silence; he was a bachelor, and wished to arrange with the doorkeeper to cook and clean for him.

On this hint the woman became gracious, and said—

‘Monsieur could not have done better than to hit on this house; for excepting the days when there are doings at the *Chaumière*, the boulevard is as deserted as the Pontine Marshes—’

‘Do you know the Pontine Marshes?’ asked Godefroid.

‘No, sir; but there is an old gentleman upstairs whose daughter is always in a dying state, and he says so.—I only repeat it. That poor old man will be truly glad to

think that you want peace and quiet, for a lodger who stormed around would be the death of his daughter.— And we have two writers of some kind on the second floor, but they come in for the day at midnight, and then at night they go out at eight in the morning. Authors, they say they are, but I do not know where or when they work.'

As she spoke, the portress led Godefroid up one of those horrible stairs built of wood and brick, in such an unholy alliance that it is impossible to say whether the wood is parting from the bricks or the bricks are disgusted at being set in the wood; while both materials seem to fortify their disunion by masses of dust in summer and of mud in winter. The walls, of cracked plaster, bore more inscriptions than the Academy of Belles-lettres ever invented.

The woman stopped on the first floor.

'Now, here, sir, are two very good rooms, opening into each other, and on to Monsieur Bernard's landing. He is the old gentleman I mentioned—and quite the gentleman. He has the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, but he has had great troubles, it would seem, for he never wears it.—When first they came they had a servant to wait on them, a man from the country, and they sent him away close on three years ago. The lady's young gentleman—her son—does everything now; he manages it all——'

Godefroid looked shocked.

'Oh!' said the woman, 'don't be uneasy, they will say nothing to you; they never speak to anybody. The gentleman has been here ever since the revolution of July; he came in 1831.—They are some high provincial family, I believe, ruined by the change of government; and proud! and as mute as fishes.—For four years, sir, they have never let me do the least thing for them, for fear of having to pay.—A five-franc piece on New Year's Day, that's every sou I get out of them.—Give

me your authors! I get ten francs a month, only to tell everybody who comes to ask for them that they left at the end of last quarter.'

All this babble led Godefroid to hope for an ally in this woman, who explained to him, as she praised the airiness of the two rooms and adjoining dressing-closets, that she was not the portress, but the landlord's deputy and housekeeper, managing everything for him to a great extent.

'And you may trust me, Monsieur, I promise you! Madame Vauthier—that's me—would rather have nothing at all than take a sou of anybody else's.'

Madame Vauthier soon came to terms with Godefroid, who wished to take the rooms by the month and ready furnished. These wretched lodgings, rented by students or authors 'down on their luck,' were let furnished or unfurnished, as might be required. The spacious lofts over the whole house were full of furniture. But Monsieur Bernard himself had furnished the rooms he was in.

By getting Madame Vauthier to talk, Godefroid discovered that her ambition was set up in a *pension bourgeoise*; but in the course of five years she had failed to meet with a single boarder among her lodgers. She inhabited the ground floor, on the side towards the boulevard; thus she was herself the doorkeeper, with the help of a big dog, a sturdy girl, and a boy who cleaned the boots, ran errands, and did the rooms, two creatures as poor as herself, in harmony with the squalor of the house and its inhabitants, and the desolate, neglected appearance of the garden in front.

They were both foundlings, to whom the widow Vauthier gave no wages but their food—and such food! The boy, of whom Godefroid caught a glimpse, wore a ragged blouse, list slippers instead of shoes, and sabots to go out in. With a shock of hair, as touzled as a sparrow taking a bath, and blackened hands, as soon as he had

done the work of the house, he went off to measure wood logs in a woodyard hard by, and when his day was over—at half-past four for wood-sawyers—he returned to his occupations. He fetched water for the household from the fountain by the Observatory, and the widow supplied it to the lodgers, as well as the faggots which he chopped and tied.

Népomucène—this was the name of the widow Vauthier's slave—handed over his earnings to his mistress. In summer-time the unhappy waif served as waiter in the wineshops by the *barrière* on Sundays and Mondays. Then the woman gave him decent clothes.

As for the girl, she cooked under the widow's orders, and helped her in her trade work at other times, for the woman plied a trade; she made list slippers for pedlars to sell.

All these details were known to Godefroid within an hour, for Madame Vauthier took him all over the house, showing him how it had been altered. A silkworm establishment had been carried on there till 1828, not so much for the production of silk as for that of the eggs—the seed, as it is called. Eleven acres of mulberry-trees at Mont-Rouge, and three acres in the *Rue de l'Ouest*, since built over, had supplied food for this nursery for silkworms' eggs.

Madame Vauthier was telling Godefroid that Monsieur Barbet, who had lent the capital to an Italian named Fresconi to carry on this business, had been obliged to sell those three acres to recover the money secured by a mortgage on the land and buildings, and was pointing out the plot of ground, lying on the other side of the *Rue Notre-Dame des Champs*, when a tall and meagre old man, with perfectly white hair, came in sight at the end of the street where it crosses the *Rue de l'Ouest*.

'In the very nick of time!' cried Madame Vauthier. 'Look, that is your neighbour, Monsieur Bernard.—'

Monsieur Bernard,' cried she, as soon as the old man was within hearing, 'you will not be alone now; this gentleman here has just taken the rooms opposite yours——'

Monsieur Bernard looked up at Godefroid with an apprehensive eye that was easy to read; it was as though he had said, 'Then the misfortune I have so long feared has come upon me!'

'What, Monsieur,' said he, 'you propose to reside here?'

'Yes, Monsieur,' said Godefroid civilly. 'This is no home for those who are lucky in the world, and it is the cheapest lodging I have seen in this part of the town. Madame Vauthier does not expect to harbour millionaires.—Good-day, then, Madame Vauthier; arrange things so that I may come in at six o'clock this evening. I shall return punctually.'

And Godefroid went off towards the Rue de l'Ouest, walking slowly, for the anxiety he had read in the old man's face led him to suppose that he wanted to dispute the matter with him. And, in fact, after some little hesitation, Monsieur Bernard turned on his heel and walked quickly enough to come up with Godefroid.

'That old wretch! he wants to hinder him from coming back,' said Madame Vauthier to herself. 'Twice already he has played me that trick.—Patience! His rent is due in five days, and if he does not pay it down on the nail, out he goes! Monsieur Barbet is a tiger of a sort that does not need much lashing, and—I should like to know what he is saying to him—Félicité! Félicité! you lazy hussy, will you make haste?' cried the widow in a formidable croak, for she had assumed an affable piping tone in speaking to Godefroid.

The girl, a sturdy, red-haired slut, came running out.

'Just keep a sharp eye on everything for a few seconds, do you hear? I shall be back in five minutes.'

And the widow Vauthier, formerly cook to the bookseller's shop kept by Barbet, one of the hardest money-lenders on short terms in the neighbourhood, stole out at the heels of her two lodgers, so as to watch them from a distance and rejoin Godefroid as soon as he and Monsieur Bernard should part company.

Monsieur Bernard was walking slowly, like a man in two minds, or a debtor seeking for excuses to give to a creditor who has left him to take proceedings.

Godefroid, in front of this unknown neighbour, turned round to look at him under pretence of looking about him. And it was not till they had reached the broad walk in the Luxembourg Gardens that Monsieur Bernard came up with Godefroid and addressed him.

'I beg your pardon a thousand times, Monsieur,' said he, bowing to Godefroid, who returned the bow, 'for stopping you, when I have not the honour of knowing you; but is it your firm intention to live in the horrible house where I am lodging?'

'Indeed, Monsieur——'

'I know,' said the old man, interrupting Godefroid with a commanding air, 'that you have a right to ask me what concern of mine it is to meddle in your affairs, to question you.—Listen, Monsieur; you are young, and I am very old; I am older than my years, and they are sixty-six—I might be taken for eighty!—Age and misfortune justify many things, since the law exempts septuagenarians from various public duties; still, I do not dwell on the privileges bestowed by white hairs; it is you whom I am concerned for. Do you know that the part of the town in which you think of living is a desert by eight in the evening, and full of dangers, of which being robbed is the least? Have you noticed the wide plots where there are no houses, the waste ground and market gardens?—You will, perhaps, retort that I live there; but I, Monsieur, am never out of doors after

six in the evening. Or you will say that two young men are lodgers on the second floor, above the rooms you propose to take; but, Monsieur, those two unhappy writers are the victims of writs out against them; they are pursued by their creditors; they are in hiding, and go out all day to come in at midnight; and as they always keep together and carry arms, they have no fear of being robbed.—I myself obtained permission from the chief of the police for them each to carry a weapon.’

‘Indeed, Monsieur,’ said Godefroid, ‘I have no fear of robbers, for the same reasons as leave these gentlemen invulnerable, and so great a contempt for life, that if I should be murdered by mistake, I should bless the assassin.’

‘And yet you do not look so very wretched,’ said the old man, who was studying Godefroid.

‘I have barely enough to live on, to give me bread, and I chose that part of town for the sake of the quiet that reigns there.—But may I ask, Monsieur, what object you can have in keeping me out of the house?’

The old man hesitated; he saw Madame Vauthier in pursuit. Godefroid, who was examining him attentively, was surprised at the excessive emaciation to which grief, and perhaps hunger, or perhaps hard work, had reduced him; there were traces of all these causes of weakness on the face where the withered skin looked dried on to the bones, as if it had been exposed to the African sun. The forehead, which was high and threatening, rose in a dome above a pair of steel-blue eyes, cold, hard, shrewd, and piercing as those of a savage, and set in deep, dark, and very wrinkled circles, like a bruise round each. A large, long, thin nose, and the upward curve of the chin, gave the old man a marked likeness to the familiar features of Don Quixote; but this was a sinister Don Quixote, a man of no delusions, a terrible Don Quixote.

The old man, in spite of his look of severity, betrayed

nevertheless the timidity and weakness that poverty gives to the unfortunate. And these two feelings seemed to have graven lives of ruin on a face so strongly framed that the destroying pickaxe of misery had rough hewn it. The mouth was expressive and grave. Don Quixote was crossed with the *Président de Montesquieu*.

The man's dress was of black cloth throughout, but utterly threadbare; the coat, old-fashioned in cut, and the trousers showed many badly-executed patches. The buttons had been recently renewed. The coat was fastened to the chin, showing no linen, and a rusty-black stock covered the absence of a collar. These black clothes, worn for many years, reeked of poverty. But the mysterious old man's air of dignity, his gait, the mind that dwelt behind that brow and lighted up those eyes, seemed irreconcilable with poverty. An observer would have found it hard to class this Parisian.

Monsieur Bernard was so absent-minded that he might have been taken for a professor of the college-quarter, a learned man lost in jealous and overbearing meditation; and Godefroid was filled with excessive interest and a degree of curiosity to which his beneficent mission added a spur.

'Monsieur,' said the old man presently, 'if I were assured that all you seek is silence and privacy, I would say, "Come and live near me." Take the rooms,' he went on in a louder voice, so that the widow might hear him, as she passed them, listening to what they were saying. 'I am a father, Monsieur, I have no one belonging to me in the world but my daughter and her son to help me to endure the miseries of life; but my daughter needs silence and perfect quiet.—Every one who has hitherto come to take the rooms you wish to lodge in has yielded to the reasoning and the entreaties of a heartbroken father; they did not care in which street they settled of so desolate a part of the town,

where cheap lodgings are plenty and boarding-houses at very low rates. But you, I see, are very much bent on it, and I can only beg you, Monsieur, not to deceive me; for if you should, I can but leave and settle beyond the barrier.—And, in the first place, a removal might cost my daughter her life,’ he said in a broken voice, ‘and then, who knows whether the doctors who come to attend her—for the love of God—would come outside the gates?—’

If the man could have shed tears, they would have run down his cheeks as he spoke these last words; but there were tears in his voice, to use a phrase that has become commonplace, and he covered his brow with a hand that was mere bone and sinew.

‘What, then, is the matter with Madame, your daughter?’ asked Godefroid in a voice of ingratiating sympathy.

‘A terrible disease to which the doctors give a variety of names—or rather, which has no name.—All my fortune went—’

But he checked himself, and said, with one of those movements peculiar to the unfortunate—

‘The little money I had—for in 1830, dismissed from a high position, I found myself without an income—in short, everything I had was soon eaten up by my daughter, who had already ruined her mother and her husband’s family. At the present time the pension I draw hardly suffices to pay for necessaries in the state in which my poor saintly daughter now is.—She has exhausted all my power to weep.

‘I have endured every torment, Monsieur; I must be of granite still to live—or rather, God preserves the father that his child may still have a nurse or a providence, for her mother died of exhaustion.

‘Ay, young man, you have come at a moment when this old tree that has never bent is feeling the axe of suffering, sharpened by poverty, cutting at its heart.

And I, who have never complained to anybody, will tell you about this long illness to keep you from coming to the house—or, if you insist, to show you how necessary it is that our quiet should not be disturbed.

‘At this moment, Monsieur, day and night, my daughter barks like a dog!’

‘She is mad, then?’ said Godefroid.

‘She is in her right mind, and a perfect saint,’ replied Monsieur Bernard. ‘You will think that I am mad when I have told you all. My only daughter is the child of a mother who enjoyed excellent health. I never in my life loved but one woman—she was my wife. I chose her myself, and married for love the daughter of one of the bravest colonels in the Imperial guard, a Pole formerly on the Emperor’s staff, the gallant General Tarlovski. In the place I held strict morality was indispensable; but my heart is not adapted to accommodate many fancies—I loved my wife faithfully, and she deserved it. And I am as constant as a father as I was as a husband; I can say no more.

‘My daughter never left her mother’s care; no girl ever led a chaster or more Christian life than my dear child. She was more than pretty—lovely; and her husband, a young man of whose character I was certain, for he was the son of an old friend, a President of the Supreme Court, I am sure was in no way contributory to his wife’s malady.’

Monsieur Bernard and Godefroid involuntarily stood still a moment looking at each other.

‘Marriage, as you know, often changes a woman’s constitution,’ the old man went on. ‘My daughter’s first child was safely brought into the world, a son—my grandson, who lives with us, and who is the only descendant of either of the united families. The second time my daughter was expecting an infant, she had such singular symptoms that the physicians, all puzzled, could only ascribe them to the singular conditions which

sometimes occur in such cases, and which are recorded in the memoirs of medical science. The infant was born dead, literally strangled by internal convulsions. Thus began the illness—temporary conditions had nothing to do with it.—Perhaps you are a medical student?’ Godefroid replied with a nod, which might be either negative or affirmative.

‘After this disastrous child-bearing,’ Monsieur Bernard went on—‘a scene that made so terrible an impression on my son-in-law that it laid the foundations of the decline of which he died—my daughter, at the end of two or three months, complained of general debility, more particularly affecting her feet, which felt, as she described it, as if they were made of cotton. This weakness became paralysis, but what a strange form of paralysis! You may bend my daughter’s feet under her, twist them round, and she feels nothing. The limbs are there, but they seem to have no blood, no flesh, no bones. This condition, which is unlike any recognised disease, has attacked her arms and hands; it was supposed to be connected with her spine. Doctors and remedies have only made her worse; my poor child cannot move without dislocating her hips, shoulders, or wrists. We have had for a long time an excellent surgeon, almost in the house, who makes it his care, with the help of a doctor—or doctors, for several have seen her out of curiosity—to replace the joints—would you believe me, Monsieur?—as often as three or four times a day.

‘Ah! I was forgetting to tell you—for this illness has so many forms—that during the early weak stage, before paralysis supervened, my daughter was liable to the most extraordinary attacks of catalepsy. You know what catalepsy is. She would lie with her eyes open and staring, sometimes in the attitude in which the fit seized her. She has had the most incredible forms of this affection, even attacks of tetanus.

‘This phase of the disease suggested to me the appli-

cation of mesmerism as a cure when I saw her so strangely paralysed. Then, Monsieur, my daughter became miraculously *clairvoyante*, her mind was subject to every marvel of somnambulism, as her body is to every form of disease.'

Godefroid was indeed wondering whether the old man were quite sane.

'For my part,' he went on, heedless of the expression of Godefroid's eyes, 'I, brought up on Voltaire, Diderot, and Helvétius, am a son of the eighteenth century, of the Revolution; and I laughed to scorn all the records handed down from antiquity and middle ages of persons possessed—yes, and yet *possession* is the only explanation of the state my child is in. Even in her mesmeric sleep she has never been able to reveal the cause of her sufferings; she could not see it; and the methods of treatment suggested by her under those conditions, though carefully followed, have had no good result. For instance, she said she must be wrapped in a freshly-killed pig; then she was to have points of highly magnetised red-hot iron applied to her legs; to have melted sealing-wax on her spine.—And what a wreck she became; her teeth fell out; she became deaf, and then dumb; and suddenly, after six months of perfect deafness and silence, she recovered hearing and speech. She occasionally recovers the use of her hands as unexpectedly as she loses it, but for seven years she has never known the use of her feet.

'She has sometimes had well-defined and characteristic attacks of hydrophobia. Not only may the sight or sound of water, of a glass or a cup, rouse her to frenzy, but she barks like a dog, a melancholy bark, or howls, as dogs do at the sound of an organ.

'She has several times seemed to be dying, and has received the last sacraments, and then come back to life again to suffer with full understanding and clearness of mind, for her faculties of heart and brain remain unim-

paired. Though she is alive, she has caused the death of her husband and her mother, who could not stand such repeated trials. Alas!—Nor is this all. Every function of nature is perverted; only a medical man could give you a complete account of the strange condition of every organ.

‘In this state did I bring her to Paris from the country in 1829; for the famous physicians to whom I described the case—Desplein, Bianchon, and Haudry—believed I was trying to impose upon them. At that time magnetism was stoutly denied by the schools. Without throwing any doubt on the provincial doctors’ good faith or mine, they thought there was some inaccuracy, or, if you like, some exaggeration, such as is common enough in families or in the sufferers themselves. But they have been obliged to change their views; to these phenomena, indeed, it is due that nervous diseases have of late years been made the subject of investigation, for this strange case is now classed as nervous. The last consultation held by these gentlemen led them to give up all medicine; they decided that nature must be studied, but left to itself; and since then I have had but one doctor—the doctor who attends the poor of this district. In fact, all that can be done is done to alleviate her sufferings, since their causes remain unknown.’

The old man paused, as if this terrible confession were too much for him.

‘For five years now my daughter has lived through alternations of amendment and relapse; but no new symptoms have appeared. She suffers more or less from the various forms of nervous attack which I have briefly described to you; but the paralysis of the legs and organic disturbances are constant. Our narrow means—increasingly narrow—compelled us to move from the rooms I took in 1829 in the Rue du Roule; and as my daughter cannot bear being moved, and I nearly lost

her twice, first in coming to Paris, and then in moving here from the Beaujon side, I took the lodging in which we now are, foreseeing the disasters which ere long overtook us; for, after thirty years' service, I was kept waiting for my pension till 1833. I have drawn it only for six months, and the new government has crowned its severities by granting me only the minimum.'

Godefroid expressed such surprise as seemed to demand entire confidence, and so the old man understood it, for he went on at once, not without a reproachful glance towards heaven.

'I am one of the thousand victims to political reaction. I carefully hide a name that is obnoxious to revenge; and if the lessons of experience ever avail from one generation to the next, remember, young man, never to lend yourself to the severity of any *side* in politics. Not that I repent of having done my duty, my conscience is at peace; but the powers of to-day have ceased to have that sense of common responsibility which binds governments together, however dissimilar; when zeal meets with a reward, it is the result of transient fear. The instrument, having served its purpose, is, sooner or later, completely forgotten. In me you see one of the staunchest supporters of the throne under the elder branch of the Bourbons, as I was, too, of the Imperial rule, and I am a beggar! As I am too proud to ask charity, no one will ever guess that I am suffering intolerable ills.

'Five days since, Monsieur, the district medical officer who attends my daughter, or who watches the case, told me that he had no hope of curing a disease of which the symptoms vary every fortnight. His view is that neurotic patients are the despair of the Faculty because the causes lie in a system that defies investigation. He advises me to call in a certain Jewish doctor, who is spoken of as a quack; but at the same time he remarked that he was a foreigner, a Polish refugee, and that

physicians are extremely jealous of certain extraordinary cures that have been much talked of; some people regard him as very learned and skilful.

‘But he is exacting and suspicious; he selects his patients, and will not waste time; and then he is—a communist. His name is Halpersohn. My grandson has called on him twice, but in vain; for he has not yet been to the house, and I understand why.’

‘Why?’ asked Godefroid.

‘Oh, my grandson, who is sixteen, is worse clothed even than I am; and, will you believe me, Monsieur, I dare not show myself to this doctor; my dress is too ill-suited to what is expected in a man of my age, and of some dignity too. If he should see the grandfather so destitute as I am when the grandson has shown himself in the same sorry plight, would he devote due care to my daughter? He would treat her as paupers are always treated.—And you must remember, Monsieur, that I love my daughter for the grief she has caused me, as of old I loved her for the care she lavished upon me. She has become a perfect angel. Alas! She is now no more than a soul—a soul that beams on her son and on me; her body is no more, for she has triumphed over pain.

‘Imagine what a spectacle for a father! My daughter’s world is her bedroom. She must have flowers which she loves; she reads a great deal; and when she has the use of her hands, she works like a fairy. She knows nothing of the misery in which we live. Our life is such a strange one, that we can admit no one to our rooms.—Do you understand me, Monsieur? Do you see that a neighbour is intolerable? I should have to ask so much of him that I should be under the greatest obligations—and I could never discharge them. In the first place, I have no time for anything: I am educating my grandson, and I work so hard, Monsieur—so hard, that I never sleep for more than three or four hours at night.’

‘Monsieur,’ said Godefroid, interrupting the old man, to whom he had listened attentively while watching him with grieved attention, ‘I will be your neighbour, and I will help you——’

The old gentleman drew himself up with pride, indeed, with impatience, for he did not believe in any good thing in man.

‘I will help you,’ repeated Godefroid, taking the old man’s hands and pressing them warmly, ‘in such ways as I can.—Listen to me. What do you intend to make of your grandson?’

‘He is soon to begin studying the law; I mean him to be an advocate.’

‘Then your grandson will cost you six hundred francs a year, and you——’

The old man said nothing.

‘I have nothing,’ said Godefroid after a pause, ‘but I have influence; I will get at the Jewish doctor; and if your daughter is curable, she shall be cured. We will find means to repay this Halpersohn.’

‘Oh, if my daughter were cured, I would make the sacrifice that can be made but once; I would give up what I am saving for a rainy day.’

‘You may keep that too.’

‘Ah! what a thing it is to be young!’ said the old man, shaking his head. ‘Good-bye, Monsieur, or rather *au revoir*. The library is open, and as I have sold all my books, I have to go there every day for my work.’

‘I am grateful to you for the kind feeling you have shown; but we must see whether you can show me such consideration as I am obliged to require of a neighbour. That is all I ask of you——’

‘Yes, Monsieur, pray accept me as your neighbour; for Barbet, as you know, is not the man to put up long with empty rooms, and you might meet with a worse companion in misery than I.—I do not ask you to believe in me, only to allow me to be of use to you.’

‘And what interest can you have in serving me?’ cried the old man, as he was about to go down the steps of the Cloister of the Carthusians, through which there was at that time a passage from the broad walk of the Luxembourg to the Rue d’Enfer.

‘Have you never, in the course of your career, obliged anybody?’

The old man looked at Godefroid with knit brows, his eyes vague with reminiscence, like a man searching through the record of his life for an action for which he might deserve such rare gratitude; then he coldly turned away, after bowing with evident suspicion.

‘Come! for a first meeting he was not particularly distant,’ said the disciple to himself.

Godefroid went at once to the Rue d’Enfer, the address given him by Monsieur Alain, and found Doctor Berton at home—a stern, cold man, who surprised him greatly by assuring him that the details given by Monsieur Bernard of his daughter’s illness were absolutely correct; he then went in search of Doctor Halpersohn.

