THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

THE DWARP'S SECRET.

2

"Where am I to leave those wounded men, sir ?" said the head of the ambulance corps. "In the Bue de la Chaussee d'Antin, No.

15," answered the pricest It was about ten oblock at night when the waggon stopped its burden at the place indi-cated by the place The doors of the house were immediately thrown epen, and mendescribable pare and tenderness, and placing them in a large apartment on the ground floor. A young girl dressed in black, except for a white nurse's apron and a red cross on her arm, advanced pale and anxione." "You have just come from the battlefield,

mother ?" said she. "Yes," answered the pricet; "and I have brought two wounded men, an old and a young one. The latter is quite irrecognizable

an account of the blood." He was instantly laid upon a bed, and the

young girl approached with a fine sponge, warm water and soft linen bandsges. His breathing was inaudible, and it almost seemed that his heart had ceased to best. The young hurse gently hathed the wound upon the forehead, separated the hair, and washed away the dreadful clots of blood; the face was once more visible, though disfigured and pallid, and with closed eyes. The girl paused in ther task and trembled, drew back with dilated ages, and cried out inta tone of horror,

"Bulpice, Sulpice, it is Benedict whom you have brought to me dying 1"

Her courage and her heart failed her at once. She was but a woman, and she forgot that she was just then the only nurse in the house. A word from Suplce recalled her to her mission.

"God is witness," said he, "that I did not secogniz: him when I raised him in my arms on the field. He is a guest whom God has sent us. ... Sabine, forget everything else."

Sabine pressed her brother's hand. "I will do my duty," said she, "and if our Lord thinks I have suffered enough He will

save Benedict." When the doctor came next morning to wisit the wounded he declared the Colonel's wound to be slight, but pausing before Benedict shook his head

" Take good care of him, Mudemoiselle, but in any case the poor boy will look at you many a day before he sees you, and hear the sound of your voice for long before he understands. Do you know him ?' asked the physician qulckly. "Ha: was my father's pupil and my be-

trothed, Benedict Fougerais.'

"Ah I" said the doctor, "art has done its share in this fatal war. Oaveller, the author of . Penelope,' was killed ; Leroux is mortally wonuded; Vebert may never again handle the brush, and Benedict Fougeraie can only be mayed by a miracle."

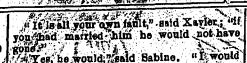
So saying the doctor went away full of grief and emotion.

OHAPTER XV.

THE TWO BROTHERS. Sabine's grief at sight of her betrothed exceeded her strength. She was as pale as Benedict himself. Her eves were dimmed with tears : sobs shook her frame : her knees went under her; she fell prostrate, her face

hidden upon the bed. Sulpice found her thus.

