

that such a fellow has power over the life and death of good citizens? A fine arrangement, this!"

"Be quiet, Claudet! your blurring may give you trouble, the villain has his accomplices and spies here. Take care!—By heavens, there he is with silly Timm crossing the square!"

They now actually saw the cousin of Henry in his Sans-culotte costume and the little clerk while talking earnestly together, approach the Red Cap. The prospect of this visit caused them much trouble, and while Lucie quietly moved to the now dark corner of the bar, her parents mutually encouraged each other not to betray to their dangerous guest any of the sentiments they were cherishing against him.

"The scoundrel!" muttered father Claudet. "His visit to-day is only for the purpose of bragging with his meanness and teasing Lucie."

Gilbert Cardourel entered the room, his face bearing a triumphant, boastful smile, and was followed by Timm, the clerk of the revolutionary tribunal.

"Oh, oh, father Claudet," said Gilbert to the landlord, who in salutation touched his red cap; "you are surprised at seeing me come back?"

"Of course," answered he; "it is a long time since you were here. I hope no accident has happened. Hum, winter comes with a mist and wind, that one may easily get affected."

"With a cold?" asked Gilbert maliciously, taking a seat.

"What matters a cold, citizen? An extra can will cure it."

"You are right, Claudet; fetch me the guillotine wine, and bring a whole can for citizen Timm. Perhaps they don't know it yet," whispered he to the clerk, while the landlord was fetching the wine.

"Let us feel their pulse, citizen president," answered Timm in a more than usually respectful manner. "Methinks they have just been speaking about it."

"Good cheer," said father Claudet, placing the wine upon the table.

"Thanks, Claudet; I think so good a drink after heavy work will cheer us up. Yes, yes, the country, the republic exacts a great deal from a true patriot."

"Citizen Cardourel," resumed Timm, addressing Claudet to give him some explanation of the words of Cardourel, "has been last night elected president of the revolutionary committee."

Father Claudet, not pleasantly surprised, opened his thick lips, while mother and daughter were not less alarmed by hearing this news. By this election Cardourel had evidently become next the commissioners of the convention the most powerful man in Bordeaux, behind him stood the whole army of the Jacobins of the city.

"President of the revolutionary committee!" ejaculated Claudet after a while, visibly endeavouring to appear pleased. "This is just! So zealous a patriot deserves it! Ah, the time has now come that each one is rewarded according to his merit!"

"Each one according to his merit, Claudet, you are right," replied Cardourel, after having drunk to his clerk's health. He stopped for a moment, casting a lurking, cat-like glance upon the landlord. "My cousin Tourguet has also met with his fate," continued he, at the same time watching Claudet and looking towards the bar.

"Hum," replied Claudet; "I have heard that he has been suspected and arrested."

"You know it already?"

"Of course, we know it, rumour spreads quickly."

"And does Lucie grieve about her lover?" asked he in a tone of mock sympathy directed to the bar.

"That is, she grieves that Henry has come under the suspicion of not being a good patriot," cunningly replied mother Claudet.

"She grieves," exclaimed Lucie fiercely, "that his own cousin has brought this misery upon him."

Mother Claudet endeavoured to wipe off the impression of her daughter's words, but Cardourel familiarly took her hand, bant over the table, and said:

"Heaven! I will prove to you that I am not so bad as you think. As president of the revolutionary committee, it is in my power to do something for my cousin, and to please you I shall do it. I intend obtaining Henry's release before his trial comes on; after that he would be done for, I can tell you."

Mother Claudet could not believe her ears, but Lucie was not deceived by Gilbert's words, and did not deign to give him a single glance.

"How," cried the mother, "is it you that denounced him, citizen?"

"The committee has denounced him—I alone am not the committee," replied Gilbert. "But, as before said, I could do something for Tourguet, if Lucie would do me a favour."

"What favour, citizen?" asked the landlady. "Ah, how grateful I would be to you, citizen president. Lucie so dearly loves your cousin!"

"She must not do so," said he; "the fellow is not fit for a husband—the shall marry Timm."

Mother Claudet involuntarily started back.

