

thirty thousand francs seized upon the fugitives should be employed in paying the expenses of our journey."

This speech caused a great sensation; but the more moderate, who always spoiled the finest flights, proposed and carried, by a majority of voices, that they should await the orders of the national assembly.

At this moment the Chevalier de Maillettes, who had been delayed by a fall, arrived in the hotel of the Lion d'Argent, wet, splashed, and wearied. The first thing he asked on entering was, had they seen two ladies pass in a yellow carriage? At this question the landlord seized him by the collar, and dragged him before the committee.

"Who are you?" said the president. "What is your name?"

"Isidore de Maillettes."

"What appointment do you hold under those persons, for whom you asked on your arrival here?"

"I don't know them."

"You don't know them, and you pursue them in this fashion? You don't know them, and yet you seek them! An unhappy attempt to conceal the truth!"

"I don't unders. and you, sir."

"Undoubtedly," said the chief of the Jacobins of Jougne, "this man conceals his real name and rank; he is some noble of Versailles, the Prince of Lamballe or Polignac, perhaps the Count d'Artois himself, secretly returned to France—search him."

They found upon the chevalier four louis, a watch, and a love-letter folded, sealed, but without address; this letter was the object of profound examination.

They sought to find a mysterious and political meaning in the phrases of gallantry which it contained, but it was time lost; for the government of Jougne did not understand the science of interpretation.

"We shall send this letter to the national assembly," said the president, "who will, perhaps, be more fortunate than we are, and find a key to those tender hieroglyphics."

"Can you deny, sir, that this letter was for the Queen?"

"What Queen?"

"Deceit is useless; we came here to arrest Marie Antoinette of Austria."

"Arrest! here! The Queen, Marie Antoinette?"

"Yes, you see concealment is out of the question, and 't would be better for your own

sake to hide nothing from us. What can you tell us of our prisoner?"

"Me? I have never seen her."

"You still persist in your absurd system, and declare that you do not know the persons, whom you asked after, on coming into the inn?"

"What! the lady in the yellow carriage whom I have followed all the way from Lons-le-Saulx to the Queen of France?"

"Citizen," replied the president, in a stern voice, "I suspect you wish to mock us; but if so, know that we shall make you repent of it."

As the chevalier did not reply, they thought it useless to question him further, and determined on keeping him a prisoner.

When they had decided the fate of the chevalier, they sought the Queen, to inform her of their determination with regard to her.

"Our secretary," said the orator, "indites, at this moment, a letter to the national assembly. You must remain prisoner here until the return of the messenger, who will depart in an hour."

"I also have written to the national assembly," replied the Queen; "will you have the goodness to forward my letter with yours?"

"Willingly; and until we receive a reply from Paris, thirty-six francs a day shall be allowed for your expenses, taken from the money found in your possession, and twenty-four for the lady who accompanied you, and for the young man who has just arrived."

"A young man, did you say? It must be the unhappy Chevalier de Maillettes."

"'Tis such he calls himself; but we have no doubt it is only assumed to conceal a name of more importance. There is nothing to prevent your seeing this person; if you wish he shall come to your room."

"I wish it much," replied the Queen; and then added, in a dignified manner, "you may retire, gentlemen."

The moment after De Maillettes entered the room pale and trembling. The Queen received him with a gracious dignity; while he knelt to her, and taking her hand which she held out to him, touched it respectfully with his lips.

"Will your majesty deign to pardon the temerity of my pursuit?" said he, humbly.—"My ignorance must be my excuse."

"I pardon you, sir; and see nothing in your conduct but an exalted devotion to our royal person."

"Put it to the proof, madame, and I shall