"Sabine," he said, "the greater the duty The more need of courage. You should rather Shank God that He permits you to nurse Banedict and perhaps save his life." These words roused the young girl from her lethmgy; she recovered her composure, and with . hasty but fervent prayer for Benedict and **Therself set about her task.** After a time the wenned man began to show signs of life: but though his eyes opened and fixed them. knew her not. Feve had set in, and in his delirium he went over all the details of that terrible struggle. He was gentle and dooile as an infant, however. He even smiled and seemed grateful for the scare of which he vaguely felt he was the object, but he was not conscious of the presence of his bethrothed, and in his wanderings spoke of some one whom he called Esbine, but so vaguely that it was difficult to distinguish whether he had his own Sabine in mind, or the daughter of Erwin de Steinbach. Days and nights passed and still Sabine performed her manifold duties, setting aside her own consuming grief. As often as possible the found time to visit the hapless Xavier at the prison of Requette. His heat was not yet softened by his captivity. The sentence which had fallen on him, despite his innovence, did not lead him contrite to the foot of the Oross. Oursing the injustice of men, he likewise cursed what he called the injusthen of God The chaplain of the prison valuely tried to celm and console him. The very sight of a carsock aroused his anger. In his hatred for Bulpice he included all who wore the same dress, and spoke to him of the same Bavlour. Too bad a Oatholic to understand the dread mystery which ensbrouds Confession, be would fain have had his brother betray his "secret, forgetting that he had doubted a hunwired times of the absolute secrecy of priests. Babine's visits caimed him for the moment, "but these brief interludes were usually embit tered by the recollection of Sulpice. He poured out all his venom and bitterness, and the poor girl telt powerless to console him. Far from calling religion to his aid, he dwelt forever on the recollections of a vanished past. Now be was at a gambling table with its heaps of banknotes or , iles of glittering gold ; again he was at some loxations board, at a thestrical performance, or ilstening from this stall to the impresioned strains of - Don Giovanni, Favorita or La Juive. Overcome by these memories, and contrasting the past with his present state, he began lo think of suicide. He hesitated, however, not through any greatness of soul or faith in God, but for fear of physical suffering, of "which he had an inordinate droad. Besides. there was no hurry. As long as they left him at Requette life was endurable. But he recolved that the moment they spoke of New Caledonia he would manage to destroy himself, even if he had to dash out his "brains' egainst the wall. During the bloody reign of the Commune Xavier's condition was mmeliorated. The new keepers were indulgent to oriminals, and showed more consideration for murderers than for -priests dragged from the churches. They felt that at need they could depend upon Those whom the law had condemaed As they had nothing to lose, not even life, for it was under senterce, they would be naturally ready for any atrocity, and in Ferre, d'Urbain and their accomplices were found the last refuge »of out throate. It is true that Xovier, low as : he had fallen, and hardened as his judges had made him appear, would have shrunk from wime of any sort ; but in times of anarchy there is always hope, and the young man saw liberty in bloodshed, excess and sacrilege. Babine told him all that had occurred on d'Ankin I will give you all the papers you rethe night of the battle of Busenval; described Benedict Fougerais brought in covered with blood and dying, and herself approach- the wretch, "All right, I will sign your passing his bed like a Sister of Charity.



but I much prefer to suffer than to be forced to despise Sulpice.) I love Benedict with my whole heart. From childhood upwards I remymber him almost as part of the family, and at least my father chose him for me as a husband. Yet I found the courage to give him up. If you knew, Xayler, what comfort there is in faith, you would fall on your knees,

were it only for consolation's sake." But Sabine could make no impression on her brother, and this was another thorn in her sorely tortured heart. Soon, however, she had the consolation on seeing a favorable change in Benedict's condition. The wound in the breast was closed, and that upon the forehead, though taking longer to heal, caused him no anxiety.

Sometimes he had intervals of consciousness. There had been, in fact, no concussion of the brain. The delirium of pain, the excitement of the life he had recently led, the great mental shocks of the various phases of the war, the superhuman struggles at Bursaval, had all a much greater share in, when he understood what was passing about bim, he knew that he was with Sabine and Sulpice, his happiness contributed to his cure. The doctor warned Sabine not to deprive him of hope, declaring that a violent shock might be his death, and Benedict, finding her so kind and centle, began to rope everything for the future. Sulpice himself brought Banedict as soon as he was able home to his studio on the Bollevard de Olloby. Beppo being scarcely sufficient to provide for his master's wants, Sulpice found a nurse for him a widow whose husband had fallen at Montrelont. Having thus attended to the welfare of his friend, the priest began to devote himself again to his work at the factory of Charenton. The rich must give the example. The people had suffered and bled, their wounds must be staunched. But it was the people themselves who would not accept the offered help. The cannon of Montmartre was seized; the muskets destined for the defence of the country were used in a general revolt. The cannon still boomed and fights were

fought, but it was no longer soldiers and noble volunteers defending the sacred soil of their country. An army was, indeed encamped | pice. outside of Paris, besieged for the second time but Paris, mutilated and bleeding, had scarcely t me to count her ruin ; they were increasing every day.

