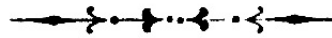


# MY ALLEGIANCE

BY

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# My Allegiance

## A Story of the French Revolution



### CHAPTER I.

I first saw the light in that gloomy old fortress of Paris, in the year 1763. Sometimes I have thought that he who is born within the shadow of a prison can never pass from out it in this life; and then I have recalled the joy of my life, which has been to be spent in her service, and I have seen the shadow to be a cloud with a silver lining.

I hold in my heart today a thought that makes my old age a peaceful, happy one, that no man has ever been to her what I might have been if our lot in life had been different. That no man ever risked his life for her as I have done, and that no man ever heard from her lips sweeter words than those she said to me at that last sad parting: "I have been a better woman all my life for the thought of what you hold in your Heart for me." Perhaps in that other life, where there are no distinctions as to rank and birth, no prisons or death, we may be together in that perfect friendship that nothing can sever.

If the shadow of the Bastille has been lifted from my life, it was never lifted from the life of the mother I loved so dearly. "You are a noble by birth, little Henry," she often said to me, but remember your mother gave you birth in a prison, because a cruel woman used her guilty power to send her there; remember that your mother's crime, so-called, consisted in speaking words of truth; for what she said was, that 'The King is no longer the father of his people.' If you ever come into your own again, try to bring back the old days when a King was indeed the 'Sire' we call him, and when his people were not taxed and abused to supply his favorites with the wealth they squander."

I never forgot her words, when we lived in retirement at the seashore and I saw the poor peasants beaten publicly because they had dared to evade the salt tax, and in secret dried out salt from the great ocean at their feet; when I saw people who never tasted meat, but ate their coarse black bread and toiled from early morning until late at night, that Madame Du Berry, the King's new favorite, might squander the wealth of the nation as De Pompadour had before in my mother's time. I carried the woes of the nation as a burden on my childish heart. I studied the old histories of France and longed for another Henry of Navarre, that I might have a King who should be in very truth the father we called him. In spite of my sorrow for the people's wrongs, I lived too much among them (my mother shunned the Court and all connected with her former life), saw too much of their degradation and brutality, to make me think them fit to rule themselves. I was loyal to my idea of kingship—not to the miserable rotten representative called Louis X".

La Pompadour's death in 1764 had opened the doors of the Bastille to all who had found their way there through her "lettres de cachet"; but my father had died there, and my mother, crushed and brokenhearted, returned to the world, never to rally from her imprisonment.

When Louis died of that dread scourge of Royalty in his day, smallpox, and the elation crowned the young couple who cried on their knees, "We are too young to reign" my boyish heart was full of loyalty and affection. I often saw the young couple, when they drove past the military school to which my uncle had consigned me. Louis, with his plain, honest face, and the fair Queen whose beauty and grace captivated my boyish heart. In that heart I registered a vow that I have ever kept; but the scenes of suffering and sorrow I had seen among the people in my childhood made me very tender toward their abuses, and kept me from that selfish disregard for the rights of others which was so prevalent among the other young nobles of Paris.

One summer's day in the year I was eighteen we had a boat race on the Seine in Honor of the Austrian Emperor, Joseph the Second, who was visiting his sister, our Queen.

Joseph's reputation as a reformer of royal abuses had preceded him; and that fact, which brought him scorn from most of our nobility, made him a hero in my eyes. I studied his face, with its piercing blue eyes, and felt it would be easy to swear fealty to a Sovereign who treated his people as he did.

Late that same night I was returning from a students' supper, when I ran upon a party of young nobles who were amusing themselves by annoying some peasants whom the night had found still within the city limits. Suddenly, as one of them struck with the broad end of his sword an old woman who had dared to defend her wares, I saw the sword struck from the hand that held it, and its owner confronted by a gentleman in dark clothes, who alone, Except for one attendant, had rushed to the spot. The nobles turned with one accord on the man who had dared interrupt their sport; and drawing my own sword, I was by his side in an instant. There were three of us against the five or six half-drunken fellows, and in five minutes they had enough and rushed off. Then the man, whose face I had hardly seen as yet, turned and held out his hand to me; and in spite of the plain clothes I recognized the blue eyes that had held me by their look of power that afternoon. I knelt, in spite of his efforts to prevent me, and touched his hand with my lips. He laughed pleasantly as he laid a friendly hand on my shoulder. "You know me, boy, I see. Come to my rooms, and let me see more of the first French youth I have seen who respects the rights of others."

