

on several previous occasions incurred the displeasure of Robespierre.

"There is no doubt," continued Cardourel in a well-calculated ceremoniousness, "I will be heard with my complaint, and it will be found just, as I can procure the signature of the best patriots and truest *Sans-culottes* of Bordeaux."

The commissioner of the convention in deep meditation paced the room. He was tortured at not being able to punish the offender, and was considering how he might be revenged. His prudence taught him to draw back before his adversaries, while his feelings were in revolt against the humiliation of being defeated. He might destroy Cardourel, but the fear paralyzed him that a blow dealt in this way would bring him into the greatest trouble with the whole Jacobin party in Bordeaux, whose friends in Paris would certainly take advantage of it. Tallien was one of those characters who by impulse exhibit an energy that recoils from no obstacle, and then fall back into a languor that prevents all action. His passions were easily influenced by circumstances. He was capable of great and noble, as well as cruel actions, but when struggling against unforeseen obstacles, became timid, cautious, evasive, till he had collected again his energy and roused himself to new exertions.

Gilbert Cardourel could almost read what was passing in Tallien's breast, and judged that he had used the right weapon to influence and intimidate the powerful commissioner, at the same time not forgetting that he had to deal with a dangerous man, against whom he had always to be on his guard.

"Citizen commissioner," he resumed, "I can lay before you the list of all those whom the revolutionary committee has denounced to the tribunal, at the same time the list of those whom, of your own accord, you have liberated."

Gilbert stopped one moment, then continued, casting a searching glance on Tallien, who was hastily pacing the room!

"The list is headed by the beautiful Spaniard, Thérèse Fontenay, the wife of an aristocrat, an emigrant...."

"Well," impatiently replied the commissioner, "I have saved her."

"I will assert and prove, citizen commissioner, that you have suffered this woman to interfere with the course of the law, and to liberate more than a hundred justly imprisoned persons, for no other reason than that of gaining your favour."

"Stop, you are a —!"

"I will," went on Gilbert in cruel mockery, "further assert and prove, that the commissioner of the convention, Tallien, rules no more in Bordeaux, but his beloved, the Spaniard Cabarrus; in the same way as the wife of Roland governed France in his stead. No matter! the guillotine has got them both!"

Tallien was sensibly affected by the comparison with Roland; there was in it some truth which startled and vexed him. At the same time he was alarmed at the idea of seeing his beloved in so dangerous a manner denounced in Paris, fearing the accusation by Cardourel, less for himself than for her; thus he made up his mind to come to an understanding with Gilbert.

"Citizen," said he, approaching him, "you are a good patriot, and I thank you for having reminded me of my duty, which, perhaps, latterly, I have somewhat neglected. This may prove to you, that in future I will be more circumspect with my privilege of pardoning."

"Excellent citizen commissioner, all Jacobins will be delighted to hear it."

"They shall be disappointed, my friend, and I count again upon your assistance."

Certainly, citizen Tallien, do so. I came for the purpose of offering it you in a more effective manner than it has, so far, been possible."

"How, in a more effective manner?" asked Tallien, in a tone of mistrust.

"As you cannot know each person that is recommended to your mercy, the committee requests you to entrust me with the examination of such cases."

"That means, I shall be put under surveillance," replied Tallien, trying to conceal his annoyance by assuming an air of indifference.

"Comprehend it not in this way, but as an assistance to the patriotic cause," said Cardourel appeasingly, having now obtained his first object.

"Well, then, explain yourself?"

"I ask nothing more, citizen, than to call upon you every day, to ascertain whether you intend liberating any of the prisoners."

"Well, and what more?"

"That I may give my approval, before you do so."

"Granted."

"And that without it, no one shall be withheld from his trial."

"I will also grant this condition, if you will not abuse it."

"Be not afraid, citizen commissioner. My intentions are pure. I am actuated but by true Jacobin patriotism."

"These are also my principles."

