

during the many months of her imprisonment. He named the number of her cell, and described the corridor into which it opened. Was there any reason to scruple? But these communications were very precious to Benoit, especially as it gave him the number of her cell. In a similar way he learned what cell the wife of his friend occupied, whom he had promised to save with Thérèse; it having been arranged that Thérèse, after her successful escape, should be taken under the protection of his friend's wife to a safe place. At another opportunity Benoit was informed that the jailer's daughter, for pity's sake, now and then forwarded letters to and from the prisoners. Jeanne was chiefly occupied in the sick division with superintending the washing, and Benoit met her several times each day, which gave him an opportunity of asking her assistance; he would speculate on obtaining her services by shewing himself very friendly and attentive to her, intending to claim them as soon as he was certain of success.

However, all these, though valuable opportunities, were not yet adapted to form a decided plan. But one evening when Benoit with several turnkeys were sitting again at their wine, talking of their duties, the events of the day, and the incidents of the prison, a guardian vented his anger at being placed more frequently on night service than was necessary, according to his turn. Benoit caught at these words, and his plan became suddenly clear of the mist by which it had been surrounded.

"Eh, friend," said he, "I will relieve you at once with pleasure, as I sleep very badly in this hot weather."

"Well, if you will do me so great a favour," replied the turnkey, "I shall be highly pleased."

"When will you be on your beat again?"

"To-morrow night, and that does not suit me at all. Morbleu, I am in love, and to-morrow night my little one, for the first time, has promised to go with me to a ball. And instead of it, to patrol up and down in the dark dungeon is not a pleasure. Truly, Benoit, if you could relieve me for to-morrow night, I would be for ever indebted to you."

"Agreed, I will take your place, and you may go to your ball. There cannot be a great responsibility with this night watch?"

"Not the least; you may take a nap for a couple of hours. The prisoners being securely locked up, it is very rare that a noise is made in any of the rooms which would oblige you to order quiet. As soon as you have once examined all the corridors, your duties are done."

"And is there not sometimes a ring at the gate?" asked Benoit in apparent indifference.

"Yes, in case new prisoners are delivered up. It is the duty of the jailer to open the gate, but the old man has long since committed this duty to the night-watch. The key remains always in the lock. I will tell you the rest to-morrow night when I hand you the keys."

Benoit could scarcely conceal his joy until he had parted with his companions. Then he broke forth in exultation, and in great haste went to his friend to deliberate with him as to their further actions. Night had already set in; he gained admittance in the house opposite the Luxembourg, and his friend, on recognizing the disturber of his sleep, opened the door of his room for him. Benoit, on entering, shouted:

"Have patience for twenty-four hours more; all suffering and suspense will then be at an end."

They exulted, embraced each other, and swore eternal friendship; and after having developed their ideas, and hastily and joyfully arranged how to carry them out, they examined again from point to point the plan which presented itself.

It was necessary next morning to apprise the two ladies of their hour of release was near. Benoit wrote a few lines to Thérèse, and his friend to his wife. Jeanne should be induced to deliver these letters. It was arranged that when Benoit had entered on his beat for the night, and all had sunk to sleep, he should open the two cells, calling out the two ladies as though they were to be dismissed in consequence of extraordinary circumstances. He should inform them in brief of the particulars while he conducted them to the gate. He would have the keys of the inner and outer gate, but had to pass between these two gates the sentinels of the city guard, the pikemen. Benoit presumed that they would permit the two ladies to pass if he accompanied them, opened the gates for them, and pronounced them free. The sentinels would have no responsibility in this respect, as they exercised no control. And how could they suspect that an official of the prison would sacrifice his life to save two persons that were strangers to him? Courage and self-possession would do the rest. At the outer gate the husband should wait for his wife and Madame de Fontenay, and then with both ladies hasten to his room, where they would be quite safe—for many reasons safer from the first pursuit than at any other place. Whether Benoit should fly with them at once, or escape after a moment on circumstances. At any rate, he should immediately leave Paris and try to escape to Belgium, whither the others intended to go. At the Hôtel des Etrangers in Brussels they were to meet, or to send thither their news; thus the noble young man, who had abundantly provided Benoit with means, had decided.

