


We know not, indeed, what has become of these two Parisian types of a Beauty not of Holiness, the poor vain Poet of the *Paré*, and the good-hearted Ondine of the Gutter. It is obvious, from the absence of all allusion to them in Lemer cier's letter to Vane, that they had passed out of the narrative before that letter was written. We must suppose the catastrophe of their fates to have been described in some preceding chapter by the author himself, who would assuredly not have left M. Gustave Rameau in permanent possession of his ill-merited and ill-ministered fortune. That French representative of the appropriately popular poetry of modern ideas, which prefers "the roses and raptures of vice" to "the lilies and languors of virtue," cannot have been irredeemably reconciled by the sweet savours of the domestic *pot-au-feu*, even when spiced with pungent whiffs of repudiated disreputability, to any selfish betrayal of the cause of universal social emancipation from the personal proprieties. If poor Julie Caumartin has perished in the siege of Paris, with all the grace of her self-wrought redemption still upon her, we shall doubtless deem her fate a happier one than any she could have found in prolonged existence as Madame Rameau ; and a certain modicum of this world's good things will, in that case, have been rescued for worthier employment by Graham Vane. To that assurance nothing but Lemer cier's description of the fate of Victor de Mauléon (which will be found in the *Envoi*) need be added for the satisfaction of our sense of poetic justice ; and if, on the mimic stage from which they now disappear, all these puppets have rightly played their parts in the drama of an empire's fall, each will have helped "to point a moral" as well as to "adorn a tale." *Valete et plaudite !*

L.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

MONG the refugees which the *convoi* from Versailles disgorged on the Paris station were two men, who, in pushing through the crowd, came suddenly face to face with each other.