The Polish physician, since so famous, at that time lived at Chaillot in a little house in the Rue Marbeuf, of which he occupied the first floor. General Roman Zarnovicki lived on the ground floor, and the servants of the two refugees occupied the attics of the little hotel, only one story high. Godefroid did not see the doctor; he had been sent for to some distance in the country by a rich patient. But Godefroid was almost glad not to have met him, for in his haste he had neglected to provide himself with money, and was obliged to return to the Hôtel de la Chanterie to fetch some from his room.

These walks, and the time it took to dine in a restaurant in the Rue de l’Odéon, kept him busy till the hour when he was to take possession of his lodgings on the Boulevard Mont-Parnasse.

Nothing could be more wretched than the furniture provided by Madame Vauthier for the two rooms. It seemed as though the woman was in the habit of letting rooms not to be inhabited. The bed, the chairs, the tables, the drawers, the desk, the curtains, had all evidently been purchased at sales under compulsion of the law, where the money-lender had kept them on account, no cash value being obtainable—a not infrequent case.

Madame Vauthier, her arms akimbo, expected thanks, and she took Godefroid's smile for one of surprise.

'Oh yes, I have given you the best of everything, my dear Monsieur Godefroid,' said she with an air of triumph. 'Look what handsome silk curtains, and a mahogany bedstead that is not at all worm-eaten. It belonged to the Prince de Wissembourg, and was bought out of his mansion. When he left the Rue Louis-le-Grand, in 1809, I was scullery-maid in his kitchen, and from there I went to live with my landlord——'

Godefroid checked this confidential flow by paying his month's lodging in advance, and at the same time gave Madame Vauthier six francs, also in advance, for doing his rooms. At this moment he heard a bark; and if he had not been forewarned, he might have thought that his neighbour kept a dog in his lodgings.

'Does that dog bark at night?' he asked.

'Oh, be easy, sir, and have patience; there will not be above a week of it. Monsieur Bernard will not be able to pay his rent, and he will be turned out.—Still, they are queer folks, I must say! I never saw their dog.—For months that dog—for months, did I say?—for six months at a time you will never hear that dog, and you might think they didn't keep one. The creature never comes out of Madame's room. There is a lady who is very bad; she has never been out of her bed since they carried her in. Old Monsieur Bernard works very hard, and his son too, who is a day pupil at the Collège Louis-le-Grand, where he is in the top class for

philosophy, and he is but sixteen. A bright chap that! but that little beggar works like a good 'un.'

'You will hear them presently moving the flower pots in the lady's room—for they eat nothing but dry bread, the old man and his grandson, but they buy flowers and nice things for her. She must be very bad, poor thing, never to have stirred out since she came; and if you take Monsieur Berton's word—he is the doctor who comes to see her—she never will go out but feet foremost.'

'And what is this Monsieur Bernard?'

'A very learned man, so they say; for he writes and goes to work in the public libraries, and the master lends him money on account of what he writes.'

'The master—who?'

'The landlord, Monsieur Barbet, the old bookseller; he has been in business this sixteen years. He is a man from Normandy, who once sold salad in the streets, and who started as a dealer in old books on the quay, in 1818; then he set up a little shop, and now he is very rich.—He is a sort of old Jew who runs six-and-thirty businesses at once, for he was a kind of partner with the Italian who built this great barn to keep silk-worms in——'

'And so the house is a place of refuge for authors in trouble?' said Godefroid.

'Are you so unlucky as to be one?' asked the widow Vauthier.

'I am only a beginner,' said Godefroid.

'Oh, my good gentleman, for all the ill I wish you, never get any further! A newspaper man, now—I won't say——'

Godefroid could not help laughing, and he bid the woman good-night—a cook unconsciously representing the whole middle class.

As he went to bed in the wretched room, floored with bricks that had not even been coloured, and hung with

paper at seven sous the piece, Godefroid not only regretted his little lodging in the Rue Chanoinesse, but more especially the society of Madame de la Chanterie. There was a great void in his soul. He had already acquired certain habits of mind, and he could not remember ever having felt such keen regrets for anything in his previous life. This comparison, brief as it was, made a great impression on his mind; he understood that no life he could lead could compare with that he was about to embrace, and his determination to follow in the steps of good Father Alain was thenceforth unchangeable. If he had not the vocation, he had the will.

Next morning, Godefroid, whose new way of life accustomed him to rising very early, saw, out of his window, a youth of about seventeen, wearing a blouse, and coming in evidently from a public fountain, carrying in each hand a pitcher full of water. The lad's face, not knowing that any one could see him, betrayed his thoughts; and never had Godefroid seen one more guileless and more sad. The charm of youth was depressed by misery, study, and great physical fatigue. Monsieur Bernard's grandson was remarkable for an excessively white skin, in strong contrast to very dark-brown hair. He made three expeditions; and the third time he saw a load of wood being delivered which Godefroid had ordered the night before; for the winter, though late, of 1838 was beginning to be felt, and there had been a slight fall of snow in the night.

Népomucène, who had just begun his day's work by fetching this wood, on which Madame Vauthier had already levied heavy toll, stood talking to the youth while waiting till the sawyer had cut up the logs for him to take indoors. It was very evident that the sight of this wood, and of the ominous grey sky, had reminded the lad of the desirability of laying in some fuel. And

then suddenly, as if reproaching himself for waste of time, he took up the pitchers and hurried into the house. It was indeed half-past seven; and as he heard the quarters strike by the clock at the Convent of the Visitation, he reflected that he had to be at the Collège Louis-le-Grand by half-past eight.

At the moment when the young man went in, Godefroid opened his door to Madame Vauthier, who was bringing up some live charcoal to her new lodger; so it happened that he witnessed a scene that took place on the landing. A gardener living in the neighbourhood, after ringing several times at Monsieur Bernard's door without arousing anybody, for the bell was muffled in paper, had a rough dispute with the youth, insisting on the money due for the hire of plants which he had supplied. As the creditor raised his voice, Monsieur Bernard came out.

'Auguste,' said he to his grandson, 'get dressed. It is time to be off.'

He himself took the pitchers and carried them into the anteroom of his apartment, where Godefroid could see stands filled with flowers; then he closed the door and came outside to talk to the nurseryman. Godefroid's door was ajar, for Népomucène was passing in and out and piling up the logs in the second room. The gardener had become silent when Monsieur Bernard appeared, wrapped in a purple silk dressing-gown, buttoned to the chin, and looking really imposing.

'You might ask for the money we owe you without shouting,' said the gentleman.

'Be just, my dear sir,' replied the gardener. 'You were to pay me week by week, and now, for three months—ten weeks—I have had no money, and you owe me a hundred and twenty francs. We are accustomed to hire out our plants to rich people, who give us our money as soon as we ask for it, and I have called here five times. We have our rent to pay and our workmen, and

I am no richer than you are. My wife, who used to supply you with milk and eggs, will not call this morning neither; you owe her thirty francs, and she would rather not come at all than come to nag, for she has a good heart, has my wife! If I listened to her, trade would never pay.—And that is why I came, you understand, for that is not my way of looking at things, you see——’

Just then out came Auguste, dressed in a miserable green cloth coat, and trousers of the same, a black cravat, and shabby boots. These clothes, though brushed with care, revealed the very last extremity of poverty, for they were too short and too tight, so that they looked as if the least movement on the lad’s part would split them. The whitened seams, the dog’s-eared corners, the worn-out button-holes, in spite of mending, betrayed to the least practised eye the stigmata of poverty. This garb contrasted painfully with the youthfulness of the wearer, who went off eating a piece of stale bread, in which his fine strong teeth left their mark. This was his breakfast, eaten as he made his way from the Boulevard du Mont-Parnasse to the Rue Saint-Jacques, with his books and papers under his arm, and on his head a cap far too small for his powerful head and his mass of fine dark hair.

As he passed his grandfather, they exchanged rapid glances of deep dejection; for he saw that the old man was in almost irremediable difficulties, of which the consequences might be terrible. To make way for the student of philosophy, the gardener retreated as far as Godefroid’s door; and at the moment when he reached the door, Népomucène, with a load of wood, came up to the landing, driving the creditor quite to the window.

‘Monsieur Bernard,’ exclaimed the widow, ‘do you suppose that Monsieur Godefroid took these rooms for you to hold meetings in?’

‘I beg pardon, Madame,’ replied the nurseryman, ‘the landing was crowded——’

‘I did not mean it for you, Monsieur Cartier,’ said the woman.

‘Stay here!’ cried Godefroid, addressing the nurseryman.—‘And you, my dear sir,’ he added, turning to Monsieur Bernard, whom this insolent remark left unmoved, ‘if it suits you to settle matters with your gardener in my room, pray come in.’

The old gentleman, stupefied with trouble, gave Godefroid a stony look, which conveyed a thousand thanks.

‘As for you, my dear Madame Vauthier, do not be so rough to Monsieur, who, in the first place, is an old man, and to whom you also owe your thanks for having me as your lodger.’

‘Indeed!’ exclaimed the woman.

‘Besides, if poor folks do not help each other, who is to help them?—Leave us, Madame Vauthier; I can blow up my own fire. See to having my wood stowed in your cellar; I have no doubt you will take good care of it.’

Madame Vauthier vanished; for Godefroid, by placing his fuel in her charge, had afforded pasture to her greed.

‘Come in,’ said Godefroid, signing to the gardener, and setting two chairs for the debtor and creditor. The old man talked standing; the tradesman took a seat.

‘Come, my good man,’ Godefroid went on, ‘the rich do not always pay so punctually as you say they do, and you should not dun a worthy gentleman for a few louis. Monsieur draws his pension every six months, and he cannot give you a draft in anticipation for so small a sum; but I will advance the money if you insist on it.’

‘Monsieur Bernard drew his pension about three weeks since, and he did not pay me. I should be very sorry to annoy him——’

‘What, and you have been supplying him with flowers for——’

‘Yes, Monsieur, for six years, and he has always paid until now.’

Monsieur Bernard, who was listening to all that might be going on in his own lodgings, and paying no heed to this discussion, heard screams through the partition, and hurried away in alarm, without saying a word.

‘Come, come, my good man, bring some fine flowers, your best flowers, this very morning, to Monsieur Bernard, and let your wife send in some fresh eggs and milk; I will pay you myself this evening.’

Cartier looked somewhat askance at Godefroid.

‘Well, I suppose you know more about it than Madame Vauthier; she sent me word that I had better look sharp if I meant to be paid,’ said he. ‘Neither she nor I, sir, can account for it when people who live on bread, who pick up odds and ends of vegetables, and bits of carrot and potatoes, and turnip outside the eating-house doors—yes, sir, I have seen the boy filling a little basket,—well, when those people spend near on a hundred francs a month on flowers. The old man, they say, has but three thousand francs a year for his pension——’

‘At any rate,’ said Godefroid, ‘if they ruin themselves in flowers, it is not for you to complain.’

‘Certainly not, sir, so long as I am paid.’

‘Bring me your bill.’

‘Very good, sir,’ said the gardener, with rather more respect. ‘You hope to see the lady they hide so carefully, no doubt?’

‘Come, come, my good fellow, you forget yourself,’ said Godefroid stiffly. ‘Go home and pick out your best flowers to replace those you are taking away. If you can supply me with rich milk and new-laid eggs, you may have my custom. I will go this morning and look at your place.’

‘It is one of the best in Paris, and I exhibit at the

Luxembourg shows. I have three acres of garden on the boulevard, just behind that of the *Grande-Chaumière*.'

'Very good, Monsieur Cartier. You are richer than I am, I can see. So have some consideration for us; for who knows but that one day we may need each other.'

The nurseryman departed, much puzzled as to what Godefroid could be.

'And time was when I was just like that!' said Godefroid to himself, as he blew the fire. 'What a perfect specimen of the commonplace citizen; a gossip, full of curiosity, possessed by the idea of equality, but jealous of other dealers; furious at not knowing why a poor invalid stays in her room and is never seen; secretive as to his profits, but vain enough to let out the secret if he could crow over his neighbour. Such a man ought to be lieutenant at least of his crew. How easily and how often in every age does the scene of Monsieur Dimanche recur! Another minute, and Cartier would have been my sworn ally!'

The old man's return interrupted this soliloquy, which shows how greatly Godefroid's ideas had changed during the past four months.

'I beg your pardon,' said Monsieur Bernard, in a husky voice, 'I see you have sent off the nurseryman quite satisfied, for he bowed politely. In fact, my young friend, Providence seems to have sent you here for our express benefit at the very moment when all seemed at an end. Alas! The man's chatter must have told you many things.—It is quite true that I drew my half-year's pension a fortnight since; but I had other and more pressing debts, and I was obliged to keep back the money for the rent or be turned out of doors. You, to whom I have confided the secret of my daughter's state—who have heard her——'

He looked anxiously at Godefroid, who nodded affirmation.

‘Well, you can judge if that would not be her death-blow. For I should have to place her in a hospital.—My grandson and I have been dreading this day, not that Cartier was our chief fear; it is the cold——’

‘My dear Monsieur Bernard, I have plenty of wood; take some!’ cried Godefroid.

‘But how can I ever repay such kindness?’ said the old man.

‘By accepting it without ceremony,’ answered Godefroid cordially, ‘and by giving me your entire confidence.’

‘But what claims have I on such generosity?’ asked Monsieur Bernard with revived suspicions. ‘My pride and my grandson’s is broken!’ he exclaimed. ‘For we have already fallen so far as to argue with our two or three creditors. The very poor can have no creditors. Only those can owe money who keep up a certain external display which we have utterly lost.—But I have not yet lost my common sense, my reason,’ he added, as if speaking to himself.

‘Monsieur,’ said Godefroid gravely, ‘the story you told me yesterday would draw tears from an usurer——’

‘No, no! for Barbet the publisher, our landlord, speculates on my poverty, and sets his old servant, the woman Vauthier, to spy it out.’

‘How can he speculate on it?’ asked Godefroid.

‘I will tell you at another time,’ replied the old man.

‘My daughter may be feeling cold, and since you are so kind, and since I am in a situation to accept charity, even if it were from my worst enemy——’

‘I will carry the wood,’ said Godefroid, who went across the landing with half a score of logs, which he laid down in his neighbour’s outer room.

Monsieur Bernard had taken an equal number, and when he beheld this little stock of fuel, he could not conceal the simple, almost idiotic, smile by which men rescued from mortal and apparently inevitable danger

express their joy, for there still is fear even in their belief.

‘Accept all I can give you, my dear Monsieur Bernard, without hesitation, and when we have saved your daughter, and you are happy once more, I will explain everything. Till then leave everything to me.—I went to call on the Jewish doctor, but unfortunately Halpersohn is absent; he will not be back for two days.’

Just then a voice which sounded to Godefroid, and which really was, sweet and youthful, called out, ‘Papa, papa!’ in an expressive tone.

While talking to the old man, Godefroid had already remarked, through the crack of the door opposite to that on the landing, lines of neat white paint, showing that the sick woman’s room must be very different from the others that composed the lodging. His curiosity was now raised to the highest pitch; the errand of mercy was to him no more than a means; its end was to see the invalid. He would not believe that any one who spoke in such a voice could be horrible to behold.

‘You are taking too much trouble, papa,’ said the voice. ‘Why do not you have more servants—at your age.—Dear me!’

‘But you know, dear Vanda, that I will not allow any one to wait on you but myself or your boy.’

These two sentences, which Godefroid overheard, though with some difficulty, for a curtain dulled the sound, made him understand the case. The sick woman, surrounded by every luxury, knew nothing of the real state in which her father and son lived. Monsieur Bernard’s silk wrapper, the flowers, and his conversation with Cartier had already roused Godefroid’s suspicions, and he stood riveted, almost confounded, by this marvel of paternal devotion. The contrast between the invalid’s room as he imagined it and what he saw was in fact amazing. The reader may judge:—

Through the door of a third room which stood open,

Godefroid saw two narrow beds of painted wood like those of the vilest lodging-houses, with a straw mattress and a thin upper mattress; on each there was but one blanket. A small iron stove such as porters use to cook on, with a few lumps of dried fuel by the side of it, was enough to show the destitution of the owner, without other details in keeping with this wretched stove.

Godefroid by one step forward could see the pots and pans of the wretched household—glazed earthenware jars, in which a few potatoes were soaking in dirty water. Two tables of blackened wood, covered with papers and books, stood in front of a window looking out on the Rue Notre-Dame des Champs, and showed how the father and son occupied themselves in the evening. On each table there was a candlestick of wrought iron of the poorest description, and in them candles of the cheapest kind, eight to the pound. On a third table, which served as a dresser, there were two shining sets of silver-gilt forks and spoons, some plates, a basin and cup in Sèvres china, and a knife with a gilt handle lying in a case, all evidently for the invalid's use.

The stove was alight; the water in the kettle was steaming gently. A wardrobe of painted deal contained no doubt the lady's linen and possessions, for he saw on her father's bed the clothes he had worn the day before, spread by way of a covering.

Some other rags laid in the same way on his grandson's bed led him to conclude that this was all their wardrobe; and under the bed he saw their shoes.

The floor, swept but seldom no doubt, was like that of a schoolroom. A large loaf that had been cut was visible on a shelf over the table. In short, it was poverty in the last stage of squalor, poverty reduced to a system, with the decent order of a determination to endure it; driven poverty that has to do everything at home, that insists on doing it, but that finds it impossible, and so puts every poor possession to a wrong use. A strong

and sickening smell pervaded the room, which evidently was but rarely cleaned.

The anteroom where Godefroid stood was at any rate decent, and he guessed that it commonly served to hide the horrors of the room inhabited by the old man and the youth. This room, hung with a Scotch plaid paper, had four walnut-wood chairs and a small table, and was graced with portraits—a coloured print of Horace Vernet's picture of the Emperor; those of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.; and one of Prince Poniatowski, a friend no doubt of Monsieur Bernard's father-in-law. There were cotton window-curtains bound with red and finished with fringe.

Godefroid, keeping an eye on Népomucène, and hearing him come up with a load of wood, signed to him to stack it noiselessly in Monsieur Bernard's anteroom; and, with a delicate feeling that showed he was making good progress, he shut the bedroom door that Madame Vauthier's boy might not see the old man's squalor.

The anteroom was partly filled up by three flower-stands full of splendid plants, two oval and one round, all three of rosewood, and elegantly finished; and Népomucène, as he placed the logs on the floor, could not help saying—

'Isn't that lovely?—It must cost a pretty penny!'

'Jean, do not make too much noise——' Monsieur Bernard called out.

'There, you hear him?' said Népomucène to Godefroid, 'the poor old boy is certainly cracked!'

'And what will you be at his age?'

'Oh, I know sure enough!' said Népomucène; 'I shall be in a sugar-basin.'

'In a sugar-basin?'

'Yes, my bones will have been made into charcoal. I have seen the sugar-boilers' carts often enough at Mont Souris come to fetch bone-black for their works,

and they told me they used it in making sugar.' And with this philosophical reply, he went off for another basketful of wood.

Godefroid quietly closed Monsieur Bernard's door, leaving him alone with his daughter.

Madame Vauthier had meanwhile prepared her new lodger's breakfast, and came with Félicité to serve it. Godefroid, lost in meditation, was staring at the fire on the hearth. He was absorbed in reflecting on this poverty that included so many different forms of misery, though he perceived that it had its pleasures too; the ineffable joys and triumphs of fatherly and of filial devotion. They were like pearls sewn on sackcloth.

'What romance—even the most famous—can compare with such reality?' thought he. 'How noble is the life that mingles with such lives as these, enabling the soul to discern their cause and effect; to assuage suffering and encourage what is good; to become one with misfortune and learn the secrets of such a home as this; to be an actor in ever-new dramas such as delight us in the works of the most famous authors!—I had no idea that goodness could be more interesting than vice.'

'Is everything to your mind, sir?' asked Madame Vauthier, who, helped by Félicité, had placed the table close to Godefroid. He then saw an excellent cup of coffee with milk, a smoking hot omelette, fresh butter, and little red radishes.

'Where did you find those radishes?' asked Godefroid.

'Monsieur Cartier gave them to me,' said she. 'I thought you might like them, sir.'

'And what do you expect me to pay for a breakfast like this every day?' said Godefroid.

'Well, Monsieur, to be quite fair—it would be hard to supply it under thirty sous.'

'Say thirty sous,' said Godefroid. 'But how is it that

close by this, at Madame Machillot's, they only ask me forty-five francs a month for dinner, which is just thirty sous a day ?'

'Oh, but what a difference, sir, between getting a dinner for fifteen people and going to buy everything that is needed for one breakfast: a roll, you see, eggs, butter,—lighting the fire—and then sugar, milk, coffee.—Why, they will ask you sixteen sous for nothing but a cup of coffee with milk in the Place de l'Odéon, and you have to give a sou or two to the waiter!—Here you have no trouble at all; you breakfast at home, in your slippers.

'Well, then it is settled,' said Godefroid.

'And even then, but for Madame Cartier, from whom I get the milk and eggs and parsley, I could not do it at all.—You must go and see their place, sir. Oh, it is really a fine sight. They employ five gardeners' apprentices, and Népomucène goes to help with the watering all the summer; they pay me to let him go. And they make a lot of money out of strawberries and melons.—You are very much interested in Monsieur Bernard, it would seem?' asked the widow in her sweetest tones. 'For really to answer for their debts in that way!—But perhaps you don't know how much they owe.—There is the lady that keeps the circulating library on the Place Saint-Michel; she calls every three or four days for thirty francs, and she wants it badly too. Heaven above! that poor woman in bed does read and read. And at two sous a volume, thirty francs in two months——'

'Is a hundred volumes a month,' said Godefroid.

'There goes the old fellow to fetch Madame's cream and roll,' the woman went on. 'It is for her tea; for she lives on nothing but tea, that lady; she has it twice a day, and then twice a week she wants sweets.—She is dainty, I can tell you! The old boy buys her cakes and tarts at the pastry-cook's in the Rue de Buci. Oh, when

it is for her, he sticks at nothing. He says she is his daughter!—Where's the man who would do all he does, and at his age, for his daughter? He is killing himself—himself and his Auguste—and all for her.—If you are like me, sir—I would give twenty francs to see her. Monsieur Berton says she is shocking, an object to make a show of.—They did well to come to this part of the town where nobody ever comes.—And you think of dining at Madame Machillot's, sir?'

'Yes, I thought of making an arrangement with her.'

'Well, sir, it is not to interfere with any plan of yours; but, take 'em as you find 'em, you will find a better eating-place in the Rue de Tournon; you need not bind yourself for a month, and you will have a better table——'

'Where in the Rue de Tournon?'

'At the successors of old Madame Girard. That is where the gentlemen upstairs dine, and they are satisfied—they could not be better pleased.'

'Very well, Madame Vauthier, I will take your advice and dine there.'

'And, my dear sir,' the woman went on, emboldened by the easy-going air which Godefroid had intentionally assumed, 'do you mean to say, seriously, that you are such a flat as to think of paying Monsieur Bernard's debts?—I should be really very sorry; for you must remember, my good Monsieur Godefroid, that he is very near on seventy, and after him where are you? There's an end to his pension. What will there be to repay you? Young men are so rash. Do you know that he owes above a thousand crowns?'

'But to whom?' asked Godefroid.

'Oh, that is no concern of mine,' said Madame Vauthier mysteriously. 'He owes the money, and that's enough; and between you and me, he is having a hard time of it; he cannot get credit for a sou in all the neighbourhood for that very reason.'

‘A thousand crowns!’ said Godefroid. ‘Be sure of one thing; if I had a thousand crowns, I should be no lodger of yours. But I, you see, cannot bear to see others suffering; and for a few hundred francs that it may cost me, I will make sure that my neighbour, a man with white hair, has bread and firing. Why, a man often loses as much at cards.—But three thousand francs—why, what do you think? Good Heavens!’

