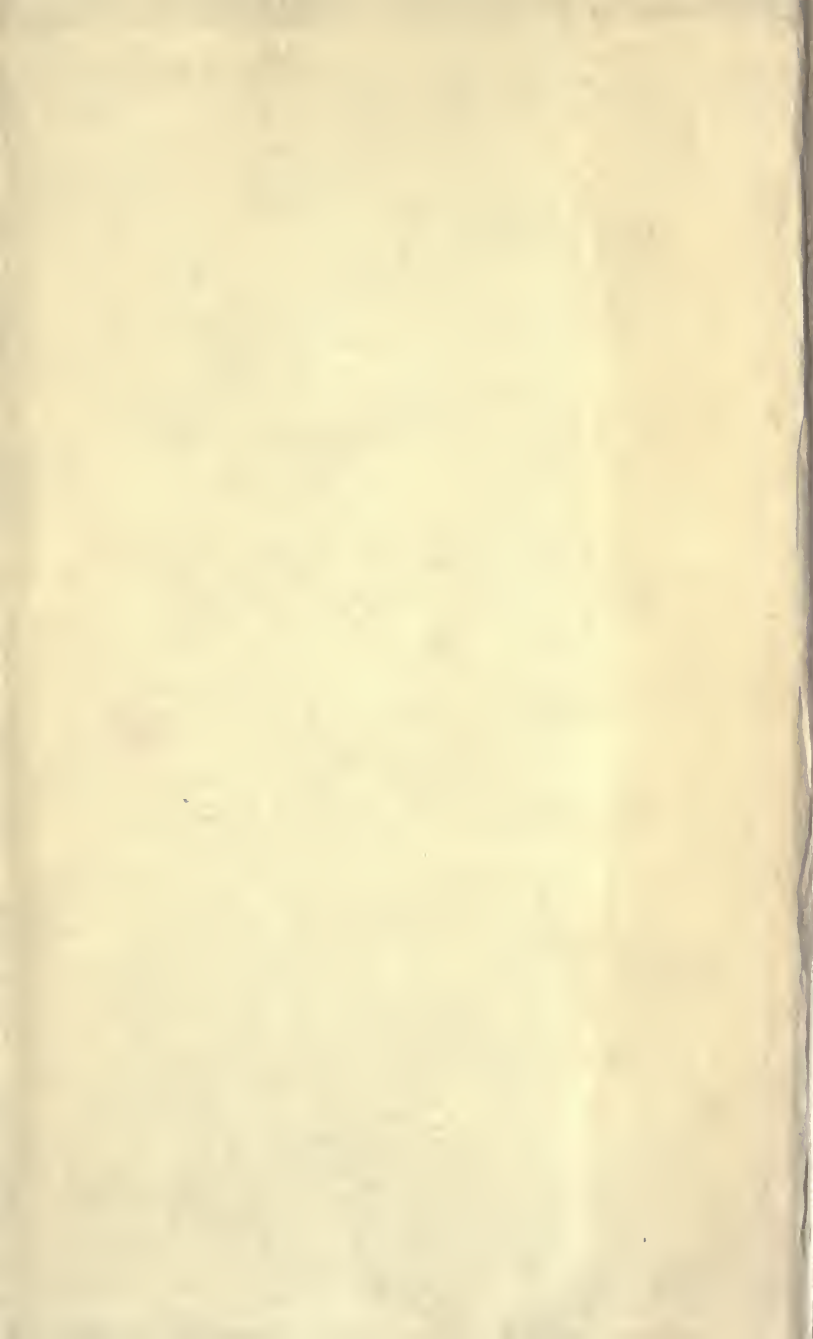
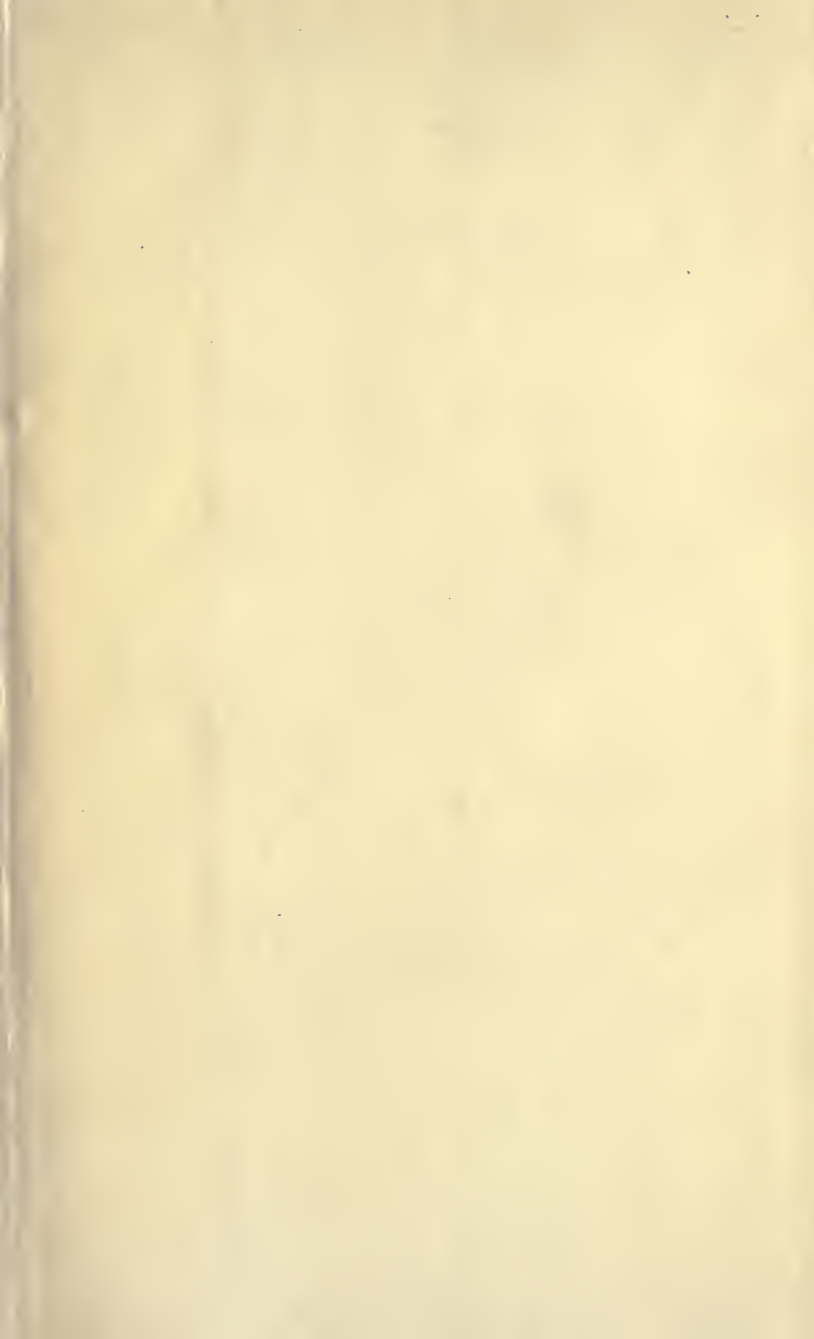


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 00281207 1







Z A N O N I.

1847

Journal of the
Society of Friends

for the Year

1847

1847

Published by the Yearly Meeting of Friends, Philadelphia, 1847.

ZANONI

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "NIGHT AND MORNING,"
"RIENZI," ETC.

"In short, I could make neither head nor tail on't."

LE COMTE DE GABALIS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

SAUNDERS & OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1842.

SEEN BY
PRESERVATION
SERVICES

DEC

1988

PR
4921
A1
1842
v. 3



773624

1.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

(CONTINUED.)

ERRATA.

VOL. III.

Page 21, line 9, for "*yearned* between" read "*yawned* ^{corrected}
between." _{by hand}

— 258, line 3, for "*their* future" read "*her* future."

- 77 for "*as ideal* ~~and~~ *dealers*
read " " " *labor*"

... who seemed to exercise the most salutary influence over him. His sister, an orphan with himself, had resided in the country with her aunt. In the early years of hope and home, he had loved this girl, much younger than himself, with all a brother's ten-

VOL. III.

B

PR

4921

AI

1842

v. 3

BOOK THE FIFTH.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER IV.

Ich fühle dich mir nahe,
Die Einsamkeit belebt ;
Wie über seinen Welten
Der Unsichtbare schwebt.

UHLAND.

FROM this state of restlessness and agitation rather than continuous action, Glyndon was aroused by a visitor who seemed to exercise the most salutary influence over him. His sister, an orphan with himself, had resided in the country with her aunt. In the early years of hope and home, he had loved this girl, much younger than himself, with all a brother's ten-

derness. On his return to England, he had seemed to forget her existence. She recalled herself to him on her aunt's death by a touching and melancholy letter;—she had now no home but his—no dependence save on his affection;—he wept when he read it, and was impatient till Adela arrived.

This girl, then about eighteen, concealed beneath a gentle and calm exterior much of the romance or enthusiasm that had, at her own age, characterized her brother. But her enthusiasm was of a far purer order, and was restrained within proper bounds, partly by the sweetness of a very feminine nature, and partly by a strict and methodical education. She differed from him especially in a timidity of character, which exceeded that usual at her age, but which the habit of self-command concealed no less carefully, than that timidity itself concealed the romance I have ascribed to her.

Adela was not handsome; she had the com-

plexion and the form of delicate health; and too fine an organization of the nerves rendered her susceptible to every impression that could influence the health of the frame through the sympathy of the mind. But as she never complained, and as the singular serenity of her manners seemed to betoken an equanimity of temperament which, with the vulgar, might have passed for indifference, her sufferings had so long been borne unnoticed that it ceased to be an effort to disguise them. Though, as I have said, not handsome, her countenance was interesting and pleasing; and there was that caressing kindness, that winning charm about her smile, her manners, her anxiety to please, to comfort, and to soothe, which went at once to the heart, and made her lovely—because so loving.

Such was the sister whom Glyndon had so long neglected, and whom he now so cordially welcomed. Adela had passed many years a

victim to the caprices, and a nurse to the maladies, of a selfish and exacting relation. The delicate and generous and respectful affection of her brother was no less new to her than delightful. He took pleasure in the happiness he created; he gradually weaned himself from other society; he felt the Charm of Home. It is not surprising, then, that this young creature, free and virgin from every more ardent attachment, concentrated all her grateful love in this cherished and protecting relative. Her study by day, her dream by night was to repay him for his affection. She was proud of his talents; devoted to his welfare; the smallest trifle that could interest him swelled in her eyes to the gravest affairs of life. In short, all the long-hoarded enthusiasm which was her perilous and only heritage she invested in this one object of her holy tenderness, and her pure ambition.

But in proportion as Glyndon shunned those

excitements by which he had so long sought to occupy his time, or distract his thoughts, the gloom of his calmer hours became deeper and more continuous. He ever and especially dreaded to be alone; he could not bear his new companion to be absent from his eyes; he rode with her, walked with her, and it was with visible reluctance, which almost partook of horror, that he retired to rest at an hour when even revel grows fatigued. This gloom was not that which could be called by the soft name of melancholy—it was far more intense; it seemed rather like despair. Often after a silence as of death,—so heavy, abstracted, motionless, did it appear,—he would start abruptly, and cast hurried glances around him—his limbs trembling, his lips livid, his brows bathed in dew. Convinced that some secret sorrow preyed upon his mind, and would consume his health, it was the dearest as the most natural desire of Adela to become his confidant and consoler.

She observed, with the quick tact of the delicate, that he disliked her to seem affected by, or even sensible of, his darker moods. She schooled herself to suppress her fears, and her feelings. She would not ask his confidence—she sought to steal into it. By little and little, she felt that she was succeeding. Too wrapt in his own strange existence to be acutely observant of the character of others, Glyndon mistook the self-content of a generous and humble affection for constitutional fortitude; and this quality pleased and soothed him. It is fortitude that the diseased mind requires in the confidant whom it selects as its physician. And how irresistible is that desire to communicate! How often the lonely man thought to himself, “My heart would be lightened of its misery, if once confessed!”

He felt, too, that in the very youth, the inexperience, the poetical temperament of Adela, he could find one who would comprehend and

bear with him better than any sterner and more practical nature. Mervale would have looked on his revelations as the ravings of madness, and most men, at best, as the sicklied chimeras, the optical delusions, of disease. Thus gradually preparing himself for that relief for which he yearned, the moment for his disclosure arrived thus:—

One evening, as they sat alone together, Adela, who inherited some portion of her brother's talent in art, was employed in drawing, and Glyndon, rousing himself from meditations less gloomy than usual, rose, and affectionately passing his arm round her waist, looked over her as she sat. An exclamation of dismay broke from his lips—he snatched the drawing from her hand: “What are you about?—what portrait is this?”

“Dear Clarence, do you not remember the original?—it is a copy from that portrait of our wise ancestor which our poor mother used to

say so strongly resembled you. I thought it would please you if I copied it from memory."

"Accursed was the likeness!" said Glyndon, gloomily. "Guess you not the reason why I have shunned to return to the home of my fathers?—because I dreaded to meet that portrait!—because—because—but pardon me—I alarm you!"

"Ah, no—no, Clarence, you never alarm me when you speak, only when you are silent! Oh, if you thought me worthy of your trust! oh, if you had given me the right to reason with you in the sorrows that I yearn to share!"

Glyndon made no answer, but paced the room for some moments with disordered strides. He stopped at last, and gazed at her earnestly. "Yes, you, too, are his descendant!—you know that such men have lived and suffered—you will not mock me—you will not disbelieve! Listen! hark!—what sound is that?"

"But the wind on the house-top, Clarence—but the wind."

“Give me your hand, let me feel its living clasp, and when I have told you, never revert to the tale again. Conceal it from all—swear that it shall die with us—the last of our predestined race!”

“Never will I betray your trust—I swear it—never!” said Adela, firmly; and she drew closer to his side: Then Glyndon commenced his story. That which, perhaps in writing and to minds prepared to question and disbelieve, may seem cold and terrorless, became far different when told by those colourless lips, with all that truth of suffering which convinces and appals. Much, indeed, he concealed, much he involuntarily softened; but he revealed enough to make his tale intelligible and distinct to his pale and trembling listener. “At day break,” he said, “I left that unhallowed and abhorred abode. I had one hope still—I would seek Mejnour through the world. I would force him to lay at rest the fiend that haunted my soul. With

this intent I journeyed from city to city. I instituted the most vigilant researches through the police of Italy. I even employed the services of the Inquisition at Rome, which had lately asserted its ancient powers in the trial of the less dangerous Cagliostro. All was in vain ; not a trace of him could be discovered. I was not alone, Adela." Here Glyndon paused a moment, as if embarrassed ; for in his recital, I need scarcely say that he had only indistinctly alluded to Fillide, whom the reader may surmise to be his companion. "I was not alone, but the associate of my wanderings was not one in whom my soul could confide—faithful and affectionate, but without education, without faculties to comprehend me, with natural instincts rather than cultivated reason—one in whom the heart might lean in its careless hours, but with whom the mind could have no commune, in whom the bewildered spirit could seek no guide. Yet in the society of this

person the dæmon troubled me not. Let me explain yet more fully the dread conditions of its presence. In coarse excitement, in common-place life, in the wild riot, in the fierce excess, in the torpid lethargy of that animal existence which we share with the brutes, its eyes were invisible, its whisper was unheard. But whenever the soul would aspire, whenever the imagination kindled to the loftier ends, whenever the consciousness of our proper destiny struggled against the unworthy life I pursued, then—Adela, then, it cowered by my side in the light of noon, or sat by my bed—a Darkness visible through the Dark. If, in the galleries of Divine Art, the dreams of my youth woke the early emulation—if I turned to the thoughts of sages—if the example of the great, if the converse of the wise, aroused the silenced intellect, the dæmon was with me as by a spell. At last, one evening, at Genoa, to which city I had travelled in pursuit of the mystic, suddenly,

and when least expected, he appeared before me. It was the time of the Carnival. It was in one of those half-frantic scenes of noise and revel, call it not gaiety, which establish a heathen saturnalia in the midst of a Christian festival. Wearied with the dance, I had entered a room in which several revellers were seated, drinking, singing, shouting; and in their fantastic dresses and hideous masks, their orgy seemed scarcely human. I placed myself amongst them, and in that fearful excitement of the spirits which the happy never know, I was soon the most riotous of all. The conversation fell on the Revolution of France, which had always possessed for me an absorbing fascination. The masks spoke of the Millennium it was to bring on earth, not as philosophers rejoicing in the advent of light, but as ruffians exulting in the annihilation of law. I know not why it was, but their licentious language infected myself; and, always desirous to be foremost in every circle, I soon

exceeded even these rioters in declamations on the nature of the liberty which was about to embrace all the families of the globe—a liberty that should pervade not only public legislation, but domestic life — an emancipation from every fetter that men had forged for themselves. In the midst of this tirade, one of the masks whispered me—

“ ‘ Take care. One listens to you, who seems to be a spy !’

“ My eyes followed those of the mask, and I observed a man who took no part in the conversation, but whose gaze was bent upon me. He was disguised like the rest, yet I found by a general whisper that none had observed him enter. His silence, his attention, had alarmed the fears of the other revellers—they only excited me the more. Rapt in my subject, I pursued it, insensible to the signs of those about me ; and, addressing myself only to the silent mask who sat alone, apart from the group, I did not

even observe that, one by one, the revellers slunk off, and that I and the silent listener were left alone, until, pausing from my heated and impetuous declamations, I said—

“ ‘ And you, Signor,—what is your view of this mighty era? Opinion without persecution — brotherhood without jealousy — love without bondage——’

“ ‘ And life without God,’ added the mask, as I hesitated for new images.

“ The sound of that well-known voice changed the current of my thought. I sprung forward, and cried—

“ ‘ Impostor or Fiend, we meet at last!’

“ The figure rose as I advanced, and, unmasking, shewed the features of Mejnour. His fixed eye—his majestic aspect awed and repelled me. I stood rooted to the ground.

“ ‘ Yes,’ he said, solemnly, ‘ we meet, and it is this meeting that I have sought. How hast thou followed my admonitions! Are these the

scenes in which the Aspirant for the Serene Science thinks to escape the Ghastly Enemy? Do the thoughts thou hast uttered—thoughts that would strike all order from the universe—express the hopes of the sage who would rise to the Harmony of the Eternal Spheres?

“ ‘It is thy fault—it is thine!’ I exclaimed. ‘Exorcise the phantom! Take the haunting Terror from my soul!’

“ Mejnour looked at me a moment with a cold and cynical disdain, which provoked at once my fear and rage, and replied—

“ ‘No, fool of thine own senses! No; thou must have full and entire experience of the illusions to which the Knowledge that is without Faith climbs its Titan way. Thou pantest for this Millennium—thou shalt behold it! Thou shalt be one of the agents of the era of Light and Reason. I see, while I speak, the Phantom thou fliest, by thy side—it marshals thy path—it has power over thee as yet—a power that

defies my own. In the last days of that Revolution which thou hailest, amidst the wrecks of the Order thou cursest as Oppression, seek the fulfilment of thy destiny, and await thy cure.'

“At that instant a troop of masks, clamorous, intoxicated, reeling, and rushing as they reeled, poured into the room and separated me from the mystic. I broke through them, and sought him everywhere but in vain. All my researches the next day were equally fruitless. Weeks were consumed in the same pursuit—not a trace of Mejnour could be discovered. Wearied with false pleasures, roused by reproaches I had deserved, recoiling from Mejnour's prophecy of the scene in which I was to seek deliverance, it occurred to me, at last, that in the sober air of my native country, and amidst its orderly and vigorous pursuits, I might work out my own emancipation from the spectre. I left all whom I had before courted and clung to:—I came hither. Amidst merce-

nary schemes and selfish speculations I found the same relief as in debauch and excess. The Phantom was invisible, but these pursuits soon became to me distasteful as the rest. Ever and ever I felt that I was born for something nobler than the greed of gain—that life may be made equally worthless, and the soul equally degraded by the icy lust of Avarice, as by the noisier passions. A higher Ambition never ceased to torment me. But, but”—continued Glyndon, with a whitening lip and a visible shudder, “at every attempt to rise into loftier existence came that hideous form. It gloomed beside me at the easel. Before the volumes of Poet and Sage it stood with its burning eyes in the stillness of night, and I thought I heard its horrible whispers uttering temptations never to be divulged.” He paused, and the drops stood upon his brow.

“But I,” said Adela, mastering her fears, and throwing her arms round him. “But I henceforth will have no life but in thine. And

in this love so pure, so holy, thy terror shall fade away."

"No, no!" exclaimed Glyndon, starting from her. "The worst revelation is to come. Since thou hast been here—since I have sternly and resolutely refrained from every haunt, every scene in which this preternatural enemy troubled me not, I—I—have—Oh, Heaven! Mercy—mercy! There it stands—there, by thy side—there—there!" And he fell to the ground insensible.

CHAPTER V.

Wie Sterbenden zu Muth, wer mag es sagen ?
Doch wunderbar ergriff mich's diese Nacht ;
Die Glieder schienen schon in Todes Macht.

UHLAND.

A FEVER, attended with delirium, for several days deprived Glyndon of consciousness ; and when, by Adela's care, more than the skill of the physicians, he was restored to life and reason, he was unutterably shocked by the change in his sister's appearance ; at first, he fondly imagined that her health, affected by her vigils, would recover with his own. But he soon saw, with an anguish which partook of remorse, that the malady was deep-seated—

deep, deep beyond the reach of *Æsculapius* and his drugs. Her imagination, little less lively than his own, was awfully impressed by the strange confessions she had heard,—by the ravings of his delirium. Again and again, had he shrieked forth, “It is there—there, by thy side, my sister!” He had transferred to her fancy the spectre, and the horror that cursed himself. He perceived this, not by her words, but her silence—by the eyes that strained into space—by the shiver that came over her frame—by the start of terror—by the look that did not dare to turn behind. Bitterly he repented his confession—bitterly he felt that between his sufferings and human sympathy, there could be no gentle and holy commune; vainly he sought to retract—to undo what he had done—to declare all was but the chimera of an over-heated brain.

And brave and generous was this denial of himself; for, often and often, as he thus spoke, he

saw the thing of dread, gliding to her side, and glaring at him as he disowned its being. But what chilled him, if possible, yet more than her wasting form and trembling nerves, was the change in her love for him; a natural terror had replaced it. She turned paler if he approached—she shuddered if he took her hand. Divided from the rest of earth, the gulf of the foul remembrance ^{sawned} ~~yearned~~ now between his sister and himself. He could endure no more the presence of the one whose life *his* life had embittered. He made some excuses for departure, and writhed to see that they were greeted eagerly. The first gleam of joy he had detected, since that fatal night, on Adela's face, he beheld when he murmured, "Farewell." He travelled for some weeks through the wildest parts of Scotland; scenery, which *makes* the artist, was loveless to his haggard eyes. A letter recalled him to London, on the wings of new agony and fear; he arrived to find his sister in a condition both of

mind and health which exceeded his worst apprehensions.

Her vacant look—her lifeless posture, appalled him; it was as one who had gazed on the Medusa's head, and felt, without a struggle, the human being gradually harden to the statue. It was not frenzy, it was not idiocy—it was an abstraction, an apathy, a sleep in waking. Only as the night advanced towards the eleventh hour,—the hour in which Glyndon had concluded his tale,—she grew visibly uneasy, anxious, and perturbed. Then her lips muttered, her hands writhed; she looked round with a look of unspeakable appeal for succour—for protection; and suddenly, as the clock struck, fell with a shriek to the ground, cold and lifeless. With difficulty, and not after the most earnest prayers, did she answer the agonized questions of Glyndon; at last she owned that at that hour, and that hour alone, wherever she was placed, however occupied, she distinctly beheld

the apparition of an old hag; who, after thrice knocking at the door, entered the room, and hobbling up to her with a countenance distorted by hideous rage and menace, laid its icy fingers on her forehead; from that moment she declared that sense forsook her; and when she woke again, it was only to wait, in suspense that froze up her blood, the repetition of the ghastly visitation.

The physician who had been summoned before Glyndon's return, and whose letter had recalled him to London, was a common-place practitioner; ignorant of the case, and honestly anxious that one more experienced should be employed. Clarence called in one of the most eminent of the faculty, and to him he recited the optical delusion of his sister. The physician listened attentively, and seemed sanguine in his hopes of cure. He came to the house two hours before the one so dreaded by the patient. He had quietly arranged that the clocks should

be put forward half an hour, unknown to Adela, and even to her brother. He was a man of the most extraordinary powers of conversation, of surpassing wit, of all the faculties that interest and amuse. He first administered to the patient a harmless potion, which he pledged himself would dispel the delusion. His confident tone woke her own hopes—he continued to excite her attention, to rouse her lethargy; he jested, he laughed away the time. The hour struck. “Joy, my brother!” she exclaimed, throwing herself in his arms; “the time is past!” And then, like one released from a spell, she suddenly assumed more than her ancient cheerfulness. “Ah, Clarence!” she whispered, “forgive me for my former desertion—forgive me that I feared *you*. I shall live—I shall live! in my turn to banish the spectre that haunts my brother!” And Clarence smiled and wiped the tears from his burning eyes. The physician renewed his stories, his

jests. In the midst of a stream of rich humour, that seemed to carry away both brother and sister, Glyndon suddenly saw over Adela's face the same fearful change, the same anxious look, the same restless, straining eye, he had beheld the night before. He rose—he approached her. Adela started up. “Look—look—look!” she exclaimed. “She comes! Save me—save me!” and she fell at his feet in strong convulsions; as the clock, falsely and in vain put back, struck the half-hour.

The physician lifted her in his arms. “My worst fears are confirmed,” he said, gravely; “the disease is epilepsy.”*

The next night, at the same hour, Adela Glyndon died.

* The most celebrated practitioner in Dublin related to the Editor a story of optical delusion, precisely similar in its circumstances and its physical cause, to the one here narrated.

CHAPTER VI.

La loi dont le règne vous épouvante a son glaive levé sur vous : elle vous frappera tous ; le genre humain a besoin de cet exemple.—COUTHON.

“ OH, joy, joy !—thou art come again ! This is thy hand—these thy lips. Say that thou didst not desert me from the love of another ; say it again—say it ever !—and I will pardon thee all the rest !”

“ So thou hast mourned for me ?”

“ Mourned !—and thou wert cruel enough to leave me gold—there it is—there—untouched !”

“ Poor child of Nature ! how, then, in this strange town of Marseilles, hast thou found bread and shelter ?”

“Honestly, soul of my soul! honestly, but yet by the face thou didst once think so fair: thinkest thou *that* now?”

“Yes, Fillide, more fair than ever. But what meanest thou?”

“There is a painter here—a great man, one of their great men at Paris—I know not what they call them; but he rules over all here—life and death; and he has paid me largely but to sit for my portrait. It is for a picture to be given to the Nation; for he paints only for glory. Think of thy Fillide’s renown!” And the girl’s wild eyes sparkled; her vanity was roused. “And he would have married me if I would!—divorced his wife to marry me! But I waited for thee, ungrateful!”

A knock at the door was heard—a man entered.

“Nicot!”

“Ah, Glyndon!—hum!—welcome! What! thou art twice my rival! But Jean Nicot bears

no malice. Virtue is my dream—my country, my mistress. Serve my country, citizen; and I forgive thee the preference of beauty. *Ça ira!*—*ça ira!*”

But as the painter spoke, it hymned, it rolled through the streets—the fiery song of the *Marseillaise*! There was a crowd—a multitude—a people up, abroad, with colours and arms, enthusiasm and song;—with song, with enthusiasm, with colours and arms! And who could guess that that martial movement was one, not of war, but massacre—Frenchmen against Frenchmen? For there are two parties in *Marseilles*—and ample work for *Jourdan Coupe-tête*! But this, the Englishman, just arrived, a stranger to all factions, did not as yet comprehend. He comprehended nothing but the song, the enthusiasm, the arms, and the colours that lifted to the sun the glorious lie—“*Le peuple Français, debout contre les tyrans!*”

The dark brow of the wretched wanderer

grew animated ; he gazed from the window on the throng that marched below, beneath their waving oriflamme. They shouted as they beheld the patriot Nicot, the friend of Liberty and relentless Hébert, by the stranger's side, at the casement.

“ Ay, shout again !” cried the painter—“ shout for the brave Englishman who abjures his Pitts and his Coburgs to be a citizen of Liberty and France !”

A thousand voices rent the air, and the hymn of the Marseillaise rose in majesty again.

“ Well, and if it be among these high hopes and this brave people that the phantom is to vanish, and the cure to come !” muttered Glyndon ; and he thought he felt again the elixir sparkling through his veins.

“ Thou shalt be one of the Convention with Paine and Cloutz—I will manage it all for thee !” cried Nicot, slapping him on the shoulder ; “ and Paris——”

“ Ah, if I could but see Paris !” cried Fillide, in her joyous voice. Joyous! the whole time, the town, the air—save where, unheard, rose the cry of agony and the yell of murder—were joy! Sleep unhaunting in thy grave, cold Adela. Joy, joy! In the Jubilee of Humanity all private griefs should cease! Behold, the vast whirlpool draws thee to its stormy bosom. There, the individual is not. All things are of the whole! Open thy gates, fair Paris, for the stranger-citizen! Receive in your ranks, O meek Republicans, the new champion of liberty, of reason, of mankind! “ Mejnour is right: it was in virtue, in valour, in glorious struggle for the human race, that the spectre was to shrink to her kindred darkness.”

And Nicot’s shrill voice praised him; and lean Robespierre—“ Flambeau, colonne, pierre angulaire de l’edifice de la République”*—

* Lettre du Citoyen P—. Papiers inedites trouvés chez Robespierre.—Tom. 11, p. 127.

smiled ominously on him from his bloodshot eyes; and Fillide clasped him with passionate arms to her tender breast. And at his up-rising and down-sitting, at board and in bed, though he saw it not, the Nameless One guided him to the sea, whose waves were gore, with the dæmon eyes.



BOOK THE SIXTH.

SUPERSTITION DESERTING FAITH.

Ου γαρ χρη κεινους σε βλεπειν Αριν σωμα τελεσθεις ;
Οτι τας ψυχας θελγοντες αι τελετων απα νους.

ORACL. CHALD. AP PROCL.



BOOK THE SIXTH.

CHAPTER I.

Therefore the Genii were painted with a platter full of garlands and flowers in one hand, and a whip in the other.

ALEXANDER ROSS, *Mystag. Poet.*

ACCORDING to the order of the events related in this narrative, the departure of Zanoni and Viola from the Greek Isle, in which two happy years appear to have been passed, must have been somewhat later in date than the arrival of Glyndon at Marseilles. It must have been in the course of the year 1791 when Viola fled from Naples with her mysterious lover, and when Glyndon sought Mejnour in the fatal Castle. It is now towards the close of 1793,

when our story again returns to Zanoni. The stars of winter shone down on the Lagunes of Venice. The hum of the Rialto was hushed—the last loiterers had deserted the place of St. Mark's, and only at distant intervals might be heard the oars of the rapid gondolas, bearing reveller or lover to his home. But lights still flitted to and fro across the windows of one of the Palladian palaces, whose shadow slept in the great canal; and within the Palace watched the twin Eumenides, that never sleep for Man, —Fear, and Pain.

“I will make thee the richest man in all Venice, if thou savest her.”

“Signor,” said the Leech; “your gold cannot control death, and the will of Heaven—Signor, unless within the next hour there is some blessed change, prepare your courage.”

