

## THE BEAUTIFUL PRISONER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Thérèse now understood the feelings of Tallien, but she did not share them.

"My dear," said she to him, with the greatest tenderness, "you have fallen from your heaven—rise, the earth is beneath your feet."

Tallien pressing his forehead and staring unceasingly at the letter. At last he muttered:

"This is the work of Cardourel."

"And if he has done it—why would you despair?"

"Robespierre!" exclaimed Tallien, trembling at the sound of his name. "Robespierre! He himself signed that letter."

"Unfortunate, what discouragement plagues you? What do you fear?"

"I am called away from here, I will be accused—Robespierre wants men of blood, wants to keep the headmen active! I have become in his eyes a weakling—a criminal and bad patriot. Yes, he will impeach me!"

"Lambert, how alarmed you are. You are called away, you are wanted in Paris—must this mean accusation, impeachment and death?"

"Yes, yes, my darling, it means death! Oh," continued he, in despair, "how hard it is to die—and yet I have sent hundreds to death, and with a cold heart have deprived thousands of their happiness! Ah, I have never dreaded death—I dread it only now, because I must lose you!"

"My friend, you will not lose me!" answered she, smoothing his cold brow. "Be courageous, give up these dark thoughts! Oh, I felt so happy! I have received a cheering letter from my father in Madrid, who has been acquitted and re-instated into all his dignities!"

Tallien listened attentively; a ray of hope illumed his face.

"Thérèse," cried he, embracing her, "let us flee."

"Heavens! Tallien—why flee?"

"Let us flee to Spain, to your father! Come—come away from here before it is too late!"

"No, my friend," replied she seriously. "The man whom I love must not flee from imaginary dangers. We shall go to Paris, and I am sure you will be prosperous!"

"Thérèse!" he broke forth. "You desire to go with me to Paris? You wish to share with me the dangers which I expect there to encounter?"

"Yes, Lambert; for I fear no danger before I meet it."

"You will not leave me, Thérèse? You will remain faithful to me in my misfortune? Oh," he exclaimed passionately, "with you I defy all dangers, all menaces—you are my guardian angel, my protectress. Pardon my weakness, my darling, which arose only from my fear of losing you! To live without you, is impossible; but, to die while I possess you, would be a death full of terror, which I dread!" He seized Robespierre's letter, and tried to decipher, by its character, with what spirit it had been penned, what thoughts had occupied Robespierre's mind when he signed it. He saw in imagination, Robespierre's beardless face and cunning smile, and at his side Cardourel, with malignant triumph, exciting, by fresh reports, Robespierre's suspicions against him, the commissioner in Bordeaux; he saw also, Cardourel directing Robespierre's attention to the aristocrat Cabarrus, who, he would say, had only escaped death through violation of duty by Tallien, and should yet meet the punishment she deserved.

Tallien, however, had overcome his fear; he was resolved to brave danger, if it existed, and thought of his friends who were powerful enough to protect him; he doubted not, but Danton and Camille Desmoulins would remain faithful to him, although Robespierre had withdrawn his old friendship. Moreover, his position of deputy shielded him from common prosecution; the convention had to dismiss him, before the tribunal could threaten him, and in the convention he was certain to clear himself by the power of his eloquence. He now felt reassured; the writing which he was now perusing again, no longer appeared to him so formidable. The words: "citizen commissioner" even expressed the friendly, respectful disposition of Robespierre, otherwise the letter would have run more in this style: "The citizen commissioner is hereby removed from his office in Bordeaux." In fact, the removal itself gave no cause for uneasiness, and might probably have arisen from the commissionership in Bordeaux having become superfluous. Tallien's task was fulfilled; Bordeaux was quiet, and the guilty had met with death. They, in Paris, must know what was going on in the department of the Garonne, and might be fully satisfied that terror here had done its work, and was no longer necessary. Tallien now came to the conclusion, that his removal was an honour to him, and that he was called to Paris to be entrusted with another mission, or to apply his activity again for the convention.

