

"Holla! father Claudet," shouted Gilbert; "another can of the guillotine wine," adding with a malicious look at his cousin, "let Lucie fetch it."

"Lucie?" asked Henry in an excited tone, "What do you want with the girl, Gilbert? Lucie belongs behind the bar."

"What is that to you, if I wish her to bring the wine? Do you not receive during the day, when alone, your wine from her? Well, I know that Timm likes the girl as well as you do."

Henry looked much irritated by these remarks, being in love with father Claudet's daughter; he felt hurt at her name being dragged into the conversation, and her exposure to the rude jests and demands of Gilbert. Lucie herself, who had been listening, showed by her blushes, and by casting an angry look upon Gilbert, that she shared the sentiments of Henry Tourguet, whose suit had been long since accepted. She filled, as usual, the can with claret, and handed it back to father Claudet, who, feigning not to have understood Gilbert, quietly placed it on the table, while mother Claudet having dropped her knitting, anxiously watched the countenance of the member of the revolutionary committee.

"So!" exclaimed Gilbert sarcastically, while the landlord was putting down the can, "the girl is not allowed to come. Old fellow, you ought to teach her more respect for your guests."

"For you, perhaps?" said Henry in a disdainful tone. "Yes, for me, if you please, citizen Tourguet," burst out Gilbert passionately; but before he could continue and give the dispute a more serious turn, he was interrupted by father Claudet.

"Citizen Cardourel," said he in his dry comical way, "each one must keep to his place and do his duty, or he is not a true *Sans-culotte*. I hand the wine, Lucie pours it out, and mother takes the money."

"Bravo, bravo!" shouted the old man laughing, and the other guests joined.

But Gilbert would not bear to be defeated so quietly.

"Eh!" he resumed, "this was not always the arrangement, Claudet."

"Not always? What means always? Always is a reactionary idea, a word that does not count in the revolution. Always? Were you always a member of the revolutionary committee? A good patriot knows no always, except with reference to France's greatness. Lucie cannot always stand at the wine-cask, and you cannot always sit in your place here. But as you do not rise now, neither does Lucie leave her cask. She is a Frenchwoman, *morbleu!* She will keep to her post should even assignats rain outside."

The party enjoyed not a little these good-natured, patriotic remarks, father Claudet was wont to make when he was disposed to be talkative. Perhaps he would have further indulged his guests, had not his wife, who considered every extra word dangerous in those troublesome times, reminded him of the propriety of keeping quiet.

"Claudet!" she said, and at once he was silent, went to the bar and gave his prudent helpmate, while changing an assignat, a nod which signified that she was understood, and he would be on his guard.

"Let us drink, friends and patriots," shouted meanwhile Timm, less for the purpose of giving the conversation another turn than for the chance of taking another long draught from the can with the new "wine of the guillotine." "Long live liberty, equality, and fraternity!"

They all drank, and thus the disturbing episode was at an end. Even Gilbert changed the theme, tapping Timm on the shoulder.

"Timm, Timm," said he warningly in a humorous tone; "if you go on in this way, the new can will soon be empty."

"Oh! citizen, for the sake of liberty you cannot drink enough of this blood!"

"And you," remarked Henry Tourguet to his cousin, not without irony, "your first duty is to allay this thirst."

"In truth, yes," added the old man; "thirsty people are never suspected, and that must be a pleasure to him."

"And then does he not daily receive his forty sous as a member of the revolutionary committee? He has the metal, we have the paper; he can pay, we only can spend."

"Oh! cousin," replied Gilbert, half flattered and half annoyed by Tourguet's remark. "My forty sous are well earned! From morning to night no rest—denunciations, requests, complaints, and running without end. And since Tallien and Isambert of the convent are holding jurisdiction over all the aristocrats and Girondists, who are the enemies of the republic and the Jacobins, I have much trouble in collecting materials for the proceedings."

"Yes, I believe it!" remarked Henry. "The guillotine is never at rest."

"And if it were not so, it would be a misfortune!" cried Timm who appeared inclined to take another draught to the guillotine.

"It will take some time yet, before all these villains and traitors are dispatched," was the consolation of the old man.