"What?" exclaimed she in alarm. "My child shall marry Timm? Eh, you are joking! Why do you take so much interest in her, citizen? And why do you wish to release Tourguet? Is it because he would be lost for Lucie?"

"Mother Claudet," arrogantly replied Gilbert, "why these questions? One love is as good as another. Timm is my friend, therefore, I speak for him as he wishes to marry your daughter—and to assist him he shall have an office with a better salary. If you object—well and good, I don't care, and still less care I to serve Henry Tourguet."

"It is not necessary for you to meddle in this affair," retorted Lucie across the bar, so that the other guests' attention was attracted. "You have already done him your service, citizen Cardourel, and you may be satisfied with it. You have denounced your cousin Tourguet, as suspicious, because he took the liberty of hexing your ears; this was one of your heroic tricks, like the one you played the Spaniard, because she had you turned out. Is Henry Tourguet a bad patriot for this reason?—then I will rather lose him than be under any obligation to you, even if you were to release him without such conditions?"

Gilbert Cardourel turned crimson with anger, while the landlady, in despair, clasped her hands over her head.

"Unfortunate child," cried she woefully, "why did I not send you up to your room! Ah, dear citizen Cardourel, excuse her these words on account of her grief!"

Cardourel contemptuously shrugged his shoulders and turned round without saying a word. But his blood boiled with rage

at the taunting words of Lucie, who, like Henry, had disgraced him before all the guests. The friends and associates of Gilbert, that were present, tried to remove the sense of this humiliation, thereby gaining his favour. Little Timm had jumped up and ran towards him, assuring right and left that the citizen president was ill-rewarded for his good intentions, and that little Lucie did not know what she was talking about. Old Claudet, with two full cans of wine in his hands, demonstrated to Cardourel, that the first love generally turns the head of a young girl, and that as the revolution had not yet declared love to be unpatriotic, the natural consequences of it had to be borne with a patriotic spirit. The other guests, that were present, laughingly drew Gilbert to their table and appeased him with jesting about Lucie, and unfolding before him, in all its parts, father Claudet's philosophy.

One guest alone did not participate in these formal courtesies, which were shown to the much dreaded member of the revolutionary committee. He was a young man, scarce above twenty-five, of small stature and with one stiff arm; his whole appearance looked military, but his face depicted a gentle disposition, and at the same time showed that some great trouble had visibly bleached his cheeks and dimmed his eyes. The reader will have already surmised that this grave, taciturn young man was poor Benoit, the turnkey in the Ombrière, who had conceived so deep and unhappy a love for Thérèse Cabarrus. The half holiday which was granted him twice every month, gave him to-day leisure to refresh himself with a can of wine at "the Red Cap." While Cardourel was talking to mother Claudet, he had entered and quietly seated himself near the bar in a dark corner formed by the chimney. Unintentionally he had heard mother Claudet's answers to Gilbert's proposals; but his interest in this incident became greatly excited when he heard the name of Henry Tourguet, who, early in the morning, had been delivered to him as his prisoner, still more so when the Spaniard was mentioned, who, he conjectured, was no other than the idol of all his thoughts. And the boisterous conversation of the guests at Cardourel's table soon convinced him that he was not mistaken; for all the guests, with sincere or hypocritical Jacobinism agreed that within the last few days the commissioner of the convention had changed his rule, that the executions had become fewer, and that a number of the imprisoned, even accused and condemned persons, had suddenly and unexpectedly gained their liberty. The *Sans-culottes*, however, were not pleased with this clemency, and in there were any of them that did not feel much annoyed, because it might possibly be shown to themselves, they took good care not to betray any weakness of patriotism in the presence of the Jacobin president of the revolutionary committee. Thus there was a general grumbling that for so many suspicious and moderate persons a passably good time seemed to have arrived, and the more irritated Gilbert Cardourel showed himself in his conversation, which gave testimony of the change in his position, the more zealously they confirmed and tried to support his opinion.