"Our compact, citizen commissioner, is therefore concluded and will immediately come in force."

"I will release no one who does not delight in your mercy," confirmed Tallien in an ironical tone.

Gilbert Cardourel, not perceiving it, said:

"Till to-morrow, citizen," and left the room.

"Till to-morrow," replied Tallien, following him to the door. As soon as it had closed, his face became suddenly distorted, as though painfully suppressed passions were vehemently breaking forth.

"Scoundrel," muttered he, and the expression with which he uttered the word might excite terror. His red hair seemed to rise like bristles; his pale cheeks flushed, and bitter hate darted from his fiery eyes.

And when Gilbert Cardourel triumphantly paced the street to look for Timm at the "Red Cap," in imagination he saw Tallien's ugly face and heard a curse being sent after him. He burst out laughing and felt for the document in his breast-pocket, as if it were the talisman which could protect him from the wrath of the powerful man whom he had humbled.

Tallien had made his compact with Cardourel to pacify both him and the Jacobin body in Bordeaux, on account of their indignation at his clemency. The complaints had touched him the more severely, as he had to confess that they were not without foundation. He had to acknowledge that as a man of terror he had not fulfilled his duty since he had become enamoured by the charms of the beautiful Spaniard.

Nevertheless he did not intend to subject himself to the control of the *Sans-culotte*, which was as arrogant as it was offensive to his authority and dignity, while the whole appearance and demeanour of this man had filled him with disgust. As in similar cases, he meant to gain time to reflect how he should act, and wished to wait for an impulse to his energy which should disconcert Cardourel.

If anything could increase his desire of revenge, it was the communication by Thérèse, how Cardourel had made professions of love to her, and after she had so energetically refused him, had in revenge thrown her into prison. The whole evening was spent in undisturbed conversation, discussing the situation in which the dangerous Jacobin had placed Tallien and his beloved.

"Nothing further can be done," said he, as though terminating an argument in his own mind, "but to fulfil inexorably my duty as formerly. Oh, Thérèse," added he vehemently, to convince her of the necessity of his resolution, while she was seriously listening to him with looks full of reproach, "how I should like to follow the dictates of my heart in which you alone rule! Do not be angry if I must separate the man who rules from the man who loves. You have been the guardian-angel of many, and I have appeared the executor of your peaceful message. This has come to an end—the guardian-angel must let the demon act, who only fulfils the laws of his angry master."

"It is extremely painful to me, Tallien," answered she with resignation, "that you have to fetter yourself with chains of slavery to the scaffold."

"Dearest," he implored, "rid yourself of this mischievous thought! You must know me, you must distinguish between the man of duty and the man of love, who after a gloomy day's work hastens to you, resting his head on your lap. Thérèse, do not love me less if I cannot fulfil all your wishes!"

"My Tallien! My Lambert!" exclaimed she with passionate, yet sad accent. "Our love so far was a hymen of joy—trials and pain can only strengthen it. Trees must bear the storms."

"Yes, so it shall be, Thérèse! The gales which are hastening upon us will bind us closer to each other. Be it as it may, beloved, we shall never part!"

"Never, my friend, my rescuer! I understand you and can separate the politician from the lover."

"Only our preservation compels me to cause you pain."

"I comprehend. I will close my eyes, so that I do not see when streams of blood flow anew from the scaffold, when dozens are taken on carts to lay their heads upon the block. I will stop my ears, so that I may not hear the rumbling of the carts as they pass under my window, nor the sobbing of women, nor the entreaties and prayers of all those who implore my aid to excite your sympathy in behalf of their friends. They will come, pray and weep, all to no purpose—I will meet them no more. Thérèse Cabarrus has played her part, she is powerless over the heart that belongs to her, over the man she loves."

"Stop, stop, woman, you torture me," cried Tallien, springing from her side and covering his burning forehead with his hands. "Oh, that this Cardourel can compel me to become again a —! But," continued he with a voice of thunder, "they shall learn to know me, Thérèse; my hand shall wave the fiery sword, and woe to the head it reaches; it will not turn away from a Jacobin cap."