Ho—ho, Zanoni! man of mystery and might, who hast walked amidst the passions of the world, with no changes on thy brow, art

thou tossed at last upon the billows of tempestuous fear?—Does thy spirit reel to and fro?—knowest thou at last the strength and the majesty of Death?

He fled, trembling, from the pale-faced man of art—fled through stately hall, and long-drawn corridor, and gained a remote chamber in the Palace, which other step than his was not permitted to profane. Out with thy herbs and vessels. Break from the enchanted elements, O silvery-azure flame! Why comes he not—the Son of the Starbeam?—Why is Adon-Ai deaf to thy solemn call? It comes not—the luminous and delightsome Presence! Cabalist! are thy charms in vain? Has thy throne vanished from the realms of space? Thou standest pale and trembling. Pale trembler! not thus didst thou look, when the things of glory gathered at thy spell. Never to the pale trembler bow the things of glory:—the soul, and not the herbs, nor the silvery-azure flame,

nor the chemistry of the Cabala, commands the children of the air; and *thy* soul, by Love and Death, is made sceptreless and discrowned!

At length the flame quivers—the air grows cold as the wind in charnels. A thing not of earth is present—a mistlike, formless thing. It cowers in the distance—a silent Horror! it rises—it creeps—it nears thee—dark in its mantle of dusky haze; and under its veil it looks on thee with its livid, malignant eyes—the thing of malignant eyes!

“Ha, young Chaldæan! young in thy countless ages—young as when, cold to pleasure and to beauty, thou stoodest on the old Fire-tower, and heardest the starry silence whisper to thee the last mystery that baffles Death, fearest thou Death at length! Is thy knowledge but a circle that brings thee back whence thy wanderings began! Generations on generations have withered since we two met! Lo! thou beholdest me now!”

“ But I behold thee without fear ! Though beneath thine eyes thousands have perished ; though, where they burn, spring up the foul poisons of the human heart, and to those whom thou canst subject to thy will, thy presence glares in the dreams of the raving maniac, or blackens the dungeon of despairing crime, thou art not my vanquisher, but my slave !”

“ And as a slave, will I serve thee ! Command thy slave, O beautiful Chaldæan !—Hark, the wail of women !—hark, the sharp shriek of thy beloved one ! Death is in thy Palace ! Adon-Ai comes not to thy call. Only where no cloud of the passion and the flesh veils the eye of the Serene Intelligence can the Sons of the Starbeam glide to man. But I can aid thee !—hark !” And Zanoni heard distinctly in his heart, even at that distance from the chamber, the voice of Viola, calling in delirium on her beloved one.

“And I can save thee not!” exclaimed the Seer, passionately; “my love for thee has made me powerless!”

“Not powerless; I can gift thee with the art to save her—I can place healing in thy hand!”

“For both? child and mother—for both?”

“Both!”

A convulsion shook the limbs of the Seer—a mighty struggle shook him as a child: the Humanity and the Hour conquered the repugnant spirit.

“I yield! Mother and child—save both!”

.

In the dark chamber lay Viola, in the sharpest agonies of travail; life seemed rending itself away in the groans and cries that spoke of pain in the midst of frenzy; and still, in groan and cry, she called on Zanoni, her beloved. The physician looked to the clock; on it beat—the

Heart of Time,—regularly and slowly—Heart that never sympathized with Life, and never flagged for Death! “The cries are fainter,” said the leech; “in ten minutes more all will be past.”

Fool! the minutes laugh at thee; Nature even now, like a blue sky through a shattered temple, is smiling through the tortured frame. The breathing grows more calm and hushed—the voice of delirium is dumb—a sweet dream has come to Viola. Is it a dream, or is it the soul that sees? She thinks suddenly that she is with Zanoni, that her burning head is pillowed on his bosom; she thinks, as he gazes on her, that his eyes dispel the tortures that prey upon her—the touch of his hand cools the fever on her brow; she hears his voice in murmurs—it is a music from which the fiends fly. Where is the mountain that seemed to press upon her temples? Like a vapour, it rolls away. In the frosts of the winter night, she sees the sun

laughing in luxurious heaven—she hears the whisper of green leaves; the beautiful world, valley and stream, and woodland, lie before, and with a common voice speak to her—“We are not yet past for thee!” Fool of drugs and formula, look to thy dial-plate!—the hand has moved on; the minutes are with Eternity; the soul thy sentence would have dismissed still dwells on the shores of Time. She sleeps; the fever abates; the convulsions are gone; the living rose blooms upon her cheek; the crisis is past! Husband, thy wife lives! lover, thy universe is no solitude. Heart of Time, beat on! A while—a little while—joy! joy! joy!—father, embrace thy child!

CHAPTER II.

——— tristis Erinnyes

Prætulit infaustas sanguinolenta faces.

OVID.

AND they placed the child in the father's arms! As silently he bent over it, tears—tears how human!—fell from his eyes like rain! And the little one smiled through the tears that bathed its cheeks! Ah, with what happy tears we welcome the stranger into our sorrowing world! With what agonizing tears we dismiss the stranger back to the angels! Unselfish joy; but how selfish is the sorrow!

And now through the silent chamber a faint, sweet voice is heard—the young mother's voice.

“I am here: I am by thy side!” murmured Zanoni.

The mother smiled, and clasped his hand, and asked no more; she was contented.

.
.

Viola recovered with a rapidity that startled the physician; and the young stranger thrived as if it already loved the world to which it had descended. From that hour Zanoni seemed to live in the infant's life; and in that life the souls of mother and father met as in a new bond.— Nothing more beautiful than this infant, had eye ever dwelt upon. It was strange to the nurses that it came not wailing to the light, but smiled to the light as a thing familiar to it before. It never uttered one cry of childish pain. In its very repose it seemed to be listening to some happy voice within its heart: it seemed itself so happy. In its eyes you would have thought intellect already kindled, though it had

not yet found a language. Already it seemed to recognise its parents; already it stretched forth its arms when Zanoni bent over the bed, in which it breathed and bloomed,—the budding flower! And from that bed he was rarely absent: Gazing upon it with his serene, delighted eyes, his soul seemed to feed its own. At night and in utter darkness he was still there; and Viola often heard him murmuring over it as she lay in a half sleep. But the murmur was in a language strange to her; and sometimes when she heard, she feared, and vague undefined superstitions came back to her—the superstitions of earlier youth. A mother fears everything, even the gods, for her new-born. The mortals shrieked aloud, when of old they saw the great Demeter seeking to make their child immortal!

But Zanoni, wrapt in the sublime designs that animated the human love to which he was now awakened, forgot all, even all he had for-

feited or incurred, in the love that blinded him.

But the dark, formless thing, though he nor invoked nor saw it, crept, often, round and round him; and often sat by the infant's couch, with its hateful eyes.

CHAPTER III.

Fuscis tellurem amplectitur alis.—VIRGIL.


LETTER FROM ZANONI TO MEJNOUR.

MEJNOUR, Humanity, with all its sorrows and its joys, is mine once more. Day by day, I am forging my own fetters. I live in other lives than my own, and in them I have lost more than half my empire. Not lifting them aloft, they drag me by the strong bands of the affections to their own earth. Exiled from the beings only visible to the most abstract sense, the grim Enemy that guards the Threshold has entangled me in its web. Canst thou credit me,

when I tell thee that I have accepted its gifts, and endure the forfeit? Ages must pass ere the brighter beings can again obey the spirit that has bowed to the ghastly one! And—

.

In this hope, then, Mejnour, I triumph still; I yet have supreme power over this young life. Insensibly and inaudibly my soul speaks to its own, and prepares it even now. Thou knowest that for the pure and unsullied infant spirit, the ordeal has no terror and no peril. Thus unceasingly I nourish it with no unholy light; and ere it yet be conscious of the gift, it will gain the privileges it has been mine to attain: the child, by slow and scarce-seen degrees, will communicate its own attributes to the mother: and content to see Youth for ever radiant on the brows of the two that now suffice to fill up my whole infinity of thought, shall I regret the

airier kingdom, that vanishes hourly from my grasp? But thou, whose vision is still clear and serene, look into the far deeps shut from my gaze, and counsel me, or forewarn! I know that the gifts of the Being whose race is so hostile to our own, are, to the common seeker, fatal and perfidious as itself. And hence, when, at the outskirts of knowledge, which in earlier ages men called Magic, they encountered the things of the hostile tribes, they believed the apparitions to be fiends, and, by fancied compacts, imagined they had signed away their souls; as if man could give for an eternity that over which he has control but while he lives! Dark, and shrouded for ever from human sight, dwell the *dæmon* rebels, in their impenetrable realm: in them is no breath of the Divine One. In every human creature, the Divine One  breathes; and He alone can judge his own hereafter, and allot its new career and home. Could man sell himself to the fiend, man could

prejudge himself, and arrogate the disposal of eternity! But these creatures, modifications as they are of matter, and some with more than the malignity of man, may well seem, to fear and unreasoning superstition, the representatives of fiends. And from the darkest and mightiest of them I have accepted a boon—the secret that startled Death from those so dear to me. Can I not trust that enough of power yet remains to me, to baffle or to daunt the Phantom, if it seek to pervert the gift? Answer me, Mejnour; for in the darkness that veils me, I see only the pure eyes of the new-born; I hear only the low beating of my heart. Answer me, thou whose wisdom is without love!

MEJNOUR TO ZANONI.

Rome.

FALLEN ONE!—I see before thee, Evil and Death, and Woe! Thou to have relinquished Adon-Ai, for the nameless Terror—the heavenly

stars, for those fearful eyes! Thou, at the last to be the victim of the Larva of the dreary Threshold, that, in thy first novitiate, fled, withered and shrivelled, from thy kingly brow! When, at the primary grades of initiation, the pupil I took from thee on the shores of the changed Parthenope, fell senseless and cowering before that Phantom-Darkness, I knew that his spirit was not formed to front the worlds beyond; for FEAR is the attraction of man to earthiest earth; and while he fears, he cannot soar. But *thou*, seest thou not that to love is but to fear?—seest thou not, that the power of which thou boastest over the malignant one is already gone? It awes, it masters thee; it will mock thee, and betray. Lose not a moment; come to me. If there can yet be sufficient sympathy between us, through *my* eyes shalt thou see, and perhaps guard against the perils that, shapeless yet, and looming through the shadow, marshal themselves around

thee and those whom thy very love has doomed.

1 Come from all the ties of thy fond humanity ;
they will but obscure thy vision ! Come forth
from thy fears and hopes, thy desires and
passions. Come, as alone, Mind can be the
monarch and the seer, shining through the
✓ home it tenants—a pure, impressionless, sublime
Intelligence !

CHAPTER IV.

Plus que vous ne pensez ce moment est terrible.

LAHARPE, *Le Comte de Warwick*, Act. 3, sc. 5

FOR the first time since their union Zanoni and Viola were separated—Zanoni went to Rome, on important business. “It was,” he said, “but for a few days:” and he went so suddenly that there was little time either for surprise or sorrow. But first parting is always more melancholy than it need be; it seems an interruption to the existence which Love shares with Love; it makes the heart feel what a void life will be, when the last parting shall succeed,

as succeed it must, the first. But Viola had a new companion: she was enjoying that most delicious novelty which ever renews the youth, and dazzles the eyes, of woman. As the mistress—the wife—she leans on another; from another are reflected her happiness, her being—as an orb that takes light from its sun. But now, in turn, as the mother, she is raised from dependence into power: it is another that leans on her—a star has sprung into space, to which she herself has become the sun!

A few days—but they will be sweet through the sorrow! A few days—every hour of which seems an era to the infant, over whom bend watchful the eyes and the heart. From its waking to its sleep, from its sleep to its waking, is a revolution in Time. Every gesture to be noted—every smile to seem a new progress into the world it has come to bless! Zanoni has gone—the last dash of the oar is lost—the last speck of the gondola has vanished from the

ocean-streets of Venice! Her infant is sleeping in the cradle at the mother's feet; and she thinks through her tears what tales of the fairy-land, that spreads far and wide, with a thousand wonders, in that narrow bed, she shall have to tell the father! Smile on—weep on, young mother! Already the fairest leaf in the wild volume is closed for thee! and the invisible finger turns the page!

.

By the bridge of the Rialto stood two Venetians—ardent Republicans and Democrats—looking to the Revolution of France as the earthquake which must shatter their own expiring and vicious constitution, and give equality of ranks and rights to Venice.

“Yes, Cottalto,” said one; “my correspondent of Paris has promised to elude all obstacles, and baffle all danger. He will arrange with us the hour of revolt, when the legions of

France shall be within hearing of our guns. One day in this week, at this hour, he is to meet me here. This is but the fourth day."

He had scarce said these words before a man, wrapped in his *roquelaire*, emerging from one of the narrow streets to the left, halted opposite the pair, and eyeing them for a few moments with an earnest scrutiny, whispered—" *Salut!*"

" *Et fraternité,*" answered the speaker.

" You, then, are the brave Dandolo, with whom the *Comité* deputed me to correspond? And this citizen ——?"

" Is Cottalto, whom my letters have so often mentioned."*

" Health and brotherhood to him! I have much to impart to you both. I will meet you at night, Dandolo. But in the streets we may be observed."

* I know not if the author of the original MSS. designs, under these names, to introduce the real Cottalto and the true Dandolo, who, in 1797, distinguished themselves by their sympathy with the French, and their democratic ardour.—Ed.

“And I dare not appoint my own house ; tyranny makes spies of our very walls. But the place herein designated is secure ;” and he slipped an address into the hand of his correspondent.

“To-night, then, at nine ! Meanwhile I have other business.” The man paused, his colour changed, and it was with an eager and passionate voice that he resumed—

“Your last letter mentioned this wealthy and mysterious visitor—this Zanoni. He is still at Venice?”

“I heard that he had left this morning ; but his wife is still here.”

“His wife !—that is well !”

“What know you of him ? Think you that he would join us ? His wealth would be——”

“His house, his address—quick !” interrupted the man.

“The Palazzo di ——, on the Grand Canal.”

“I thank you—at nine we meet.”

The man hurried on through the street from which he had emerged; and, passing by the house in which he had taken up his lodging (he had arrived at Venice the night before), a woman who stood by the door caught his arm.

“*Monsieur*,” she said, in French, “I have been watching for your return. Do you understand me? I will brave all, risk all, to go back with you to France,—to stand, through life or in death, by my husband’s side!”

“*Citoyenne*, I promised your husband that, if such your choice, I would hazard my own safety to aid it. But, think again! Your husband is one of the faction which Robespierre’s eyes have already marked: he cannot fly. All France is become a prison to the ‘*suspect*.’ You do but endanger yourself by return. Frankly, *citoyenne*, the fate you would share may be the guillotine. I speak (as you know by his letter) as your husband bade me.”

“ *Monsieur*, I will return with you,” said the woman, with a smile upon her pale face.

“ And yet you deserted your husband in the fair sunshine of the Revolution, to return to him amidst its storms and thunder !” said the man, in a tone half of wonder, half rebuke.

“ Because my father’s days were doomed ; because he had no safety but in flight to a foreign land ; because he was old and penniless, and had none but me to work for him ; because my husband was not then in danger, and my father was ; *he* is dead—dead ! My husband is in danger now. The daughter’s duties are no more—the wife’s return !”

“ Be it so, *citoyenne* ; on the third night I depart. Before then, you may retract your choice.”

“ Never !”

A dark smile passed over the man’s face.

“ O guillotine !” he said, “ how many virtues

hast thou brought to light ! Well may they call thee ' A Holy Mother,' O gory guillotine !"

He passed on, muttering to himself, hailed a gondola, and was soon amidst the crowded waters of the Grand Canal.

CHAPTER V.

Ce que j'ignore
Est plus triste peut-être et plus affreux encore.

LAHARPE, *Le Comte de Warwick*, Act. 5, sc. 1.

THE casement stood open, and Viola was seated by it. Beneath, sparkled the broad waters, in the cold but cloudless sunlight; and to that fair form, that half-averted face, turned the eyes of many a gallant cavalier, as their gondolas glided by.

But at last, in the centre of the canal, one of these dark vessels halted motionless, as a man fixed his gaze from its lattice upon that stately palace. He gave the word to the rowers—

the vessel approached the marge. The stranger quitted the gondola; he passed up the broad stairs; he entered the palace. Weep on!—smile no more, young mother!—the last page is turned!

An attendant entered the room, and gave to Viola a card, with these words in English—
! “Viola, I must see you! Clarence Glyndon.”

Oh, yes, how gladly Viola would see him!—how gladly speak to him of her happiness—of Zanoni!—how gladly shew to him her child! Poor Clarence! she had forgotten him till now, as she had all the fever of her earlier life—its dreams, its vanities, its poor excitement, the lamps of the gaudy theatre, the applause of the noisy crowd.

He entered. She started to behold him, so changed were his gloomy brow, his resolute, care-worn features, from the graceful form and careless countenance of the artist-lover. His dress, though not mean, was rude, neglected,

and disordered. A wild, desperate, half-savage air had supplanted that ingenuous mien—diffident in its grace, earnest in its diffidence,—which had once characterized the young worshipper of Art, the dreaming Aspirant after some starrier lore!

“Is it you?” she said, at last. “Poor Clarence, how changed!”

“Changed!” he said, abruptly, as he placed himself by her side. “And whom am I to thank, but the fiends—the sorcerers—who have seized upon thy existence, as upon mine? Viola, hear me. A few weeks since, the news reached me that you were in Venice. Under other pretences, and through innumerable dangers, I have come hither, risking liberty, perhaps life, if my name and career are known in Venice, to warn and save you. Changed, you call me!—changed without; but what is that to the ravages within? Be warned, be warned in time!”

The voice of Glyndon, sounding hollow and sepulchral, alarmed Viola even more than his words. Pale, haggard, emaciated, he seemed almost as one risen from the dead, to appal and awe her. "What," she said, at last, in a faltering voice, "what wild words do you utter! Can you——"

"Listen!" interrupted Glyndon, laying his hand upon her arm, and its touch was as cold as death—"listen! You have heard of the old stories of men who have leagued themselves with devils for the attainment of preternatural powers. Those stories are not fables. Such men live. Their delight is to increase the unhallowed circle of wretches like themselves. If their proselytes fail in the ordeal, the dæmon seizes them, even in this life, as it hath seized me!—if they succeed, woe, yea, a more lasting woe! There is another life, where no spells can charm the evil one, or allay the torture. I have come from a scene where blood flows

in rivers—where Death stands by the side of the bravest and the highest, and the one monarch is the Guillotine ; but all the mortal perils with which men can be beset, are nothing to the dreariness of a chamber where the horror that passes death moves and stirs !

It was then that Glyndon, with a cold and distinct precision, detailed, as he had done to Adela, the initiation through which he had gone. He described, in words that froze the blood of his listener, the appearance of that formless phantom, with the eyes that seared the brain and congealed the marrow of those who beheld. Once seen, it never was to be exorcised. It came at its own will, prompting black thoughts—whispering strange temptations. Only in scenes of turbulent excitement was it absent ! Solitude—serenity—the struggling desires after peace and virtue—*these* were the elements it loved to haunt ! Bewil-

dered, terror-stricken, the wild account confirmed by the dim impressions that never, in the depth and confidence of affection, had been closely examined, but rather banished as soon as felt,—that the life and attributes of Zanoni were not like those of mortals,—impressions which her own love had made her hitherto censure, as suspicions that wronged, and which, thus mitigated, had perhaps only served to rivet the fascinated chains in which he bound her heart and senses, but which now, as Glyndon's awful narrative filled her with contagious dread, half unbound the very spells they had woven before,—Viola started up in fear—not for *herself*; and clasped her child in her arms!

“Unhappiest one!” cried Glyndon, shuddering, “hast thou indeed given birth to a victim thou canst not save! Refuse it sustenance—let it look to thee in vain for food! In the grave, at least, there are repose and peace!”

Then there came back to Viola's mind the remembrance of Zanoni's night-long watches by that cradle, and the fear which even then had crept over her as she heard his murmured—half-chanted words. And, as the child looked at her with its clear, steadfast eye, in the strange intelligence of that look there was something that only confirmed her awe. So there both Mother and Forewarner stood in silence,—the sun smiling upon them through the casement, and dark, by the cradle, though they saw it not, sate the motionless veiled Thing!

But by degrees better, and juster, and more grateful memories of the past returned to the young mother. The features of the infant, as she gazed, took the aspect of the absent father. A voice seemed to break from those rosy lips, and say, mournfully—"I speak to thee in thy child. In return for all my love for thee and thine, dost thou distrust me, at the first sentence of a maniac who accuses?"

Her breast heaved—her stature rose—her eyes shone with a serene and holy light.

“Go, poor victim of thine own delusions,” she said to Glyndon; “I would not believe mine own senses, if they accused *its* father! And what knowest thou of Zanoni? What relation have Mejnour and the griesly spectres he invoked, with the radiant image with which thou wouldst connect them!”

“Thou wilt learn too soon,” replied Glyndon, gloomily. “And the very phantom that haunts me, whispers, with its bloodless lips, that its horrors await both thine and thee! I take not thy decision yet; before I leave Venice we shall meet again.”

He said, and departed.

CHAPTER VI.

Quel est l'égarement où ton ame se livre ?

LAHARPE, *Le Comte de Warwick*, Act. iv. sc. iv.

ALAS, Zanoni ! the Aspirer, the dark-bright one !—didst thou think that the bond between the survivor of ages and the daughter of a day could endure ? Didst thou not foresee that, until the ordeal was past, there could be no equality between thy wisdom and her love ? Art thou absent now, seeking, amidst thy solemn secrets, the solemn safeguards for child and mother, and forgettest thou that the phantom that served thee hath power over its own gifts—over the lives it taught thee to rescue from the

grave? Dost thou not know that Fear and Distrust, once sown in the heart of Love, spring up from the seed into a forest that excludes the stars? Dark-bright one! the hateful eyes glare beside the mother and the child!

All that day, Viola was distracted by a thousand thoughts and terrors, which fled as she examined them, to settle back the darklier. She remembered that, as she had once said to Glyn-don, her very childhood had been haunted with strange forebodings, that she was ordained for some preternatural doom. She remembered, that as she had told him this, sitting by the seas that slumbered in the arms of the Bay of Naples, he, too, had acknowledged the same forebodings, and a mysterious sympathy had appeared to unite their fates. She remembered, above all, that comparing their entangled thoughts, both had, then, said that with the first sight of Zanoni the foreboding, the instinct, had spoken to their hearts more audibly than before, whispering

that "with HIM was connected the secret of the un conjectured life."*

And now, when Glyndon and Viola met again, the haunting fears of childhood, thus referred to, woke from their enchanted sleep. With Glyndon's terror she felt a sympathy, against which her reason and her love struggled in vain. And still, when she turned her looks upon her child, it watched her with that steady, earnest eye, and its lips moved as if it sought to speak to her;—but no sound came. The infant refused to sleep. Whenever she gazed upon its face, still those wakeful, watchful eyes!—and in their earnestness, there spoke something of pain, of upbraiding, of accusation. They chilled her as she looked. Unable to endure, of herself, this sudden and complete revulsion of all the feelings which had hitherto made up her life, she formed the resolution natural to her land and creed; she sent for

* See vol. i. pp. 217, 218.

the priest who had habitually attended her at Venice, and to him she confessed, with passionate sobs and intense terror, the doubts that had broken upon her. The good father, a worthy and pious man, but with little education and less sense, one who held (as many of the lower Italians do to this day) even a poet to be a sort of sorcerer, seemed to shut the gates of hope upon her heart. His remonstrances were urgent, for his horror was unfeigned. He joined with Glyndon in imploring her to fly if she felt the smallest doubt that her husband's pursuits were of the nature which the Roman church had benevolently burned so many scholars for adopting. And even the little that Viola could communicate, seemed to the ignorant ascetic, irrefragable proof of sorcery and witchcraft; he had, indeed, previously heard some of the strange rumours which followed the path of Zanoni, and was therefore prepared to believe the worst; the worthy Bartolomêo would

have made no bones of sending Watt to the stake had he heard him speak of the steam-engine! But Viola, as untutored as himself, was terrified, by his rough and vehement eloquence; terrified, for by that penetration which catholic priests, however dull, generally acquire, in their vast experience of the human heart hourly exposed to their probe, Bartolomêo spoke less of danger to herself than to her child. "Sorcerers," said he, "have ever sought the most to decoy and seduce the souls of the young—nay, the infant;" and therewith he entered into a long catalogue of legendary fables, which he quoted as historical facts; all at which an English woman would have smiled, appalled the tender but superstitious Neapolitan; and when the priest left her, with solemn rebukes and grave accusations of a dereliction of her duties to her child, if she hesitated to fly with it from an abode polluted by the darker powers and unhallowed arts, Viola, still cling-

ing to the image of Zanoni, sunk into a passive lethargy, which held her very reason in suspense.

The hours passed; night came on; the house was hushed; and Viola, slowly awakened from the numbness and torpor which had usurped her faculties, tossed to and fro on her couch, restless and perturbed. The stillness became intolerable; yet more intolerable the sound that alone broke it, the voice of the clock, knelling moment after moment to its grave. The Moments, at last, seemed themselves to find voice, to gain shape. She thought she beheld them springing, wan and fairy-like, from the womb of darkness; and ere they fell again, extinguished, into that womb, their grave, their low small voices murmured—
“Woman! we report to eternity all that is done in time! What shall we report of thee, O guardian of a new-born soul?” She became sensible that her fancies had brought a sort of

partial delirium, that she was in a state between sleep and waking, when suddenly one thought became more predominant than the rest. The chamber which, in that and every house they had inhabited, even that in the Greek isle, Zanoni had set apart to a solitude on which none might intrude, the threshold of which even Viola's step was forbid to cross, and never, hitherto, in that sweet repose of confidence which belongs to contented love, had she even felt the curious desire to disobey—now, that chamber drew her towards it. Perhaps, *there*, might be found a somewhat to solve the riddle, to dispel or confirm the doubt: that thought grew and deepened in its intensity; it fastened on her as with a palpable and irresistible grasp; it seemed to raise her limbs without her will.

And now, through the chamber, along the galleries thou glidest, O lovely shape!—sleep-walking, yet awake. The moon shines on thee

as thou glidest by, casement after casement, white-robed and wandering spirit!—thine arms crossed upon thy bosom, thine eyes fixed and open, with a calm, unfearing awe. Mother! it is thy child that leads thee on. The fairy Moments go before thee. Thou hearest still the clock-knell tolling them to their graves behind. On, gliding on, thou hast gained the door; no lock bars thee, no magic spell drives thee back. Daughter of the dust, thou standest alone with Night in the chamber where, pale and numberless, the hosts of space have gathered round the seer!

CHAPTER VII.

Des Erdenlebens

Schweres Traumbild sinkt, und sinkt, und sinkt.

DAS IDEAL UND DAS LEBEN. —

SHE stood within the chamber, and gazed around her; no signs by which an Inquisitor of old could have detected the Scholar of the Black Art were visible. No crucibles and caldrons, no brass-bound volumes and ciphered girdles, no skulls and crossbones. Quietly streamed the broad moonlight through the desolate chamber with its bare white walls. A few bunches of withered herbs, a few antique vessels of bronze, placed carelessly on a wooden form,

were all which that curious gaze could identify with the pursuits of the absent owner. The magic, if it existed, dwelt in the artificer, and the materials, to other hands, were but herbs and bronze. So is it ever with thy works and wonders, O Genius—Seeker of the Stars ! Words themselves are the common property of all men ; yet, from words themselves, Thou, Architect of Immortalities, pilest up temples that shall outlive the Pyramids, and the very leaf of the Papyrus becomes a Shinar, stately with towers, round which the Deluge of Ages shall roar in vain !

But in that solitude has the Presence that there had invoked its wonders left no enchantment of its own ? It seemed so ; for as Viola stood in the chamber, she became sensible that some mysterious change was at work within herself. Her blood coursed rapidly, and with a sensation of delight, through her veins—she felt as if chains were falling from her limbs, as if cloud

after cloud was rolling from her gaze. All the confused thoughts which had moved through her trance, settled and centered themselves in one intense desire to see the Absent One—to be with him. The monads that make up space and air seemed charged with a spiritual attraction,—to become a medium through which her spirit could pass from its clay, and confer with the spirit to which the unutterable desire compelled it. A faintness seized her; she tottered to the seat on which the vessels and herbs were placed, and, as she bent down, she saw in one of the vessels a small vase of crystal. By a mechanical and involuntary impulse her hand seized the vase; she opened it, and the volatile essence it contained sparkled up, and spread through the room a powerful and delicious fragrance. She inhaled the odour, she laved her temples with the liquid, and suddenly her life seemed to spring up from the previous faintness—to spring, to soar, to float, to dilate, upon the wings of a bird.

The room vanished from her eyes. Away—away, over lands, and seas, and space, on the rushing desire flies the disprisoned mind!

Upon a stratum, not of this world, stood the world-born shapes of the sons of Science; upon an embryo world—upon a crude, wan, attenuated mass of matter, one of the Nebulæ, which the suns of the myriad systems throw off as they roll round the Creator's throne,* to become themselves new worlds of symmetry and glory;—planets and suns, that for ever and for ever shall in their turn multiply their shining race, and be the fathers of suns and planets yet to come.

* “Astronomy instructs us, that in the original condition of the solar system, the sun was the nucleus of a nebulosity or luminous mass, which revolved on its axis, and extended far beyond the orbits of all the planets; the planets as yet having no existence. Its temperature gradually diminished, and becoming contracted by cooling, the rotation increased in rapidity, and zones of nebulosity were successively thrown off, in consequence of the centrifugal force overpowering the central attraction. The condensation of these separate masses constituted the planets and satellites. But this view of the conversion of gaseous matter into planetary bodies is not limited to our own system; it extends

There, in that enormous solitude of an infant world, which thousands and thousands of years can alone ripen into form, the spirit of Viola beheld the shape of Zanoni, or rather the likeness, the simulacrum, the LEMUR of his shape, not its human and corporeal substance,—as if, like hers, the Intelligence was parted from the Clay;—and as the sun, while it revolves and glows, had cast off into remotest space that Nebular image of itself, so the thing of earth, in the action of its more luminous and enduring being, had thrown its likeness into that new-born stranger of the heavens. There, stood the phantom—a

to the formation of the innumerable suns and worlds which are distributed throughout the universe. The sublime discoveries of modern astronomers have shewn that every part of the realms of space abounds in large expansions of attenuated matter termed *nebulae*, which are irregularly reflective of light, of various figures, and in different states of condensation, from that of a diffused luminous mass to suns and planets like our own.”—From Mantell’s eloquent and delightful work, entitled, “The Wonders of Geology,” vol. i. p. 22.

phantom-Mejnour, by its side. In the gigantic chaos around raved and struggled the kindling elements—water and fire, darkness and light, at war—vapour and cloud hardening into mountains, and the Breath of Life moving like a steadfast splendour over all !

As the dreamer looked, and shivered ; she beheld that even there the two phantoms of humanity were not alone. Dim monster-forms that that disordered chaos alone could engender, the first reptile Colossal race that wreathed and crawl through the earliest stratum of a world labouring into life, coiled in the oozing matter or hovered through the meteorous vapours. But these the two seekers seemed to heed not ; their gaze was fixed intent upon an object in the farthest space. With the eyes of the spirit, Viola followed theirs ; with a terror far greater than the chaos and its hideous inhabitants produced, she beheld a shadowy likeness of the very room in which her form yet dwelt, its

white walls, the moonshine sleeping on its floor, its open casement, with the quiet roofs and domes of Venice looming over the sea that sighed below;—and in that room the ghost-like image of herself! This double phantom—here herself a phantom—gazing there upon a phantom-self, had in it a horror which no words can tell, no length of life forego.

