

leisure resorts where there is nothing to do but to do nothing, never forget that *all baggage is at the risk of the owner.*"

And so saying, Lulu slipped her arm from mine, glided up the stairs into the hall, and the next moment was floating down the room to a fragrant strain of Strauss.

I, young reader, remained a few moments bewildered in the moonlight, and the next morning naturally left Saratoga. I am meditating whether to go to Newport; but I am sure Lulu is there. Let me advise you, meanwhile, to beware, let me urge you to adapt the old proverb to the meridian of a Watering-Place by reversing it—that "whoever goes out to find a kingdom may return an ass."

THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

ABOUT eight o'clock on the night of the 22d of January, 1793, while the Reign of Terror was still at its height in Paris, an old woman descended the rapid eminence in that city, which terminates before the Church of St. Laurent. The snow had fallen so heavily during the whole day, that the sound of footsteps was scarcely audible. The streets were deserted; and the fear that silence naturally inspires, was increased by the general terror which then assailed France. The old woman passed on her way, without perceiving a living soul in the streets; her feeble sight preventing her from observing in the distance, by the lamp-light, several foot passengers, who flitted like shadows over the vast space of the Faubourg, through which she was proceeding. She walked on courageously through the solitude, as if her age were a talisman which could shield her from every calamity. No sooner, however, had she passed the Rue des Morts, than she thought she heard the firm and heavy footsteps of a man walking behind her. It struck her that she had not heard this sound for the first time. Trembling at the idea of being followed, she quickened her pace, in order to confirm her suspicions by the rays of light which proceeded from an adjacent shop. As soon as she had reached it, she abruptly turned her head, and perceived, through the fog, the outline of a human form. This indistinct vision was enough: she shuddered violently the moment she saw it—doubting not that the stranger had followed her from the moment she had quitted home. But the desire to escape from a spy soon renewed her courage, and she quickened her pace, vainly thinking that, by such means, she could escape from a man necessarily much more active than herself.

After running for some minutes, she arrived at a pastry-cook's shop—entered—and sank, rather than sat down, on a chair which stood before the counter. The moment she raised the latch of the door, a woman in the shop looked quickly through the windows toward the street; and, observing the old lady, immediately opened a

drawer in the counter, as if to take out some thing which she had to deliver to her. Not only did the gestures and expression of the young woman show her desire to be quickly relieved of the new-comer, as of a person whom it was not safe to welcome; but she also let slip a few words of impatience at finding the drawer empty. Regardless of the old lady's presence, she unceremoniously quitted the counter, retired to an inner apartment, and called her husband, who at once obeyed the summons.

"Where have you placed the—?" inquired she, with a mysterious air, glancing toward the visitor, instead of finishing the sentence.

Although the pastry-cook could only perceive the large hood of black silk, ornamented with bows of violet-colored ribbon, which formed the old lady's head-dress, he at once cast a significant look at his wife, as much as to say, "Could you think me careless enough to leave what you ask for, in such a place as the shop!" and then hurriedly disappeared.

Surprised at the silence and immobility of the stranger lady, the young woman approached her; and, on beholding her face, experienced a feeling of compassion—perhaps, we may add, a feeling of curiosity as well.

Although the complexion of the old lady was naturally colorless, like that of one long accustomed to secret austerities, it was easy to see that a recent emotion had cast over it an additional paleness. Her head-dress was so disposed as completely to hide her hair; and thereby to give her face an appearance of religious severity. At the time of which we write, the manners and habits of people of quality were so different from those of the lower classes, that it was easy to identify a person of distinction from outward appearance alone. Accordingly, the pastry-cook's wife at once discovered that the strange visitor was an ex-aristocrat—or, as we should now express it, "a born lady."

"Madame!" she exclaimed, respectfully, forgetting, at the moment, that this, like all other titles, was now proscribed under the Republic.

The old lady made no answer, but fixed her eyes steadfastly on the shop windows, as if they disclosed some object that terrified her.