"And after all too many escape!" exclaimed Gilbert with ill-humour. "Tallien's leniency causes us extra trouble."

"Tallien?" said Henry in surprise. "Well, I thought, he mowed down heads, as if they might grow again. You should not suspect a Jacobin so resolute as Tallien!"

"No, I think not," said Timm. "Tallien, the godly Tallien is the revenger of Bordeaux. He darkens the waters of the Garonne with the blood of the traitors. Long live Tallien!" And in his usual manner the little man raised again the can to his lips.

"You are right, citizen; but I am not therefore wrong," replied Gilbert in a more cheerful mood. "Tallien is a great patriot, a true Jacobin, and has dispatched all the Gaudets, Cussys, Salleses and many hundred others of those aristocrats, moderates and suspected in a manner that can but please every *Sans-culotte*. But I ask for what reason does he postpone the trial of a very suspicious and thoroughly aristocratic woman whom we were fortunate enough to capture while endeavouring to make her escape?"

"Eh," said the little clerk, "her turn will come."

"Or she may be forgotten," muttered the old man, while he and Gilbert ordered a new can of wine.

"Forgotten?" repeated Gilbert Cardourel, at the same time throwing upon the table the thick copper sous for the wine. "It is clear, she will be spared. The committee has reminded Tallien already three times of the prisoner, and he has not yet proceeded against her. It can only be he who prevents it."

"Hush!" hissed the little man anxiously to Cardourel. "Don't speak so of the commissioner of the convent!"

"Cousin Gilbert," said Henry, "you certainly mean the Spaniard?"

Gilbert was evidently annoyed at this question, but avoided showing it.

"Just so," replied he abruptly, "she is certainly a very suspicious character."

"So?" asked Tourguet ironically. "You have no doubt brought extraordinary accusations against her?"

"What do you mean? Is she not already forfeited to the law by her birth? Do you not know the law against the suspected?"

At the same time Gilbert took down the latest laws and decrees of the convent which were suspended on the wall, and one of the tablets had as superscription the words: "Laws against the suspected." Gilbert at once anxiously commenced reading as follows:

"Immediately after the issuing of this law all suspected persons will be imprisoned. The suspected are those who have either compromised themselves by their conduct, relations or writings, or shown themselves to be enemies to federalism and liberty; those who cannot prove that they have complied with their duties as citizens and to whom a certificate of their citizenship has been refused; further, are suspected, the former noblemen, men, women, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, and stewards of the emigrants who have not proved their attachment to the revolution."

"Well, cousin Henry," said Gilbert menacingly, while hanging the tablet again upon the wall, "is this not sufficient to condemn the Spaniard and to send her to the guillotine? Is she not the wife of the aristocrat Fontenay?"

"But she is divorced; she calls herself by her maiden name Thérèse Cabarrus."

"Ha, bah! if she is suspected as a Spaniard, her father must have been an enemy to France and liberty! You can at once see that she is thoroughly aristocratic. And has she not fled from Paris, because she felt guilty and therefore not safe? She has long since deserved death, cousin Henry; you should not commit yourself by taking an interest in so suspicious a person."

"You fool," replied Henry, having again become excited by the last threat, "will you frighten me? I know why Madame Cabarrus is considered so worthy of death by you. She rejected you, when you insulted her by your offers of love."

"Ah, Henry," cried Cardourel, enraged by this revelation, "you shall suffer for this; you are suspected as a moderate!"

"As a moderate?" exclaimed Henry, springing to his feet; and at the same moment with his broad hand striking his cousin on the cheek, who almost fell from his chair.

"Is this the hand of a moderate?"

These words found at that moment no answer; the answer was in the deed; all the guests had jumped up and many hastened from the place. Timm, the little clerk, at their head. Father Claudet stood with his arms akimbo waiting for the result, his wife being pale with fright, and Lucie clinging to her arm looked with wild joy upon Henry who coolly drew his red cap over his ears, and when he saw Gilbert with a flushed and excited face rise from his chair, approached Lucie, saying:

"Good night, Lucie, I am going."

"Alas," she whispered to him, "Henry, a misfortune will come of it."

He shrugged his shoulders and left the house with a firm step.

