

for her plate. He never tired of walking by her side—*she* did not walk much now—in the grounds. There, he entertained her with stories made expressly to her mind, and he introduced a De Lisle into most of them:—

“Your ladyship will remember that Louis was pacing hurriedly up and down the chamber——”

“Yes, Chevalier.”

“Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and the unfortunate Dauphin following the unhappy king, clutching at his dressing-gown, begging him, entreating him, to fly!”

“Yes.”

“At that moment, my father entered the apartment, sword in hand, the blade dripping with plebeian blood!”

“Ah, he was one of those gallant gentlemen who surrounded the king, was he not, Chevalier?—the ‘three hundred’ of whom Byron speaks:

‘Of the three hundred grant but three!’

They guarded the stairs, I believe?”