

THE VOICE IN THE PINES.

BY P. H. HAYNE.

What voice is this? what low and solemn tone,
Which, though all wings of all the winds seem furl'd,
Nor even the zephyr's fairy flute is blown,
Makes thus for ever its mysterious moan
From out the whispering Pine-tops' shadowy world?

Ah, can it be the antique tales are true?
Doth some lone Dryad haunt the breezeless air,
Fronting you bright immitigable blue,
And wildly breathing all her wild soul through
That strange unearthly music of despair?

Or, can it be that ages since, storm-tossed,
And driven far inland from the roaring lea,
Some baffled ocean-spirit, worn and lost,
Here, through dry summer's dearth and winter's frost,
Yearns for the sharp sweet kisses of the sea?

Whate'er the spell, I hearken and am dumb,
Dream-touched, and musing in the tranquil morn;
All woodland sounds—the pheasant's gusty drum,
The mock bird's fuge, the droning insects hum—
Scarce heard for that weird sorrowful voice forlorn!

Beneath the drowsed sense, from deep to deep
Of spiritual life, its mournful minor flows,
Streamlike, with pensive tide, whose currents keep
Low murmuring 'twixt the bounds of grief and sleep,
Yet locked for aye from sleep's divine repose!

NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PART THE SECOND.

IN PARIS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CIMOURDAIN.

This speech created the Evêché. Certain men—and, as we have just said, they were men of all nations—felt the need of gathering themselves close about Paris. Cimourdain joined this club.

The society contained reactionists. It was born out of that public necessity for violence which is the formidable and mysterious side of revolutions. Strong with this strength, the Evêché at once began its work. In the commotions of Paris it was the Commune that fired the cannon; it was the Evêché that sounded the tocsin.

In his implacable ingenueness, Cimourdain believed that everything in the service of truth is justice, which rendered him fit to dominate the extremists on either side. Scoundrels felt that he was honest and were satisfied. Crime is flattered by having virtue to preside over it. It is at once troublesome and pleasant. Palloy, the architect who had turned to account the demolition of the Bastille, selling its stone to his own profit, and who, appointed to whitewash the cell of Louis XVI, in his zeal covered the wall with bars, chains, and iron rings; Gouchon, the suspected orator of the Faubourg Saint Antoine, whose quitances were afterwards found; Fournier, the American, who on the 17th of July fired at Lafayette a pistol-shot, paid for, it was said, by Lafayette himself; Henriot who had come out of Bicêtre, and who had been valet, mountebank, robber, and spy, before being a general and turning the guns on the Convention; La Régnée, formerly grand-vicar of Chartres, who had replaced his breviary by *The Père Duchêne*;—all these men were held in respect by Cimourdain, and at certain moments, to keep the worst of them from stumbling, it was sufficient to feel his redoubtable and believing candour as a judgment before them. It was thus that Saint-Just terrified Schneider. At the same time, the majority of the Evêché, composed principally as it was of poor and violent men who were honest, believed in Cimourdain and followed him. He had for curate or aide-de-camp, as you please that other republican priest, Danjou, whom the people loved on account of his height, and had christened Abbé Six-Foot. Cimourdain could have led where he would that intrepid chief called General la Pique, and that bold Truchon named the Great Nicholas, who had tried to save Madame de Lamballe, and had given her his arm, and made her spring over the corpses; an attempt which would have succeeded, had it not been for the ferocious pleasantry of the barber Charlot.

The Commune watched the Convention; the Evêché watched the Commune. Cimourdain, naturally upright and detesting intrigue, had broken more than one mysterious thread in the hand of Pache, whom Buernonville called "the black man." Cimourdain at the Evêché was on confidential terms with all. He was consulted by Dotsent and Mormoro. He spoke Spanish with Gusman, Italian with Pio, English with Arthur, Flemish with Pereyra, German with the Austrian Proby, the bastard of a prince. He created a harmony between these discordances. Hence his position was obscure and strong. Hebert feared him.