All my wild day-dreams seemed realized, as I sat opposite to my hero that night at the little table in his room, and poured into his willing ear the story of my life and my hopes for the future.

"Born in the Bastille, and still loyal!" he said, eying me musingly. "There is something more in the French nature than I had given credit to, if this is possible."

He asked me many questions as to the life of the common people, and shook his head sadly at my answers. "Your Kings have sown a harvest it will be hard to reap," he said sadly. "Poor

Antoinette, with her warm impulsive heart and undisciplined nature! Louis would need to be a Solomon to bring order and prosperity to this nation.”

“But he has taken away some of the unjust privileges of the nobles already," I answered eagerly. “We have no more serfs, and the Torture has been forbidden for witnesses.”

“A beginning, and already there is dissension at Court. Never mind, boy, I have no right to darken your mind by my unhappy surmises. France needs her sons to have faith in her, and Louis and Antoinette need the firm loyalty of every noble youth, if they would save this land.”

I spent hours in his society in the weeks following. From that night Joseph the Second held a place in my affections no other man has ever held; a place that crowded out all the love of woman, that comes into most young men's lives. Until his death he was first to me. He presented me at Court, and the fair Queen was very gracious to him whom her brother presented as "The most loyal subject in her realm." Before he left he had arranged that I was to be his private messenger to his sister, and for his sake I dropped my newly restored title and became plain Captain Archer. It rendered easier the frequent journeys which I made almost unnoticed between Vienna and Paris. The roads between the two Capitals became as familiar to me in the next few years as the highways of France. It was well for me that Marie Antoinette had faith in her brother that he had read me aright, and that Louis also had confidence in that brother's judgment, else it would have gone hard with me many a time in that Court of jealous nobles. The Count de Provence and the Count de A'trois, the brothers of the King, knew my position, and were always kind to me; much as they resented Austrian influence, they were wise enough to see it was to be preferred to that of the Duke of Orleans, first prince of the blood, and Joseph's character as a wise counselor had been proved to them by his action in bringing about reconciliation between Louis and Antoinette.

The Count de A'trois was only about five years my senior, and was the leader in all the gaieties at Court. He was, I think, the most congenial to the Queen of all the Royal Princes. He was always her second in her theatrical performances; her ally always in those gay, innocent scenes at Little Trianon, which were to be the cause of so much misrepresentation. I revered the pure motherhood of the Queen and her loyal wifeness; but I saw her vanity and love of self-gratification in another light than in that of my own judgment, for again and again I was the bearer of letters of Joseph's whose contents were known to me, begging her to cease her extravagance and help to reduce the expenses of the Court. Joseph, who could and did regulate his own Court, never understood the barriers in the shape of the iron rules bequeathed by the great Louis, and the sneers of the Prince of Orleans and the great nobles, which made reform an impossibility in France.

I was helping one morn to arrange some scenery to be used in one of the private theatrical performances the Queen was so fond of giving for the entertainment of the Court. The Count de A'trois and myself were the only persons present, except the workmen. As we finished giving directions we withdrew into one of the deep windows to watch the effect. It was the week following the disgrace of Cardinal de Rohan, and the sentence condemning his accomplice had been pronounced. The Court was divided in sentiment. I believed the Cardinal to be the

dupe of a bad, designing woman, but I believed also the woman had received aid from some enemy of the Queen's at Court.

The Court had been silent all through this celebrated necklace case, though our thoughts had been of naught else. Now that the case was ended our tongues were untied once more, and the Count and myself began talking concerning it.

"The woman deserves her sentence; the only fault I find with it is that death is not added," he said.

"You believe the Cardinal quite innocent," I, answered, "but I think his daring to think the Queen desired his attentions, the deadliest insult of all."

The Count shrugged his shoulders and laughed, "That is the way our noble sister-in-law feels, I know, but I am sorry for the poor Cardinal. It is not every one who is so indifferent to feminine charms as yourself, Captain Archer."

I turned to answer lightly, and was surprised to see the look of trouble on his usually happy face. That his heart was not in his wife's keeping was an open Court secret, but as yet no breath of scandal had touched the woman of his love. I changed my words-as I looked at his face. "At least the Queen is a true wife; there is one happy wife at Court."

