

## THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Her pale white bells in beauty show,  
Chaste, pure, and sweet as ununsung snow,  
And tender leaves of purest green  
Enshroud the modest valley-queen.

O lily fair, O lily sweet,  
The flower the Saviour deemed it meet  
To single out for praise Divine,  
Thou dost not—as do others—shine

In regal courts, in fashion's maze,  
But shrinkest from all worldly gaze,  
And art content obscure to dwell,  
To bloom and fade in humble dell.

Thus doth a spirit lowly, meek,  
No idle praise of men e'er seek,  
But lives all-pure from earthly leaven,  
Content to please the eye of Heaven.

## NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

## BOOK THE FOURTH

TELLEMAROH.

VII.—"NO MERCY!" (WATCHWORD OF THE COMMUNE).—  
"NO QUARTER!" (WATCHWORD OF THE ROYAL PARTY.)

While all this was passing near Tanis, the mendicant had gone toward Crollon. He plunged into the ravines, among the vast silent bowers of shade, inattentive to everything, and attentive to nothing, as he had himself said; dreamer rather than thinker, for the thoughtful man has an aim, and the dreamer has none; wandering, rambling, pausing, munching here and there a bunch of wild sorrel; drinking at the springs, occasionally raising his head to listen to the distant tumult, again falling back into the bewildering fascination of nature, warming his rags in the sun, hearing sometimes the noise of men, but listening to the song of the birds.

He was old, and moved slowly; he could not walk far; as he had said to the Marquis de Lantenac, a quarter of a league fatigued him; he made a short circuit to the Croix-Avranchin, and evening had come before he returned.

A little beyond Macée, the path he was following led to a sort of culminating point, bare of trees, from whence one could see very far, taking in the whole stretch of the western horizon to the sea.

A column of smoke attracted his attention.

Nothing calmer than smoke, but nothing more startling. There are peaceful smokes, and there are evil ones. The thickness and colour of a line of smoke marks the whole difference between war and peace, between fraternity and hatred, between hospitality and the tomb, between life and death. A smoke mounting among the trees may be a symbol of all that is most charming in the world—a hearth at home; or a sign of that which is most awful—a conflagration. The whole happiness of man, or his most complete misery, is sometimes expressed in this thin vapour, which the wind scatters at will.

The smoke which Tellemarch saw was disquieting.

It was black, dashed now and then with sudden gleams of red, as if the brasier from which it flowed burned irregularly, and had begun to die out; and it rose above Herbe-en-Pail.

Tellemarch quickened his steps, and walked toward this smoke.

He was very tired, but he must know what this signified.

He reached the summit of a hill, against whose side the hamlet and the farm were nestled.

There was no longer either farm or hamlet.

A heap of ruins was burning still—it was Herbe-en-Pail.

There is something which it is more painful to see burn than a palace—it is a cottage. A cottage on fire is a lamentable sight. It is a devastation swooping down on poverty, the vulture pouncing upon the worms of the ground; there is in it a contradiction which chills the heart.

If we believe the Biblical legend, the sight of a conflagration changed a human being into a statue: for a moment Tellemarch seemed thus transformed. The spectacle before his eyes held him motionless. Destruction was completing its work amid unbroken silence. Not a cry rose; not a human sigh mingled with this smoke; this furnace laboured, and finished devouring the village, without any noise being heard save the creaking of the timbers and the crackling of the thatch. At moments the smoke parted, the fallen roofs revealed the gaping chambers, the brasier showed all its rubies; rags turned to scarlet, and miserable bits of furniture, tinted with purple, gleamed amid these vermilion interiors, and Tellemarch was dazzled by the sinister bedazzlement of disaster.

Some trees of a chestnut grove near the houses had taken fire, and were blazing.

He listened, trying to catch the sound of a voice, an appeal, a cry; nothing stirred except the flames; everything was silent, save the conflagration. Was it that all had fled?

Where was the knot of people who lived and toiled at Herbe-en-Pail? What had become of this little band? Tellemarch descended the hill.