In these times and among these tragic groups, Cimourdain possessed the power of inexorable. He was an impeccable, who believed himself infallible. No person had ever seen him weep. He was Virtue inaccessible and glacial. He was the terrible offspring of Justice.

There is no halfway possible to a priest in a revolution. A priest can only give himself up to this wild and prodigious chance either from the highest or the lowest motive; he must be infamous or he must be sublime. Cimourdain was sublime but in isolation, in rugged inaccessibility, in inhospitable secretiveness; sublime amid a circle of precipices. Lofty mountains possess this sinister freshness.

Cimourdain had the appearance of an ordinary man; dressed in every-day garments, poor in aspect. When young, he had been tanned; as an old man he was bald. What little hair he had left was grey. His forehead was broad, and to the acute observer it revealed his character. Cimourdain had an abrupt way of speaking, which was passionate and solemn; his voice was quick, his accent peremptory; his mouth bitter

and sad; his eye clear and profound; and over his whole countenance an indescribable indignant expression.

Such was Cimourdain.

No one to-day knows his name. History has many of these great Unknown.

III.—A PART NOT DIPPED IN STYX.

Was such a man indeed a man? Could the servant of the human race know fondness? Was he not too entirely a soul to possess a heart? This wide-spread embrace, which included everything and everybody, could it narrow itself down to one? Could Cimourdain love? We answer—Yes.

When young, and tutor in an almost princely family, he had had a pupil whom he loved—the son and heir of the house. It is so easy to love a child. What can one not pardon a child? One forgives him for being a lord, a prince, a king. The innocence of his age makes one forget the crime of race; the feebleness of the creature causes one to overlook the exaggeration of rank. He is so little that one forgives him for being great. The slave forgives him for being his master. The old negro idolises the white nursing. Cimourdain had conceived a passion for his pupil. Childhood is so ineffable that one may unite all affections upon it. Cimourdain's whole power of loving prostrated itself, so to speak, before this boy; that sweet, innocent being became a sort of prey for that heart condemned to solitude. He loved with a mingling of all tenderness: as father, as brother, as friend, as maker. The child was his son, not of his flesh, but of his mind. He was not the father, and this was not his work; but he was the master, and this his masterpiece. Of this little lord he had made a man. Who knows? Perhaps a great man. Such are dreams. Has one need of the permission of a family to create an intelligence, a will, an upright character? He had communicated to the young viscount, his scholar, all the advanced ideas which he held himself; he had inoculated him with the redoubtable virus of his virtue; he had infused into his veins his own convictions, his own conscience and ideal; into this brain of an aristocrat he had poured the soul of the people.

The spirit suckles; the intelligence is a breast. There is analogy between the nurse who gives her milk and the preceptor who gives his thought. Sometimes the tutor is more father than is the father, just as often the nurse is more mother than the mother.

This deep spiritual paternity bound Cimourdain to his pupil. The very sight of the child softened him.

Let us add this: to replace the father was easy; the boy no longer had one. He was an orphan; his father and mother were both dead. To keep watch over him he had only a blind grandmother and an absent great-uncle. The grandmother died; the great-uncle, head of the family, a soldier and a man of high rank, provided with appointments at court, avoided the old family dungeon, lived at Versailles, went forth with the army, and left the orphan alone in the solitary castle. So the preceptor was master in every sense of the word.

Let us add still further. Cimourdain had seen the child born. The boy, while very little, was seized with a severe illness. In this peril of death, Cimourdain watched day and night. It is the physician who prescribes, it is the nurse who saves, and Cimourdain saved the child. Not only did his pupil owe to him education, instruction, science, but he owed him also convalescence and health; not only did his pupil owe him the development of his mind, he owed him life itself. We worship those who owe us all; Cimourdain adored this child.

