

took the direction of Huisnes, while Halmalo went towards Beauvoir.

Behind him, an enormous black triangle with a cathedral for tinn and a fortress for breastplate, with its two great towers to the east, one round, the other square, helping to support the weight of the church and village, rose Mount Saint Michael, which is to the ocean what the Pyramid of Cheops is to the desert.

The quicksands of Mount Saint Michael's Bay insensibly displace their dunes. Between Huisnes and Ardeven there was at that time a very high one, which is now completely effaced. This dune, levelled by an equinoctial storm, had the peculiarity of being very ancient; on its summit stood a commemorative column, erected in the twelfth century, in memory of the council held at Avranches against the assassins of Saint Thomas of Canterbury. From the top of this dune the whole district could be seen, and one could fix the points of the compass.

The old man ascended it. When he reached the top he sat down on one of the projections of the stones with his back against the pillar, and began to study the kind of geographical chart spread beneath his feet. He seemed to be seeking a route in a district which had once been familiar. In the whole of this vast landscape, made indistinct by the twilight, there was nothing clearly defined but the horizon stretching black against the sky.

He could perceive the roofs of eleven towns and villages; could distinguish for several leagues' distance all the bell-towers of the coast, which were built very high to serve in case of need as landmarks to boats at sea.

At the end of a few minutes the old man appeared to have found what he sought in this dim clearness; his eyes rested on an enclosure of trees, walls, and roofs, partially visible midway between the plain and the wood—it was a farm. He nodded his head in the satisfied way a man does who says to himself—"There it is," and began to trace with his finger a route across the fields and hedges. From time to time he examined a shapeless, indistinct object stirring on the principal roof of the farm, and seemed to ask himself: "What can it be?" It was colourless and confused, owing to the gloom; it floated, therefore it was not a weather-cock; and there was no reason why it should be a flag.

He was weary; he remained in his resting-place and yielded passively to the vague forgetfulness which the first moments of repose bring over a tired man.

There is an hour of the day which may be called noiseless; it is the serene hour of early evening. It was about him now. He enjoyed it; he looked, he listened—to what? The tranquillity. Even savage natures have their moments of melancholy. Suddenly this tranquillity was, not troubled, but accentuated by the voices of persons passing below—the voices of women and children. It was like a chime of joy-bells unexpectedly ringing amid the shadows. The underbrush hid the group from whence the voices came, but it was moving slowly along the foot of the dune toward the plain and the forest. The clear, fresh tones reached distinctly the pensive old man—they were so near that he could catch every word.

A woman's voice said, "We must hurry ourselves, Flécharde. Is this the way?"

"No, yonder."

The dialogue went on between the two voices, one high-pitched, the other low and timid.

"What is the name of the farm we are stopping at?"

"L'Herbe-en-Pail."

"Will it take us much longer to get there?"

"A good quarter of an hour."

"We must hurry on to get our soup"

"Yes, we are late."

"We shall have to run. But those mites of yours are tired. We are only two women—we can't carry three brats. And you—you are already carrying one, my Flécharde. A regular lump of lead. You have weaned the little gormandizer, but you carry her all the same. A bad habit. Do me the favour to make her walk. Oh, very well, so much the worse. The soup will be cold."

"Oh, what good shoes these are that you gave me. I should think they had been made for me."

"It is better than going bare-footed—eh?"

"Hurry up, René-Jean!"

"He is the very one that hindered us. He must needs chatter with all the little peasant girls he met. Oh, he shows the man already."

"Yes, indeed; he is going on five years old."

"I say, René-Jean, what made you talk to that little girl in the village?"

A child's voice—that of a boy—replied, "Because she was an acquaintance of mine."

"What, you know her?" asked the woman.

"Yes, ever since this morning; she played some games with me."

"Oh, what a man your are!" cried the woman. "We have only been three days in the neighbourhood; that creature there is no bigger than your fist, and he has found a sweetheart already."

The voices grew fainter and fainter, then every sound died away.

II.—AURES HARKT, ET NON AUDIET.

The old man sat motionless. He was not thinking, scarcely dreaming. About him was serenity, rest, safety, solitude. It was still broad daylight on the dune, but almost dark in the plain, and quite night in the forest. The moon was floating up the east; a few stars dotted the pale blue of the zenith. This man, though full of pre-occupation and stern cares, lost himself in the ineffable sweetness of the infinite. He felt within him the obscure dawn of hope, if the word hope may be applied to the workings of civil warfare. For the instant it seemed to him that, in escaping from that inexorable sea and touching land once more, all danger had vanished. No one knew his name; he was alone, escaped from the enemy, having left no trace behind him, for the sea leaves no track; hidden, ignored, not even suspected. He felt an indescribable calm; a little more and he would have fallen asleep.

What made the strange charm of this tranquil home to that man, a prey within and without to such tumults, was the profound silence alike in earth and sky.

He heard nothing but the wind from the sea; but the wind is a continual bass, which almost ceases to be a noise so accustomed does the ear become to its tone.

* NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.—Dunes is the name given to the great sand-hills on the coasts of Brittany, Normandy, and Holland.

Suddenly he started to his feet.

His attention had been quickly awakened; he looked about the horizon. Then his glance fixed eagerly upon a particular point. What he looked at was the belfry of Cormeray, which rose before him at the extremity of the plain. Something very extraordinary was indeed going on within it.

The belfry was clearly defined against the sky; he could see the tower surmounted by the spire, and between the two the cage for the bell, square, without penthouse, open to the four sides after the fashion of Breton belfries.

Now this cage appeared alternately to open and shut, at regular intervals; its lofty opening showed entirely white, then black; the sky could be seen for an instant through it, then it disappeared; a gleam of light would come, then an eclipse, and the opening and shutting succeeded each other from moment to moment with the regularity of a hammer striking the anvil. This belfry of Cormeray was in front of the old man, about two leagues from the place where he stood. He looked to his right at the belfry of Bager-Pican, which rose equally straight and distinct against the horizon; its cage was opening and shutting, like that of Cormeray.

He looked to his left, at the belfry of Tanis; the cage of the belfry of Tanis opened and shut, like that of Bager-Pican. He examined all the belfries upon the horizon, one after another; to his left those of Courtils, of Précey, of Crollon, and the Croix-Avranchin; to his right the belfries of Raz-sur-Couesnon, of Mordrey, and of the Pas; in front of him, the belfry of Pontorin. The cages of all these belfries were alternately white and black.

What did this mean? It meant that all the bells were swinging. In order to appear and disappear in this way they must be violently rung.

What was it for? The tocsin, without doubt. The tocsin was sounding, sounding madly—on every side, from all the belfries, in all the parishes, in all the villages; and yet he could hear nothing.

This was owing to the distance and the wind from the sea, which, sweeping in the opposite direction, carried every sound of the shore out beyond the horizon.

All these mad bells calling on every side, and at the same time this silence; nothing could be more sinister.

The old man looked and listened. He did not hear the tocsin; he saw it. It was a strange sensation, that of seeing the tocsin.

Against whom was this rage of the bells directed? Against whom did this tocsin sound?

III.—USEFULNESS OF BIG LETTERS.

Assuredly some one was snared. Who? A shiver ran through this man of steel. It could not be he? His arrival could not have been discovered; it was impossible that the acting representative should have received information; he had scarcely landed. The corvette had evidently foundered, and not a man had escaped. And even on the corvette, Boisberthelot and La Vieuville alone knew his name. The belfries kept up their savage sport. He mechanically watched and counted them, and his meditations, pushed from one conjecture to another, had those fluctuations caused by a sudden change from complete security to a terrible consciousness of peril. Still, after all, this tocsin might be accounted for in many ways, and he ended by reassuring himself with the repetition of—"In short, no one knows of my arrival, and no one knows my name."

During the last few seconds there had been a slight noise above and behind him. This noise was like the fluttering of leaves. He paid no attention to it at first, but as the sound continued—one might have said insisted on making itself heard—he turned round at length. It was in fact a leaf, but a leaf of paper. The wind was trying to tear off a large placard pasted on the stone above his head. This placard had been very lately fastened there, for it was still moist and offered a hold to the wind which had begun to play with and was detaching it.

The old man had ascended the dune on the opposite side, and had not seen this placard as he came up. He stepped on to the coping where he had been seated and laid his hand on the corner of the paper which the wind moved. The sky was clear, for the June twilights are long; the bottom of the dune was shadowy, but the top in light; a portion of the placard was printed in large letters, and there was still light enough for him to make it out. He read thus:

"THE FRENCH REPUBLIC ONE AND INDIVISIBLE.

"We, Prieur of the Marne, acting representative of the people for the army of the coast of Cherbourg, give notice: The *ci-devant* Marquis de Lantenac, Viscount of Fontenay, so-called Breton prince, secretly landed on the coast of Granville, is declared an outlaw. A price is set on his head. Any person bringing him, alive or dead, will receive the sum of sixty thousand francs. This amount will not be paid in assignats, but in gold. A battalion of the Cherbourg coast-guards will be immediately despatched for the apprehension of the so-called Marquis de Lantenac.

"The parishes are ordered to lend every assistance.

"Given at the Town Hall of Granville, this 2nd of June, 1793.

"(Signed),

"PRIEUR DE LA MARNE."

Under this name was another signature, in much smaller characters, and which the falling light prevented the old man's deciphering.

It was unsafe to remain longer on this summit. He had perhaps already stayed too long; the top of the dune was the only point in the landscape which still remained visible.

When he reached the obscurity of the bottom, he slackened his pace. He took the route which he had traced for himself toward the farm, evidently having reason to believe that he should be safe in that direction.

The plain was deserted. There was no passers-by at that hour. He stopped behind a thicket of underbrush, undid his cloak, turned his vest the hairy side out, refastened his rag of a mantle about his neck by its cord, and resumed his way.