Thérèse was rejoiced at this change in the frame of mind of her lover, and at the new interpretation that he put on the letter, and fully agreed with him. She saw new and higher honours for Tallien, if he were in Paris; was it her own ambition which was developing and staking out its aims, or was it her confidence in Tallien's abilities? She believed in a

brilliant future for him, being convinced that he would hereafter hold a highly influential position in politics. With her usual perception, she foresaw that in the raging fever which affected the government of terror, the revolution must soon exhaust itself. It could not be long before the crisis must be passed, and the malady terminated. As she had linked her fate with that of her rescuer, she considered herself also called upon to give it with her power that turn which corresponded with her ambition. She would exert herself to prevent Tallien from consuming his strength in the wild party-struggle, that his energies might be reserved for a great political career in the not distant time of tranquillity. She deemed it, therefore, fortunate that Tallien was removed from his office under such favorable circumstances; the good impression he would leave behind, notwithstanding his former tyranny, could be taken as a precious capital for the future. And then—she was young, full of life, not without coquetry and love for social diversions; she had once tasted the pleasures and enjoyments of Parisian life, and longed for them again.

They were now making preparations for their departure, and elated with hope, were impatient for their arrival in Paris. Tallien saw Thérèse's favorable opinions about his removal confirmed, by the fact that the committee of the public safety had not sent or appointed a successor; so he, in duty-bound, handed over his charge to his colleague, Isambert. The news that they were going, soon spread through Bordeaux, and Tallien had the proud satisfaction of observing by numerous proofs, how painfully the citizens were feeling his departure. The peculiar relation which had latterly been formed between the people and this couple, brought together in so romantic a manner, was broken, not without sincere regrets on both sides. Thérèse Cabarrus, in particular, received the choicest ovations. Though it was at Christmas, the grateful people, to whom she had done such great services, contrived to procure the costliest flowers, and her boudoir was filled with their fragrance and beauty. The bouquet Lucie had given her was one of the prettiest; Henry Tourguet, who owed to her his liberty, walked ten miles to procure the flowers from the greenhouse of a gardener. Though these flowers withered, the name of Cabarrus remained ever fresh in the hearts of the citizens.

One morning early when Tallien and Thérèse were starting for Paris, thousands of the inhabitants were standing at the Ombrière to bid them the last adieu. The mail-coach conveying them could hardly pass the streets. Hundreds of hands were stretched out to them to receive a last pressure. The crowd exultingly shouting: "Long live Tallien! Long



Cardourel in the commissioner's room.—(See chapter V., page 107.)

live Cabarrus! Long live liberty!" Tallien and Thérèse, their faces beaming with happiness, gratefully bowed from their carriage to the multitude, while the solemnity of the parting depressed their hearts.

Thérèse suddenly started. Her eyes fell upon a young man, pale and haggard with grief, who was leaning against a post at the corner of the street, separate from the crowd, his eyes with a painful expression rivetted on the mail-coach. She recognized Benoit, and bowed and smiled to him. For her, he was only a kind friend from the days of sorrow, an obliging young man to whom she had expressed her gratitude. But he was made happy by her bow and smile, and when at last the mail-coach had disappeared, he went back to the Ombrière, a quiet joy beaming in his eyes. And from the street he still heard with a strange mixture of feelings, the shouts of the dispersing multitude:

"Long live Tallien! Long live Cabarrus! Long live liberty!"

(To be continued.)

What remuneration does distance receive for lending enchantment to the view?

By our SAGE.—Troubles are like dogs—the smaller they are the more they annoy you.

HE HAS.—It is now constantly said of M. De Lesseps that he has "turned Africa into an island." He has also, by thus shortening the route there so materially, turned India into a high land as well.

An English advertisement reads as follows: "Stolen—a watch worth ten guineas. If the thief will return it he shall be informed where he can steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

## ADA DUNMORE;

OR, A MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS EVE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

Authoress of "Antoinette de Mirecourt," "Armand Durand," "Ida Beresford," "The Manor House of de Villerae," "Eva Huntingdon," &c., &c.

Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.

## PART THE FIRST.

## CHAPTER I.

READER, are the reminiscences of your childhood gay and happy: are they connected with pleasant scenes and pleasant places—interwoven with loving smiles and tender voices? Well for you if they are so! Listen now to mine.

'Tis a gloomy, murky evening in the fall of the year. Not the early part of our glorious Canadian autumn with its amber skies, and mellowed, golden sunshine; its foliage, glowing with tints to which neither artist nor poet may ever hope to do full justice; but that dreary season towards its close, when Nature seems anxiously waiting for the snowy covering with which winter will kindly hide the bleakness and desolation of earth. It has been raining heavily all day, and the rain still descends with dismal pertinacity on the neglected lawn and uneven rugged shrubberies encircling an ugly square brick house, situated not many miles from the beautiful little Bay of Quinte, in that part of the Dominion then known as Upper Canada.

The weather is dreary—the building itself, with its many countless windows, from which, with but one or two exceptions, no cheering ray of fire or candle light streaming, is still drearier, and the landscape, stretching from it on every side, is dreariest of all. In the background is a dark line of thicket consisting chiefly of evergreens; on the right, a wide expanse of barren marshy ground extending down to a sullen sluggish stream, and the rest all sodden fields, rendered doubly dismal in appearance by the dead autumn leaves and withered blackened herbage. A long avenue, or rather lane, dusty in mid-summer, mired at all other seasons of the year, leads down from the hall door to the distant highway, the first bend of which reveals, at about a mile's distance, a small village lying in a hollow, snugly protected from the bleak northern blasts by a range of low sandy hills.

We will see now if the interior of the ugly brick house corresponds in any degree with its outward appearance. The dim light which we have seen relieving the sombre gloom pervading its front (the kitchen and numerous out-buildings were all situated towards the back) streamed from the windows of the dining-room, and into this apartment we will now enter. Scant and comfortless enough are its furnishings. A small square of faded druggist occupies the centre of the floor, whilst the surrounding wilderness of bare boards, interspersed here and there by a stiff, funeral-looking chair, the mahogany of which is black, and the horse hair almost white from age, form prominent objects in the vast chill apartment. Reading by the light of an ill-trimmed lamp at a small table, whose worn baize covering and skeleton supports are in admirable keeping with the funeral-looking chairs, is a

tall, stern, gray-haired man, with a face furrowed by care or mental pain. This is Noel Dunmore, my father. At the farthest corner of the room, seated as far as possible from the silent reader near the lamp, are two children, conversing in low, almost inaudible whispers. The eldest, a fair, curly-haired, bright-looking boy of nine, is recounting in exultant, though carefully subdued accents, some boyish exploit to a pale, slight, little girl with large, dark eyes, his junior by about two years. The boy was George Dunmore, sole heir of the name; the girl was Ada, his only sister—myself.

For a long time we two children kept up our animated though whispered conversation, when suddenly George momentarily forgot, in the engrossing excitement of his narrative, (his forte lay in describing, mine in listening) the awful presence in which we sat, and allowed his voice to rise clear above the hushed strain it had hitherto maintained, accompanied by—still more serious offence—a burst of half-smothered laughter. The motionless figure at the table merely uttered the one word "silence," but the grating harshness of the tone—the iron severity of the brow that was raised as if in astonishment at the late audacious infringement of discipline, was enough to hush into confusion and utter stillness more daring spirits than ours. After a few moments of awe-struck silence, we crept softly to the window and there stood watching for a half hour, through the rain blurred panes, such indistinct glimpses of the gloomy landscape as the darkening twilight yet left visible. Our monotonous pastime was interrupted by the entrance of an elderly female servant of respectable appearance, bearing the tray with supper, which consisted of two bowls of milk and a plate of cut bread. We rarely had any addition to this, our only evening meal, but of its simplicity we could not reasonably complain as our father's only refreshment was a tumbler of clear water, his supper a slice of our