The natural separation came about at length. The education completed, Cimourdain was obliged to quit the boy, grown to a young man. With what cold and unconscionable cruelty these separations are insisted upon! How tranquilly families dismiss the preceptor, who leaves his spirit in a child, and the nurse, who leaves her heart's blood!

Cimourdain, paid and put aside, went out of the grand world and returned to the sphere below. The partition between the great and the little closed again; the young lord, an officer of birth, and made captain at the outset, departed for some garrison; the humble tutor (already at the bottom of his heart an unobedient priest) hastened to go down again into that obscure ground-floor of the Church occupied by the under clergy, and Cimourdain lost sight of his pupil.

The revolution came on; the recollection of that being whom he had made a man brooded within him, hidden but not extinguished by the immensity of public affairs.

It is a beautiful thing to model a statue and give it life; to mould an intelligence and instil truth therein is still more beautiful. Cimourdain was the Pygmalion of a soul.

The spirit may own a child.

This pupil, this boy, this orphan, was the sole being on earth whom he loved.

But even in such an affection would a man like this prove vulnerable?

We shall see.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE PUBLIC-HOUSE OF THE RUE DU PAON.

I.—MINOS, MACUS, AND RHADAMANTHUS.

There was a public house in the Rue du Paon which was called a café. This café had a back room, which is to-day historical. It was there that often, almost secretly, met certain men, so powerful and so constantly watched that they hesitated to speak with one another in public.

It was there that on the 23rd of October 1792, the Mountain and the Gironde exchanged their famous kiss. It was there that Garat, although he does not admit it in his Memoirs, came for information on that lugubrious night when, after having put Clavières in safety in the Rue de Beaune, he stopped his carriage on the Pont Royal to listen to the tocsin.

On the 28th of June 1793, three men were seated about a table in this back-chamber. Their chairs did not touch; they were placed one on either of the three sides of the table, leaving the fourth vacant. It was about eight o'clock in the evening; it was still light in the street, but dark in the back room, and a lamp, hung from a hook in the ceiling—a luxury there—lighted the table.

The first of these three men was pale, young, grave, with thin lips and a cold glance. He had a nervous movement in his cheek, which must have made it difficult for him to smile. He wore his hair powdered; he was gloved; his light-blue

coat, well brushed, was without a wrinkle, carefully buttoned. He wore nankeen breeches, white stockings, a high cravat, a plaited shirt-frill, and shoes with silver buckles.

Of the other two men, one was a species of giant, the other a sort of dwarf. The tall one was untidily dressed in a coat of scarlet cloth, his neck bare, his unknotted cravat falling down over his shirt-frill, his vest gaping from lack of buttons. He wore top-boots; his hair stood stiffly up and was disarranged, though it still showed traces of powder; his very peruke was like a mane. His face was marked with small-pox; there was a power betokening a choleric temperament between his brows; a wrinkle that signified kindness at the corner of his mouth; his lips were thick, the teeth large; he had the fist of a porter and eyes that blazed. The little one was a yellow man, who looked deformed when seated. He carried his head thrown back, the eyes were injected with blood, there were livid blotches on his face; he had a handkerchief knotted about his greasy, straight hair; he had no forehead; the mouth was enormous and horrible. He wore pantaloons instead of knee-breeches, slippers, a waistcoat which seemed originally to have been of white satin, and over this a loose jacket, under whose folds a hard straight line showed that a poignard was hidden. The first of these men was named Robespierre; the second, Danton; the third, Marat.

They were alone in the room. Before Danton was set a glass and a dusty wine-bottle, reminding one of Luther's half-pint of beer; before Marat a cup of coffee; before Robespierre only papers.

Near the papers stood one of those heavy, round, ridged leaden inkstands which will be remembered by men who were schoolboys at the beginning of this century. A pen was thrown carelessly by the side of the inkstand. On the papers lay a great brass seal, on which could be read *palloy fecit*, and which was a perfect miniature model of the Bastille.