"Ha!" burst forth Thérèse, a sudden change passing over her whole expression, and a wild joy flashing from her eyes that surprised Tallien. "You have found the right expedient, Lambert. If sulphur and fire shall rain, it shall fall on the just and unjust, carrying destruction with it. Carry terror amongst these Jacobins, friend, and you shall see how they will tremble, and implore the same Tallien whom they would now like to accuse. My beloved, if you must be Pluto, I will be your Proserpine, and you shall see that I also know hate, and can beckon death."

The commissioner being alarmed by these words of wild excitement, which broke forth like despairing hate from his beloved, was not at once able to reply. After a pause, he stammered forth:

"What do you mean?"

"Tallien," recommenced Thérèse, in a subdued voice, "you or they must suffer. They compel you to be without mercy, to renew a government of terror and blood; you are threatened, if you spare heads and give the executioner a holiday. Well then, if they compel you, submit; but do not forget, while the guillotine is raging, to think of yourself, and to destroy the vipers which attempt to ruin you with their poisonous sting. Plunge them first into this abyss."

"Thérèse," exclaimed he in amazement, "What do I hear? I cannot recognise you,—a poisonous breath of death rushes from your mouth! You are raving!"

"Not so, Lambert, not so!" replied she passionately. "If it were so, it would not be my fault that a drop of poison got mixed in my love for you. They will destroy you, Tallien—I see you between Scylla and Charybdis, urged to shed blood, so that when the time of terror, which cannot last forever, has passed away, you may, laden with the curses of the world, be plunged into oblivion,—or you may be suspected as a weakling by the monsters of Paris, who will overthrow you. Oh, my friend, because I so tenderly love you, I perceive creeping destruction setting traps for you. Because I have chained my existence to yours, my rescuer, I wish to see you once great among the men of the day, and not as an instrument of others, which is used and then thrown away. You are mine, Tallien, you have sworn it to me so often—let me watch over you, over your life! I will be your good genius, and accompany you on the road to glory, and to the honours of great men; but, I will also protect you and destroy the enemy who would tear you from me."

Tallien felt the new charm this woman exercised over him. Her wild excitement, which he had never before observed, stirred the innermost depths of his heart. She incited a higher ambition than he possessed, showing him in a light of glory the goal to which he should aspire, and her strength and energy of will elevated all his feelings. But from where came at once this change in his beloved? What design was yet concealed behind her glowing words? There was some mystery, and Tallien dreaded to hear what she might yet reveal him.

"Your love, Thérèse, is a fountain of bliss," said he, "but can also, as I divine, be full of terror. Say, have you contrived a plan?"

"This vile *Sans-culotte* Cardourel has contrived a plan to ruin you. I, for my part, have only taken the resolution to frustrate his plan."

"Yes, Cardourel," rejoined he gloomily and meditatively. "He is to be dreaded."

"A wretch whom you must destroy, or you will fall a victim of his passions. Oh! I have penetrated into the soul of this man. He is prompted to overthrow you, by his hate against me, or perhaps by a still lower feeling. On my account he is your enemy."

"I have guessed so from his own words."

"Well?" said she, encouraging. "Do you not think of protecting yourself and me from him? This man is as contemptible as he is dangerous and would shun no means, however low, to accomplish his purpose. You said, he is the chief of the *Sans-culottes* in Bordeaux—the worse so, he is a power."

"Certainly," replied Tallien; "he is a power, and I have therefore no easy game with him."

"If you destroy him, you aim a blow at these Jacobins, who have shown themselves as spies upon your conduct, as your enemies and accusers."

"But consider, Thérèse, that by an open act of violence against this Cardourel I would raise the whole Jacobin body against me, and that would be certain ruin."