"What is the matter with you, citizen?" asked the pastry-cook, who made his appearance at this moment, and disturbed her reverie by handing her a small pasteboard box, wrapped up in blue paper.

"Nothing, nothing, my good friends," she replied, softly. While speaking, she looked gratefully at the pastry-cook; then, observing on his head the revolutionary red cap, she abruptly exclaimed: "You are a Republican! you have betrayed me!"

The pastry-cook and his wife indignantly disclaimed the imputation by a gesture. The old lady blushed as she noticed it—perhaps with shame, at having suspected them—perhaps with pleasure, at finding them trustworthy.

"Pardon me," said she, with child-like gentleness, drawing from her pocket a louis d'or.

"There," she continued, "there is the stipulated price."

There is a poverty which the poor alone can discover. The pastry-cook and his wife felt the same conviction as they looked at each other—it was perhaps the last louis d'or which the old lady possessed. When she offered the coin her hand trembled: she had gazed upon it with some sorrow, but with no avarice; and yet, in giving it, she seemed to be fully aware that she was making a sacrifice. The shop-keepers, equally moved by pity and interest, began by comforting their consciences with civil words.

"You seem rather poorly, citizen," said the pastry-cook.

"Would you like to take any refreshment, madame?" interrupted his wife.

"We have some excellent soup," continued the husband.

"The cold has perhaps affected you, madame," resumed the young woman; "pray, step in, and sit and warm yourself by our fire."

"We may be Republicans," observed the pastry-cook; "but the devil is not always so black as he is painted."

Encouraged by the kind words addressed to her by the shop-keepers, the old lady confessed that she had been followed by a strange man, and that she was afraid to return home by herself.

"Is that all?" replied the valiant pastry-cook. "I'll be ready to go home with you in a minute, citizen."

He gave the louis d'or to his wife, and then—animated by that sort of gratitude which all tradesmen feel at receiving a large price for an article of little value—hastened to put on his National Guard's uniform, and soon appeared in complete military array. In the mean while, however, his wife had found time to reflect; and in her case, as in many others, reflection closed the open hand of charity. Apprehensive that her husband might be mixed up in some misadventure, she tried hard to detain him; but, strong in his benevolent impulse, the honest fellow persisted in offering himself as the old lady's escort.

"Do you imagine, madame, that the man you are so much afraid of, is still waiting outside the shop?" asked the young woman.

"I feel certain of it," replied the lady.

"Suppose he should be a spy! Suppose the whole affair should be a conspiracy! Don't go! Get back the box we gave her." These words whispered to the pastry-cook by his wife, had the effect of cooling his courage with extraordinary rapidity.

"I'll just say two words to that mysterious personage outside, and relieve you of all annoyance immediately," said he, hastily quitting the shop.

The old lady, passive as a child, and half-bewildered, reseated herself.

The pastry-cook was not long before he returned. His face, which was naturally ruddy, had turned quite pale; he was so panic-stricken,

that his legs trembled under him, and his eyes rolled like the eyes of a drunken man.

"Are you trying to get our throats cut for us, you rascally aristocrat?" cried he, furiously. "Do you think you can make *me* the tool of a conspiracy? Quick! show us your heels! and never let us see your face again!"

So saying, he endeavored to snatch away the box, which the old lady had placed in her pocket. No sooner, however, had his hands touched her dress, than, preferring any perils in the street to losing the treasure for which she had just paid so large a price, she darted with the activity of youth toward the door, opened it violently, and disappeared in a moment from the eyes of the bewildered shopkeepers.

Upon gaining the street again, she walked at her utmost speed; but her strength soon failed, when she heard the spy who had so remorselessly followed her, crunching the snow under his heavy tread. She involuntarily stopped short: the man stopped short too! At first, her terror prevented her from speaking, or looking round at him; but it is in the nature of us all—even of the most infirm—to relapse into comparative calm immediately after violent agitation; for, though our feelings may be unbounded, the organs which express them have their limits. Accordingly, the old lady, finding that she experienced no particular annoyance from her imaginary persecutor, willingly tried to convince herself that he might be a secret friend, resolved at all hazards to protect her. She reconsidered the circumstances which had attended the stranger's appearance, and soon contrived to persuade herself that his object in following her, was much more likely to be a good than an evil one.