A funeral enigma rose before him. He approached without haste, with fixed eyes. He advanced towards this ruin with the slowness of a shadow; he felt like a ghost in this tomb.

He reached what had been the door of the farm-house, and looked into the court, which had no longer any walls, and was confounded with the hamlet grouped about it.

What he had before seen was nothing. He had hitherto only caught sight of the terrible; the horrible appeared to him now.

In the middle of the court was a black heap, vaguely outlined on one side by the flames, on the other by the moonlight. This heap was a mass of men; these men were dead.

All about this human mound spread a great pool, which smoked a little; the flames were reflected in this pool, but it had no need of fire to redden it—it was blood.

Tellemarch went closer. He began to examine these prostrate bodies one after another; they were all dead men.

The moon shone; the conflagration also.

These corpses were the bodies of soldiers. All had their feet bare; their shoes had been taken; their weapons were gone also; they still wore their uniforms, which were blue; here and there he could distinguish among these heaped-up limbs and heads shot-riddled hats with tricoloured cockades. They were republicans. They were those Parisians who on the previous evening had been there, all living, keeping garrison at the farm of Herbe-en-Pail. These men had been executed; this was shown by the symmetrical position of the bodies; they had been struck down in order, and with care. They were all quite dead. Not a single death-gasp sounded from the mass.

Tellemarch passed the corpses in review without omitting one; they were all riddled with balls.

Those who had shot them, in haste probably to get elsewhere, had not taken the time to bury them.

As he was preparing to move away, his eyes fell on a low wall in the court, and he saw four feet protruding from one of its angles.

They had shoes on them; they were smaller than the others. Tellemarch went up to this spot. They were women's feet. Two women were lying side by side behind the wall; they also had been shot.

Tellemarch stooped over them. One of the women wore a sort of uniform; by her side was a canteen, bruised and empty; she had been vivandière. She had four balls in her head. She was dead.

Tellemarch examined the other. This was a peasant. She was livid; her mouth open. Her eyes were closed. There was no wound in her head. Her garments, which long marches, no doubt, had worn to rags, were disarranged by her fall, leaving her bosom half naked. Tellemarch pushed her dress aside, and saw on one shoulder the round wound which a ball makes; the shoulder-blade was broken. He looked at her livid breast.

"Nursing mother," he murmured.

He touched her. She was not cold. She had no hurts beside the broken shoulder-blade and the wound in the shoulder.

He put his hand on her heart, and felt a faint throb. She was not dead. Tellemarch raised himself, and cried out in a terrible voice: "Is there no one here?"

"Is it you, Caimand?" a voice replied, so low that it could scarcely be heard. At the same time a head was thrust out of a hole in the ruin. Then another face appeared at another aperture. They were two peasants, who had hidden themselves; the only ones that survived.

The well-known voice of the Caimand had reassured them, and brought them out of the holes in which they had taken refuge.

They advanced towards the old man, both still trembling violently.

Tellemarch had been able to cry out, but he could not talk; strong emotions produce such effects. He pointed out to them with his finger the woman stretched at his feet.

"Is there still life in her?" asked one of the peasants.

Tellemarch gave an affirmative nod of the head.

"Is the other woman living?" demanded the second man.

Tellemarch shook his head.

The peasant who had first shown himself continued, "All the others are dead, are they not? I saw the whole. I was in my cellar. How one thanks God at such a moment for not having a family! My house burned. Blessed Saviour! They killed everybody. This woman here had three children—all little. The children cried—'Mother!' The mother cried—'My children!' Those who massacred everybody are gone. They were satisfied. They carried off the little ones, and shot the mother. I saw it all. But she is not dead, didn't you say so? She is not dead? Tell us, Caimand, do you think you could save her? Do you want us to help carry her to your carnichot?"

Tellemarch made a sign, which signified "Yes."

The wood was close to the farm. They quickly made a litter with branches and ferns. They laid the woman, still motionless, upon it, and set out towards the copse, the two peasants carrying the litter, one at the head, the other at the feet, Tellemarch holding the woman's arm, and feeling her pulse.