But presently she saw this image of herself rise slowly, leave the room with its noiseless feet—it passes the corridor—it kneels by a cradle! Heaven of Heaven! she beholds her child!—still with its wondrous child-like beauty, and its silent wakeful eyes. But beside that cradle there sits, cowering, a mantled shadowy form—the more fearful and ghastly, from its indistinct and unsubstantial gloom. The walls of that chamber seem to open as the scene of a theatre. A grim dungeon—streets through which pour shadowy crowds—wrath and hatred, and the aspect of dæmons in their ghastly visages—

a place of death—a murderous instrument—a shamble-house of human flesh — herself — her child—all, all, rapid phantasmagoria, chased each other. Suddenly the phantom-Zanoni turned, it seemed to perceive herself — her second self. It sprang towards her; her spirit could bear no more. She shrieked, she woke! She found that in truth she had left that dismal chamber; the cradle was before her—the child! all—all as that trance had seen it, and, vanishing into air, even that dark formless Thing!

“My child! my child! thy mother shall save thee yet!”

CHAPTER VIII.

“ Qui? Toi! m’abandonner, où vas-tu? non! demeure,
Demeure!”

LAHARPE, *Le Comte de Warwick*, Act 4, sc. 5.

LETTER FROM VIOLA TO ZANONI.

“ IT has come to this!—I am the first to part!
I, the unfaithful one, bid thee farewell for ever.
When thine eyes fall upon this writing, thou
wilt know me as one of the dead. For thou
that wert, and still art my life—I am lost to
thee! O lover! O husband! O still worshipped
and adored! if thou hast ever loved me, if
thou canst still pity, seek not to discover the
steps that fly thee. If thy charms can detect
and track me, spare me—spare our child!

Zanoni, I will rear it to love thee, to call thee father! Zanoni, its young lips shall pray for thee! Ah, spare thy child, for infants are the saints of earth, and their mediation may be heard on high! Shall I tell thee why I part? No; thou, the wisely terrible, canst divine what the hand trembles to record; and while I shudder at thy power—while it is thy power I fly, (our child upon my bosom,)—it comforts me still to think that thy power can read the heart! Thou knowest that it is the faithful mother that writes to thee; it is not the faithless wife! Is there sin in thy knowledge, Zanoni? Sin must have sorrow; and it were sweet—oh, how sweet, to be thy comforter. But the child, the infant, the soul that looks to mine for its shield! Magician, I wrest from thee that soul! Pardon, pardon, if my words wrong thee. See, I fall on my knees to write the rest!

“Why did I never recoil before from thy mysterious lore?—why did the very strangeness of

thine unearthly life only fascinate me with a delightful fear? Because, if thou wert sorcerer or angel-dæmon, there was no peril to other but myself; and none to me, for my love was my heavenliest part; and my ignorance in all things, except the art to love thee, repelled every thought that was not bright and glorious as thine image to my eyes. But now there is another! Look, why does it watch me thus—why that never-sleeping, earnest, rebuking gaze? Have thy spells encompassed it already? Hast thou marked it, cruel one, for the terrors of thy unutterable art? Do not madden me—do not madden me!—unbind the spell!

“Hark! the oars without! They come—they come, to bear me from thee! I look round, and methinks that I see thee everywhere. Thou speakest to me from every shadow, from every star. There, by the casement thy lips last prest mine—there, there by that threshold didst thou turn again, and thy smile seemed so

trustingly to confide in me! Zanoni—Husband! —I will stay! I cannot part from thee! No, no! I will go to the room where thy dear voice, with its gentle music, assuaged the pangs of travail!—where, heard through the thrilling darkness, it first whispered to my ear—‘Viola, thou art a mother!’ A mother!—yes, I rise from my knees—I *am* a mother! They come! I am firm; farewell!”

Yes; thus suddenly, thus cruelly, whether in the delirium of blind and unreasoning superstition, or in the resolve of that conviction which springs from duty, the being for whom he had resigned so much of empire and of glory forsook Zanoni. This desertion, never foreseen, never anticipated, was yet but the constant fate that attends those who would place Mind *beyond* the earth, and yet treasure the Heart *within* it. Ignorance everlastingly shall recoil from knowledge. But never yet, from nobler and purer motives of self-sacrifice, did human

love link itself to another, than did the forsaking wife now abandon the absent. For rightly had she said, that it was not the faithless wife, it *was* the faithful mother that fled from all in which her earthly happiness was centered.

As long as the passion and fervour that impelled the act animated her with false fever, she clasped her infant to her breast, and was consoled—resigned. But what bitter doubt of her own conduct, what icy pang of remorse shot through her heart, when, as they rested for a few hours on the road to Leghorn, she heard the woman who accompanied herself and Glyndon, pray for safety to reach her husband's side, and strength to share the perils that would meet her there! Terrible contrast to her own desertion! She shrunk into the darkness of her own heart,—and then no voice from within consoled her.

CHAPTER IX.

Zukunft hast du mir gegeben
Doch du nahmst den Augenblick.

KASSANDRA.

“MEJNOUR, behold thy work! Out, out upon our little vanities of wisdom!—out, upon our ages of lore and life! To save her from Peril I left her presence, and the Peril has seized her in its grasp!”

“Chide not thy wisdom, but thy passions! Abandon thine idle hope of the love of woman. See, for those who would unite the lofty with the lowly, the inevitable curse; thy very nature uncomprehended—thy sacrifices unguessed. The lowly one views but in the lofty a necromancer or a fiend. Titan, canst thou weep?”

“I know it now—I see it all! It *was* her spirit that stood beside our own, and escaped my airy clasp! O strong desire of motherhood and nature! unveiling all our secrets, piercing space and traversing worlds!—Mejnour, what awful learning lies hid in the ignorance of the heart that loves!”

“The heart,” answered the Mystic, coldly; “ay, for five thousand years I have ransacked the mysteries of creation; but I have not yet discovered all the wonders in the heart of the simplest boor!”

“Yet our solemnity deceived us not; the prophet-shadows, dark with terror and red with blood, still foretold that, even in the dungeon, and before the deathsman, I—I had the power to save them both!”

“But at some un conjectured and most fatal sacrifice to thyself.”

“To myself! Icy sage, there is no self in love! I go. Nay, alone; I want thee not. I

want now no other guide but the human instincts of affection. No cave so dark—no solitude so vast, as to conceal her. Though mine art fail me—though the stars heed me not—though space, with its solemn myriads, is again to me but the azure void, I return but to love, and youth, and hope! when have they ever failed to triumph and to save!”

BOOK THE SEVENTH.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Orrida maestà nel fero aspetto
Terrore accresce, e più superbo il rende ;
Rosseggian gli occhi, e di veneno infetto
Come infausta cometa, il guardo splende.
Gli involve il mento, e sull 'irsuto petto
Ispida e folta la gran barbe scende ;
E in guisa di voragine profonda
S'apre la bocca d'atro sangue immonda.

GER. LIB. cant. iv. vii.



BOOK THE SEVENTH.

CHAPTER I.

Qui suis-je, moi qu'on accuse? Un esclave de la liberté, un martyr vivant de la Republique.—DISCOURS DE ROBESPIERRE, 8 *Thermidor*.

It roars—the River of Hell, whose first outbreak was chanted as the gush of a channel to Elysium. How burst into blossoming hopes fair hearts that had nourished themselves on the diamond dews of the rosy dawn, when Liberty came from the dark ocean, and the arms of decrepit Thralldom—Aurora from the bed of Tithion! Hopes! ye have ripened into fruit, and the fruit is gore and ashes! Beautiful Roland, eloquent Vergniaud, visionary Con-

dorcet, high-hearted Malesherbes!—wits, philosophers, statesmen, patriots,—dreamers! behold the millennium for which ye dared and laboured!

I invoke the ghosts! Saturn hath devoured his children,* and lives alone—in his true name of Moloch!

It is the Reign of Terror, with Robespierre the king. The struggles between the boa and the lion are past; the boa has consumed the lion, and is heavy with the gorge;—Danton has fallen, and Camille Desmoulins. Danton had said before his death, “The poltroon Robespierre—I alone could have saved him.” From that hour, indeed, the blood of the dead giant clouded the craft of “Maximilien the Incorruptible,” as at last, amidst the din of the roused Convention, it choked his voice.† If, after that

* La Révolution est comme Saturne, elle devorera tous ses enfans.—VERGNIAUD.

† “Le sang de Danton t’étouffe,” said Garnier de l’Aube, when, on the fatal 9th of Thermidor, Robespierre gasped feebly forth—“Pour la dernière fois, President des Assassins, je te demande la parole.”

last sacrifice, essential, perhaps, to his safety, Robespierre had proclaimed the close of the Reign of Terror, and acted upon the mercy which Danton had begun to preach, he might have lived and died a monarch. But the prisons continued to reek—the glaive to fall; and Robespierre perceived not that his mobs were glutted to satiety with death, and the strongest excitement a chief could give would be a return from devils into men.

We are transported to a room in the house of Citizen Dupleix, the *menuisier*, in the month of July, 1794; or in the calendar of the Revolutionists it was the Thermidor of the Year 11 of the Republic, One and Indivisible! Though the room was small, it was furnished and decorated with a minute and careful effort at elegance and refinement. It seemed, indeed, the desire of the owner to avoid at once what was mean and rude, and what was luxurious and voluptuous. It was a

trim, orderly, precise, grace that shaped the classic chairs, arranged the ample draperies, sunk the frameless mirrors into the wall, placed bust and bronze on their pedestals, and filled up the niches here and there with well-bound books, filed regularly in their appointed ranks. An observer would have said, "This man wishes to imply to you—I am not rich ; I am not ostentatious ; I am not luxurious ; I am no indolent Sybarite, with couches of down, and pictures that provoke the sense ; I am no haughty noble, with spacious halls, and galleries that awe the echo. But so much the greater is my merit if I disdain these excesses of the ease or the pride, since I love the elegant, and have a taste ! Others may be simple and honest, from the very coarseness of their habits ; if I, with so much refinement and delicacy, am simple and honest,—reflect, and admire me !"

On the walls of this chamber hung many portraits, most of them represented but one face ; on the formal pedestals were grouped

many busts, most of them sculptured but one head. In that small chamber Egotism sat supreme, and made the Arts its looking-glasses. Erect in a chair, before a large table spread with letters, sat the original of bust and canvass, the owner of the apartment. He was alone, yet he sat erect, formal, stiff, precise, as if in his very home he was not at ease. His dress was in harmony with his posture and his chamber, it affected a neatness of its own—foreign both to the sumptuous fashions of the deposed nobles, and the filthy ruggedness of the sans-culottes. Frizzled and *coiffé*, not a hair was out of order, not a speck lodged on the sleek surface of the blue coat, not a wrinkle crumpled the snowy vest, with its under relief of delicate pink. At the first glance, you might have seen in that face nothing but the ill-favoured features of a sickly countenance. At a second glance you would have perceived that it had a power—a character of its own. The

forehead, though low and compressed, was not without that appearance of thought and intelligence which, it may be observed, that breadth between the eyebrows almost invariably gives; the lips were firm and tightly drawn together, yet ever and anon they trembled, and writhed restlessly. The eyes, sullen and gloomy, were yet piercing, and full of a concentrated vigour, that did not seem supported by the thin, feeble frame, or the green lividness of the hues which told of anxiety and disease.

— Such was Maximilien Robespierre; such the chamber over the *menuisier's* shop, whence issued the edicts that launched armies on their career of glory, and ordained an artificial conduit to carry off the blood that deluged the metropolis of the most martial people in the globe! Such was the man who had resigned a judicial appointment, (the early object of his ambition,) rather than violate his philanthropical principles, by subscribing to the death of a single fellow-

creature!—such was the virgin enemy to capital punishments, and such, Butcher-Dictator now, was the man whose pure and rigid manners, whose incorruptible honesty, whose hatred of the excesses that tempt to love and wine, would—had he died five years earlier—have left him the model for prudent fathers and careful citizens to place before their sons. Such was the man who seemed to have no vice, till circumstance, that hot-bed, brought forth the two which, in ordinary times, lie ever the deepest and most latent in a man's heart—Cowardice and Envy. To one of these sources is to be traced every murder that master-fiend committed. His cowardice was of a peculiar and strange sort; for it was accompanied with the most unscrupulous and determined *will*—a will that Napoleon revered, a will of iron, and yet nerves of aspen. Mentally, he was a hero—physically, a dastard. When the veriest shadow of danger threatened his person, the frame cowered, but the will swept the danger to

the slaughter-house. So there he sat, bolt upright—his small, lean fingers clenched convulsively—his sullen eyes straining into space, their whites yellowed with streaks of corrupt blood, his ears literally moving to and fro like the ignobler animal's, to catch every sound—a Dionysius in his cave,—but his posture decorous and collected, and every formal hair in its frizzled place.

“ Yes, yes,” he said, in a muttered tone, “ I hear them ; my good Jacobins are at their post on the stairs. Pity they swear so ! I have a law against oaths—the manners of the poor and virtuous people must be reformed. When all is safe, an example or two amongst those good Jacobins would make effect. Faithful fellows, how they love me ! Hum!—what an oath was that!—they need not swear so loud—upon the very staircase, too ! It detracts from my reputation. Ha ! steps !”

The soliloquist glanced at the opposite mirror, and took up a volume ; he seemed absorbed in its contents, as a tall fellow, a bludgeon in his

hand, a girdle, adorned with pistols, round his waist, opened the door, and announced two visitors. The one was a young man, said to resemble Robespierre in person ; but of a far more decided and resolute expression of countenance. He entered first, and looking over the volume in Robespierre's hand, for the latter seemed still intent on his lecture, exclaimed—

“What! Rousseau's Heloise? A love tale!”

“Dear Payan, it is not the love—it is the philosophy that charms me. What noble sentiments!—what ardour of virtue! If Jean Jacques had but lived to see this day!”

While the Dictator thus commented on his favourite author, whom, in his orations, he laboured hard to imitate, the second visitor was wheeled into the room in a chair. This man was also in what, to most, is the prime of life.—viz., about thirty-eight; but he was literally dead in the lower limbs;—crippled, paralytic, distorted, he was yet, as the time soon came

to tell him—a Hercules in Crime! But the sweetest of human smiles dwelt upon his lips, a beauty almost angelic characterized his features;* an inexpressible aspect of kindness, and the resignation of suffering but cheerful benignity, stole into the hearts of those who for the first time beheld him. With the most caressing, silver, flute-like voice, Citizen Couthon saluted the admirer of Jean Jacques.

“Nay—do not say that it is not the *love* that attracts thee; it *is* the love! but not the gross, sensual attachment of man for woman. No! the sublime affection for the whole human race, and indeed for all that lives!”

And citizen Couthon, bending down, fondled the little spaniel that he invariably carried in his bosom, even to the Convention, as a vent

* “Figure d’Ange,” says one of his contemporaries, in describing Couthon. The address, drawn up most probably by Payan, (Thermidor 9,) after the arrest of Robespierre, thus mentions his crippled colleague—“Couthon, ce citoyen vertueux, *qui n’a que le cœur et la tête de vivants*, mais qui les a brûlants de patriotisme.”

for the exuberant sensibilities which overflowed his affectionate heart.*

“Yes, for all that lives,” repeated Robespierre, tenderly. “Good Couthon—poor Couthon! Ah, the malice of men!—how we are misrepresented! To be calumniated as the executioners of our colleagues! Ah, it is *that* which pierces the heart! To be an object of terror to the

* This tenderness for some pet animal was by no means peculiar to Couthon; it seems rather a common fashion with the gentle butchers of the revolution. M. George Duval informs us (“Souvenirs de la Terreur,” vol. iii. p. 183) that Chaumette had an aviary, to which he devoted his harmless leisure; the murderous Fournier carried, on his shoulders, a pretty little squirrel, attached by a silver chain; Panis bestowed the superfluity of his affections upon two gold pheasants; and Marat, who would not abate one of the three hundred thousand heads he demanded, *reared doves!* Apropos of the spaniel of Couthon, Duval gives us an amusing anecdote of Sergent, not one of the least relentless agents of the massacre of September. A lady came to implore his protection for one of her relations confined in the Abbaye. He scarcely deigned to speak to her. As she retired in despair, she trod by accident on the paw of his favourite spaniel. Sergent, turning round, enraged and furious, exclaimed—“*Madam, have you no humanity!*”

enemies of our country—*that* is noble ; but to be an object of terror to the good, the patriotic, to those one loves and reveres—*that* is the most terrible of human tortures ; at least, to a susceptible and honest heart !”*

“ How I love to hear him !” ejaculated Couthon.

“ Hem !” said Payan, with some impatience.

“ But now to business !”

“ Ah, to business !” said Robespierre, with a sinister glance from his bloodshot eyes.

“ The time has come,” said Payan, “ when the safety of the Republic demands a complete concentration of its power. These brawlers of the *Comité du Salut Public* can only destroy ; they cannot construct. They hated you, Maximilien, from the moment you attempted to replace anarchy by institutions. How they mock

* Not to fatigue the reader with annotations, I may here observe that nearly every sentiment ascribed in the text to Robespierre, is to be found expressed in his various discourses.

at the festival which proclaimed the acknowledgment of a Supreme Being: they would have no ruler, even in heaven! Your clear and vigorous intellect saw that, having wrecked an old world, it became necessary to shape a new one. The first step towards construction must be to destroy the destroyers. While we deliberate, your enemies act. Better this very night to attack the handful of gendarmes that guard them, than to confront the battalions they may raise to-morrow."

"No," said Robespierre, who recoiled before the determined spirit of Payan; "I have a better and a safer plan. This is the 6th of Thermidor; on the 10th—on the 10th, the Convention go in a body to the *Fête Decadaire*. A mob shall form; the *canonniers*, the troops of Henriot, the young pupils de l'*Ecole de Mars*, shall mix in the crowd. Easy, then, to strike the conspirators whom we shall designate to our agents. On the same day, too, Fouquier and Dumas shall not rest; and a sufficient number of "the suspect" to

maintain salutary awe, and keep up the revolutionary excitement, shall perish by the glaive of the law. The 10th shall be the great day of action.—Payan, of these last culprits, have you prepared a list?”

“It is here,” returned Payan, laconically, presenting a paper.

Robespierre glanced over it rapidly. “Collot d’Herbois!—good! Barrère!—ay, it was Barrère who said, ‘Let us strike;—the dead alone never return.’* Vadier, the savage jester!—good—good!—Vadier of the Mountain. He has called me ‘*Mahomet!*’ *Scelerat!* blasphemer!”

“Mahomet is coming to the Mountain,” said Couthon, with his silvery accent, as he caressed his spaniel.

“But how is this? I do not see the name of Tallien! Tallien—I hate that man; that is,” said Robespierre, correcting himself with

* “Frappons! il n’y a que les morts qui ne revient pas.”
—BARRERE.

the hypocrisy or self-deceit which those who formed the council of this phrase-monger exhibited habitually, even among themselves—“that is, Virtue and our Country hate him! There is no man in the whole convention who inspires me with the same horror as Tallien, Couthon, I see a thousand Dantons where Tallien sits!”

“Tallien has the only head that belongs to this deformed body,” said Payan, whose ferocity and crime, like those of St. Just, were not unaccompanied by talents of no common order. “Were it not better to draw away the head, to win, to buy him, for the time, and dispose of him better when left alone? He may hate *you*, but he loves *money!*”

“No,” said Robespierre, writing down the name of Jean-Lambert Tallien, with a slow hand, that shaped each letter with stern distinctness; “that one head *is my necessity!*”

“I have a *small* list here,” said Couthon,

sweetly—"a *very* small list. You are dealing with the Mountain; it is necessary to make a few examples in the Plain. These moderates are as straws which follow the wind. They turned against us yesterday in the Convention. A little terror will correct the weathercocks. Poor creatures! I owe them no ill will; I could weep for them. But, before all, *la chère patrie!*"

The terrible glance of Robespierre devoured the list which the man of sensibility submitted to him. "Ah, these are well chosen; men not of mark enough to be regretted, which is the best policy with the relics of that party; some, foreigners too;—yes, *they* have no parents in Paris. These wives and parents are beginning to plead against us. Their complaints demoralize the guillotine!"

"Couthon is right," said Payan; "*my* list contains those whom it will be safer to despatch *en masse* in the crowd assembled at the fête.

His list selects those whom we may prudently consign to the law. Shall it not be signed at once?"

"It *is* signed," said Robespierre, formally replacing his pen upon the inkstand. "Now to more important matters. These deaths will create no excitement; but Collot d'Herbois, Bourdon De l'Oise, Tallien"—the last name Robespierre gasped as he pronounced—"they are the heads of parties. This is life or death to us as well as them."

"Their heads are the footstools to your curule chair," said Payan, in a half whisper. "There is no danger, if we are bold. Judges, juries, all have been your selection. You seize with one hand the army, with the other, the law. Your voice yet commands the people——"

"The poor and virtuous people," murmured Robespierre.

"And even," continued Payan, "if our design at the Fête fail us, we must not shrink from the

resources still at our command. Reflect! Henriot, the general of the Parisian army, furnishes you with troops to arrest; the Jacobin club with a public to approve; inexorable Dumas with judges who never acquit. We must be bold!"

"And we *are* bold!" exclaimed Robespierre, with sudden passion, and striking his hand on the table as he rose, with his crest erect, as a serpent in the act to strike. "In seeing the multitude of vices that the revolutionary torrent mingles with civic virtues, I tremble to be sullied in the eyes of posterity by the impure neighbourhood of these perverse men, who thrust themselves among the sincere defenders of humanity. What!—they think to divide the country like a booty! I thank them for their hatred to all that is virtuous and worthy! These men"—and he grasped the list of Payan in his hand—"these!—not *we*—have thrown the line of demarcation between themselves and the lovers of France!"

“True, we must reign alone!” muttered Payan; “in other words, the state needs unity of will;” working, with his strong practical mind, the corollary from the logic of his word-compelling colleague!

“I will go to the Convention,” continued Robespierre. “I have absented myself too long—lest I might seem to overawe the republic that I have created. Away with such scruples! I will prepare the people! I will blast the traitors with a look!”

He spoke with the terrible firmness of the orator that had never failed—of the moral will that marched like a warrior on the cannon. At that instant he was interrupted; a letter was brought to him; he opened it; his face fell—he shook from limb to limb; it was one of the anonymous warnings by which the hate and revenge of those yet left alive to threaten tortured the death-giver.

“Thou art smeared,” ran the lines, “with

the best blood of France. Read thy sentence ! I await the hour when the people shall knell thee to the doomsman. If my hope deceive me, if deferred too long—hearken—read ! This hand, which thine eyes shall search in vain to discover, shall pierce thy heart. I see thee every day—I am with thee every day. At each hour my arm rises against thy breast. Wretch ! live yet awhile, though but for few and miserable days—live to think of me—sleep to dream of me ! Thy terror, and thy thought of me, are the heralds of thy doom. Adieu ! this day itself, I go forth to riot on thy fears !”*

“Your lists are not full enough !” said the tyrant, with a hollow voice, as the paper dropped from his trembling hand. “Give them me—give them me ! Think again—think again ! Barrère is right—right ! ‘Frappons ! il n’y a que les morts qui ne revient pas !’”

* See *Papiers inedit*, trouvés chez Robespierre, &c.—vol. ii. p. 155. (No. lx.)

CHAPTER II.

La haine dans ces lieux n'a qu'un glaive assassin.

Elle marche dans l'ombre.

LAMARPE, *Jeanne de Naples*, Act. iv. sc. 1.

WHILE such the designs and fears of Maximilien Robespierre, common danger — common hatred, whatever was yet left of mercy or of virtue, in the agents of the Revolution, served to unite strange opposites in hostility to the universal death-dealer. There was, indeed, an actual conspiracy at work against him among men little less bespattered than himself with innocent blood. But that conspiracy would have been idle of itself, despite the abilities of Tallien and

Barras, (the only men whom it comprised worthy, by foresight and energy, the names of "leaders.") The sure and destroying elements that gathered round the tyrant, were Time and Nature; the one, which he no longer suited; the other, which he had outraged and stirred up in the human breast. The most atrocious party of the Revolution, the followers of Hébert, gone to his last account, the butcher-atheists, who, in desecrating heaven and earth, still arrogated inviolable sanctity to themselves, were equally enraged at the execution of their filthy chief, and the proclamation of a Supreme Being. The populace, brutal as it had been, started as from a dream of blood, when their huge idol, Danton, no longer filled the stage of terror, rendering crime popular by that combination of careless frankness and eloquent energy which endears their heroes to the herd. The *glaiive* of the guillotine had turned against *themselves!* They had yelled and shouted, and sung

and danced, when the venerable age, or the gallant youth, of aristocracy or letters, passed by their streets in the dismal tumbrils; but they shut up their shops, and murmured to each other, when their own order was invaded, and tailors and cobblers, and journeymen and labourers, were huddled off to the embraces of the "Holy Mother Guillotine," with as little ceremony as if they had been the Montmorencies or the La Tremouilles, the Malesherbes or the Lavoisiers. "At this time," said Couthon, justly, "*Les ombres de Danton, d'Hébert, de Chaumette, se promènent parmi nous!*"

Among those who had shared the doctrines, and who now dreaded the fate, of the atheist Hébert, was the painter, Jean Nicot. Mortified and enraged to find that, by the death of his patron, his career was closed; and that, in the zenith of the Revolution for which he had laboured, he was lurking in caves and cellars, more poor, more obscure, more despicable than

he had been at the commencement,—not daring to exercise even his art, and fearful every hour that his name would swell the lists of the condemned; he was naturally one of the bitterest enemies of Robespierre and his government. He held secret meetings with Collot d'Herbois, who was animated by the same spirit; and with the creeping and furtive craft that characterized his abilities, he contrived, undetected, to disseminate tracts and invectives against the Dictator, and to prepare, amidst "the poor and virtuous people," the train for the grand explosion. But still so firm to the eyes, even of profounder politicians than Jean Nicot, appeared the sullen power of the incorruptible Maximilien; so timorous was the movement against him, that Nicot, in common with many others, placed his hopes rather in the dagger of the assassin, than the revolt of the multitude. But Nicot, though not actually a coward, shrunk himself from braving the fate of the martyr; he

had sense enough to see that though all parties might rejoice in the assassination, all parties would probably concur in beheading the assassin. He had not the virtue to become a Brutus. His object was to inspire a proxy-Brutus; and in the centre of that inflammable population, this was no improbable hope.

Amongst those loudest and sternest against the reign of blood—amongst those most disenchanted of the Revolution—amongst those most appalled by its excesses, was, as might be expected, the Englishman, Clarence Glyndon. The wit and accomplishments, the uncertain virtues that had lighted with fitful gleams the mind of Camille Desmoulins, had fascinated Glyndon, more than the qualities of any other agent in the Revolution. And when (for Camille Desmoulins had a heart, which seemed dead or dormant in most of his contemporaries) that vivid child of genius and of error, shocked at the massacre of the Girondins, and repentant

of his own efforts against them, began to rouse the serpent malice of Robespierre by new doctrines of mercy and toleration, Glyndon espoused his views with his whole strength and soul. Camille Desmoulins perished, and Glyndon, hopeless at once of his own life and the cause of humanity, from that time, sought only the occasion of flight from the devouring Golgotha. He had two lives to heed besides his own; for them he trembled, and for them he schemed and plotted the means of escape. Though Glyndon hated the principles, the party,* and the vices of Nicot, he yet extended to the painter's penury the means of subsistence; and Jean Nicot in return, designed to exalt Glyn-

* None were more opposed to the Hébertists than Camille Desmoulins and his friends. It is curious and amusing to see these leaders of the mob, calling the mob "the people," one day, and the "canaille" the next, according as it suits them. "I know," says Camille, "that they, the Hébertists, have all the canaille with them." (Ils ont toute la canaille pour eux.)

don to that very immortality of a Brutus, from which he modestly recoiled himself. He founded his designs on the physical courage, on the wild and unsettled fancies of the English artist; and on the vehement hate, and indignant loathing, with which he openly regarded the government of Maximilien.

At the same hour, on the same day in July, in which Robespierre conferred, (as we have seen,) with his allies, two persons were seated in a small room, in one of the streets leading out of the Rue St. Honoré: the one, a man, appeared listening impatiently, and with a sullen brow, to his companion, a woman of singular beauty, but with a bold and reckless expression, and her face as she spoke was animated by the passions of a half savage and vehement nature.

“Englishman,” said the woman, “beware!— you know that, whether in flight or at the

place of death, I would brave all to be by your side—you know *that!* Speak!"

"Well, Fillide; did I ever doubt your fidelity?"

"Doubt it you cannot—betray it you may. You tell me that in flight you must have a companion besides myself, and that companion is a female. It shall not be!"

"Shall not!"

"It shall not!" repeated Fillide, firmly, and folding her arms across her breast; before Glyndon could reply, a slight knock at the door was heard, and Nicot opened the latch and entered.

Fillide sunk into her chair, and, leaning her face on her hands, appeared unheeding of the intruder, and the conversation that ensued.

"I cannot bid thee good day, Glyndon," said Nicot, as in his *sans-culotte* fashion he strode towards the artist, his ragged hat on his head, his hands in his pockets, and the beard of a week's growth upon his chin—"I cannot bid

thee good day, for while the tyrant lives, evil is every sun that sheds its beams on France."

"It is true; what then? We have sowed the wind, we must reap the whirlwind."

"And yet," said Nicot, apparently not hearing the reply, and as if musingly to himself, "it is strange to think that the butcher is as mortal as the butchered—that his life hangs on as slight a thread—that between the cuticle and the heart there is as short a passage—that, in short, one blow can free France, and redeem mankind!"

Glyndon surveyed the speaker with a careless and haughty scorn, and made no answer.

"And," proceeded Nicot, "I have sometimes looked around for the man born for this destiny, and whenever I have done so, my steps have led me hither!"

"Should they not rather have led thee to the side of Maximilien Robespierre?" said Glyndon, with a sneer.

“No,” returned Nicot, coldly—“no; for I am a ‘*suspect*’—I could not mix with his train; I could not approach within a hundred yards of his person, but I should be seized; *you*, as yet, are safe. Hear me!” and his voice became earnest and expressive—“Hear me! There seems danger in this action; there is none. I have been with Collot d’Herbois and Billaud-Varennes; they will hold him harmless who strikes the blow; the populace would run to thy support; the Convention would hail thee as their deliverer—the——”

“Hold, man! How darest thou couple my name with the act of an assassin? Let the tocsin sound from yonder tower, to a war between Humanity and the Tyrant, and I will not be the last in the field; but liberty never yet acknowledged a defender in a felon.”

There was something so brave and noble in Glyndon’s voice, mien, and manner, as he thus spoke, that Nicot at once was silenced;

at once he saw that he had misjudged the man.

“No,” said Fillide, lifting her face from her hands—“no! your friend has a wiser scheme in preparation: he would leave you wolves to mangle each other. He is right; but—

“Flight!” exclaimed Nicot; “is it possible? Flight! how?—when?—by what means? All France begirt with spies and guards! Flight! would to Heaven it were in our power!”

“Dost thou, too, desire to escape the blessed Revolution?”