Forgetful, therefore, of the fear with which he had inspired the pastry-cook, she now went on her way with greater confidence. After a walk of half an hour, she arrived at a house situated at the corner of a street leading to the *Barrière Pantin*—even at the present day, the most deserted locality in all Paris. A cold northeasterly wind whistled sharply across the few houses, or rather tenements, scattered about this almost uninhabited region. The place seemed, from its utter desolation, the natural asylum of penury and despair.

The stranger, who still resolutely dogged the poor old lady's steps, seemed struck with the scene on which his eyes now rested. He stopped—erect, thoughtful, and hesitating—his figure feebly lighted by a lamp, the uncertain rays of which scarcely penetrated the fog. Fear had quickened the old lady's eyes. She now thought she perceived something sinister in the features of the stranger. All her former terrors returned and she took advantage of the man's temporary indecision, to steal away in the darkness toward the door of a solitary house. She pressed a spring under the latch, and disappeared with the rapidity of a phantom.

The stranger, still standing motionless, contemplated the house, which bore the same appearance of misery as the rest of the *Faubourg*.

Built of irregular stones, and stuccoed with yellowish plaster, it seemed, from the wide cracks in the walls, as if a strong gust of wind would bring the crazy building to the ground. The roof, formed of brown tiles, long since covered with moss, was so sunk in several places that it threatened to give way under the weight of snow which now lay upon it. Each story had three windows, the frames of which, rotted with damp and disjointed by the heat of the sun, showed how bitterly the cold must penetrate into the apartments. The comfortless, isolated dwelling resembled some old tower which Time had forgotten to destroy. One faint light glimmered from the windows of the gable in which the top of the building terminated; the remainder of the house was plunged in the deepest obscurity.

Meanwhile, the old woman ascended with some difficulty a rude and dilapidated flight of stairs, assisting herself by a rope, which supplied the place of bannisters. She knocked mysteriously at the door of one of the rooms situated on the garret-floor, was quickly let in by an old man, and then sank down feebly into a chair which he presented to her.

"Hide yourself! Hide yourself!" she exclaimed. "Seldom as we venture out, our steps have been traced; our proceedings are known!"

"What is the matter?" asked another old woman, seated near the fire.

"The man whom we have seen loitering about the house since yesterday, has followed me this evening," she replied.

At these words, the three inmates of the miserable abode looked on each other in silent terror. The old man was the least agitated—perhaps for the very reason that his danger was really the greatest. When tried by heavy affliction, or threatened by bitter persecution, the first principle of a courageous man is, at all times, to contemplate calmly the sacrifice of himself for the safety of others. The expression in the faces of his two companions showed plainly, as they looked on the old man, that *he* was the sole object of their most vigilant solicitude.

"Let us not distrust the goodness of God, my sisters," said he, in grave, reassuring tones. "We sang His praises even in the midst of the slaughter that raged through our Convent. If it was His good-will that I should be saved from the fearful butchery committed in that holy place by the Republicans, it was no doubt to reserve me for another destiny, which I must accept without a murmur. God watches over His chosen, and disposes of them as seems best to His good-will. Think of yourselves, my sisters—think not of me!"

"Impossible!" said one of the women. "What are *our* lives—the lives of two poor nuns—in comparison with *yours*; in comparison with the life of a priest?"

"Here, father," said the old nun, who had just returned; "here are the consecrated waters of which you sent me in search." She

handed him the box which she had received from the pastry-cook.

"Hark!" cried the other nun; "I hear footsteps coming up-stairs."

They all listened intently. The noise of footsteps ceased.

