

Literature.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

Continued.

As if touched by an electric flash Adrienne rose, her little face beaming with the natural sequence of the ideas, her little hand raised, as if to command attention.

'Then, where is papa?' 'Heaven knows, perhaps in Paris, but more likely at Fontenoy.'

'More like gone away? He put me to sleep last night,' said Adrienne, unheeding.

'There was a low murmur of pity.' 'The child is losing her reason,' said Marie Meyer.

'Ask her what she means?' said Aglae Leroux. 'She does not look at all crazy.'

'See, mamma, stand with papa, and did not put me to bed. I have my dress on still, and he laid his supper with us; and I did not want to go to bed, but he said I must, because he had something to tell mamma.'

'A frightful foreboding of a horror too great for words was gradually creeping over the group. They glanced around; the table was laid, certainly, with plates and utensils enough for three, and Jean's great mug, out of which they had often seen him drink his cider, stood near one plate.'

'Who is that?' asked Colonel d'Aubretot. 'His own child.' 'Great Heaven!' was the exclamation from all the listeners.

'His own child! Where is she?' asked the colonel, now thoroughly aroused. 'Outside. I brought her with me.'

'Gentlemen, we will hear what the child has to say. The thing had better be fully investigated on Renaud's account. I do not believe a word of it!'

'The officers left the tent for the clear space in front, where Marie, holding Adrienne in her arms, stood gazing at the bright scene. The brouse first were blazing like great gems over the surrounding fields; figures in picturesque dresses and graceful attitudes, enlivened the landscape; sounds of laughter, mingled with sobs of gay songs, floated from the distant tents, and the quiet sentries pursued their monotonous walk, like white ghosts coming and going in the silent night.'

'The colonel patted Adrienne's golden curls, to reassure her; but the child looked about her fearfully, and with eagerness, as if in search of some familiar object.'

'Well, my child, do you like to look at soldiers?' 'Yes sir. Shall I see papa?' 'Presently; tell me, if you remember, my child, when did you see papa?'

'Are you quite sure, Adrienne?' 'Oh, yes. Papa came last night to see mamma and me. I shall take great pleasure in describing this scene to her.'

'The colonel pressed the soldier's hand, and then returned to his tent. Jean was now surrounded by an excited crowd, all eager to hear the particulars of the capture. Scattered here and there on the campgrounds, the most related the experience of the day. It was a lovely scene. The King's own had raised their tents on a little eminence that commanded a fine view of the field. In front stretched the line of redoubts, now broken and penetrated by the desperate charges of the English during the afternoon, and beyond that again, the desolately down the beach of this brave deed. I shall take great pleasure in describing this scene to her.'

'What was that?' asked Colonel d'Aubretot. 'His own child.' 'Great Heaven!' was the exclamation from all the listeners.

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