

all which she had accepted; of the meetings, the indignities, the terms offered; the bargains proposed and submitted to, now for a shelter, now for a morsel of bread, sometimes simply to obtain from some one information as to her route. A wretched woman is more unfortunate than a wretched man. Frightful wandering march! But nothing mattered to her, provided she could discover her children.

Her first encounter this day had been a village; the dawn was beginning to break. Everything was still tinged with the gloom of night; a few doors were already half open in the principal streets, and curious faces looked out of the windows. The inhabitants were agitated like a disturbed beehive. This arose from a noise of wheels and chains which had been heard.

On the church square a frightened group, with their heads raised, watched something descend a high hill along the road towards the village. It was a four-wheeled waggon, drawn by five horses, harnessed with chains. On this waggon could be distinguished a heap like a pile of long joists, in the middle of which lay some shapeless object, covered with a large canvas resembling a pall. Ten horsemen rode in front of the waggon, and ten others behind. These men wore three-cornered hats, and above their shoulders rose what seemed to be the points of naked sabres. This whole cortege, advancing slowly, showed black and distinct against the horizon. The waggon looked black; the harness looked black; the horsemen looked black. Behind them gleamed the pallor of the morning.

They entered the village and moved towards the square. Daylight had come on while the waggon was coming down the hill, and the cortege could be distinctly seen; it was like watching a procession of shadows, for not a man in the party uttered a word.

The horsemen were gendarmes; they did in truth carry drawn sabres. The covering was black.

The wretched wandering mother entered the village from the opposite side, and approached the mob of peasants at the moment the gendarmes and the waggon reached the square. Among the crowd voices whispered questions and replies.

"What is it?"

"The guillotine."

"Whence does it come?"

"From Fougères."

"Where is it going?"

"I do not know. They say to a castle in the neighbourhood of Parigué."

"Parigué!"

"Let it go where it likes provided it does not stop here."

This great cart with its lading hidden by a sort of shroud, this team, these gendarmes, the noise of the chains; the silence of the men, the grey dawn, all made up a whole that was spectral. The group traversed the square and passed out of the village. The hamlet lay in a hollow between two hills. At the end of a quarter of an hour the peasants, who had stood still as if petrified, saw the lugubrious procession re-appear on the summit of the western hill. The heavy wheels jolted along the ruts, the chains clanked in the morning wind, the sabres shone in the rising sun; then the road turned off, and the cortege disappeared.

It was the very moment when Georgette woke in the library by the side of her still sleeping brothers, and wished her rosy feet good morning.

II.—DEATH SPEAKS.

The mother watched this mysterious procession, but neither comprehended nor sought to understand; her eyes were busy with another vision—her children, lost amid the darkness.

She went out of the village also, a little after the cortege which had filed past, and followed the same route at some distance behind the second squad of gendarmes. Suddenly the word "guillotine" recurred to her. "Guillotine!" she said to herself. This rude peasant, Michelle Fléchar, did not know what that was, but instinct warned her; she shivered, without being able to tell wherefore; it seemed horrible to her to walk behind this thing, and she turned to the left, quitted the high road and passed into a wood, which was the forest of Fougères.

After wandering for some time she perceived a belfry and some roofs; it was one of the villages scattered along the edge of the forest. She went towards it. She was hungry.

It was one of the villages in which the Republicans had established military posts.

She passed on to the square in front of the mayoralty house. In this village there was also fright and anxiety. A crowd pressed up to the flight of steps which led to the mansion. On the top stood a man, escorted by soldiers; he held in his hand a great open placard. At his right was stationed a drummer, at his left a billsticker, carrying a paste-pot and brush.

Upon the balcony over the door appeared the mayor, wearing a tri-coloured scarf over his peasant dress.

The man with the placard was a public crier. He wore his shoulder-belt, with a small wallet hanging from it, a sign that he was going from village to village, and had something to publish throughout the district.

At the moment Michelle Fléchar approached, he had unfolded the placard, and was beginning to read. He read in a loud voice:—

"THE FRENCH REPUBLIC ONE AND INDIVISIBLE."

The drum beat. There was a sort of movement among the assembly. A few took off their caps, others pulled their hats closer over their heads. At that time, and in that country, one could almost recognize the political opinions of a man by his head-gear—hats were royalist, caps republican. The confused murmur of voices ceased; everybody listened; the crier read:—

"In virtue of the orders we have received, and the authority delegated to us by the Committee of Public Safety"

The drum beat the second time. The crier continued:—

"And in execution of the decree of the National Convention, which puts beyond the law all rebels taken with arms in their hands, and which ordains capital punishment to whomsoever shall give them shelter, or help them to escape"

A peasant asked, in a low voice, of his neighbour, "What is that—capital punishment?"

His neighbour replied, "I do not know."

The crier fluttered the placard.

"In accordance with Article 17th of the law of April 30th, which gives full power to delegates and sub-delegates against rebels: We declare outlaws"

He made a pause, and resumed—

"The individuals known under the names and surnames which follow"

The whole assemblage listened intently.