Madame Vauthier, quite taken in by Godefroid’s affected candour, allowed a gleam of satisfaction to light up her face, and this confirmed her lodger’s suspicions. Godefroid was convinced that the old woman was implicated in some plot against the hapless Monsieur Bernard.

‘It is a strange thing, Monsieur, what fancies come into one’s head. You will say that I am very inquisitive; but yesterday, when I saw you talking to Monsieur Bernard, it struck me that you must be a publisher’s clerk—for this is their part of the town. I had a lodger, a foreman printer, whose works are in the Rue de Vaugirard, and he was named the same name as you——’

‘And what concern is it of yours what my business is?’ said Godefroid.

‘Lor!’ whether you tell me or whether you don’t, I shall know just the same,’ said the widow. ‘Look at Monsieur Bernard, for instance; well, for eighteen months I could never find out what he was; but in the nineteenth month I discovered that he had been a judge or a magistrate, or something of the kind, in the law, and that now he is writing a book about it. What does he get by it? That’s what I say. And if he had told me, I should have held my tongue; so there!’

‘I am not at present a publisher’s agent, but I may be, perhaps, before long.’

‘There, I knew it!’ exclaimed the woman eagerly, and turning from the bed she was making as an excuse

to stay chattering to her lodger. 'You have come to cut the ground from under—— Well, well, "a nod's as good as a wink"——'

'Hold hard!' cried Godefroid, standing between Madame Vauthier and the door. 'Now, tell me, what are you paid to meddle in this?'

'Hey day!' cried the old woman, with a keen look at Godefroid. 'You are pretty sharp after all!'

She shut and locked the outer door; then she came back and sat down by the fire.

'On my word and honour, as sure as my name is Vauthier, I took you for a student till I saw you giving your logs to old Father Bernard. My word, but you're a sharp one! By the Piper! you can play a part well! I thought you were a perfect flat. Now, will you promise me a thousand francs? For as sure as the day above us, old Barbet and Monsieur Métivier have promised me five hundred if I keep my eyes open.'

'What? Not they! Two hundred at the very outside, my good woman, and only promised at that—and you cannot summons them for payment!—Look here; if you will put me in a position to get the job they are trying to manage with Monsieur Bernard, I will give you four hundred!—Come, now, what are they up to?'

'Well, they have paid him fifteen hundred francs on account for his work, and made him sign a bill for a thousand crowns. They doled it out to him a hundred francs at a time, contriving to keep him as poor as poor.—They set the duns upon him; they sent Cartier, you may wager.'

At this, Godefroid, by a look of cynical perspicacity that he shot at the woman, made it clear to her that he quite understood the game she was playing for her landlord's benefit. Her speech threw a light on two sides of the question, for it also explained the rather strange scene between the gardener and himself.

'Oh yes!' she went on, 'they have him fast; for

where is he ever to find a thousand crowns! They intend to offer him five hundred francs when the work is in their hands complete, and five hundred francs per volume as they are brought out for sale. The business is all in the name of a bookseller these gentlemen have set up in business on the Quai des Augustins——'

'Oh yes—that little—what's-his-name?'

'Yes, that's your man.—Morand, formerly Monsieur Barbet's agent.—There is a heap of money to be got out of it, it would seem.'

'There will be a heap of money to put into it,' said Godefroid, with an expressive grimace.

There was a gentle knock at the door, and Godefroid, very glad of the interruption, rose to open it.

'All this is between you and me, Mother Vauthier,' said Godefroid, seeing Monsieur Bernard.

'Monsieur Bernard,' cried she, 'I have a letter for you.'

The old man went down a few steps.

'No, no, I have no letter for you, Monsieur Bernard; I only wished to warn you against that young fellow there. He is a publisher.'

'Oh, that accounts for everything,' said the old man to himself. And he came back to his neighbour's room with a quite altered countenance.

The calmly cold expression on Monsieur Bernard's face when he reappeared was in such marked contrast to the frank and friendly manner his gratitude had lent him, that Godefroid was struck by so sudden a change.

'Monsieur, forgive me for disturbing your solitude, but you have since yesterday loaded me with favours, and a benefactor confers rights on those whom he obliges.'

Godefroid bowed.

'I, who for five years have suffered once a fortnight the torments of the Redeemer; I, who for six-and-thirty years was the representative of Society and the Govern-

ment, who was then the arm of public vengeance, and who, as you may suppose, have no illusions left—nothing, nothing but sufferings.—Well, Monsieur, your careful attention in closing the door of the dog-kennel in which my grandson and I sleep—that trifling act was to me the cup of water of which Bossuet speaks. I found in my heart, my worn-out heart, which is as dry of tears as my withered body is of sweat, the last drop of that elixir which in youth leads us to see the best side of every human action, and I came to offer you my hand, which I never give to any one but my daughter; I came to bring you the heavenly rose of belief, even now, in goodness.

‘Monsieur Bernard,’ said Godefroid, remembering good old Alain’s injunctions, ‘I did nothing with a view to winning your gratitude.—You are under a mistake.’

‘That is frank and above board,’ said the old lawyer. ‘Well, that is what I like. I was about to reproach you. Forgive me; I esteem you.—So you are a publisher, and you want to get my book in preference to Messieurs Barbet, Métivier, and Morand?—That explains all. You are prepared to deal with me as they were; only you do it with a good grace.’

‘Old Vauthier has just told you, I suppose, that I am a publisher’s agent?’

‘Yes,’ said he.

‘Well, Monsieur Bernard, before I can say what we are prepared to *pay* more than those gentlemen *offer*, I must understand on what terms you stand with them.’

‘Very true,’ said the old man, who seemed delighted to find himself the object of a competition by which he could not fail to benefit. ‘Do you know what the work is?’

‘No; I only know that there is something to be made by it.’

‘It is only half-past nine; my daughter has had her breakfast, my grandson Auguste will not come in till

a quarter to eleven. Cartier will not be here with the flowers for an hour—we have time to talk, Monsieur—Monsieur who?’

‘Godefroid.’

‘Monsieur Godefroid.—The book in question was planned by me in 1825, at a time when the Ministry, struck by the constant reduction of personal estate, drafted the Law of Entail and Seniority which was thrown out. I had observed many defects in our codes and in the fundamental principle of French law. The codes have been the subject of many important works; but all those treatises are essentially on jurisprudence; no one has been so bold as to study the results of the Revolution—or of Napoleon’s rule, if you prefer it—as a whole, analysing the spirit of these laws and the working of their application. That is, in general terms, the purpose of my book. I have called it the *Spirit of the Modern Laws*. It covers organic law as well as the codes—all the codes, for we have five! My book, too, is in five volumes, and a sixth volume of authorities, quotations, and references. I have still three months’ work before me.

‘The owner of this house, a retired publisher, scented a speculation. I, in the first instance, thought only of benefiting my country. This Barbet has got the better of me.—You will wonder how a publisher could entrap an old lawyer; but you, Monsieur, know my history, and this man is a money-lender. He has the sharp eye and the knowledge of the world that such men must have. His advances have just kept pace with my necessity; he has always come in at the very moment when despair has made me a defenceless prey.’

‘Not at all, my dear sir,’ said Godefroid. ‘He has simply kept Madame Vauthier as a spy.—But the terms. Tell me honestly.’

‘They advanced me fifteen hundred francs, represented at the present rates by three bills for a thousand

francs each, and these three thousand francs are secured to them by a lien on the property of my book, which I cannot dispose of elsewhere till I have paid off the bills; the bills have been protested; judgment has been pronounced.—Here, Monsieur, you see the complications of poverty.

‘At the most moderate estimate, the first edition of this vast work, the result of ten years’ labour and thirty-six years’ experience, will be well worth ten thousand francs.—Well, just five days since, Morand offered me a thousand crowns and my note of hand paid off for all rights.—As I could never find three thousand two hundred and forty francs, unless you intervene between us, I must yield.

‘They would not take my word of honour; for further security they insisted on bills of exchange which have been protested, and I shall be imprisoned for debt. If I pay up, these money-lenders will have doubled their loan; if I deal with them, they will make a fortune, for one of them was a papermaker, and God only knows how low they can keep the price of materials. And then, with my name to it, they know that they are certain of a sale of ten thousand copies.’

‘Why, Monsieur—you, a retired Judge——!’

‘What can I say? I have not a friend, no one remembers me!—And yet I saved many heads even if I sentenced many to fall!—And then there is my daughter, my daughter whose nurse and companion I am, for I work only at night.—Ah! young man, none but the wretched should be set to judge the wretched. I see now that of yore I was too severe.’

‘I do not ask you your name, Monsieur. I have not a thousand crowns at my disposal, especially if I pay Halpersohn and your little bills; but I can save you if you will pledge your word not to dispose of your book without due notice to me; it is impossible to embark in so important a matter without consulting professional

experts. The persons I work for are powerful, and I can promise you success if you can promise me perfect secrecy, even from your children—and keep your word.'

'The only success I care for is my poor Vanda's recovery ; for, I assure you, the sight of such sufferings extinguishes every other feeling in a father's heart ; the loss of fame is nothing to the man who sees a grave yawning at his feet——'

'I will call on you this evening. Halpersohn may come home at any moment, and I go every day to see if he has returned.—I will spend to-day in your service.'

'Oh, if you could bring about my daughter's recovery, Monsieur——, Monsieur, I would make you a present of my book !'

'But,' said Godefroid, 'I am not a publisher.'

The old man started with surprise.

'I could not help letting old Vauthier think so for the sake of ascertaining what snares had been laid for you.'

'But who are you, then ?'

'Godefroid,' was the reply ; 'and as you have allowed me to supply you with the means of living better,' added the young man, smiling, 'you may call me Godefroid de Bouillon.'

The old lawyer was too much touched to laugh at the jest. He held out his hand to Godefroid and grasped the young man's warmly.

'You wish to remain unknown ?' said Monsieur Bernard, looking at Godefroid with melancholy, mixed with some uneasiness.

'If you will allow me.'

'Well, do as you think proper.—And come in this evening ; you will see my daughter, if her state allows.'

This was evidently the greatest concession the poor father could make ; and seeing Godefroid's grateful look, the old man had the pleasure of feeling that he was understood.

An hour later Cartier came back with some beautiful

flowers, replanted the stands with his own hands in fresh moss, and Godefroid paid the bill, as he did the subscription to the lending library, for which the account was sent in soon after. Books and flowers were the staff of life to this poor sick—or rather, tormented woman, who could live on so little food.

As he thought of this family in the coils of disaster, like that of Laocoon—a sublime allegory of many lives!—Godefroid, making his way leisurely on foot to the Rue Marbeuf, felt in his heart that he was curious rather than benevolent. The idea of the sick woman, surrounded with luxuries in the midst of abject squalor, made him forget the horrible details of the strange nervous malady, which is happily an extraordinary exception, though abundantly proved by various historians. One of our gossiping chronicle writers, Tallemant des Réaux, mentions an instance. We like to think of women as elegant even in their worst sufferings, and Godefroid promised himself some pleasure in penetrating into the room which only the physician, the father, and the son had entered for six years past. However, he ended by reproaching himself for his curiosity. The neophyte even understood that his feeling, however natural, would die out by degrees as he carried out his merciful errands, by dint of seeing new homes and new sorrows. Such messengers, in fact, attain to a heavenly benignity which nothing can shock or amaze, just as in love we attain to a sublime quiescence of feeling in the conviction of its strength and duration, by a constant habit of submission and sweetness.

Godefroid was told that Halpersohn had come home during the night, but had been obliged to go out in his carriage the first thing in the morning to see the patients who were waiting for him. The woman at the gate told Godefroid to come back next morning before nine.

Remembering Monsieur Alain's advice as to parsimony in his personal expenses, Godefroid dined for twenty-five sous in the Rue de Tournon, and was rewarded for his self-denial by finding himself among compositors and proof-readers. He heard a discussion about the cost of production, and, joining in, picked up the information that an octavo volume of forty sheets, of which a thousand copies were printed, would not cost more than thirty sous per copy under favourable circumstances. He determined on going to inquire the price commonly asked for such volumes on sale at the law publishers, so as to be in a position to dispute the point with the publishers who had got a hold on Monsieur Bernard, if he should happen to meet them.

At about seven in the evening he came back to the Boulevard Mont-Parnasse along the Rue de Vaugirard, the Rue Madame, and the Rue de l'Ouest, and he saw how deserted that part of the town is, for he met nobody. It is true that the cold was severe, snow fell in large flakes, and the carts made no noise on the stones.

'Ah, here you are, Monsieur!' said Madame Vauthier when she saw him. 'If I had known you would come in so early, I would have lighted your fire.'

'It is unnecessary,' replied Godefroid, as the woman followed him; 'I am going to spend the evening with Monsieur Bernard.'

'Ah! very good. You are cousins, I suppose, that you are hand and glove with him by the second day. I thought perhaps you would have liked to finish what we were saying——'

'Oh, about the four hundred francs?' said Godefroid in an undertone. 'Look here, Mother Vauthier, you would have had them this evening if you had said nothing to Monsieur Bernard. You want to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare, and you will get neither; for, so far as I am concerned, you have spoiled my game—my chances are altogether ruined——'

‘Don’t you believe that, my good sir. To-morrow, when you are at breakfast——’

‘Oh, to-morrow I must be off at daybreak like your authors.’

Godefroid’s past experience and life as a dandy and journalist had been so far of use to him as to lead him to guess that if he did not take this line, Barbet’s spy would warn the publisher that there was something in the wind, and he would then take such steps as would ere long endanger Monsieur Bernard’s liberty; whereas, by leaving the three usurious negotiators to believe that their schemes were not in peril, they would keep quiet.

But Godefroid was not yet a match for Parisian humanity when it assumes the guise of a Madame Vauthier. This woman meant to have Godefroid’s money and her landlord’s too. She flew off to Monsieur Barbet, while Godefroid changed his dress to call on Monsieur Bernard’s daughter.

Eight o’clock was striking at the Convent of the Visitation, whose clock regulated the life of the whole neighbourhood, when Godefroid, full of curiosity, knocked at his friend’s door. Auguste opened it; as it was Saturday, the lad spent his evening at home; Godefroid saw that he wore a jacket of black velvet, black trousers that were quite decent, and a blue silk tie; but his surprise at seeing the youth so unlike his usual self ceased when he entered the invalid’s room. He at once understood the necessity for the father and the boy to be presentably dressed.

The walls of the room, hung with yellow silk, panelled with bright green cord, made the room look extremely cheerful; the cold tiled floor was covered by a flowered carpet on a white ground. The two windows, with their handsome curtains lined with white silk, were like bowers, the flower-stands were so full of beauty, and blinds hindered them from being seen from outside in a quarter where such lavishness was rare. The woodwork,

painted white, and varnished, was touched up with gold lines. A heavy curtain, embroidered in tent stitch, with grotesque foliage on a yellow ground, hung over the door and deadened every sound from outside. This splendid curtain had been worked by the invalid, who embroidered like a fairy when she had the use of her hands.

Opposite the door, at the further end of the room, the chimney-shelf, covered with green velvet, had a set of very costly ornaments, the only relic of the wealth of the two families. There was a very curious clock; an elephant supporting a porcelain tower filled with beautiful flowers; two candelabra in the same style, and some valuable Oriental pieces. The fender, the dogs, and fire-irons were all of the finest workmanship.

The largest of the three flower-stands stood in the middle of the room, and above it hung a porcelain chandelier of floral design.

The bed on which the judge's daughter lay was one of those fine examples of carved wood, painted white and gold, that were made in the time of Louis xv. By the invalid's pillow was a pretty inlaid table, on which were the various objects necessary for a life spent in bed; a bracket light for two candles was fixed to the wall, and could be turned backwards and forwards by a touch. In front of her was a bed-table, wonderfully contrived for her convenience. The bed was covered with a magnificent counterpane, and draped with curtains looped back in festoons; it was loaded with books and a work-basket, and among these various objects Godefroid would hardly have discovered the sick woman but for the tapers in the two candle-branches.

There seemed to be nothing of her but a very white face, darkly marked round the eyes by much suffering; her eyes shone like fire; and her principal ornament was her splendid black hair, of which the heavy curls, set out in bunches of numerous ringlets, showed that the care

and arrangement of her hair occupied part of the invalid's day ; a movable mirror at the foot of the bed confirmed the idea.

No kind of modern elegance was lacking, and a few trifling toys for poor Vanda's amusement showed that her father's affection verged on mania.

The old man rose from a very handsome easy-chair of Louis xv. style, white and gold, and covered with needle-work, and went forward a few steps to welcome Godefroid, who certainly would not have recognised him ; for his cold, stern face had assumed the gay expression peculiar to old men who have preserved their dignity of manner and the superficial frivolity of courtiers. His purple wadded dressing-gown was in harmony with the luxury about him, and he took snuff out of a gold box set with diamonds.

'Here, my dear,' said Monsieur Bernard to his daughter, 'is our neighbour of whom I spoke to you.' And he signed to his grandson to bring forward one of two armchairs, in the same style as his own, which were standing on each side of the fire.

'Monsieur's name is Godefroid, and he is most kind in standing on no ceremony——'

Vanda moved her head in acknowledgment of Godefroid's low bow ; and by the movement of her throat as it bent and unbent, he discovered that all this woman's vitality was seated in her head. Her emaciated arms and lifeless hands lay on the fine white sheet like objects quite apart from the body, and that seemed to fill no space in the bed. The things needed for her use were on a set of shelves behind the bed, and screened by a silk curtain.

'You, my dear sir, are the first person, excepting only the doctors—who have ceased to be men to me—whom I have set eyes on for six years ; so you can have no idea of the interest I have felt in you ever since my father told me you were coming to call on us. It was

passionate, unconquerable curiosity, like that of our mother Eve. My father, who is so good to me ; my son, of whom I am so fond, are undoubtedly enough to fill up the vacuum of a soul now almost bereft of body ; but that soul is still a woman's after all ! I recognised that in the childish joy I felt in the idea of your visit.—You will do us the pleasure of taking a cup of tea with us, I hope ?'

'Yes, Monsieur Godefroid has promised us the pleasure of his company for the evening,' said the old man, with the air of a millionaire doing the honours of his house.

Auguste, seated in a low, worsted-work chair by a small table of inlaid wood, finished with brass mouldings, was reading by the light of the wax-candles on the chimney-shelf.

'Auguste, my dear, tell Jean to bring tea in an hour's time.'

She spoke with some pointed meaning, and Auguste replied by a nod.

'Will you believe, Monsieur, that for the past six years no one has waited on me but my father and my boy, and I could not endure anybody else. If I were to lose them, I should die of it.—My father will not even allow Jean, a poor old Normandy peasant who has lived with us for thirty years—will not even let him come into the room.'

'I should think not, indeed !' said the old man readily. 'Monsieur Godefroid has seen him ; he saws and brings in the wood, he cooks and runs errands, and wears a dirty apron ; he would have made hay of all these pretty things, which are so necessary to my poor child, to whom this elegance is second nature.'

'Indeed, Madame, your father is quite right——'

'But why ?' she urged. 'If Jean had damaged my room, my father would have renewed it.'

'Of course, my child ; but what would have prevented

me is the fact that you cannot leave it ; and you have no idea what Paris workmen are. It would take them more than three months to restore your room. Only think of the dust that would come out of your carpet if it were taken up. Let Jean do your room ! Do not think of such a thing. By taking the extreme care which only your father and your boy can take, we have spared you sweeping and dust ; if Jean came in to help, everything would be done for in a month.'

'It is not so much out of economy as for the sake of your health,' said Godefroid. 'Monsieur your father is quite right.'

'Oh, I am not complaining,' said Vanda in a saucy tone.

Her voice had the quality of a concert ; soul, action, and life were all concentrated in her eyes and her voice ; for Vanda, by careful practice, for which time had certainly not been lacking, had succeeded in overcoming the difficulties arising from her loss of teeth.

'I am still happy, Monsieur, in spite of the dreadful malady that tortures me ; for wealth is certainly a great help in enduring my sufferings. If we had been in poverty, I should have died eighteen years ago, and I am still alive. I have many enjoyments, and they are all the keener because I live on, triumphing over death.—You will think me a great chatterbox,' she added, with a smile.

'Madame,' said Godefroid, 'I could beg you to talk for ever, for I never heard a voice to compare with yours—it is music ! Rubini is not more delightful—'

'Do not mention Rubini or the opera,' said the old man sadly. 'However rich we may be, it is impossible to give my daughter, who was a great musician, a pleasure to which she was devoted.'

'I apologise,' said Godefroid.

'You will fall into our ways,' said the old man.

'This is your training,' said the invalid, smiling.

‘When we have warned you several times by crying, “Look out!” you will know all the blind man’s buff of our conversation!’

Godefroid exchanged a swift glance with Monsieur Bernard, who, seeing tears in his new friend’s eyes, put his finger to his lip as a warning not to betray the heroic devotion he and the boy had shown for the past seven years.

This devoted and unflagging imposture, proved by the invalid’s entire deception, produced on Godefroid at this moment the effect of looking at a precipitous rock whence two chamois-hunters were on the point of falling.

The splendid gold and diamond snuff-box with which the old man trifled, leaning over the foot of his daughter’s bed, was like the touch of genius which in a great actor wrings from us a cry of admiration. Godefroid looked at the snuff-box, wondering why it had not been sold or pawned, but he postponed the idea till he could discuss it with the old man.

‘This evening, Monsieur Godefroid, my daughter was so greatly excited by the promise of your visit, that the various strange symptoms of her malady which, for nearly a fortnight past, have driven us to despair, suddenly disappeared. You may imagine my gratitude!’

‘And mine!’ cried Vanda, in an insinuating voice, with a graceful inclination of her head. ‘You are a deputation from the outer world.—Since I was twenty I have not known what a drawing-room is like, or a party, or a ball; and I love dancing, I am crazy about the play, and above all about music. Well, I imagine everything in my mind. I read a great deal, and my father tells me all about the gay world——’ As he listened, Godefroid felt prompted to kneel at the feet of this poor old man.

‘When he goes to the opera—and he often goes—he describes the dresses to me and all the singers. Oh! I

should like to be well again ; in the first place, for my father's sake, for he lives for me alone, as I live for him and through him, and then for my son's—I should like him to know another mother. Oh ! Monsieur, what perfect men are my dear old father and my admirable son !—Then I could wish for health also, that I might hear Lablache, Rubini, Tamburini, Grisi, the *Puritani* too !—But——'

'Come, my dear, compose yourself. If we talk about music, it is fatal !' said the old father, with a smile.

And that smile, which made him look younger, evidently constantly deceived the sick woman.

'Well, I will be good,' said Vanda, with a saucy pout. 'But let me have a harmonium.'

This instrument had lately been invented ; it could, by a little contrivance, be placed by the invalid's bed, and would only need the pressure of the foot to give out an organ-like tone. This instrument, in its most improved form, was as effective as a piano ; but at that time it cost three hundred francs. Vanda, who read newspapers and reviews, had heard of such an instrument, and had been longing for one for two months past.

'Yes, Madame, and I can procure you one,' replied Godefroid at an appealing glance from the old man. 'A friend of mine who is setting out for Algiers has a very fine one, which I will borrow of him ; for before buying one, you had better try it. It is quite possible that the sound, which is strongly vibrating, may be too much for you.'

'Can I have it to-morrow ?' she asked, with the eagerness of a Creole.

'To-morrow !' objected Monsieur Bernard. 'That is very soon ; besides, to-morrow will be Sunday.'

'To be sure,' said she, looking at Godefroid, who felt as though he saw a soul fluttering, as he admired the ubiquity of Vanda's eyes.