“Desire! Oh!” cried Nicot, suddenly, and, falling down, he clasped Glyndon’s knees—“Oh! save me with thyself! My life is a torture; every moment the guillotine frowns before me. I know that my hours are numbered; I know that the tyrant waits but his time to write my name in his inexorable list; I know that René Dumas, the Judge who never pardons, has, from the first, resolved upon my death. Oh!

Glyndon, by our old friendship—by our common art—by thy loyal English faith, and good English heart, let me share thy flight !”

“If thou wilt, so be it.”

“Thanks!—my whole life shall thank thee. But how hast thou prepared the means—the passports, the disguise, the——”

“I will tell thee. Thou knowest C——, of the Convention—he has power, and he is covetous. ‘*Qu'on me meprise pourvu que je dine*’ said he, when reproached for his avarice.”

“Well?”

“By the help of this sturdy republican, who has friends enough in the *Comité*, I have obtained the means necessary for flight; I have purchased them: For a consideration, I can procure thy passport also.”

“Thy riches, then, are not in *assignats*?”

“No, I have gold enough for us all.”

And here Glyndon, beckoning Nicot into

the next room, first briefly and rapidly detailed to him the plan proposed, and the disguises to be assumed conformably to the passports, and then added—"In return for the service I render thee, grant me one favour, which I think is in thy power. Thou rememberest Viola Pisani?"

"Ah—remember! yes!—and the lover with whom she fled."

"And *from* whom she is a fugitive now."

"Indeed—what!—I understand. *Sacre bleu!* but you are a lucky fellow, *cher confrère*."

"Silence, man! with thy eternal prate of brotherhood and virtue, thou seemest never to believe in one kindly action, or one virtuous thought!"

Nicot bit his lip, and replied, sullenly, "Experience is a great undeceiver. Humph! What service can I do thee, with regard to the Italian?"

"I have been accessory to her arrival in this city of snares and pitfalls. I cannot leave her alone amidst dangers from which neither inno-

cence nor obscurity are safeguards. In your blessed Republic, a good and unsuspected citizen, who casts a desire on any woman, maid or wife, has but to say, 'Be mine, or I denounce you!'—In a word, Viola must share our flight."

"What so easy? I see your passports provide for her."

"What so easy! What so difficult? This Fillide—would that I had never seen her!—would I had never enslaved my soul to my senses! The love of an uneducated, violent, unprincipled woman, opens with a heaven, to merge in a hell! She is jealous as all the Furies, she will not hear of a female companion;—and when once she sees the beauty of Viola!—I tremble to think of it. She is capable of any excess in the storm of her passions."

"Aha, I know what such women are! My wife, Beatrice Sacchini, whom I took from Naples, when I failed with this very Viola,

divorced me when my money failed, and, as the mistress of a Judge, passes me in her carriage while I crawl through the streets. Plague on her!—but patience, patience! such is the lot of virtue. Would I were Robespierre for a day!”

“Cease these tirades!” exclaimed Glyndon, impatiently; “and to the point. What would you advise?”

“Leave your Fillide behind.”

“Leave her to her own ignorance—leave her unprotected even by the mind—leave her in the saturnalia of Rape and Murder? No! I have sinned against her once. But come what may, I will not so basely desert one who, with all her errors, trusted her fate to my love.”

“You deserted her at Marseilles.”

“True; but I left her in safety, and I did not then believe her love to be so deep and faithful. I left her gold, and I imagined she would be easily consoled; but, since then, *we have known danger together!* And now to leave

her alone to that danger which she would never have incurred, but for devotion to me!—no, that is impossible! A project occurs to me. Canst thou not say that thou hast a sister, a relative, or a benefactress, whom thou wouldst save? Can we not—till we have left France—make Fillide believe that Viola is one in whom *thou only art interested*; and whom, for thy sake only, I permit to share in our escape?”

“Ha, well thought of!—certainly!”

“I will then appear to yield to Fillide’s wishes, and resign the project, which she so resents, of saving the innocent object of her frantic jealousy. You, meanwhile, shall yourself entreat Fillide to intercede with me, to extend the means of escape to——”

“To a lady (she knows I have no sister) who has aided me in my distress. Yes, I will manage all, never fear. One word more—what has become of that Zanoni?”

“Talk not of him—I know not.”

“Does he love this girl still?”

“It would seem so. She is his wife, the mother of his infant, who is with her.”

“Wife!—mother! He loves her! Aha! And why——”

“No questions now. I will go and prepare Viola for the flight; you, meanwhile, return to Fillide.”

“But the address of the Neapolitan? It is necessary I should know, lest Fillide inquire.”

“Rue M—— T——, No. 27. Adieu.”

Glyndon seized his hat, and hastened from the house.

Nicot, left alone, seemed for a few moments buried in thought. “Oho!” he muttered to himself, “can I not turn all this to my account? Can I not avenge myself on thee, Zanoni, as I have so often sworn—through thy wife and child? Can I not possess myself of thy gold, thy passports, and thy Fillide, hot Englishman, who wouldst humble me with thy loathed benefits, and who hast chucked me thine alms as to a beggar? And Fillide, I love her; and

thy gold, I love *that* more! Puppets, I move your strings!"

He passed slowly into the chamber where Fillide yet sat, with gloomy thought on her brow and tears standing in her dark eyes. She looked up eagerly as the door opened, and turned from the rugged face of Nicot with an impatient movement of disappointment.

"Glyndon," said the painter, drawing a chair to Fillide's, "has left me to enliven your solitude, fair Italian. He is not jealous of the ugly Nicot;—ha! ha!—yet Nicot loved thee well once, when his fortunes were more fair. But enough of such past follies."

"Your friend, then, has left the house. Whither? Ah! you look away—you falter—you cannot meet my eyes! Speak! I implore, I command thee, speak!"

"*Enfant!* and what dost thou fear?"

"*Fear!*—yes, alas, I fear!" said the Italian; and her whole frame seemed to shrink into itself as she fell once more back into her seat.

Then, after a pause, she tossed the long hair from her eyes, and, starting up abruptly, paced the room with disordered strides. At length she stopped opposite to Nicot, laid her hand on his arm, drew him towards an escritoire, which she unlocked, and opening a well, pointed to the gold that lay within, and said—"Thou art poor—thou lovest money; take what thou wilt; but undeceive me! Who is this woman whom thy friend visits?—and does he love her?"

Nicot's eyes sparkled, and his hands opened and clenched, and clenched and opened, as he gazed upon the coins. But reluctantly resisting the impulse, he said, with an affected bitterness—"Thinkest thou to bribe me?—if so, it cannot be with gold. But what if he does love a rival?—what if he betrays thee?—what if, wearied by thy jealousies, he designs in his flight to leave thee behind?—would such knowledge make thee happier?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the Italian, fiercely; "yes,

for it would be happiness to hate and to be avenged! Oh, thou knowest not how sweet is hatred to those who have really loved!"

"But wilt thou swear, if I reveal to thee the secret, that thou wilt not betray me—that thou wilt not fall, as women do, into weak tears and fond reproaches when thy betrayer returns?"

"Tears—reproaches!—Revenge hides itself in smiles!"

"Thou art a brave creature!" said Nicot, almost admiringly. "One condition more: thy lover designs to fly with his new love, to leave thee to thy fate; if I prove this to thee, and if I give thee revenge against thy rival, wilt thou fly with me. I love thee!—I will wed thee!"

Fillide's eyes flashed fire; she looked at him with unutterable disdain, and was silent.

Nicot felt he had gone too far; and with that knowledge of the evil part of our nature, which his own heart and association with crime

had taught him, he resolved to trust the rest to the passions of the Italian, when raised to the height to which he was prepared to lead them.

“Pardon me,” he said; “my love made me too presumptuous; and yet it is only that love,—my sympathy for thee, beautiful and betrayed, that can induce me to wrong, with my revelations, one whom I have regarded as a brother. I can depend upon thine oath to conceal all from Glyndon?”

“On my oath, and my wrongs, and my mountain blood!”

“Enough! get thy hat and mantle, and follow me!”

As Fillide left the room, Nicot’s eyes again rested on the gold; it was much—much more than he had dared to hope for; and as he peered into the well, and opened the drawers, he perceived a packet of letters in the well-known hand of Camille Desmoulins. He seized

—he opened the packet; his looks brightened as he glanced over a few sentences. “This would give fifty Glyndons to the guillotine!” he muttered, and thrust the packet into his bosom.

O Artist!—O haunted one!—O erring Genius!—Behold the two worst foes—the False Ideal that knows no God, and the False Love that burns from the corruption of the senses, and takes no lustre from the soul!

CHAPTER III.

Liebe sonnt das Reich der Nacht

DER TRIUMPH DER LIEBE.

LETTER FROM ZANONI TO MEJNOUR.

Paris.

Dost thou remember in the old time, when the Beautiful yet dwelt in Greece, how we two, in the vast Athenian Theatre, witnessed the birth of Divine Words as undying as ourselves? Dost thou remember the thrill of terror that ran through that mighty audience, when the wild Cassandra burst from her awful silence to shriek to her relentless god? How ghastly, at the entrance of the House of Atreus, about to become her tomb—rang out her exclamations

of foreboding woe — “ Dwelling abhorred of Heaven !—human shamle-house, and floor blood-bespattered !” * Dost thou remember how, amidst the breathless awe of those assembled thousands, I drew close to thee, and whispered, “ Verily, no prophet like the Poet ! This scene of fabled horror comes to me as a dream, shadowing forth some likeness in my own remoter future !” As I enter this slaughter-house, that scene returns to me, and I hearken to the voice of Cassandra ringing in my ears. A solemn and warning dread gathers round me, as if I too were come to find a grave, and “ the Net of Hades ” had already entangled me in its web ! What dark treasure-houses of vicissitude and woe are our memories become ! What our lives, but the chronicles of unrelenting Death ! It seems to me as yesterday when I stood in the streets of this city of the Gaul, as they shone with plumed chivalry, and the air rustled with

* Æsch. Agam., 1098.

silken braveries. Young Louis, the monarch and the lover, was victor of the Tournament at the Carousel; and all France felt herself splendid in the splendour of her gorgeous chief! Now there is neither throne nor altar; and what is in their stead? I see it yonder—THE GUILLOTINE! It is dismal to stand amidst the ruins of mouldering cities, to startle the serpent and the lizard amidst the wrecks of Persepolis and Thebes; but more dismal still to stand as I—the stranger from empires that have ceased to be—stand now amidst the yet ghastlier ruins of Law and Order, the shattering of mankind themselves! Yet here, even here, Love, the Beautifier, that hath led my steps, can walk with unshrinking hope through the wilderness of Death! Strange is the passion that makes a world in itself, that individualizes the One amidst the Multitude; that, through all the changes of my solemn life, yet survives, though ambition, and hate, and anger are dead; the

one solitary angel, hovering over an universe of tombs on its two tremulous and human wings—
Hope and Fear!

How is it, Mejnour, that, as my diviner art abandoned me—as, in my search for Viola, I was aided but by the ordinary instincts of the merest mortal—how is it that I have never desponded, that I have felt in every difficulty the prevailing prescience that we should meet at last? So cruelly was every vestige of her flight concealed from me — so suddenly, so secretly had she fled, that all the spies, all the authorities of Venice, could give me no clue. All Italy I searched in vain! Her young home at Naples! — how still, in its humble chambers, there seemed to linger the fragrance of her presence! All the sublimest secrets of our lore failed me—failed to bring her soul visible to mine; yet, morning and night, thou lone and childless one, morning and night, detached from myself, I can commune with my

child! There, in that most blessed, typical, and mysterious of all relations, Nature herself appears to supply what Science would refuse. Space cannot separate the Father's watchful soul from the cradle of his first-born! I know not of its resting-place and home—my visions picture not the land—only the small and tender life to which all space is as yet the heritage! For to the infant, before reason dawns—before man's bad passions can dim the essence that it takes from the element it hath left, there is no peculiar country, no native city, and no mortal language. Its soul as yet is the denizen of all airs and of every world; and in space its soul meets with mine—the Child communes with the Father! Cruel and forsaking one—thou for whom I left the wisdom of the spheres—thou, whose fatal dower has been the weakness and terrors of humanity—couldst thou think that young soul less safe on earth because I would lead it evermore up to Heaven! Didst thou think that I could have wronged mine

own? Didst thou not know that in its serenest eyes the life that I gave it spoke to warn, to upbraid the mother who would bind it to the darkness and pangs of the prison-house of clay? Didst thou not feel that it was I who, permitted by the Heavens, shielded it from suffering and disease? And in its wondrous beauty, I blessed the holy medium through which, at last, my spirit might confer with thine!

And how have I tracked them hither? I learned that thy pupil had been at Venice. I could not trace the young and gentle Neophyte of Parthenope in the description of the haggard and savage visitor who had come to Viola before she fled; but when I would have summoned his IDEA before me, it refused to obey; and I knew then that his fate had become entwined with Viola's. I have tracked him, then, to this Lazar House; I arrived but yesterday; I have not yet discovered him.

.
.

I have just returned from their courts of justice—dens where tigers arraign their prey. I find not whom I would seek. They are saved as yet; but I recognise in the crimes of mortals the dark wisdom of the Everlasting. Mejnour, I see here, for the first time, how majestic and beautiful a thing is Death! Of what sublime virtues we robbed ourselves, when, in the thirst for virtue, we attained the art by which we can refuse to die!—When, in some happy clime, where to breathe is to enjoy, the charnel-house swallows up the young and fair—when, in the noble pursuit of knowledge, Death comes to the student, and shuts out the enchanted land, which was opening to his gaze, how natural for us to desire to live; how natural to make perpetual life the first object of research! But here, from my tower of time, looking over the darksome past and into the starry future, I learn how great hearts feel what sweetness and glory there is to die for

the things they love! I saw a father sacrificing himself for his son; he was subjected to charges which a word of his could dispel—he was mistaken for his boy. With what joy he seized the error—confessed the noble crimes of valour and fidelity which the son had indeed committed—and went to the doom, exulting that his death saved the life he had given, not in vain! I saw women, young, delicate, in the bloom of their beauty; they had vowed themselves to the cloister. Hands smeared with the blood of saints opened the grate that had shut them from the world, and bade them go forth, forget their vows, forswear the Divine One these dæmons would depose, find lovers and helpmates, and be free. And some of these young hearts had loved, and even, though in struggles, loved yet. Did they forswear the vow? Did they abandon the faith? Did even love allure them? Mejnour, with one voice, they preferred to die! And whence

comes this courage? because such *hearts live in some more abstract, and holier life than their own. . But to live for ever upon this earth, is to live in nothing diviner than ourselves.* Yes, even amidst this gory butcherdom, God, the Ever-
 living, vindicates to man the sanctity of His servant, Death!

.

Again I have seen thee in spirit; I have seen and blessed thee, my sweet child! Dost thou not know me also in thy dreams? Dost thou not feel the beating of my heart through the veil of thy rosy slumbers? Dost thou not hear the wings of the brighter beings that I yet can conjure around thee, to watch, to nourish, and to save? And when the spell fades at thy waking, when thine eyes open to the day, will they not look round for me, and ask thy mother, with their mute eloquence, “why she has robbed thee of a father?”

Woman, dost thou not repent thee? Flying from imaginary fears, hast thou not come to the very lair of terror, where Danger sits visible and incarnate? Oh, if we could but meet, wouldst thou not fall upon the bosom thou hast so wronged, and feel, poor wanderer of the storms, as if thou hadst regained the shelter? Mejnour, still my researches fail me. I mingle with all men, even their judges and their spies, but I cannot yet gain the clue. I know that she is here. I know it by an instinct; the breath of my child seems warmer and more familiar.

They peer at me with venemous looks, as I pass through their streets. With a glance I disarm their malice, and fascinate the basilisks. Everywhere I see the track and scent the presence of the Ghostly One that dwells on the threshold, and whose victims are the souls that would *aspire*, and can only *fear*. I see its dim shapelessness going before the men of blood, and marshalling their way. Robespierre

passed me with his furtive step. Those eyes of horror were gnawing into his heart. I looked down upon their Senate; the grim Phantom sat cowering on its floor. It hath taken up its abode in the city of Dread. And what in truth are these would-be builders of a new world? Like the students who have vainly struggled after our supreme science, they have attempted what is beyond their power; they have passed from this solid earth of usages and forms, into the land of shadow; and its loathsome keeper has seized them as its prey. I looked into the tyrant's shuddering soul, as it trembled past me. There, amidst the ruins of a thousand systems which aimed at virtue, sat Crime, and shivered at its desolation. Yet this man is the only Thinker, the only Aspirant, amongst them all. He still looks for a future of peace and mercy, to begin—ay! at what date! When he has swept away every foe. Fool! new foes spring from every drop of blood. Led by the

eyes of the Unutterable, he is walking to his doom.

O Viola, thy innocence protects thee! Thou whom the sweet humanities of love shut out even from the dreams of aerial and spiritual beauty, making thy heart an universe of visions fairer than the wanderer over the rosy Hesperus can survey—shall not the same pure affection encompass thee even here, with a charmed atmosphere; and terror itself fall harmless on a life too innocent for wisdom?

.
.

CHAPTER IV.

Ombra più che di notte, in cui di luce
Raggio misto non è, tutto il cerconda.

.
Nè più il palagio appar, nè più le sue
Vestigia ; nè dir puossi—egli qui fue.

GER. LIB., canto xvi—lxix.

THE clubs are noisy with clamorous frenzy ; the leaders are grim with schemes. Black Henriot flies here and there, muttering to his armed troops—" Robespierre, your beloved, is in danger !" Robespierre stalks perturbed, his list of victims swelling every hour. Tallien, the Macduff to the doomed Macbeth, is whispering courage to his pale conspirators. Along the streets heavily roll the tumbrils. The shops are closed—the

people are gorged with gore and will lap no more. And night after-night, to the eighty theatres flock the children of the Revolution, to laugh at the quips of comedy, and weep gentle tears over imaginary woes!

In a small chamber, in the heart of the city, sits the mother, watching over her child! It is quiet, happy noon; the sunlight, broken by the tall roofs in the narrow street, comes yet through the open casement, the impartial playfellow of the air, gleesome alike in temple and prison, hall and hovel; as golden and as blithe, whether it laugh over the first hour of life, or quiver in its gay delight on the terror and agony of the last! The child, where it lay at the feet of Viola, stretched out its dimpled hands as if to clasp the dancing motes that revelled in the beam. The mother turned her eyes from the glory; it saddened her yet more.—She turned, and sighed.

Is this the same Viola who bloomed fairer

than their own Idalia under the skies of Greece? How changed! How pale and worn! She sat listlessly, her arms drooping on her knee; the smile that was habitual to her lips was gone. A heavy, dull despondency, as if the life of life were no more, seemed to weigh down her youth, and make it weary of that happy sun! In truth, her existence had languished away since it had wandered, as some melancholy stream, from the source that fed it. The sudden enthusiasm of fear or superstition that had almost, as if still in the unconscious movements of a dream, led her to fly from Zanoni, had ceased from the day which dawned upon her in a foreign land. Then—there—she felt that in the smile she had evermore abandoned lived her life. She did not repent—she would not have recalled the impulse that winged her flight. Though the enthusiasm was gone, the superstition yet remained; she still believed she had saved her child from that dark and guilty sor-

cery, concerning which the traditions of all lands are prodigal, but in none do they find such credulity, or excite such dread, as in the South of Italy. This impression was confirmed by the mysterious conversations of Glyndon, and by her own perception of the fearful change that had passed over one who represented himself as the victim of the enchanters. She did not, therefore, repent—but her very volition seemed gone.

On their arrival at Paris, Viola saw her companion—the faithful wife—no more. Ere three weeks were passed, husband and wife had ceased to live.

And now, for the first time, the drudgeries of this hard earth claimed the beautiful Neapolitan. In that profession, giving voice and shape to poetry and song, in which her first years were passed, there is, while it lasts, an excitement in the art that lifts it from the labour of a calling. Hovering between two lives, the Real and Ideal, dwells the life of music and the stage.

But that was lost evermore to the idol of the eyes and ears of Naples. Lifted to the higher realm of passionate love, it seemed as if the fictitious genius which represents the thoughts of others was merged in the genius that grows all thought itself. It had been the worst infidelity to the Lost, to have descended again to live on the applause of others. And so—for she would not accept alms from Glyndon—so, by the commonest arts, the humblest industry which the sex knows, alone and unseen, she, who had slept on the breast of Zanoni, found a shelter for their child. As when, in the noble verse prefixed to this chapter, Armida herself has destroyed her enchanted palace,—not a vestige of that bower, raised of old by Poetry and Love, remained to say “it had been !”

And the child avenged the father: it bloomed—it thrived—it waxed strong in the light of life. But still it seemed haunted and preserved by some other being then

her own. In its sleep there was that slumber, so deep and rigid, which a thunderbolt could not have disturbed; and in such sleep often it moved its arms, as to embrace the air: often its lips stirred with murmured sounds of indistinct affection—*not for her*; and all the while upon its cheeks a hue of such celestial bloom—upon its lips, a smile of such mysterious joy! Then when it waked, its eyes did not turn first to *her*—wistful, earnest, wandering, they roved around, to fix on her pale face, at last, in mute sorrow and reproach.

Never had Viola felt before how mighty was her love for Zanoni; how thought, feeling, heart, soul, life—all lay crushed and dormant in the icy absence to which she had doomed herself! She heard not the roar without, she felt not one amidst those stormy millions,—worlds of excitement labouring through every hour. Only when Glyndon, haggard, wan, and spectre-like,

glided in, day after day, to visit her, did the fair daughter of the careless South know how heavy and universal was the Death-Air that girt her round. Sublime in her passive unconsciousness—her mechanic life—she sat, and feared not, in the den of the Beasts of Prey!

The door of the room opened abruptly, and Glyndon entered. His manner was more agitated than usual.

“Is it you, Clarence?” she said, in her soft, languid tones. “You are before the hour I expected you.”

“Who can count on his hours at Paris?” returned Glyndon, with a frightful smile. “Is it not enough that I am here? Your apathy in the midst of these sorrows, appals me. You say calmly, ‘Farewell!’—calmly you bid me ‘Welcome!’—as if in every corner there was not a spy, and as if every day there was not a massacre!”

“Pardon me! But in these walls lies my

world. I can hardly credit all the tales you tell me. Everything here, save *that*," (and she pointed to the infant,) "seems already so lifeless, that in the tomb itself one could scarcely less heed the crimes that are done without."

Glyndon paused for a few moments, and gazed with strange and mingled feelings upon that face and form, still so young, and yet so invested with that saddest of all repose,—when the heart feels old.

"Oh, Viola!" said he, at last, and in a voice of suppressed passion; "was it thus I ever thought to see you—ever thought to feel for you, when we two first met in the gay haunts of Naples? Ah! why then did you refuse my love?—or why was mine not worthy of you? Nay, shrink not!—let me touch your hand. No passion so sweet as that youthful love can return to me again. I feel for you but as a brother for some younger and lonely sister. With you, in your presence, sad though it be, I seem to breathe

back the purer air of my early life. Here alone, unless in scenes of turbulence and tempest, the Phantom ceases to pursue me. I forget even the Death that stalks behind, and haunts me as my shadow. But better days may be in store for us yet. Viola, I at last begin dimly to perceive how to baffle and subdue the Phantom that has cursed my life—it is to brave, and defy it. In sin and in riot, as I have told thee, it haunts me not. But I comprehend now what Mejnour said in his dark apothegms, ‘that I should dread the spectre most *when unseen.*’ In virtuous and calm resolution it appears—ay, I behold it now—there—there, with its livid eyes!” (and the drops fell from his brow.) “But it shall no longer daunt me from that resolution. I face it, and it gradually darkens back into the shade.” He paused,—and his eyes dwelt with a terrible exultation upon the sunlit space; then, with a heavy and deep-drawn breath, he resumed — “Viola, I have found the means

of escape. We will leave this city. In some other land we will endeavour to comfort each other, and forget the past."

"No," said Viola, calmly; "I have no further wish to stir, till I am borne hence to the last resting-place. I dreamed of him last night, Clarence!—dreamed of him for the first time since we parted: and, do not mock me, methought that he forgave the deserter, and called me 'Wife.' That dream hallows the room. Perhaps it will visit me again before I die."

"Talk not of him—of the demi-fiend!" cried Glyndon, fiercely, and stamping his foot. "Thank the Heavens for any fate that hath rescued thee from him."

"Hush!" said Viola, gravely. And as she was about to proceed, her eye fell upon the child. It was standing in the very centre of that slanting column of light which the sun poured into the chamber; and the rays seemed to surround it as a halo, and settled, crown-like,

on the gold of its shining hair. In its small shape, so exquisitely modelled—in its large, steady, tranquil eyes, there was something that awed, while it charmed the mother's pride. It gazed on Glyndon as he spoke, with a look which almost might have seemed disdain, and which Viola, at least, interpreted as a defence of the Absent, stronger than her own lips could frame.

Glyndon broke the pause.

“Thou wouldst stay,—for what? To betray a mother's duty! If any evil happen to thee here, what becomes of thine infant?—Shall it be brought up an orphan, in a country that has desecrated thy religion, and where human charity exists no more! Ah, weep, and clasp it to thy bosom! But tears do not protect and save.”

“Thou hast conquered, my friend—I will fly with thee.”

“To-morrow night, then, be prepared. I will bring thee the necessary disguises.”

And Glyndon then proceeded to sketch rapidly the outline of the path they were to take, and the story they were to tell. Viola listened, but scarcely comprehended: he pressed her hand to his heart, and departed.

CHAPTER V.

—van seco pur anco

Sdegno ed Amor, quasi due Veltri al fianco.

GER. LIB. cant. XX. cxvii.

GLYNDON did not perceive, as he hurried from the house, two forms crouching by the angle of the wall. He saw still the spectre gliding by his side, but he beheld not the yet more poisonous eyes of human envy and woman's jealousy that glared on his retreating footsteps.

Nicot advanced to the house; Fillide followed him in silence. The Painter, an old *sans-culotte*, knew well what language to assume to the porter. He beckoned the latter from his

lodge—"How is this, Citizen? Thou harbour-est a '*suspect*.'"

"Citizen, you terrify me!—if so, name him."

"It is not a man; a refugee—an Italian woman, lodges here."

"Yes, *au troisième*—the door to the left. But what of her?—she cannot be dangerous, poor child!"

"Citizen, beware! Dost thou dare to pity her?"

"I? No. No, indeed. But——"

"Speak the truth! Who visits her?"

"No one but an Englishman."

"That is it—an Englishman, a spy of Pitt and Coburg."

"Just Heaven!—is it possible?"

"How, citizen! dost thou speak of Heaven? Thou must be an aristocrat!"

"No, indeed; it was but an old, bad habit, and escaped me unawares."

"How often does the Englishman visit her?"

“Daily.”

Fillide uttered an exclamation.

“She never stirs out,” said the porter. “Her sole occupations are in work, and care of her infant.”

“Her infant!”

Fillide made a bound forward. Nicot in vain endeavoured to arrest her. She sprung up the stairs; she paused not till she was before the door indicated by the porter; it stood ajar—she entered,—she stood at the threshold, and beheld that face, still so lovely! The sight of so much beauty left her hopeless. And the child, over whom the mother bent!—she who had never been a mother!—she uttered no sound—the furies were at work within her breast. Viola turned, and saw her; and, terrified by the strange apparition, with features that expressed the deadliest hate, and scorn, and vengeance, uttered a cry, and snatched the child to her bosom. The Italian laughed

aloud—turned, descended, and, gaining the spot where Nicot still conversed with the frightened porter, drew him from the house. When they were in the open street, she halted abruptly, and said, “Avenge me, and name thy price !”

“My price, sweet one ! is but permission to love thee. Thou wilt fly with me to-morrow night ; thou wilt possess thyself of the passports and the plan.”

“And they——”

“Shall, before then, find their asylum in the Conciergerie. The guillotine shall requite thy wrongs.”

“Do this, and I am satisfied,” said Fillide, firmly.

And they spake no more, till they regained the house. But when she there, looking up to the dull building, saw the windows of the room which the belief of Glyndon’s love had once made a paradise, the tiger relented at the

heart; something of the woman gushed back upon her nature, dark and savage as it was. She pressed the arm on which she leant convulsively, and exclaimed—"No, no!—not him! denounce her—let her perish; but I have slept on *his* bosom—not *him!*"

"It shall be as thou wilt," said Nicot, with a devil's sneer; "but he must be arrested for the moment. No harm shall happen to him, for no accuser shall appear. But her—thou wilt not relent for her?"

Fillide turned upon him her eyes, and their dark glance was sufficient answer.

CHAPTER VI.

Vider picciola nave ; e in poppa quella
 Che guidar gli dovea, fatal Donzella.

GER. LIB., cant. xv. 3.

Post ignem æthereâ domo
 Subductum, macies et nova februm
 Terris incubuit cohors.

HORAT.

THE Italian did not overrate that craft of simulation proverbial with her country and her sex. Not a word, not a look that day revealed to Glyndon the deadly change that had converted devotion into hate. He himself, indeed, absorbed in his own schemes, and in reflections on his own strange destiny, was no nice observer. But her manner, milder and more subdued than usual, produced a softening effect

upon his meditations towards the evening; and he then began to converse with her on the certain hope of escape, and on the future that would await them in less unhallowed lands.

“And thy fair friend,” said Fillide, with an averted eye and a false smile, “who was to be our companion? Thou hast resigned her, Nicot tells me, in favour of one in whom he is interested. Is it so?”

“He told thee this!” returned Glyndon, evasively. “Well! does the change content thee?”

“Traitor!” muttered Fillide; and she rose suddenly, approached him, parted the long hair from his forehead, caressingly, and pressed her lips convulsively on his brow.

“This were too fair a head for the doomsman,” said she, with a slight laugh, and, turning away, appeared occupied in preparations for their departure.

The next morning, when he rose, Glyndon did not see the Italian; she was absent from the house when he left it. It was necessary

that he should once more visit C——, before his final departure, not only to arrange for Nicot's participation in the flight, but lest any suspicion should have arisen to thwart or endanger the plan he had adopted. C——, though not one of the immediate coterie of Robespierre, and indeed secretly hostile to him, had possessed the art of keeping well with each faction as it rose to power. Sprung from the dregs of the populace, he had, nevertheless, the grace and vivacity so often found impartially amongst every class in France. He had contrived to enrich himself—none knew how—in the course of his rapid career. He became, indeed, ultimately one of the wealthiest proprietors of Paris, and at that time kept a splendid and hospitable mansion. He was one of those whom, from various reasons, Robespierre deigned to favour; and he had often saved the proscribed and suspected, by procuring them, passports under disguised names, and advising their method of escape. But C—— was a

man who took this trouble only for the rich. 'The incorruptible Maximilien,' who did not want the tyrant's faculty of penetration, probably saw through all his manœuvres, and the avarice which he cloaked beneath his charity. But it was noticeable, that Robespierre frequently seemed to wink at—nay, partially to encourage—such vices in men whom he meant hereafter to destroy, as would tend to lower them in the public estimation, and to contrast with his own austere and unassailable integrity and *purism*. And, doubtless, he often grimly smiled in his sleeve at the sumptuous mansion, and the griping covetousness, of the worthy citizen C——.