As they walked, the two peasants talked; and over the body of the bleeding woman, whose white face was lighted up by the moon, they exchanged frightened ejaculations.

"To kill all!"

"To burn everything!"

"Ah, my God! Is that the way things will go now?"

"It was that tall old man who ordered it to be done."

"Yes; it was he who commanded."

"I did not see while the shooting went on. Was he there?"

"No. He had gone. But no matter; it was all done by his orders."

"Then it was he who did the whole."

"He had said, 'Kill! burn! no quarter!'"

"He is a marquis."

"Of course, since he is our marquis."

"How is it they call him now?"

"He is the lord of Lantenac."

Tellemarch raised his eyes to heaven and murmured:

"If I had known!"

## PART THE SECOND.

IN PARIS.

## BOOK THE FIRST.

CIMOUDAIN.

I.—THE STREETS OF PARIS AT THAT TIME.

People lived in public: they ate at tables spread outside the door; women seated on the steps of the churches made lint as they sang the Marseillaise. Park Monceaux and the Luxembourg Gardens were parade-grounds. There were gunsmiths' shops in full work; they manufactured muskets before the eyes of the passers-by, who clapped their hands in applause. The watchword on every lip was, "Patience; we are in Revolution." The people smiled heroically. They went to the theatre as they did at Athens during the Peloponnesian war. One saw play-bills such as these pasted at the street corners: "The Siege of Thionville;" "A mother Saved from the Flames;" "The Club of the Careless;" "The Eldest Daughter of Pope Joan;" "The Philosopher Soldiers;" "The Art of Village Love-making."

The Germans were at the gates; a report was current that the King of Prussia had secured boxes at the opera. Everything was terrible, and no one was frightened. The mysterious law against the suspected, which was the crime of Merlin, of Douai, held a vision of the guillotine above every head. A solicitor named Lérain, who had been denounced, awaited his arrest in dressing-gown and slippers, playing his flute at his window. Nobody seemed to have leisure; all the world was in a hurry. Every hat bore a cockade. The women said, "We are pretty in red caps." All Paris seemed to be removing. The curiosity shops were crowded with crowns, mitres, sceptres of gilded wood, and fleurs-de-lys, torn down from the dwellings; it was the demolition of monarchy that went on. Copses were to be seen for sale at the old clothesmen's, and rockets hung on hooks at their doors. At Ramponneau's and the Poncherons, men dressed out in surplices and stoles, and mounted on donkeys caparisoned with chasubles, drank wine at the doors from cathedral ciboriums. In the Rue St. Jacques bare-footed street-pavers stopped the wheelbarrow of a pedlar who had boots for sale, and clubbed together to buy fifteen pairs of shoes, which they sent to the Convention "for our soldiers."

Busts of Franklin, Rousseau, Brutus, and, we must add, of Marat, abounded. Under a bust of Marat in the Rue Cloche-Perce was hung in a black wooden frame, and under glass, an address against Malouet, with testimony in support of the charges, and these marginal lines:

"These details were furnished me by the mistress of Silvain Bailly, a good patriotess, who had a liking for me.

(Signed) MARAT."

The inscription on the Palais Royal fountain—"Quantos effudit in usus!"—was hidden under two great canvases painted in distemper, the one representing Cahier de Gerville denouncing to the National Assembly the rallying cry of the "Chiffonistes" of Arles; the other Louis XVI. brought back from Varennes in his Royal carriage, and under the carriage a plank fastened by cords, on each end of which was seated a grenadier with fixed bayonet.