Until now he had never understood what the power

of the voice and eyes might be when the entire vitality was concentrated in them. Her glance was more than a glance; it was a flame, or rather a blaze of divine light, a communicative ray of life and intelligence, thought made visible. The voice, with its endless intonations, supplied the place of movement, gesture, and turns of the head. And her changing colour, varying like that of the fabled chameleon, made the illusion—or, if you will, the delusion—complete. That weary head, buried in a cambric pillow frilled with lace, was a complete woman.

Never in his life had Godefroid seen so noble a spectacle, and he could hardly endure his emotions. Another grand feature, where everything was strange in a situation so full of romance and of horror, was that the soul alone seemed to be living in the spectators. This atmosphere, where all was sentiment, had a celestial influence. They were as unconscious of their bodies as the woman in bed; everything was pure spirit. By dint of gazing at these frail remains of a pretty woman, Godefroid forgot the elegant luxury of the room, and felt himself in heaven. It was not till half-an-hour after that he noticed a what-not covered with curiosities, over which hung a noble portrait that Vanda desired him to look at, as it was by Géricault.

‘Géricault,’ said she, ‘was a native of Rouen, and his family being under some obligations to my father, who was President of the Supreme Court there, he showed his gratitude by painting that masterpiece, in which you see me at the age of sixteen.’

‘You have there a very fine picture,’ said Godefroid, ‘and one that is quite unknown to those who have studied the rare works of that great genius.’

‘To me it is no longer an object of anything but affectionate regard,’ said she, ‘since I live only by my feelings; and I have a beautiful life,’ she went on, looking at her father with her whole soul in her eyes. ‘Oh,

Monsieur, if you could but know what my father is ! Who would believe that the austere and dignified Judge to whom the Emperor owed so much that he gave him that snuff-box, and whom Charles x. rewarded by the gift of that Sèvres tray'—and she looked at a side-table—'that the staunch upholder of law and authority, the learned political writer, has in a heart of rock all the tenderness of a mother?—Oh, papa, papa ! Come, kiss me—I insist on it—if you love me.'

The old man rose, leaned over the bed, and set a kiss on his daughter's high poetic brow, for her sickly fancies were not invariably furies of affection. Then he walked up and down the room, but without a sound, for he wore slippers—the work of his daughter's hands.

'And what is your occupation?' she asked Godefroid after a pause.

'Madame, I am employed by certain pious persons to take help to the unfortunate.'

'A beautiful mission!' said she. 'Do you know that the idea of devoting myself to such work has often occurred to me? But what ideas have not occurred to me?' said she, with a little shake of her head. 'Pain is a torch that throws light on life, and if I ever recover my health——'

'You shall enjoy yourself, my child,' the old man put in.

'Certainly I long to enjoy life,' said she, 'but should I be able for it?—My son, I hope, will be a lawyer, worthy of his two grandfathers, and he must leave me. What is to be done?—If God restores me to life, I will dedicate it to Him.—Oh, not till I have given you both as much of it as you desire!' she exclaimed, looking at her father and her boy. 'There are times, my dear father, when Monsieur de Maistre's ideas work in my brain, and I fancy I am expiating some sin.'

'That is what comes of reading so much!' cried the old man, visibly grieved.

‘There was that brave Polish General, my great grandfather; he meddled very innocently in the concerns of Poland——’

‘Now we have come back to Poland!’ exclaimed Bernard.

‘How can I help it, papa? My sufferings are intolerable, they make me hate life, and disgust me with myself. Well, what have I done to deserve them? Such an illness is not mere disordered health; it is a complete wreck of the whole constitution, and——’

‘Sing the national air your poor mother used to sing; it will please Monsieur Godefroid, I have spoken to him of your voice,’ said her father, evidently anxious to divert his daughter’s mind from the ideas she was following out.

Vanda began to sing in a low, soft voice a hymn in the Polish tongue, which left Godefroid bewildered with admiration and sadness. This melody, a good deal like the long-drawn melancholy tunes of Brittany, is one of those poetic airs that linger in the mind long after being heard. As he listened to Vanda, Godefroid at first looked at her; but he could not bear the ecstatic eyes of this remnant of a woman, now half-crazed, and he gazed at some tassels that hung on each side of the top of the bed.

‘Ah, ha!’ said Vanda, laughing at Godefroid’s evident curiosity, ‘you are wondering what those are for?’

‘Vanda, Vanda, be calm, my child! See, here comes the tea.—This, Monsieur, is a very expensive contrivance,’ he said to Godefroid. ‘My daughter cannot raise herself, nor can she remain in bed without its being made and the sheets changed. Those cords work over pulleys, and by slipping a sheet of leather under her and attaching it by rings at the corners to those ropes, we can lift her without fatiguing her or ourselves.’

‘Yes, I am carried up—up!’ said Vanda deliriously.

Auguste happily came in with a teapot, which he set on a little table, where he also placed the Sèvres tray, covered with sandwiches and cakes. Then he brought in the cream and butter. This diverted the sick woman's mind ; she had been on the verge of an attack.

'Here, Vanda, is Nathan's last novel. If you should lie awake to-night, you will have something to read.'

'*La Perle de Dol!* That will be a love-story no doubt.—Auguste, what do you think ? I am to have a harmonium !'

Auguste raised his head quickly, and looked strangely at his grandfather.

'You see how fond he is of his mother !' Vanda went on.—'Come and kiss me, dear rogue.—No, it is not your grandfather that you must thank, but Monsieur Godefroid ; our kind neighbour promises to borrow one for me to-morrow morning.—What is it like, Monsieur ?'

Godefroid, at a nod from the old man, gave a long description of the harmonium while enjoying the tea Auguste had made, which was of superior quality and delicious flavour.

At about half-past ten the visitor withdrew, quite overpowered by the frantic struggle maintained by the father and son, while admiring their heroism and the patience that enabled them, day after day, to play two equally exhausting parts.

'Now,' said Monsieur Bernard, accompanying him to his own door, 'now you know the life I lead ! At every hour I have to endure the alarms of a robber, on the alert for everything. One word, one look might kill my daughter. One toy removed from those she is accustomed to see about her would reveal everything to her, for mind sees through walls.'

'Monsieur,' said Godefroid, 'on Monday Halpersohn will pronounce his opinion on your daughter, for he is

at home again. I doubt whether science can restore her frame.'

'Oh, I do not count upon it,' said the old man with a sigh. 'If they will only make her life endurable.—I trusted to your tact, Monsieur, and I want to thank you, for you understood.—Ah! the attack has come on!' cried he, hearing a scream. 'She has done too much——'

He pressed Godefroid's hand and hurried away.

At eight next morning Godefroid knocked at the famous doctor's door. He was shown up by the servant to a room on the first floor of the house, which he had had time to examine while the porter found the manservant.

Happily, Godefroid's punctuality had saved him the vexation of waiting, as he had hoped it might. He was evidently the first-comer. He was led through a very plain anteroom into a large study, where he found an old man in a dressing-gown, smoking a long pipe. The dressing-gown, of black moreen, was shiny with wear, and dated from the time of the Polish dispersion.

'What can I do to serve you?' said the Jew, 'for you are not ill.'

And he fixed Godefroid with a look that had all the sharp inquisitiveness of the Polish Jew, eyes which seem to have ears.

To Godefroid's great surprise, Halpersohn was a man of fifty-six, with short bow-legs and a broad, powerful frame. There was an Oriental stamp about the man, and his face must in youth have been singularly handsome; the remains showed a marked Jewish nose, as long and as curved as a Damascus scimitar. His forehead was truly Polish, broad and lofty, wrinkled all over like crumpled paper, and recalling that of a Saint-Joseph by some old Italian master. His eyes were sea-green, set like a parrot's in puckered grey lids, and expressive of

cunning and avarice in the highest degree. His mouth, thin and straight, like a cut in his face, lent this sinister countenance a crowning touch of suspiciousness.

The pale, lean features—for Halpersohn was extraordinarily thin—were crowned by ill-kept grey hair, and graced by a very thick, long beard, black streaked with white, that hid half his face, so that only the forehead and eyes, the cheek-bones, nose, and lips were visible.

This man, a friend of the agitator Lelewel, wore a black velvet cap that came down in a point on his forehead and showed off its mellow hue, worthy of Rembrandt's brush.

The doctor, who subsequently became equally famous for his talents and his avarice, startled Godefroid by his question, and the young man asked himself, 'Can he take me for a thief?'

The reply to the question was evident on the doctor's table and chimney-piece. Godefroid had fancied himself the first-comer—he was the last. His patients had laid very handsome sums on the table and shelf, for Godefroid saw piles of twenty and forty franc pieces and two thousand-franc notes. Was all this the fruit of a single morning? He greatly doubted it, and he suspected an ingenious trick. The infallible but money-loving doctor perhaps tried thus to encourage his patients' liberality, and to make his rich clients believe that he was given bank-notes as if they were curl-papers.

Moïse Halpersohn was no doubt largely paid, for he cured his patients, and cured them of those very complaints which the profession gave up in despair. It is very little known in Western Europe that the Slav nations possess a store of medical secrets. They have a number of sovereign remedies derived from their intercourse with the Chinese, the Persians, the Cossacks, the Turks, and the Tartars. Some peasant women, regarded as witches, have been known to cure hydrophobia completely in Poland with the juice of certain plants.

There is among those nations a great mass of uncoded information as to the effects of certain plants and the powdered bark of trees, which is handed down from family to family, and miraculous cures are effected there.

Halpersohn, who for five or six years was regarded as a charlatan, with his powders and mixtures, had the innate instinct of a great healer. Not only was he learned, he had observed with great care, and had travelled all over Germany, Russia, Persia, and Turkey, where he had picked up much traditional lore; and as he was learned in chemistry, he became a living encyclopedia of the secrets preserved by 'the good women,' as they were called, the midwives and 'wise women' of every country whither he had followed his father, a wandering trader.

It must not be supposed that the scene in *Richard in Palestine*, in which Saladin cures the King of England, is pure fiction. Halpersohn has a little silk bag, which he soaks in water till it is faintly coloured, and certain fevers yield to this infusion taken by the patient. The virtues residing in plants are infinitely various, according to him, and the most terrible maladies admit of cure. He, however, like his brother physicians, pauses sometimes before the incomprehensible. Halpersohn admires the invention of homœopathy, less for its medical system than for its therapeutics; he was at that time in correspondence with Hedenius of Dresden, Chelius of Heidelberg, and the other famous Germans, but keeping his own hand dark though it was full of discoveries. He would have no pupils.

The setting of this figure, which might have stepped out of a picture by Rembrandt, was quite in harmony with it. The study, hung with green flock paper, was poorly furnished with a green divan. The carpet, also of moss green, showed the thread. A large armchair covered with black leather, for the patients, stood near the window, which was hung with green curtains. The

doctor's seat was a study-chair with arms, in the Roman style, of mahogany with a green leather seat. Besides the chimney-piece and the long table at which he wrote, there was in the middle of the wall opposite the fireplace a common iron chest supporting a clock of Vienna granite, on which stood a bronze group of Love sporting with Death, the gift of a famous German sculptor whom Halpersohn had, no doubt, cured. A tazza between two candlesticks was all the ornament of the chimney-shelf. Two bracket shelves, one at each end of the divan, served to place trays on, and Godefroid noted that there were silver bowls on them, water-bottles, and table-napkins.

This simplicity, verging on bareness, struck Godefroid, who took everything in at a glance, and he recovered his presence of mind.

'I am perfectly well, Monsieur. I have not come to consult you myself, but on behalf of a lady whom you ought long since to have seen—a lady living on the Boulevard du Mont-Parnasse.'

'Oh yes, that lady has sent her son to me several times. Well, Monsieur, tell her to come to see me?'

'Tell her to come!' cried Godefroid indignantly. 'Why, Monsieur, she cannot be lifted from her bed to a sofa; she has to be raised by straps.'

'You are not a doctor?' asked the Jew, with a singular grimace which made his face look even more wicked.

'If Baron de Nucingen sent to tell you that he was ill and to ask you to visit him, would you reply, "Tell him to come to me"?''

'I should go to him,' said the Jew drily, as he spat into a Dutch spittoon made of mahogany and filled with sand.

'You would go to him,' Godefroid said mildly, 'because the Baron has two millions a year, and——'

'Nothing else has to do with the matter. I should go.'

‘Very well, Monsieur, you may come and see the lady on the Boulevard du Mont-Parnasse for the same reason. Though I have not such a fortune as the Baron de Nucingen, I am here to tell you that you can name your own price for the cure, or, if you fail, for your care of her. I am prepared to pay you in advance. But how is it, Monsieur, that you, a Polish exile, a communist, I believe, will make no sacrifice for the sake of Poland! For this lady is the grand-daughter of General Tarlovski, Prince Poniatowski’s friend——’

‘Monsieur, you came to ask me to prescribe for this lady, and not to give me your advice. In Poland I am a Pole; in Paris a Parisian. Every one does good in his own way, and you may believe me when I tell you that the greed attributed to me has its good reasons. The money I accumulate has its uses; it is sacred. I sell health; rich persons can pay for it, and I make them buy it. The poor have their physicians.—If I had no aim in view, I should not practise medicine.—I live soberly, and I spend my time in rushing from one to another; I am by nature lazy, and I used to be a gambler. You may draw your own conclusions, young man!—You are not old enough to judge the aged!’

Godefroid kept silence.

‘You live with the granddaughter of the foolhardy soldier who had no courage but for fighting, and who betrayed his country to Catherine II.?’

‘Yes, Monsieur.’

‘Then be at home on Monday at three o’clock,’ said he, laying down his pipe and taking up his note-book, in which he wrote a few words. ‘When I call, you will please to pay me two hundred francs; then, if I undertake to cure her, you will give me a thousand crowns.—I have been told,’ he went on, ‘that the lady is shrunk as if she had fallen in the fire.’

‘It is a case, Monsieur, if you will believe the first physicians of Paris, of nervous disease, with symptoms so

strange that no one can imagine them who has not seen them.'

'Ah, yes, now I remember the details given me by that little fellow.—Till to-morrow, Monsieur.'

Godefroid left with a bow to this singular and extraordinary man. There was nothing about him to show or suggest a medical man, not even in that bare consulting-room, where the only article of furniture that was at all remarkable was the ponderous chest, made by Huret or Fichet.

Godefroid reached the Passage Vivienne in time to purchase a splendid harmonium before the shop was shut, and he despatched it forthwith to Monsieur Bernard, whose address he gave.

Then he went to the Rue Chanoinesse, passing along the Quai des Augustins, where he hoped still to find a bookseller's shop open; he was, in fact, so fortunate, and had a long conversation on the cost of law-books, with the clerk in charge.

He found Madame de la Chanterie and her friends just come in from high mass, and he answered her first inquiring glance with a significant shake.

'And our dear Father Alain is not with you?' said he.

'He will not be here this Sunday,' replied Madame de la Chanterie. 'You will not find him here till this day week, unless you go to the place where you know you can meet him.'

'Madame,' said Godefroid, in an undertone, 'you know I am less afraid of him than of these gentlemen, and I intended to confess to him.'

'And I?'

'Oh, you—I will tell you everything, for I have many things to say to you. As a beginning, I have come upon the most extraordinary case of destitution, the strangest union of poverty and luxury, and figures of a sublimity which outdoes the inventions of our most admired romancers.'

‘Nature, and especially moral nature, is always as far above art as God is above His creatures. But come,’ said Madame de la Chanterie, ‘and tell me all about your expedition into the unknown lands where you made your first venture.’

Monsieur Nicolas and Monsieur Joseph—for the Abbé de Vèze had remained for a few minutes at Notre-Dame—left Madame de la Chanterie alone with Godefroid; and he, fresh from the emotions he had gone through the day before, related every detail with the intensity, the gesticulation, and the eagerness that come of the first impression produced by such a scene and its accessories of men and things. He had a success too; for Madame de la Chanterie, calm and gentle as she was, and accustomed to look into gulfs of suffering, shed tears.

‘You did right,’ said she, ‘to send the harmonium.’

‘I wish I could have done much more,’ replied Godefroid, ‘since this is the first family through whom I have known the pleasures of charity; I want to secure to this noble old man the chief part of the profits on his great work. I do not know whether you have enough confidence in me to enable me to undertake such a business. From the information I have gained, it would cost about nine thousand francs to bring out an edition of fifteen hundred copies, and their lowest selling value would be twenty-four thousand francs. As we must, in the first instance, pay off the three thousand and odd francs that have been advanced on the manuscript, we should have to risk twelve thousand francs.’

‘Oh, Madame! if you could but imagine how bitterly, as I made my way hither from the Quai des Augustins, I rued having so foolishly wasted my little fortune. The Genius of Charity appeared to me, as it were, and filled me with the ardour of a neophyte; I desire to renounce the world, to live the life of these gentlemen, and to be worthy of you. Many a time during the past two days have I blessed the chance that brought me to your house.’

I will obey you in every particular till you judge me worthy to join the brotherhood.'

'Well,' said Madame de la Chanterie very seriously, after a few minutes of reflection, 'listen to me, I have important things to say to you. You have been fascinated, my dear boy, by the poetry of misfortune. Yes, misfortune often has a poetry of its own; for, to me, poetry is a certain exaltation of feeling, and suffering is feeling. We live so much through suffering!'

'Yes, Madame, I was captured by the demon of curiosity. How could I help it! I have not yet acquired the habit of seeing into the heart of these unfortunate lives, and I cannot set out with the calm resolution of your three pious soldiers of the Lord. But I may tell you, it was not till I had quelled this incitement that I devoted myself to your work.'

'Listen, my very dear son,' said Madame de la Chanterie, saying the words with a saintly sweetness which deeply touched Godefroid, 'we have forbidden ourselves absolutely—and this is no exaggeration, for we do not allow ourselves even to think of what is forbidden—we have forbidden ourselves ever to embark in a speculation. To print a book for sale, and looking for a return, is business, and any transaction of that kind would involve us in the difficulties of trade. To be sure, it looks in this case very feasible, and even necessary. Do you suppose that it is the first instance of the kind that has come before us? Twenty times, a hundred times, we have seen how a family, a concern, could be saved. But, then, what should we have become in undertaking matters of this kind? We should be simply a trading firm. To be a sleeping partner with the unfortunate is not work; it is only helping misfortune to work. In a few days you may meet with even harder cases than this; will you do the same thing? You would be overwhelmed.

'Remember, for one thing, that the house of Mongenod,

for a year past, has ceased to keep our accounts. Quite half of your time will be taken up by keeping our books. There are, at this time, nearly two thousand persons in our debt in Paris; and of those who may repay us, at any rate, it is necessary that we should check the amounts they owe us. We never sue—we wait. We calculate that half of the money given out is lost. The other half sometimes returns doubled.

‘Now, suppose this lawyer were to die, the twelve thousand francs would be badly invested! But if his daughter recovers, if his grandson does well, if he one day gets another appointment—then, if he has any sense of honour, he will remember the debt, and return the funds of the poor with interest. Do you know that more than one family, raised from poverty and started by us on the road to fortune by considerable loans without interest, has saved for the poor and returned us sums of double and sometimes treble the amount?’

‘This is our only form of speculation.

‘In the first place, as to this case which interests you, and ought to interest you, consider that the sale of the lawyer’s book depends on its merits; have you read it? Then, even if the work is excellent, how many excellent books have remained two or three years without achieving the success they deserved. How many a wreath is laid on a tomb! And, as I know, publishers have ways of driving bargains and taking their charges, which make the business one of the most risky and the most difficult to disentangle of all in Paris. Monsieur Nicolas can tell you about these difficulties, inherent in the nature of book-making. So, you see, we are prudent; we have ample experience of every kind of misery, as of every branch of trade, for we have long been studying Paris. The Mongenods give us much help; they are a light to our path, and through them we know that the Bank of France is always suspicious of the book-trade, though it is a noble trade—but it is badly conducted.

‘As to the four thousand francs needed to save this noble family from the horrors of indigence, I will give you the money; for the poor boy and his grandfather must be fed and decently dressed.—There are sorrows, miseries, wounds, which we bind up at once without inquiring who it is that we are helping; religion, honour, character, are not inquired into; but as soon as it is a case of lending the money belonging to the poor to assist the unfortunate under the more active form of industry or trade, then we require some guarantee, and are as rigid as the money-lenders. So, for all beyond this immediate relief, be satisfied with finding the most honest publisher for the old man’s book. This is a matter for Monsieur Nicolas. He is acquainted with lawyers and professors and authors of works in jurisprudence; next Saturday he will, no doubt, be prepared with some good advice for you.

‘Be easy; the difficulty will be got over if possible. At the same time, it might be well if Monsieur Nicolas could read the magistrate’s book; if you can persuade him to lend it.’

Godefroid was amazed at this woman’s sound sense, for he had believed her to be animated solely by the spirit of charity. He knelt on one knee and kissed one of her beautiful hands, saying—

‘Then you are Reason too!’

‘In our work we have to be everything,’ said she, with the peculiar cheerfulness of a true saint.

There was a brief silence, broken by Godefroid, who exclaimed—

‘Two thousand debtors, did you say, Madame? Two thousand accounts! It is tremendous!’

‘Two thousand accounts, which may lead, as I have told you, to our being repaid from the delicate honour of the borrowers. But there are three thousand more—families who will never make us any return but in thanks. Thus, as I have told you, we feel that it is necessary to

keep books; and if your secrecy is above suspicion, you will be our financial oracle. We ought to keep a day-book, a ledger, a book of current expenses, and a cash-book. Of course, we have receipts, notes of hand, but it takes a great deal of time to look for them—— Here come the gentlemen.'

Godefroid, at first serious and thoughtful, took little part in the conversation; he was bewildered by the revelation Madame de Chanterie had just imparted to him in a way which showed that she meant it to be the reward of his zeal.

'Two thousand families indebted to us!' said he to himself. 'Why, if they all cost as much as Monsieur Bernard will cost us, we must have millions sown broadcast in Paris!'

This reflection was one of the last promptings of the worldly spirit which was fast dying out in Godefroid. As he thought the matter over, he understood that the united fortunes of Madame de la Chanterie, of Messieurs Alain, Nicolas, Joseph, and Judge Popinot, with the gifts collected by the Abbé de Vèze, and the loans from the Mongenods, must have produced a considerable capital; also, that in twelve or fifteen years this capital, with the interest paid on it by those who had shown their gratitude, must have increased like a snowball, since the charitable holders took nothing from it. By degrees he began to see clearly how the immense affair was managed, and his wish to co-operate was increased.

At nine o'clock he was about to return on foot to the Boulevard du Mont-Parnasse; but Madame de la Chanterie, distrustful of so lonely a neighbourhood, insisted on his taking a cab. As he got out of the vehicle, though the shutters were so closely fastened that not a gleam of light was visible, Godefroid heard the sounds of the instrument; and Auguste, who, no doubt, was watching for

Godefroid's return, half opened the door on the landing, and said—

‘Mamma would very much like to see you, and my grandfather begs you will take a cup of tea.’

Godefroid went in and found the invalid transfigured by the pleasure of the music; her face beamed and her eyes sparkled like diamonds.

‘I ought to have waited for you, to let you hear the first chords; but I flew at this little organ as a hungry man rushes on a banquet. But you have a soul to understand me, and I know I am forgiven.’

Vanda made a sign to her son, who placed himself where he could press the pedal that supplied the interior of the instrument with wind; and, with her eyes raised to heaven like Saint Cecilia, the invalid, whose hands had for a time recovered their strength and agility, performed some variations on the prayer in *Mosè* which her son had bought for her. She had composed them in a few hours. Godefroid discerned in her a talent identical with that of Chopin. It was a soul manifesting itself by divine sounds in which sweet melancholy predominated.

Monsieur Bernard greeted Godefroid with a look expressing a sentiment long since in abeyance. If the tears had not been for ever dried up in the old man scorched by so many fierce sorrows, his eyes would at this moment have been wet.