The next morning dawned, when Benoit, as usual, appeared in the sick division of the prison to commence his duties. He saw Jeanne, and with beating heart leading her aside, requested her to deliver the two rolled-up and sealed messages. Jeanne, when reading the addresses to which the number of the cell was added, smiled and said mysteriously:

"I have another letter for Madame de Fontenay."

"Another?" asked Benoit alarmed. "From whom?"

"Bah!" said Jeanne, as if she would punish the curiosity of the turnkey. "It is not our business to know."

She then left him, taking the letters with her. Benoit guessed the other letter to be from Tallien. The blood mounted his forehead, convulsively he doubled his fist; he felt as if a stranger was interfering with his plan. But soon his features expressed a malicious joy, while he muttered to himself:

"To-night it will be I who save her. Then she may be my love; she must, nevertheless, thank me and acknowledge to prove to her that I can die for her."

The hours of the day crept slowly on. Longing and expectation are, as it were, prisoners of the time, thinking only of their release. At last evening came. Again, as usual, the victims were called for the next day. God be thanked, neither of the two ladies were among the number, and they should not tremble again at the reading of the roll. A few hours more, and the prison would be deserted by them forever; saved

from the scaffold, they would greet with the new day a new life.

Again, as every evening, the prisoners had streamed from the court-yard into the house, into the corridors, into their cells and rooms, to be locked up during the night. It was dark, and the lamps in the corridors were being lighted. Quiet reigned through the whole prison, beneath the roof of which so many hearts full of love and life were sighing, depressed with anxiety and care. The day-service being over, the night-watch was now to commence. The turnkey now approached the impatiently-waiting Benoit who was to take his place. But he wore an anxious look, his movements expressed anger and fear.

"This is an ugly affair!" he muttered from the distance to Benoit. "Morbleu! It is all over with my ball. Have you already heard?"

"What could I have heard?" asked Benoit with gloomy forebodings that unexpected obstacles would frustrate his plan at the last moment. "What has occurred?"

"None of us can leave the prison," continued the turnkey. "We are confined like troops when rebellion is apprehended."

"But heavens, what is the reason?" exclaimed Benoit in fright and despair caused by this communication, as he saw his plan for the escape of the two prisoners thwarted for the present.

"The reason?" muttered the other. "How can I know? The jailer himself does not know; there he is coming, and can tell you."

The jailer corroborated what the turnkey had said. An order had just been brought from the committee of the public safety that no one was allowed to pass in nor out from the prisons during twenty-four hours, upon pain of death.

"Yes, yes," remarked the jailer, shaking his head, "this is very concise. Therefore, you comprehend that I cannot let you go. The order has been also communicated to the guard. Something must have occurred outside!"

Benoit with a pale face had listened to these words; he was not yet able to recover himself from the blow that had so unexpectedly struck him. How was this strange order to be explained? No one should go out, no one should come in—was this not maiming justice for twenty-four hours? Escape was now out of the question, and who could know whether, as long as Thérèse Cabarrus was spared an accusation, another so favourable opportunity would offer itself to Benoit. Sadness overcame him; the fall from the height of his hopes was too sudden.

Midnight found the jailer and turnkeys still awake; the uncertainty of what was transpiring in the city kept these men all in the greatest excitement. They stood in a group together on the main corridor, exchanging their views, fears and doubts.

"Hark!" suddenly exclaimed the jailer, listening to a noise outside. There must be a tumult in the streets."

He hastily went to the door leading to the court-yard, and opened it. They now distinctly heard a roaring as if the raging waves of the sea were approaching. All these strong men trembled; Benoit strained every nerve to ascertain if he could distinguish any particular sound. But it was in vain. Always the same roaring, which sometimes diminished, stopped, then more violently broke forth again.

"This is a revolution!" they muttered.