To this personage, then, Glyndon musingly bent his way. It was true, as he had darkly said to Viola, that in proportion as he had resisted the spectre, its terrors had lost their influence. The time had come at last, when, seeing crime and vice in all their hideousness, and in so vast a theatre, he had found that in vice and crime

there are deadlier horrors than in the eyes of a phantom-fear. His native nobleness began to return to him. As he passed the streets, he revolved in his mind projects of future repentance and reformation. He even meditated, as a just return for Fillide's devotion, the sacrifice of all the reasonings of his birth and education. He would repair whatever errors he had committed against her, by the self-immolation of marriage with one little congenial with himself. He who had once revolted from marriage with the noble and gentle Viola!—he had learned in that world of wrong to know that right is right, and that Heaven did not make the one sex to be the victim of the other. The young visions of the beautiful and the good rose once more before him; and along the dark ocean of his mind lay the smile of re-awakening virtue, as a path of moonlight. Never, perhaps, had the condition of his soul been so elevated and unselfish.

In the meanwhile, Jean Nicot, equally ab-

sorbed in dreams of the future, and already in his own mind laying out to the best advantage the gold of the friend he was about to betray, took his way to the house honoured by the residence of Robespierre. He had no intention to comply with the relenting prayer of Fillide, that the life of Glyndon should be spared. He thought with Barrère, "*il n'y a que les morts qui ne revient pas.*" In all men who have devoted themselves to any study, or any art, with sufficient pains to attain a certain degree of excellence, there must be a fund of energy immeasurably above that of the ordinary herd. Usually, this energy is concentrated on the objects of their professional ambition, and leaves them, therefore, apathetic to the other pursuits of men. But where those objects are denied, where the stream has not its legitimate vent, the energy, irritated and aroused, possesses the whole being, and if not wasted on desultory schemes, or if not purified by conscience and

principle, becomes a dangerous and destructive element in the social system, through which it wanders in riot and disorder. Hence, in all wise monarchies—nay, in all well-constituted states, the peculiar care with which channels are opened for every art and every science; hence the honour paid to their cultivators by subtle and thoughtful statesmen, who, perhaps, for themselves, see nothing in a picture but coloured canvass—nothing in a problem but an ingenious puzzle. No state is ever more in danger than when the talent, that should be consecrated to peace, has no occupation but political intrigue or personal advancement. Talent unhonoured is talent at war with men. And here it is noticeable, that the class of Actors having been the most degraded by the public opinion of the old *regime*, their very dust deprived of Christian burial, no men (with certain exceptions in the company especially favoured by the Court) were more relentless and revengeful among the

scourges of the revolution. In the savage Col-
lot d'Herbois, *mauvais comedien*, were embodied
the wrongs and the vengeance of a class.

Now the energy of Jean Nicot had never
been sufficiently directed to the Art he pro-
fessed. Even in his earliest youth, the political
disquisitions of his master, David, had dis-
tracted him from the more tedious labours of
the easel. The defects of his person had em-
bittered his mind; the Atheism of his bene-
factor had deadened his conscience. For one
great excellence of Religion—above all, the Reli-
gion of the Cross—is, that it raises PATIENCE
first into a Virtue, and next into a Hope. Take
away the doctrine of another life, of requital
hereafter, of the smile of a Father upon our suf-
ferings and trials in our ordeal here, and what
becomes of Patience? But without patience,
what is man?—and what a people? Without
patience, Art never can be high; without
patience, Liberty never can be perfected. By

wild throes, and impetuous, aimless struggles, Intellect seeks to soar from Penury, and a Nation to struggle into Freedom. And woe—thus unfortified, guideless, and unenduring—woe to both!

Nicot was a villain as a boy. In most criminals, however abandoned, there are touches of humanity—relics of virtue; and the true delineator of mankind often incurs the taunt of bad hearts and dull minds, for shewing that even the worst alloy has some particles of gold, and even the best that come stamped from the mint of Nature, have some adulteration of the dross. But there are exceptions, though few, to the general rule; exceptions, when the conscience lies utterly dead, and when good or bad are things indifferent but as means to some selfish end. So was it with the protégé of the atheist. Envy and hate filled up his whole being, and the consciousness of superior talent only made him curse the more all who passed

him in the sunlight with a fairer form or happier fortunes. But monster though he was, when his murderous fingers griped the throat of his benefactor, Time, and that ferment of all evil passions—the Reign of Blood, had made in the deep hell of his heart a deeper still. Unable to exercise his calling, (for even had he dared to make his name prominent, revolutions are no season for painters; and no man—not the richest and proudest magnate of the land, has so great an interest in peace and order, has so high and essential a stake in the well-being of society, as the poet and the artist)—his whole intellect, ever restless and unguided, was left to ponder over the images of guilt most congenial to it. He had no Future but in this life; and how in this life had the men of power around him, the great wrestlers for dominion, thriven? All that was good, pure, unselfish—whether among Royalists or Republicans—swept to the shambles, and the

deathsmen left alone in the pomp and purple of their victims! Nobler paupers than Jean Nicot would despair; and Poverty would rise in its ghastly multitudes to cut the throat of Wealth, and then gash itself limb by limb, if Patience, the Angel of the Poor, sat not by its side, pointing with solemn finger to the life to come! And now as Nicot neared the house of the Dictator, he began to meditate a reversal of his plans of the previous day: not that he faltered in his resolution to denounce Glyndon, and Viola would necessarily share his fate, as a companion and accomplice,—no, *there* he was resolved! for he hated both—(to say nothing of his old, but never-to-be-forgotten grudge against Zanoni)—Viola had scorned him, Glyndon had served, and the thought of gratitude was as intolerable to him as the memory of insult. But why, now, should he fly from France?—he could possess himself of Glyndon's gold—he doubted not that he could so master Fillide by her wrath

and jealousy that he could command her acquiescence in all he proposed: The papers he had purloined — Desmoulin's correspondence with Glyndon—while it ensured the fate of the latter, might be eminently serviceable to Robespierre, might induce the tyrant to forget his own old liaisons with Hébert, and enlist him amongst the allies and tools of the King of Terror. Hopes of advancement, of wealth, of a career, again rose before him. This correspondence, dated shortly before Camille Desmoulin's death, was written with that careless and daring imprudence which characterized the spoiled child of Danton. It spoke openly of designs against Robespierre; it named confederates whom the tyrant desired only a popular pretext to crush. It was a new instrument of death in the hands of the Death-compeller. What greater gift could he bestow on Maximilien, the Incorruptible?

Nursing these thoughts, he arrived at last before the door of Citizen Dupleix. Around

the threshold were grouped, in admired confusion, some eight or ten sturdy Jacobins, the voluntary body-guard of Robespierre—tall fellows, well armed, and insolent with the power that reflects power; mingled with women, young and fair, and gaily dressed, who had come, upon the rumour that Maximilien had had an attack of bile, to inquire tenderly of his health; for Robespierre, strange though it seem, was the idol of the sex!

Through this *cortège*, stationed without the door, and reaching up the stairs to the landing-place—for Robespierre's apartments were not spacious enough to afford sufficient ante-chamber for levées so numerous and miscellaneous—Nicot forced his way; and far from friendly or flattering were the expressions that regaled his ears.

“*Aha, le joli Polichinelle!*” said a comely matron, whose robe his obtrusive and angular elbows cruelly discomposed. “But how could one expect gallantry from such a scare-crow!”

“ Citizen, I beg to advise thee* that thou art treading on my feet. I beg thy pardon, but now I look at thine, I see the hall is not wide enough for them.”

“ Ho ! Citizen Nicot,” cried a Jacobin, shouldering his formidable bludgeon, “ and what brings thee hither ? thinkest thou that Hébert’s crimes are forgotten already ? Off, sport of Nature ! and thank the *Être Supreme* that he made thee insignificant enough to be forgiven.”

“ A pretty face to look out of the National Window,” † said the woman whose robe the painter had ruffled.

* The courteous use of the plural was proscribed at Paris. The Sociétés Populaires had decided that whoever used it should be prosecuted as *us pect et adulateur* ! At the door of the public administrations and popular societies was written up—“ Ici on s’honore du Citoyen, et on se tutoye” !!! Take away Murder from the French Revolution, and it becomes the greatest farce ever played before the Angels !

† The Guillotine.

“Citizens,” said Nicot, white with passion, but constraining himself so that his words seemed to come from grinded teeth, “I have the honour to inform you that I seek the *Representant* upon business of the utmost importance to the public and himself; and,” he added, slowly, and malignantly glaring round, “I call all good citizens to be my witnesses when I shall complain to Robespierre of the reception bestowed on me by some amongst you.”

There was in the man’s look and his tone of voice so much of deep and concentrated malignity, that the idlers drew back; and as the remembrance of the sudden ups and downs of revolutionary life occurred to them, several voices were lifted to assure the squalid and ragged painter that nothing was farther from their thoughts than to offer affront to a citizen, whose very appearance proved him to be an exemplary *Sans-Culotte*. Nicot received these apologies in sullen silence; and folding his

arms, leant against the wall, waiting in grim patience for his admission.

The loiterers talked to each other in separate knots of two and three; and through the general hum rung the clear, loud, careless whistle of the tall Jacobin who stood guard by the stairs. Next to Nicot, an old woman and a young virgin were muttering in earnest whispers, and the atheist painter chuckled inly to overhear their discourse.

“ I assure thee, my dear,” said the crone, with a mysterious shake of her head, “ that the divine Catherine Theot, whom the impious now persecute, is really inspired. There can be no doubt that the elect, of whom Dom Gørle and the virtuous Robespierre are destined to be the two grand prophets, will enjoy eternal life here, and exterminate all their enemies. There is no doubt of it—not the least !”

“ How delightful !” said the girl ; “ *ce cher Robespierre !*—he does not look very long-lived either !”

“The greater the miracle,” said the old woman. “I am just eighty-one, and I don’t feel a day older since Catherine Theot promised me I should be one of the elect!”

Here the women were jostled aside by some new comers, who talked loud and eagerly.

“Yes,” cried a brawny man, whose garb denoted him to be a butcher, with bare arms, and a cap of liberty on his head, “I am come to warn Robespierre. They lay a snare for him; they offer him the Palais National. *On ne peut être ami du peuple et habiter un palais.*”*

“No, indeed,” answered a *cordonnier*; “I like him best in his little lodging with the *ménisier*; it looks like one of *us*.”

Another rush of the crowd, and a new group were thrown forward in the vicinity of Nicot. And these men gabbled and chattered faster and louder than the rest.

“But my plan is——”

* Papiers inédits, trouvés chez Robespierre, &c., vol. ii. p. 132.

“ *Au diable* with *your* plan. I tell you *my* scheme is ——”

“ Nonsense !” cried a third. “ When Robespierre understands *my* new method of making gunpowder, the enemies of France shall ——”

“ Bah ! who fears foreign enemies ?” interrupted a fourth ; “ the enemies to be feared are at home. *My* new guillotine takes off fifty heads at a time !”

“ But *my* new Constitution !” exclaimed a fifth.

“ *My* new Religion, citizen !” murmured, complacently, a sixth.

“ *Sacre mille tonneres*, silence !” roared forth one of the Jacobin guard.

And the crowd suddenly parted as a fierce-looking man, buttoned up to the chin — his sword rattling by his side, his spurs clinking at his heel — descended the stairs ; his cheeks swollen and purple with intemperance, his eyes dead and savage as a vulture’s. There was a

still pause, as all, with pale cheeks, made way for the relentless Henriot.* Scarce had this gruff and iron minion of the tyrant stalked through the throng, than a new movement of respect, and agitation, and fear, swayed the increasing crowd, as there glided in, with the noiselessness of a shadow, a smiling, sober citizen, plainly but neatly clad, with a downcast, humble eye. A milder, meeker face, no pastoral poet could assign to Corydon or Thyrsis—why did the crowd shrink and hold their breath? As the ferret in a burrow, crept that slight form amongst the larger and rougher creatures that huddled and pressed back on each other as he passed. A wink of his stealthy eye—and the huge Jacobins left the passage clear, without sound or question. On he went, to the apartment of the tyrant; and thither will we follow him.

* Or Hanriot. It is singular how undetermined are not only the characters of the French Revolution, but even the spelling of their names. With the historians it is Vergniaud—with the journalists of the time, it is Vergniaux. With one authority it is Robespierre—with another, Roberspierre.

CHAPTER VII.

Constitutum est ut quisquis eum *hominem*, dixisset, fuisse, capitalem penderet pœnam, ST. AUG.—*Of the God Serapis*, l. 18, *de civ Dei*. c. 5.

ROBESPIERRE was reclining languidly in his fauteuil, his cadaverous countenance more jaded and fatigued than usual. He to whom Catherine Theot assured immortal life, looked, indeed, like a man at death's door. On the table before him was a dish heaped with oranges, with the juice of which it is said that he could alone assuage the acrid bile that overflowed his system. And an old woman, richly dressed, (she had been a *Marquise* in the old *regime*) was employed in peeling the Hesperian fruits for the sick Dragon, with delicate fingers

covered with jewels. I have before said, that Robespierre was the idol of the women. Strange, certainly!—but then they were French women! The old *Marquise*, who, like Catherine Theot, called him “son,” really seemed to love him piously and disinterestedly as a mother; and as she peeled the oranges, and heaped on him the most caressing and soothing expressions, the livid ghost of a smile fluttered about his meagre lips. At a distance, Payan and Couthon, seated at another table, were writing rapidly, and occasionally pausing from their work, to consult with each other in brief whispers.

Suddenly, one of the Jacobins opened the door, and approaching Robespierre, whispered to him the name of Guérin.* At that word, the sick man started up, as if new life were in the sound.

* See, for the espionage on which Guérin was employed, *Les Papiers inedites*, &c., vol. i. p. 366. No. xxviii.

“ My kind friend,” he said, to the *Marquise*, “ forgive me ; I must dispense with thy tender cares. France demands me. I am never ill when I can serve my country !”

The old *Marquise* lifted up her eyes to heaven, and murmured—“ *Quel Ange !*”

Robespierre waved his hand impatiently ; and the old woman, with a sigh, patted his pale cheek, kissed his forehead, and submissively withdrew. The next moment, the smiling, sober man we have before described, stood, bending low, before the tyrant. And well might Robespierre welcome one of the subtlest agents of his power—one on whom he relied more than the clubs of his Jacobins, the tongues of his orators, the bayonets of his armies ; Guérin, the most renowned of his *écouteurs*,—the searching, prying, universal, omnipresent spy,—who glided like a sunbeam through chink and crevice, and brought to him intelligence, not only of the deeds, but the hearts of men !

“Well, citizen, well!—and what of Tallien?”

“This morning, early, two minutes after eight, he went out.”

“So early? hem!”

“He passed Rue des Quatre Fils, Rue du Temple, Rue de La Réunion, au Marais, Rue Martin; nothing observable, except that——”

“That what?”

“He amused himself at a stall, in bargaining for some books.”

“Bargaining for books! Aha, the Charlatan! —he would cloak the *intrigant* under the *savant*! Well!”

“At last, in the Rue des Fosses Montmartre, an individual, in a blue surtout (unknown), accosted him. They walked together about the street some minutes, and were joined by Legendre.”

“Legendre! approach Payan! Legendre, thou hearest!”

“I went into a fruit-stall, and hired two little girls to go and play at ball within hearing. They

heard Legendre say, 'I believe his power is wearing itself out.' And Tallien answered, 'And *himself*, too. I would not give three months' purchase for his life.' I do not know, citizen, if they meant *thee*?"

"Nor I, citizen," answered Robespierre, with a fell smile, succeeded by an expression of gloomy thought. "Ha!" he muttered, "I am young yet—in the prime of life. I commit no excess. No; my constitution is sound—sound. Anything farther of Tallien?"

"Yes. The woman whom he loves—Teresa de Fontenai—who lies in prison, still continues to correspond with him; to urge him to save her by thy destruction. This, my listeners overheard. His servant is the messenger between the prisoner and himself."

"So! The servant shall be seized in the open streets of Paris. The Reign of Terror is not over yet. With the letters found on him, if such their context, I will pluck Tallien from his benches in the Convention."

Robespierre rose, and after walking a few moments to and fro the room in thought, opened the door, and summoned one of the Jacobins without. To him he gave his orders for the watch and arrest of Tallien's servant; and then threw himself again into his chair. As the Jacobin departed, Guérin whispered—

“Is not that the citizen Aristides?”

“Yes; a faithful fellow, if he would wash himself, and not swear so much.”

“Didst thou not guillotine his brother?”

“But Aristides denounced him.”

“Nevertheless, are such men safe about thy person?”

“Humph! that is true.” And Robespierre, drawing out his pocket-book, wrote a memorandum in it, replaced it in his vest, and resumed—

“What else of Tallien?”

“Nothing more. He and Legendre, with the unknown, walked to the *Jardin Egalité*, and there parted. I saw Tallien to his house. But

I have other news. Thou badst me watch for those who threaten thee in secret letters."

"Guérin! Hast thou detected them? Hast thou—hast thou——"

And the tyrant, as he spoke, opened and shut both his hands, as if already grasping the lives of the writers, and one of those convulsive grimaces, that seemed like an epileptic affection, to which he was subject, distorted his features.

"Citizen, I think I have found one. Thou must know, that, amongst those most disaffected, is the painter, Nicot."

"Stay, stay!" said Robespierre, opening a manuscript book, bound in red morocco, (for Robespierre was neat and precise, even in his death-lists,) and turning to an alphabetical index—"Nicot!—I have him—atheist, *sans-culotte* (I hate slovens) friend of Hébert! Aha! N.B. René Dumas knows of his early career, and crimes. Proceed!"

“ This Nicot has been suspected of diffusing tracts and pamphlets against thyself, and the Comité. Yesterday evening, when he was out, his porter admitted me into his apartment, Rue Beau-Repaire. With my master-key I opened his desk and escritoire. I found therein a drawing of thyself, at the guillotine; and underneath was written—‘*Bourreau de ton pays lis l'arrêt de ton châtiment!*’ I compared the words with the fragments of the various letters thou gavest me: the handwriting tallies with one. See, I tore off the writing.”

Robespierre looked, smiled, and, as if his vengeance were already satisfied, threw himself on his chair. “ It is well! I feared it was a more powerful enemy. This man must be arrested at once.”

“ And he waits below. I brushed by him as I ascended the stairs.”

“ Does he so?—admit!—nay — hold! hold!

Guérin, withdraw into the inner chamber till I summon thee again. Dear Payan, see that this Nicot conceals no weapons."

Payan, who was as brave as Robespierre was pusillanimous, repressed the smile of disdain that quivered on his lips a moment, and left the room.

Meanwhile, Robespierre, with his head buried in his bosom, seemed plunged in deep thought. "Life is a melancholy thing, Couthon!" said he, suddenly.

"Begging your pardon, I think death worse," answered the philanthropist, gently.

Robespierre made no rejoinder, but took from his portefeuille that singular letter which was found afterwards amongst his papers, and is marked LXI. in the published collection.*

"Without doubt," it began, "you are uneasy at not having earlier received news from me. Be not alarmed; you know that I ought only

* *Papiers inedit*s, &c., vol. ii. p. 156.

to reply by our ordinary courier ; and as he has been interrupted *dans sa dernière course*, that is the cause of my delay. When you receive this, employ all diligence to fly a theatre where you are about to appear and disappear for the last time. It were idle to recall to you all the reasons that expose you to peril. The last step that should place you *sur le sopha de la présidence*, but brings you to the scaffold ; and the mob will spit on your face as it has spat on those whom you have judged. Since, then, you have accumulated here a sufficient treasure for existence, I await you with great impatience, to laugh with you at the part you have played in the troubles of a nation as credulous as it is avid of novelties. Take your part according to our arrangements—all is prepared. I conclude—our courier waits. I expect your reply.”

Musingly and slowly the Dictator devoured the contents of this epistle. “No,” he said to himself—“no ; he who has tasted power can no

longer enjoy repose. Yet, Danton, Danton! thou wert right; — better to be a poor fisherman, than to govern men.”*

The door opened, and Payan reappeared, and whispered Robespierre—“ All is safe! See the man.”

The Dictator, satisfied, summoned his attendant Jacobin to conduct Nicot to his presence. The painter entered with a fearless expression in his deformed features, and stood erect before Robespierre, who scanned him with a sidelong eye.

It is remarkable that most of the principal actors of the Revolution were singularly hideous in appearance—from the colossal ugliness of Mirabeau and Danton, or the villanous ferocity in the countenances of David and Simon, to the filthy squalor of Marat, the sinister and bilious meanness of the Dictator’s features. But Robes-

* “ *Il vaudrait mieux,*” said Danton, in his dungeon, “ *être un pauvre pêcheur que de gouverner les hommes!*”

pierre, who was said to resemble a cat, had also a cat's cleanness; and his prim and dainty dress, his shaven smoothness, the womanly whiteness of his lean hands, made yet more remarkable the disorderly ruffianism that characterized the attire and mien of the painter-*sans-culotte*.

“And so, citizen,” said Robespierre, mildly, “thou wouldst speak with me? I know thy merits and civism have been overlooked too long. Thou wouldst ask some suitable provision in the state? Scruple not—say on!”

“Virtuous Robespierre, *toi qui eclaires l'univers*, I come not to ask a favour, but to render service to the state. I have discovered a correspondence that lays open a conspiracy, of which many of the actors are yet unsuspected.” And he placed the papers on the table. Robespierre seized, and ran his eye over them rapidly and eagerly.

“Good!—good!” he muttered to himself;—

“this is all I wanted. Barrère—Legendre! I have them! Camille Desmoulins was but their dupe. I loved him once; I never loved them! Citizen Nicot, I thank thee. I observe these letters are addressed to an Englishman. What Frenchman but must distrust these English wolves in sheep’s clothing! France wants no longer citizens of the world; that farce ended with Anarcharsis Cloutz. I beg pardon, citizen Nicot; but Cloutz and Hébert were thy friends.”

“Nay,” said Nicot, apologetically, “we are all liable to be deceived. I ceased to honour them when thou didst declare against; for I disown my own senses rather than thy justice.”

“Yes, I pretend to justice; that is the virtue I affect,” said Robespierre, meekly; and with his feline propensities he enjoyed, even in that critical hour of vast schemes, of imminent danger, of meditated revenge, the pleasure of

playing with a solitary victim.* “And my justice shall no longer be blind to thy services, good Nicot. Thou knowest this Glyndon?”

“Yes, well—intimately. He *was* my friend, but I would give up my brother if he were one of the ‘*indulgents*.’ I am not ashamed to say, that I have received favours from this man.”

“Aha!—and thou dost honestly hold the doctrine that where a man threatens my life, all personal favours are to be forgotten?”

“All!”

“Good citizen!—kind Nicot!—oblige me by writing the address of this Glyndon.”

Nicot stooped to the table; and, suddenly, when the pen was in his hand, a thought flashed across him, and he paused, embarrassed and confused.

“Write on, *kind* Nicot!”

* The most detestable anecdote of this peculiar hypocrisy in Robespierre is that in which he is recorded to have tenderly pressed the hand of his old school-friend, Camille Desmoulins, the day that he signed the warrant for his arrest.

The painter slowly obeyed.

“Who are the other familiars of Glyndon?”

“It was that I was about to name to thee, *Representant*,” said Nicot. “He visits daily a woman, a foreigner, who knows all his secrets; she affects to be poor, and to support her child by industry. But she is the wife of an Italian of immense wealth, and there is no doubt that she has monies which are spent in corrupting the citizens. She should be seized and arrested.”

“Write down her name also.”

“But no time is to be lost; for I know that both have a design to escape from Paris this very night.”

“Our government is prompt, good Nicot—never fear. Humph!—humph!” and Robespierre took the paper on which Nicot had written, and, stooping over it—for he was near-sighted—added, smilingly, “Dost thou always write the same hand, citizen. This seems almost like a disguised character.”

“I should not like them to know who denounced them, *Representant*.”

“Good! good!—Thy virtue shall be rewarded, trust me. *Salut et fraternité!*”

Robespierre half rose as he spoke, and Nicot withdrew.

“Ho, there!—without!” cried the Dictator, ringing his bell; and as the ready Jacobin attended the summons—“Follow that man, Jean Nicot. The instant he has cleared the house, seize him. At once to the Conciergerie with him! Stay!—nothing against the law; there is thy warrant. The public accuser shall have my instruction. Away!—quick!”

The Jacobin vanished. All trace of illness, of infirmity, had gone from the valetudinarian; he stood erect on the floor, his face twitching convulsively, and his arms folded. “Ho! Guérin!” (the spy reappeared)—“take these addresses! Within an hour this Englishman and this woman must be in prison; their revelations will aid me against worthier foes.

They shall die — they shall perish with the rest on the 10th—the third day from this. There!” and he wrote hastily—“there, also, is thy warrant!—Off!

“And now, Couthon—Payan—we will dally no longer with Tallien and his crew. I have information that the Convention will *not* attend the Fête on the 10th. We must trust only to the sword of the law. I must compose my thoughts—prepare my harangue. To-morrow, I will reappear at the Convention—to-morrow, bold St. Just joins us, fresh from our victorious armies — to-morrow, from the tribune, I will dart the thunderbolt on the masked enemies of France—to-morrow, I will demand, in the face of the country, the heads of the conspirators.”

CHAPTER VIII.

Le glaive est contre toi tourné de toutes partes.

LAHARPE, *Jeanne de Naples*, Act. iv. sc. 4.

IN the meantime, Glyndon, after an audience of some length with C——, in which the final preparations were arranged, sanguine of safety, and foreseeing no obstacle to escape, bent his way back to Fillide. Suddenly, in the midst of his cheerful thoughts, he fancied he heard a voice too well and too terribly recognised, hissing in his ear,—“What! thou wouldst defy and escape me! thou wouldst go back to virtue and content. It is in vain—it is too late. No, *I* will not haunt thee;—*human* footsteps, no less inexorable,

dog thee now. Me thou shalt not see again till in the dungeon, at midnight before thy doom! Behold!——”

And Glyndon, mechanically turning his head, saw, close behind him, the stealthy figure of a man whom he had observed before, but with little heed, pass and repass him, as he quitted the house of citizen C——. Instantly and instinctively he knew that he was watched—that he was pursued. The street he was in was obscure and deserted, for the day was oppressively sultry, and it was the hour when few were abroad, either on business or pleasure. Bold as he was, an icy chill shot through his heart. He knew too well the tremendous system that then reigned in Paris, not to be aware of his danger. As the sight of the first plague-boil to the victim of the Pestilence, was the first sight of the shadowy spy to that of the Revolution—the watch, the arrest, the trial, the guillotine—these made the regular and rapid

steps of the monster that the anarchists called Law! He breathed hard, he heard distinctly the loud beating of his heart. And so he paused, still and motionless, gazing upon the shadow that halted also behind him!

Presently, the absence of all allies to the spy, the solitude of the streets, reanimated his courage; he made a step towards his pursuer, who retreated as he advanced. "Citizen, thou followest me," he said. "Thy business?"

"Surely," answered the man, with a deprecating smile, "the streets are broad enough for both? Thou art not so bad a republican as to arrogate all Paris to thyself!"

"Go on first, then. I make way for thee."

The man bowed, doffed his hat politely, and passed forward. The next moment Glyndon plunged into a winding lane, and fled fast through a labyrinth of streets, passages, and alleys. By degrees, he composed himself, and, looking behind, imagined that he had baffled

the pursuer; he then, by a circuitous route, bent his way once more to his home. As he emerged into one of the broader streets, a passenger, wrapped in a mantle, brushing so quickly by him that he did not observe his countenance, whispered—"Clarence Glyndon, you are dogged—follow me!" and the stranger walked quickly before him. Clarence turned, and sickened once more to see at his heels, with the same servile smile on his face, the pursuer he fancied he had escaped. He forgot the injunction of the stranger to follow him, and perceiving a crowd gathered close at hand, round a caricature shop, dived amidst them, and, gaining another street, altered the direction he had before taken, and, after a long and breathless course, gained, without once more seeing the spy, a distant *quartier* of the city. Here, indeed, all seemed so serene and fair, that his artist-eye, even in that imminent hour, rested with pleasure on the scene. It was a compara-

tively broad space, formed by one of the noble quais. The Seine flowed majestically along, with boats and craft resting on its surface. The sun gilt a thousand spires and domes, and gleamed on the white palaces of a fallen chivalry. Here, fatigued and panting, he paused an instant, and a cooler air from the river fanned his brow. "Awhile, at least, I am safe here," he murmured; and as he spoke, some thirty paces behind him, he beheld the spy. He stood rooted to the spot; wearied and spent as he was, escape seemed no longer possible—the river on one side, (no bridge at hand,) and the long row of mansions closing up the other. As he halted, he heard laughter and obscene songs, from a house a little in his rear, between himself and the spy. It was a *café* fearfully known in that quarter. Hither often resorted the black troop of Henriot—the minions and *huissiers* of Robespierre. The spy, then, had hunted the victim within the jaws of the hounds. The

man slowly advanced, and pausing before the opened window of the *café*, put his head through the aperture, as to address and summon forth its armed inmates.

At that very instant, and while the spy's head was thus turned from him, standing in the half-open gateway of the house immediately before him, he perceived the stranger who had warned; the figure, scarcely distinguishable through the mantle that wrapped it, motioned to him to enter. He sprang noiselessly through the friendly opening; the door closed; breathlessly he followed the stranger up a flight of broad stairs, and through a suite of empty rooms, until, having gained a small cabinet, his conductor doffed the large hat and the long mantle that had hitherto concealed his shape and features, and Glyndon beheld Zanoni.

CHAPTER IX.

Think not my magic wonders wrought by aid
Of Stygian angels summoned up from hell ;
Scorned and accursed be those who have essay'd,
Her gloomy Dives and Afrites to compel.
But by perception of the secret powers
Of mineral springs, in nature's inmost cell,
Of herbs in curtain of her greenest bowers,
And of the moving stars o'er mountain tops and towers.

WIFFEN'S *Translation of Tasso*, cant. xiv. xliii.

“ You are safe here, young Englishman !” said Zanoni, motioning Glyndon to a seat. “ Fortunate for you that I come on your track at last !”

“ Far happier had it been if we had never met ! Yet, even in these last hours of my fate, I rejoice to look once more on the face of that

ominous and mysterious being to whom I can ascribe all the sufferings I have known. Here, then, thou shalt not palter with or elude me! Here, before we part, thou shalt unravel to me the dark enigma, if not of thy life, of my own!"

"Hast thou suffered? Poor Neophyte!" said Zanoni, pityingly. "Yes—I see it on thy brow. But wherefore wouldst thou blame me? Did I not warn thee against the whispers of thy spirit?—did I not warn thee to forbear? Did I not tell thee that the ordeal was one of awful hazard and tremendous fears?—nay, did I not offer to resign to thee the heart that was mighty enough, while mine, Glyndon, to content me? Was it not thine own daring and resolute choice to brave the initiation! Of thine own free will didst thou make Mejnour thy master, and his lore thy study!"

"But whence came the irresistible desires of that wild and unholy knowledge? I knew them

not till thine evil eye fell upon me, and I was drawn into the magic atmosphere of thy being!"

"Thou errest!—the desires were in thee; and whether in one direction or the other, would have forced their way! Man! thou askest me the enigma of thy fate and my own! Look round all being, is there not mystery everywhere? Can thine eye trace the ripening of the grain beneath the earth? In the moral and the physical world alike, lie dark portents, far more wondrous than the powers thou wouldst ascribe to me!"

"Dost thou disown those powers?—dost thou confess thyself an impostor?—or wilt thou dare to tell me that thou art indeed sold to the Evil One?—a magician, whose familiar has haunted me night and day!"