"Do not alarm yourselves," said the priest. "Whatever happens, I have already engaged a person, on whose fidelity we can depend, to escort you in safety over the frontier; to rescue you from the martyrdom which the ferocious will of Robespierre and his coadjutors of the Reign of Terror would decree against every servant of the church."

"Do you not mean to accompany us?" asked the two nuns, affrightedly.

"My place, sisters, is with the martyrs—not with the saved," said the old priest, calmly.

"Hark! the steps on the staircase!—the heavy steps we heard before!" cried the women.

This time it was easy to distinguish, in the midst of the silence of night, the echoing sound of footsteps on the stone stairs. The nuns, as they heard it approach nearer and nearer, forced the priest into a recess at one end of the room, closed the door, and hurriedly heaped some old clothes against it. The moment after, they were startled by three distinct knocks at the outer door.

The person who demanded admittance appeared to interpret the terrified silence which had seized the nuns on hearing his knock, into a signal to enter. He opened the door himself, and the affrighted women immediately recognized him as the man whom they had detected watching the house—the spy who had watched one of them through the streets that night.

The stranger was tall and robust, but there was nothing in his features or general appearance to denote that he was a dangerous man. Without attempting to break the silence, he slowly looked round the room. Two bundles of straw, strewn upon boards, served as a bed for the two nuns. In the centre of the room was a table, on which were placed a copper-candlestick, some plates, three knives, and a loaf of bread. There was but a small fire in the grate, and the scanty supply of wood piled near it, plainly showed the poverty of the inmates. The old walls, which at some distant period had been painted, indicated the miserable state of the roof, by the patches of brown streaked across them by the rain, which had filtered, drop by drop, through the ceiling. A sacred relic, saved probably from the pillage of the convent to which the two nuns and the priest had been attached, was placed on the chimney-piece. Three chairs, two boxes, and an old chest-of-drawers completed the furniture of the apartment.

At one corner near the mantle-shelf, a door had been constructed which indicated that there was a second room in that direction.

An expression of pity appeared on the countenance of the stranger, as his eyes fell on the

two nuns, after having surveyed their wretched apartment. He was the first to break the strange silence that had hitherto prevailed, by addressing the two poor creatures before him in such tones of kindness as were best adapted to the nervous terror under which they were evidently suffering.

"Citizens!" he began, "I do not come to you as an enemy." He stopped for a moment, and then continued: "If any misfortune has befallen you, rest assured that I am not the cause of it. My only object here is to ask a great favor of you."

The nuns still kept silence.

"If my presence causes you any anxiety," he went on, "tell me so at once, and I will depart; but, believe me, I am really devoted to your interests; and if there is any thing in which I can befriend you, you may confide in me without fear. I am, perhaps, the only man in Paris whom the law can not assail, now that the kings of France are no more."

There was such a tone of sincerity in these words, as he spoke them, that Sister Agatha (the nun to whom the reader was introduced at the outset of this narrative, and whose manners exhibited all the court refinement of the old school) instinctively pointed to one of the chairs, as if to request the stranger to be seated. His expression showed a mixture of satisfaction and melancholy, as he acknowledged this little attention, of which he did not take advantage until the nuns had first seated themselves.

"You have given an asylum here," continued he, "to a venerable priest, who has miraculously escaped from massacre at a Carmelite convent."

"Are you the person," asked Sister Agatha, eagerly, "appointed to protect our flight from—?"

"I am not the person whom you expected to see," he replied, calmly.

"I assure you, sir," interrupted the other nun, anxiously, "that we have no priest here; we have not, indeed."

"You had better be a little more careful about appearances on a future occasion," he replied, gently, taking from the table a Latin breviary. "May I ask if you are both in the habit of reading the Latin language?" he inquired, with a slight inflexion of sarcasm in his voice.

No answer was returned. Observing the anguish depicted on the countenance of the nuns, the trembling of their limbs, the tears that filled their eyes, the stranger began to fear that he had gone too far.