"They already spoke of it," said the jailer. "The police commissioner, when he conducted to-day the accused to the Conciergerie, gave me to understand, in his sneering way, that the other prisoners would to-morrow have a merry day. I now comprehend what his words indicated."

"What is your opinion, jailer?" asked an old turnkey. "I hope you do not fear a massacring as occurred two years ago in September."

"I almost do," replied the jailer anxiously. "For what other reason could this order be? Ah, it was too dreadful; I could not witness it again."

"Massacring the prisoners?" asked Benoit beside himself with anxiety.

"Yes, my boy; this is called the short proceedings," explained one of the turnkeys. "After all, it is not so bad as you imagine. All those here are doomed to mount the scaffold, and why not make at once a purging of these people who are penned together like a herd of sheep."

Benoit shuddered.

"Be ashamed of yourself," scolded the jailer. "Murder is murder, and I will rather lose my head than admit those assassins. I have the keys of the gates and will not give them up. To admit no one—this is my order."

They listened again. They imagined that they heard the clatter of chains in the streets.

"How came these September murders to pass?" asked another, perhaps more from fear of the coming events than from curiosity.

The jailer looked again terrified.

"It was an awful day," he related. "When the infuriated mob had passed the gate and penetrated into the court-yard, a dozen of them placed themselves round a table they had fetched to the entrance. I was then obliged to hand them the list of my prisoners who were brought before them. Most of these unfortunates had to suffer death. If one or the other was found not guilty by this tribunal, he was acquitted amid the shout of 'Long live the nation!' But most of the prisoners, men and women, priests and aristocrats, heard after their short trial the call: 'Let him go.' This was dreadful irony not understood by the victim, and meant but the order for assassination. These unfortunates, giving way to hopes for their freedom, had to pass over a litter of straw, then the assassins with hatchets, pikes and swords, fell upon them and killed them."

"This may happen again," added the course-minded turnkey. "I wager they make revolution against this indulgent convention. Did you not read the paper to-day? Robespierre is said to be made dictator by the will of the people."

"Well, if they succeed, I myself believe that the September murders will be repeated," replied the jailer.

Day dawned at last, and the hour arrived to let out the prisoners and distribute their rations of bread. But the supply was scarce, the sentinels having sent away the bread-carts which, as usual, had come in the morning. Nevertheless Paris appeared quiet; nothing more was heard and seen of a revolution.

In disquiet, anxiety and uncertainty, the hot July day was passed by all those who were confined behind the walls of the prison, Benoit living in great fear that Thérèse Cabarrus might be lost if the prison was taken by storm. He did not know how to save her, still he indulged in thinking how to

protect her dear life when the dreaded catastrophe arrived. And in this threatening calamity he had at least the consolation that she would, happily surprised, have seen and recognised him; and that she would know with what sacrifice he was working for her. In the disorder produced by these alarming incidents, Benoit, when the cells were opened, attempted to meet Thérèse Cabarrus on the corridor. Harmlessly, not knowing what had occurred since the previous evening, she hurried, on the arm of the sad Josephine, into the court-yard. She did not observe Benoit as she closely passed him. He, however, whispered her name, and she, greatly astonished, gazed at him.

"How? Benoit?" exclaimed she in the greatest joy; but his warning look made her speechless.

"Oh, I understand!" she lisped, and with grateful looks parted from him, not to excite suspicion.

Noon had passed, and the fears caused by the order of the committee of the public safety and the rumour of a rebellion in the city had subsided. Suddenly the same strange roaring filled the air, and a wild tumult was heard now and then in the court-yard of the Luxembourg. Fright was depicted on the countenances of all; they asked, lamented, ran to and fro. From the towers sounded the gloomy, alarming tocsin. What did it mean? No one knew, they are all listening and trembling.

Wild and more ferocious becomes the clamour of the mob in the streets; a dull rumbling and rolling is heard on the pavement. Then—everyone shakes to his very bone—the mob, with their fists and arms, thunder against the gate, more furious, more commanding.