The mob who fought in Paris, and defended the capital against the regular army, were the members of the Commune, their banner, a red rag, inciting them to sacillege and murder. Churches were sacked ; ruffians openly preached their doctrine of free love in the sacred places. Wretches abolished all religious law, decreed the suppression of worship, and tore the divine Figure from the crucifix. Women wearing red sashes, their hair tailing in a loose net upon their back, and a leathern bag slung at their side, ran about among the half-drunken populace, vomiting out terrible blasphemies. Often great wagons stopped at the doors of churches, and presently officers of the Commune, in costumes bedizened with gold, and escorted by a band of pillagers, were seen to emerge laden with ir spoils. They had ransacked sanctuary and sacristy, emptied the cupboards and seized a rich booty. The reign of liberty began by prosoriptions. Blood flowed on the streets. Generals were shot in the corners of obscure gardens. Men who had written volumes against capital punishment to screen mis- gave the order, creants from the consequences of their crime unrelentingly put to doath whomsoever they suspected of being opposed to their desires or their vengeance. Many were forced into the service of these brigands. Night and day the Vengeurs of the Commune searched houses and dragged thence young men and old, forcing them at the bayonet's point to serve in their ranks. The Bouge journals invented a language consisting of oaths and blasphemy. Terror was mingled with disgust, and horror surpassed even terror. Street boys carried about hideous pictures, accompanied with indecent songs or dialogues, in which the dead whose remains had been profaned were made to bear a part. The convents were thrown every barricade and tavern, fraternizing open, under pretence of liberating the nuns, and the holy mystery, enshrouding their ansterities and discipline, exposed to the vulgar view. Novices and professed sisters were alike driven into the streets, at the same time that civil marriage was proclaimed sufficient, and divorce made legal. Yet all these horrors, these blasphemies, these profanations, these legalized thefts, this persecution, and the insane ravings of the wretched rags they called their newspapers, did not suffice for the Communists. The haired of religion produced hatred of its representatives. Blood could not flow fast enough for their desires. They would tain have had speedier and more frequent execations. Hostsges were taken who were chosen principally from amongst the clergy and magisirates. Priests, both secular and religious, were brought before the tribunal of the Commune. To the great honor of the Parisian clergy it must be said that they rose at once to the height of persecution and martyrdom. They remained at their post they continued to celebrate the divine office, and to expose themselves to death at the joot of those altars profaned by the ruffian soldiers of the Commune. They continued to visit the sick, teach the children, and every priest in Paris, deeming himself no greater than his Master, hourly expected to share the fate of the archbishop, then a prisoner at Mazas: Sublue had not a moment's rest. She was in constant fear for Sulpice's selected a large key from the bunch, and life or liberty, for the young priest would not even yield so far to the Commune as to wear secular clothes. He continued as you're troubled with remoise you can unburusual to officiate at the church, and deeming himself unworthy the grace of martyrdum, was ready to meet it if necessary. Late one evening, as he was passing a Communist port, a drunken sentry suddenly barred his passago.

posed:

difference would have been that he would have had a wife whose family was disgraced. "Ahl' said Xavier, "so you are another "Ahl' said Xavier, "so you are another victim of Supple's silence." "Do not speak co," said Sablen firmly; "you have too little idea of holy things to understand them aright. I, would satifice some of whom belonged to the Intamational my life to give you diffeedom? and I would "Atd Society, were brought in shortly after... "For two haves as fairly reaking with the licentions songs Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Suple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Suple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Suple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to his oath. Yes, we are both Supple's false to be forced of the false false to be forced of the both and ringing with the licentious songe of the balf dunken soldery. They were all drinking and smoking, save those who had rolled druck under the table. Meanwhile Sulpice's name was taken and his case referred to the head of that detachment. The latter gave orders that the priest should be brought to the Prefecture. It was about six in the evening when he reached there. He was immediately brought before the commandant.

"Where's the accuser?" asked he of one of the soldiers:

"Accuser? there is none. All that is a farce. He's a calotin^{*}-a pricet. A patriot bas a right to condemn the oppressors of the people. However, the captain is coming."

The captain said a few words in a low voice to the commandant ; the latter gave the signal, and the priest was surrounded, seized teach you resignation." and thrown into a cell, whence they had that morning released a criminal. Three days passed before his examination took place. At the end of that time the Abbe Pomercul was taken out, jeered at, insulted and mocked by paralyzing his faculties than even his terrible a crowd of ruffians wearing the red sash, and wounds. Thought returned alowly, but led through various corridors till he came to the tribunal of so-called justice. Bigaut raised his head; hearing a knock at the door, and gave orders that the prisoner should be brought in.

It would be hard for any one that had not seen this wretch, who held in his hand the lives of the hostages, to form any idea of his face; the sharp features, the vulture-like profile, the thin lips parting over the white teeth, the cruel and tiger-like expression, made up a repulsive whole, which once seen was not easily forgotten. His very countenance breathed that gall, venom, and bitterness which made him condemn the just to death in mere hatred of virtue.