"Compose yourselves," he continued, frankly. "For three days I have been acquainted with the state of distress in which you are living. I know your names, and the name of the venerable priest whom you are concealing. It is—"

"Hush! do not speak it," cried Sister Agatha, placing her finger on her lips.

"I have now said enough," he went on, "to

show that if I had conceived the base design of betraying you, I could have accomplished my object before now."

On the utterance of these words, the priest, who had heard all that had passed, left his hiding-place, and appeared in the room.

"I can not believe, sir," said he, "that you are leagued with my persecutors; and I therefore willingly confide in you. What do you require of me?"

The noble confidence of the priest—the saint-like purity expressed in his features—must have struck even an assassin with respect. The mysterious personage who had intruded on the scene of misery and resignation which the garret presented, looked silently for a moment on the three beings before him, and then, in tones of secrecy, thus addressed the priest:

"Father, I come to entreat you to celebrate a mortuary mass for the repose of the soul of—of a—of a person whose life the laws once held sacred, but whose corpse will never rest in holy ground."

An involuntary shudder seized the priest, as he guessed the hidden meaning in these words. The nuns unable to imagine what person was indicated by the stranger, looked on him with equal curiosity and alarm.

"Your wish shall be granted," said the priest, in low, awe-struck tones. "Return to this place at midnight, and you will find me ready to celebrate the only funeral service which the church can offer in expiation of the crime to which I understand you to allude."

The stranger trembled violently for a moment, then composed himself, respectfully saluted the priest and the two nuns, and departed without uttering a word.

About two hours afterward, a soft knock at the outer door announced the mysterious visitor's return. He was admitted by Sister Agatha, who conducted him into the second apartment of their modest retreat, where every thing had been prepared for the midnight mass. Near the fire-place the nuns had placed their old chest of drawers, the clumsy workmanship of which was concealed under a rich altar-cloth of green velvet. A large crucifix, formed of ivory and ebony was hung against the bare plaster wall. Four small tapers, fixed by sealing-wax on the temporary altar, threw a faint and mysterious gleam over the crucifix, but hardly penetrated to any other part of the walls of the room. Thus almost exclusively confined to the sacred objects immediately above and around it, the glow from the tapers looked like a light falling from heaven itself on that unadorned and unpretending altar. The floor of the room was damp. The miserable roof, sloping on either side, was pierced with rents, through which the cold night air penetrated into the rooms. Nothing could be less magnificent, and yet nothing could be more truly solemn than the manner in which the preliminaries of the funeral ceremony had been arranged. A deep, dread silence, through which the slightest noise in the street could be heard,

added to the dreary grandeur of the midnight scene—a grandeur majestically expressed by the contrast between the homeliness of the temporary church, and the solemnity of the service to which it was now devoted. On each side of the altar, the two aged women kneeling on the tiled floor, unmindful of its deadly dampness, were praying in concert with the priest, who, clothed in his sacerdotal robes, raised on high a golden chalice, adorned with precious stones, the most sacred of the few relics saved from the pillage of the Carmelite Convent.

The stranger, approaching after an interval, knelt reverently between the two nuns. As he looked up toward the crucifix, he saw, for the first time, that a piece of black crape was attached to it. On beholding this simple sign of mourning, terrible recollections appeared to be awakened within him; the big drops of agony started thick and fast on his massive brow.

Gradually, as the four actors in this solemn scene still fervently prayed together, their souls began to sympathize the one with the other, blending in one common feeling of religious awe. Awful, in truth, was the service in which they were now secretly engaged! Beneath that mouldering roof, those four Christians were then interceding with Heaven for the soul of a martyred King of France; performing, at the peril of their lives, in those days of anarchy and terror, a funeral service for that hapless Louis the Sixteenth, who died on the scaffold, who was buried without a coffin or a shroud! It was, in them, the purest of all acts of devotion—the purest, from its disinterestedness, from its courageous fidelity. The last relics of the loyalty of France were collected in that poor room, enshrined in the prayers of a priest and two aged women. Perhaps, too, the dark spirit of the Revolution was present there as well, impersonated by the stranger, whose face, while he knelt before the altar, betrayed an expression of the most poignant remorse.