Very few of the larger shops were open; peripatetic haberdashery and toy-shops were dragged about by women, lighted by candles which dropped their tallow on the merchandise. Open-air shops were kept by ex-nuns, in blonde wigs. This mender, darning stockings in a stall, was a countess; that dressmaker a marchioness. Madame de Boufflers inhabited a garret, from whence she could look out at her own hotel. Hawkers ran about offering the "papers of news." Persons who wore cravats that hid their chins were called "the scrofulous." Street singers swarmed. The crowd hooted Pitou, the royalist song-writer, and a valiant man into the bargain; he was twenty-two times imprisoned and taken before the revolutionary tribunal for slapping his coat-tails as he pronounced the word *civism*. Seeing that his head was in danger, he exclaimed, "But it is just the opposite of my head that is in fault!"—a witticism that made the judges laugh, and saved his life. This Pitou ridiculed the rage for Greek and Latin names; his favourite song was about a cobbler, whom he called *Cujus*, and to whom he gave a wife named *Cujusdam*. They danced the Carmagnole in great circles. They no longer said gentleman and lady, but citizen and citizeness. They danced in the ruined cloisters with the church lamps lighted on the altars, with cross-shaped chandeliers hanging from the vaulted roofs, and tombs beneath their feet. Blue "tyrants' waistcoats" were worn. There were liberty-cap shirt-pins made of white, blue, and red stones. The Rue de Richelieu was called the Street of Law; the Faubourg St. Antoine was named the Faubourg of Glory; a statue of Nature stood in the Place de la Bastille. People pointed out to one another certain well-known personages—Chatelet, Didier, Nicholas and Garnier Delaunay, who stood guard at the door of Duplay the joiner; Voulland, who never missed a guillotine-day, and followed the carts of the condemned—he called it going to "the red mass;" Montflabert, revolutionary jurymen; and a marquis, who took the name of *Dix Août* (Tenth of August).

People watched the pupils of the École Militaire file past, qualified by the decrees of the Convention as "aspirants in the school of Mars," and by the crowd as "the pages of Robespierre." They read the proclamations of Fréron denouncing those suspected of the crime of "negotianism." Young scamps collected at the doors of the mayoralties to mock at the civil marriages, thronging about the brides and grooms as they passed, and shouting "Municipal marriages." At the Invalides, the statues of the saints and kings were crowned with Phrygian caps. They played cards on the kerbstones at the crossings. The packs of cards were also in the full tide of revolution—the kings were replaced by genii; the queens by the Goddess of Liberty; the knaves by figures representing Equality, and the aces by impersonations of Law. They tilled the public gardens; the plough worked at the Tuileries. With all these excesses was mingled, especially among the conquered parties, an indescribable haughty weariness of life. A man wrote to Fouquier-Tinville, "Have the goodness to free me from existence. This is my address." Champanetz was arrested for having cried in the midst of the Palais Royal garden, "When are we to have the revolution of Turkey? I want to see the republic à la Porte."

Newspapers appeared in legions. The hairdressers' men curled the wigs of women in public, while the master read the *Moniteur* aloud. Others, surrounded by eager groups, commented with violent gestures upon the journal *Listen to Us* of Dubois Crancé, or the *Trumpet* of Father Bellerose. Sometimes the barbers were pork-sellers as well, and hams and chitterlings might be seen hanging side by side with a golden-haired doll. Dealers sold in the open street the wines of the refugees; one merchant advertised wines of fifty-two sorts. Others displayed harp-shaped clocks and sofas à la Duchesse. One hairdresser had for sign, "I Shave the Clergy; I Comb the Nobility; I Arrange the Third Estate."

People went to have their fortunes told by Martin at No. 173 in the Rue d'Anjou, formerly Rue Dauphine. There was a lack of bread, of coals, of soap. Flocks of milch cows might be seen coming in from the country. At the Vallée lamb sold for fifteen francs the pound. An order of the Commune assigned a pound of meat per head every ten days.

People stood in rank at the doors of the butchers' shops. One of these files had remained famous; it reached from a grocer's shop in the Rue du Petit Caneau to the middle of the Rue Montorgueil. To form a line was called "holding the cord," from a long rope which was held in the hands of those standing in the row. Amid this wretchedness the women were brave and mild. They passed entire nights awaiting their turn to get into the bakers' shops.