A map of France was spread in the middle of the table. Outside the door was stationed Marat's "watch-dog," a certain Laurent Basse, ticket-porter, of No. 18, Rue des Cordeliers, who some fifteen days after this 28th of June, say the 13th of July, was to deal a blow with a chair on the head of a woman, named Charlotte Corday, at this moment vaguely dreaming in Caen. Laurent Basse was the proof carrier of the *Friend of the People*. Brought this evening by his master to the café of the Rue du Paon, he had been ordered to keep the room closed when Marat, Danton, and Robespierre were seated and to allow no person to enter unless it might be some member of the Committee of Public Safety, the Commune, or the Evêché.

Robespierre did not wish to shut the door against Saint-Just; Danton did not want it closed against Pache; Marat would not shut it against Gusman.

The conference had already lasted a long time. It was in reference to papers spread on the table, which Robespierre had read. The voices began to grow louder. Symptoms of anger arose between these three men. From without eager words could be caught at moments. At that period the example of the public tribunals seemed to have created the right to "listen at doors." It was the time when the copying-clerk Fabricius Paris looked through the keyhole at the proceedings of the Committee of Public Safety; a feat which, be it said by the way, was not without its use, for it was this Paris who warned Danton on the night before the 31st of March 1799. Laurent Basse had his ear to the door of the back-room where Danton, Marat, and Robespierre were. Laurent Basse served Marat, but he belonged to the Evêché.

II.—MAGNA TESTANTUR VOCE PER UMBRAS.

Danton had just risen and pushed his chair hastily back. "Listen!" he cried. "There is only one thing imminent—the peril of the Republic. I only know one thing—to deliver France from the enemy. To accomplish that all means are fair. All! All! All! When I have to deal with a combination of dangers, I have recourse to every or any expedient; when I fear all, I have all. My thought is a lioness. No half-measures. No squeamishness in resolution. Nemesis is not a conceited prude. Let us be terrible and useful. Does the elephant stop to look where he sets his foot? We must crush the enemy."

Robespierre replied mildly: "I shall be very glad." And he added—"The question is to know where the enemy is."

"It is outside, and I have chased it there," said Danton.

"It is within, and I watch it," said Robespierre.

"And I will continue to pursue it," resumed Danton.

"One does not drive away an internal enemy."

"What then do you do?"

"Exterminate it."

"I agree to that," said Danton in his turn. Then he continued: "I tell you, Robespierre, it is without."

"Danton, I tell you it is within."

"Robespierre, it is on the frontier."

"Danton, it is in Vendée."

"Calm yourselves," said a third voice. "It is everywhere, and you are lost." It was Marat who spoke.

Robespierre looked at him and answered tranquilly—"Truce to generalities. I particularise. Here are facts."

"Pedant!" grumbled Marat.

Robespierre laid his hand on the papers spread before him and continued: "I have just read you the despatches from Prieur of the Marne. I have just communicated to you the information given by that Gélambre. Danton listen! The foreign war is nothing; the civil war is all. The foreign war is a scratch that one gets on the elbow; civil war is the ulcer which eats up the liver. This is the result of what I have been reading; the Vendée, up to this day divided between several chiefs, is concentrating herself. Henceforth she will have one sole captain."

"A central brigand," murmured Danton.

"Who is," pursued Robespierre, "the man that landed near Pontorson on the 2nd of June. You have seen who he was. Remember this landing coincides with the arrest of the acting representatives, Prieur of the Côte-d'Or, and Romme of Bayeux, by the traitorous district of Calvados, the 2nd of June—the same day."

"And their transfer to the castle of Caen," said Danton.

Robespierre resumed: "I continue my summing up of the despatches. The war of the Woods is organizing on a vast scale. At the same time, an English invasion is preparing; Vendéans and English—it is Briton with Breton. The Hurons of Finistère speak the same language as the Topinambes of Cornwall. I have shown you an intercepted letter from Puisaig, in which it is said that 'twenty thousand red-coats distributed among the insurgents will be the means of raising