

WHERE ARE THEY GONE?

Where are they gone, those friends
To us so dear,
Whose voices mingled in
Our songs last year?
Where goes the running brook—
The winter's snow;
Our tears—the smiles of joy—
Where do they go?

Where goes the lover's sigh,
The autumn's wind,
Our buried hopes—the thoughts
Long out of mind—
Like widows questioning,
With stifled breath,
The faded bridal wreath—
We speak with death!

Weep not that they are gone.
Is life so vain
That a friend's memory
Should bring but pain?
Surely who pass away
Die not—Ah, no!
Their virtues stay with us—
These never go.

QUEBEC, 29th Nov., 1869.

TIMOR.

THE BEAUTIFUL PRISONER.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"How?" indignantly replied he, "shall I destroy all these accusations and deprive the headsman of so many enemies of the republic? What madness, woman!"

In an entreating, insinuating tone she repeated—

"Throw them into the fire, citizen! Prove that you are susceptible of nobler emotions."

"Impossible," uttered he in a passion, throwing the papers on his desk, "this would be betraying the republic and my duty. Would you, with your tempting words, seduce me into such a crime? Shall the price of your affection be my ruin, while I offer you escape as the reward of it? Impossible!"

"Oh, I knew it well!" said she sneeringly, turning round as if going away, while Tallien in visible excitement was pacing his room.

"Some of these accused are great criminals," said he in an abrupt way. "You do not know, woman, how often I have paid no attention to the most wretched denunciations, and how, consequently, the lives of many unfortunates have been saved. But your demand is sheer madness. With the same right you might ask me to turn enemy to the republic, to give you a guarantee for my magnanimity. Audacious woman," continued he in great anger, "how dare you at all negotiate with me, as if I were to pay the highest price for a favour I bestow on you. What is your life worth, that you put such a high value upon it? You are doomed to die, unless I, the all-powerful here, who rule over life and death, protectively stretch my hand over you. All your beauty, what is it worth if I do not release it from prison? This proud head and neck belong already to the headsman, unless I withhold them from him. Nothing more belongs to you in this life, woman, and if I do not introduce you back to it, you will tomorrow mount the scaffold. And you, a nonentity without any claim to life, you dare to propose terms to me, in case I save you? Do you, whose rescue is a violation of duty, realize that instead of thanking me you are daring to abuse me? Go then to your perdition. I love you," resumed he passionately, "as I have loved no other woman, and perhaps can never love as deeply again. I love you, Thérèse, and would rather see you die, if you cannot be mine."

Thérèse had listened with fear and astonishment to this speech of the passionately excited man of terror. His mien expressed wild defiance, which pleased her nature, and the love he so ardently avowed, flattered her. She felt that he was capable of verifying his threats and protestations, and understood that love could quickly change to hate in his heart, that a drop of poison instilled into his noble passions could at once turn them into fury. His strength of character was unfolding before her; there was terror and gentleness intermingled, which, in their opposition, exercised a powerful charm over her. Had she found only the base tyrant who had asked her submission to his desires, she would, however dear her life was to her, have abhorred him, and rather have preferred to die than owe her life to his mercy; or had she met only the weakling, always ready, for the sake of her love,

to comply with her demands and whims, and to give himself unresistingly over to the play of her calculations, she would, with contempt for her preserver, have accepted his assistance, and afterwards denied him the hoped-for reward.

Quite different were her present agitations. Out of a chaos of horror and terror, anxiety and pride, there arose a submissiveness to superiority, to the power of which, after a short struggle, she yielded. Tallien had now become quite changed in her eyes; his face which had at first been so repulsive, now fascinated her; his character, which she had deemed so detestable, now appeared to her not unworthy of some admiration.

She had observed silence, her mind being occupied with collecting all these impressions and reflecting on the wonderful change in her feelings; her eyes, however, following the movements of Tallien who after having directed on her a long, searching gaze, had again commenced his march up and down the room. He refrained from speaking, and while indulging in his thoughts, awaited the answer of the Spaniard.

Thérèse at last made up her mind to address him, and as soon as he had again approached her, said in a voice at first trembling but growing successively stronger and assuming a hearty, lively expression:

"Citizen, listen to me!"

He threw himself down in his chair, and resting his head upon his hand answered in an irritated tone: "Speak, citizen: it must now be decided."

Thérèse lifted slowly the veil from her head and recommenced:

"You place life and death in my hand, cruel man—but I am not affrighted with your threats to condemn me to the same fate which hundreds and thousands had to suffer through popular madness. Death, when it has commenced so familiar an intercourse with men, loses its terrors. But I would like to live, and as you desire it live with you. You are not the miserable man whom I have hated—I feel that you are different from what you appear. How could I love you, if it were not so, if I could not quiet with the gentle sway of love this wild nature and check these overflowing passions. Oh, Tallien, you say that you have not loved a woman as you love me, and still throw in one breath love and hate at me! And

up and yield beautiful fruits. If a wild murmur rushes into my heart, I will seek through you repose, consolation and peace."

He earnestly embraced her, and she did not hinder him, but with a smile, said:

"My love arises through hope, Tallien, and will grow by the victories it will gain over your passions, and by the triumphs it will celebrate over you, the man of terror and blood. Do you now understand me better?"

