

"The Revolution," replied Cimourdain, "needs savage workmen to aid it. It pushes aside every hand that trembles. It has only faith in the inexorables. Danton is the terrible; Robespierre is the inflexible; Saint-Just is the immovable; Marat is the implacable. Take care, Gauvain. Those names are necessary. They are worth as much as armies to us. They will terrify Europe."

"And perhaps the future also," said Gauvain. He checked himself, and resumed: "For that matter, my master, you err; I accuse no one. According to me, the true point of view of the Revolution is its irresponsibility. Nobody is innocent, nobody is guilty. Louis XVI. is a sheep thrown among lions. He wishes to escape, he tries to flee, he seeks to defend himself; he would bite if he could. But one is not a lion at will. His absurdity passes for crime. This enraged sheep shows his teeth. 'The traitor!' cry the lions. And they eat him. That done, they fight among themselves."

"The sheep is a brute."  
"And the lions, what are they?"  
This retort set Cimourdain thinking. He raised his head, and answered, "These lions are consciences. These lions are ideas. These lions are principle."

"They produce the reign of terror."  
"One day, the Revolution will be the justification of this terror."  
"Beware lest the terror become the calumny of the Revolution."

Gauvain continued: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity! these are the dogmas of peace and harmony. Why give them an alarming aspect? What is it we want? To bring the peoples to a universal republic. Well, do not let us make them afraid. What can intimidation serve? The people can no more be attracted by a scarecrow than birds can. One must not do evil to bring about good. One does not overturn the throne in order to leave the gibbet standing. Death to kings, and life to nations! Strike off the crowns; spare the heads. The Revolution is concord, not fright. Clement ideas are ill served by cruel men. Amnesty is to me the most beautiful word in human language. I will only shed blood in risking my own. Besides, I simply know how to fight; I am nothing but a soldier. But if I may not pardon, victory is not worth the trouble it costs. During battle let us be the enemies of our enemies, and after the victory their brothers."

"Take care!" repeated Cimourdain, for the third time. "Gauvain, you are more to me than a son; take care!"  
Then he added, thoughtfully, "In a period like ours, pity may become one of the forms of treason."

Any one listening to the talk of these two men might have fancied he heard a dialogue between the sword and the axe

VIII.—DOLOROSA.

In the meanwhile the mother was seeking her little ones. She went straight forward. How did she live? It is impossible to say. She did not know herself. She walked day and night; she begged, she ate herbs, she lay on the ground, she slept in the open air, in the thickets, under the stars, sometimes in the rain and wind.

She wandered from village to village, from farm to farm, seeking a clue. She stopped on the thresholds of the peasants' cots. Her dress was in rags. Sometimes she was welcomed, sometimes she was driven away. When she could not get into the houses, she went into the woods.

She was known in the district; she was ignorant of everything except Siscoignard and the parish of Azé; she had no route marked out; she retraced her steps; travelled roads already gone over; made useless journeys. Sometimes she followed the highway, sometimes a cart-track, as often the paths among the copses. In these aimless wanderings she had worn out her miserable garments. She had shoes at first, then she walked barefoot, then with her feet bleeding. She crossed the track of warfare, among gunshots, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, avoiding nothing—seeking her children. Revolt was everywhere; there were no more gendarmes, no more mayors, no authorities of any sort. She had only to deal with chance passers.

She spoke to them. She asked, "Have you seen three little children anywhere?"

Those she addressed would look at her.

"Two boys and a girl," she would say.

Then she would name them: "René-Jean, Gros-Alain, Georgette. You have not seen them?"

She would ramble on thus: "The eldest is four years and a half old; the little girl is twenty months."

Then would come the cry, "Do you know where they are? They have been taken from me."

The listeners would stare at her, and that was all.

When she saw that she was not understood, she would say, "It is because they belong to me—that is why."

The people would pass on their way. Then she would stand still, uttering no further word, but digging at her breast with her nails. However, one day, a peasant listened to her. The good man set himself to thinking.