"I will tell them that I will not open, that I am bound with my head to keep the gate locked against every one."

Thus spoke the jailer to the turnkeys and hastened, prepared for death, to the outer gate.

To be continued.

Somewhere over three years ago, on a cold, wet, winter night, there was a strange spectacle in Great Queen-street. The managers of the Refuge for the Homeless had issued an invitation to all the hungry, homeless, uncared-for boys of London to come and enjoy a plentiful supper of roast beef and plum-pudding. Hundreds of them thronged to the place. Their eager, famished, woeful looks; their diversity of looped and windowed raggedness; and at the same time a kind of preternatural sharpness of perception and action, were calculated to excite anything but pleasant emotions at the thought that all that raw material of humanity was being worse than wasted—worked up into a manufactured article of description injurious to society and evil to themselves. Others kept a cautious distance at first, because they had a notion the whole thing was a trap set by the "beaks," though the sight through the open doors of the way in which those inside were enjoying the savoury hot meat and fragrant pudding overcame the scepticism of many of them, and they joined in that memorable supper party. They were asked by Lord Shaftesbury, after it was over, how many would like to lead honest lives if they were enabled to do so. All hands up. How many would like to be trained to go to sea? A large majority of hands up. Most of the guests were that night kept in the Refuge—others sent to casual wards. (The Government gave the Chichester man-of-war as a training ship, and the public sent means to support boys there and at a farm down in Surrey where they are trained to agricultural labour. The result of the memorable supper party was seen on Tuesday, when 500 boys and girls again sat down to the old English fare—but this time the boys were not ragged or hungry looking. The naval brigade, headed by their band—the field workers in their neat uniform, all with bright, honest, happy, and healthy countenances and well-grown bodies—offered the greatest contrast that can be imagined. Those who have been engaged in this great and noble work may have envied the feeling they possess in the luxury of doing good. They have already sent out 1,447 boys to the Royal Navy and merchant services, the army, situations at home and in the colonies; and 656 girls to situations at home and abroad. All are thriving, and their letters to their real and only home are full of gratitude. The committee have 100 lads ready for emigration this spring, and need from 1,000l. to 1,200l. to send them where they can commence a life of honest and independent labour, sure to lead to a competence if not a fortune. Only think of what a spare 10l. note can do in this case—and in the future look to the fruitful issue of an investment of 200 shillings in a well cultivated farm, flourishing business, or prosperous artisan, with a family growing up honourably and usefully, a strength to the empire at large—and all this by rescuing the waifs and strays of the streets who would otherwise be a pest and a constant source of expense to the country.—The Court Journal.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S SOVEREIGN.—There was a meeting held last evening in Centenary Church for the purpose of raising funds to pay off a balance of \$406 due upon the Wesleyan Mission House, corner St. James and Carmarthen street. Rev. Mr. Stewart stepped forward, and holding up a sovereign, said it had been given to him by a merchant of this city who had received it from Prince Arthur when he visited St. John last summer. Mr. Stewart asked how much any of the gentlemen present would give for it. One gentleman bid \$20, and other \$25, and a third \$30, and it was awarded to the latter. The gentlemen who had offered the twenty and the twenty-five dollars bid, went forward and gave these sums toward the object of the meeting, and another gave an additional \$50. Different sums were then given until the whole amounted to \$360, only \$40, short of the sum required to pay the debt on the lot of land and also the mission House on which it stands. Tel. St. John N. B.

An official publication, which has recently appeared at Madrid under the title *Estado General de la Armada*, gives full particulars of the present state of the Spanish Marine. The navy consists of ninety-two vessels in all, of which twenty-one are of the first class, sixteen of the second, and thirty-seven of the third, with eighteen screw gun-boats. There are seven armour-plated frigates carrying from six (the Resolucion) to forty guns; (the Tetuan) thirty-seven screws armed with from two to fifty-one guns; (the Asturias) twenty paddle steamers mounting from one to sixteen guns, and seven screw, and three sailing transports. The grand total of the armament is 706 guns.