When Sulpice was thrust into the presenc of Baoul Bigaut, the latter asked : "Your name and age?"

"My name, Sulpice Pomereul; my age twenty-eight."

"Your profession ?"

"That of pricet."

"That is to say," sneered Bignaui, "peddler of indulgences, messes and absolutions, whose office it is to oppress and deceive the people." "Bather to bring them to respect divine law first and human law afterwards," said Sul-

"Bahl you teach them to execrate us who represent the law."

"No," cried Sulpice, "for you represent neither law, because you lack the necessary strength, nor justice, because you have not the right."

"So you teach them to despise the Repub-110?"

"The Commune represents neither government nor authority, nor even the popular voice," said Sulpice ; "it is an emissary of disorder, bloodsbed and anarchy."

" Do you know where such words must lead you ?" asked Bigaut.

"To La Roquette, where you have imprisound our archbishop," said Sulpice. "And from La Boquette ?"

"To the place of execution," answered the Abba Pomereni, composediy,

"Do you want to save your life?" gsked Rigaut.

"I have no right to throw it away," said Sulpice

Drawing a revolver from his pooset he is intended for you. I will readily place the the death, so here's a chance for you to es-pointed it at Subloc, when an officer inten-whole of it at your disposal. I only ask to cape." whole of it at your disposal. I only ask to cape." be best to my own thoughts, and that no one The gone." "I would "said Sabine. "I would "Have no fear," he said ; "but it is batter will disturb my last moments." (At the first is ound of his voice. Sulplee to you to come with me to the guard-room the first is country. The only difference would have been that he would the would have been that he would the said : "but it is batter (At the first is ound of his voice. Sulplee the pallet, setzed the prisoner's two hands, and in a voice of mingled joy and tenderness cried, the bad a wile whose family was disgraced."

that your Master abhors human sacrifices, while you offer me up to a chimera of duty. "You are mistaken," said Sulpice gently. "I did not force myselt upon you even for the sake of your soul. I am a prisoner like yourself."

"A prisoner! Why what fault could you have committed ?" cried Xavier.

"The same as the archbiahop, the curs of the Madeleine, and all who represent religion

and justice." "Bot you will get out of here?"

"Yes, to die," said Sulpice. "It is horrible !" cried Xavier.

"No; I swear to you, my brother," said

Sulpice, "I would meet death willingly, if life of dishonor. Beeldes, you may be cer-only I could first reconcile you with God and tain, Xavier, that God, who never leaves a only I could first reconcile you with God and "Resignation," cried Xavier, "when I am

innocent !" "Of what crime have I been guilty ?" asked Sulpice. Xavier was silent. A struggle was

going on in his mind. While his brother was at liberty he had cherished a sullen hatred against him. But seeing him now a prisoner, condemned to almost certain and speedy death, his resentment melted away.

"Take heed of what I say, brother," said Sulpice: " be assured whatever the Lord does is well done, and I adore His hand in the punishment no less than in the recompense. Just now you can only see the horrors of your fate; death frightens you, your flish trembles at the thought, you curse me and blaspheme God. Tet if for one moment you could understand the ways of mercy, you would be resigned as I am. Xavier, we have no longer time to look back to regret departed joys. Our eyes must become accustomed to the darkness of the tomb; our minds must learn to is hom the mysteries of sternity. If ever you believed that I exeggerated my duty to God, to you or to myself, it you accuse me of cruelty and harshness towards you, I beseech you in this hour, when we are face to face with death, to believe that I could neither be false to God, to you nor to myself. I offered my life in exchange for yours, and I will bless God if He degin to accept it as the price of your liberty."

" My liberty ?" cried Xavier.

"Yes; a chance of liberty may be nearer than you think. The wretches who hinder the priest in the discharge of his duties will shortly have need of all those who are outlawed by society. Very soon, now, in a few days, I believe, they will throw open the prison doors."

"For what purpose?"

"That you may all be made docile instruments in the accomplishment of new crimes." Just then the shuffling of feet and the clanking of swords mingled with oaths and imprecations were heard in the corridor without, and the list was called of a certain number of the condemned.

