

it, and it was there she breathed the air of a first ardent and confiding love. She was betrayed! Shame drove her from her native land, and she fled to England.

There are some errors in early life, which may be followed by a reaction that will regenerate and elevate the sufferers, or may, should they unfortunately become inebriated by new seductions, enfeeble them and sink them yet deeper. The latter was unfortunately the result in the life of Lambentine. Fired with scorn for that ideal love which had brought her to shame; asking for vengeance, which she sought even in the brutalism of vice; fervid in imagination, that ever opened to her new horizons of seduction; and bursting with indistinct and boundless desires, she was prepared to obey her most vivid emotions. The present must wipe out the memory of the past; every new day must be the tomb of that which had gone before. The storm then raging in Paris reached the beautiful Lambentine; with the daring of one conscious of the power of the charms conceded to her by nature, charms to which even the souls of the austere English had yielded, she reached the capital of France. She brought with her but one letter of introduction; it was addressed to the citizen Mirabeau; —her path was now marked out.

The political field proves opportune to woman for the sheltering of her emotions, and in her, those of the heart always rank first; she will, if so required, die for her party, but behind the banner of the party it is always her heart that beats time. Plunged into the vortex of the revolution, Lambentine must run through all its mazes, passion became enthusiasm, and this, by a fatal law, ran into madness. Paris was soon habituated to see her the standard-bearer of the revolution, wherever the people assembled; on the public squares, in the orgies, on the barricades, at executions, Lambentine, as a baleful star, was ever present, to-day by the side of Mirabeau, to-morrow with Sieyès, then with Chénier, Danton, Jourdan, Brissot, Desmoulins, and all the other great reformers. To-day an Amazon, to-morrow at the assault of the barricades of the Invalides, or in the front, at the capture of the Bastille, where she was decreed a sword of honour. Borne around as a lady of court in an aristocratic coach, she descended from it glittering with gems and gold, which, attended as she was by a battalion of bold women, induced the regiment of the guards to salute her with their arms.

Lambentine, invested with military rank, rushed to Liège, to rouse the people; shortly after she presents herself among the raging rabble that moved from Paris to Versailles, and thence she returned on horseback, in that bacchanalian tumult which determined the dethronement of a king; on this day she rode by the side of the terrible Jourdan, "the man of the long beard." We find her for a short time the prisoner of the Austrians, in Vienna; but the Emperor Leopold must talk with her, and she was so amiable that her gaoler was softened, and she presently winged her way back to Paris. One fine morning the crowd saw her once more in the Tuileries, preaching love, moderation and concord; a few days after she is at the head of those who bore in triumph the heads of the royal body-guard.

One day she fell in with a cortège of condemned ones, who were on their way to the prison of the Abbey; among those wretched ones she recognized a man that reminded her of a castle on the banks of the Rhine; it was said that she was petrified by the sight of him, and that she was seized with such a thirst for vengeance, that though she could have saved him, she left him to be numbered among the massacred of September. On another day she could have saved the revolutionary journalist, Souleau, but she left him to his fate. In all these scenes of vice, crime and madness, she appeared as an enchantress. Her stature was noble, her hair auburn, her eyes were large, brilliant and sea-blue; she smiled sweetly, but in every passionate movement of her features she showed a notable cast of fierceness. Her figure was gracefully rich, and all her gestures were pliant and elegant.

Her person acquired new enchantments, under new and strange vestments; she was brilliant under a scarlet mantle, voluptuous within thin gowns, that defectively concealed her witching shapes; and when she appeared in the tumults of the squares, wearing her rich head-dress, the people were intoxicated by her charms.

But the favours of the people are fleeting; their stars are falling

stars. Lambentine preferred the Girondistes, and with them and Brissot she fell; with them she tried to stem the tide, but it overwhelmed her; the heroine of Liège seemed a moderate, compared with the *furies of the guillotine*; on the terraces of the Tuileries, where she was wont to harangue the people, she was stripped, and publicly flogged.

There are indignities which give to reason its death-blow, when it has already been shaken by a giddy life, and this, to the spirit of a woman, however unused to the blush of modesty, was the one. The name of Lambentine was entered on the register of the Salpêtrière in 1800; but she had already been, for several years, confined in a house in the suburb St. Mark. In the Salpêtrière she was shut up in the cell already described; she was not subjected to any form of bodily restraint, for the spirit of benevolence had then penetrated those walls and taken away the chains. Yet, oh! what anguish to her, within those close walls! The convulsed phantasy of Lambentine peopled that cell with images that incessantly succeeded each other, arousing fresh excitements, and breaking her sleep, when her frame, wasted by delirium, needed repose. In the night, when the vast court of the Salpêtrière was deserted, and the shadows of the lindens trembled on the dusty soil, whilst some attendants passed across, and the dead silence was broken only by the ravings of the insane, the unquiet spirit of Lambentine peopled this solitude with imaginary personages; she harangued these phantoms, urging them forward to attacks, battles and murders. Beneath the graces of a woman Lambentine had possessed a fibre of steel. She now tolerated no vestments; she was insensible alike to cold and to shame; she was in the habit of upsetting the water pails on her wretched straw-bed, on which she would afterwards curl herself up in a single sheet, with her knees between her hands; the rigours of winter did not change this custom, and she would break with her fists the ice on the water for her use. Thus lived she for years; her vigils, ravings and fastings ruined her once beautiful person.

She, who had been accustomed to raise her beautiful head over crowds of adorners, now crawled on her hands and knees, scratching up the filth of her floor; she, whose body was once so caressed by seducers, raged on that lair of filth, as if in luxury; her hair ere while so soft and glossy, now bristly, scarce and whitened; the brilliance of the eye extinguished, the music of the voice hushed, and all the allurements of the flesh forever gone!

I followed my heroine even to the table of the post-mortem room. Anatomy sought in vain within the cranium for any testimony to her ferine cruelty, her insatiable voluptuousness, implacable hatreds, and voluble loves. Nothing, and still nothing; that cranium and that brain might have been allotted to any other demented being.

THE ENGLISH SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.

THE Society of Authors has at last outgrown the natural timidity of a young organization, found the courage of its opinions, and taken a completely new departure. Lord Lytton, who presided at a crowded meeting yesterday at Willis' Rooms, kept the beaten track in his polished address. It was Mr. Walter Besant who struck the new note. He, with every profession of personal good-will and respect for honourable publishers, set forth unflinchingly a catalogue of those singular practices by which less honourable publishers secure to themselves an unfair proportion of the profits of a book. He showed how they set apart secret profits, withhold accounts, and present to the author fictitious statements of the cost of his book. He showed not less clearly that even where all is aboveboard the publisher takes for his services in introducing the book to the public more than twice or thrice what he allows the author for writing it. He announced that the society henceforward would no longer be content with protecting individuals against injustice, but meant to establish a new principle on a new basis of dealing as between authors and publishers. He carried the audience with him enthusiastically on these and on other points. One or two papers, ignorant of the real merits of the question, came feebly to the rescue of the publishers, but English authors now know what to aim at and whom to look to for protection.