

## MEMORIES; SWEET AND SAD.

When blushing rosebuds hide their face,  
Behind their leaves, with so much grace,  
I think of thy sweet bashful ways,  
In former days.

When soft winds wafted from the south,  
With grateful fragrance fan my mouth,  
What message do they bring to me?  
A kiss from thee.

And dew drops on the lily's leaf,  
Like tears that tell of silent grief,  
Are so like pearls, when by thee worn,  
Thou didst adorn.

And when the spring-flowers bloom anew,  
Of varied tint and dainty hue,  
The modest snowdrop, violet meek,  
All of thee speak.

And then the sun thro' April show'rs,  
Smiles lovingly upon the flow'rs,  
Just like thy tears, that all in play  
I've kissed away.

At eve when sings the nightingale,  
Whose luscious notes our ears regale,  
I think I hear thy voice again,  
But list in vain!

And when I view the heav'ns at night,  
Bespangled with the stars of light,  
I wonder if thine own bright eyes  
Gaze on those skies.

Whate'er is lovely, good, and true,  
Whate'er is pure as morning dew,  
Recalls fond memories to me,  
Sweet thoughts of thee!

## NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

## PART THE THIRD.

IN VENDEE.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

## THE MASSACRE OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

Suddenly René-Jean, who had gone near a window, lifted his head, then dropped it, and hastened to hide himself in a corner of the wall made by the projecting window-recess. He had just caught sight of a man looking at him. It was a soldier from the encampment of Blues on the plateau, who, profiting by the truce, and perhaps infringing it a little, had ventured to the very edge of the escarpment, from whence the interior of the library was visible. Seeing René-Jean hide himself Gros-Alain hid too; he crouched down beside his brother, and Georgette hurried to hide herself behind them. So they remained, silent, motionless, Georgette pressing her finger against her lips. After a few minutes René-Jean ventured to thrust out his head; the soldier was there still. René-Jean retreated quickly, and the three little ones dared not even breathe. This suspense lasted for some time. Finally the fear began to bore Georgette; she gathered courage to look out. The soldier had disappeared. They began again to run about and play. Gros-Alain, although the imitator and admirer of René-Jean, had a speciality—that of discoveries. His brother and sister saw him suddenly galloping wildly about, dragging after him a little cart, which he had unearthed behind some box.

This doll's wagon had lain forgotten for years among the dust, living amicably in the neighbourhood of the printed works of genius and the busts of sages. It was perhaps one of the toys that Gauvain had played with when a child.

Gros-Alain had made a whip of his string, and cracked it loudly; he was very proud. Such are discoverers. The child discovers a little wagon, the man an America—the spirit of adventure is the same.

But it was necessary to share the godsend. René-Jean wished to harness himself to the carriage, and Georgette wished to ride in it.

She succeeded in seating herself. René-Jean was the horse. Gros-Alain was the coachman. But the coachman did not understand his business; the horse began to teach him.

René-Jean shouted, "Say 'Whoa!'"

"Whoa!" repeated Gros-Alain.

The carriage upset. Georgette rolled out. Child-angels can shriek; Georgette did so.

Then she had a vague wish to weep.

"Miss," said René-Jean, "you are too big."

"Me big!" stammered Georgette.

And her size consoled her for her fall.

The cornice of the entablature outside the windows was very broad; the dust blowing from the plain of heath had collected there; the rains had hardened it into soil, the wind had brought seeds; a blackberry bush had profited by the shallow bed to grow up there. This bush belonged to the species called fox blackberry. It was August now, and the bush was covered with berries; a branch passed in by the window, and hung down nearly to the floor.

Gros-Alain, after having discovered the cord and the wagon discovered this bramble. He went up to it. He gathered a berry and ate.

"I am hungry," said René-Jean.

Georgette arrived, galloping upon her hands and knees.

The three between them stripped the branch, and ate all the berries. They stained their faces and hands with the purple juice till the trio of little seraphs was changed into a knot of little fauns, which would have shocked Dante and charmed Virgil. They shrieked with laughter.

From time to time the thorns pricked their fingers. There is always pain attached to every pleasure.

Georgette held out her finger to René-Jean, on which showed a tiny drop of blood, and, pointing to the bush, said, "Picks."

Gros-Alain, who had suffered also, looked suspiciously at the branch, and said, "It is a beast."

"No," replied René-Jean, "it is a stick."

"Then a stick is wicked," retorted Gros-Alain.

Again Georgette though she had a mind to cry, burst out laughing.

In the meantime René-Jean, perhaps jealous of the discoveries made by his younger brother, had conceived a grand project. For some minutes past, while busy eating the berries and pricking his fingers, his eyes turned frequently toward the chorister's desk mounted on a pivot, and isolated like a monument in the centre of the library. On this desk lay the celebrated volume of Saint Bartholomew.

It was, in truth, a magnificent and priceless folio. It had been published at Cologne by the famous publisher of the edition of the Bible of 1682, Blaeu, or in Latin Cæsius.