"I admire and adore you since I understand you," replied he, "Everything is arranged between you and me, you are my wife?"

"Your wife," whispered she fervently, and suffered her beautiful head to be pressed towards him and her forehead to be covered with his kisses.

"You shall not be disappointed in Tallien," exclaimed he enthusiastically, and hastily approaching his desk, seized the pile of papers containing the accusations agreed upon by him, and without hesitation threw them into the fire. "What I did not wish to grant you as a condition, that I offer now as a sacrifice to your love. May those whose names these papers bore, be saved to the festival of my happiness—death had them already in its grasp, but you, their good fairy, have waived it from them."

With joyful eyes Thérèse Cabarrus had watched this incident; her bosom throbbing and animated with enthusiasm, she had listened to his words.

"Tallien!" exclaimed she exultingly, I am not disappointed, you are the man deserving of my warmest love!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE MISFORTUNE.

"A misfortune will come of it!" had said Lucie to Henry Tourguet when he, by boxing his cousin's ears, had endeavoured to convince him of his want of moderation in his political opinions. And indeed the misfortune had come. A few days had passed and Gilbert Cardouret had not appeared at the Red Cap, a circumstance for which no one seemed to care much; for after all there was not much comfort in holding social

intercourse with these great personages of the revolutionary committee, who were always on the look-out for enquiries and denunciations, for which they daily received their twenty sous. As it has been seen with Henry Tourguet, a personal quarrel with the member of the committee who was armed with so critical a power could easily bring down his vengeance, and then the person on whom it fell was all but lost.

Father and mother Claudet complained least of the loss of this guest, though Gilbert was a good toper and always paid in copper and silver. But independent of his office which intimidated father Claudet and compelled him to use the most artful phrases, so as not to express any suspicious political opinions, Gilbert, on account of his malignant disposition, was dreaded by him and gave him every reason to fear that he might play on him a mean trick.

Since Henry had been engaged to Lucie, Gilbert Cardouret in a very inopportune manner had paid every attention to the girl, which excited the more father Claudet's disgust that he dared not displease him.

Since that evening therefore the Claudet family was in great anxiety and alarm, that Gilbert might take revenge by denouncing his cousin. Henry, however, showed no fear, attending as usual to his business of making and selling sausages, and in the evening drank his few cans of claret. He was bragging that a box on the ear given at the right time terrified such men of terror and would soon put them to flight. The old couple were not quite of the same opinion, though it gave them much pleasure to acknowledge the great effect that slap had produced; Lucie, however, was rather alarmed and did not like to share in the thoughtlessness of her lover. A week had now passed, and the Claudets, not hearing of Gilbert, did not feel any further uneasiness on account of this occurrence.

How painful therefore was their astonishment, when on the decade Sunday, early in the morning, the journeyman of Henry Tourguet came deadly pale to the Red Cap, informing them that the pike-men had by a summons of the tribunal taken away his poor master.

As no guest had yet arrived the Claudets could without constraint give vent to their feeling. Upon hearing this news, Lucie cried, the mother scolded, and the father agreed to all she uttered.

"I thought so," cried mother Claudet, "that this scoundrel Cardouret would attempt to put the poor fellow to the knife. And on account of a box on the ear—was ever such a thing heard of? I wished the contemptible man would receive such a beating that the headsman would have no work left for him, for I am certain that he will not escape the headsman. There would be no more justice in Heaven, if such a villain was allowed to rove about unpunished!"

"This wretch!" added the old man, "I cannot comprehend



The Beautiful Prisoner.—She shall marry Timm.

if I believe your avowal what else could urge me to confide in you but the hope of finding in you the man of whose love I would be proud? If I should be your wife, Tallien—shall I whom you love relinquish the right of influencing and reconciling you? Every woman, citizen, is in duty bound to make use of the talents God has given her. While the man is honored and his activity proudly recorded if he is a friend and promoter of the loftiest ideas of mankind, the woman elevates herself by refining and ennobling these ideas if they come within her narrow sphere. I have this ambition—and I would not forsake it for the value of my life. You are a man of the revolution with all its terrors. Oh, Tallien, I esteem the revolution as a blessing which has come upon us with thunder and lightning. I doubt not, but it will rush like a deluge upon every guilty person and break the chains of all civilized nations, and I feel proud in being a child of the present time which enlarges our hearts for great and lofty passions, improves our intellect by embracing new ideas on which mankind for a century will feed. No, no, the revolution is great and I, not less than you, long for its victory. But, my friend, I will not harbour rudeness and terror in my own sphere, but will endeavour to soften and lessen them whenever they come near me. My love to you can only arise from such a hope—if this hope is false, it will shatter all that it nursed and fostered."

Tallien had jumped up from his chair and had listened to her in the greatest excitement, his eyes sparkling and his face radiant with pleasure and happiness. He interrupted her by seizing her hands in wild passion.

"Thérèse," cried he, "thus you would love me, thus you will accept me and be mine? Oh, speak, speak, you wonderful woman. Your words sound like enchanting melodies, whose power is opening my inmost heart. You are mine, mine, Thérèse—yes, you shall be my guardian angel; I will follow you, will give you power over me; all your hopes shall shoot