The moon was shining. He reached a point where two roads branched off; an old stone cross stood there. Upon the pedestal of the cross he could distinguish a white square which was most probably a notice like that he had just read. He went towards it.

"Where are you going?" said a voice.

He turned round. A man was standing in the hedgerow,

tall like himself, old like himself, with white hair like his own, and garments even more dilapidated—almost his double. This man leaned on a long stick.

He repeated: "I ask you where you are going."

"In the first place, where am I?" returned he, with an almost haughty composure.

The man replied: "You are in the seigneurie of Tanis. I am its beggar; you are its lord."

"I?"

"Yes, you, my Lord Marquis de Lantenac."

IV.—THE CALMAREP.

The Marquis de Lantenac—we shall henceforth call him by his name—answered quietly, "So be it. Give me up."

The man continued, "We are both at home here; you in the castle, I in the bushes."

"Let us finish. Do your work. Betray me," said the marquis.

The man went on: "You were going to the farm of Herbe-en-Pail, were you not?"

"Yes."

"Do not go."

"Why?"

"Because the Blues are there."

"Since how long?"

"These three days."

"Did the people of the farm and the hamlet resist?"

"No; they opened all their doors."

"Ah!" said the marquis.

The man pointed with his finger towards the roof of the farm-house, which could be perceived above the trees at a short distance.

"You can see the roof, marquis?"

"Yes."

"Do you see what there is above it?"

"Something floating?"

"Yes."

"It is a flag."

"The tricolour," said the man.

This was the object which had attracted the marquis's attention as he stood on the top of the dune.

"Is not the tocsin sounding?" asked the marquis.

"Yes."

"On what account?"

"Evidently on yours."

"But I cannot hear it."

"The wind carries the sound the other way."

The man added, "Did you see your placard?"

"Yes."

"They are hunting you;" and casting a glance toward the farm, he added, "There is a demi-battalion there."

"Of republicans?"

"Parisians."

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

June 17.—The 30th annual session of the National Division of the Sons of Temperance of North America opened at Toronto.

Memorial presented in the U. S. Senate from the citizens of Michigan against any Reciprocity Treaty with Canada.

The cable SS. "Ambassador," with thirty miles of the shore end of the new cable, arrived off Portsmouth, N. H.

Rochefort arrived at Dublin and hissed by the crowd. Increase of cholera reported from India.

Debate on the Organic Municipal Law opened in the French Assembly; the Government insisting on its right to nominate mayors. The Deputies of the Left Centre publish a note again inviting an alliance with the Right Centre, in order that both parties may establish the Republic; they offer all necessary constitutional guarantees, and declare that if the alliance they seek is refused, the Right Centre will be responsible for the possible return of the Empire. Defeat of Moorish insurgents at Algiers. Commission instituted to prepare a new press law. Defeat of the Carlists at Alcora; Don Enriquez, son of Henry of Bourbon, killed.

June 18.—Tenders advertised for for the construction of a telegraph line across the continent. Westmoreland (N. B.) election for Local Legislature. Smith, Picard, McQueen, and Humphrey, Government candidates, elected. Mr. Geoffrion accepts a seat in the Cabinet as Minister of Inland Revenue. Free school candidates elected in Carlton (N.B.) to Local Legislature.

New Reciprocity Treaty sent to the United States Senate.

Rochefort arrives in London; no demonstration being made on the occasion; he is surveilled by French detectives.

The French Assembly rejects, by a vote of 327 to 375, the Municipal Organization Bill, giving to the largest tax-payers a right of membership of municipal councils; the Left, the Bonapartists, and a portion of the Right Centre voting with the majority. The Right Centre open negotiations with the Right and with a portion of the Left Centre, in the hope of forming a new majority upon a program based on the bill submitted by M. Lambert de St. Croix on the 15th inst., providing for the confirmation of President McMahon's powers; the organization of the second Chamber; conferring the right upon President McMahon to dissolve both branches, and the appointment of his successor by a joint convention of the two Chambers.

June 19.—Anglican Synods of Montreal and Ontario closed. Order rescinded prohibiting fishing in the St. Lawrence near Kingston. Heavy rain at St. John, N.B.; rivers overflowing and much damage done by the carrying away of bridges and injuring of roads.

Tweed brought to New York to testify in a suit before the Supreme Court. Petition forwarded to the President from members of the Anti-reciprocity Association protesting against the laying of the corner stone of the new government building at Chicago with Masonic ceremonies.

In the Assembly an amendment to the Municipal Organization Bill was adopted, which completes the defeat of the measure. The amendment in effect maintains the existing system of municipal elections, striking out the clause which provides for minority representation by cumulative voting. It was adopted by a vote of 579 to 34, which caused great surprise. The Right is deeply discouraged by recent votes in the Assembly. It feels that its power is gone, and that the majority which it was hitherto able to command is broken up. The Left Centre is determined to make a change in the domestic policy of the Government. Wife of Don Carlos arrived in Paris, en route to Switzerland.

The Cathedral Chapter of Posen refused to obey the Government's order to elect a Vicar-General, declaring that it does not consider that a vacancy exists.