

he was in relation with some trade societies in Paris and London, who supplied him with funds. Moreover, one of the editors of the *Marseillaise* hastened to the spot and increased the troubles by exciting the workmen on political questions. The Government, however, dispatched a large military force to the spot, consisting of two regiments of the line, four squadrons of lancers, and some gendarmes, in all 3000 men. The appearance of the troops overawed the turbulent workmen, and quiet was restored without having recourse to arms.

## THE BEAUTIFUL PRISONER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

There was much bitterness in Tallien's words: Thérèse did not heed them, but explained the circumstances which caused her acquaintance with Benoit.

"It is strange into what rivalry we may sometimes come," muttered Tallien.

"How jealous you are!" she replied. "The love of this man is devotion."

"It is madness!" scolded he, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously.

"And if it were so—can it offend you, Lambert?"

"I do not find the offence in the love of this man," replied he earnestly, "but in the circumstance that you listened to his vows, and suffered him to kneel before you while you were making your toilette for your wedding with me."

Thérèse, feeling only too well the justice of this reproach, cast her eyes reproachfully on Benoit, as if she were accusing him of being the cause of this trouble that threatened to disturb the festival. Benoit comprehended, and with a firm step approaching Tallien, said:

"You reproach this lady very unjustly, citizen. Oh," he continued woefully, "if you had a heart, you would understand how an unfortunate could be forced with irresistible power to take leave of the idol of his heart for ever. I came hither, citizen Tallien, to assuage the pangs of my heart by seeing her once more, and speaking to her before she became your wife, and the dream of my life was at an end. You have a right to mock me, for you are the fortunate one. But was it madness which could offend you, that I came to your dwelling to see a lady whom I had to guard in the prison, and guarded for the purpose of protecting her, of helping and saving her? Can you be angry with her because she showed herself as my benevolent fairy, treating me kindly and leniently when I, in my helplessness, asked her for consolation and relief. She has acted as an angel towards me in allowing me to tell her my suffering; and for that you would be angry with her? Thus, in your egotism, you blame this lady for not having acted with selfishness. How I thank her for not having destroyed the sweet picture I have carried, and will retain in my heart."

He was leaving the room in haste, but Tallien stopped him.

"Dear friend," he said cordially, "I am sincerely grieved for you. Who would imagine that there exist yet such platonic enthusiasts in love. Thérèse," he continued, addressing her, and affectionately placing his arms round her, "I should have remembered the romance of our love."

She smiled, pleased with his changed mood, then said to Benoit:—

"You told me you were going away, Benoit. Whither are you going?"

"I do not know," he replied, "but will leave to-day, immediately, I have vowed it."

"You must have an aim," Tallien remarked; "I will find a place for you. I wish you to remain in Paris."

"Oh no!" he answered quickly, as if he rebelled against the thought of accepting a kindness from the man who carried off the beloved of his heart.

"You have placed my bride under great obligations, and I take the debt upon myself with pleasure," Tallien said impressively, taking now a lively interest in Benoit.

"No! No!" he exclaimed uneasily. "Let me go; why should you trouble yourself about me?"

Thérèse seized Benoit's hand warmly. An idea had struck her—how to show him her gratitude in the least inoffensive manner.

"Benoit," she exclaimed, "you must compose yourself, and overcome the misery of your heart. As your grateful friend, which I always will be, I advise you. Allow me to prove to you how I should not like to lose such a faithful soul as you are."

"Oh, Madame!" he said, overjoyed by her kind words, "what is your desire?"

"Go to Spain, Benoit."

"To Spain?" he repeated delighted. "Anywhere you will send me!"

"My father is an influential man in Madrid. I will give you a letter for him, and he will procure a suitable place for you. Thus you will be distant from the place and the persons who disquiet your mind, and still remain in connection with them."

"Oh, your words are like balm to my wounds," he replied. "You shall decide my destiny, citizen; believe me, this makes me very happy, and will cause my recovery."

"Then you accept my proposal?" she asked, her eyes glittering with joy.

"With the greatest pleasure."

"And we remain friends, citizen Benoit," Tallien said, clapping him on the shoulder. "We will enquire after you, and you will write us so that we can give you our news."

Thérèse wrote the letter to her father, recommending Benoit as a faithful servant, who, from considerations for his safety, was obliged to leave France. When she gave him the letter, she shook hands with him, and bade him adieu. Tears fell from his eyes. He did not utter another word, but rushed from the room.

"Poor lad!" said Thérèse Cabarrus, sympathisingly.

"Love has made him poor," added Tallien; "let us rejoice that it has become a treasure for us. Now, my darling, let us go to our nuptials! Through severe trials we have reached this hour which unites us for ever."

### CHAPTER XVII.

OUR GOOD LADY OF THERMIDOR.

SINCE the fall of Robespierre two months had now passed, and Paris and France were breathing again the pure air of liberty. Under the mild government of the men of Thermidor, the Talliens and Frérons, the reign of blood stopped, the scaffold disappeared, the political prosecutions and accusations were at an end. Everyone stood on firm ground again, and for the first time a bright sunny sky stretched over the French republic. The storms and thunder-clouds had passed.