"Yes," he answered quietly; "you and I know that, but what difference will it make? This necklace scandal will injure her fame all over Europe.

"The Duke of Orleans is to blame if it does," I said, with passion in my voice, "for I have the surety that he is sending his slurs abroad, as he has already dared to do at home."

"It is out of your power, and mine, to punish that high sinner," the Count said; "though believe me, I feel as you do ; but what says Joseph to all this? You have been absent from Court many days this month, Captain, and it is not difficult to guess where you have been."

"Whatever blame Joseph gives is just blame. It is only for the extravagance, that makes it possible for the world to believe that a beautiful woman could long for jewels enough to accept them from the head of the Church in France. He blames the whole Court for the expenditures that give a shadow of truth to such outrages."

"Our Austrian cousin lives, I believe, in Spartan simplicity himself, and deprecates all this."The Count waved his hand toward the decorations. He believes in such expenditures as are necessary to support royal state, but he does not believe in such as are wrung from an exhausted treasury and that are bringing ruin on this land."

The Count laughed again. "My dear young Captain, I am not much older than you in years, but in worldly wisdom I am years older than either you or this beloved Austrian Emperor. The world will last our time, let the future look out for itself;" and humming a gay tune, he sauntered

toward the stage. The Queen at this moment entered the room, accompanied by her little daughter and the Princess Elizabeth, the King's youngest sister. She gave several directions, and finally walked over to the window, accompanied by the Count, to catch the effect further off, and I was left with the Princess. She was unlike any other woman at Court. "Saint Elizabeth, her brother called her. She was devoted to works of charity, and not a wrong met her sight or hearing that she did not try to right. She smilingly answered the questions of the child, and then turning suddenly to me, said in a low voice, "I want a word alone with you, Captain Archer. Can you not show me also the view from a window?"

I led the way back to where my seat had been with the Count, quite out of earshot of all the party, and waited for her to speak. For four years now I had been the Queen's confidential messenger, and in that time had secured a place of confidence with several members of the royal family.

"You are always to be trusted, in spite of your youth, Captain."

"Perhaps for the sake of that very youth which I wish to keep unsoiled, Your Grace," I answered.

"Certainly we have not spoiled you here; I wonder sometimes at it, when I see our life."

"You cannot refer to your life," I began, but she raised her hand playfully to stop me.

"No Court compliments, or I shall have to take back what I said a moment ago." Then becoming suddenly serious, she said softly, "Is it true, that that unhappy woman is to be publicly branded and whipped before her imprisonment?"

"That is the sentence, Your Grace." The tears started to her eyes; "My brother abolished the Torture, but this is as dreadful - whatever her crime, whether merely to avenge herself upon the Cardinal, or as the agent of others to injure Antoinette, her sentence is an outrage upon humanity.

"Not only that," I answered, knowing that I might safely speak the truth in this true womanly presence, "but it embitters the people but the more toward the Queen, whom the people already blame for the Cardinal's disgrace. In their eyes he is innocent. I would not palliate the offence of the woman," I continued, "she deserves punishment; but sometimes, Your Grace, I think of the effect all these things have on those who witness, and it seems to me like showing blood to wolves."

"I feel as you do," she said sadly. "Cruelty but begets cruelty, and turns the people who witness it into brutes," I added. We had forgotten the child. I turned now to find her large eyes fixed on me with a look of terror in them. "My mamma does not like people to be cruel, Captain Archer," she said, in a horror-stricken tone. "I will ask her to forbid them to whip and burn this poor woman."

Madame Elizabeth turned her eyes upon me with a frightened glance. I answered the look:

"Leave the child with me a moment, and join the Queen to avoid attention." I lifted the little maiden to the deep window seat, and in as few and quiet words as I could, I told her that the judges were the ones who settled whether punishments were right or wrong, and I said more perhaps than I quite believed about the woman being sure to find mercy. I begged her not to talk to her mamma about it, as I said it would trouble her. For so young a child she was certainly unusually reasonable. "I will do as you tell me, and not worry Mamma, Captain Archer, if you think it will all come right, but I am afraid of cruel people;" "So are we all," I said, "but we must do our best to make people kind and forgiving and not cruel."