The most gorgeous mass ever celebrated in the gorgeous Cathedral of St. Peter, at Rome, could not have expressed the sincere feeling of prayer so nobly as it was now expressed, by those four persons, under that lowly roof!

There was one moment, during the progress of the service, at which the nuns detected that tears were trickling fast over the stranger's cheeks. It was when the Pater Noster was said.

On the termination of the midnight mass, the priest made a sign to the two nuns, who immediately left the room. As soon as they were alone, he thus addressed the stranger:

"My son, if you have imbrued your hands in the blood of the martyred king, confide in me, and in my sacred office. Repentance so deep and sincere as yours appears to be, may efface even the crime of regicide in the eyes of God."

"Holy father," replied the other, in trembling accents, "no man is less guilty than I am of shedding the king's blood."

"I would fain believe you," answered the priest. He paused for a moment as he said this,

looked steadfastly on the penitent man before him, and then continued:

"But remember, my son, you can not be absolved of the crime of regicide, because you have not co-operated in it. Those who had the power of defending their king, and who, having that power, still left the sword in the scabbard, will be called to render a heavy account at the day of judgment, before the King of kings; yes, a heavy and an awful account indeed! for, in remaining passive, they became the involuntary accomplices of the worst of murders."

"Do you think then, father," murmured the stranger, deeply abashed, "that all indirect participations are visited with punishment? Is the soldier guilty of the death of Louis who obeyed the order to guard the scaffold?"

The priest hesitated.

"I should be ashamed," continued the other, betraying by his expression some satisfaction at the dilemma in which he had placed the old man—"I should be ashamed of offering you any pecuniary recompense for such a funeral service as you have celebrated. It is only possible to repay an act so noble by an offering which is priceless. Honor me by accepting this sacred relic. The day perhaps will come when you will understand its value."

So saying, he presented to the priest a small box, extremely light in weight, which the aged ecclesiastic took, as it were, involuntarily; for he felt awed by the solemn tones in which the man spoke as he offered it. Briefly expressing his thanks for the mysterious present, the priest conducted his guest into the outer room, where the two nuns remained in attendance.

"The house you now inhabit," said the stranger, addressing the nuns as well as the priest, "belongs to a landlord who outwardly affects extreme republicanism, but who is at heart devoted to the royal cause. He was formerly a huntsman in the service of one of the Bourbons, the Prince de Condé, to whom he is indebted for all that he possesses. So long as you remain in this house you are safer than in any other place in France. Remain here, therefore. Persons worthy of trust will supply all your necessities, and you will be able to await in safety the prospect of better times. In a year from this day, on the 21st of January, should you still remain the occupants of this miserable abode, I will return to repeat with you the celebration of to-night's expiatory mass." He paused abruptly, and bowed without adding another word; then delayed a moment more, to cast a parting look on the objects of poverty which surrounded him, and left the room.

To the two simple-minded nuns, the whole affair had all the interest of a romance. Their faces displayed the most intense anxiety, the moment the priest informed them of the mysterious gift which the stranger had so solemnly presented to him. Sister Agatha immediately opened the box, and discovered in it a handkerchief, made of the finest cambric, and soiled with marks of perspiration. They unfolded it

eagerly, and then found that it was defaced in certain places with dark stains.

"Those stains are *blood stains*!" exclaimed the priest.

"The handkerchief is marked with the royal crown!" cried Sister Agatha.

Both the nuns dropped the precious relic, marked by the King's blood, with horror. To their simple minds, the mystery which was attached to the stranger, now deepened fearfully. As for the priest, from that moment he ceased, even in thought, to attempt identifying his visitor, or discovering the means by which he had become possessed of the royal handkerchief.