Doors were opened and closed, there was a all was still again. Xavier shuddered and Sulpice fell upon his knees.

In a few minutes a sharp, irregular volley "Vive la Republique !"

The young men sprang forward eagerly. The young men sprang forward english, Supressing the Communists would have re. But Supressing the part of the second seco fragments to a distance. "Why did you do that?" cried Xavier.

"To save you," answered the priest, calmly. "To save you," answered the prises, carmin, "Miserable calotin I" cried the keeper, "not ontent with preaching lies, you want to inder those who are about to take up arms of the Commune." content with preaching lies, you want to hinder those who are about to take up arms for the Commune."

"I want to prevent Frenchmen, from fighting with Frenchmen," said the abbe. "Your tellow prisener should take the knife horror."

to you," said the keeper. "Do you think the pretty boy is a paschal lamb? He killed his father, and you want to prevent him fighting pearance, soon discovered that these family the Versaillists. It's not just." Far from adding to Xavier's desire for

liberty, so strong a moment before, these words filled him with horror."

into the street and fight behind one of those barricades, no one will believe in your innocence. There remains a means of proving it to the world: prefer death to dishonor and even your accusers can no longer deem you capable of such a crime. Your rehabilitation munists with their victims passed on towards

us die together. Beiter such a death than a good action unrewarded, will permit that if your life be not saved, at least your memory will be cleared of the terrible stain that rests upon you. In this supreme hour draw near to the brother and the priest. I must be firm, for God is in my heart, and if you waver I will be here to support you. Stay; such a death will be mariyrdom! It will efface every fault, and by the baptism of blood you will b+ restored to your primal innocence. Stay, Xavier, for the explation of past sins to purchase heaven."

Solpice knelt at his brother's feet, ... With streaming eyes and voice choked with emotion he implored him thus. He offered to God his fature sufferings as the price of this soni doubly dear and doubly sacred in his eyes, and so ardent was his prayer, so eloquent his tears that Xavler's hardened heart was softened, and kneeling in his turn he raised his brother's crucifix to his lips. Thenceforth he heard neither musketry, nor groans of the condemned, nor the chouts of the soldiers. Absorbed in his new thoughts, occupied with the remembrance of the speedy death that awaited them, he threw himsel with one great sob into the arms of the brother whom he had so cruelly misunderstood.

in discussing their approaching death. Ever and anon keepers rushing through the passages oried out that the Rue Royale had been completely destroyed by fire, that the public granaries and the theatre at St.

"Alas i" thought the brothers, "our deliverers, the soldiers of the army, will come too late."

The night passed in preyer, repentance and interchange of affection.

Xavier had made the sactifice. Becoming traly Christian he was resigned. A portion of his brother's sublime courage passed into his soul. From that time forth he indged his past life with rigorous severity. His awakened conscience showed him all his faults. The bitterness of his remorse might, indeed, have made him despair had not Sulpice, crucifix in hand, reminded him of the mercy of God. That was a holy vigil of tears and prayers, during sound of footsteps decending the stairs, and which those who were soon to die forgot themselves in prayers for their sillicted coun-