The old lawyer was fingering his snuff-box and gazing at his daughter with unutterable rapture.

‘To-morrow, Madame,’ said Godefroid, when the music had ceased, ‘your fate will be sealed, for I have good news for you. The famous Halpersohn will come at three o’clock.—And he has promised,’ he added in Monsieur Bernard’s ear, ‘to tell me the truth.’

The old man rose, and taking Godefroid by the hand, led him into a corner of the room near the fireplace. He was trembling.

‘What a night lies before me! It is the final sentence!’ said he in a whisper. ‘My daughter will be cured or condemned!’

‘Take courage,’ said Godefroid, ‘and after tea come to my rooms.’

‘Cease playing, my child,’ said Monsieur Bernard; ‘you will bring on an attack. Such an expenditure of strength will be followed by a reaction.’

He made Auguste remove the instrument, and brought his daughter her cup of tea with the coaxing ways of a nurse who wants to anticipate the impatience of a baby.

‘And what is this doctor like?’ asked she, already diverted by the prospect of seeing a stranger.

Vanda, like all prisoners, was consumed by curiosity. When the physical symptoms of her complaint gave her some respite, they seemed to develop in her mind, and then she had the strangest whims and violent caprices. She wanted to see Rossini, and cried because her father, who could, she imagined, do everything, assured her he could not bring him.

Godefroid gave her a minute description of the Jewish physician and his consulting-room, for she knew nothing of the steps taken by her father. Monsieur Bernard had enjoined silence on his grandson as to his visits to Halpersohn; he had so much feared to excite hopes which might not be realised. Vanda seemed to hang on the words that fell from Godefroid’s lips; she was spell-bound and almost crazy, so ardent did her desire become to see the strange Pole.

‘Poland has produced many singular and mysterious figures,’ said the old lawyer. ‘Just now, for instance, besides this doctor there is Hoëné Vronski the mathematician and seer, Mickievicz the poet, the inspired Tovianski, and Chopin with his superhuman talent. Great national agitations always produce these crippled giants.’

‘Oh, my dear papa, what a man you are’ if you were to write down all that we hear you say simply to entertain me, you would make a fortune! For, would you believe me, Monsieur, my kind old father invents tales for me when I have no more novels to read, and so sends me to sleep. His voice lulls me, and he often soothes my pain with his cleverness. Who will ever repay him?—Auguste, my dear boy, you ought to kiss your grandfather’s footprints for me.’

The youth looked at his mother with his fine eyes full of tears; and that look, overflowing with long repressed compassion, was a poem in itself. Godefroid rose, took Auguste’s hand, and pressed it warmly.

‘God has given you two angels for your companions, Madame!’ he exclaimed.

‘Indeed I know it. And I blame myself for so often provoking them. Come, dear Auguste, and kiss your mother. He is a son, Monsieur, of whom any mother would be proud. He is as good as gold, candid—a soul without sin; but a rather too impassioned creature, like his mamma. God has nailed me to my bed to preserve me perhaps from the follies women commit—when they have too much heart!’ she ended with a smile.

Godefroid smiled in reply and bowed good-night.

‘Good-night, Monsieur; and be sure to thank your friend, for he has made a poor cripple very happy.’

‘Monsieur,’ said Godefroid when he was in his rooms, alone with Monsieur Bernard, who had followed him, ‘I think I may promise you that you shall not be robbed by those three sharpers. I can get the required sum, but you must place the papers proving the loan in my hands. If I am to do anything more, you should allow me to have your book—not to read myself, for I am not learned enough to judge of it, but to be read by an old lawyer I know, a man of unimpeachable integrity, who will undertake, according to the character of the work, to find a

respectable firm with whom you may deal on equitable terms.—On this, however, I do not insist.

‘Meanwhile, here are five hundred francs,’ he went on, offering a note to the astonished lawyer, ‘to supply your more pressing wants. I ask for no receipt; you will be indebted on no evidence but that of your conscience, and your conscience may lie silent till you have to some extent recovered yourself.—I will settle with Halpersohn.’

‘But who are you?’ asked the old man, sinking on to a chair.

‘I,’ replied Godefroid, ‘am nobody; but I serve certain powerful persons to whom your necessities are now made known, and who take an interest in you.—Ask no more.’

‘And what motive can these persons have——?’

‘Religion, Monsieur,’ replied Godefroid.

‘Is it possible?—Religion!’

‘Yes, the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman religion.’

‘Then you are of the Order of Jesus?’

‘No, Monsieur,’ said Godefroid. ‘Be perfectly easy. No one has any design on you beyond that of helping you and restoring your family to comfort.’

‘Can philanthropy then wear any guise but that of vanity?’

‘Nay, Monsieur, do not insult holy Catholic Charity, the virtue described by Saint Paul!’ cried Godefroid eagerly.

At this reply Monsieur Bernard began to stride up and down the room.

‘I accept!’ he suddenly said. ‘And I have but one way of showing my gratitude—that is, by intrusting you with my work. The notes and quotations are unnecessary to a lawyer; and I have, as I told you, two months’ work before me yet in copying them out.—To-morrow then,’ and he shook hands with Godefroid.

‘Can I have effected a conversion?’ thought Gode-

froid, struck by the new expression he saw on the old man's face as he had last spoken.

Next day, at three o'clock, a hackney coach stopped at the door, and out of it stepped Halpersohn, buried in a vast bearskin coat. The cold had increased in the course of the night, and the thermometer stood at ten degrees below freezing.

The Jewish doctor narrowly though furtively examined the room in which his visitor of yesterday received him, and Godefroid detected a gleam of suspicion sparkling in his eye like the point of a dagger. This swift flash of doubt gave Godefroid an internal chill; he began to think that this man would be merciless in his money dealings; and it is so natural to think of genius as allied to goodness, that this gave him an impulse of disgust.

'Monsieur,' said he, 'I perceive that the plainness of my lodgings arouses your uneasiness; so you will not be surprised at my manner of proceeding. Here are your two hundred francs, and here, you see, are three notes for a thousand francs each'—and he drew out the notes which Madame de la Chanterie had given him to redeem Monsieur Bernard's manuscript. 'If you have any further doubts as to my solvency, I may refer you, as a guarantee for the carrying out of my pledge, to Messrs. Mongenod the bankers, Rue de la Victoire.'

'I know them,' said Halpersohn, slipping the ten gold pieces into his pocket.

'And he will go there!' thought Godefroid.

'And where does the sick lady live?' asked the doctor, rising, as a man who knows the value of time.

'Come this way, Monsieur,' said Godefroid, going first to show him the way.

The Jew cast a shrewd and scrutinising glance on the rooms he went through, for he had the eye of a spy; and he was able to see the misery of poverty through the door into Monsieur Bernard's bedroom, for, unluckily, Monsieur Bernard had just been putting on the

dress in which he always showed himself to his daughter, and in his haste to admit his visitors he left the door of his kennel ajar.

He bowed with dignity to Halpersohn, and softly opened his daughter's bedroom door.

'Vanda, my dear, here is the doctor,' he said.

He stood aside to let Halpersohn pass, still wrapped in his furs.

The Jew was surprised at the splendour of this room, which in this part of the town seemed anomalous; but his astonishment was of no long duration, for he had often seen in the houses of German and Polish Jews a similar discrepancy between the display of extreme penury and concealed wealth. While walking from the door to the bed he never took his eyes off the sufferer; and when he stood by her side, he said to her in Polish—

'Are you a Pole?'

'I am not; my mother was.'

'Whom did your grandfather, General Tarlovski, marry?'

'A Pole.'

'Of what province?'

'A Sobolevska of Pinsk.'

'Good.—And this gentleman is your father?'

'Yes, Monsieur.'

'Monsieur,' said Halpersohn, 'is your wife——'

'She is dead,' replied Monsieur Bernard.

'Was she excessively fair?' said Halpersohn, with some impatience at the interruption.

'Here is a portrait of her,' replied Monsieur Bernard, taking down a handsome frame containing several good miniatures.

Halpersohn was feeling the invalid's head and hair, while he looked at the portrait of Vanda Tarlovska *née* Comtesse Sobolevska.

'Tell me the symptoms of the patient's illness.' And he seated himself in the armchair, gazing steadily at

Vanda during twenty minutes, while the father and daughter spoke by turns.

‘And how old is the lady?’

‘Eight-and-thirty.’

‘Very good!’ he said as he rose. ‘Well, I undertake to cure her. I cannot promise to give her the use of her legs, but she can be cured. Only, she must be placed in a private hospital in my part of the town.’

‘But, Monsieur, my daughter cannot be moved——’

‘I will answer for her life,’ said Halpersohn sententiously. ‘But I answer for her only on those conditions.—Do you know she will exchange her present symptoms for another horrible form of disease, which will last for a year perhaps, or six months at the very least?—You can come to see her, as you are her father.’

‘And it is certain?’ asked Monsieur Bernard.

‘Certain,’ repeated the Jew. ‘Your daughter has a vicious humour, a national disorder, in her blood, and it must be brought out. When you bring her, carry her to the Rue Basse-Saint-Pierre at Chaillot—Dr. Halpersohn’s private hospital.’

‘But how?’

‘On a stretcher, as the sick people are always carried to a hospital.’

‘But it will kill her to be moved.’

‘No.’

‘And Halpersohn, as he spoke this curt *No*, was at the door, where Godefroid met him on the landing.

The Jew, who was suffocating with heat, said in his ear—

‘The charge will be fifteen francs a day, besides the thousand crowns; three months paid in advance.’

‘Very good, Monsieur.—And,’ asked Godefroid, standing on the step of the cab into which the doctor had hurried, ‘you answer for the cure?’

‘Positively,’ said the Pole. ‘Are you in love with the lady?’

‘No,’ said Godefroid.

‘You must not repeat what I am about to tell you, for I am saying it only to prove to you that I am sure of the cure; but if you say anything about it, you will be the death of the woman——’

Godefroid replied only by a gesture.

‘For seventeen years she has been suffering from the disease known as *Plica Polonica*, which can produce all these torments; I have seen the most dreadful cases. Now I am the only man living who knows how to bring out the *Plica* in such a form as to be curable, for not every one gets over it. You see, Monsieur, that I am really very liberal. If this were some great lady—a Baronne de Nucingen or any other wife or daughter of some modern Cræsus—I should get a hundred—two hundred thousand francs for this cure—whatever I might like to ask!—However, that is a minor misfortune.’

‘And moving her?’

‘Oh, she will seem to be dying, but she will not die of it! She may live a hundred years when once she is cured.—Now, Jacques, quick—Rue Monsieur, and make haste!’ said he to the driver.

He left Godefroid standing in the street, where he gazed in bewilderment after the retreating cab.

‘Who on earth is that queer-looking man dressed in bearskin?’ asked Madame Vauthier, whom nothing could escape. ‘Is it true, as the hackney coachman said, that he is the most famous doctor in Paris?’

‘And what can that matter to you, Mother Vauthier?’

‘Oh, not at all,’ said she with a sour face.

‘You made a great mistake in not siding with me,’ said Godefroid, as he slowly went into the house. ‘You would have done better than by sticking to Monsieur Barbet and Monsieur Métivier; you will get nothing out of them.’

‘And am I on their side?’ retorted she with a shrug. ‘Monsieur Barbet is my landlord, that is all.’

It took two days to persuade Monsieur Bernard to part from his daughter and carry her to Chaillot. Godefroid and the old lawyer walked all the way, one on each side of the stretcher, screened in with striped blue-and-white ticking, on which the precious patient lay, almost tied down to the mattress, so greatly did her father fear the convulsions of a nervous attack. However, having set out at three o'clock, the procession reached the private hospital at five, when it was dusk. Godefroid paid the four hundred and fifty francs demanded for the three months' board, and took a receipt for it; then, when he went down to pay the two porters, Monsieur Bernard joined him and took from under the mattress a very voluminous sealed packet, which he handed to Godefroid.

'One of these men will fetch you a cab,' said he, 'for you cannot carry those four volumes very far. This is my book; place it in my censor's hands; I will leave it with him for a week. I shall remain at least a week in this neighbourhood, for I cannot abandon my daughter to her fate. I know my grandson; he can mind the house, especially with you to help him; and I commend him to your care. If I were myself what once I was, I would ask you my critic's name; for if he was once a magistrate, there were few whom I did not know——'

'It is no mystery,' said Godefroid, interrupting Monsieur Bernard. 'Since you show such entire confidence in me, I may tell you that the reader is the President Lecamus de Tresnes.'

'Oh, of the Supreme Court in Paris. Take it—by all means. He is one of the noblest men of our time. He and the late Judge Popinot, the judge of the Lower Court, were lawyers worthy of the best days of the old Parlements. All my fears, if I had any, must vanish.—And where does he live? I should like to go and thank him when he has taken so much trouble.'

'You will find him in the Rue Chanoinesse, under

the name of Monsieur Nicolas. I am just going there.—But your agreement with those rascals?’

‘Auguste will give it you,’ said the old man, going back into the hospital.

A cab was found on the Quai de Billy and brought by one of the men; Godefroid got in and stimulated the driver by the promise of drink money if he drove quickly to the Rue Chanoinesse, where he intended to dine.

Half an hour after Vanda’s removal, three men, dressed in black, were let in by Madame Vauthier at the door in the Rue Notre-Dame des Champs, where they had been waiting, no doubt, till the coast should be clear. They went upstairs under the guidance of the Judas in petticoats, and gently knocked at Monsieur Bernard’s door. As it happened to be a Thursday, the young collegian was at home. He opened the door, and three men slipped like shadows into the outer room.

‘What do you want, gentlemen?’ asked the youth.

‘This is Monsieur Bernard’s—that is to say, Monsieur le Baron——?’

‘But what do you want here?’

‘Oh, you know that pretty well, young man, for your grandfather has just gone off with a closed litter, I am told.—Well, that does not surprise us; he shows his wisdom. I am a bailiff, and I have come to seize everything here. On Monday last you were summoned to pay three thousand francs and the expenses to Monsieur Métivier, under penalty of imprisonment; and as a man who has grown onions knows the smell of chives, the debtor has taken the key of the fields rather than wait for that of the lock-up. However, if we cannot secure him, we can get a wing or a leg of his gorgeous furniture—for we know all about it, young man, and we are going to make an official report.’

‘Here are some stamped papers that your grandpapa

would never take,' said the Widow Vauthier, shoving three writs into Auguste's hand.

'Stay here, Ma'am; we will put you in possession. The law gives you forty sous a day; it is not to be sneezed at.'

'Ah, ha! Then I shall see what there is in the grand bedroom!' cried Madame Vauthier.

'You shall not go into my mother's room!' cried the lad in a fury, as he flung himself between the door and the three men in black.

On a sign from their leader, the two men and a lawyer's clerk who came in seized Auguste.

'No resistance, young man; you are not master here. We shall draw up a charge, and you will spend the night in the lock-up.'

At this dreadful threat, Auguste melted into tears.

'Oh, what a mercy,' cried he, 'that mamma is gone! This would have killed her!'

The men and the bailiff now held a sort of council with the Widow Vauthier. Auguste understood, though they talked in a low voice, that what they chiefly wanted was to seize his grandfather's manuscripts, so he opened the bedroom door.

'Walk in then, gentlemen,' said he, 'but spoil nothing. You will be paid to-morrow morning. Then, still in tears, he went into his own squalid room, snatched up all his grandfather's notes, and stuffed them into the stove, where he knew that there was not a spark of fire.

The thing was done so promptly, that the bailiff, though he was keen and cunning, and worthy of his employers Barbet and Métivier, found the boy in tears on a chair when he rushed into the room, having concluded that the manuscripts would not be in the ante-room. Though books and manuscripts may not legally be seized for debt, the lien signed by the old lawyer in this case justified the proceeding. Still, it would have been easy to find means of delaying the distraint, as

Monsieur Bernard would certainly have known. Hence the necessity for acting with cunning.

The Widow Vauthier had been an invaluable ally to her landlord by failing to serve his notices on her lodger; her plan was to throw them on him when entering at the heels of the officers of justice; or, if necessary, to declare to Monsieur Bernard that she had supposed them to be intended for the two writers who had been absent for two days.

The inventory of the goods took above an hour to make out, for the bailiff would omit nothing, and regarded the value as sufficient to pay off the debts.

As soon as the officers were gone, the poor youth took the writs and hurried away to find his grandfather at Halpersohn's hospital; for, as the bailiff assured him that Madame Vauthier was responsible for everything under heavy penalties, he could leave the place without fear.

The idea of his grandfather's being taken to prison for debt drove the poor boy absolutely mad—mad in the way in which the young are mad; that is to say, a victim to the dangerous and fatal excitement in which every energy of youth is in a ferment and may lead to the worst as to the most heroic actions.

When poor Auguste reached the Rue Basse-Saint-Pierre, the doorkeeper told him that he did not know what had become of the father of the patient brought in at five o'clock, but that by Monsieur Halpersohn's orders no one—not even her father—was to be allowed to see the lady for a week, or it might endanger her life.

This reply put a climax to Auguste's desperation. He went back again to the Boulevard du Mont-Parnasse, revolving the most extravagant schemes as he went. He got home by about half-past eight, almost starving, so exhausted by hunger and grief, that he accepted when Madame Vauthier invited him to share her supper, consisting of a stew of mutton and potatoes. The poor boy

dropped half dead into a chair in the dreadful woman's room.

Encouraged by the old woman's coaxing and insinuating words, he answered a few cunningly arranged questions about Godefroid, and gave her to understand that it was he who would pay off his grandfather's debts on the morrow, and that to him they owed the improvement that had taken place in their prospects during the past week. The widow listened to all this with an affectation of doubt, plying Auguste with a few glasses of wine.

At ten o'clock the wheels of a cab were heard to stop in front of the house, and the woman exclaimed—
'Oh, there is Monsieur Godefroid!'

Auguste took the key of his rooms and went upstairs to see the kind friend of the family; but he found Godefroid so entirely unlike himself, that he hesitated to speak till the thought of his grandfather's danger spurred the generous youth.

This is what had happened in the Rue Chanoinesse, and had caused Godefroid's stern expression of countenance.

The neophyte, arriving in good time, had found Madame de la Chanterie and her adherents in the drawing-room, and he had taken Monsieur Nicolas aside to deliver to him the *Spirit of the Modern Laws*. Monsieur Nicolas at once carried the sealed parcel to his room, and came down to dinner. Then, after chatting during the first part of the evening, he went up again, intending to begin reading the work.

Godefroid was greatly surprised when, a few minutes after, Manon came from the old judge to beg him to go up to speak with him. Following Manon, he was led to Monsieur Nicolas's room; but he could pay no attention to its details, so greatly was he startled by the evident distress of a man usually so placid and firm.

‘Did you know,’ said Monsieur Nicolas, quite the Judge again, ‘the name of the author of this work?’

‘Monsieur Bernard,’ said Godefroid. ‘I know him only by that name. I did not open the parcel——’

‘True,’ said Monsieur Nicolas. ‘I broke the seals myself.—And you made no inquiry as to his previous history?’

‘No. I know that he married for love the daughter of General Tarlovski, that his daughter is named Vanda after her mother, and his grandson Auguste. And the portrait I saw of Monsieur Bernard is, I believe, in the dress of a Presiding Judge—a red gown.’

‘Look here!’ said Monsieur Nicolas, and held out the title of the work in Auguste’s handwriting, and in the following form :—

THE SPIRIT OF THE MODERN LAWS

BY

M. BERNARD-JEAN-BAPTISTE MACLOUD

BARON BOURLAC

Formerly Attorney-General to the High Court of Justice at Rouen
Commander of the Legion of Honour.

‘Oh! The man who condemned Madame, her daughter, and the Chevalier du Vissard!’ said Godefroid in a choked voice.

His knees gave way, and the neophyte dropped on to a chair.

‘What a beginning!’ he murmured.

‘This, my dear Godefroid, is a business that comes home to us all. You have done your part; we must deal with it now! I beg you to do nothing further of any kind; go and fetch whatever you left in your

rooms; and not a word!—In fact, absolute silence. Tell Baron Boursac to apply to me. Between this and then, we shall have decided how it will be best to act in such circumstances.'

Godefroid went downstairs, called a hackney cab, and hurried back to the Boulevard du Mont-Parnasse, filled with horror as he thought of the examination and trials at Caen, of the hideous drama that ended on the scaffold, and of Madame de la Chanterie's sojourn in Bicêtre. He understood the neglect into which this lawyer, almost a second Fouquier-Tinville, had fallen in his old age, and the reasons why he so carefully concealed his name.

'I hope Monsieur Nicolas will take some terrible revenge for poor Madame de la Chanterie!'

He had just thought out this not very Christian wish, when he saw Auguste.

'What do you want of me?' asked Godefroid.

'My dear sir, a misfortune has befallen us which is turning my brain! Some scoundrels have been here to take possession of everything belonging to my mother, and they are hunting for my grandfather to put him into prison. But it is not by reason of these disasters that I turn to you for help,' said the lad with Roman pride; 'it is to beg you to do me such a service as you would do to a condemned criminal——'

'Speak,' said Godefroid.

'They wanted to get hold of my grandfather's manuscripts; and as I believe he placed the work in your hands, I want to beg you to take the notes, for the woman will not allow me to remove a thing.—Put them with the volumes, and then——'

'Very well,' said Godefroid, 'make haste and fetch them.'

While the lad went off, to return immediately, Godefroid reflected that the poor boy was guilty of no crime, that he must not break his heart by telling him about his grandfather, or the desertion which was the punish-

ment in his sad old age of the passions of his political career; he took the packet not unkindly.

‘What is your mother’s name?’ he asked.

‘My mother, Monsieur, is the Baronne de Mergi. My father was the son of the Presiding Judge of the Supreme Court at Rouen.’

‘Ah!’ said Godefroid, ‘so your grandfather married his daughter to the son of the famous Judge Mergi?’

‘Yes, Monsieur.’

‘Leave me, my little friend,’ said Godefroid.

He went out on to the landing with the young Baron de Mergi, and called Madame Vauthier.

‘Mother Vauthier,’ said he, ‘you can relet my rooms; I am never coming back again.’

And he went down to the cab.

‘Have you intrusted anything to that gentleman?’ asked the widow of Auguste.

‘Yes,’ said the lad.

‘You’re a pretty fool. He is one of your enemies’ agents. He has been at the bottom of it all, you may be sure. It is proof enough that the trick has turned out all right that he never means to come back. He told me I could let his rooms.’

Auguste flew out, and down the boulevard, running after the cab, and at last succeeded in stopping it by his shouts and cries.

‘What is it?’ asked Godefroid.

‘My grandfather’s manuscripts?’

‘Tell him to apply for them to Monsieur Nicolas.’

The lad took this reply as the cruel jest of a thief who has no shame left; he sat down in the snow as he saw the cab set off again at a brisk trot.

He rose in a fever of fierce energy and went home to bed, worn out with rushing about Paris, and quite heart-broken.

Next morning, Auguste de Mergi awoke to find himself alone in the rooms where yesterday his mother and

his grandfather had been with him, and he went through all the miseries of his position, of which he fully understood the extent. The utter desertion of the place, hitherto so amply filled, where every minute had brought with it a duty and an occupation, was so painful to him, that he went down to ask the Widow Vauthier whether his grandfather had come in during the night or early morning; for he himself had slept very late, and he supposed that if the Baron Boursac had come home the woman would have warned him against his pursuers. She replied, with a sneer, that he must know full well where to look for his grandfather; for if he had not come in, it was evident that he had taken up his abode in the 'Château de Clichy.' This impudent irony from the woman who, the day before, had cajoled him so effectually, again drove the poor boy to frenzy, and he flew to the private hospital in the Rue Basse-Saint-Pierre, in despair, as he thought of his grandfather in prison.