"My Mamma would never punish people cruelly," raising her truthful eyes to mine. "Never," I answered warmly, as I led her, quite comforted now, back to that mamma. "Never willingly," I answered to myself as I watched that proud, haughty, laughing face, "but she will not listen to the voice that cries for mercy, when her Queenly honor has been attacked. Still," I thought, "this woman does not well to awaken hatred and passion in the breasts of the people of Paris." Though why I already feared the people I could not have told, only Joseph's words had long since been proven to me as truth,—"No man can afford to reap the fruits of injustice."

We were a gay party at Little Trianon one August day in '87. It was the one place where all restrictions as to rank were laid aside, and all were free and equal. I was sitting on the bank telling the Princess Theresa, a child of nine now, a story of German folklore, when the Queen appeared, and motioning me not to rise, seated herself in a rustic chair near me. I had only been back two days from Vienna, and this was her first opportunity to ask those questions about her brothers which I was so ready to answer. She sat quite still after she had been satisfied with home news, and the fair, haughty face had an unusual look of trouble.

"Joseph chose well when he put you in his stead as counselor, for you are well taught by him," she said at last. Now tell me why you looked so sober today, when the King and his brothers were discussing the need of troops to protect the tax collectors in the Southwest?" It was a strange question for a Queen to ask a subject, but our relations had for some years now partaken of the brotherhood of the brother I represented.

"I was longing to tell His Majesty of the great discontent that prevails in that section, and I longed to suggest (as no one but one of his ministers or his Queen dare suggest) that instead of troops, help be sent to that unhappy province whose crops have failed."

"Always poverty, as an excuse in your mind for insubordination; always excuses for the people, like Joseph," she said fretfully. "Would that this whole Court was like that noble emperor in his regard for justice," I said fervently; "he carries always the burdens of his people."

"As if we of the Court had no burdens of our own to carry," she answered wearily; "did you see the last attack on the Austrian's prodigious expenditures written, no doubt, by our good Cousin of Orleans."



"I would rob the Duke of the power to make the assertions, Your Majesty; but I would plunge this good sword into his neck if he dared avow them as his," I added hotly. "Always loyal, yet always true to my brother's teachings," she answered, smiling again at my words of fidelity. It took so little to lift from that joyous nature any weight of annoyance or disquiet.

I had done my duty. I had told her, as Joseph would have done, the true state of the country. I must not say more, but I felt many times after, that the only hope for France lay in touching that womanly heart; for Louis, though wise to plan, was weak to carry out reform. In real strength of purpose and will-power, the Queen was always his superior.

"Not a word to annoy my millar; he must drop all care here," she said, a moment later, as Louis, his clothes and hair powdered from his duties as millar, came toward us; and with a merry word to greet him, she walked away, clinging to his arm with the wifely freedom which was possible at Little Trianon. The Princess had sat quiet and still, her little hand in mine, while her mother was speaking. She was always a quiet, grave child, old beyond her dears. Now she said softly, as we were once more alone, "Mamma says we must always love our people; but I cannot, any more, they look so cross and ugly at Mamma when we ride by, and many times they do not wave their hats and cheer 'Vioc da Reine,' as they used to do when I was a little girl.

"If I was not to reach my tenth birthday till Christmas time, I don't believe I would worry about the way the people look and act," I answered lightly.

But the child was not thus to be put off: "Do you always love the people, Captain Archer? Mamma says you know much more about them than any one else at Court."

"Not always, but I am always sorry for their hard lives; let me tell you about some little girls not any older than you, whom I saw the other day. All day and every day they drive the birds from the corn fields; but they must be very careful and not drive any of the tame game birds belonging to the great Lords, whose vassals they are, lest they be beaten by the game preserver; and they must never catch or take home any of those birds which have grown fat on their corn, although these same birds will all be killed for sport by and by. They must stay out, rain or shine, and they have only black bread to eat. Sometimes, all day they must carry the baby as they watch, that the another may work in the field; and they are always hungry, and in the winter cold. "The child listened, and her eyes grew large and thoughtful as I told of all these and many more wrongs I longed to see righted.