In the morning Sulpice got paper and pen. of musketry resounded in the courtyard be-low, two or three pistol shots, and a shout of grave and tender farewell to that beloved tributes, to precede all others. Your death will be repaid to your children. You speak sister. Having encouraged her to bear this of justice. It will be done. We fall to-day, "Xavier," said Sulpice, seizing his brother new trial bravely, he advised her to become but our murderers have more to fear than we. Benedict Fougerais' wife. These last thoughts Martyrs in a holy cause, we are sure of an given to each the priest turned entirely to God. Without the turnult increased every sternity purchased by our death, but what have these poor wretches to expect? Covmoment. The Square de la Requette was ered with the blood they have shed, tracked filled with a howling multitude. They anlike wild beasts, despair in their hearts and nounced the progress made by the Versailblasphemy on their lips, they will die cursing their fellow bsings; or they lists, cursing them the while. The brethren had taken shelter about the guillotine and in who survive will dearly explate by a life of cemeteries: driven from the last barricades anguish the murders of to-day As to your they could find no other asylum than Pere la children, be assured there are many noble Ohalse. souls who will be touched by their helpless The populace, which had witnessed the state, and in the name of the Master I serve, murder of the archbishop, cried out for new I dare to promise you protection for them." Whilet they spoke thus their little group blood like the wild beasts in a menagerie. In the humiliation of their ignominious defeat had passed on to the Bonlevard des Amanthe leaders of the Commune resolved that diers, through the Bue de Paris, and along blood should flow as long as their moment of the Boulevard des Couronues. power lasted. Meanwhile the drums and clarionets per-Some were killed in the last struggle, fallformed a sort of triumphal march, often drowned by the singing of the Marseiling among the heaps of corpses which they had made: others assumed female garments. laise and the frenzied shricks of the popuhoping in this disguise to escape in the lace. The Communists, irritated by the calm recollection of the doomed men, sought general disorder that was certain to follow the taking of the capital by the Versaillists. Whilst one portion of to disturb the reace of their last hours by furious words, and even blows. Ever and anon their progress was interrupted by an Paris hailed the tri-colored flag as the symbol of order and security, the red flag of the accession of furious people. Women, who Commune still waved over other parts of the might have served to personate the furies, city. The oppression of which the Comwearing red coukades and fiaming red sashes, munists accused their foes was practised a heaped insults upon the priests, who prayed hundredfold by themselves. Incendiary fires aloud. One of these miserable orestures and a final list of crimes marked the fall of a selzed her child, and tossing it on her power which had only existed to commit shoulder, oried out in a coarse voice, "See murders. For the second time that day the the oppressors and murderers of the people turnkeys came up, accompanied by an officer | are passing by. They are going to be shot. When you are big, you must show your hatred of the Commune, who read out the list of condemned prisoners. As they pronounced for them as your father does." each name its owner advanced, saying, " Pre-The child, with its pretty, rosy face, looked with innocent amazement at the poor prisonsent." They were all priests or gendarmes. The ers, and recognizing its father among the one saw the approach of their fate with holy Communists, held out its little arms to him, enthusiasm, the other with manly fortitude. The wretch took the child and kissed it twice. The soldiers hurrledly whispered a confession As he did so he heard a sob just behind him, and turning saw the big tears folling down of their chief faults ; the priests gave them absolution and embraced them. Sulpice and the bronzed face of a soldier. Xavier appeared arm in arm. A murmur of "My children, my poor children !" cried the astonishment and pity passed through the gendarme. "See !" said the child, "that poor man is crygroup of the condemned. The Abbe Sulpice, pale as marble, his brow ing. Why is he crying, papa ?" still marked by the red scar, seemed ripe for "Because he is going to be shot in the martyrdom. Many of the spectators had reason to know his generosity and benevolence. name of the Commune!" answered the father. Even among the Communists some few felt a The child, not understanding, made a sort of painful surprise at his condemnation; movement as if to wipe away the tears from but the greater number were filled with savare the man's eyes. But the mother, seizing the joy, and clapped their hands in triumph. At child roughly, was soon lost in the crowd. this moment a breathless, panting girl rushed Meanwhile the bystanders laughed and jested through the crowd and threw her arms about upon the probable demeanor of the accused Sulpice. It was Sabine, who, seeing that her when they were really face to face with death, brother did not appear, and aware that the ar-An old priest fell down. He was dragged up rests were still continuing, had rushed from brutally, amid a shower of blows; but, acceptprison to prison till she came to La Roquette. ing the arm of a soldier, he went on bravely, She vainly begged to see her brothers, and, fearing to appear irresolute. brutally refused, had spent the night, spite of The and procession proceeded along the tertor and fatigue, outside an adjoining shop. Bue de Paris, where it is crossed to the right She never lost sight of the prison door, so that by the Rue Haxo. The spot appointed for if her brothers were brought out the massacre was the Cite Vincennes, the she must see them once more. In the mornentrance to which was at No. 83, Rae Haxo. They reached this place, which was well ing, she questioned every passer-by. They known to malefactors of all sorts, by crossing a small kitchen garden, and a large court were all in expectation of a new execution, and Sabine felt hope die in her own breast. Only one comfort remained : to receive Sulyard, stretching out in front of a large detached building, dingy in appearance, pice's last blessing as he passed to the place It's better to get a bullet put through you of execution. She was forced by the crowd where the insurgents had established their then to wait for Charlot's knile. The up against the wall, where she awaited the headquarters. Somewhat to the left was a second enclosure, which before the war Versallists have taken the half of Paris; appearance of the condemned. When the they are upon our track, but we are not con- prison door grated on its hinges her heart had been intended to be used as a hall for Ontinued on 3rd page. States the

effort, raised herselt on tiptos to see, and with a cry of joy threw herself into the arms of Sulpice. The Communists would have re.

