

"But thy uncle is here," said the marquis. "I have just met him. I spoke to him about thee; he loved thee much, and will try, I am sure, to obtain thy pardon of thy father. Wilt thou go to him with me?"

Dominique accepted the offer, and they went towards the inn of "The Two Crowns," where Dominique's uncle had temporarily taken up his abode. The result was, that Dominique returned to his paternal roof, was pardoned, and for some time conducted himself well; but vanity tempted him a second time, and lost him for ever.

In those days each class of society was distinguished by a different costume; and Dominique had imbibed a taste for finery, imitated the gentlemen in dress. He kept company with some people of good family, frequenting balls, fêtes, and the gaming-table. But he required money, velvet dresses, lace, and jewellery. To procure these, Cartouche robbed his companions with so much address that they did not suspect him.

One day the elder Cartouche, wishing to put in order some old barrels that were piled up in his shop, discovered a collection of jewels of all kinds, and even money. The sight of these induced the unhappy father to conclude his son had recommenced robbing.

CHAPTER IV.—JUSTICE.

We will not follow Cartouche through all his criminal career, but will only describe his again meeting with the Abbé Jumiège, whom he was destined to see but once more.

Cartouche had become notorious, and his crimes were the theme of conversation throughout all France. He braved the police,—confiding in the fidelity of those he employed. Nevertheless he did not neglect any precaution; he several times changed his costume in the course of the day. He had twenty apartments in different parts of Paris, and did not sleep two consecutive nights in the same room.

On the 17th of August, 1721, Cartouche entered the church of St. Roch during the celebration of mass. He was prompted by a desire to commit sacrilege. In the crowd he had observed a young lady richly attired, and wearing a watch studded with diamonds,

attached to a chain similarly ornamented. Cartouche knelt by her side, and his hand was already stretched toward the desired booty, when another hand seized his, and a well-known voice murmured:—

"Cartouche, respect the church and repent?"

"My dear former comrade," replied Cartouche, recognising the Abbé Jumiège, "every place is good for thieving, and I am not yet inclined to repent."

"Unhappy man!" said the Abbé; "thou may'st be judged by thy Maker to-morrow!"

"Well, then, pray for me!" said Cartouche, disappearing amid the crowd.

That same evening Cartouche went to sleep in a room he had hired at an inn called "The Pistol," in the vicinity of Courtille, situated between Belleville and Menilmontant. The police arrested him, and conducted him to the prison of the Châtelet. His trial soon after followed, but the hope of being rescued by his companions supported him, and induced him to refuse to name his accomplices. He heard with the greatest *sang-froid* the sentence condemning him to execution in the square of La Grève.

On the 27th of November, 1722,—the morning of the execution,—he was tortured by the "*brodequins*." He submitted to excruciating punishment by the aid of these iron vices sooner than name his accomplices. At this stage a priest was sent for.

"Well, Cartouche, the day of retribution has arrived," said the priest, penetrating into the cell.

"Oh! I shall yet be saved," replied Cartouche, recognising Charles of Jumiège, "either by my companions or by thee, Charles."

"Yes, I can save thee, Dominique," said the young priest; "that is to say thy soul. Repent!"

The abbé wept as he spoke, and his tears fell upon the fettered hands of Dominique, who was much moved.

"Charles!" he cried, "save me; save me from death!"

"Death is but the passage from one life to another," replied the abbé; "do not fear death, but fear God before whom thou art about to appear."