"Wait now," said he. "Three children?"

"Yes."

"Two boys?"

"And a girl."

"You are hunting for them?"

"Yes."

"I have heard talk of a lord who had taken three little children and had them with him."

"Where is this man?" she cried. "Where are they?"

The peasant replied, "To La Tourgue."

"Shall I find my children there?"

"It may easily be."

"You say?"

"La Tourgue."

"What is that, La Tourgue?"

"It is a place."

"Is it a village—a castle—a farm?"

"I never was there."

"Is it far?"

"It is not near."

"In which direction?"

"Toward Fougères."

"Which way must I go?"

"You are at Vautortes," said the peasant; "you must leave Ernée to the left and Coxelles to the right; you will pass by Lorchamp and cross the Leroux." He pointed his finger to the west. "Always straight before you and toward the sunset."

Ere the peasant had dropped his arm, she was hurrying on. He cried after her, "But take care. They are fighting over there."  
She did not answer or turn round; on she went, straight before her.

IX.—A PROVINCIAL BASTILLE.

Forty years ago, a traveller who entered the forest of Fougères, from the side of Laignelet, and left it toward Parigué, was met on the border of this vast old wood by a sinister spectacle. As he came out of the thickets, La Tourgue rose abruptly before him.

Not La Tourgue living, but La Tourgue dead. La Tourgue cracked, battered, seamed, dismantled. The ruin of an edifice is as much its ghost as a phantom is that of man. No more lugubrious vision could strike the gaze than that of La Tourgue. What the traveller had before his eyes was a lofty round tower, standing alone at the corner of the wood like a malefactor. This tower, rising from a perpendicular rock, was so severe and solid that it looked almost like a bit of Roman architecture, and the frowning mass gave the idea of strength even amid its ruin. It was Roman in a way, since it was Romanic. Begun in the ninth century, it had been finished in the twelfth, after the third Crusade. The peculiar ornaments of the mouldings told its age. On ascending the height one perceived a breach in the wall; if one ventured to enter, he found himself within the tower—it was empty. It resembled somewhat the inside of a stone trumpet set upright on the ground. From top to bottom no partitions, no ceilings, no floors; there were places where arches and chimneys had been torn away; falconet embrasures were seen; at different heights rows of granite corbels, and a few transverse beams marked where the different storeys had been; these beams were covered with the ordure of night birds. The colossal wall was fifteen feet in thickness at the base and twelve at the summit; here and there were chinks and holes which had been doors, through which one caught glimpses of staircases in the shadowy interior of the wall. The passer-by who penetrated there at evening heard the cry of the wood owl and the Britany heron, and saw beneath his feet brambles, stones, reptiles and, above his head, across a black circle which looked like the mouth of an enormous well, he could perceive the stars.

The neighbourhood kept a tradition that in the upper storeys of this tower there were secret doors formed like those in the tombs of the Indian kings, of great stones turning on pivots; opening by a ring and forming part of the wall when closed; an architectural mystery which the Crusaders had brought from the East along with the pointed arch. When these doors were shut, it was impossible to discover them, so accurately were they fitted into the other stones. At this day such doors may still be seen in those mysterious Lybian cities which escaped the burial of the twelve towns in the time of Tiberius.

X.—THE BREACH.

The breach by which one entered the ruin had been the opening of a mine. For a connoisseur, familiar with Errard, Sardi, and Pagan, this mine had been skilfully planned. The fire-chamber, shaped like a mitre, was proportioned to the strength of the keep it had been intended to disembowel. It must have held at least two hundredweight of powder. The channel was serpentine, which does better service than a straight one. The crumbling of the mine left naked among the broken stones the saucisse which had the requisite diameter, that of a hen's egg.

The explosion had left a deep rent in the wall by which the besiegers could enter. This tower had evidently sustained at different periods real sieges conducted according to rule. It was scarred with balls, and these balls were not all of the same epoch. Each projectile has its peculiar way of marking a rampart, and those of every sort had left their traces on this keep, from the stone balls of the fourteenth century to the iron ones of the eighteenth.