The crier's voice sounded like thunder. He read:—

"Lantenac, brigand."

"That is monseigneur," murmured a peasant. And through the crowd went the whisper—"It is monseigneur."

The crier resumed:—

"Lantenac, ci-devant marquis, brigand; Imânus, brigand"

The two peasants glanced sideways at each other. "That is Gouge-le-Bruant." "Yes, it is Brise-bleu."

The crier continued to read the list: "Grand-Francœur, brigand"

The assembly murmured, "He is a priest. Yes, the Abbé Turmeau. Yes, he is curé somewhere in the neighbourhood of the woods of Chapelle." "And brigand," said a man in a cap.

The crier read: "Boisnouveau, brigand; the two brothers Pique-en-Bois, brigands; Houzard, brigand"

"That is Monsieur de Quelen," said a peasant.

"Panier, brigand"

"That is Monsieur Sopher."

"Place Nette, brigand"

"That is Monsieur Jamols."

The crier continued his reading without noticing these commentaries:—

"Guinoiseau, brigand; Chatenay, styled Robi, brigand"

A peasant whispered, "Guinoiseau is the same as Le Blond; Chatenay is from Saint-Ouen."

"Hoisnard, brigand," pursued the crier.

Among the crowd could be heard, "He is from Ruillé."

"Yes, it is Branche d'Or." "His brother was killed in the attack on Pontorson." "Yes, Hoisnard Malonnère." "A fine young chap of nineteen."

"Attention!" said the crier. "Listen to the last of the list."

"Belle Vigue, brigand; La Musette, brigand; Sabretout, brigand; Brin d'Amour, brigand"

A lad pushed the elbow of a young girl. The girl smiled. The crier continued, Chante-en-hiver, brigand; Le Chat, brigand"

A peasant said, "That is Moulard."

"Tabouse, brigand"

Another peasant said, "That is Gauffre."

"There are two of the Gauffres," added a woman.

"Both good fellows," grumbled a lad.

The crier shook the placard, and the drum beat.

The crier resumed his reading—"The above-named, in whatever place taken, and their identity established, shall be immediately put to death."

There was a movement among the crowd.

The crier went on—"Any one affording them shelter, or aiding their escape, will be brought before a court-martial and put to death. Signed"

The silence grew profound.

"Signed—The Delegate of the Committee of Public Safety, Cimeurdain."

"A priest," said a peasant.

"The former curé of Parigué," said another.

A townsman added, "Turmeau and Cimeurdain. A Blue priest and a White."

"Both black," said another townsman.

The mayor, who was on the balcony, lifted his hat, and cried, "Long Live the Republic!"

A roll of the drum announced that the crier had not finished.

He was making a sign with his hand. "Attention!" said he. "Listen to the last four lines of the Government proclamation. They are signed by the Chief of the Exploring Column of the North Coasts, Commandant Gauvain."

"Listen!" exclaimed the voices of the crowd.

And the crier read:—

"Under pain of death"

All were silent.

"It is forbidden, in pursuance of the above order, to give aid or succour to the nineteen rebels above-named, at this time shut up and surrounded in La Tourgue."

"What?" cried a voice.

It was the voice of a woman—of the mother.

III.—MUTTERINGS AMONG THE PEASANTS.

Michelle Fléchar had mingled with the crowd. She had listened to nothing, but one hears certain things without listening. She caught the words La Tourgue. She raised her head.

"What?" she repeated. "La Tourgue!"

People stared at her. She appeared out of her mind. She was in rags.

Voices murmured, "She looks like a brigand."

A peasant woman, who carried a basket of buckwheat biscuits, drew near, and said to her in a low voice, "Hold your tongue!"

Michelle Fléchar gazed stupidly at the woman. Again she understood nothing. The name, La Tourgue, had passed through her mind like a flash of lightning, and the darkness closed anew behind it. Had she not a right to ask information? What had she done that they should stare at her in this way?

But the drum had beat for the last time; the bill-sticker posted up the placard; the mayor retired into the house; the crier set out for some other village, and the mob dispersed.

A group remained before the placard; Michelle Fléchar joined this knot of people.

They were commenting on the names of the men declared outlaws. There were peasants and townsmen among them; that is to say, Whites and Blues.

A peasant said: "After all they have not caught everybody. Nineteen are only nineteen. They have not got Bion, they have not got Benjamin Mouline, nor Goupil, of the Parish of Andonillé."

"Nor Lorieul of Monjean," said another.

Others added, "Nor Brice Denys."

"Nor François Dudonet."

"Yes, of Laval."

"Nor Huet of Launey-Villiers."

"Nor Grégis."

"Nor Pilon."

"Nor Filleul."

"Nor Ménécent."

"Nor Guéharée."

"Nor the three brothers Logerais."

"Nor Monsieur Lechandelier de Pierreville."

"Idiots!" said a stern-faced, white-haired old man. "They have all if they have Lantenac."

"They have not got him yet," murmured one of the young men.

The old man added: "Lantenac taken, the soul is taken. Lantenac dead, Vendée is slain."

"Who, then, is this Lantenac?" asked a townsman.