"Thus speak fear and false precaution, Lambert. It is impossible that this dissolute fellow can play so important a part as to influence the whole party to rise in his defence. Crush this puffed-up monster and show that a man of terror can hit any one who is deemed dangerous to order and authority."

The young commissioner of the convention began to divine what the sagacity of the Spaniard would suggest to ward off the danger. "Dangerous to order and authority," repeated he to himself.

"You are a part of them, Tallien; as long as you are entrusted with your office, you represent the authority, doubting and mistrusting which would be an act of political hostility."

"No doubt, I must take a higher point of view. I am not a person subjected to control—I represent an office, the authority of which, in spite of all law, they desire to curtail."

"Just so, Tallien, you now understand me," said she approvingly; "this Cardourel has made an attempt against you, against the highest power in this part of the country. It is like a conspiracy instigated against you to deprive you of your power, and place it into the hands of the revolutionary committee!"

"A conspiracy! Indeed, Thérèse, you suggest a good idea," cried Tallien visibly rejoiced by her ingenuity. "A conspiracy! Yes, yes, it is so."

"It is so, it must be so, Lambert," remarked Thérèse Cabarrus impressively. "That is the ground on which you must commence proceedings against Cardourel."

"Proceedings!" replied Tallien alarmed. "That would make a noise. But I might send a report to the committee of the public welfare in Paris, so as to remove all credibility from the complaints and accusations of this Cardourel. His poisonous sting would then become harmless."

"Tallien," answered she warningly, "*qui se sent se accuse*. He who defends himself before he is accused, excites mistrust. In this time of mistrust such a remedy is not at all advisable. Have Cardourel arrested, proceed against him, and against the whole revolutionary committee for having conspired against the lawful authority, and by terrifying them by such means you will gain the victory."

"But this would just be prosecuting the party who ought to be my support."

"You are wrong, Tallien. It would rather be standing above the party and mastering it. As Bergniaud has prophesied, the revolution will be like Saturnus who has devoured his own children. It will not last long before Robespierre will bring Chaumette, perhaps even Danton, to the scaffold, and then perish himself. Commence by showing yourself a great man, called upon to rule, and he who desires to rule must not be intimidated by any party."

Tallien had listened with the greatest attention to the words of his beloved, which opened before him a new sphere of activity. He discontinued the conversation to collect his excited thoughts, and to reflect upon what he should do the next day. Thérèse Cabarrus, he felt it clearly, was more than a woman who loved him; she was destined to play a great part in his life. Would it bring happiness or misfortune? He could not foresee, but felt himself forever bound for better and for worse to this enchantress.

(To be continued.)

Corn exchange—the chiropodist's fee.

The best sea-weed—a cigar on the beach.

"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are like a donkey; and what do they do to cure them of stupidity?" "They feed them better, and kick them less," said the arch little urchin.

"Professor," said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals "why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way and then the other?" "For the reason," replied the professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

"Lord Ainsley" and his bride have rented a furnished house in the aristocratic neighbourhood of Madison Square, New York; and the quidnuncs are as much troubled about the sources of his money supply as about the origin of his title.

Mr. John Bissell and wife, of West Concord, N. H., celebrated their "pearl wedding" last week. They have lived happily together for seventy years, and it is safe to conclude they are a sensible and thrifty pair.

An old lady recently was brought as a witness before a bench of magistrates, and when asked to take off her bonnet obstinately refused to do so, saying, "There's no law compelling a woman to take off her bonnet."—"Oh," imprudently replied one of the magistrates, "you know the law, do you? Perhaps you would like to come up and sit here and teach us?"—"No, I thank you, sir," said the woman, tartly; "there are old women enough there now."

CONSOLATION IN GRIEF.—A very covetous man lost his only son James. The minister came to comfort him, and remarked that such chastisements of Providence were mercies in disguise; that, although in the death of his son he had suffered a severe and irreparable misfortune, yet, undoubtedly, his own reflections had suggested some sources of consolation. "Yes," exclaimed the weeping but still provident father, "Jim was a monstrous eater!"