The breach gave admittance into what must have been the ground-floor. In the wall of the tower opposite the breach there opened the gateway of a crypt cut in the rock and stretching among the foundations of the tower under the whole extent of the ground-floor hall.

This crypt, three-fourths filled up, was cleared out in 1855 under the direction of Monsieur Auguste Le Prevost, the antiquary of Bernay.

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 26.—A severe shock of earthquake was felt in Porto Rico this morning.

Fenians are holding their Thirteenth Annual Convention at New York, with closed doors.

In the International Congress at Brussels the protocols of its proceedings were read and approved.

La Liberté reports that elections have been ordered to fill all vacant seats in the French National Assembly.

The American base-ball players having finished their tour left for Queenstown this night, to take steamer for New York.

Russia has again informed Germany that she sees no cause to modify her attitude on the Spanish question. The Provincial Correspondence of Berlin declares that the friendship and good understanding of the three Emperors are unimpaired.

The Carlists attempted to carry Puyoerda by assault last night. Three columns attacked the city at different points, but all were driven back with heavy losses. Their chief of artillery has been killed, and more than half of their cannons are dismantled.

A perfect reign of terror prevails in Tennessee in consequence of the mob having taken sixteen negroes out of Trenton jail and killed them. Whites and blacks are both arming, and the railroads find it difficult to prevent their employees leaving the road, so great is the fear of the result.

THURSDAY, AUG. 27.—The strike in the Belfast factories has ended, and the operatives—some forty thousand—have resumed work at the reduced rate.

The report of the Beecher Investigating Committee was read last night in Plymouth Church.

The body of Leonardo da Vinci is said to have been discovered, in a perfect state of preservation, during the recent excavations at Ambrose.

A former editor of the Chicago Tribune says if the case against Mr. Beecher rests on Tilton's testimony, his (Beecher's) reputation will stand as unshaken as Plymouth rock.

Henry C. Bowen has instituted an action for \$100,000 damages against the Brooklyn Eagle for publishing a false report of an interview in which Bowen was represented as antagonistic to Beecher, and another action for \$50,000 against the reporter who wrote the false statement.

Governor Brown, of Tennessee, telegraphed the Sheriff of Gibson County last night to summon a posse of the best citizens, to preserve peace by dispersing the rioters and preventing collision, avoiding bloodshed if possible, promising that he would render all necessary assistance to uphold the law and protect society. The Governor offered \$500 reward each for the Trenton jail breakers and for the two murderers of Julia Hayden, the coloured teacher of Truesdile.

The following trustworthy account of the Cuban exploit at Santo Espirito has been received by mail from Cuba:—On the 12th inst. there was a severe engagement between two hundred Spanish troops and part of Jimenez's forces. The former were completely routed, with the loss of some eighty men, including all the officers. On the night of the 15th Jimenez entered and took possession of Santo Espirito, the Cubans announcing themselves by firing two volleys of musketry and a flourish of trumpets. The volunteers of the place, nearly 500 strong, did not show themselves. On entering, the Cubans seized and disarmed the different guards, but not a shot was fired on either side, nor did the Cubans commit any act of violence. The object of the entry was the seizure of 300 Remington rifles and ammunition stored there. They took the arms from the volunteers and coloured firemen. They also came near capturing Brigadier Acosta. The Cinco Villas are menaced by an invasion of all the Cuban forces from the east, and it will doubtless have the effect of increasing the ranks of the insurgents. The latter have all withdrawn from the Eastern Department, and manifest signs of concentration, preparatory to marching westward. Trinidad and other cities are receiving reinforcements.

FRIDAY, AUG. 28.—The annual international regatta at Saratoga opened to-day.

The Spanish representative in Berlin has received full credentials as minister, and has asked for an audience with the Emperor.