Amongst the many theatres which had sprung up in Paris, after the privileges of the "Théâtre Royal" and "Comédie Française" had been revoked—their names were changed two

crowded. The physiognomy of the spectators displayed the great change that had taken place, even in costume, during the last two months. Republican poverty, cynic Sans-culottism, carnagole and red cap were now scarcely observed in the theatre. Only a few gloomy-looking groups showed themselves conspicuous, as all other persons around them were dressed elegantly and according to the newest fashion. These, as could be distinctly seen, were the *ci-devant* aristocrats who felt again their old security. There were old gentlemen who had luckily saved their heads from the guillotine, though they had not lost their aristocratic notions so adverse to the revolution. They had again put the old royalist powder on their hair, indicating thereby that they had strewn ashes on their heads in mourning for all that had been done since the overthrow of royalty. The younger gentlemen, instead of the jacket-like carnagole of late, wore dress-coats with square tails and elegant collars—of silk or velvet, or of yellow, brown or blue cloth. The hair was braided over the temples and tied behind, falling over the back in a similar way to that of the soldiers of the republic, who had created, through their victories, a fashion of their own. Many an officer present wore this style of hair-dress, while his neck-tie resembled the collar of a horse, being a protection against the sword-cuts of the enemy's cavalry. The dress-circles presented a splendid sight, adorned as they were by the belles of Paris, who had their hair dressed in graceful ringlets fastened by an antique ring, and wore light-colored tunics after the fashion of the Grecian women. And if you had seen them step out of their carriages, or mount the stairs to the dress-circles, you would have been surprised to observe their bare feet, on which they merely wore sandals, the silk cord of which was neatly twisted round their ancles. Thus voluptuous luxury had gained again the mastery, and Aspasius with their Pericles had taken the place of the Catos.

The play had not yet commenced. Everywhere people were chatting with great animation, calling on each other in the boxes, and mocking and teasing each other in the pit. The young people who had posted themselves here, with the view of making themselves conspicuous and vexing the present Jacobins, were the first of those Muscadins, that "jeunesse dorée," as they were called by their merry master Fréron, and who soon after gained a kind of social power in Paris and created royalist agitations. They ruled already in the pit, and their sneers of superiority were always ready to fall with their slender sticks upon the gloomy and angry-looking Jacobins.

All at once there was a great stir in the circles. The beautiful heads, with their ringlets, bent down to gaze at the stage box, into which several ladies, accompanied by a few gentlemen, had just entered. Handkerchiefs were waved in salutation, and the Thermidorian pit, only waiting for this signal, raised their elegant sticks, calling with an enthusiasm that found its echo in all circles and boxes:

"Long live Cabarrus! Hurrah for Madame Tallien. Vive Notre Dame de Thermidor!"

These enthusiastic salutations lasted for some time, while the lady to whom they were addressed, shining in all her beauty, answered them with her most gracious smile. She was the queen of Parisian society, the acknowledged beauty of the Thermidorian reaction; deference to her had become the fashion, and she knew it. With her the graces and muses had re-appeared in the saloons from whence the terror of blood had banished them for two years, and the worship of social enjoyments which had come into vogue, had found in her the unanimously acknowledged high-priestess.

The play commenced.

"It appears they have known that you were coming," said Madame Recamier, smiling to the queen of the day.

"What do they not know?" replied Madame Tallien, tenderly drawing towards her the spirited young lady who, next to Thérèse, gathered the *élite* of Paris in her saloons. "I am besieged and watched everywhere—not a step can I take without my name being called out by those excited young men."

"She is serenaded every evening," added Tallien, not without pride. "There is a kind of conspiracy to sing my wife to sleep!"

"I am often angry with them," replied she.

"But there is no help for it," said Madame Recamier roughly. "We know that these

elegant gentlemen meet every day at noon in the National Palace, and deliberate what ovations to bring you in the evening. And how you deserve them!"

"Little flatterer! What merit have I in all that has been done? The honour is due to my husband, my Pluto!"

Tallien smiled, and whispered half aloud to another lady who sat beside him:

"As if I had not become, through her, another man!"

While Madame Recamier said:

"How often she likes to hear that she is the cause of Paris ruling again over fashion and taste!"

"Yes, she and Fréron are the rulers," mocked Tallien gallantly.

"You ought to be jealous," said the other lady. "Is not Fréron continually sitting with your wife, devising new plans for our amusements?"

"It is so, indeed," remarked Madame Recamier. "To this agreement we owe the series of balls in honour of the victims, which is to take place to-night at the residence of our good lady of Thermidor."

"A splendid idea!" exclaimed the other gentleman, who had till now given all his attention to the play. It was the *ci-devant* count of Chavreux, the former guest of the count of Montreuil, and inmate of the Luxembourg prison.



Benoit as a Grandee of Spain.

years ago—the theatre Feydeau was the favourite resort of the higher circles. Here operas and dramas, comedies and tragedies were performed; these being the products of the muse of the revolution which had claimed the right of controlling the theatres. With a few exceptions the pieces that were played treated of the tendencies and events of the revolution. With the same rapidity as in the convention and committees after the ninth Thermidor, the reaction had established itself on the stage. The mean coarseness abounding under the Reign of Terror, was now energetically protested against by the people and, as was expected, public opinion, in the flush of victory, did not renounce its revenge on the so long dreaded and now fallen men. The stage, like the press, were ruled by the men of Thermidor, and they did not spare the Jacobins who had before inflicted wounds and defeats on their adversaries. The stage shifted but the scenes, Fréron and Tallien taking good care that their ideas obtained popularity by means of the drama, and their overbearing hatred against all Jacobins became the order of the day.

All Thermidorians, by appointment, assembled to-night in the theatre Feydeau to witness the first performance of a new tragedy by Trouvé. Its title was "Pausanias," and it was generally known that Robespierre and Henriot were represented in it as Lacedaemonians. Dress-circle and pit were over-