"It matters not what I am," returned Zanoni; "it matters only whether I can aid thee to exorcise thy dismal phantom, and return

once more to the wholesome air of this common life. Something, however, will I tell thee, not to vindicate myself, but the Heaven and the Nature that thy doubts malign.”

Zanoni paused a moment, and resumed, with a slight smile—

“In thy younger days thou hast doubtless read with delight the great Christian poet, whose Muse, like the morning it celebrated, came to earth ‘crowned with flowers culled in Paradise.’* No spirit was more embued with the knightly superstitions of the time; and surely the Poet of Jerusalem hath sufficiently, to satisfy even the Inquisitor he consulted, execrated all the practitioners of the unlawful spells invoked,—

‘Per isforzar Cocito o Flegetonte.’

But in his sorrows and his wrongs—in the

* ————— l’ aurea testa
Di rose colte in Paradiso infiora.

Tasso, Ger. Lib. iv. 1.

prison of his madhouse, know you not that Tasso himself found his solace, his escape, in the recognition of a holy and spiritual Theurgia—of a magic that could summon the Angel, or the Good Genius, not the Fiend? And do you not remember, how he, deeply versed as he was, for his age, in the mysteries of the nobler Platonism, which hints at the secrets of all the starry brotherhoods, from the Chaldæan to the later Rosicrucian, discriminates, in his lovely verse, between the black art of Ismeno, and the glorious lore of the Enchanter who counsels and guides upon their errand the Champions of the Holy Land? *His*, not the charms wrought by the aid of the Stygian Rebels;* but the perception of the secret powers of the fountain and the herb—the Arcana of the unknown

* See this remarkable passage, which does indeed not unfaithfully represent the doctrine of the Pythagorean and the Platonist, in Tasso, cant. xiv. stanzas xli. to xlvii. (Ger. Lib.) They are beautifully translated by Wiffen.

nature, and the various motions of the stars. His, the holy haunts of Lebanon and Carmel—beneath his feet he saw the clouds, the snows, the hues of Iris, the generations of the rains and dews. Did the Christian Hermit who converted that Enchanter, (no fabulous being, but the type of all spirit that would aspire through Nature up to God,) command him to lay aside these sublime studies, ‘Le solite arte e l’uso mio?’ No! but to cherish and direct them to worthy ends. And in this grand conception of the poet lies the secret of the true Theurgia, which startles your ignorance in a more learned day with puerile apprehensions, and the nightmares of a sick man’s dreams.”

Again Zanoni paused, and again resumed—

“In ages far remote — of a civilization far different from that which now merges the individual in the state, there existed men of ardent minds, and an intense desire of knowledge.

In the mighty and solemn kingdoms in which they dwelt, there were no turbulent and earthly channels to work off the fever of their minds. Set in the antique mould of castes through which no intellect could pierce, no valour could force its way, the thirst for wisdom, alone, reigned in the hearts of those who received its study as a heritage from sire to son. Hence, even in your imperfect records of the progress of human knowledge you find that, in the earliest ages, Philosophy descended not to the business and homes of men. It dwelt amidst the wonders of the loftier creation; it sought to analyze the formation of matter—the essentials of the prevailing soul; to read the mysteries of the starry orbs; to dive into those depths of Nature in which Zoroaster is said, by the schoolmen, first to have discovered the arts which your ignorance classes under the name of magic. In such an age, then, arose some men, who, amidst the vanities and delusions of

their class, imagined that they detected gleams of a brighter and steadier lore. They fancied an affinity existing among all the works of Nature, and that in the lowliest lay the secret attraction that might conduct them upward to the loftiest.* Centuries passed, and lives were wasted in these discoveries; but step after step was chronicled and marked, and became the guide to the few who alone had the hereditary privilege to track their path. At last from this dimness upon some eyes the light broke; but think not, young visionary, that to those who nursed unholy

* Agreeably, it would seem, to the notion of Iamblichus and Plotinus, that the Universe is as an animal; so that there is sympathy and communication between one part and the other; in the smallest part may be the subtlest nerve. And hence the universal magnetism of Nature. But man contemplates the universe, as an animalcule would an elephant. The animalcule, seeing scarcely the tip of the hoof, would be incapable of comprehending that the trunk belonged to the same creature—that the effect produced upon one extremity would be felt in an instant by the other.

thoughts, over whom the Origin of Evil held a sway, that dawning was vouchsafed. It could be given then, as now, only to the purest ecstasies of imagination and intellect, undistracted by the cares of a vulgar life, or the appetites of the common clay. Far from descending to the assistance of a fiend, theirs was but the august ambition to approach nearer to the Fount of Good; the more they emancipated themselves from this limbo of the planets, the more they were penetrated by the splendour and beneficence of God. And if they sought, and at last discovered, how to the eye of the Spirit all the subtler modifications of being and of matter might be made apparent; if they discovered how, for the wings of the Spirit, all space might be annihilated; and while the body stood heavy and solid here, as a deserted tomb, the freed *Idea* might wander from star to star;—if such discoveries became in truth their own, the sublimest luxury of their knowledge was

but this—to wonder, to venerate, and adore! For, as one not unlearned in these high matters has expressed it, ‘There is a principle of the soul superior to all external nature, and through this principle we are capable of surpassing the order and systems of the world, and participating the immortal life and the energy of the Sublime Celestials. When the soul is elevated to natures above itself, it deserts the order to which it is awhile compelled, and by a religious magnetism is attracted to another, and a loftier, with which it blends and mingles.’* Grant, then, that such beings found at last the secret to arrest death—to fascinate danger and the foe—to walk the revolutions of the earth unharmed; think you that this life could teach them other desire than to yearn the more for the Immortal, and to fit their intellect the better for the higher being to which they might, when Time and Death exist no longer,

* From Iamblich. on the Mysteries, c. 7. sect. 7.

be transferred? Away with your gloomy phantasies of sorcerer and dæmon!—the soul can aspire only to the light; and even the error of our lofty knowledge was but the forgetfulness of the weakness, the passions, and the bonds, which the death we so vainly conquered only can purge away!”

This address was so different from what Glyndon had anticipated, that he remained for some moments speechless, and at length faltered out—

“But why, then, to me—”

“Why,” added Zanoni, “why to thee have been only the penance and the terror—the Threshold and the Phantom? Vain man! look to the commonest elements of the common learning. Can every tyro at his mere wish and will become the master?—can the student, when he has bought his Euclid, become a Newton?—can the youth whom the Muses haunt, say, ‘I will equal Homer?’—yea, can

yon pale tyrant, with all the parchment-laws of a hundred system-shapers, and the pikes of his dauntless multitude, carve, at his will, a constitution not more vicious than the one which the madness of a mob could overthrow? When, in that far time to which I have referred, the student aspired to the heights to which thou wouldst have sprung at a single bound, he was trained from his very cradle to the career he was to run. The internal and the outward nature were made clear to his eyes, year after year, as they opened on the day. He was not admitted to the practical initiation till not one earthly wish chained that sublimest faculty which you call the **IMAGINATION**, one carnal desire clouded the penetrative essence that you call the **INTELLECT**. And even then, and at the best, how few attained to the last mystery! Happier inasmuch as they attained the earlier to the holy glories for which Death is the heavenliest gate."

Zanoni paused, and a shade of thought and sorrow darkened his celestial beauty.

“And are there, indeed, others, besides thee and Mejnour, who lay claim to thine attributes, and have attained to thy secrets?”

“Others there have been before us, but we two now are alone on earth.”

“Impostor! thou betrayest thyself! If they could conquer Death, why live they not yet?”*

“Child of a day!” answered Zanoni, mournfully, “Have I not told thee the error of our knowledge was the forgetfulness of the desires and passions which the spirit never can wholly and permanently conquer, while this matter clokes it? Canst thou think that it is no sorrow, either to reject all human ties, all friendship, and all love, or to see, day after day, friendship and love wither from our life, as blossoms from the stem? Canst thou wonder how, with

* Glyndon appears to forget that Mejnour had before answered the very question which his doubts, here, a second time suggest.

the power to live while the world shall last, ere even our ordinary date be finished we yet may prefer to die? Wonder rather that there are two who have clung so faithfully to earth! Me, I confess, that earth can enamour yet. Attaining to the last secret while youth was in its bloom, youth still colours all around me with its own luxuriant beauty; to me, yet, to breathe is to enjoy. The freshness has not faded from the face of Nature, and not a herb in which I cannot discover a new charm—an undetected wonder. As with my youth, so with Mejnour's age; he will tell you, that life to him is but a power to examine; and not till he has exhausted all the marvels which the Creator has sown on earth, would he desire new habitations for the renewed Spirit to explore. We are the types of the two essences of what is imperishable—' ART, that enjoys, and SCIENCE, that contemplates!' And now, that thou mayst be contented that the secrets are not vouchsafed to thee, learn that so utterly must the idea

detach itself from what makes up the occupation and excitement of men, so must it be void of whatever would covet, or love, or hate; that for the ambitious man, for the lover, the hater, the power avails not. And I, at last, bound and blinded by the most common of household ties—I, darkened and helpless, adjure thee, the baffled and discontented—I adjure thee to direct, to guide me;—where are they—Oh, tell me—speak! My wife—my child? Silent!—oh, thou knowest now that I am no sorcerer, no enemy. I cannot give thee what thy faculties deny—I cannot achieve what the passionless Mejnour failed to accomplish; but I can give thee the next best boon, perhaps the fairest—I can reconcile thee to the daily world, and place peace between thy conscience and thyself.”

“Wilt thou promise?”

“By their sweet lives, I promise!”

Glyndon looked and believed. He whispered the address to the house whither his

fatal step already had brought woe and doom.

“Bless thee for this,” exclaimed Zanoni, passionately, “and thou shalt be blessed! What! couldst thou not perceive that at the entrance to all the grander worlds dwell the race that intimidate and awe? Who in thy daily world ever left the old regions of Custom and Prescription, and felt not the first seizure of the shapeless and nameless Fear? Everywhere around thee, where men aspire and labour, though they see it not—in the closet of the sage, in the council of the demagogue, in the camp of the warrior,—everywhere cowers and darkens the Unutterable Horror. But there, where thou hast ventured, alone is the phantom *visible*; and never will it cease to haunt, till thou canst pass to the Infinite, as the seraph, or return to the Familiar, as a child! But, answer me this,—When, seeking to adhere to some calm resolve of virtue, the Phantom hath stalked

suddenly to thy side ; when its voice hath whispered thee despair ; when its ghastly eyes would scare thee back to those scenes of earthly craft or riotous excitement, from which, as it leaves thee to worse foes to the soul, its presence is ever absent, hast thou never bravely resisted the spectre and thine own horror ?—hast thou never said, ‘ Come what may, to Virtue I will cling ? ’ ”

“ Alas ! ” answered Glyndon, “ only of late have I dared to do so.”

“ And thou hast felt then that the Phantom grew more dim and its power more faint.”

“ It is true.”

“ Rejoice, then !—thou hast overcome the true terror and mystery of the ordeal. Resolve is the first success. Rejoice, for the exorcism is sure ! Thou art not of those who, denying a life to come, are the victims of the Inexorable Horror. Oh, when shall men learn, at last, that if the Great Religion inculcates so rigidly the ne-

cessity of FAITH, it is not alone that FAITH leads to the world to be ; but that without faith there is no excellence in this—faith in something wiser, happier, diviner, than we see on earth!—the Artist calls it the Ideal—the Priest, Faith. The Ideal and Faith are one and the same. Return, O wanderer! return. Feel what beauty and holiness dwell in the Customary and the Old. Back to thy gateway glide, thou Horror! and calm, on the childlike heart, smile again, O azure Heaven, with thy night and thy morning-star but as one, though under its double name of Memory and Hope!”

As he thus spoke, Zanoni laid his hand gently on the burning temples of his excited and wondering listener ; and presently a sort of trance came over him : he imagined that he was returned to the home of his infancy ; that he was in the small chamber where, over his early slumbers, his mother had watched and prayed. There it was—visible, palpable, solitary, unal-

tered. In the recess, the homely bed; on the walls, the shelves filled with holy books; the very easel on which he had first sought to call the ideal to the canvass, dust-covered, broken, in the corner. Below the window lay the old churchyard; he saw it green in the distance, the sun glancing through the yew trees; he saw the tomb where father and mother lay united, and the spire pointing up to Heaven, the symbol of the hopes of those who consigned the ashes to the dust; in his ear rang the bells, pealing, as on a sabbath day; far fled all the visions of anxiety and awe that had haunted and convulsed; youth, boyhood, childhood, came back to him with innocent desires and hopes; he thought he fell upon his knees to pray. He woke—he woke in delicious tears; he felt that the phantom was fled for ever. He looked round—Zanoni was gone. On the table lay these lines, the ink yet wet:—

“ I will find ways and means for thy escape.

At nightfall, as the clock strikes nine, a boat shall wait thee on the river before this house, the boatman will guide thee to a retreat where thou maystrest in safety, till the Reign of Terror, which nears its close, be past. Think no more of the sensual love that lured, and well nigh lost, thee. It betrayed, and would have destroyed. Thou wilt regain thy land in safety,—long years yet spared to thee to muse over the past, and to redeem it. For thy future, be thy dream thy guide, and thy tears thy baptism.”

The Englishman obeyed the injunctions of the letter, and found their truth.

CHAPTER X.

Quid mirare meas tot in uno corpore formas?

PROPERT.

ZANONI TO MEJNOUR.

.

SHE is in one of their prisons—their inexorable prisons. It is Robespierre's order—I have tracked the cause to Glyndon. This, then, made that terrible connexion between their fates which I could not unravel, but which (till severed as it now is) wrapped Glyndon himself in the same cloud that concealed her. In prison—in prison!—it is the

gate of the grave! Her trial, and the inevitable execution that follows such trial, is the third day from this. The tyrant has fixed all his schemes of slaughter for the 10th of Thermidor. While the deaths of the unoffending strike awe to the city, his satellites are to massacre his foes. There is but one hope left—that the Power which now dooms the doomer, may render me an instrument to expedite his fall. But two days left—two days! In all my wealth of time I see but two days; all beyond—darkness—solitude. I may save her yet. The tyrant shall fall the day before that which he has set apart for slaughter! For the first time I mix among the broils and stratagems of men, and my mind leaps up from my despair, armed and eager for the contest.”

.

A crowd had gathered round the Rue St. Honoré—a young man was just arrested by the

order of Robespierre. He was known to be in the service of Tallien, that hostile leader in the Convention, whom the tyrant had hitherto trembled to attack. This incident had therefore produced a greater excitement than a circumstance so customary as an arrest in the Reign of Terror might be supposed to create. Amongst the crowd were many friends of Tallien, many foes to the tyrant, many weary of beholding the tiger dragging victim after victim to its den. Hoarse, foreboding murmurs were heard; fierce eyes glared upon the officers as they seized their prisoner; and though they did not yet dare openly to resist, those in the rear pressed on those behind, and encumbered the path of the captive and his captors. The young man struggled hard for escape, and, by a violent effort, at last wrenched himself from the grasp. The crowd made way, and closed round to protect him, as he dived and darted through their ranks; but suddenly the trampling

of horses was heard at hand—the savage Henriot and his troop were bearing down upon the mob. The crowd gave way in alarm, and the prisoner was again seized by one of the partisans of the Dictator. At that moment a voice whispered the prisoner—“Thou hast a letter, which, if found on thee, ruins thy last hope. Give it me! I will bear it to Tallien.” The prisoner turned in amaze, read something that encouraged him in the eyes of the stranger who thus accosted him. The troop were now on the spot; the Jacobin who had seized the prisoner released hold of him for a moment, to escape the hoofs of the horses,—in that moment the opportunity was found—the stranger had disappeared.

.
.

At the house of Tallien the principal foes of the tyrant were assembled. Common danger made common fellowship. All factions laid

aside their feuds for the hour, to unite against the formidable man who was marching over all factions to his gory throne. There, was bold Lecointre, the declared enemy—there, creeping Barrère, who would reconcile all extremes, the hero of the cowards ; Barras, calm and collected—Collot d’Herbois, breathing wrath and vengeance, and seeing not that the crimes of Robespierre alone sheltered his own.

The council was agitated and irresolute. The awe which the uniform success, and the prodigious energy of Robespierre excited, still held the greater part under its control. Tallien, whom the tyrant most feared, and who alone could give head and substance and direction to so many contradictory passions, was too sullied by the memory of his own cruelties, not to feel embarrassed by his position as the champion of mercy. “ It is true,” he said, after an animating harangue from Lecointre, “ that the Usurper menaces us all. But he is still so

beloved by his mobs—still so supported by his Jacobins—better delay open hostilities till the hour is more ripe. To attempt and not succeed, is to give us, hand and foot, to the guillotine. Every day his power must decline. Procrastination is our best ally——” While yet speaking, and while yet producing the effect of water on the fire, it was announced that a stranger demanded to see him instantly on business that brooked no delay.

“I am not at leisure,” said the orator, impatiently. The servant placed a note on the table. Tallien opened it, and found these words in pencil, “From the prison of Teresa de Fontenai.” He turned pale, started up, and hastened to the ante-room, where he beheld a face entirely strange to him.

“Hope of France!” said the visitor to him, and the very sound of his voice went straight to the heart—“your servant is arrested in the streets. I have saved your life, and that of

your wife who will be. I bring to you this letter from Teresa de Fontenai."

Tallien, with a trembling hand, opened the letter, and read—"Am I ever to implore you in vain? Again and again I say—Lose not an hour, if you value my life and your own. My trial and death are fixed the third day from this—the 10th Thermidor. Strike while it is yet time—strike the monster!—you have two days yet. If you fail—if you procrastinate—see me for the last time as I pass your windows to the guillotine!"

"Her trial will give proof against you," said the stranger. "Her death is the herald of your own. Fear not the populace—the populace would have rescued your servant. Fear not Robespierre—he gives himself to your hands. To-morrow he comes to the Convention—to-morrow, you must cast the last throw for his head or your own."

"To-morrow he comes to the Convention!

And who are you, that know so well what is concealed from me?"

"A man, like you, who would save the woman he loves."

Before Tallien could recover his surprise, the visitor was gone.

Back went the Avenger to his conclave, an altered man. "I have heard tidings—no matter what," he cried, "that have changed my purpose. On the 10th, we are destined for the guillotine. I revoke my counsel for delay. Robespierre comes to the Convention tomorrow; *there* we must confront, and crush him. From the Mountain shall frown against him the grim shade of Danton—from the Plain shall rise, in their bloody ceremonies, the spectres of Vergniaud and Condorcet. *Frappons!*"

"*Frappons!*" cried even Barrère, startled into energy by the new daring of his colleague. "*Frappons! il n'y a que les morts qui ne revient pas.*"

It was observable (and the fact may be found

in one of the memoirs of the time) that, during that day and night (the 7th Thermidor), a stranger to all the previous events of that stormy time was seen in various parts of the city—in the cafés, the clubs, the haunts of the various factions—that, to the astonishment and dismay of his hearers, he talked aloud of the crimes of Robespierre, and predicted his coming fall; and as he spoke, he stirred up the hearts of men, he loosed the bonds of their fear, he inflamed them with unwonted rage and daring. But what surprised them most was, that no voice replied—no hand was lifted against him—no minion, even of the tyrant, cried, “Arrest the Traitor.” In that impunity men read, as in a book, that the populace had deserted the man of blood.

Once only a fierce, brawny, Jacobin sprung up from the table at which he sat, drinking deep, and, approaching the stranger, said, “I seize thee, in the name of the Republic.”

“Citizen Aristides,” answered the stranger,

in a whisper, "go to the lodgings of Robespierre; he is from home, and in the left pocket of the vest, which he cast off not an hour since, thou wilt find a paper; when thou hast read that, return. I will await thee: and, if thou wouldst then seize me, I will go without a struggle. Look round on those lowering brows!—touch me *now*, and thou wilt be torn to pieces."

The Jacobin felt as if compelled to obey against his will. He went forth, muttering: he returned; the stranger was still there: "*Mille tonnerres,*" he said to him—"I thank thee; the poltroon had my name in his list for the guillotine."

With that the Jacobin Aristides sprung upon the table, and shouted, "Death to the Tyrant!"

CHAPTER XI.

Le lendemain, 8 Thermidor, Robespierre se décida à prononcer son fameux discours.

THIERS, *Hist. de la Revolution.*

THE morning rose—the 8th of Thermidor (July 26th.) Robespierre has gone to the Convention. He has gone, with his laboured speech; he has gone, with his phrases of philanthropy and virtue; he has gone to single out his prey. All his agents are prepared for his reception; the fierce St. Just has arrived from the armies, to second his courage and inflame his wrath. His ominous apparition prepares the audience for the crisis. “Citizens!” screeched the shrill voice of Robespierre—“others have placed be-

fore you flattering pictures ; I come to announce to you useful truths.

.

And they attribute to me, to me alone!—whatever of harsh or evil is committed : it is Robespierre who wishes it ; it is Robespierre who ordains it. Is there a new tax?—it is Robespierre who ruins you. They call me tyrant!—and why? Because I have acquired some influence ; but how? in speaking truth ; and who pretends that truth is to be without force in the mouths of the Representatives of the French people? Doubtless, Truth has its power, its rage, its despotism, its accents, touching—terrible, which resound in the pure heart, as in the guilty conscience ; and which Falsehood can no more imitate than Salmoneus could forge the thunderbolts of Heaven. What am I, whom they accuse? A slave of liberty—a living martyr of the Republic—the victim, as the enemy, of crime ! All ruffianism affronts

me; and actions, legitimate in others, are crimes in me. It is enough to know me, to be calumniated. In my very zeal they arraign my guilt. Take from me my conscience, and I should be the most miserable of men!"

He paused; and Couthon wiped his eyes, and St. Just murmured applause as with stern looks he gazed on the rebellious Mountain; and there was a dead, mournful, and chilling silence through the audience. The touching sentiment woke no echo.

The orator cast his eyes around. Ho! he will soon arouse that apathy. He proceeds: he praises, he pities himself, no more. He denounces—he accuses. Overflooded with his venom, he vomits it forth on all. At home, abroad, finances, war—on all! Shriller and sharper rose his voice—

“A conspiracy exists against the Public Liberty. It owes its strength to a criminal coalition in the very bosom of the Convention;

it has accomplices in the bosom of the Committee of Public Safety. . . . What is the remedy to this evil? To punish the traitors; to purify this Committee; to crush all factions by the weight of the National Authority; to raise upon their ruins the power of Liberty and Justice. Such are the principles of that Reform. Must I be ambitious, to profess them? then the principles are proscribed, and Tyranny reigns amongst us! For what can you object to a man who is in the right, and has, at least, this knowledge—he knows how to die for his native land! I am made to combat crime, and not to govern it. The time, alas! is not yet arrived when men of worth can serve with impunity their country. So long as the knaves rule, the defenders of liberty will be only the proscribed.”

For two hours, through that cold and gloomy audience, shrilled the Death-speech. In silence it began, in silence closed. The enemies of

the orator were afraid to express resentment; they knew not yet the exact balance of power. His partisans were afraid to approve; they knew not whom of their own friends and relations the accusations were designed to single forth. "Take care!" whispered each to each, "it is thou whom he threatens." But silent though the audience, it was, at the first, well-nigh subdued. There was still about this terrible man the spell of an over-mastering will. Always—though not what is called a great orator—resolute, and sovereign in the use of words, words seemed as things when uttered by one who with a nod moved the troops of Henriot, and influenced the judgment of René Dumas, grim President of the Tribunal. Lecointre of Versailles rose, and there was an anxious movement of attention; for Lecointre was one of the fiercest foes of the tyrant. What was the dismay of the Tallien faction—what the complacent smile of Couthon, when Lecointre de

manded only that the oration should be printed? All seemed paralyzed. At length, Bourdon de l'Oise, whose name was doubly marked in the black list of the Dictator, stalked to the tribune, and moved the bold counter-resolution, that the speech should be referred to the two committees whom that very speech accused. Still no applause from the conspirators: they sat still as frozen men. The shrinking Barrère, ever on the prudent side, looked round before he rose. He rises, and sides with Lecointre! Then Couthon seized the occasion, and from his seat, (a privilege permitted alone to the paralytic philanthropist,)* and with his melodious voice, sought to convert the crisis into a triumph. He demanded, not only that the

* M. Thiers in his History, vol. iv. p. 79, makes a curious blunder: he says, "Couthon *s'elance à la tribune.*" Poor Couthon! whose half body was dead, and who was always wheeled in his chair into the Convention, and spoke sitting.

harangue should be printed, but sent to all the communes and all the armies. "It was necessary to soothe a wronged and ulcerated heart. Deputies, the most faithful, had been accused of shedding blood. Ah! if *he* had contributed to the death of one innocent man, he should immolate himself with grief." Beautiful tenderness!—and while he spoke, he fondled the spaniel in his bosom. Bravo, Couthon! Robespierre triumphs! The Reign of Terror shall endure!—the old submission settles dove-like back in the assembly! They vote the printing of the death-speech, and its transmission to all the municipalities. From the benches of the Mountain, Tallien, alarmed, dismayed, impatient, and indignant, cast his gaze where sat the strangers admitted to hear the debates. And, suddenly, he met the eyes of the Unknown who had brought to him the letter from Teresa de Fontenai, the preceding day. The eyes fascinated him as he gazed.

In after times, he often said, that their regard, fixed, earnest, half reproachful, and yet cheering and triumphant, filled him with new life and courage. They spoke to his heart as the trumpet speaks to the war-horse. He moved from his seat ; he whispered with his allies ; the spirit he had drawn in was contagious ; the men whom Robespierre especially had denounced, and who saw the sword over their heads, woke from their torpid trance. Vadier, Cambon, Billaud-Varennes, Panis, Amar, rose at once—all at once demanded speech. Vadier is first heard, the rest succeed. It burst forth, the Mountain, with its fires and consuming lava ! flood upon flood they rush, a legion of Ciceros upon the startled Catiline ! Robespierre falters—hesitates—would qualify, retract. They gather new courage from his new fears ; they interrupt him ; they drown his voice ; they demand the reversal of the motion. Amar moves again that the speech be referred to the committees—to

the committees—to his enemies! Confusion, and noise, and clamour! Robespierre wraps himself in silent and superb disdain. Pale, defeated, but not yet destroyed, he stands, a storm in the midst of storm!

The motion is carried. All men foresee in that defeat the Dictator's downfall. A solitary cry rose from the galleries; it was caught up; it circled through the hall—the audience. “*Abas le tyran! Vive la république!*”

CHAPTER XII.

Après d'un corps aussi avili que la Convention il restait des chances pour que Robespierre sortit vainqueur de cette lutte.—LACRETELLE, vol. xii.

As Robespierre left the hall, there was a dead and ominous silence in the crowd without. The herd, in every country, side with success; and the rats run from the falling tower. But Robespierre, who wanted courage, never wanted pride, and the last often supplied the place of the first: thoughtfully, and with an impenetrable brow, he passed through the throng, leaning on St. Just, Payan and his brother following him.

As they got into the open space, Robespierre abruptly broke the silence.

"How many heads were to fall upon the tenth?"

"Eighty," replied Payan.

"Ah, we must not tarry so long; a day may lose an empire; terrorism must serve us yet!"

He was silent a few moments, and his eyes roved suspiciously through the street.

"St. Just," he said, abruptly, "they have not found this Englishman, whose revelations or whose trial would have crushed the Amars and the Talliens. No, no! my Jacobins themselves are growing dull and blind. But they have seized a woman—only a woman!"

"A woman's hand stabbed Marat," said St. Just. Robespierre stopped short, and breathed hard.

"St. Just," said he, "when this peril is past, we will found the Reign of Peace. There shall be homes and gardens set apart for the old. David is already designing the porticos. Virtuous men shall be appointed to instruct the young. All vice and disorder shall be, *not*

exterminated ; no, no ! only banished ! We must not die yet. Posterity cannot judge us till our work is done. We have recalled L'Être Supreme ; we must now remodel this corrupted world. All shall be love and brotherhood ; and—ho ! Simon ! Simon !—hold ! Your pencil, St. Just !” And Robespierre wrote hastily. “This to Citizen President Dumas. Go with it quick, Simon. These eighty heads must fall *to-morrow*—*to-morrow*, Simon. Dumas will advance their trial a day. I will write to Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser. We meet at the Jacobins, to-night, Simon ; there we will denounce the Convention itself ; there we will rally round us the last friends of liberty and France.”

A shout was heard in the distance behind—
“ *Vive la république !*”

The tyrant's eye shot a vindictive gleam.
“ The republic !—faugh ! We did not destroy the throne of a thousand years for that *canaille !*”

The trial, the execution of the victims is advanced a day! By the aid of the mysterious intelligence that had guided and animated him hitherto, Zanoni learned that his arts had been in vain. He knew that Viola was safe, if she could but survive an hour the life of the tyrant. He knew that Robespierre's hours were numbered; that the tenth of Thermidor, on which he had originally designed the execution of his last victims, would see himself at the scaffold. Zanoni had toiled, had schemed for the fall of the Butcher and his reign. To what end? A single word from the tyrant had baffled the result of all. The execution of Viola is advanced a day. Vain seer, who wouldst make thyself the instrument of the Eternal, the very dangers that now beset the tyrant but expedite the doom of his victims! To-morrow, eighty heads, and hers whose pillow has been thy heart! To-morrow! and Maximilien is safe to-night!

CHAPTER XIII.

Erde mag zurück in Erde stäuben
Fliegt der Geist doch aus dem morschen Haus!
Seine Asche mag der Sturmwind treiben
Seine Leibe dauert ewig aus!

ELEGIE.

TO-MORROW!—and it is already twilight. One after one, the gentle stars come smiling through the heaven. The Seine, in its slow waters, yet trembles with the last kiss of the rosy day; and still, in the blue sky, gleams the spire of Notre Dame; and still, in the blue sky, looms the guillotine by the *Barrière du Trône*. Turn to that time-worn building, once the church and the convent of the Frères-prêcheurs, known by the then holy name of Jacobins; there the new Jacobins hold their club. There, in that

oblong hall, once the library of the peaceful monks, assemble the idolaters of Saint Robespierre. Two immense tribunes, raised at either end, contain the lees and dregs of the atrocious populace—the majority of that audience consisting of the furies of the guillotine (*furies de guillotine*). In the midst of the hall are the bureau and chair of the president—the chair long preserved by the piety of the monks as the relic of St. Thomas Aquinas! Above this seat scowls the harsh bust of Brutus. An iron lamp, and two branches, scatter over the vast room a murky fuliginous ray, beneath the light of which the fierce faces of that Pandæmonium seem more grim and haggard. There, from the orator's tribune, shrieks the shrill wrath of Robespierre!

Meanwhile, all is chaos, disorder, half daring and half cowardice, in the committee of his foes. Rumours fly from street to street, from haunt to haunt, from house to house. The

swallows flit low, and the cattle group together before the storm. And above this roar of the lives and things of the little hour, alone in his chamber stood He on whose starry youth—symbol of the imperishable bloom of the calm Ideal amidst the mouldering Actual—the clouds of ages had rolled in vain.

All those exertions which ordinary wit and courage could suggest had been tried in vain. All such exertions *were* in vain, where, in that saturnalia of death, a life was the object. Nothing but the fall of Robespierre could have saved his victims; now, too late, that fall would only serve to avenge.