"I will never forget, Captain Archer," she said, wiping the tears from her grave little face; "and if ever I am a Queen, I will be good to the people and I will try to love them if they do look cross; and I will never be cruel to them either," she added softly. I knew then she had never forgotten our talk in the window two years before, and from that day the child had always some question about "the people," whenever she was free to talk with me, and I watched the developing of that mind. Quick to grasp, sure to interpret aright as to right and justice, the child became dearer to me than all else on earth; and I was thankful for the privilege of watching over her, which my connection with the Emperor made possible. I was nearly fifteen years her senior. The difference in our stations made any thought of love, in the ordinary sense, impossible. But I

dedicated my life to her, and determined to do my utmost to help her life to its fullest development. It was, perhaps, a fitting terminus to my youth of romantic musing, but like a Knight of old, I vowed myself to her service, content to serve. We lived in stirring times. I dreaded the future I saw before France for her sake, and the next few years made of my service a sacred trust.

## CHAPTER II

It was the 14<sup>th</sup> of July, 1789. All Paris was in an uproar, and the old gray fortress that had been my birthplace was in ruins. I was thankful not to owe my liberty to the frantic, wild, unruly mob that bore aloft the seven prisoners whom they rescued. Our hopes of the peaceful adjustment of financial and public difficulties by the States General fell when the Bastille fell under the attack of St. Antonine. Two days later I was on my way to Vienna, bearing letters to Joseph begging for advice and assistance. As I rested at inns that had always been royal in sentiment, I was affrighted at the murmurs-which were no longer simply murmurs, but mutterings and threats-that met my ear.

The Queen's name was on every lip; all anger seemed concentrated on the Austrian who was in their midst. The lampoons of the Duke of Orleans had made of her the scape-goat to bear the sins which the misrule of three hundred years had brought upon the nation. I believe that if the King could have followed the instructions I carried back in Joseph's letter, we might have come to freedom without the dread heritage of blood that clogged our steps; but of those, more anon. Joseph's words at parting are still green in my memory after many years: "It is but the harvest from a sea of abuses as great as when the Roman Empire fell. There is no hope, except in the recognition of those rights which every man is born unto. I can see naught but suffering for the King and his. My trust is as ever in you, Henry," he added, laying his hand affectionately on my shoulder; "instead of the wealth and honor I would so gladly offer you, your choice is to serve your native land, and you choose well. It is no common oath of trust you have given me, 'The Queen and her children's safety above all else.' I give you to them in my place, and when you tell me the time for foreign interference has come, I will be there." And he would have been, brave heart; but scarce a year from that time, when his army was already in the field, he who had done so much for his people, yet whose life had been saddened by the opposition of his nobles to his reforms, had gone to that land where failure is unknown; and on this earth I never clasped the hand again of him who was to me true friend and guide, though he bore the title of Emperor.

On my return to St. Cloud, where the royal family still were, I was received as a friend and brother; in the clays that followed I was often present at the royal councils. Again and again did I hear the Queen beg Louis to refuse concession and call on the army to protect the throne. In disguise I had mingled with the people, and been present at the meetings of the Jacobin club, and I knew that the Queen was wrong. Power and authority were needed; indeed, in that, her bravery and courage showed far stronger always than Louis's, but concession there must be and a righting of the burdens under which the people had groaned so long. These must be before there could ever be peace again. The people had found out the truth at last, that they were the nation, not the few thousands whose blood was from noble descent. I had proved to the royal pair long

before that memorable 14<sup>th</sup> of July, that the Duke of Orleans was the patron and instigator of half Murat's attacks, through his celebrated journal, which was in fact the mouth piece of the Jacobin club. Murat had been the Duke's veterinary in days gone by, and his paper was always open for those attacks on royalty which the Duke was so fond of writing. His banishment was one of the four things that Joseph had written must be done to save the throne. The first was that "The rights of the people as purposed in the convention of the States General, the principles of the convention of '87, as they were called, must be conceded; the second was "The banishment of the Duke of Orleans;" the third was, "The suppression of, the Jacobin club;" and the fourth, "The dissolving of the national convention," that had declared itself free to sit until affairs were righted.

Joseph declared that the King must carry out the decrees which that convention had made, but that he must do it by voluntary concession, to save the dignity of royalty. But those four things Louis would not do. The Queen had spirit and energy enough to urge all but the first. No wonder we heard that Mirabeau had called her, "The only man the King had about him;" but even she, whose influence was greater than that of any one else, could never infuse the King with courage and energy. In disguise I passed most of the time in Paris. There was little I could do, except to keep my self posted as to the doings of that terrible club that was every day extending its influence over France. In the disguise of a brick-layer from Lanquedoc, I took lodgings near Murat. The dialect of that province I had learned when mother and I had lived there in those early years. I was thankful now I had lain her to rest there before these troublous times. I easily made Murat's acquaintance. I flattered the little misshapen dwarf, and won his confidence by the violent Republican principles I advocated.