The fate of the Spaniard had for the last few days been the town-talk of Bordeaux, and every one knew that Tallien had released her from prison, and suppressed the accusation against her, also, that she now lived as his beloved in the City-Hall. From that day a change had taken place in the extremely severe commissioner, and Thérèse Cabarrus was generally supposed to be the cause of it. It may be imagined how many different constructions were put upon this relationship, and how vividly Benoit was thereby touched, who no doubt knew the most of it.

"It is not surprising," said one, "that Thérèse Cabarrus protects her friends and companions. But how is it that she exercises such power? Women's government will not do."

"And, moreover, that of an aristocrat!"

"Eh, for my part, I do not care that Tallien has taken a fancy for the pretty dame, but she should not meddle with business."

"A sharp woman. The commissioner must now be altogether in her power."

"Badly enough," cried Cardourel. "Does she not hold a formal court in the Ombrière?"

"Yes, yes, all mothers, brides and children are constantly around her, begging mercy for their friends," asserted Timm. "Formerly the revolutionary Tribunal had plenty of work on their hands, from morning to night, Sunday not excepted. Now the work has already stopped."

"The guillotine will soon become rusty."

"And, besides, the city is still crowded with Brissotins and other suspicious persons."

"If it goes on in this way, these vagabonds will soon rule here again. They venture already to come out of their haunts!"

"Thunder and lightning!" cried Gilbert wildly, knocking his fist upon the table; "it cannot remain so, there must be a change. I will not be president of the revolutionary committee for nothing! This Spaniard shall know my power, I have sworn it. There will yet be found means to put an end to her tricks. My name would not be Gilbert Cardourel if I could not reach this woman, though she may be as cunning as she is dangerous! The duty of the commissioner of the convention is not to protect such enemies of the republic, but to punish and destroy them. Well," asked he in a challenging tone, when some at the table appeared frightened at his words, "is it not true? Not only has Tallien released this woman Cabarrus, but he allows her to maim the execution of the law. Are we then such weaklings as to suffer all this?"

"My friend," said one, trying to appease him, "it will pass over. Tallien is enchanted by this woman, but will soon tire of her and reassume his old energy. Rely upon it!"

"Zounds, that may last long enough!" said Cardourel passionately. "And I, who was selected by all true *Sans-culottes* to help the commissioner of the convention in his work, shall become a bungler? It is but yesterday that the committee appointed me their president—why? Because they confide in my doing zealously my duty. And now shall I look on as his devoted servant, when he is enjoying the society of his wife, instead of working for the welfare of the republic! You do not yet know me!"

"Certainly, certainly," affirmed Timm, lifting his empty can to his lips, "the citizen president cannot put up with it!"

"It is so," added another. "It is an awkward situation for Cardourel. He may easily get into trouble with the commissioner."

"Not at all!" cried Timm. "That would be a misfortune!"

"Fool," shouted Gilbert, addressing Timm, who, pale with fright, started up from his chair. "I must either treat it with

anger or indifference. Do you not see it? I shall not only feel angry, but citizen Tallien shall know with whom he has to deal. I have the right of talking seriously to him."

Timm had regained his self-possession, inasmuch as he felt the strength of sufficiently correcting his mistake.

"Who would doubt you this right," stammered he. "No, citizen president; it is your duty, certainly, certainly your duty."

"I think so, too. At the worst, the complaint will remain in Paris. Oh, the committee of the public welfare knows no weakness! A citizen like Robespierre allows no joking with the welfare of the republic!"

"No, no!" cried Timm, lifting enthusiastically his can. "Long live our great and sublime Robespierre!"

They all drank his health; then Cardourel rose, his glowing face and distorted features showing that he laboured under strong excitement.

"I must be off," said he; "we have a meeting about this affair, and there I will take care that the simplicity at headquarters will come to an end. Such a woman shall not interfere with the revolution in Bordeaux!"

The other guests were also preparing to go, while Cardourel stepped up to the bar to pay his reckoning.

"Well, father Claudet," said he sarcastically, "your daughter has lost in my good favour! You should have educated her better!"

"She is a stupid thing," answered Claudet, familiarly bowing to this monster. "What do you care about a girl's prattling? You are too much of a genius for that."

Cardourel burst out laughing.