Once more, in that last agony of excitement and despair, the Seer had plunged into solitude, to invoke again the aid or counsel of those mysterious intermediates between earth and heaven who had renounced the intercourse of the spirit when subjected to the common bondage of the mortal. In the intense desire and

anguish of his heart, perhaps, lay a power not yet called forth; for who has not felt that the sharpness of extreme grief cuts and grides away many of those strongest bonds of infirmity and doubt which bind down the souls of men to the cabined darkness of the hour; and that from the cloud and thunder-storm often swoops the Olympian eagle that can ravish us aloft!

And the invocation was heard—the bondage of sense was rent away from the visual mind. He looked, and saw—no, not the being he had called, with its limbs of light, and unutterably tranquil smile—not his familiar, Adon-Ai, the Son of Glory and the Star—but the Evil Omen, the dark Chimera, the implacable Foe, with exultation and malice burning in its hell-lit eyes. The Spectre, no longer cowering and retreating into shadow, rose before him, gigantic and erect,—the face, whose veil no mortal hand had ever raised, still concealed, but the form more distinct, corporeal, and casting from it, as an atmosphere,

horror, and rage, and awe. As an iceberg, the breath of that presence froze the air; as a cloud, it filled the chamber, and blackened the stars from heaven.

“Lo!” said its voice, “I am here once more. Thou hast robbed me of a meaner prey. Now exorcise *thyself* from my power! Thy life has left thee, to live in the heart of a daughter of the charnel and the worm. In that life I come to thee with my inexorable tread. Thou art returned to the Threshold—thou, whose steps have trod the verges of the Infinite! And as the goblin of its phantasy seizes on a child in the dark, mighty one, who wouldst conquer Death, I seize on thee!”

“Back to thy thralldom, slave! if thou art come to the voice that called thee not, it is again not to command, but to obey! Thou, from whose whisper I gained the boons of the lives lovelier and dearer than my own—thou, I command thee, not by spell and charm, but by

the force of a soul mightier than the malice of thy being, thou serve me yet, and speak again the secret that can rescue the lives thou hast, by permission of the universal Master, permitted me to retain awhile in the temple of the clay!"

Brighter and more devouringly burnt the glare from those lurid eyes; more visible and colossal yet rose the dilating shape; a yet fiercer and more disdainful hate spoke in the voice that answered—"Didst thou think that my boon would be other than thy curse? Happy for thee hadst thou mourned over the deaths which come by the gentle hand of Nature—hadst thou never known how the name of Mother consecrates the face of Beauty, and never, bending over thy first-born, felt the imperishable sweetness of a father's love! They are saved, for what?—the mother, for the death of violence, and shame, and blood—for the doomsman's hand to put aside that shining hair which has entangled thy bridegroom kisses,

the child, first and last of thine offspring, in whom thou didst hope to found a race that should hear with thee the music of celestial harps, and float, by the side of thy familiar, Adon-Ai, through the azure rivers of joy,—the child, to live on a few days, as a fungus in a burial vault, a thing of the loathsome dungeon, dying of cruelty, and neglect, and famine. Ha! ha! thou who wouldst baffle Death, learn how the deathless die if they dare to love the mortal. Now, Chaldæan, behold my boons! Now I seize and wrap thee with the pestilence of my presence; now, evermore, till thy long race is run, mine eyes shall glow into thy brain, and mine arms shall clasp thee, when thou wouldst take the wings of the Morning, and flee from the embrace of Night!”

“I tell thee, no! And again I compel thee, speak and answer to the lord who can command his slave. I know, though my lore fails me, and the reeds I clasp pierce my side, I know

yet that it is written that the life of which I question can be saved from the headsman. Thou wrappest ^{her} their future in the darkness of thy shadow, but thou canst not shape it. Thou mayst foreshew the antidote; thou canst not effect the bane. From thee I wring the secret, though it torture thee to name. I approach thee—I look dauntless, into thine eyes. The soul that loves can dare all things. Shadow, I defy thee, and compel!”

The spectre waned and recoiled. Like a vapour that lessens as the sun pierces and pervades it, the form shrunk cowering and dwarfed into the dimmer distance, and through the casement again rushed the stars.

“Yes,” said the voice, with a faint and hollow accent, “thou *canst* save her from the headsman; for it is written, that sacrifice can save. Ha! ha!” And the shape again suddenly dilated into the gloom of its giant stature, and its ghastly laugh exulted, as if the Foe, a moment

baffled, had regained its might. "Ha! ha!—
thou canst save her life, if thou wilt sacrifice thine
own! Is it for this thou hast lived on through
crumbling empires and countless generations of
thy race? At last shall Death reclaim thee?
Wouldst thou save her?—*die for her!* Fall, O
stately column, over which stars yet unformed
may gleam—fall, that the herb at thy base may
drink a few hours longer the sunlight and the
dews! Silent! Art thou ready for the sacrifice?
See, the moon moves up through Heaven.
Beautiful and wise one, wilt thou bid her smile
to-morrow on thy headless clay?"

"Back! for my soul, in answering thee from
depths where thou canst not hear it, has re-
gained its glory; and I hear the wings of
Adon-Ai gliding musical through the air."

He spoke; and, with a low shriek of baffled
rage and hate, the thing was gone, and through
the room rushed, luminous and sudden, the
Presence of silvery light.

. As the Heavenly Visitor stood in the atmosphere of his own lustre, and looked upon the face of the Theurgist with an aspect of ineffable tenderness and love, all space seemed lighted from his smile. Along the blue air without, from that chamber in which his wings had halted, to the farthest star in the azure distance, it seemed as if the track of his flight were visible, by a lengthened splendour in the air, like the column of moonlight on the sea. Like the flower that diffuses perfume as the very breath of its life, so the emanation of that presence was joy. Over the world, as a million times swifter than light, than electricity, the Son of Glory had sped his way to the side of Love, his wings had scattered delight as the morning scatters dews. For that brief moment, Poverty had ceased to mourn, Disease fled from its prey, and Hope breathed a dream of Heaven into the darkness of Despair.

“Thou art right,” said the melodious Voice.

“Thy courage has restored thy power. Once more, in the haunts of earth, thy soul charms me to thy side. Wiser now, in the moment when thou comprehendest Death, than when thy unfettered spirit learned the solemn mystery of life; the human affections that thrall'd and humbled thee awhile, bring to thee, in these last hours of thy mortality, the sublimest heritage of thy race—the eternity that commences from the grave.”

“O Adon-Ai,” said the Chaldæan, as, circumfused in the splendour of the visitant, a glory more radiant than human beauty settled round his form, and seemed already to belong to the eternity of which the Bright One spoke, “as men, before they die, see and comprehend the enigmas hidden from them before,* so

* The greatest Poet, and one of the noblest thinkers, of the last age, said, on his death-bed, “Many things obscure to me before, now clear up, and become visible.”—See the Life of Schiller.

in this hour, when the sacrifice of self to another brings the course of ages to its goal, I see the littleness of life, compared to the majesty of Death; but oh, Divine Consoler, even here, even in thy presence, the affections that inspire me, sadden. To leave behind me in this bad world, unaided, unprotected, those for whom I die! the wife! the child!—oh, speak comfort to me in this!”

“And what,” said the visitor, with a slight accent of reproof in the tone of celestial pity, “what, with all thy wisdom, and thy starry secrets—with all thy empire of the past, and thy visions of the future—what art thou to the All Directing and Omniscient? Canst thou yet imagine that thy presence on earth can give to the hearts thou lovest the shelter which the humblest take from the wings of the Presence that lives in Heaven? Fear not thou for their future. Whether thou live or die, their future is the care of the Most

High! In the dungeon and on the scaffold looks everlastingly the Eye of HIM, tenderer than thou to love, wiser than thou to guide, mightier than thou to save!"

Zanoni bowed his head; and when he looked up again, the last shadow had left his brow. The visitor was gone; but still the glory of his presence seemed to shine upon the spot; still the solitary air seemed to murmur with tremulous delight. And thus ever shall it be with those who have once, detaching themselves utterly from life, received the visit of the Angel FAITH. Solitude and space retain the splendour, and it settles like a halo round their graves.

CHAPTER XIV.

Dann zur Blumenflur der Sterne
Aufgeschauet liebewarm
Fass' ihn freundlich arm in arm
Trag' ihn in die blaue Ferne.

UHLAND, *An den Tod.*

HE stood upon the lofty balcony that overlooked the quiet city. Though afar, the fiercest passions of men were at work on the web of strife and doom, all that gave itself to his view was calm and still in the rays of the summer moon, for his soul was rapt from man and man's narrow sphere, and only the serener glories of creation were present to the vision of the seer. There he stood, alone, and thoughtful, to take the last farewell of the wondrous life that he had known.

Coursing through the fields of space, he beheld the gossamer shapes, whose choral joys his spirit had so often shared. There, group upon group, they circled in the starry silence, multiform in the unimaginable beauty of a being fed by ambrosial dews and serenest light. In his trance, all the universe stretched visible beyond; in the green valleys afar, he saw the dances of the fairies; in the bowels of the mountains, he beheld the race that breathe the lurid air of the volcanoes, and hide from the light of Heaven; on every leaf in the numberless forests, in every drop of the unmeasured seas, he surveyed its separate and swarming world; far up, in the farthest blue, he saw orb upon orb ripening into shape, and planets starting from the central fire, to run their day of ten thousand years. For everywhere in creation is the breath of the Creator, and everywhere in which the breath breathes is life! And alone, in the distance, the lonely man beheld

his Magian brother. There, at work with his numbers and his cabala, amidst the wrecks of Rome, passionless and calm, sat in his cell the mystic Mejnour; living on, living ever while the world lasts, indifferent whether his knowledge produces weal or woe; a mechanical agent of a more tender and a wiser Will, that guides every spring to its inscrutable designs. Living on—living ever—as Science that cares alone for knowledge, and halts not to consider how knowledge advances happiness; how Human Improvement, rushing through civilization, crushes in its march all who cannot grapple to its wheels;* ever, with its cabala

* “ You colonize the lands of the savage with the Anglo-Saxon—you civilize that portion of *the earth*; but is the *savage* civilized? He is exterminated! You accumulate machinery—you increase the total of wealth: but what becomes of the labour you displace? One generation is sacrificed to the next. You diffuse knowledge—and the world seems to grow brighter; but Discontent at Poverty replaces Ignorance happy with its crust. Every improvement, every advancement in civilization, injures some, to

and its numbers, lives on to change in its bloodless movements the face of the habitable world!

And, "Oh, farewell to life!" murmured the glorious dreamer. "Sweet, O life! hast thou been to me. How fathomless thy joys—how rapturously has my soul bounded forth upon the upward paths! To him who for ever renews his youth in the clear fount of nature, how exquisite is the mere happiness *to be!* Farewell, ye lamps of heaven, and ye million tribes, the Populace of Air. Not a mote in the beam, not a herb on the mountain, not a pebble on the shore, not a seed far-blown into the wilderness, but contributed to the lore that sought in all, the true principle of life, the Beautiful, the Joyous, the Immortal. To others, a land, a city, a hearth, has been a home; *my* home, wherever

benefit others, and either cherishes the want of to-day, or prepares the revolution of to-morrow."—STEPHEN MONTAGUE.

the intellect could pierce, or the spirit could breathe the air."

He paused, and through the immeasurable space, his eyes and his heart, penetrating the dismal dungeon, rested on his child. He saw it slumbering in the arms of the pale mother, and *his* soul spoke to the sleeping soul. "Forgive me, if my desire was sin, I dreamed to have reared and nurtured thee to the divinest destinies my visions could foresee. Betimes, as the mortal part was strengthened against disease, to have purified the spiritual from every sin; to have led thee, heaven upon heaven, through the holy ecstasies which make up the existence of the orders that dwell on high; to have formed, from thy sublime affections, the pure and ever-living communication between thy mother and myself. The dream was but a dream—it is no more! In sight myself of the grave, I feel, at last, that through the portals of the grave lies the true initiation into the holy

and the wise. Beyond those portals I await ye both, beloved pilgrims !”

From his numbers and his cabala, in his cell, amidst the wrecks of Rome, Mejnour, startled, looked up, and, through the spirit, felt that the spirit of his distant friend addressed him.

“Fare thee well for ever upon this earth ! Thy last companion forsakes thy side. Thine age survives the youth of all ; and the Final Day shall find thee still the contemplator of our tombs. I go with my free will into the land of darkness ; but new suns and systems blaze around us from the grave. I go where the souls of those for whom I resign the clay shall be my co-mates through eternal youth. At last, I recognise the true ordeal and the real victory. Mejnour, cast down thy elixir ; lay by thy load of years ! Wherever the soul can wander, the Eternal Soul of all things protects it still !”

CHAPTER XV.

Ils ne veulent plus perdre un moment d'une nuit si précieuse.—LACRETELLE, tom. xii.

IT was late that night, and Réné-François Dumas, President of the Revolutionary Tribunal, had re-entered his cabinet, on his return from the Jacobin club. With him were two men who might be said to represent, the one the moral, the other the physical force of the Reign of Terror : Fouquier-Tinville the Public Accuser, and François Henriot, the General of the Parisian National Guard. This formidable triumvirate were assembled to debate on the

proceedings of the next day; and the three sister-witches, over their hellish caldron, were scarcely animated by a more fiend-like spirit, or engaged in more execrable designs, than these three heroes of the revolution in their premeditated massacre of the morrow.

Dumas was but little altered in appearance since, in the earlier part of this narrative, he was presented to the reader, except that his manner was somewhat more short and severe, and his eye yet more restless. But he seemed almost a superior being by the side of his associates. René Dumas, born of respectable parents, and well-educated, despite his ferocity, was not without a certain refinement, which perhaps rendered him the more acceptable to the precise and formal Robespierre.* But Henriot had been a lackey, a thief, a spy of the police; he had drank the blood of Madame de Lamballe, and had risen to his present rank for no quality but

* Dumas was a Beau in his way. His gala dress was a *blood-red coat*, with the finest ruffles.

his ruffianism ; and Fouquier-Tinville, the son of a provincial agriculturist, and afterwards a clerk at the Bureau of the Police, was little less base in his manners, and yet more, from a certain loathsome buffoonery, revolting in his speech ; bull-headed, with black, sleek hair, with a narrow and livid forehead, with small eyes, that twinkled with a sinister malice ; strongly and coarsely built, he looked what he was, the audacious Bully of a lawless and relentless Bar.

Dumas trimmed the candles, and bent over the list of the victims for the morrow.

“ It is a long catalogue,” said the President ; “ eighty trials for one day ! And Robespierre’s orders to despatch the whole *fournée* are unequivocal.”

“ Pooh !” said Fouquier, with a coarse, loud laugh, “ we must try them *en masse*. I know how to deal with our jury. ‘ *Je pense, Citoyens, que vous êtes convaincus du crime des accusés ?*’ Ha ! ha !—the longer the list the shorter the work.”

“ Oh, yes,” growled out Henriot, with an oath,—as usual, half drunk, and lolling on his chair, with his spurred heels on the table—
“ little Tinville is the man for despatch.”

“ Citizen Henriot,” said Dumas, gravely,
“ permit me to request thee to select another footstool; and for the rest, let me warn thee that to-morrow is a critical and important day; one that will decide the fate of France.”

“ A fig for little France! *Vive le Vertueux Robespierre, la Colonne de la République!* Plague on this talking; it is dry work. Hast thou no *eau de vie* in that little cupboard?”

Dumas and Fouquier exchanged looks of disgust. Dumas shrugged his shoulders, and replied—

“ It is to guard thee against *eau de vie*, Citizen General Henriot, that I have requested thee to meet me here. Listen, if thou canst!”

“ Oh, talk away! thy *métier* is to talk, mine to fight and to drink.”

“ To-morrow, I tell thee then, the populace will be abroad ; all factions will be astir. It is probable enough that they will even seek to arrest our tumbrils on their way to the guillotine. Have thy men armed and ready ; keep the streets clear ; cut down without mercy whomsoever may obstruct the ways.”

“ I understand,” said Henriot, striking his sword so loudly that Dumas half started at the clank—“ Black Henriot is no ‘ *Indulgent.* ’ ”

“ Look to it, then, Citizen—look to it ! And hark thee,” he added, with a grave and sombre brow, “ if thou wouldst keep thine own head on thy shoulders, beware of the *eau de vie.* ”

“ My own head !—*sacre mille tonnerres !* Dost thou threaten the General of the Parisian army ? ”

Dumas, like Robespierre, a precise, atrocious, and arrogant man, was about to retort, when the craftier Tinville laid his hand on his arm, and, turning to the General, said, “ My dear Henriot, thy dauntless republicanism,

which is too ready to give offence, must learn to take a reprimand from the representative of Republican Law. Seriously, *mon cher*, thou must be sober for the next three or four days; after the crisis is over, thou and I will drink a bottle together. Come, Dumas, relax thine austerity, and shake hands with our friend. No quarrels amongst ourselves!"

Dumas hesitated, and extended his hand, which the ruffian clasped; and, maudlin tears succeeding his ferocity, he half sobbed, half hiccupped forth his protestations of civism and his promises of sobriety.

"Well, we depend on thee, *mon Général*," said Dumas; "and now, since we shall all have need of vigour for to-morrow, go home and sleep soundly."

"Yes, I forgive thee, Dumas—I forgive thee. I am not vindictive—I! but still, if a man threatens me—if a man insults me"—And, with the quick changes of intoxication, again

his eyes gleamed fire through their foul tears. With some difficulty, Fouquier succeeded at last in soothing the brute, and leading him from the chamber. But still, as some wild beast disappointed of a prey, he growled and snarled, as his heavy tread descended the stairs. A tall trooper, mounted, was leading Henriot's horse to and fro the streets; and as the General waited at the porch till his attendant turned, a stranger stationed by the wall accosted him—

“General Henriot, I have desired to speak with thee. Next to Robespierre, thou art, or shouldst be, the most powerful man in France.”

“Hem!—yes, I ought to be. What then?—every man has not his deserts!”

“Hist!” said the stranger, “thy pay is scarcely suitable to thy rank and thy wants.”

“That is true.”

“Even in a Revolution, a man takes care of his fortunes!”

“*Diable!* speak out, Citizen.”

“ I have a thousand pieces of gold with me— they are thine if thou wilt grant me one small favour.”

“ Citizen, I grant it!” said Henriot, waving his hand, majestically. “ Is it to denounce some rascal who has offended thee ?”

“ No; it is simply this:—write these words to President Dumas—‘ Admit the bearer to thy presence; and if thou canst grant him the request he will make to thee, it will be an inestimable obligation to François Henriot.’” The stranger, as he spoke, placed pencil and tablets in the shaking hands of the soldier.

“ And where is the gold ?”

“ Here.”

With some difficulty, Henriot scrawled the words dictated to him, clutched the gold, mounted his horse, and was gone.

Meanwhile Fouquier, when he had closed the door upon Henriot, said, sharply—“ How canst thou be so mad as to incense that brigand? Knowst thou not that our laws are nothing with-

out the physical force of the National Guard, and that he is their leader?"

"I know this, that Robespierre must have been mad to place that drunkard at their head; and mark my words, Fouquier, if the struggle come, it is that man's incapacity and cowardice that will destroy us. Yes, thou mayst live thyself to accuse thy beloved Robespierre, and to perish in his fall."

"For all that, we must keep well with him till we can find the occasion to seize and behead him. To be safe, we must fawn on those who are still in power; and fawn the more, the more we would depose them. Do not think this Henriot, when he wakes to-morrow, will forget thy threats. He is the most revengeful of human beings. Thou must send, and soothe him in the morning!"

"Right," said Dumas, convinced. "I was too hasty; and now I think we have nothing further to do, since we have arranged to make short work with our *fournée* of to-morrow.

I see in the list a knave I have long marked out, though his crime once procured me a legacy—Nicot, the Hébertist.”

“And young André Chenier, the Poet? Ah, I forgot; we beheaded *him* to-day! Revolutionary virtue is at its acmé. His own brother abandoned him!”*

“There is a foreigner—an Italian woman—in the list; but I can find no charge made out against her.”

“All the same; we must execute *her* for the sake of the round number: eighty sounds better than seventy-nine!”

Here a *huissier* brought a paper, on which was written the request of Henriot.

* His brother is said, indeed, to have contributed to the condemnation of this virtuous and illustrious person. He was heard to cry aloud—“Si mon frère est coupable, qu’il perisse.” This brother, Marie-Joseph, also a poet, and the author of “Charles IX.,” so celebrated in the earlier days of the revolution, enjoyed, of course, according to the wonted justice of the world, a triumphant career; and was proclaimed in the Champ de Mars, “le premier des poëtes Français,”—a title due to his murdered brother.

“ Ah! this is fortunate,” said Tinville, to whom Dumas chucked the scroll—“grant the prayer by all means; so at least that it does not lessen our bead-roll. But I will do Henriot the justice to say, that he never asks to let off, but to put on. Good night! I am worn out—my escort waits below. Only on such an occasion would I venture forth in the streets at night.”* And Fouquier, with a long yawn, quitted the room.

“ Admit the bearer!” said Dumas, who, withered and dried, as lawyers in practice mostly are, seemed to require as little sleep as his parchments.

The stranger entered.

“ René-François Dumas,” said he, seating himself opposite to the President; and markedly adopting the plural, as if in contempt of

* During the latter part of the Reign of Terror, Fouquier rarely stirred out at night, and never without an escort. In the Reign of Terror, those most terrified were its kings.

the revolutionary jargon ; “ amidst the excitement and occupations of your later life, I know not if you can remember that we have met before ?”

The judge scanned the features of his visitor, and a pale blush settled on his sallow cheeks—
“ Yes, citizen, I remember !”

“ And you recall the words I then uttered ! You spoke tenderly and philanthropically of your horror of capital executions—you exulted in the approaching Revolution as the termination of all sanguinary punishments—you quoted reverently the saying of Maximilien Robespierre, the rising statesman, ‘ the executioner is the invention of the tyrant ;’ and I replied, that while you spoke, a foreboding seized me that we should meet again when your ideas of death and the philosophy of revolutions might be changed ! Was I right, Citizen René-François Dumas, President of the Revolutionary Tribunal ?”

“ Pooh !” said Dumas, with some con-

fusion on his brazen brow, "I spoke then as men speak who have not acted. Revolutions are not made with rose-water! But truce to the gossip of the long-ago. I remember, also, that thou didst then save the life of my relation, and it will please thee to learn that his intended murderer will be guillotined to-morrow."

"That concerns yourself—your justice, or your revenge. Permit me the egotism to remind you, that you then promised that if ever a day should come when you could serve me, your life—yes, the phrase was, 'your heart's blood'—was at my bidding. Think not, austere judge, that I come to ask a boon that can affect yourself—I come but to ask a day's respite for another!"

"Citizen, it is impossible! I have the order of Robespierre that not one less than the total on my list must undergo their trial for to-morrow. As for the verdict, that rests with the jury!"

"I do not ask you to diminish the catalogue.

Listen still! In your death-roll there is the name of an Italian woman, whose youth, whose beauty, and whose freedom, not only from every crime, but every tangible charge, will excite only compassion, and not terror. Even *you* would tremble to pronounce her sentence. It will be dangerous on a day when the populace will be excited, when your tumbrils may be arrested, to expose youth and innocence and beauty to the pity and courage of a revolted crowd."

Dumas looked up, and shrunk from the eye of the stranger.

"I do not deny, citizen, that there is reason in what thou urgest. But my orders are positive."

"Positive only as to the number of the victims. I offer you a substitute for this one. I offer you the head of a man who knows all of the very conspiracy which now threatens Robespierre and yourself; and compared with one

clue to which, you would think even eighty ordinary lives a cheap purchase."

"That alters the case," said Dumas, eagerly; "if thou canst do this, on my own responsibility I will postpone the trial of the Italian. Now name the proxy!"

"You behold him!"

"Thou!" exclaimed Dumas, while a fear he could not conceal betrayed itself through his surprise. "Thou!—and thou comest to me alone at night, to offer thyself to justice. Ha!—this is a snare. Tremble, fool!—thou art in my power, and I can have *both!*"

"You can," said the stranger, with a calm smile of disdain; "but my life is valueless without my revelations. Sit still, I command you,—hear me!" and the light in those dauntless eyes spell-bound and awed the judge. "You will remove me to the Conciergerie—you will fix my trial, under the name of Zanoni, amidst your *fournée* of to-morrow. If I do not

satisfy you by my speech, you hold the woman I die to save as your hostage. It is but the reprieve for her of a single day that I demand. The day following the morrow, I shall be dust, and you may wreak your vengeance on the life that remains. Tush! Judge and condemner of thousands, do you hesitate—do you imagine that the man who voluntarily offers himself to death, will be daunted into uttering one syllable at your bar against his will? Have you not had experience enough of the inflexibility of pride and courage? President, I place before you the ink and implements! Write to the gaoler, a reprieve of one day for the woman whose life can avail you nothing, and I will bear the order to my own prison—I, who can now tell this much as an earnest of what I can communicate—while I speak, your own name, Judge, is in a list of death. I can tell you by whose hand it is written down—I can tell you in what quarter to look for danger—I can tell you from what

cloud, in this lurid atmosphere, hangs the storm that shall burst on Robespierre and his reign !”

Dumas grew pale ; and his eyes vainly sought to escape the magnetic gaze that overpowered and mastered him. Mechanically, and as if under an agency not his own, he wrote while the stranger dictated.

“ Well,” he said, then, forcing a smile to his lips ; “ I promised I would serve you ; see, I am faithful to my word. I suppose that you are one of those fools of feeling—those professors of anti-revolutionary virtue, of whom I have seen not a few before my bar. Faugh ! it sickens me to see those who make a merit of incivism, and perish to save some bad patriot, because it is a son, or a father, or a wife, or a daughter, who is saved.”

“ I *am* one of those fools of feeling,” said the stranger, rising. “ You have divined aright.”

“ And wilt thou not, in return for my mercy,

utter to-night the revelations thou wouldst proclaim to-morrow? Come; and, perhaps, thou too—nay, the woman also, may receive not reprieve, but pardon.”

“ Before your tribunal, and there alone! Nor will I deceive you, President. My information may avail you not; and even while I shew the cloud, the bolt may fall.”

“ Tush!—Prophet, look to thyself! Go, madman; go. I know, too well, the contumacious obstinacy of the class to which I suspect thou belongest to waste further words. *Diable!* but ye grow so accustomed to look on death, that ye forget the respect ye owe to it. Since thou offerest me thy head, I accept it. To-morrow, thou mayst repent; it will be too late.”

“ Ay, too late, President!” echoed the calm visitor.

“ But, remember, it is not pardon, it is but a day’s reprieve, I have promised to this woman. According as thou dost satisfy me to-morrow, she

lives or dies. I am frank, citizen; thy ghost shall not haunt me for want of faith."

"It is but a day that I have asked; the rest I leave to justice, and to Heaven. Your *huissiers* wait below."

CHAPTER XVI.

Und den Mordstahl seh 'ich blinken ;
Und das Morderauge gluhn !

KASSANDRA.

VIOLA was in the prison, that opened not but for those already condemned before adjudged. Since her exile from Zanoni, her very intellect had seemed paralyzed. All that beautiful exuberance of fancy, which, if not the fruit of genius, seemed its blossoms ; all that gush of exquisite thought, which Zanoni had justly told her flowed with mysteries and subtleties ever new to him, the wise one ; all were gone, annihilated ; the blossom withered, the fount dried

up. From something almost above womanhood, she seemed listlessly to sink into something below childhood. With the inspirer the inspirations had ceased; and, in deserting love, genius also was left behind.

She scarcely comprehended why she had been thus torn from her home and the mechanism of her dull tasks. She scarcely knew what meant those kindly groups, that, struck with her exceeding loveliness, had gathered round her in the prison, with mournful looks, but with words of comfort. She, who had hitherto been taught to abhor those whom Law condemns for crime, was amazed to hear that beings thus compassionate and tender, with cloudless and lofty brows, with gallant and gentle mien, were criminals, for whom Law had no punishment short of death. But they, the savages, gaunt and menacing, who had dragged her from her home, who had attempted to snatch from her the infant, while she clasped it

in her arms, and laughed fierce scorn at her mute, quivering lips—THEY were the chosen citizens, the men of virtue, the favourites of Power, the ministers of Law! Such thy black caprices, O thou, the ever-shifting and calumnious,—Human Judgment!

A squalid, and yet a gay world, did the prison-houses of that day present. There, as in the sepulchre to which they led, all ranks were cast, with an even-handed scorn. And yet there, the reverence that comes from great emotions restored Nature's first and imperishable, and most lovely, and most noble Law—
THE INEQUALITY BETWEEN MAN AND MAN!
There, place was given by the prisoners, whether royalists or sans-culottes, to Age, to Learning, to Renown, to Beauty; and Strength, with its own inborn chivalry, raised into rank the helpless, and the weak. The iron sinews, and the Herculean shoulders, made way for the woman, and the child; and the graces of Hu-

manity, lost elsewhere, sought their refuge in the abode of Terror.

“And wherefore, my child, do they bring thee hither?” asked an old grey-haired priest.

“I cannot guess.”

“Ah! if you know not your offence, fear the worst.”

“And, my child?” (for the infant was still suffered to rest upon her bosom.)

“Alas, young mother! they will suffer thy child to live.”

“And for this—an orphan in the dungeon!” murmured the accusing heart of Viola, “have I reserved his offspring! Zanoni, even in thought, ask not—ask not, what I have done with the child I bore thee!”

Night came; the crowd rushed to the grate, to hear the muster-roll.* Her name was with the doomed. And the old priest, better pre-

* Called, in the mocking jargon of the day, “The Evening Gazette.”

pared to die, but reserved from the death-list, laid his hands on her head, and blessed her, while he wept. She heard, and wondered; but she did not weep. With downcast eyes, with arms folded on her bosom, she bent submissively to the call. But now, another name was uttered; and a man, who had pushed rudely past her, to gaze or to listen, shrieked out a howl of despair and rage. She turned, and their eyes met. Through the distance of time, she recognised that hideous aspect. Nicot's face settled back into its devilish sneer.—“At least, gentle Neapolitan, the Guillotine will unite us. Oh, we shall sleep well our wedding night!” And, with a laugh, he strode away through the crowd, and vanished into his lair.

.

She was placed in her gloomy cell, to await the morrow. But the child was still spared her; and she thought it seemed as if conscious

of the awful Present. In their way to the prison, it had not moaned or wept; it had looked with its clear eyes, unshrinking, on the gleaming pikes and savage brows of the *huissiers*. And now, alone in the dungeon, it put its arms round her neck, and murmured its indistinct sounds, low and sweet as some unknown language of consolation and of heaven. And of Heaven it was! For, at the murmur, the terror melted from her soul: upward, from the dungeon and the death—upward, where the happy cherubim chaunt the mercy of the All-loving, whispered that cherub's voice. She fell upon her knees, and prayed. The despoilers of all that beautifies and hallows life had desecrated the altar, and denied the God!—they had removed from the last hour of their victims the Priest, the Scripture, and the Cross! But Faith builds in the dungeon and the lazar-house its sublimest shrines; and up, through roofs of stone, that shut out the eye

of Heaven, ascends the ladder where the angels glide to and fro—PRAYER.

And there, in the very cell beside her own, the atheist, Nicot, sits stolid amidst the darkness, and hugs the thought of Danton, that death is nothingness.* His, no spectacle of an appalled and perturbed conscience! Remorse is the echo of a lost virtue, and virtue he never knew. Had he to live again, he would live the same. But more terrible than the death-bed of a believing and despairing sinner, that blank gloom of apathy—that contemplation of the worm and the rat of the charnel-house—that grim and loathsome NOTHINGNESS which, for his eye, falls like a pall over the universe of life. Still, staring into space, gnawing his livid lip, he looks upon the darkness, convinced that darkness is for ever and for ever!