Cardourel, seeing around him still a few of his companions, sent a wild curse after his cousin, who had shown him his want of moderation in so striking a manner, and resolved to swallow grief and sorrow with a new can of wine.

CHAPTER II.

A PRISONER.

NUMBERLESS are the prisoners that are confined in all the public buildings of Bordeaux which are in any way adapted for the purpose, and the government of terror represented by the two commissioners of the convent, Tallien and Isambert, are ever filling and emptying these buildings. Those prisoners that are to-day given up to the hangman, are immediately replaced by others whose names are marked on the ever-increasing list of the revolutionary committee. Even a part of the *Ombrière*, the old City Hall of Bordeaux, is turned into a prison, and hundreds of people in the halls and cells are waiting upon their deaths for crimes unknown to them, but of which they have been found guilty, when their political opinions or their private relations became suspected.

There is in the *Ombrière* perhaps but one prisoner, a woman, who hopes to be spared, and truly, if youth and beauty give a claim to the strongest hopes, such a talisman has fallen to her lot. How unworthily contrasts the gloomy, wretched locality in which she is placed, with her dazzling beauty! The room is small and low, with a half-grated window leading to a dark yard; the only furniture in it is a miserable bed, a bench and a broken chair—she looks like a beautiful fairy banished thither by a powerful sorcerer. She is scarce nineteen, and in her graceful figure the tender forms of a child are blended with the bolder lines of womanhood. A radiant charm is spread over her whole figure as she reclines in a half-sitting posture on her bed; her head is supported by her hand, and the outline of her form can be traced through the soft, light folds of her dress, while her small feet hang carelessly over the side of her bed. The dazzling whiteness of her arms and neck strangely contrasted with the dark and transparent complexion of her face colored under a southern sky. Her black and glossy hair falls loosely round her shoulders like a raven's wing, forming a beautiful framework to her majestic brow; her eyes are black and fiery beneath her dark arched brows; the nose well shaped and lips red and finely chiselled, between which, when they part, a row of small white teeth are seen. It is not sadness nor that kind of resignation—so peculiar to a defenceless prisoner—which gives the face that strange expression. The laughing eyes and haughty coquetry about her mouth are rather the effects of meditation. Though grace and beauty have joined to adorn with all their charms this youthful prisoner, a passionate and mischievous temper lurks within and often betrays itself by the fiery flashes darting from her eyes.

What are her meditations? What thoughts are occupying her mind? With what fancies is she shortening the slow-crawling time in her cell? The past and present are weaving in her soul images, variegated and changeable like the picture of a kaleidoscope. The recollections of Paris are before her mind, though she cannot help thinking ever and anon of the proud

and gloomy Saragossa with its rich towers, the place of her birth. There, beneath the sky of Aragon, on the shores of the Ebro, she passed her happy childhood; here stood the old house of her father, a palace from the times of Isabella, in which she had played while her mother struck the guitar and sang many a pretty Spanish romance. The good father—did he not like her now languish in prison, although there was in Spain no convent and no law against the suspected? But Cabarrus, the rich merchant and industrious spirit who had, by prudent measures, averted the money crisis of the government, had fallen, after the death of King Charles III., into disgrace. He was obliged to resign the directorship of the Bank, and for the last three years had been confined in a strong prison at Saragossa, being accused—without having been tried—with the embezzlement of public funds.

Three years ago, a girl of sixteen, she had left the parental roof and married the old splenetic parliamentary counsellor M. de Fontenay; like an elf being wooed by a gnome, she had given up the old palace, the gloomy Saragossa and the beautiful shores of the myrtles and tamarinds, and travelled with her old husband in the old mail-coach to France, feeling like a happy child.