Throughout the atrocities practiced during a year of the Reign of Terror, the three refugees were safely guarded by the same protecting interference, ever at work for their advantage. At first, they received large supplies of fuel and provisions; then the two nuns found reason to imagine that one of their own sex had become associated with their invisible protector, for they were furnished with the necessary linen and clothing which enabled them to go out without attracting attention by any peculiarities of attire. Besides this, warnings of danger constantly came to the priest in the most unexpected manner, and always opportunely. And then, again, in spite of the famine which at that period afflicted Paris, the inhabitants of the garret were sure to find placed every morning at their door, a supply of the best wheaten bread, regularly left for them by some invisible hand.

They could only guess that the agent of the charitable attentions thus lavished on them, was the landlord of the house, and that the person by whom he was employed was no other than the stranger who had celebrated with them the funeral mass for the repose of the King's soul. Thus, this mysterious man was regarded with especial reverence by the priest and the nuns, whose lives for the present, and whose hopes for the future, depended on their strange visitor. They added to their usual prayers at night and morning, prayers for *him*.

At length the long-expected night of the 21st of January arrived, and, exactly as the clock struck twelve, the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs announced the approach of the stranger. The room had been carefully prepared for his reception, the altar had been arranged, and, on this occasion, the nuns eagerly opened the door, even before they heard the knock.

"Welcome back again! most welcome!" cried they; "we have been most anxiously awaiting you."

The stranger raised his head, looked gloomily on the nuns, and made no answer. Chilled by his cold reception of their kind greeting, they did not venture to utter another word. He seemed to have frozen at their hearts, in an instant, all the gratitude, all the friendly aspirations of the long year that had passed. They now perceived but too plainly that their visitor desired to remain a complete stranger to them,

and that they must resign all hope of ever making a friend of him. The old priest fancied he had detected a smile on the lips of their guest when he entered, but that smile—if it had really appeared—vanished again the moment he observed the preparations which had been made for his reception. He knelt to hear the funeral mass, prayed fervently as before, and then abruptly took his departure; briefly declining, by a few civil words, to partake of the simple refreshment offered to him, on the expiration of the service, by the two nuns.

Day after day wore on, and nothing more was heard of the stranger by the inhabitants of the garret. After the fall of Robespierre, the church was delivered from all actual persecution, and the priest and the nuns were free to appear publicly in Paris, without the slightest risk of danger. One of the first expeditions undertaken by the aged ecclesiastic led him to a perfumer's shop, kept by a man who had formerly been one of the Court tradesmen, and who had always remained faithful to the Royal Family. The priest, clothed once more in his clerical dress, was standing at the shop door talking to the perfumer, when he observed a great crowd rapidly advancing along the street.

"What is the matter yonder?" he inquired of the shopkeeper.

"Nothing," replied the man carelessly, "but the cart with the condemned criminals going to the place of execution. Nobody pities them—and nobody ought!"

"You are not speaking like a Christian," exclaimed the priest. "Why not pity them?"

"Because," answered the perfumer, "those men who are going to the execution are the last accomplices of Robespierre. They only travel the same fatal road which their innocent victims took before them."

The cart with the prisoners condemned to the guillotine had by this time arrived opposite the perfumer's shop. As the old priest looked curiously toward the state criminals, he saw, standing erect and undaunted among his drooping fellow prisoners, the very man at whose desire he had twice celebrated the funeral service for the martyred King of France!

"Who is that standing upright in the cart!" cried the priest, breathlessly.

The perfumer looked in the direction indicated, and answered—

"THE EXECUTIONER OF LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH!"

PERSONAL HABITS AND APPEARANCE OF ROBESPIERRE.

VISIONARIES are usually slovens. They despise fashions, and imagine that dirtiness is an attribute of genius. To do the honorable member for Artois justice, he was above this affectation. Small and neat in person, he always appeared in public tastefully dressed, according to the fashion of the period—hair well combed back, frizzled, and powdered; copious frills at the breast and wrists; a stainless white waist-