One night I had just left his house, when there passed me a tall man whom I thought I recognized, in spite of the cloak-one end of which he held to his mouth to conceal the lower part of his face. I followed him in the shadow, and saw him give three raps at Murat's door, which was instantly opened; descending to the cellar, I easily obtained for myself an inlet also, and holding my breath and feeling carefully before me, I reached the door of the room where the conference was being held. I heard the Duke declare that the Queen must be assassinated, the King deposed and himself appointed regent.

Murat snarled at that, "That the people would appoint some one besides a renegade noble for that office."

"You have your choice to make between Mirabeau and myself," the Duke answered, in a stern tone. "I tell you lie has a firm hold on these people, and you have not been able to shake it."

More words, high and hot, passed between them, and finally a truce was concocted, on the principle that each needed the other to counterbalance Mirabeau's power in the Assembly. I had heard enough to know that though the allies each hated and distrusted the other, their mutual dread and hatred of Mirabeau kept them together. I turned to depart the way I had entered, but in the dark struck some object from the table, and in a moment Murat had flung the door open between the rooms. They both caught a full view of me; the Duke drew his sword and

both rushed forward, but I had flown on swifter feet than theirs, and in the darkness of the back rooms gained the cellar and the air before they realized which way I had taken. I flew along the narrow streets, turning and doubling my path, until I paused quite breathless under the bank. Safe, but with all my chances for Murat's confidence at an end, for I was in my Lanquedoc costume; but I had learned one fact: Mirabeau had, as we had not believed before, the voice of power before the people.

Taking the disguise of a medical student, I began to frequent the little restaurant at which he took his meals. The life of the bold, bad man whose blood was noble was well known to me, but until I saw him daily I had no idea of his wonderful fascination and power. He seemed to me to be at war with all the existing order of nature, as well as with royalty. There was about the man a curious mixture of chivalry and vanity, which I believed might be used by the Queen if she could excite his compassion, and to that end I worked. I believed the man might be made to see that constitutional kingship was all the people were ready for. That I was able to persuade that proud and haughty woman to consent to an interview with Mirabeau, shows how her proud spirit had been crushed by the events of the past year. Joseph's letter had borne this fruit at least, that for her husband's and her children's sake the Queen would compromise at last with the people's representative.

It was arranged they should meet in the garden at St. Cloud. The meeting was hedged with every precaution. It had been no easy task either to persuade Mirabeau to consent, and detection meant defeat and perhaps worse. That the Queen awakened the better part of that wild, untamed nature I can testify; for I guarded the pass where they met. I saw him when he knelt at her feet, and heard his words, "With my life I will protect yours, and I will establish the throne on a firm foundation. I have the power and I will do it. "He had knelt to kiss the hand she extended, but as he spoke the last words he stood upright before her and his words rang out clear and loud. I hastily silenced him, and I felt sure the words had been unheard except by ourselves; but later, when I was escorting the Queen back to the palace, I was not so sure. She was quite her old self, sure now that better times would come, and talked gayly in her natural manner. Suddenly, as we turned a sharp corner, we saw a figure in a long dark cloak darting away from us. I drew my sword and darted after it, but it must have been some one who knew the windings and turnings of the St. Cloud's gardens as well as myself, for he turned and doubled and was lost to me.

"Only a prying servant, not near enough to have seen anything," I said, to reassure Her Majesty; but I was troubled, for in spite of my assurance that the Duke of Orleans was in England by the King's command, that cloaked figure had recalled the figure at Murat's door. Had my face been recognized? Later, when Mirabeau's sudden death dashed all our hopes of compromise to the ground, I remembered the look the Duke of Orleans had given me at Murat's, and I felt sure that Mirabeau signed his own death warrant the day his pity for the Queen won him to protect her. "President of the Jacobin Club," and "President of the National Assembly," both in January, '91; and just two short months afterward, "Dead, from overwork and the excesses of his wild, unlawful life." No! not so suddenly would that powerful frame have given way; we who knew his death came just at the moment when all our plans promised success, felt there was meaning in the popular cry of "Poison."