Then came Paris, the beautiful, gay and noisy Paris of the revolution, which not having yet known the rule of blood and terror, was filled with all the glorious, exalting ideas that exercise their magic attraction on every mind. Oh, how beautiful was Paris, even with old M. de Fontenay, when he gave his splendid parties, and still oftener, when she, by his side, visited the drawing-rooms of the great ladies and gentlemen, first of the court and aristocratic circle, and then of the political and parliamentary sphere! She soon perceived that the old tedious counsellor was not wanted, but it was she, the dazzling Spaniard, the youthful *Gonna*, who was courted and flattered at all festivities by a *queen*. Everyone told her that she was beautiful, witty and lovely, and she knew herself too well the power she exercised over men and even women, and how easy the means of conquest were at her command, even over the most reluctant. If this young heart knew grief, it was anxiety for her father who was a prisoner at Saragossa, under the infamous suspicion of embezzlement, and for her still young and beautiful mother, whose health had become shattered through this sad blow. But she had not been a wife a year when she became aware of a new sorrow. She found she had no love for M. de Fontenay; she had married him because he was selected for her; now she realized the torturing misery of a wife without being able to love. She could only look on her marriage as a grievous punishment when once she had learned to love. Amongst her adorers there arose one whose look distracted her, whose address made her blush, whose touch set her pulses in an uproar, whose lips met hers in an unguarded moment.

Her wish was now to save her youth, her heart and love by ridding herself of old M. de Fontenay; but she was too powerless to untie the knot of matrimony, the revolution must do her this service.

In the year 1793, not many months before, the revolution had passed a new law of divorce by which the emigration of one partner made the other free. M. de Fontenay after the King's arrest had left the country while his wife remained in Paris. With a shout of triumph for the revolution and the republic, she openly declared that her marriage with M. de Fontenay was dissolved; she was again free, and again Thérèse Cabarrus. Not yet nineteen she had been a wife and felt still but a girl; this gave her the tact of blending maidenly reserve with coquetry and disguising sensuality by natural grace.

(To be continued.)

FALL FASHIONS.

No. 1. COIFFURE.

A very rich natural hair requires no support, otherwise it is necessary to pad. The back hair is arranged in two full tor-sades or braids, the partings in front commence from the temples, the front part slightly waved, the back smooth. After the large braids are pinned up in two parts, the ends of the front hair are used to form puffs on the top, for which light pads are required.

No. 2. LOW WAIST, WITH BERTHA.

Very becoming for a plain waist, and much used for elegant silks, also for tulle and gauze dresses. Front and back are trimmed alike, with a double row of puffing, divided and surrounded by narrow ribbons or stitched bands, edged with narrow lace; a broad box-plaited lace finishes the outer edge, and three small bows complete the front. The robe (selected for our plate) with plain trained skirt is of light blue tulle, the puffs of the bertha and the puffed sleeves are of white illusion, the lace is black, and the bands and bows bound on both sides with lace, are of blue satin, the satin scarf is ornamented with black lace.

No. 3. SMALL CORSAGE WITH HEART-SHAPED POINTS.

This elegant corset can be made of the same stuff as the robe, or of velvet or silk of any colour. It is lined with light silk, and trimmed with guipure or tatting of a contrasting colour, or with an embroidered border in the Turkish fashion. In front it is closed with one button and button-hole, over which is placed a rich bow either of velvet or satin.

Nos. 4, 5, 6. BERTHA, WITH TATTING.

This bertha is composed of white illusion, and trimmed with $\frac{3}{4}$ inch coloured satin ribbon and white silk tatted lace; it is formed in two equal sized separate parts which meet on the shoulders, and are fastened with a bunch of bows and ends of the same ribbon. The shape is cut on a stiff white foundation net covered with a double box-plaited white illusion; under the satin loops the tulle is plain. After the bertha is surrounded by a satin ribbon, the net is cut away from under the box-plaited illusion, so that the net forms a clasp under the single bows, and also serves as a support for the shoulder bows. The single stars (or star-flowers) which ornament the bertha, are placed on the top of each bow, also in the centre of each division of the illusion; the under part of the bertha is finished with a wide rich tatted lace in the star pattern, composed of white corded silk. Plate 5 represents in natural size one of the star flowers. The two closed loops are placed one over the other, and are made of long stitches which, to have them one size, are twisted over a round stick, or a rolled-up stiff paper, see Plate 6. You first knit the outer loop with twelve stitches, each separate from the other by two knots, and then join to it the inner one with seven or eight stitches which must be proportionally smaller. Both loops lap over each other, are knitted together, and tied at the ends.