"Old philosopher! And such a stupid girl you have brought up. Well, she don't want to save her darling Henry; he will now be cured of his infatuation, the poor lad."

"Yes, Lucie," said he, going, casting a malignant scowl upon her as she sat on a chair in the back-ground. "You are really a stupid thing, as your father says."

The room was now empty, with the exception of Benoit, who seemed to be forgotten by the excited family, but was still sitting in a retired corner near the chimney. The family now felt at ease, a load seemed to be removed from their hearts. Father Claudet scolded his daughter, the mother joined with him, but at the same time took her part. Both finally united in abusing Gilbert Cardourel, and mutually expressing their conviction that poor Henry Tourguet was lost. Lucie gave vent to her tears. Anger, scorn, and fear, which had till now oppressed her heart, broke forth in bitter anguish; still it was not the sorrow that paralysed all other feelings and mental capacities. She wept to ease her heart, and steel her energy, and listened not to the words of her parents. Suddenly she dried her eyes with the corner of her apron, and said in a voice half choked by her sobs:—

"Cabarrus! Cabarrus! she will help me! I will go to her."

"It will be too late," answered Claudet. "You will only irritate by this step that scoundrel Cardourel, whose sole wish is to do us mischief. Did you not hear that he has designs against this Spaniard?"

"Let me go, father! I am not afraid of this villain!"

"You are not afraid," remarked the mother anxiously. "I fear that will be your ruin—I see it coming."

Lucie shrieked with horror when she suddenly saw Benoit rise from his chair and approach her. Old Claudet was not less alarmed. Lucie stared upon the young man whose gentle manner, however, soon reassured her.

"Do not fear me! I will not injure you," said Benoit kindly. "I have overheard everything, and sympathise with you."

"Yes," continued he to Lucie, "you are right to hasten to Thérèse Cabarrus; she can, and will help you. Tell her everything that has been said of her here; caution her, and show her this cross—she will know from whom it comes, and who is interceding for you. I feel convinced that you will receive back your lover."

At the same time he handed her the silver cross which he had received when parting from his beloved prisoner, and had ever since been carrying next his heart.

The old people and Lucie were speechless with amazement, but pleasure and gratitude beamed in their eyes.

Lucie tried to answer:—

"Not another word," interrupted Benoit. "You wished to say you do not know me. Never mind. Go to-morrow at noon to Thérèse Cabarrus, and you will find that I have not roused false hopes in you. Say nothing to any one of what I have said and given you; it would ruin me. And the cross," he continued entreatingly—"do not part with it, keep it as a talisman till I ask it back."

With these words he quickly disappeared. His heart beating with pleasure at the thought of having done a good deed, and still more with delight that to-morrow he would be recalled to the memory of the beautiful Spaniard, who, since her release and relationship with the all-powerful commissioner, Tallien, might perhaps have forgotten him.

(To be continued.)

A NEW THING IN POSTAGE.—The Austrian Government have introduced a novelty in postage, which might be introduced with great benefit in all countries. The object is to enable persons to send off, with the least possible trouble, messages of small importance, without the trouble of obtaining paper, pens, and envelopes. Cards of a fixed size are sold at all the post offices for two kreutzers, one side being for the address, and the other for the note, which may be written either with ink or with any kind of pencil. It is thrown into the box, and delivered without envelopes. A half-penny post of this kind would certainly be very convenient, especially in large towns, and a man of business, carrying a few such cards in his pocket-book, would find them very useful. There is an additional advantage attaching to the card, namely, that of having the address and postmark inseparably fixed to the note. —*The Society of Arts Journal.*

SCIENTIFIC PRIZES.—Dr. Lacaze, who has left his fine collection of pictures to the Louvre, has bequeathed £12,000 to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, to found three biennial prizes of £400 each, for the most important works on physiology, natural philosophy, and chemistry. The conditions of the bequest are that the prizes shall not be divisible, and that they shall be open to competition by foreigners as well as Frenchmen. Should they be won by scientific men of other nations, says the testator, the honour will still remain to France, that the prizes resulted from a French donation, and were awarded by a French Academy.