Late the night after the great ceremonies were over, with which the people had buried their idol, Mirabeau, I was standing in my uniform of the King's guard at the Place de la Revolution, listening to a speech from the mail Danton, who was trying to win Mirabeau's lost place in the people's regard, when the Duke of Orleans came suddenly to my side. "Our Queen has still power to charm, I suppose; why is her faithful squire so downcast?" and laughing a low scornful laugh he disappeared in the crowd. I knew then that my fear that day in the St. Cloud gardens had been a certainty. I knew it was him whom I had chased. It had been his power, as before, against the Queen. After that I could not believe that he and Murat were innocent of Mirabeau's death. I never saw the Duke of Orleans but once after that night; that was three years later, when, himself an object of scorn, he met the death to which his voice had helped condemn his own blood, met death without enjoying any of the honor and power for which he had schemed and plotted. Now he glided from my sight as he was to glide from ink, life, and I turned again to catch the deep chest tone of Danton. As I watched those piercing eyes under their black shaggy brows, and heard that voice, the most powerful I had ever listened to, I felt again that all our Topes of peace had been dashed to the earth by Mirabeau's death for this Danton was a giant in will as well as in stature, and hared the whole class of the nobility. '

Again I am recognized in the crowd. A hand on my arm, and a voice I knew but slightly, in my ear: "Have the Queen leave France; this man will be satisfied with naught save her death." I looked with undisguised wonder into the face of the new commander of the National Guards. "You are surprised," he said, with a slight smile, "but La Fayette is no regicide—a Republican pure and simple, but I would counsel flight before bloodshed." I have thought over his words often since that night, and judging him by the light of history, I believe he spoke the truth. I began from that time to suggest flight, in the private conferences which I had often with both King and Queen. The October before they had been brought to the Tuileries by a disgraceful procession of fish-wives. "At least let me take the children to Vienna," I begged; "one at a time, I am positive, with my knowledge of the roads I could place in safety.

But separation was the one thing neither Louis nor Marie Antoinette would hear spoken of. "I would grow wild not to know where they were," the poor mother said. Ah, poor mother! whose hair had turned before thirty at the death of her first-born, that knowing was yet to be thy greatest grief! "Prisoners we are not," Louis said stoutly; but on that point I determined to satisfy them. "Order your traveling carriage for St. Cloud and see," I said, and that was what the King finally consented to do. On April 19th, a week later, the carriage drew up before the main entrance, and Marie Antoinette, a little pale perhaps, but still real and Queen-like, entered, holding the little Dauphin by the hand. As I lifted the little Princess Theresa to her mother's side, she raised her sweet girlish face to me with a smile. "I am never afraid where you are, Captain Archer," she said sweetly.

"No" one is to be afraid today," I answered encouragingly; "and always you are to remember that whatever happens to you, if I am alive I will hold that life to your service." The girl smiled and held out her tiny hand, but the mother's eyes filled, and she bent suddenly over the Dauphin that no one might see. "I would Joseph might know how you keep your trust to him," she said softly. "I feel always he does know, Your Majesty," I answered, as I drew back to make way for the King.

No appearance of haste was possible, but the mutterings increased. "The baker is deserting us." The Austrian woman will not leave our Sire in our midst where he belongs." And then crowds of people gathered before us, and finally a battalion of the National Guard appeared, whose leader begged the King, if he would prevent an uprising, to return to the palace. There was no resistance possible. The entreaty was a veiled command.

The Queen's face was as marble when I once more assisted her to alight. "You are right, we are indeed prisoners," Louis exclaimed, as he paced up and down the long salon, his hands behind his back, his face pale and anxious. After that we talked no more of journeys, but of flight. The King's eyes were opened at last. I felt that there were enough of us, all true and tested men, to make our project a success. I went to bid farewell to the Queen, for I was to start two days ahead and have horses ready at the relays. I found her full of courage and hope.

"Your disguise is perfect," she said, ',` and I believe no one knows the roads between Paris and Vienna as you do."

"I have great hopes if you follow implicitly the directions given," I answered. "It is a farewell only for a day or two," I said to the Princess Theresa, who gave me her hand to kiss as her mother had before her.

"You are very brave to go all alone and try to find a way out for us, Captain Archer," she said, in her own grave thoughtful way. "Do you love the people now, as you told me you did when I was a child?"

"What are you now, dearest?" her mother said, smiling at the girlish form. "Not a child, Mamma, any more; I feel quite old now." "Poor child, old before her time," her mother answered sadly.