.

* “Ma demeure sera bientôt LE NEANT,” said Danton before his judges.

Place, there! place! Room yet in your crowded cells. Another has come to the slaughter-house.

As the gaoler, lamp in hand, ushered in the stranger, the latter touched him, and whispered. The stranger drew a jewel from his finger. *Diantre!* how the diamond flashed in the ray of the lamp! Value each head of your eighty at a thousand francs, and the jewel is more worth than all! The gaoler paused, and the diamond laughed in his dazzled eyes. O thou Cerberus, thou hast conquered all else that seems human in that fell employ. Thou hast no pity, no love, and no remorse. But Avarice survives the rest, and the foul heart's master-serpent swallows up the tribe. Ha! ha! crafty stranger, thou hast conquered! They tread the gloomy corridor; they arrive at the door where the gaoler has placed the fatal mark, now to be erased, for the prisoner within is to be reprieved a day. The key grates in the lock—the door yawns—the stranger takes the lamp, and enters.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH
AND LAST.

“Cosi vince Goffredo!

GER. LIB. cant. xx.—xliv.

AND Viola was in prayer. She heard not the opening door; she saw not the dark shadow that fell along the floor. *His* power, *his* arts were gone; but the mystery and the spell known to *her* simple heart did not desert her in the hours of trial and despair. When Science falls as a firework from the sky it would invade, when Genius withers as a flower in the breath of the icy chanel, the Hope of a childlike soul wraps the air in light, and the innocence of unquestioning Belief covers the grave with blossoms.

In the farthest corner of the cell she knelt; and the infant, as if to imitate what it could not comprehend, bent its little limbs, and bowed its smiling face, and knelt with her also, by her side.

He stood, and gazed upon them, as the light of the lamp fell calmly on their forms. It fell over those clouds of golden hair, dishevelled, parted, thrown back from the rapt, candid brow; the dark eyes raised on high, where, through the human tears, a light as from above was mirrored; the hands clasped—the lips apart—the form all animate and holy with the sad serenity of innocence and the touching humility of woman. And he heard her voice, though it scarcely left her lips—the low voice that the heart speaks—loud enough for God to hear!

“And if never more to see him, O Father! canst thou not make the love that will not die, minister, even beyond the grave, to his earthly fate? Canst thou not yet permit it, as a living

spirit, to hover over him—a spirit fairer than all his science can conjure? Oh, whatever lot be ordained to either, grant—even though a thousand ages may roll between us—grant, when at last purified and regenerate, and fitted for the transport of such reunion—grant that we may meet once more! And for his child—it kneels to thee from the dungeon floor! To-morrow, and whose breast shall cradle it!—whose hand shall feed!—whose lips shall pray for its weal below and its soul hereafter!” She paused—her voice choked with sobs.

“Thou, Viola!—thou, thyself. He whom thou hast deserted is here to preserve the mother to the child!”

She started!—those accents, tremulous as her own! She started to her feet!—He was there,—in all the pride of his unwaning youth and superhuman beauty!—there, in the house of dread, and in the hour of travail!—there, image and personation of the love that can pierce the

Valley of the Shadow, and can glide, the unscathed wanderer from the heaven, through the roaring abyss of hell.

With a cry, never, perhaps, heard before in that gloomy vault—a cry of delight and rapture, she sprang forward, and fell at his feet.

He bent down to raise her, but she slid from his arms. He called her by the familiar epithets of the old endearment, and she only answered him by sobs. Wildly, passionately, she kissed his hands, the hem of his garment, but voice was gone.

“Look up, look up!—I am here—I am here to save thee! Wilt thou deny to me thy sweet face? Truant, wouldst thou fly me still?”

“Fly thee!” she said, at last, and in a broken voice; “oh, if my thoughts wronged thee—oh, if my dream, that awful dream, deceived—kneel down with me, and pray for our child!” Then, springing to her feet with a sudden impulse, she caught up the infant, and, placing it

in his arms, sobbed forth, with deprecating and humble tones, "Not for my sake—not for mine, did I abandon thee, but——"

"Hush!" said Zanoni; "I know all the thoughts that thy confused and struggling senses can scarcely analyse themselves. And see how, with a look, thy child answers them!"

And in truth, the face of that strange infant seemed radiant with its silent and unfathomable joy. It seemed as if it recognised the father; it clung—it forced itself to his breast, and there nestling, turned its bright clear eyes upon Viola, and smiled.

"Pray for my child!" said Zanoni, mournfully. "The thoughts of souls that would aspire as mine, are *all prayer!*" And, seating himself by her side, he began to reveal to her some of the holier secrets of his lofty being. He spoke of the sublime and intense faith from which alone the diviner knowledge can arise—the faith which, seeing the immortal every-

where, purifies and exalts the mortal that beholds—the glorious ambition that dwells not in the cabals and crimes of earth, but amidst those solemn wonders that speak not of men, but of God—of that power to abstract the soul from the clay which gives to the eye of the soul its subtle vision, and to the soul's wing the unlimited realm—of that pure, severe, and daring initiation, from which the mind emerges, as from death, into clear perceptions of its kindred with the Father-Principles of life and light, so that, in its own sense of the Beautiful, it finds its joy; in the serenity of its Will, its power; in its sympathy with the youthfulness of the Infinite Creation, of which itself is an essence and a part, the secrets that embalm the very clay which they consecrate, and renew the strength of life with the ambrosia of mysterious and celestial sleep. And while he spoke, Viola listened, breathless. If she could not comprehend, she no longer dared to distrust. She

felt that in that enthusiasm, self-deceiving or not, no fiend could lurk; and by an intuition, rather than an effort of the reason, she saw before her, like a starry ocean, the depth and mysterious beauty of the soul which her fears had wronged. Yet, when he said, (concluding his strange confessions,) that to this life *within* life and *above* life, he had dreamed to raise her own, the fear of humanity crept over her, and he read in her silence how vain, with all his science, would the dream have been.

But now, as he closed, and, leaning on his breast, she felt the clasp of his protecting arms,—when, in one holy kiss, the past was forgiven and the present lost,—then there returned to her the sweet and warm hopes of the natural life—of the loving woman. He was come to save her! She asked not how—she believed it without a question. They should be at last again united. They would fly far from those scenes of violence and blood. Their happy

Ionian isle, their fearless solitudes, would once more receive them. She laughed, with a child's joy, as this picture rose up amidst the gloom of the dungeon! Her mind, faithful to its sweet, simple instincts, refused to receive the lofty images that flitted confusedly by it, and settled back to its human visions, yet more baseless, of the earthly happiness and the tranquil home.

“Talk not now to me, beloved—talk not more now to me of the past! Thou art here—thou wilt save me; we shall live yet the common happy life; that life with thee is happiness and glory enough to me. Traverse, if thou wilt, in thy pride of soul, the universe; thy heart again is the universe to mine. I thought but now that I was prepared to die; I see thee, touch thee, and again I know how beautiful a thing is life! See through the grate the stars are fading from the sky; the morrow will soon be here—THE MORROW which will

open the prison doors ! Thou sayest thou canst save me—I will not doubt it now. Oh, let us dwell no more in cities ! I never doubted thee in our lovely isle ; no dreams haunted me there, except dreams of joy and beauty ; and thine eyes made yet more beautiful and joyous the world in waking. To-morrow !—why do you not smile ? To-morrow, love ! is not *to-morrow* a blessed word ! Cruel ! you would punish me still, that you will not share my joy. Aha ! see to our little one, how it laughs to my eyes ! I will talk to *that*. Child, thy father is come back !”

And taking the infant in her arms, and seating herself at a little distance, she rocked it to and fro on her bosom, and prattled to it, and kissed it between every word ; and laughed and wept by fits, as ever and anon she cast over her shoulder her playful, mirthful glance, upon the father to whom those fading stars smiled sadly their last farewell. How beautiful she seemed

as she thus sat, unconscious of the future. Still half a child herself, her child laughing to her laughter—two soft triflers on the brink of the grave! Over her throat, as she bent, fell, like a golden cloud, her redundant hair; it covered her treasure like a veil of light; and the child's little hands put it aside from time to time, to smile through the parted tresses, and then to cover its face, and peep and smile again. It were cruel to damp that joy, more cruel still to share it.

“Viola,” said Zanoni, at last, “dost thou remember that, seated by the cave on the moonlit beach, in our bridal isle, thou once didst ask me for this amulet?—the charm of a superstition long vanished from the world, with the creed to which it belonged. It is the last relic of my native land, and my mother, on her death-bed, placed it round my neck. I told thee then I would give it thee on that day *when the laws of our being should become the same.*”

“I remember it well.”

“To-morrow it shall be thine!”

“Ah, that dear to-morrow!” And, gently laying down her child, for it slept now, she threw herself on his breast, and pointed to the dawn that began greyly to creep along the skies.

There, in those horror-breathing walls, the day-star looked through the dismal bars upon those three beings, in whom were concentrated whatever is most tender in human ties; whatever is most mysterious in the combinations of the human mind;—the sleeping Innocence; the trustful Affection, that, contented with a touch, a breath, can foresee no sorrow; the weary Science that, traversing all the secrets of creation, comes at last to Death for their solution, and still clings, as it nears the threshold, to the breast of Love. Thus, within, *the within*—a dungeon; without, *the without*—stately with marts and halls, with palaces and temples—revenge and terror, at their dark schemes and counter-

schemes—to and fro, upon the tide of the shifting passions, reeled the destinies of men and nations ; and hard at hand that day-star, waning into space, looked with impartial eye on the church tower and the guillotine. Up springs the blithesome morn. In yon gardens the birds renew their familiar song. The fishes are sporting through the freshening waters of the Seine. The gladness of divine nature, the roar and dissonance of mortal life awake again ; the trader unbars his windows—the flower-girls troop gaily to their haunts—busy feet are tramping to the daily drudgeries that revolutions, which strike down kings and kaisars, leave the same Cain's heritage to the boor—the waggons groan and reel to the mart—Tyranny, up betimes, holds its pallid levée—Conspiracy, that hath not slept, hears the clock, and whispers to its own heart, “ The hour draws near.” A group gather, eager-eyed, round the purlieus of the Convention Hall ; to-day decides

the sovereignty of France—about the courts of the Tribunal their customary hum and stir. No matter what the hazard of the dye, or who the ruler, this day eighty heads shall fall!

.

And she slept so sweetly. Wearied out with joy, secure in the presence of the eyes regained, she had laughed and wept herself to sleep; and still, in that slumber, there seemed a happy consciousness that the Loved was by—the Lost was found. ✓ For she smiled and murmured to herself, and breathed his name often, and stretched out her arms, and sighed if they touched him not. He gazed upon her as he stood apart—with what emotions it were vain to say. She would wake no more to him—she could not know how dearly the safety of that sleep was purchased. That morrow she had so yearned for,—it had come at last. *How would she greet the eve?* Amidst all the exquisite hopes with

which love and youth contemplate the future, her eyes had closed. Those hopes still lent their iris-colours to her dreams. She would wake to live! To-morrow, and the Reign of Terror was no more—the prison gates would be opened—she would go forth, with their child, into that summer-world of light. And *he*?—he turned, and his eye fell upon the child, it was broad awake, and that clear, serious, thoughtful look which it mostly wore watched him with a solemn steadiness. He bent over and kissed its lips.

“Never more,” he murmured, “O heritor of love and grief—never more wilt thou see me in thy visions—never more will the light of those eyes be fed by celestial commune—never more can my soul guard from thy pillow the trouble and the disease. Not such as I would have vainly shaped it must be thy lot. In common with thy race, it must be thine to suffer, to struggle, and to err. But mild be thy

human trials, and strong be thy spirit, to love and to believe ! And thus, as I gaze upon thee—thus may my nature breathe into thine its last and most intense desire ; may my love for thy mother pass to thee, and in thy looks may she hear my spirit comfort and console her. Hark ! they come !—Yes ! I await ye both beyond the grave !”

The door slowly opened ; the gaoler appeared, and through the aperture rushed at the same instant, a ray of sunlight—it streamed over the fair, hushed face of the happy sleeper—it played like a smile upon the lips of the child, that still, mute and steadfast, watched the movements of its father. At that moment Viola muttered in her sleep—“The day is come—the gates are open ! Give me thy hand ; we will go forth ! To sea—to sea !—How the sunshine plays upon the waters !—to home, beloved one ! to home again.

“ Citizen, thine hour is come !”

“ Hist !—she sleeps ! A moment ! There !

it is done! thank Heaven!—and *still* she sleeps!” He would not kiss lest he should awaken her, but gently placed round her neck the amulet that would speak to her, hereafter, the farewell;—and promise, in that farewell,—re-union! He is at the threshold—he turns again, and again. The door closes! He is gone for ever.

She woke at last—she gazed round. “Zanoni, it is day!” No answer but the low wail of her child. Merciful heaven! was it then all a dream? She tossed back the long tresses that must veil her sight—she felt the amulet on her bosom—it was *no* dream! “Oh, God! and he is gone!” She sprang to the door—she shrieked aloud. The gaoler comes! “My husband, my child’s father!”

“He is gone before thee, woman!”

“Whither? Speak—speak!”

“To the guillotine!” and the black door closed again.

It closed upon the Senseless! As a lightning flash, Zanoni’s words, his sadness, the true

meaning of his mystic gift, the very sacrifice he made for her, all became distinct for a moment to her mind—and then darkness swept on it like a storm, yet darkness which had its light. And, while she sat there, mute, rigid, voiceless, as congealed to stone, A VISION, like a wind, glided over the deeps within!—the grim court—the judge—the jury—the accuser; and amidst the victims, the one dauntless and radiant form.

“Thou knowest the danger to the State—confess!”

“I know; and I keep my promise. Judge, I reveal thy doom! I know that the Anarchy thou callest a State expires with the setting of this sun. Hark! to the tramp without!—hark! to the roar of voices! Room there, ye Dead!—room in Hell for Robespierre and his crew!”

They hurry into the court—the hasty and pale messengers—there is confusion, and fear, and dismay! “Off with the conspirator!—and

to-morrow the woman thou wouldst have saved shall die!"

"To-morrow, President—and the steel falls ON THEE!"

On, through the crowded and roaring streets, on moves the Procession of Death. Ha, brave People! thou art aroused at last. They shall not die!—Death is dethroned!—Robespierre has fallen!—they rush to the rescue! Hideous in the tumbril, by the side of Zanoni, raved and gesticulated that form, which, in his prophetic dreams, he had seen his companion at the place of Death. "Save us!—save us!" howled the atheist, Nicot; "On, brave populace! we *shall* be saved!" And through the crowd, her dark hair streaming wild, her eyes flashing fire, pressed a female form—"My Clarence!" she shrieked, in the soft southern language, native to the ears of Viola; "butcher! what hast thou done with Clarence?" Her eyes roved over the eager faces of the prisoners; she saw not

the one she sought. "Thank Heaven—thank Heaven! I am not thy murderess!"

Nearer and nearer press the-populace—another moment, and the deathsman is defrauded. O Zanoni! why still upon *thy* brow the resignation, that speaks no hope? Tramp! tramp! through the streets dash the armed troop; faithful to his orders, black Henriot leads them on. Tramp! tramp! over the craven and scattered crowd! Here, flying in disorder—there, trampled in the mire, the shrieking rescuers! And amidst them, stricken by the sabres of the guard, her long hair blood-bedabbled, lies the Italian woman; and still upon her writhing lips sits joy, as they murmur—"Clarence! I have not destroyed thee!"

On to the *Barrière du Trône*. It frowns dark in the air—the giant instrument of murder! One after one, to the glaive;—another, and another, and another! Mercy! O mercy! Is the bridge between the sun and the shades so

brief?—brief as a sigh? There, there—*his* turn has come. “Die not yet; leave me not behind! Hear me—hear me!” shrieked the inspired sleeper. “What! and thou smilest still!” They smiled—those pale lips—and *with* the smile, the place of doom, the headsman, the horror vanished! With that smile, all space seemed suffused in eternal sunshine. Up from the earth he rose—he hovered over her—a thing not of matter—an IDEA of joy and light! Behind, Heaven opened, deep after deep; and the Hosts of Beauty were seen, rank upon rank, afar; and “Welcome,” in a myriad melodies, broke from your choral multitude, ye People of the Skies—“Welcome! O purified by sacrifice, and immortal only through the grave—this it is to die.” And radiant amidst the radiant, the IMAGE stretched forth its arms, and murmured to the sleeper: “Companion of Eternity!—*this* it is to die!”

.

“Ho! wherefore do they make us signs from the house-tops? Wherefore gather the crowds through the street? Why sounds the bell? Why shrieks the tocsin? Hark to the guns! —the armed clash! Fellow captives, is there hope for us at last?”

So gasp out the prisoners, each to each. Day wanes—evening closes; still they press their white faces to the bars; and still, from window, and from housetop, they see the smiles of friends—the waving signals! “Hurrah!” at last—“Hurrah! Robespierre is fallen! The Reign of Terror is no more! God hath permitted us to live!”

Yes; cast thine eyes into the hall, where the tyrant and his conclave hearkened to the roar without!—Fulfilling the prophecy of Dumas, Henriot, drunk with blood and alcohol, reels within, and chucks his gory sabre on the floor. “All is lost!”

“Wretch! thy cowardice hath destroyed us!”

yelled the fierce Coffinhal as he hurled the coward from the window.

Calm as despair stands the stern St. Just ; the palsied Couthon crawls, grovelling, beneath the table ; a shot—an explosion ! Robespierre would destroy himself ! The trembling hand has mangled, and failed to kill ! The clock of the *Hôtel de Ville* strikes the third hour. Through the battered door—along the gloomy passages, into the Death-hall, burst the crowd. Mangled, livid, blood-stained, speechless, but not unconscious, sits haughty yet, in his seat erect, the Master-Murderer ! Around him they throng — they hoot — they execrate ! their faces gleaming in the tossing torches ! *He*, and not the starry Magian, the *real* Sorcerer ! And round *his* last hours gather the Fiends he raised !

They drag him forth ! Open thy gates, inexorable prison ! The Conciergerie receives its prey ! Never a word again on earth spoke

Maximilien Robespierre! Pour forth thy thousands, and tens of thousands, emancipated Paris! To the *Place de La Revolution*, rolls the tumbril of the King of Terror,—St. Just, Dumas, Couthon,—his companions to the grave! A woman—a childless woman, with hoary hair, springs to his side—“Thy death makes me drunk with joy!” He opened his bloodshot eyes—“Descend to hell, with the curses of wives and mothers!”

The headsmen wrench the rag from the shattered jaw! A shriek—and the crowd laugh; and the axe descends, amidst the shout of the countless thousands! And blackness rushes on thy soul, Maximilien Robespierre! So ended the Reign of Terror.

.

Daylight in the prison. From cell to cell they hurry with the news; crowd upon crowd—the joyous captives mingled with the very gaolers, who, for fear, would fain seem joyous

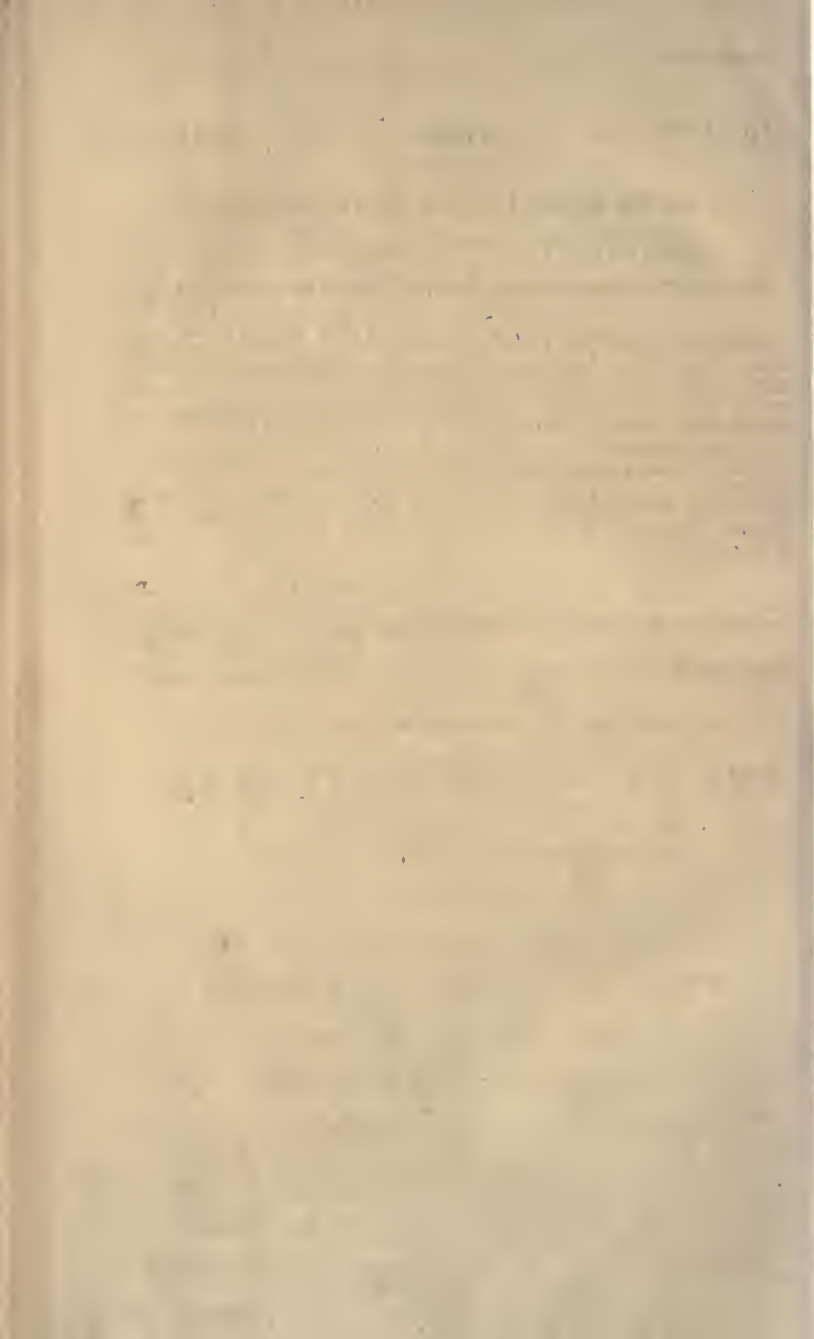
too—they stream through the dens and alleys of the grim house they will shortly leave. They burst into a cell, forgotten since the previous morning. They found there a young female, sitting upon her wretched bed; her arms crossed upon her bosom, her face raised upward; the eyes unclosed, and a smile, of more than serenity,—of bliss upon her lips. Even in the riot of their joy, they drew back in astonishment and awe. Never had they seen life so beautiful; and as they crept nearer, and with noiseless feet, they saw that the lips breathed not, that the repose was of marble, that the beauty, and the ecstasy were of death. They gathered round in silence: and, lo, at her feet there was a young infant, who, wakened by their tread, looked at them steadfastly, and with its rosy fingers played with its dead mother's robe. An orphan there in the dungeon vault!

“Poor one!” said a female (herself a parent), —“and they say the father fell yesterday; and

now, the mother! Alone in the world, what can be its fate?"

The infant smiled fearlessly on the crowd, as the woman spoke thus. And the old Priest, who stood amongst them, said, gently, "Woman, see! the orphan smiles! THE FATHERLESS ARE THE CARE OF GOD!"

THE END.



In one large volume, octavo, price 21s., Bound and Lettered, with the
ARMS BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED,

MR. LODGE'S PEERAGE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED THE BARONETAGE.

THE TENTH EDITION.

Revised and Corrected throughout from the Personal Communications
of the Nobility.

This work will be found an important acquisition to all Gentlemen and Heads of Families, and particularly to the Learned Professions. It answers, more readily and satisfactorily than any work previously published, the various questions which continually arise respecting the Connexions and Relationships of the Higher Classes. Every page being kept standing in Type and constantly Revised by each of the Noble Families, an Authenticity and Correctness are thus attained which may justly be considered unexampled in so large a mass of Family History, embracing the entire Aristocracy of the British Empire, with their various connexions and Collateral Branches. Every Edition is corrected *throughout* to the Date of Publication.

Dedicated, by permission, to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

IN ONE SMALL VOLUME, BOUND IN SILK, WITH COLOURED PLATES, SEVENTH
EDITION, REVISED,

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE FORGET ME NOT."

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

"By all those token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well."—BYRON.

In One Volume, cloth gilt.

THE BOOK OF SONNETS.

Edited by Miss A. M. WOODFORD.

Dedicated, by permission, to W. Wordsworth, Esq.

"The sonnet is a beautiful form of poetry, emanating in an impulse like some single flash of light, perfect in itself, and requiring none of the labour of second thoughts and after study. The happiest effort of nearly every poet has been the sonnet, and they well deserved collection and publication. The volume before us is rich in exquisite samples; it includes the choicest specimens, from the earliest to the latest poets. It is a most attractive volume."—*Metropolitan*.

"An elegant and well-chosen selection, comprising the finest specimens of the English sonnet from Wyatt to Wordsworth."—*Tait's Magazine*.

"The best collection of sonnets that has appeared. Short biographical notices precede the productions of each Poet, and trace clearly the history of each."—*Spectator*.

In One Vol. 8vo,

ITALY: A POEM.

WITH HISTORICAL AND CLASSICAL NOTES.

By J. E. READE, Esq., Author of "CAIN THE WANDERER," &c.

"Mr. Reade's 'Italy' may be justly described as the noblest poem that has appeared since the 'Childe Harold.'"—*Atlas*.

"The author of this elegant and splendid work has more than fulfilled in his 'Italy' the promises held out by 'Cain the Wanderer.'"—*Literary Gazette*.

"It abounds in passages of uncommon grace and sweetness."—*Sun*.

"No collection of the poets of our own time can be considered complete without it."—*Morning Chronicle*.

PREPARATION OF MANUSCRIPTS FOR PUBLICATION.

Now Ready, Fourth Edition, Price 2s. 6d., cloth gilt,

THE AUTHOR'S PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSISTANT.

A Guide to the Printing, Correcting, and Publishing New Works, comprising Explanations of the Process of Printing, Preparation and Calculation of Manuscripts; choice of Paper, Type, Binding, Illustrations, Publishing, Advertising, &c.; with an Exemplification and Description of the Typographical Marks used in the Correction of the Press.

"Every one who has written or who may write for the press should possess this work."—*Metropolitan*.

GUIDE TO NEW WORKS.

Published Monthly,

THE LIBRARY CIRCULAR.

A GUIDE TO READERS IN THE CHOICE OF NEW BOOKS.

With brief Descriptive and Critical Notices.

Forwarded, Postage Free, to all parts of the Kingdom.

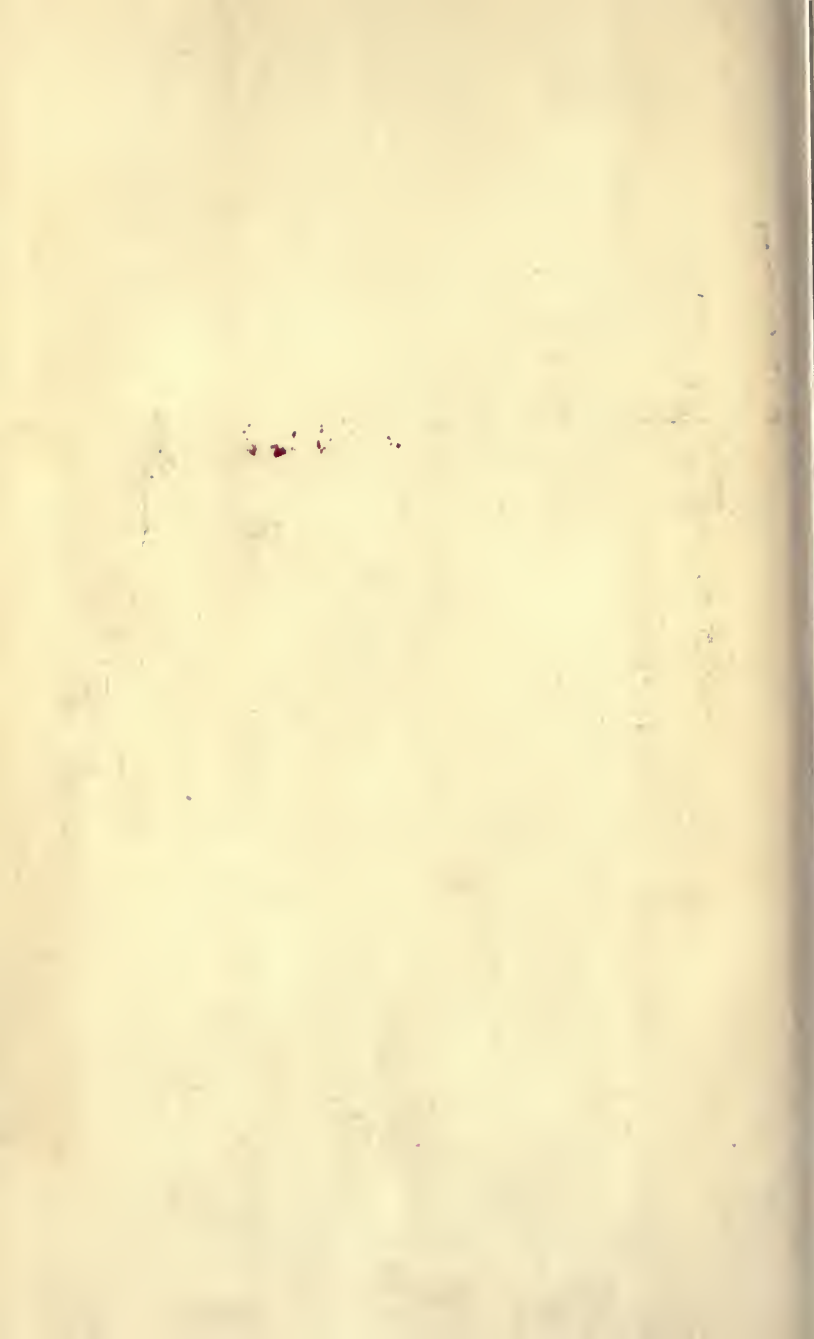
In Octavo,

HINTS FOR THE FORMATION OF READING AND BOOK SOCIETIES.

With an IMPROVED PLAN for rendering them more extensively available and efficient.

THE CATALOGUES

of Messrs. SAUNDERS and OTLEY'S extensive Subscription Library, CONDUIT STREET, HANOVER SQUARE. With a view of meeting the increasing demand for works of a more valuable and standard character than are usually found in Circulating Libraries, the Proprietors have very considerably augmented their collection in HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, DIVINITY, BELES LETTRES, MORAL and POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY, VOYAGES, TRAVELS, &c. Every NEW PUBLICATION of interest is added immediately it appears; and to assist subscribers in the choice of new works, an analytical list is published monthly, entitled "THE LIBRARY CIRCULAR," which is furnished gratuitously. The terms of subscription for the supply of Book Societies and Families throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, may be had Gratis, and Post Free, on application to Messrs. Saunders and Otley, Publishers, Conduit Street.



PR
4921
A1
1842
v.3

Lytton, Edward George Earle
Lytton Bulwer-Lytton, 1st
baron
Zanoni. v. 3

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
