

low. This gave them hopes to find that it was placed to cover the entrance of some subterraneous passage; perhaps it might be one that led to the Rhone. They succeeded in removing the stone, and found, to their inexpressible transport, that it was indeed a subterraneous passage; and they doubted not that here they should find an issue. They then tied their handkerchiefs together, and one of them named Labatre, taking hold of the end with one hand, and carrying a light in the other, descended to explore the place. Alas! their hopes were in a moment blasted; instead of finding any passage by which they could escape, he found this was an old well, dried up and heaped with rubbish. Labatre returned with a heavy heart; some other means must be sought.

A door at the extremity of the cave now appeared their only resource. On this they set to work with the same ardour, and succeeded in forcing it open. But this led only to another vault, which served as a depot for confiscated effects and merchandize. Among other things was a large trunk full of shirts. They profited of this discovery to make an exchange of linen; and instead of the clean ones which they took, they left their own which they had worn for many weeks. Two doors besides that at which they entered, now offered themselves to their choice. They began to attack one; but they had scarcely applied the file, when they were alarmed by the barking of a dog behind. A general consternation seized the party; the work was stopped in an instant; perhaps the door led to the apartments of the gaoler. This idea recalled to their minds, that it was now near two o'clock, the time of his visit. One of the parties returned towards the Cave of Death, to see whether all was safe; and it was agreed to suspend their labours till his return. They had need of some moments of rest, and they took advantage of them, to fortify themselves for the rest of their work by taking some wine.

When the scout returned, he said, that on his arrival at the Cave of Death, he shuddered with horror to find the turnkey there already. The man, however, who had been left as a sentinel, engaged him to drink with him; and the scout joining the party, they plied him so well, that he at last reeled off without much examining the cave, and was in all probability laid fast asleep for the rest of the night. This was very consolatory news.

Quitting the door at which they heard the dog bark, they applied themselves to the other. They found here folding doors, one of which they opened, and found themselves in a long dark passage. At the end they perceived another door; but listening, they heard voices; it in fact led to the guard house, where several soldiers in their national uniform were assembled. This was indeed, a terrible stroke; had they then got so far, only to meet with a worse obstacle than any they had yet encountered? Must all their labours prove then at length fruitless?

Only one resource now remained, and this was a door which they had passed on the side of the passage, and which they had not attempted, because they conceived it must lead to the great Court of the Hotel de Ville, and they would rather have found some other exit; but,