It was printed, not on Dutch paper, but upon that beautiful Arabian paper so much admired by Edrisi, which was made of silk and cotton and never grew yellow; the binding was of gilt leather, and the clasps were of silver, the boards of that parchment which the parchment sellers of Paris took an oath to buy at the Hall Saint-Mathurin, "and nowhere else."

The volume was full of engravings on wood and copper, with geographical maps of many countries; it had on a fly-leaf a protest of the printers, papermakers, and publishers, against the edict of 1635, which set a tax on "leather, fur, cloven-footed animals, sea-fish, and paper," and at the back of the frontispiece could be read a dedication to the Gryphes, who were to Lyons what the Elzevirs were to Amsterdam. These combinations resulted in a famous copy, almost as rare as the *Apostol* at Moscow.

The book was beautiful; it was for that reason René-Jean looked at it too long perhaps. The volume chanced to be open at a great print representing Saint Bartholomew carrying his skin over his arm. He could see this print where he stood. When the berries were all eaten, René-Jean watched it with a feverish longing, and Georgette, following the direction of her brother's eyes, perceived the engraving, and said, "Picture."

This exclamation seemed to decide René-Jean. Then, to the utter stupefaction of Gros-Alain, an extraordinary thing happened. A great oaken chair stood in one corner of the library; René-Jean marched towards it, seized and dragged it unaided up to the desk. Then he mounted thereon and laid his two hands on the volume.

Arrived at this summit, he felt a necessity for being magnificently generous; he took hold of the upper end of the "picture" and tore it carefully down; the tear went diagonally over the saint, but that was not the fault of René-Jean; it left in the book the left side, one eye and a bit of the halo of the old apocryphal Evangelist; he offered Georgette the other half of the saint and all his skin. Georgette took the saint, and observed, "Ma-mans."

"And I!" cried Gros-Alain.

The tearing of the first page of a book by children is like the shedding of the first drop of blood by men—it decides the carnage.

René-Jean turned the leaf; next to the saint came the commentator Pantæus. René-Jean bestowed Pantæus upon Gros-Alain.

Meanwhile Georgette tore her large piece into two little morsels, then the two into four, and continued her work till history might have noted that Saint Bartholomew, after having been flayed in Armenia, was torn limb from limb in Brittany.

The quartering completed, Georgette held out her hand to René-Jean, and said, "More!"

After the saint and the commentator followed portraits of frowning glossarists. The first in the procession was Gavantus; René-Jean tore him out and put Gavantus into Georgette's hand.

The whole group of Saint Bartholomew's commentators met the same fate in turn.

There is a sense of superiority in giving. René-Jean kept nothing for himself. Gros-Alain and Georgette were watching him; he was satisfied with that; the admiration of his public was reward enough.

René-Jean, inexhaustible in his magnanimity, offered Fabricio Pignatelli to Gros-Alain, and Father Stiltling to Georgette; he followed these by the bestowal of Alphonse Tostat on Gros-Alain, and Cornelius à Lapide upon Georgette. Then Gros-Alain received Henry Hammond, and Georgette Father Roberti, together with a view of the city of Douai, where that father was born in 1619. Gros-Alain received the protest of the stationers, and Georgette obtained the dedication to the Gryphes. Then it was the turn of the maps. René-Jean proceeded to distribute them. He gave Gros-Alain Ethiopia, and Lycaonia fell to Georgette. This done, he tumbled the book upon the floor.

This was a terrible moment. With mingled ecstasy and fright Gros-Alain and Georgette saw René-Jean wrinkle his brows, stiffen his legs, clench his fists, and push the massive folio off the stand. The majestic old tome was fairly a tragic spectacle. Pushed from its resting-place, it hung for an instant on the edge of the desk, seemed to hesitate, trying to balance itself, then crashed down, and broken, crumpled, torn, ripped from its binding, its clasps fractured, flattened itself miserably upon the floor. Fortunately it did not fall on the children. They were only bewildered, not crushed. Victories do not always finish so well.

Like all glories, it made a great noise, and left a cloud of dust.

Having flung the book on the ground, René-Jean descended from the chair.

There was a moment of silence and fright; victory has its terrors. The three children seized one another's hands and stood at a distance, looking toward the vast dismantled tome. But, after a brief reverie, Gros-Alain approached it quickly and gave it a kick.

Nothing more was needed. The appetite for destruction grows rapidly. René-Jean kicked it, Georgette dealt a blow with her little foot which overset her, though she fell in a sitting position, by which she profited to fling herself on Saint Bartholomew. The spell was completely broken. René-Jean pounced upon the saint, Gros-Alain dashed upon him, and joyous, distracted, triumphant, pitiless, tearing the prints, slashing the leaves, pulling out the markers, scratching the binding, ungluing the gilded leather, breaking off the nails from the silver corners, ruining the parchment, making mincemeat of the august text, working with feet, hands, nails, teeth; rosy, laughing, ferocious, the three angels of prey demolished the defenceless evangelist.

