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THE YOUNGER BROTHER.*

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE FRONDE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ELIE BERTHET.

BY EDMOND HUGOMONT.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ESCAPE.

The small party soon found themselves in an open court, and each one respired with more freedom in the pure and cool night air that blew around them. Still they were not beyond the precincts of the cloister; dilapidated buildings surrounded the court, except on one side, which presented a thick wall, only broken by a single door. But this door seemed not to have been used for many years; its iron work was covered with rust, and a pile of large stones was heaped up against the lower part. Boniface, however, set to work, and aided by Fabian and Vireton, speedily and silently removed the latter obstacle; and taking a large key from his pocket, he opened the door with an ease which showed that it had been in use more recently than might have been supposed. Then, having first looked cautiously forth, he intimated to his companions that they might safely issue, an invitation which Elizabeth and Fabian gladly obeyed. Eustache, after having exchanged a few whispered words with his relative, silently rejoined them, and the door closed softly behind, while they could hear Boniface immediately commencing replacing cautiously the stones at its foot; for the worthy servitor seemed anxious to place in safety this secret issue, unknown to the guards of the palace, but very convenient for himself and his comrades.

Fabian desired to address a few words of thanks to the humble functionary who had contributed to relieve them from so great a danger; but it was now too late.

They found themselves in a narrow, miry passage, of which the abandoned postern formed one end, the other issuing on the *Rue Saint-Honoré*. The night was dark and gloomy, and a profound silence reigned everywhere around. The agitated Elizabeth drew closer to her companion, trembling as with cold, and asked in a low murmur:

"Oh! Fabian! Whither are you taking me?"

At this moment the Sorbonnian, who had gone a little in advance, returned to them, assured that all was quiet in the *Rue Saint-Honoré*, where a few large street lanterns cast a smoky light around.

"Monsieur de Croissi!" he said, with some embarrassment; "a few paces hence a carriage is in readiness to transport you to a place where you will be in perfect safety; but I have already told you that my instructions did not provide for the contingency——"

He paused and looked at Elizabeth.

"The contingency that I should be accompanied by a person whose safety is dearer to me than my own?" interposed Fabian. "If you cannot extend your services to both, Monsieur, speak without reserve. I will seek elsewhere an asylum for this young lady and myself, and shall not be the less grateful to you, and those

* Continued from page 294.