Baron Boursac had hung about all night in front of the hospital which he was forbidden to enter, or close to the house of Doctor Halpersohn, whom he naturally wished to call to account for this conduct. The doctor did not get home till two in the morning. The old man, who, at half-past one, had been at the doctor's door, had just gone off to walk in the Champs-Élysées, and when he returned at half-past two the gatekeeper told him that Monsieur Halpersohn was now in bed and asleep, and was on no account to be disturbed.

Here, alone, at half-past two in the morning, the unhappy father, in utter despair, paced the quay, and under the trees, loaded with frost, of the side-walks of the Cours-la-Reine, waiting for the day.

At nine o'clock he presented himself at the doctor's, and asked him why he thus kept his daughter under lock and key.

'Monsieur,' said Halpersohn, 'I yesterday made

myself answerable for your daughter's recovery ; and at this moment I am responsible for her life, and you must understand that in such a case I must have sovereign authority. I may tell you that your daughter yesterday took a remedy which will give her the *Plica*, that till the disease is brought out the lady must remain invisible. I will not allow myself to lose my patient or you to lose your daughter by exposing her to any excitement, any error of treatment ; if you really insist on seeing her, I shall demand a consultation of three medical men to protect myself against any responsibility, as the patient might die.'

The old man, exhausted with fatigue, had dropped on to a chair ; he quickly rose, however, saying—

'Forgive me, Monsieur ; I have spent the night in mortal anguish, for you cannot imagine how much I love my daughter, whom I have nursed for fifteen years between life and death, and this week of waiting is torture to me !'

The Baron left Halpersohn's study, tottering like a drunken man, the doctor giving him his arm to the top of the stairs.

About an hour later, he saw Auguste de Mergi walk into his room. On questioning the lodge-keeper of the private hospital, the poor lad had just heard that the father of the lady admitted the day before had called again in the evening, had asked for her, and had spoken of going early in the day to Doctor Halpersohn, who, no doubt, would know something about him. At the moment when Auguste de Mergi appeared in the doctor's room, Halpersohn was breakfasting off a cup of chocolate and a glass of water, all on a small round table ; he did not disturb himself for the youth, but went on soaking his strip of bread in the chocolate ; for he ate nothing but a roll, cut into four with an accuracy that argued some skill as an operator. Halpersohn had, in fact, practised surgery in the course of his travels.

‘Well, young man,’ said he as Vanda’s son came in, ‘you too have come to require me to account for your mother?’

‘Yes, Monsieur,’ said Auguste.

The young fellow had come forward as far as the large table, and his eye was immediately caught by several bank-notes lying among the little piles of gold pieces. In the position in which the unhappy boy found himself, the temptation was stronger than his principles, well grounded as they were. He saw before him the means of rescuing his grandfather, and saving the fruits of twenty years’ labour imperilled by avaricious speculators. He fell. The fascination was as swift as thought, and justified itself by an idea of self-immolation that smiled on the boy. He said to himself—

‘I shall be done for, but I shall save my mother and my grandfather.’

Under this stress of antagonism between his reason and the impulse to crime, he acquired, as madmen do, a strange and fleeting dexterity, and instead of asking after his grandfather, he listened and agreed to all the doctor was saying.

Halpersohn, like all acute observers, had understood the whole past history of the father, the daughter, and her son. He had scented or guessed the facts which Madame de Mergi’s conversation had confirmed, and he felt in consequence a sort of benevolence towards his new clients;—as to respect or admiration, he was incapable of them.

‘Well, my dear boy,’ said he familiarly, ‘I am keeping your mother to restore her to you young, handsome, and in good health. Hers is one of those rare diseases which doctors find very interesting; and besides, she is, through her mother, a fellow-countrywoman of mine. You and your grandfather must be brave enough to live without seeing her for a fortnight, and Madame ——?’

‘La Baronne de Mergi.’

‘If she is a Baroness, you are Baron ——?’ asked Halpersohn.

At this moment the theft was effected. While the doctor was looking at his bread, heavy with chocolate, Auguste snatched up four folded notes, and had slipped them into his trousers pocket, affecting to keep his hand there out of sheer embarrassment.

‘Yes, Monsieur, I am a Baron. So too is my grandfather; he was public prosecutor at the time of the Restoration.’

‘You blush, young man. You need not blush because you are a Baron and poor—it is a very common case.’

‘And who told you, Monsieur, that we are poor?’

‘Well, your grandfather told me that he had spent the night in the Champs-Élysées; and though I know no palace where there is so fine a vault overhead as that which was glittering at two o’clock this morning, it was cold, I can tell you, in the palace where your grandfather was taking his airing. A man does not go to the *Hôtel de la Belle-Étoile* by preference.’

‘Has my grandfather been here?’ cried Auguste, seizing the opportunity to beat a retreat. ‘Thank you, Monsieur. I will come again, with your permission, for news of my mother.’

As soon as he got out, the young Baron went off to the bailiff’s office, taking a hackney cab to get there the sooner. The man gave up the agreement, and the bill of costs duly receipted, and then desired the young man to take one of the clerks with him to release the person in charge from her functions.

‘And as Messrs. Barbet and Métivier live in your part of the town,’ added he, ‘my boy will take them the money and desire them to restore you the deed of lien on the property.’

Auguste, who understood nothing of these phrases and formalities, submitted. He received seven hundred francs in silver, the change out of his four thousand-

franc notes, and went off in the clerk's company. He got into the cab in a state of indescribable bewilderment, for the end being achieved, remorse was making itself felt; he saw himself disgraced and cursed by his grandfather, whose austerity was well known to him; and he believed that his mother would die of grief if she heard of his guilt. All nature had changed before his eyes. He was lost; he no longer saw the snow, the houses looked like ghosts.

No sooner was he at home than the young Baron decided on his course of action, and it was certainly that of an honest man. He went into his mother's room and took the diamond snuff-box given to his grandfather by the Emperor to send it with the seven hundred francs to Doctor Halpersohn with the following letter, which required several rough copies:—

‘MONSIEUR,—The fruits of twenty years' labour—my grandfather's work—were about to be absorbed by some money-lenders, who threatened him with imprisonment. Three thousand three hundred francs were enough to save him; and seeing so much gold on your table, I could not resist the idea of seeing my parent free by thus making good to him the earnings of his long toil. I borrowed from you, without your leave, four thousand francs; but as only three thousand three hundred francs were needed, I send you the remaining seven hundred, and with them a snuff-box set with diamonds, given by the Emperor to my grandfather; this will, I hope, indemnify you.

‘If you should not after this believe that I, who shall all my life regard you as my benefactor, am a man of honour, if you will at any rate preserve silence as to an action so unjustifiable in any other circumstances, you will have saved my grandfather as you will save my mother, and I shall be for life your devoted slave.

‘AUGUSTE DE MERGI.’

At about half-past two, Auguste, who had walked to the Champs-Élysées, sent a messenger on to deliver at Doctor Halpersohn's door a sealed box containing ten louis, a five-hundred-franc note, and the snuff-box; then he slowly went home across the Pont d'Iéna by the Invalides and the Boulevards, trusting to Doctor Halpersohn's generosity.

The physician, who had at once discovered the thief, had meanwhile changed his views as to his clients. He supposed that the old man had come to rob him, and, not having succeeded, had sent this boy. He put no credence in the rank and titles they had assumed, and went off at once to the public prosecutor's office to state his case, and desire that immediate steps should be taken for the prosecution.

The prudence of the law rarely allows of such rapid proceedings as the complaining parties would wish; but, at about three in the afternoon, a police officer, followed by some detectives, who affected to be lounging on the boulevard, was catechising Madame Vauthier as to her lodgers, and the widow quite unconsciously was confirming the constable's suspicions.

Népomucène, scenting the policeman, thought that it was the old man they wanted; and as he was very fond of Monsieur Auguste, he hurried out to meet Monsieur Bernard, whom he intercepted in the Avenue de l'Observatoire.

'Make your escape, Monsieur,' cried he. 'They have come to take you. The bailiffs were in yesterday and laid hands on everything. Mother Vauthier, who has hidden some stamped papers of yours, said you would be in Clichy by last night or this morning. There, do you see those sneaks?'

The old judge recognised the men as bailiffs, and he understood everything.

'And Monsieur Godefroid?' he asked.

‘Gone, never to come back. Mother Vauthier says he was a spy for your enemies.’

Monsieur Bourlac determined that he would go at once to Barbet, and in a quarter of an hour he was there; the old bookseller lived in the Rue Sainte-Catherine-d’Enfer.

‘Oh, you have come yourself to fetch your agreement,’ said the publisher, bowing to his victim. ‘Here it is,’ and, to the Baron’s great amazement, he handed him the document, which the old lawyer took, saying—

‘I do not understand——’

‘Then it was not you who paid up?’ said Barbet.

‘Are you paid?’

‘Your grandson carried the money to the bailiff this morning.’

‘And is it true that you took possession of my goods yesterday?’

‘Have you not been home for two days?’ said Barbet.

‘Still, a retired public prosecutor must know what it is to be threatened with imprisonment for debt!’

On this the Baron bowed coldly to Barbet, and returned home, supposing that the authorities had in fact come in search of the authors living on the first floor. He walked slowly, absorbed in vague apprehensions, for Népomucène’s warning seemed to him more and more inexplicable. Could Godefroid have betrayed him? He mechanically turned down the Rue Notre-Dame des Champs, and went in by the back door, which happened to be open, running against Népomucène.

‘Oh, Monsieur, make haste, come on; they are taking Monsieur Auguste to prison; they caught him on the boulevard; it was him they were hunting—they have been questioning him——’

The old man, with a spring like a tiger’s, rushed through the house and garden and out on to the boule-

vard, as swift as an arrow, and was just in time to see his grandson get into a hackney coach between three men.

‘Auguste,’ he cried, ‘what is the meaning of this?’

The youth burst into tears, and turned faint.

‘Monsieur,’ said he to the police officer, whose scarf struck his eye, ‘I am Baron Bourlac, formerly a public prosecutor; for pity’s sake, explain the matter.’

‘Monsieur, if you are Baron Bourlac, you will understand it in two words. I have just questioned this young man, and he has unfortunately confessed——’

‘What?’

‘A theft of four thousand francs from Doctor Halpersohn.’

‘Auguste! Is it possible?’

‘Grandpapa, I have sent him your diamond snuff-box as a guarantee. I wanted to save you from the disgrace of imprisonment.’

‘Wretched boy, what have you done?’ cried the Baron. ‘The diamonds are false; I sold the real stones three years ago.’

The police officer and his clerk looked at each other with strange meaning. This glance, full of suggestions, was seen by the Baron, and fell like a thunderbolt.

‘Monsieur,’ said he to the officer, ‘be quite easy; I will go and see the public prosecutor; you can testify to the delusion in which I have kept my daughter and my grandson. You must do your duty, but in the name of humanity, send my grandson to a cell by himself.—I will go to prison.—Where are you taking him?’

‘Are you Baron Bourlac?’ said the constable.

‘Oh! Monsieur——’

‘Because the public prosecutor, the examining judge, and I myself could not believe that such men as you and your grandson could be guilty; like the doctor, we concluded that some swindlers had borrowed your names.’

He took the Baron aside and said—

‘Were you at Doctor Halpersohn’s house this morning?’

‘Yes, Monsieur.’

‘And your grandson too, about half-an-hour later?’

‘I know nothing about that; I have this instant come in, and I have not seen my grandson since yesterday.’

‘The writs he showed me and the warrant for arrest explain everything,’ said the police agent. ‘I know his motive for the crime. I ought indeed to arrest you, Monsieur, as abetting your grandson, for your replies confirm the facts alleged by the complainant; but the notices served on you, and which I return to you,’ he added, holding out a packet of stamped papers which he had in his hand, ‘certainly prove you to be Baron Bourlac. At the same time, you must be prepared to be called up before Monsieur Marest, the examining judge in this case. I believe I am right in relaxing the usual rule in consideration of your past dignity.’

‘As to your grandson, I will speak of him to the public prosecutor as soon as I go in, and we will show every possible consideration for the grandson of a retired judge, and the victim of a youthful error. Still, there is the indictment, the accused has confessed; I have sent in my report, and have a warrant for his imprisonment; I cannot help myself. As to the place of detention, your grandson will be taken to the Conciergerie.’

‘Thank you, Monsieur,’ said the miserable Bourlac. He fell senseless on the snow, and tumbled into one of the rain-water cisterns, which at that time divided the trees on the boulevard.

The police officer called for help, and Népomucène hurried out with Madame Vauthier. The old man was carried indoors, and the woman begged the police constable, as he went by the Rue d’Enfer, to send Doctor Berton as quickly as possible.

‘What is the matter with my grandfather?’ asked poor Auguste.

‘He is crazed, sir. That is what comes of thieving!’

Auguste made a rush as though to crack his skull; but the two men held him back.

‘Come, come, young man. Take it quietly,’ said the officer. ‘Be calm. You have done wrong, but it is not irremediable.’

‘But pray, Monsieur, tell the woman that my grandfather has probably not touched food for these twenty-four hours.’

‘Oh, poor creatures!’ said the officer to himself.

He stopped the coach, which had started, and said a word in his clerk’s ear; the man ran off to speak to old Vauthier, and then returned at once.

Monsieur Berton was of opinion that Monsieur Bernard—for he knew him by no other name—was suffering from an attack of high fever; but when Madame Vauthier had told him of all the events that had led up to it in the way in which a housekeeper tells a story, the doctor thought it necessary to report the whole business next day to Monsieur Alain at the Church of Saint-Jacques du Haut-Pas, and Monsieur Alain sent a pencil note by messenger to Monsieur Nicolas, Rue Chanoinesse.

Godefroid, on reaching home the night before, had given the notes on the book to Monsieur Nicolas, who spent the greater part of the night in reading the first volume of Baron Boulac’s work.

On the following day Madame de la Chanterie told Godefroid that if his determination still held good, he might begin on his work at once.

Godefroid, initiated by her into the financial secrets of the Society, worked for seven or eight hours a day, and for several months, under the supervision of Frédéric Mongenod, who came every Sunday to look through the work, and who praised him for the way in which it was done.

‘You are a valuable acquisition for the saints among whom you live,’ said the banker when all the accounts were clearly set forth and balanced. ‘Two or three hours a day will now be enough to keep the accounts in order, and during the rest of your time you can help them, if you still feel the vocation as you did six months since.’

This was in the month of July 1838. During the time that had elapsed since the affair of the Boulevard du Mont-Parnasse, Godefroid, eager to prove himself worthy of his companions, had never asked a single question as to Baron Boursac ; for, as he had not heard a word, nor found anything in the account-books that bore on the matter, he suspected that the silence that was preserved with regard to the two men who had been so ruthless to Madame de la Chanterie, was intended as a test to which he was being put, or perhaps as proof that the noble lady’s friends had avenged her.

But, two months later, in the course of a walk one day, he went as far as the Boulevard du Mont-Parnasse, managed to meet Madame Vauthier, and asked her for some news of the Bernard family.

‘Who can tell, my dear Monsieur Godefroid, what has become of those people. Two days after your expedition—for it was you, you cunning dog, who blabbed to my landlord—somebody came who took that old swaggerer off my hands. Then, in four-and-twenty hours, everything was cleared out—not a stick left, nor a word said—perfect strangers to me, and they told me nothing. I believe he packed himself off to Algiers with his precious grandson ; for Népomucène, who was very devoted to that young thief—he is no better than he should be himself—did not find him in the Conciergerie, and he alone knows where they are, and the scamp has gone off and left me. You bring up these wretched foundlings, and this is the reward you get ; they leave you high and dry. I have not been able to find any one

to take his place, and as the neighbourhood is very crowded, and the house is full, I am worked to death.'

And Godefroid would never have known anything more of Baron Boursac but for the conclusion of the adventure, which came about through one of the chance meetings which occur in Paris.

In the month of September, Godefroid was walking down the Champs-Élysées, when, as he passed the end of the Rue Marbeuf, he remembered Doctor Halpersohn.

'I ought to call on him,' thought he, 'and ask if he cured Boursac's daughter. What a voice, what a gift she had! She wanted to dedicate herself to God!'

As he got to the Rond-Point, Godefroid crossed the road hurriedly to avoid the carriages that came quickly down the grand avenue, and he ran up against a youth who had a young-looking woman on his arm.

'Take care!' cried the young man. 'Are you blind?'

'Why, it is you!' cried Godefroid, recognising Auguste de Mergi.

Auguste was so well dressed, so handsome, so smart, so proud of the lady he was escorting, that, but for the memories that rushed on his mind, Godefroid would hardly have recognised them.

'Why, it is dear Monsieur Godefroid!' exclaimed the lady.

On hearing the delightful tones of Vanda's enchanting voice, and seeing her walking, Godefroid stood riveted to the spot.

'Cured!' he exclaimed.

'Ten days ago he allowed me to walk,' she replied.

'Halpersohn?'

'Yes,' said she. 'And why have you never come to see us?—But, indeed, you were wise. My hair was not cut off till about a week ago. This that you see is but a wig; but the doctor assures me it will grow again!—But we have so much to say to each other. Will you

not come to dine with us?—Oh, that harmonium!—Oh, Monsieur!’ and she put her handkerchief to her eyes. ‘I will treasure it all my life! My son will preserve it as a relic.—My father has sought for you all through Paris, and he is anxiously in search, too, of his unknown benefactors. He will die of grief if you cannot help him to find them. He suffers from the darkest melancholy, and I cannot always succeed in rousing him from it.’

Fascinated alike by the voice of this charming woman recalled from the grave, and by that of irresistible curiosity, Godefroid gave his arm to the hand held out by the Baronne de Mergi, who let her son go on in front with an errand, which the lad had understood from his mother’s nod.

‘I shall not take you far; we are living in the Allée d’Antin in a pretty little house à l’*Anglaise*; we have it all to ourselves, each of us occupies a floor. Oh, we are very comfortable! And my father believes that you have had a great deal to do with the good fortune that is poured upon us——’

‘I?’

‘Did you not know that a place has been created for him in consequence of a report from the Minister for Public Instruction, a Chair of Legislature, like one at the Sorbonne? My father will give his first course of lectures in the month of November next. The great work on which he was engaged will be published in a month or so; the house of Cavalier is bringing it out on half-profits with my father, and has paid him thirty thousand francs on account of his share; so he is buying the house we live in. The Minister of Justice allows me a pension of twelve hundred francs as the daughter of a retired magistrate; my father has his pension of a thousand crowns, and he had five thousand francs with his professorship. We are so economical that we shall be almost rich.’

‘My Auguste will begin studying the law a few months hence; meanwhile, he has employment in the public prosecutor’s office, and gets twelve hundred francs.—Oh, Monsieur Godefroid, never mention that miserable business of my poor Auguste’s. For my part, I bless him every day for the deed which his grandfather has not yet forgiven. His mother blesses him, Halpersohn is devoted to him, but the old public prosecutor is implacable!’

‘What business?’ asked Godefroid.

‘Ah! that is just like your generosity!’ cried Vanda. ‘You have a noble heart. Your mother must be proud of you!—’

‘On my word, I know nothing of the matter you allude to,’ said Godefroid.

‘Really, you did not hear?’ And she frankly told the story of Auguste’s borrowing from the doctor, admiring her son for the action.

‘But if I am to say nothing about this before the Baron,’ said Godefroid, ‘tell me how your son got out of the scrape.’

‘Well,’ said Vanda, ‘as I told you, my son is in the public prosecutor’s office, and has met with the greatest kindness. He was not kept more than eight-and-forty hours in the Conciergerie, where he was lodged with the governor. The worthy doctor, who did not get Auguste’s beautiful, sublime letter till the evening, withdrew the charge; and by the intervention of a former presiding judge of the Supreme Court—a man my father had never even seen—the public prosecutor had the police agent’s report and the warrant for arrest both destroyed. In fact, not a trace of the affair survives but in my heart, in my son’s conscience, and in his grandfather’s mind—who, since that day, speaks to my boy in the coldest terms, and treats him as a stranger.’

‘Only yesterday, Halpersohn was interceding for him; but my father, who will not listen to me, much as he

loves me, replied: "You are the person robbed, you can and ought to forgive. But I am answerable for the thief—and when I sat on the Bench, I never pronounced a pardon!"—"You will kill your daughter," said Halpersohn—I heard them. My father kept silence.'

'But who is it that has helped you?'

'A gentleman who is, we believe, employed to distribute the benefactions of the Queen.'

'What is he like?' asked Godefroid.

'He is a grave, thin man, sad-looking—something like my father. It was he who had my father conveyed to the house where we now are, when he was in a high fever. And, just fancy, as soon as my father was well, I was removed from the private hospital and brought there, where I found my old bedroom just as though I had never left it.—Halpersohn, whom the tall gentleman had quite bewitched—how I know not—then told me all about my father's sufferings, and how he had sold the diamonds off his snuff-box! My father and my boy often without bread, and making believe to be rich in my presence!—Oh, Monsieur Godefroid, those two men are martyrs! What can I say to my father? I can only repay him and my son by suffering for them, like them.'

'And had the tall gentleman something of a military air?'

'Oh, you know him!' cried Vanda, as they reached the door of the house.

She seized Godefroid's hand with the grip of a woman in hysterics, and dragging him into a drawing-room of which the door stood open, she exclaimed—'Father, Monsieur Godefroid knows your benefactor.'

Baron Bournac, whom Godefroid found dressed in a style suitable to a retired judge of his high rank, held out his hand to Godefroid, and said—

'I thought as much.'

Godefroid shook his head in negation of any knowledge

of the details of this noble revenge ; but the Baron did not give him time to speak.

‘Monsieur,’ he went on, ‘only Providence can be more powerful, only Love can be more thoughtful, only Motherhood can be more clear-sighted, than your friends who are allied with those great divinities.—I bless the chance that has led to our meeting again, for Monsieur Joseph has vanished completely ; and as he has succeeded in avoiding every snare I could lay to ascertain his real name and residence, I should have died in grief.—But here, read his letter.—And you know him ?’

Godefroid read as follows :—

‘Monsieur le Baron Bourlac, the money we have laid out for you by the orders of a charitable lady amounts to a sum of fifteen thousand francs. Take note of this, that it may be repaid either by you or by your descendants when your family is sufficiently prosperous to allow of it, for it belongs to the poor. When such repayment is possible, deposit the money you owe with the Brothers Mongenod, bankers. God forgive you your sins !’

The letter was mysteriously signed with five crosses.

Godefroid returned it.—‘The five crosses, sure enough !’ said he to himself.

‘Now, since you know all,’ said the old man, ‘you who were this mysterious lady’s messenger—tell me her name.’

‘Her name !’ cried Godefroid ; ‘her name ! Unhappy man, never ask it ! never try to find it out.—Oh, Madame,’ said he, taking Madame de Mergi’s hand in his own, which shook, ‘if you value your father’s sanity, keep him in his ignorance ; never let him make any attempt—’

The father, the daughter, and Auguste stood frozen with amazement.

‘Well, then, the woman who has preserved your daughter for you,’ said Godefroid, looking at the old lawyer, ‘who has restored her to you, young, lovely, fresh, and living—who has snatched her from the grave—who has rescued your grandson from disgrace—who has secured to you a happy and respected old age—who has saved you all three——’ he paused, ‘is a woman whom you sent innocent to the hulks for twenty years,’ he went on, addressing Monsieur Bourlac, ‘on whom, from your judgment-seat, you poured every insult, whose saintliness you mocked at, and from whom you snatched a lovely daughter to send her to the most horrible death, for she was guillotined!’

Godefroid, seeing Vanda drop senseless on to a chair, rushed out of the room, and from thence into the Allée d’Antin, where he took to his heels.

‘If you would earn my forgiveness,’ said Baron Bourlac to his grandson, ‘follow that man and find out where he lives.’

Auguste was off like a dart.