Lieutenant-General Sheridan has notified parties organizing gold-seeking expeditions for Black Hills that they will not be permitted to proceed thither without the permission of the Secretary of the Interior.

The charges made against Arnoldi, of the Public Works Department, are to be investigated at his own request. Mr. Scott, chief architect of the Department, and two members of the Board of Audit, will conduct the investigation without delay.

Bowen has entered another action against the Brooklyn Eagle for libel, laying damages at \$100,000. Wm. H. Moulton, city editor of the Eagle, was arrested this night in connection with the first suit, and gave \$3,000 bail for his appearance on Monday.

Moulton declares he will soon publish his supplemental statement. Impelled by imputations on his honour, he says he yesterday offered to go before the Beecher Committee, but received no reply. On the contrary, he had been given to understand his testimony would not be received, but his forthcoming statement would, he believed, clear away every doubt, and vindicate his honour. He wanted it distinctly understood he was ready to meet the Committee to-day if they wished to hear him.

The International Swimming Match between Johnson and Trautz, three miles, was won by the former in one hour and ten minutes.

The final sitting of the International Conference at Brussels was held to-day. All the members signed the protocol except the delegates from Great Britain and Turkey, who postponed attaching their signatures.

The Beecher Investigation Committee have returned a verdict entirely acquitting the accused of the charges laid against him.

SATURDAY, AUG. 29.—The Chinese are said to be threatening Russian territory.

A Carlist battalion operating against Puyoerda has been disarmed by the French authorities for entering French territory. It is said that Mr. Waddell's (of Kingston) is the lowest tender for the construction of the telegraph line from Thunder Bay to Winnipeg.

President MacMahon has signed a decree ordering elections to be held in seven Departments on the 4th of October next, to fill vacancies in the National Assembly.

The German men-of-war "Nautilus" and "Albatross" left Santander to-day for a cruise along the Biscayan Coast and up the River Nervion.

Over 200 Carlists have been killed and many wounded in an attack on Puyoerda. The Republican garrison have nineteen barrels of dynamite, with which they will blow up the place if the Carlists succeed in carrying it. A force of Carlists entered Callabaja, 21 miles S.E. of Logrono, on the 25th inst., and sacked the houses, levied a contribution of \$17,000 from the clergy, shot four volunteers, freed the convicts, and burned the railway stations.

The Vienna New Free Press publishes the text of a circular note from the Russian Government, dated August 19, declining to recognize Spain. The note says: "Russia cannot recognize a government unrecognized in its own country. She has no wish to interfere with the internal affairs of Spain, and favours no party there; she will officially communicate with any government. Germany and Austria are free to act in this matter in accordance with their own interests."

SUNDAY, AUG. 30.—General Lopez Domínguez is marching to the relief of Puyoerda. The Carlists made a night attack on the city, and again were driven back with heavy loss. They have buried their dead, and appear to be preparing to leave. It is reported that the Carlists suffered severely in an engagement near Riopel.

MONDAY, AUG. 31.—The Carlists have been repulsed in two further assaults on Puyoerda.

Mount Etna is in a state of eruption, streams of lava pouring from three craters.

The King of Honolulu favours reciprocity between the United States and his own domain.

Quarantine regulations now being enforced at Queenstown, are causing much hindrance to commerce.

General Custer's expedition has returned to Fort Lincoln, and is reported ready to take the field again, immediately.

The Spanish Government have promised an immediate settlement with Great Britain of the indemnity for the Virginius outrage.

The New York Sun is possessed of the information that Spain will cede Porto Rico to Germany as soon as the Carlists are ejected from their territory, and that the United States will not interfere in the matter.

Disastrous bush fires are raging in the vicinity of Ottawa. The Laurentian range of mountains is said to be on fire, and millions of feet of pine timber and hardwood are being destroyed.

The Fenian Convention, in secret session for some days past in New York, adjourned to-day. The military organization of the Brotherhood has been named the "Irish Legion." By resolution, union is permissible with any organization whose object is the freedom of Ireland.