Feb. 14, 1883

"I followed you,"Sulpice, I followed you," she oried frantically; "if they murder priests, surely they will murder Christian women. If

tumult; you cannot help me by staying bere. Take Sabine away irom this scene of

affairs were interlering with the justice of the people.

The word of command was given, the band of Communists began to move. Sabine, rudely snatched from her brother's arms tell upon the ground. The abbe bent towards Xavieř.

"Save her," he cried, " I command you Xavier hastily seized the prostrate form and disappeared in the crowd, while the Comis in your own hands. Stay with me. Let the Boulevard des Amandiers.

CHAPTER XVI.

JEAN MACHU.

It had seized its prey at last, that ferocious beast called "the people of Paris," which during eighty years has made such violent efforts to become supreme master of France. It howled, it fairly shricked for joy, to see in its power the two classes of men whose lives are spent in maintaining peace and good order; the priest, who educates children to virtue. and the gendarme, belonging to that picked body of soldiers, sworn to carry out the law even at the expense of their lives.

Truly, witnessing the unreasonable hatred evinced by these wretches against men whose only crime was the defence of justice against injustice, the preservation of the rights of property, and even of human life, it was plain that their sole object was impunity to commit every possible misdeed, and more especially those worthy of capital punish. ment.

Oaim and diguified the prisoners walked among that furious crew. They, the soldiers of duty, who had upheld the honor of the French flig on many a hard-fought field, and won their crosses and medals by many a wound. Yet they were not insensible to their fate. Bitter angulah filled the hearts of these bronzed and bearded gendarmes, at thought of their wives and children left unprovided for and unprotected, and whom they were never to see again. Besides, this was being led to execution like cattle to the slaughter; death would have had no terror for them on the field; even yet their hearts would have lesped for joy at the sounds of battle. But to die at a street corner, to be shot down at the hands of roffians, seemed to them too terrible. They asked themselves what orime they had committed to merit so terrible a chastisement.

"If I were alone in the world," said a gendarme to the Abbe Sulpice, "it would be all one to me. I am a soldier, that means I have courage to face death. I am a Breton, therefore I have the taith; but my wife is ill, and my poor little ones are not even walking yet. Who will take care of the widow and the orphane? They will be obliged to beg, and if the news of my death should likewise kill the mother, public charity will have to take the children as beggars, pariabs. It is terrible, so terrible that I am tempted to ask now, when about to appear before my Judge, whether I can expect justice ?'

"Yes. comrade. and more than justice, for, if possible, mercy seems among the civine at-

. The night was spent by the two brothers Martin's Gate were in flames.

"Cilizen," said he, "rour presport," "I am a resident of Paris," sold Sulpice,

mildiy. "That's nothing. I want your papere,

your presport." #1f you come with me to the Bue Chaucsee

guire." "So you do not carry them about you," said

port,"

"Then fling your cassock to the dogs said Bigsut ; " take a musket and fight with the people for the secred cause of liberty." "The liberty I seek is not of this world," said Sulpice; "do as you like with me." Rigaut's face lit up with savage joy as he

"To La Roquette with the rest."

Supplee's face never changed, and he said not a word, though there was a pang at his heart. He thought of Sabine left alone, all alone in the world.

It was about seven o'clock.

Through streets crowded with National Guard soldiers, infantry of the Commune, and Vengeurs de Flourens, his escort dragged him, a target for the insults of the crowd. Women spit upon him; his shoulders were bruised with blows, and some even struck him in the face. But he made no complaint and walked on firmly, with head erect, praying inwardly for his persecutors. They forced him to make a real Way of the Oross, for they stopped at with other ruffiane, and drinking to the safety of the Republic, till, becoming more and more intoxicated, they grew more and more brutal to their hapless prisoner. He had eaten nothing since morning. His head swam and his limbs trembled, but he concealed every sign of this involuntary weakness from his captors, lest they should attribute it to cowardice. At length they reached the gloomy entrance to La Boquette. Sulpice, beholding its high walls, offered up his life in advance." He was kept in the waiting room for an hour, and meanwhile the list was called to make sure of the identity of each prisoner.