By half-past eight next morning, Baron Bourlac was knocking at the old yellow gate of the Hôtel de la Chanterie, Rue Chanoinesse. He asked for Madame de la Chanterie, and the porter pointed to the stone steps. Happily they were all going to breakfast, and Godefroid recognised the Baron in the courtyard through one of the loopholes that lighted the stairs. He had but just time to fly down and into the drawing-room where they were all assembled, crying out—‘Baron Bourlac.’

On hearing this name, Madame de la Chanterie, supported by the Abbé de Vèze, disappeared into her room.

‘You shall not come in, you imp of Satan!’ cried Manon, who recognised the lawyer, and placed herself in front of the drawing-room door. ‘Do you want to kill my mistress?’

‘Come, Manon, let the gentleman pass,’ said Monsieur Alain.

Manon dropped on to a chair as if her knees had both given way at once.

‘Gentlemen,’ said the Baron in a voice of deep emotion, as he recognised Godefroid and Monsieur Joseph, and bowed to the two strangers, ‘Beneficence confers a claim on those benefited by it!’

‘You owe nothing to us,’ said the worthy Alain; ‘you owe everything to God.’

‘You are saints, and you have the serenity of saints,’ replied the old lawyer. ‘You will hear me, I beg.—I have learnt that the superhuman blessings that have been heaped on me for eighteen months past are the work of a person whom I deeply injured in the course of my duty; it was fifteen years before I was assured of her innocence; this, gentlemen, is the single remorse I have known as due to the exercise of my powers.—Listen! I have not much longer to live, but I shall lose that short term of life, necessary still to my children whom Madame de la Chanterie has saved, if I cannot win her forgiveness. Gentlemen, I will remain kneeling on the square of Notre-Dame till she has spoken one word!—I will wait for her there!—I will kiss the print of her feet; I will find tears to soften her heart—I who have been dried up like a straw by seeing my daughter’s sufferings—’

The door of Madame de la Chanterie’s room was opened, the Abbé de Vèze came through like a shade, and said to Monsieur Joseph—

‘That voice is killing Madame.’

‘What! she is there! She has passed there!’ cried Bourlac.

He fell on his knees, kissed the floor, and melted into tears, crying in a heart-rending tone—

‘In the name of Jesus who died on the Cross, forgive! forgive! For my child has suffered a thousand deaths!’

The old man collapsed so entirely that the spectators believed he was dead.

At this moment Madame de la Chanterie appeared like a spectre in the doorway, leaning, half fainting, against the side-post.

‘In the name of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, whom I see on the scaffold, of Madame Elizabeth, of my daughter, and of yours—in the name of Jesus, I forgive you.’

As he heard the words, the old man looked up and said—

‘Thus are the angels avenged!’

Monsieur Joseph and Monsieur Nicolas helped him to his feet, and led him out to the courtyard; Godefroid went to call a coach; and when they heard the rattle of wheels, Monsieur Nicolas said as he helped the old man into it—

‘Come, no more, Monsieur, or you will kill the mother too. The power of God is infinite, but human nature has its limits.’

That day Godefroid joined the Order of the Brethren of Consolation.

Z. MARCAS

*To His Highness Count William of Wurtemberg,
as a token of the author's respectful gratitude.*

DE BALZAC.

I NEVER saw anybody, not even among the most remarkable men of the day, whose appearance was so striking as this man's; the study of his countenance at first gave me a feeling of great melancholy, and at last produced an almost painful impression.

There was a certain harmony between the man and his name. The Z. preceding Marcas, which was seen on the addresses of his letters, and which he never omitted from his signature, as the last letter of the alphabet, suggested some mysterious fatality.

MARCAS! say this two-syllabled name again and again; do you not feel as if it had some sinister meaning? Does it not seem to you that its owner must be doomed to martyrdom? Though foreign, savage, the name has a right to be handed down to posterity; it is well constructed, easily pronounced, and has the brevity that befits a famous name. Is it not pleasant as well as odd? But does it not sound unfinished?

I will not take it upon myself to assert that names have no influence on the destiny of men. There is a certain secret and inexplicable concord or a visible discord between the events of a man's life and his name which is truly surprising; often some remote but very

real correlation is revealed. Our globe is round ; everything is linked to everything else. Some day perhaps we shall revert to the occult sciences.

Do you not discern in that letter Z an adverse influence ? Does it not prefigure the wayward and fantastic progress of a storm-tossed life ? What wind blew on that letter, which, whatever language we find it in, begins scarcely fifty words ? Marcas's name was Zephirin ; Saint Zephirin is highly venerated in Brittany, and Marcas was a Breton.

Study the name once more : Z. Marcas ! The man's whole life lies in this fantastic juxtaposition of seven letters ; seven ! the most significant of all the cabalistic numbers. And he died at five-and-thirty, so his life extended over seven lustres.

Marcas ! Does it not hint of some precious object that is broken by a fall, with or without a crash ?

I had finished studying the law in Paris in 1836. I lived at that time in the Rue Corneille in a house where none but students came to lodge, one of those large houses where there is a winding staircase quite at the back, lighted below from the street, higher up by borrowed lights, and at the top by a skylight. There were forty furnished rooms—furnished as students' rooms are ! What does youth demand more than was here supplied ? A bed, a few chairs, a chest of drawers, a looking-glass, and a table. As soon as the sky is blue the student opens his window.

But in this street there are no fair neighbours to flirt with. In front is the Odéon, long since closed, presenting a wall that is beginning to go black, its tiny gallery windows and its vast expanse of slate roof. I was not rich enough to have a good room ; I was not even rich enough to have a room to myself. Juste and I shared a double-bedded room on the fifth floor.

On our side of the landing there were but two rooms—

ours and a smaller one, occupied by Z. Marcas, our neighbour. For six months Juste and I remained in perfect ignorance of the fact. The old woman who managed the house had indeed told us that the room was inhabited, but she had added that we should not be disturbed, that the occupant was exceedingly quiet. In fact, for those six months, we never met our fellow-lodger, and we never heard a sound in his room, in spite of the thinness of the partition that divided us—one of those walls of lath and plaster which are common in Paris houses.

Our room, a little over seven feet high, was hung with a vile cheap paper sprigged with blue. The floor was painted, and knew nothing of the polish given by the *frotteur's* brush. By our beds there was only a scrap of thin carpet. The chimney opened immediately to the roof, and smoked so abominably that we were obliged to provide a stove at our own expense. Our beds were mere painted wooden cribs like those in schools; on the chimney shelf there were but two brass candlesticks, with or without tallow candles in them, and our two pipes with some tobacco in a pouch or strewn abroad, also the little piles of cigar-ash left there by our visitors or ourselves.

A pair of calico curtains hung from the brass window rods, and on each side of the window was a small book-case in cherry-wood, such as every one knows who has stared into the shop windows of the Quartier Latin, and in which we kept the few books necessary for our studies.

The ink in the inkstand was always in the state of lava congealed in the crater of a volcano. May not any inkstand nowadays become a Vesuvius? The pens, all twisted, served to clean the stems of our pipes; and, in opposition to all the laws of credit, paper was even scarcer than coin.

How can young men be expected to stay at home in

such furnished lodgings? The students studied in the cafés, the theatre, the Luxembourg gardens, in *grisettes'* rooms, even in the law schools—anywhere rather than in their horrible rooms—horrible for purposes of study, delightful as soon as they are used for gossiping and smoking in. Put a cloth on the table, and the impromptu dinner sent in from the best eating-house in the neighbourhood—places for four—two of them in petticoats—show a lithograph of this 'Interior' to the veriest bigot, and she will be bound to smile.

We thought only of amusing ourselves. The reason for our dissipation lay in the most serious facts of the politics of the time. Juste and I could not see any room for us in the two professions our parents wished us to take up. There are a hundred doctors, a hundred lawyers, for one that is wanted. The crowd is choking these two paths which are supposed to lead to fortune, but which are merely two arenas; men kill each other there, fighting, not indeed with swords or firearms, but with intrigue and calumny, with tremendous toil, campaigns in the sphere of the intellect as murderous as those in Italy were to the soldiers of the Republic. In these days, when everything is an intellectual competition, a man must be able to sit forty-eight hours on end in his chair before a table, as a General could remain for two days on horseback and in his saddle.

The throng of aspirants has necessitated a division of the Faculty of Medicine into categories. There is the physician who writes and the physician who practises, the political physician, and the physician militant—four different ways of being a physician, four classes already filled up. As to the fifth class, that of physicians who sell remedies, there is such a competition that they fight each other with disgusting advertisements on the walls of Paris.

In all the law courts there are almost as many lawyers as there are cases. The pleader is thrown back on journalism, on politics, on literature. In fact, the State,

besieged for the smallest appointments under the law, has ended by requiring that the applicants should have some little fortune. The pear-shaped head of the grocer's son is selected in preference to the square skull of a man of talent who has not a sou. Work as he will, with all his energy, a young man, starting from zero, may at the end of ten years find himself below the point he set out from. In these days, talent must have the good luck which secures success to the most incapable; nay more, if it scorns the base compromises which insure advancement to crawling mediocrity, it will never get on.

If we thoroughly knew our time, we also knew ourselves, and we preferred the indolence of dreamers to aimless stir, easy-going pleasure to the useless toil which would have exhausted our courage and worn out the edge of our intelligence. We had analysed social life while smoking, laughing, and loafing. But, though elaborated by such means as these, our reflections were none the less judicious and profound.

While we were fully conscious of the slavery to which youth is condemned, we were amazed at the brutal indifference of the authorities to everything connected with intellect, thought, and poetry. How often have Juste and I exchanged glances when reading the papers as we studied political events, or the debates in the Chamber, and discussed the proceedings of a Court whose wilful ignorance could find no parallel but in the platitude of the courtiers, the mediocrity of the men forming the hedge round the newly restored throne, all alike devoid of talent or breadth of view, of distinction or learning, of influence or dignity!

Could there be a higher tribute to the Court of Charles x. than the present Court, if Court it may be called? What a hatred of the country may be seen in the naturalisation of vulgar foreigners, devoid of talent, who are enthroned in the Chamber of Peers! What a

perversion of justice! What an insult to the distinguished youth, the ambitions native to the soil of France! We looked upon these things as upon a spectacle, and groaned over them, without taking upon ourselves to act.

Juste, whom no one ever sought, and who never sought any one, was, at five-and-twenty, a great politician, a man with a wonderful aptitude for apprehending the correlation between remote history and the facts of the present and of the future. In 1831, he told me exactly what would and did happen—the murders, the conspiracies, the ascendancy of the Jews, the difficulty of doing anything in France, the scarcity of talent in the higher circles, and the abundance of intellect in the lowest ranks, where the finest courage is smothered under cigar ashes.

What was to become of him? His parents wished him to be a doctor. But if he were a doctor, must he not wait twenty years for a practice? You know what he did? No? Well, he is a doctor; but he left France, he is in Asia. At this moment he is perhaps sinking under fatigue in a desert, or dying of the lashes of a barbarous horde—or perhaps he is some Indian prince's prime minister.

Action is my vocation. Leaving a civil college at the age of twenty, the only way for me to enter the army was by enlisting as a common soldier; so, weary of the dismal outlook that lay before a lawyer, I acquired the knowledge needed for a sailor. I imitate Juste, and keep out of France, where men waste, in the struggle to make way, the energy needed for the noblest works. Follow my example, friends; I am going where a man steers his destiny as he pleases.

These great resolutions were formed in the little room in the lodging-house in the Rue Corneille, in spite of our haunting the Bal Musard, flirting with girls of the town, and leading a careless and apparently reck-

less life. Our plans and arguments long floated in the air.

Marcas, our neighbour, was in some degree the guide who led us to the margin of the precipice or the torrent, who made us sound it, and showed us beforehand what our fate would be if we let ourselves fall into it. It was he who put us on our guard against the time-bargains a man makes with poverty under the sanction of hope, by accepting precarious situations whence he fights the battle, carried along by the devious tide of Paris—that great harlot who takes you up or leaves you stranded, smiles or turns her back on you with equal readiness, wears out the strongest will in vexatious waiting, and makes misfortune wait on chance.

At our first meeting, Marcas, as it were, dazzled us. On our return from the schools, a little before the dinner-hour, we were accustomed to go up to our room and remain there a while, either waiting for the other, to learn whether there were any change in our plans for the evening. One day, at four o'clock, Juste met Marcas on the stairs, and I saw him in the street. It was in the month of November, and Marcas had no cloak; he wore shoes with heavy soles, corduroy trousers, and a blue double-breasted coat buttoned to the throat, which gave a military air to his broad chest, all the more so because he wore a black stock. The costume was not in itself extraordinary, but it agreed well with the man's mien and countenance.

My first impression on seeing him was neither surprise, nor distress, nor interest, nor pity, but curiosity mingled with all these feelings. He walked slowly, with a step that betrayed deep melancholy, his head forward with a stoop, but not bent like that of a conscience-stricken man. That head, large and powerful, which might contain the treasures necessary for a man of the highest ambition, looked as if it were loaded with

thought ; it was weighted with grief of mind, but there was no touch of remorse in his expression. As to his face, it may be summed up in a word. A common superstition has it that every human countenance resembles some animal. The animal for Marcas was the lion. His hair was like a mane, his nose was short and flat, broad and dented at the tip like a lion's ; his brow, like a lion's, was strongly marked with a deep median furrow, dividing two powerful bosses. His high, hairy cheek-bones, all the more prominent because his cheeks were so thin, his enormous mouth and hollow jaws, were accentuated by lines of haughty significance, and marked by a complexion full of tawny shadows. This almost terrible countenance seemed illuminated by two lamps—two eyes, black indeed, but infinitely sweet, calm and deep, full of thought. If I may say so, those eyes had a humiliated expression.

Marcas was afraid of looking directly at others, not for himself, but for those on whom his fascinating gaze might rest ; he had a power, and he shunned using it ; he would spare those he met, and he feared notice. This was not from modesty, but from resignation—not Christian resignation, which implies charity, but resignation founded on reason, which had demonstrated the immediate inutility of his gifts, the impossibility of entering and living in the sphere for which he was fitted. Those eyes could at times flash lightnings. From those lips a voice of thunder must surely proceed ; it was a mouth like Mirabeau's.

‘I have seen such a grand fellow in the street,’ said I to Juste on coming in.

‘It must be our neighbour,’ replied Juste, who described, in fact, the man I had just met. ‘A man who lives like a wood-louse would be sure to look like that,’ he added.

‘What dejection and what dignity !’

‘One is the consequence of the other.’

‘What ruined hopes! What schemes and failures!’
‘Seven leagues of ruins! Obelisks—palaces—towers!
—The ruins of Palmyra in the desert!’ said Juste,
laughing.

So we called him the Ruins of Palmyra.

As we went out to dine at the wretched eating-house in the Rue de la Harpe to which we subscribed, we asked the name of Number 37, and then heard the weird name Z. Marcas. Like boys, as we were, we repeated it more than a hundred times with all sorts of comments, absurd or melancholy, and the name lent itself to the jest. Juste would fire off the Z like a rocket rising, *z-z-z-z-zed*; and after pronouncing the first syllable of the name with great importance, depicted a fall by the dull brevity of the second.

‘Now, how and where does the man live?’

From this query, to the innocent espionage of curiosity there was no pause but that required for carrying out our plan. Instead of loitering about the streets, we both came in, each armed with a novel. We read with our ears open. And in the perfect silence of our attic rooms, we heard the even, dull sound of a sleeping man breathing.

‘He is asleep,’ said I to Juste, noticing this fact.

‘At seven o’clock!’ replied the Doctor.

This was the name by which I called Juste, and he called me the Keeper of the Seals.

‘A man must be wretched indeed to sleep as much as our neighbour!’ cried I, jumping on to the chest of drawers with a knife in my hand, to which a corkscrew was attached.

I made a round hole at the top of the partition, about as big as a five-sou piece. I had forgotten that there would be no light in the room, and on putting my eye to the hole, I saw only darkness. At about one in the morning, when we had finished our books and were about to undress, we heard a noise in our neighbour’s

room. He got up, struck a match, and lighted his dip. I got on to the drawers again, and I then saw Marcas seated at his table and copying law-papers.

His room was about half the size of ours; the bed stood in a recess by the door, for the passage ended there, and its breadth was added to his garret; but the ground on which the house was built was evidently irregular, for the party-wall formed an obtuse angle, and the room was not square. There was no fireplace, only a small earthenware stove, white blotched with green, of which the pipe went up through the roof. The window, in the skew side of the room, had shabby red curtains. The furniture consisted of an armchair, a table, a chair, and a wretched bed-table. A cupboard in the wall held his clothes. The wall-paper was horrible; evidently only a servant had ever lodged there before Marcas.

‘What is to be seen?’ asked the Doctor as I got down.

‘Look for yourself,’ said I.

At nine next morning, Marcas was in bed. He had breakfasted off a saveloy; we saw on a plate, with some crumbs of bread, the remains of that too familiar delicacy. He was asleep; he did not wake till eleven. He then set to work again on the copy he had begun the night before, which was lying on the table.

On going downstairs we asked the price of that room, and were told fifteen francs a month.

In the course of a few days, we were fully informed as to the mode of life of Z. Marcas. He did copying, at so much a sheet no doubt, for a law-writer who lived in the courtyard of the Sainte-Chapelle. He worked half the night; after sleeping from six till ten, he began again and wrote till three. Then he went out to take the copy home before dinner, which he ate at Mizerai’s in the Rue Michel-le-Comte, at a cost of nine sous, and came in to bed at six o’clock. It became known to us

that Marcas did not utter fifteen sentences in a month ; he never talked to anybody, nor said a word to himself in his dreadful garret.

‘ The Ruins of Palmyra are terribly silent ! ’ said Juste.

This taciturnity in a man whose appearance was so imposing was strangely significant. Sometimes when we met him, we exchanged glances full of meaning on both sides, but they never led to any advances. Insensibly this man became the object of our secret admiration, though we knew no reason for it. Did it lie in his secretly simple habits, his monastic regularity, his hermit-like frugality, his idiotically mechanical labour, allowing his mind to remain neuter or to work on its own lines, seeming to us to hint at an expectation of some stroke of good luck, or at some foregone conclusion as to his life ?

After wandering for a long time among the Ruins of Palmyra, we forgot them—we were young ! Then came the Carnival, the Paris Carnival, which, henceforth, will eclipse the old Carnival of Venice, unless some ill-advised Prefect of Police is antagonistic.

Gambling ought to be allowed during the Carnival ; but the stupid moralists who have had gambling suppressed are inept financiers, and this indispensable evil will be re-established among us when it is proved that France leaves millions at the German tables.

This splendid Carnival brought us to utter penury, as it does every student. We got rid of every object of luxury ; we sold our second coats, our second boots, our second waistcoats—everything of which we had a duplicate, except our friend. We ate bread and cold sausages ; we looked where we walked ; we had set to work in earnest. We owed two months’ rent, and were sure of having a bill from the porter for sixty or eighty items each, and amounting to forty or fifty francs. We made no noise, and did not laugh as we crossed the little hall at the bottom of the stairs ; we commonly took it at a

flying leap from the lowest step into the street. On the day when we first found ourselves bereft of tobacco for our pipes, it struck us that for some days we had been eating bread without any kind of butter.

Great was our distress.

‘No tobacco!’ said the Doctor.

‘No cloak!’ said the Keeper of the Seals.

‘Ah, you rascals, you would dress as the postillon de Longjumeau, you would appear as Débardeurs, sup in the morning, and breakfast at night at Véry’s—sometimes even at the *Rocher de Cancale*.—Dry bread for you, my boys! Why,’ said I, in a big bass voice, ‘you deserve to sleep under the bed, you are not worthy to lie in it——’

‘Yes, yes; but, Keeper of Seals, there is no more tobacco!’ said Juste.

‘It is high time to write home, to our aunts, our mothers, and our sisters, to tell them we have no under-linen left, that the wear and tear of Paris would ruin garments of wire. Then we will solve an elegant chemical problem by transmuting linen into silver.’

‘But we must live till we get the answer.’

‘Well, I will go and bring out a loan among such of our friends as may still have some capital to invest.’

‘And how much will you find?’

‘Say ten francs!’ replied I with pride.

It was midnight. Marcas had heard everything. He knocked at our door.

‘Messieurs,’ said he, ‘here is some tobacco; you can repay me on the first opportunity.’

We were struck, not by the offer, which we accepted, but by the rich, deep, full voice in which it was made; a tone only comparable to the lowest string of Paganini’s violin. Marcas vanished without waiting for our thanks.

Juste and I looked at each other without a word. To

be rescued by a man evidently poorer than ourselves ! Juste sat down to write to every member of his family, and I went off to effect a loan. I brought in twenty francs lent me by a fellow-provincial. In that evil but happy day gambling was still tolerated, and in its lodes, as hard as the rocky ore of Brazil, young men, by risking a small sum, had a chance of winning a few gold pieces. My friend, too, had some Turkish tobacco brought home from Constantinople by a sailor, and he gave me quite as much as we had taken from Z. Marcas. I conveyed the splendid cargo into port, and we went in triumph to repay our neighbour with a tawny wig of Turkish tobacco for his dark *caporal*.

‘ You were determined not to be my debtors,’ said he. ‘ You are giving me gold for copper.—You are boys—good boys——’

The sentences, spoken in varying tones, were variously emphasised. The words were nothing, but the expression !—That made us friends of ten years’ standing at once.

Marcas, on hearing us coming, had covered up his papers ; we understood that it would be taking a liberty to allude to his means of subsistence, and felt ashamed of having watched him. His cupboard stood open ; in it there were two shirts, a white necktie, and a razor. The razor made me shudder. A looking-glass, worth five francs perhaps, hung near the window.

The man’s few and simple movements had a sort of savage grandeur. The Doctor and I looked at each other, wondering what we could say in reply. Juste, seeing that I was speechless, asked Marcas jestingly—

‘ You cultivate literature, Monsieur ? ’

‘ Far from it ! ’ replied Marcas. ‘ I should not be so wealthy.’

‘ I fancied,’ said I, ‘ that poetry alone, in these days, was amply sufficient to provide a man with lodgings as bad as ours.’

My remark made Marcas smile, and the smile gave a charm to his yellow face.

‘Ambition is not a less severe taskmaster to those who fail,’ said he. ‘You, who are beginning life, walk in the beaten paths. Never dream of rising superior, you will be ruined!’

‘You advise us to stay just as we are?’ said the Doctor, smiling.

There is something so infectious and childlike in the pleasantries of youth, that Marcas smiled again in reply.

‘What incidents can have given you this detestable philosophy?’ asked I.

‘I forgot once more that chance is the result of an immense equation of which we know not all the factors. When we start from zero to work up to the unit, the chances are incalculable. To ambitious men Paris is an immense roulette table, and every young man fancies he can hit on a successful progression of numbers.’

He offered us the tobacco I had brought that we might smoke with him; the Doctor went to fetch our pipes; Marcas filled his, and then he came to sit in our room, bringing the tobacco with him, since there were but two chairs in his. Juste, as brisk as a squirrel, ran out, and returned with a boy carrying three bottles of Bordeaux, some Brie cheese, and a loaf.

‘Hah!’ said I to myself, ‘fifteen francs,’ and I was right to a sou.

Juste gravely laid five francs on the chimney-shelf.

There are immeasurable differences between the gregarious man and the man who lives closest to nature. Toussaint Louverture, after he was caught, died without speaking a word. Napoleon, transplanted to a rock, talked like a magpie—he wanted to account for himself. Z. Marcas erred in the same way, but for our benefit only. Silence in all its majesty is to be found only in the savage. There never is a criminal who, though he might let his secrets fall with his head into the basket of

sawdust, does not feel the purely social impulse to tell them to somebody.