They annihilated Armenia, Judea, Benevento, where rest the relics of the saint; Nathanael, who is, perhaps, the same

as Bartholomew, the Pope Gelasius, who declared the Gospel of Saint Bartholomew apocryphal. Nathanael; all the portraits, all the maps, and the inexorable massacre of the old book, absorbed them so entirely that a mouse ran past without their perceiving it.

It was an extermination.

To tear in pieces history, legend, science, miracles, whether true or false, the Latin of the Church; superstitions, fanaticisms, mysteries, to rend a whole religion from top to bottom, would be a work for three giants, but the three children completed it. Hours passed in the labour, but they reached the end; nothing remained of Saint Bartholomew.

When they had finished, when the last page was loosened, the last print lying on the ground, when nothing was left of the book but the edges of the text and pictures in the skeleton of the binding, René-Jean sprang to his feet, looked at the floor covered with scattered leaves, and clapped his hands.

Gros-Alain clapped his hands likewise.

Georgette took one of the pages in her hand, rose, leaned against the window-sill, which was on a level with her chin, and commenced to tear the great leaf into tiny bits, and scatter them out of the casement.

Seeing this, René-Jean and Gros-Alain began the same work. They picked up and tore into small bits, picked up again and tore, and flung the pieces out of the window, as Georgette had done, page by page; rent by these little desperate fingers, the entire ancient volume almost flew down the wind. Georgette thoughtfully watched these swarms of little white papers dispersed by the breeze, and said—

"Butterflies!"

So the massacre ended with these tiny ghosts vanishing in the blue of heaven!

Thus was Saint Bartholomew for the second time made a martyr; he who had been the first time sacrificed in the year of our Lord 49.

Then the evening came on; the heat increased; there was sleep in the air; Georgette's eyes began to close; René-Jean went to his crib, pulled out the straw sack which served instead of a mattress, dragged it to the window, stretched himself thereon, and said, "Let us go to bed."

Gros-Alain laid his head against René-Jean, Georgette placed hers on Gros-Alain, and the three malefactors fell asleep.

The warm breeze entered by the open windows, the perfume of wild flowers from the ravines and hills mingled with the breath of evening; nature was calm and pitiful; everything beamed, was at peace, full of love. The sun gave his caress, which is light, to all creation; everything could be heard and felt that harmony which is thrown off from the infinite sweetness of inanimate things. There is a motherhood in the infinite; creation is a miracle in full bloom; it reflects its grandeur by its goodness. It seemed as if one could feel some invisible Being take those mysterious precautions which, in the formidable conflict of opposing elements of life, protect the weak against the strong; at the same time there was beauty everywhere; the splendour equalled the gentleness. The landscape that seemed asleep had those lovely hazy effects which the changings of light and shadow produce on the fields and rivers; the mists mounted toward the clouds like reveries changing into dreams; the birds circled noisily about La Tourgue; the swallows looked in through the windows, as if they wished to be certain that the children slept well. They were prettily grouped upon one another, motionless, half-naked, posed like little Cupids; they were adorable and pure; the united ages of the three did not make nine years; they were dreaming dreams of paradise, which were reflected on their lips in vague smiles. Perchance God whispered in their ears; they were of those whom all human languages call the weak and blessed; they were made majestic by innocence. All was silence about them, as if the breath from their tender bosoms were the care of the universe, and listened to by the whole creation; the leaves did not rustle; the grass did not stir. It seemed as if the vast starry world held its breath for fear of disturbing those three humble angelic sleepers, and nothing could have been so sublime as that reverent respect of nature in presence of this little scene.

The sun was near his setting; he almost touched the horizon. Suddenly across this profound peace burst a lightning-like glare, which came from the forest; then a savage noise. A cannon had just been fired. The echoes seized upon this thundering, and repeated it with an infernal din. The prolonged growling from hill to hill was terrible. It woke Georgette.

She raised her head slightly, lifted her little finger, and said, "Boom!"

The noise died away; the silence swept back; Georgette laid her head on Gros-Alain, and fell asleep once more.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

## THE MOTHER.

## I.—DEATH PASSERS.

When this evening came the mother whom we saw wandering almost at random had walked the whole day. This was indeed the history of all her days—to go straight before her without stopping. For her slumbers of exhaustion, given in to in any corner that chanced to be nearest, were no more rest than the morsels she ate here and there, as the birds pick up crumbs, were nourishment. She ate and slept just what was absolutely necessary to keep her from falling down dead.

She had passed the previous night in an empty barn; civil wars leave many such. She had found in a bare field four walls, an open door, a little straw beneath the ruins of a roof, and she had slept on the straw under the rafters, feeling the rats slip about beneath, and watching the stars rise through the gaping wreck above. She slept for several hours, then she woke in the middle of the night and set out again, in order to get over as much road as possible before the great heat of the day should set in. For any one who travels on foot the summer midnight is more fitting than noon.

She had followed to the best of her ability the brief itinerary the peasant of Vantortes had marked out for her; she had gone as straight as possible toward the west. Had there been any one near he might have heard her ceaselessly murmur, half aloud, "La Tourgue." Except the names of her children this word was all she knew.

As she walked, she dreamed. She thought of the adventures with which she had met; she thought of all she had suffered,