"Where are they to be put?" asked the head turnkey.

The governor shook his head.

"We have no place," said he. However, after a whispered consultation

with the head turnkey, he ordered them to be conveyed to the fourth division. "And," said he, "to give this bird of ill

omen an opportunity of plying his craft, put him in cell No. 8. Its tenant is so fond of priests he will est him up." "Always fond of your joke," said the turn-

key, amiling complacently at the governor. The under turnkey rattled his keys and bade Sulpice follow him. It had grown dark, there was no light in the halls; the keeper lit a small lamp and led Sulpics through long corriders, regularly divided into cells. Pausing at No. 8 the turnkey opening the door, orled out in a hoarse voice, "Comrade, here's company for you. If den your conscience."

With a malicious laugh he shut Sulpice

Sulpice remained just inside the cell, which was completely dark. He could only catch a glimpse of a straw pallet whereon was stretched a motionless figure. The tenant of, in the human sactifices, and revenge them. the cell ross as the door closed, and sitting on the side of the bed, tried to distinguish the

face of his companion in captivity. "From what the keeper said," he began, "I suppose you to be one of the hostages. Let me hope, sir, that you will have the good taste to leave me in peace during the time you share my apartment. Half of this couch

"A derisive epithet in allusion to the skull-cap sometimes worn by priests.

again by both hands, "martyrs have just fallen, our turn may soon come. I swear to you by our dear mother, by my vows, by my own soul, that we must prepare to die, and to die as Christians. Xavier. I know you would find it hard to lay bare your conscience to a strange priest. But to me, poor boy, what can you tell that I do not already know, and am not already prepared to excuse? It is not alone the minister of God who questions you. but your irlend, your brother, who upon the

verge of the grave asks if you have ever known real happiness?"

"No," said X avier, shaking his head. "For each imperfect joy did you not find a

hundred vexations? The cup of revelry contained its drops of gall, the sinful pleasures produced weariness and satiety. In vain you sought new excitement for heart and mind. The void remained in the heart, and the

weariness in the spirit."

"It is true," mu:mured Xavier.

"You offered incense before every idol that the world adores. You sought for love, but, knowing not that beauty ever ancient and ever new of which St. Augustine speaks, you did not find even its pale reflection. You pitled me because I lived in poverty, fasted and crucified my flash; yet, amid all these privations, my heart often leaped for joy, and I praised God with hymns of thanksgiving." "Ah!" cried Xavier, clasping his hands and resting them upon his knees.

"Ob, do you not regret having turned your mind and body to evil uses ?" said Sulpice. "Yes," said Xavier, "but now my soul seems dead within me."

"Men, judging you by your faults," continued Sulpice "have loaded you with shame

and obloquy, and the Lord has permitted it, because wealth and prosperity kept you away from Him. Now He cails you. He knows how severe is your trial. He himself, though innocent, submitted to the false judgment of men. If you will only raise supplicating hands to Him He will save you, and grant you for inconceivable time the happiness which the world promises indeed, but is powerless to give."

Again there was a clamor in the hall, and Xavier could distinguish the words, "Paris is in flames! The buildings of the

Minister of Finance, the Legion of Honor, and the whole of the Rue de Lille and the fuileries are burning,"

"O God!" cried Sulpice, "have you foreaken us ?"

Innumerable voices took up the refrain. "The Versaillists must and Paris a heap of ashes. To work, all good-patriots! Let us put a bullet in the hostages, and set free all who will take up arms for the cause of the pcople."

The ratiling of keys was heard and shouts of joy from the prisoners. Presently a crew of thieves, murderers and ruffians of every description were let loose to take their part selver upon society which had so lately condemued them. X-wier's door, like the rest, was thrown open and a keeper offered him a

musket. "Come, here's a chance for you," he said. quered yet. We will defend the Bopublic to 'almost ceased to beat. She made a violent

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