Nay, I am wrong. We have seen one Iroquois of the Faubourg Saint-Marceau who raised the Parisian to the level of the natural savage—a republican, a conspirator, a Frenchman, an old man, who outdid all we have heard of Negro determination, and all that Cooper tells us of the tenacity and coolness of the Red-Skins under defeat. Morey, the Guatimozin of the 'Mountain,' preserved an attitude unparalleled in the annals of European justice.

This is what Marcas told us during the small hours, sandwiching his discourse with slices of bread spread with cheese and washed down with wine. All the tobacco was burnt out. Now and then the hackney coaches clattering across the Place de l'Odéon, or the omnibuses toiling past, sent up their dull rumbling, as if to remind us that Paris was still close to us.

His family lived at Vitré; his father and mother had fifteen hundred francs a year in the funds. He had received an education gratis in a Seminary, but had refused to enter the priesthood. He felt in himself the fires of immense ambition, and had come to Paris on foot at the age of twenty, the possessor of two hundred francs. He had studied the law, working in an attorney's office, where he had risen to be senior clerk. He had taken his doctor's degree in law, had mastered the old and modern codes, and could hold his own with the most famous pleaders. He had studied the law of nations, and was familiar with European treaties and international practice. He had studied men and things in five capitals—London, Berlin, Vienna, Petersburg, and Constantinople.

No man was better informed than he as to the rules of the Chamber. For five years he had been reporter of the debates for a daily paper. He spoke extempore and

admirably, and could go on for a long time in that deep, appealing voice which had struck us to the soul. Indeed, he proved by the narrative of his life that he was a great orator, a concise orator, serious and yet full of piercing eloquence; he resembled Berryer in his fervour and in the impetus which commands the sympathy of the masses, and was like Thiers in refinement and skill; but he would have been less diffuse, less in difficulties for a conclusion. He had intended to rise rapidly to power without burdening himself first with the doctrines necessary to begin with, for a man in opposition, but an incubus later to the statesman.

Marcas had learned everything that a real statesman should know; indeed, his amazement was considerable when he had occasion to discern the utter ignorance of men who have risen to the administration of public affairs in France. Though in him it was vocation that had led to study, nature had been generous and bestowed all that cannot be acquired—keen perceptions, self-command, a nimble wit, rapid judgment, decisiveness, and, what is the genius of these men, fertility in resource.

By the time when Marcas thought himself duly equipped, France was torn by intestine divisions arising from the triumph of the House of Orleans over the elder branch of the Bourbons.

The field of political warfare is evidently changed. Civil war henceforth cannot last for long, and will not be fought out in the provinces. In France such struggles will be of brief duration and at the seat of government; and the battle will be the close of the moral contest which will have been brought to an issue by superior minds. This state of things will continue so long as France has her present singular form of government, which has no analogy with that of any other country; for there is no more resemblance between the English and the French constitutions than between the two lands.

Thus Marcas's place was in the political press. Being poor and unable to secure his election, he hoped to make a sudden appearance. He resolved on making the greatest possible sacrifice for a man of superior intellect, to work as subordinate to some rich and ambitious deputy. Like a second Bonaparte, he sought his Barras; the new Colbert hoped to find a Mazarin. He did immense services, and he did them then and there; he assumed no importance, he made no boast, he did not complain of ingratitude. He did them in the hope that his patron would put him in a position to be elected deputy; Marcas wished for nothing but a loan that might enable him to purchase a house in Paris, the qualification required by law. Richard III. asked for nothing but his horse.

In three years Marcas had made his man—one of the fifty supposed great statesmen who are the battledores with which two cunning players toss the ministerial portfolios, exactly as the man behind the puppet-show hits Punch against the constable in his street theatre, and counts on always getting paid. This man existed only by Marcas, but he had just brains enough to appreciate the value of his 'ghost' and to know that Marcas, if he ever came to the front, would remain there, would be indispensable, while he himself would be translated to the polar zone of the Luxembourg. So he determined to put insurmountable obstacles in the way of his Mentor's advancement, and hid his purpose under the semblance of the utmost sincerity. Like all mean men, he could dissimulate to perfection, and he soon made progress in the ways of ingratitude, for he felt that he must kill Marcas, not to be killed by him. These two men, apparently so united, hated each other as soon as one had once deceived the other.

The politician was made one of a ministry; Marcas remained in the opposition to hinder his man from being attacked; nay, by skilful tactics he won him the applause

of the opposition. To excuse himself for not rewarding his subaltern, the chief pointed out the impossibility of finding a place suddenly for a man on the other side, without a great deal of manœuvring. Marcas had hoped confidently for a place to enable him to marry, and thus acquire the qualification he so ardently desired. He was two-and-thirty, and the Chamber ere long must be dissolved. Having detected his man in this flagrant act of bad faith, he overthrew him, or at any rate contributed largely to his overthrow, and covered him with mud.

A fallen minister, if he is to rise again to power, must show that he is to be feared; this man, intoxicated by Royal glibness, had fancied that his position would be permanent; he acknowledged his delinquencies; besides confessing them, he did Marcas a small money service, for Marcas had got into debt. He subsidised the newspaper on which Marcas worked, and made him the manager of it.

Though he despised the man, Marcas, who, practically, was being subsidised too, consented to take the part of the fallen minister. Without unmasking at once all the batteries of his superior intellect, Marcas came a little further than before; he showed half his shrewdness. The Ministry lasted only a hundred and eighty days; it was swallowed up. Marcas had put himself into communication with certain deputies, had moulded them like dough, leaving each impressed with a high opinion of his talent; his puppet again became a member of the Ministry, and then the paper was ministerial. The Ministry united the paper with another, solely to squeeze out Marcas, who in this fusion had to make way for a rich and insolent rival, whose name was well known, and who already had his foot in the stirrup.

Marcas relapsed into utter destitution; his haughty patron well knew the depths into which he had cast him.

Where was he to go? The ministerial papers, privily warned, would have nothing to say to him. The opposition papers did not care to admit him to their offices. Marcas could side neither with the Republicans nor with the Legitimists, two parties whose triumph would mean the overthrow of everything that now is.

‘Ambitious men like a fast hold on things,’ said he with a smile.

He lived by writing a few articles on commercial affairs, and contributed to one of those encyclopedias brought out by speculation and not by learning. Finally a paper was founded, which was destined to live but two years, but which secured his services. From that moment he renewed his connection with the minister’s enemies; he joined the party who were working for the fall of the Government; and as soon as his pickaxe had free play, it fell.

This paper had now for six months ceased to exist; he had failed to find employment of any kind; he was spoken of as a dangerous man, calumny attacked him; he had unmasked a huge financial and mercantile job by a few articles and a pamphlet. He was known to be the mouthpiece of a banker who was said to have paid him largely, and from whom he was supposed to expect some patronage in return for his championship. Marcas, disgusted by men and things, worn out by five years of fighting, regarded as a free lance rather than as a great leader, crushed by the necessity for earning his daily bread, which hindered him from gaining ground, in despair at the influence exerted by money over mind, and given over to dire poverty, buried himself in a garret, to make thirty sous a day, the sum strictly answering to his needs. Meditation had levelled a desert all round him. He read the papers to be informed of what was going on. Pozzo di Borgo had once lived like this for some time.

Marcas, no doubt, was planning a serious attack,

accustoming himself to dissimulation, and punishing himself for his blunders by Pythagorean muteness. But he did not tell us the reasons for his conduct.

It is impossible to give you an idea of the scenes of the highest comedy that lay behind this algebraic statement of his career; his useless patience dogging the footsteps of Fortune, which presently took wings, his long tramps over the thorny brakes of Paris, his breathless chases as a petitioner, his attempts to win over fools; the schemes laid only to fail through the influence of some frivolous woman; the meetings with men of business who expected their capital to bring them places and a peerage, as well as large interest. Then the hopes rising in a towering wave only to break in foam on the shoal; the wonders wrought in reconciling adverse interests which, after working together for a week, fell asunder; the annoyance, a thousand times repeated, of seeing a dunce decorated with the Legion of Honour, and preferred, though as ignorant as a shop-boy, to a man of talent. Then, what Marcas called the stratagems of stupidity—you strike a man, and he seems convinced, he nods his head—everything is settled; next day, this indiarubber ball, flattened for a moment, has recovered itself in the course of the night; it is as full of wind as ever; you must begin all over again; and you go on till you understand that you are not dealing with a man, but with a lump of gum that loses shape in the sunshine.

These thousand annoyances, this vast waste of human energy on barren spots, the difficulty of achieving any good, the incredible facility of doing mischief; two strong games played out, twice won and then twice lost; the hatred of a statesman—a blockhead with a painted face and a wig, but in whom the world believed—all these things, great and small, had not crushed, but for the moment had dashed, Marcas. In the days when money had come into his hands, his fingers had not clutched it; he had allowed himself the exquisite plea-

sure of sending it all to his family—to his sisters, his brothers, his old father. Like Napoleon in his fall, he asked for no more than thirty sous a day, and any man of energy can earn thirty sous for a day's work in Paris.

When Marcas had finished the story of his life, intermingled with reflections, maxims, and observations, revealing him as a great politician, a few questions and answers on both sides as to the progress of affairs in France and in Europe were enough to prove to us that he was a real statesman; for a man may be quickly and easily judged when he can be brought on to the ground of immediate difficulties: there is a certain Shibboleth for men of superior talents, and we were of the tribe of modern Levites without belonging as yet to the Temple. As I have said, our frivolity covered certain purposes which Juste has carried out, and which I am about to execute.

When we had done talking, we all three went out, cold as it was, to walk in the Luxembourg gardens till the dinner-hour. In the course of that walk our conversation, grave throughout, turned on the painful aspects of the political situation. Each of us contributed his remarks, his comment, or his jest, a pleasantry or a proverb. This was no longer exclusively a discussion of life on the colossal scale just described by Marcas, the soldier of political warfare. Nor was it the distressful monologue of the wrecked navigator, stranded in a garret in the Hôtel Corneille; it was a dialogue in which two well-informed young men, having gauged the times they lived in, were endeavouring, under the guidance of a man of talent, to gain some light on their own future prospects.

'Why,' asked Juste, 'did you not wait patiently for an opportunity, and imitate the only man who has been able to keep the lead since the Revolution of July by holding his head above water?'

'Have I not said that we never know where the roots of chance lie? Carrel was in identically the same posi-

tion as the orator you speak of. That gloomy young man, of a bitter spirit, had a whole government in his head; the man of whom you speak had no idea beyond mounting on the crupper of every event. Of the two, Carrel was the better man. Well, one became a minister, Carrel remained a journalist; the incomplete but craftier man is living; Carrel is dead.

‘I may point out that your man has for fifteen years been making his way, and is but making it still. He may yet be caught and crushed between two cars full of intrigues on the high road to power. He has no house; he has not the favour of the Palace like Metternich; nor, like Villèle, the protection of a compact majority.

‘I do not believe that the present state of things will last ten years longer. Hence, supposing I should have such poor good luck, I am already too late to avoid being swept away by the commotion I foresee. I should need to be established in a superior position.’

‘What commotion?’ asked Juste.

‘AUGUST 1830,’ said Marcas in solemn tones, holding out his hand towards Paris; ‘AUGUST, the offspring of Youth which bound the sheaves, and of Intellect which had ripened the harvest, forgot to provide for Youth and Intellect.

‘Youth will explode like the boiler of a steam-engine. Youth has no outlet in France; it is gathering an avalanche of underrated capabilities, of legitimate and restless ambitions; young men are not marrying now; families cannot tell what to do with their children. What will the thunderclap be that will shake down these masses? I know not, but they will crash down into the midst of things, and overthrow everything. These are laws of hydrostatics which act on the human race; the Roman Empire had failed to understand them, and the Barbaric hordes came down.

‘The Barbaric hordes now are the intelligent class. The laws of overpressure are at this moment acting

slowly and silently in our midst. The Government is the great criminal; it does not appreciate the two powers to which it owes everything; it has allowed its hands to be tied by the absurdities of the Contract; it is bound, ready to be the victim.

‘Louis XIV., Napoleon, England, all were or are eager for intelligent youth. In France the young are condemned by the new legislation, by the blundering principles of elective rights, by the unsoundness of the ministerial constitution.

‘Look at the elective Chamber; you will find no deputies of thirty; the youth of Richelieu and of Mazarin, of Turenne and of Colbert, of Pitt and of Saint-Just, of Napoleon and of Prince Metternich, would find no admission there; Burke, Sheridan, or Fox could not win seats. Even if political majority had been fixed at one-and-twenty, and eligibility had been relieved of every disabling qualification, the Departments would have returned the very same members, men devoid of political talent, unable to speak without murdering French grammar, and among whom, in ten years, scarcely one statesman has been found.

‘The causes of an impending event may be seen, but the event itself cannot be foretold. At this moment the youth of France is being driven into Republicanism, because it believes that the Republic would bring it emancipation. It will always remember the young representatives of the people and the young army leaders! The imprudence of the Government is only comparable to its avarice.’

That day left its echoes in our lives. Marcas confirmed us in our resolution to leave France, where young men of talent and energy are crushed under the weight of successful commonplace, envious, and insatiable middle age.

We dined together in the Rue de la Harpe. We thenceforth felt for Marcas the most respectful affection;

he gave us the most practical aid in the sphere of the mind. That man knew everything; he had studied everything. For us he cast his eye over the whole civilised world, seeking the country where openings would be at once the most abundant and the most favourable to the success of our plans. He indicated what should be the goal of our studies; he bid us make haste, explaining to us that time was precious, that emigration would presently begin, and that its effect would be to deprive France of the cream of its powers and of its youthful talent; that their intelligence, necessarily sharpened, would select the best places, and that the great thing was to be first in the field.

Thenceforward, we often sat late at work under the lamp. Our generous instructor wrote some notes for our guidance—two pages for Juste and three for me—full of invaluable advice—the sort of information which experience alone can supply, such landmarks as only genius can place. In those papers, smelling of tobacco, and covered with writing so vile as to be almost hieroglyphic, there are suggestions for a fortune, and forecasts of unerring acumen. There are hints as to certain parts of America and Asia which have been fully justified, both before and since Juste and I could set out.

Marcas, like us, was in the most abject poverty. He earned, indeed, his daily bread, but he had neither linen, clothes, nor shoes. He did not make himself out any better than he was; his dreams had been of luxury as well as of power. He did not admit that this was the real Marcas; he abandoned his person, indeed, to the caprices of life. What he lived by was the breath of ambition; he dreamed of revenge while blaming himself for yielding to so shallow a feeling. The true statesman ought, above all things, to be superior to vulgar passions; like the man of science, he should have no passion but for his science. It was in these days of dire necessity that Marcas seemed to us so great—nay, so terrible;

there was something awful in the gaze which saw another world than that which strikes the eyes of ordinary men. To us he was a subject of contemplation and astonishment; for the young—which of us has not known it?—the young have a keen craving to admire; they love to attach themselves, and are naturally inclined to submit to the men they feel to be superior, as they are to devote themselves to a great cause.

Our surprise was chiefly aroused by his indifference in matters of sentiment; woman had no place in his life. When we spoke of this matter, a perennial theme of conversation among Frenchmen, he simply remarked—

‘Gowns cost too much.’

He saw the look that passed between Juste and me, and went on—

‘Yes, far too much. The woman you buy—and she is the least expensive—takes a great deal of money. The woman who gives herself takes all your time! Woman extinguishes every energy, every ambition. Napoleon reduced her to what she should be. From that point of view, he really was great. He did not indulge such ruinous fancies as Louis XIV. and Louis XV.; at the same time, he could love in secret.’

We discovered that, like Pitt, who made England his wife, Marcas bore France in his heart; he idolised his country; he had not a thought that was not for his native land. His fury at feeling that he had in his hands the remedy for the evils which so deeply saddened him, and could not apply it, ate into his soul, and this rage was increased by the inferiority of France at that time, as compared with Russia and England. France a third-rate power! This cry came up again and again in his conversation. The intestinal disorders of his country had entered into his soul. All the contests between the Court and the Chamber, showing, as they did, incessant change and constant vacillation, which must injure the prosperity of the country, he scoffed at as backstairs squabbles.

‘This is peace at the cost of the future,’ said he.

One evening Juste and I were at work, sitting in perfect silence. Marcas had just risen to toil at his copying, for he had refused our assistance in spite of our most earnest entreaties. We had offered to take it in turns to copy a batch of manuscript, so that he should do but a third of his distasteful task; he had been quite angry, and we had ceased to insist.

We heard the sound of gentlemanly boots in the passage, and raised our heads, looking at each other. There was a tap at Marcas’s door—he never took the key out of the lock—and we heard our hero answer—

‘Come in.’ Then—‘What! you here, Monsieur!’

‘I myself,’ replied the retired minister.

It was the Diocletian of this unknown martyr.

For some time he and our neighbour conversed in an undertone. Suddenly Marcas, whose voice had been heard but rarely, as is natural in a dialogue in which the applicant begins by setting forth the situation, broke out loudly in reply to some offer we had not overheard.

‘You would laugh at me for a fool,’ cried he, ‘if I took you at your word. Jesuits are a thing of the past, but Jesuitism is eternal. Your Machiavelism and your generosity are equally hollow and untrustworthy. You can make your own calculations, but who can calculate on you? Your Court is made up of owls who fear the light, of old men who quake in the presence of the young, or who simply disregard them. The Government is formed on the same pattern as the Court. You have hunted up the remains of the Empire, as the Restoration enlisted the Voltigeurs of Louis XIV.’

‘Hitherto the evasions of cowardice have been taken for the manœuvring of ability; but dangers will come, and the younger generation will rise as they did in 1790. They did grand things then.—Just now you change ministries as a sick man turns in his bed; these

oscillations betray the weakness of the Government. You work on an underhand system of policy which will be turned against you, for France will be tired of your shuffling. France will not tell you that she is tired of you; a man never knows whence his ruin comes; it is the historian's task to find out; but you will undoubtedly perish as the reward of not having asked the youth of France to lend you its strength and energy; for having hated really capable men; for not having lovingly chosen them from this noble generation; for having in all cases preferred mediocrity.

'You have come to ask my support, but you are an atom in that decrepit heap which is made hideous by self-interest, which trembles and squirms, and, because it is so mean, tries to make France mean too. My strong nature, my ideas, would work like poison in you; twice you have tricked me, twice have I overthrown you. If we unite a third time, it must be a very serious matter. I should kill myself if I allowed myself to be duped; for I should be to blame, not you.'

Then we heard the humblest entreaties, the most fervent adjurations, not to deprive the country of such superior talents. The man spoke of patriotism, and Marcas uttered a significant '*Ouh! ouh!*' He laughed at his would-be patron. Then the statesman was more explicit; he bowed to the superiority of his ere-while counsellor; he pledged himself to enable Marcas to remain in office, to be elected deputy; then he offered him a high appointment, promising him that he, the speaker, would thenceforth be the subordinate of a man whose subaltern he was only worthy to be. He was in the newly-formed ministry, and he would not return to power unless Marcas had a post in proportion to his merit; he had already made it a condition, Marcas had been regarded as indispensable.

Marcas refused.

'I have never before been in a position to keep my

promises; here is an opportunity of proving myself faithful to my word, and you fail me!’

To this Marcas made no reply. The boots were again audible in the passage on the way to the stairs.

‘Marcas, Marcas!’ we both cried, rushing into his room. ‘Why refuse? He really meant it. His offers are very handsome; at any rate, go to see the ministers.’

In a twinkling, we had given Marcas a hundred reasons. The minister’s voice was sincere; without seeing him, we had felt sure that he was honest.

‘I have no clothes,’ replied Marcas.

‘Rely on us,’ said Juste, with a glance at me.

Marcas had the courage to trust us; a light flashed in his eye, he pushed his fingers through his hair, lifting it from his forehead with a gesture that showed some confidence in his luck; and when he had thus unveiled his face, so to speak, we saw in him a man absolutely unknown to us—Marcas sublime, Marcas in his power! His mind in its element—the bird restored to the free air, the fish to the water, the horse galloping across the plain.

It was transient. His brow clouded again; he had, it would seem, a vision of his fate. Halting doubt had followed close on the heels of white-winged hope.

We left him to himself.

‘Now then,’ said I to the Doctor, ‘we have given our word; how are we to keep it?’

‘We will sleep upon it,’ said Juste, ‘and to-morrow morning we will talk it over.’

Next morning we went for a walk in the Luxembourg.

We had had time to think over the incident of the past night, and were both equally surprised at the lack of address shown by Marcas in the minor difficulties of life—he, a man who never saw any difficulties in the solution of the hardest problems of abstract or practical politics. But these elevated characters can all be tripped up on a grain

of sand, and will, like the grandest enterprise, miss fire for want of a thousand francs. It is the old story of Napoleon, who, for lack of a pair of boots, did not set out for India.

‘Well, what have you hit upon?’ asked Juste.

‘I have thought of a way to get him a complete outfit.’

‘Where?’

‘From Humann.’

‘How?’

‘Humann, my boy, never goes to his customers—his customers go to him; so that he does not know whether I am rich or poor. He only knows that I dress well and look decent in the clothes he makes for me. I shall tell him that an uncle of mine has dropped in from the country, and that his indifference in matters of dress is quite a discredit to me in the upper circles where I am trying to find a wife.—It will not be Humann if he sends in his bill before three months.’

The Doctor thought this a capital idea for a vaudeville, but poor enough in real life, and doubted my success. But I give you my word of honour, Humann dressed Marcas, and, being an artist, turned him out as a political personage ought to be dressed.

Juste lent Marcas two hundred francs in gold, the product of two watches bought on credit, and pawned at the Mont-de-Piété. For my part, I had said nothing of six shirts and all necessary linen, which cost me no more than the pleasure of asking for them from a forewoman in a shop whom I had treated to Musard’s during the carnival.

Marcas accepted everything, thanking us no more than he ought. He only inquired as to the means by which we had got possession of such riches, and we made him laugh for the last time. We looked on our Marcas as shipowners, when they have exhausted their credit and every resource at their command to fit out a vessel, must look on it as it puts to sea.

Here Charles was silent; he seemed crushed by his memories.

‘Well,’ cried the audience, ‘and what happened?’

‘I will tell you in few words—for this is not romance—it is history.’

‘We saw no more of Marcas. The administration lasted for three months; it fell at the end of the session. Then Marcas came back to us, worked to death. He had sounded the crater of power; he came away from it with the beginnings of brain fever. The disease made rapid progress; we nursed him. Juste at once called in the chief physician of the hospital where he was working as house-surgeon. I was then living alone in our room, and I was the most attentive attendant; but care and science alike were in vain. By the month of January 1838, Marcas himself felt that he had but a few days to live.

The man whose soul and brain he had been for six months never even sent to inquire after him. Marcas expressed the greatest contempt for the Government; he seemed to doubt what the fate of France might be, and it was this doubt that had made him ill. He had, he thought, detected treason in the heart of power, not tangible, seizable treason, the result of facts, but the treason of a system, the subordination of national interests to selfish ends. His belief in the degradation of the country was enough to aggravate his complaint.

I myself was witness to the proposals made to him by one of the leaders of the antagonistic party which he had fought against. His hatred of the men he had tried to serve was so virulent, that he would gladly have joined the coalition that was about to be formed among certain ambitious spirits who, at least, had one idea in common—that of shaking off the yoke of the Court. But Marcas could only reply to the envoy in the words of the Hôtel de Ville—

‘It is too late!’

Marcas did not leave money enough to pay for his funeral. Juste and I had great difficulty in saving him from the ignominy of a pauper's bier, and we alone followed the coffin of Z. Marcas, which was dropped into the common grave of the cemetery of Mont-Parnasse.

We looked sadly at each other as we listened to this tale, the last we heard from the lips of Charles Rabourdin the day before he embarked at le Havre on a brig that was to convey him to the islands of Malay. We all knew more than one Marcas, more than one victim of his devotion to a party, repaid by betrayal or neglect.

LES JARDIERS, *May* 1840.