A townsman replied, "He is a ci-devant."

Another added, "He is one of those who shoot women."

Michelle Fléchar heard and said, "It is true."

They turned towards her.

She went on, "For he shot me."

It was a strange speech; it was like hearing a living woman declare herself dead. People began to look at her a little suspiciously.

(To be continued.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16.—The Irish Rifle Team, about to compete at Creedmore, arrived at New York to-day by the steamer "Scotia."

The total cotton crop of the United States for the year ending September 1st, 1874, amounts to upwards of 42,000,000 bales.

A conference of Anglican, Greek and Evangelical clergy, called by Dr. Dollinger, was opened at Bonn, in Germany, yesterday.

It is reported that the Grand Trunk Railway contemplate building a swing bridge over the St. Lawrence in the vicinity of Cap Rouge, above Quebec.

An extra session of the Kansas Legislature has been held to provide means of relief for those made destitute by the ravages of the grasshoppers.

The President has forwarded an official despatch to the commander of the Federal forces in Louisiana not to recognize the insurgent government under any circumstances.

It is said that the Japanese are willing to vacate Formosa if the Chinese Government will hold the Islanders in subjection, and acknowledge that the Japanese were justified in taking possession of the Island.

THURSDAY, Sept. 17.—The Pope has refused to recognize the Republic of Spain.

It is said King Louis of Bavaria is about to abdicate.

Three United States war vessels have been ordered to New Orleans.

M. Berger, the Bonapartist candidate for the Assembly for the Department of Maine et Loire, has withdrawn from the contest.

The members of the Old Catholic Conference, in session at Bonn, are unanimous in their opinion on all important points of dogma.

The International Postal Congress now sitting at Berne, recommend uniform rates of postage in all territory embraced by the Postal Union.

Gen. Emery's demand for the removal of all armed men from the streets, and the return of arms to the Arsenal, has been acceded to by Governor McEnry.

The Bazine trial was concluded yesterday. The Judge declared the escape by rope to have been proved, but that Colonel Villette must have aided the preparations. The colonel was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and the warders, for negligence, to various short terms of incarceration.

FRIDAY, Sept. 18.—The Carlists have intercepted and cut off the supplies for Pampeluna.

China and Japan despatches intimate that the Formosa difficulty is still *in statu quo*.

The British coast-guards have seized a vessel containing arms and ammunition for the Carlists.

Nothing has been heard from the "Faraday" since the 9th inst., and it is supposed her cable was broken during the gale of the 10th.

Reigner, a witness in the Bazine investigation, who fled at the commencement of the trial, has been condemned to death *in contumaciam* for his traitorous conduct at Metz.

A Paris despatch says Plestrel, formerly Secretary to the ex-Empress Eugénie, has arrived at Ajaccio, Corsica, and intends to offer himself for Consul-General in opposition to Prince Napoleon.

The International Union of machinists and blacksmiths, with delegates representing some 50,000 of the trade in the United States and Canada, assembled at Louisville on Wednesday.

The supply train for Gen. Mills' expedition at Wichita were lately attacked by a large force of Comanche and Kiowa Indians, and after five days' hard fighting, drove off the Indians with great slaughter.

An official telegram has been forwarded to General Emery endorsing the part he has taken in the Louisiana matter up to the present time, with one exception: the naming of Colonel Brooke to the command of the city of New Orleans. The President also declares that the State Government at the time of the beginning of the insurrection must be recognized as the lawful government till other rule can be legally established. The surrender of the insurgents is to be forced at all hazards.

SATURDAY, Sept. 19.—The Haytian government have made a claim on the United States for consequential damages.

The State House at New Orleans was formally delivered up to Governor Kellogg to-day.

The expulsion of Danes from Schleswig is said to be attributable to a design of Bismarck to force Denmark into federation with Germany.

France is endeavouring to make the Bey of Tunis "rectify" the boundary line on the Algerian frontier. It is said England and Germany will oppose any change.

Mr. L. L. Hepburn won the Remington Diamond Badge at Creedmore to-day with a score of 78. The six members of the Irish Team who competed are said to have acquitted themselves very creditably.

The Duke of Parma, Counts Casarte and Bari and Don Carlos, have arranged among themselves that the last-named is to be sole representative of the ex-Bourbon branches with presumptive rights to the throne of France.

MONDAY, Sept. 21.—Panama advices say full indemnity has been paid by the Guatemala Government to Mr. Magee.

A Cuban of New York has given \$20,000 to the Cuban Republic, to aid in carrying on the war against Spain.

Dockray, the American arrested in Cuba by the Spanish authorities and sent to Spain, has been incarcerated at Santander.

Great uneasiness is felt in Salt Lake City as to the condition of Brigham Young, who is very sick, as an astrologer has predicted his death on the 7th of December next.

The Danish Envoy at Berlin has received instructions from his Government to request an explanation from the German Government as to the expulsion of Danish subjects from Schleswig.

The United States Government have paid over to the British *Chargé d'Affaires* the sum of \$1,929,819, the amount awarded to British claimants under the Treaty of Washington of 1873.