"Captain Archer hasn't answered me, Mamma; I am waiting, Captain." Somehow the child's own earnestness impressed me also, and my face was as grave as hers as I said, "I should have to tell you now as I told you before, 'not always'; but I blame their cruel leaders more than I do the poor ignorant people." The Queen did not speak any of the hot scornful words she would once have done at my boldness. Her eyes flashed for an instant, then she turned them with a troubled look on the child. "Always try and think of the people, child, as Captain Archer does. After all, you know them much better than we do," she added, turning to me again; "you are like Elizabeth, you have pity for both sides. I wonder if that also comes from my brother's teachings?"

All that is highest and best in me always comes from those same teachings, Your Majesty; but think what her heart would be if the child hardened it now to the thought of suffering and hunger."

"You are right; if anything happens to us, and she is alive, she must be your charge, Captain."

"I take it as a solemn charge from her mother," I answered; "I have taken it before in no light

words to Your Majesty's brother, 'The Queen and her children's safety above all else.'"

"Let me add to physical safety, truest growth and development of mind and heart, Captain." She held out her hand again, "Remember, if anything happens to me, I trust her to you as I would to Joseph were he living." I pressed my lips to that white hand - how was I to know it was for the last time - and withdrew.

We had laid our plans well, but that strange blind obstinacy of the King crippled us. I had left in readiness a plain traveling coach, such as ordinary travelers used; but at the last minute the King insisted, in spite of the entreaties of the Queen and others present, upon using one of the heavy lumbering royal coaches. The Count de Provence, however, refused to change the coach I had secured for him, and with his wife and my man left exactly according to my plans for him. The Count de Atrois was already on the Continent.

What a day of anxiety that 22<sup>nd</sup> of June, '91, was! Adopting the disguise of a member of the National Guard and representing myself as under private commands from the new Triumvirate - Murat, Danton, and Robespierre - I had been enabled to arrange relays without, I believed, exciting suspicion. How was I to know that suspicion caused by the royal coach was already coming fast behind them? I walked the streets of Varennes on that day just before sunset in a whirl of anxiety. Two hours previously I had seen the Count de Provence well on his way, and he had brought the news of the change of plan, which I felt was ruinous. Still there had been no alarm, and my hopes were high; I knew that once out of Varennes upon the by-roads I had secreted relays upon, all would be well and pursuit well nigh impossible.

They entered Varennes. All seemed well, when suddenly, before the horses could be put in, a dozen members of the Home Guard galloped into the court-yard. The Mayor appeared to "protest." Even then, if Louis had allowed the disguised postillions to fire, all might have been well. We were eight against twelve all told; but he rose in his seat and declared that he would not be the cause of allowing one drop of French blood to be spilled. Ah! he could not see that his want of firmness would cause it yet to flow as a river! It was all over in a moment. The royal prisoners, prisoners in name as well as fact now, were on the return to Paris, and we who had aided the escape were in irons at Varennes. What the fate would be of those we had risked our lives to save was a thought we dared not face. I was thankful to believe two, at least, were in safety, though it was over a year before I knew to a certainty that the Count de Provence had safely reached Belgium.

### CHAPTER III

All the rest of that year and the greater part of the next we lay in prison at Varennes, hearing only echoes of the direful deeds of the dread Triumvirate, in whose hands all the power lay. At last, in the September following my arrest, I found myself once more on the road to Paris. Riding strapped and bound between two rough guards, so much that had happened was unknown to me, that I exerted myself to win some sort of comradeship from my guards. I succeeded in part. They told me that it was Danton who was the most powerful now of the three men at the

head of the government. It was he, they said, who had instigated the attack on the Tuilleries the month before, in order to force the royal family to appeal for protection to the National Assembly.

“He wanted them where we could watch them better,” laughed one.

“We won't have Swiss soldiers in France again, I guess; we made short work of those fine Swiss guards,” said the other. My heart turned sick as I heard, in answer to my questions, of the massacre of those faithful Swiss whose fidelity had been my last hope. I groaned in secret as I heard that the Assembly had consigned the royal family to quarters in the Temple, that gloomy old pile that had once been the stronghold of the Knight Templars.

“Under guard night and day, separated save for a few hours each day.” The news was worse than my imagination had painted. “Where were the National Guard?” I said.

“Fraternizing with the people and refusing to fire.”

“If this is Danton's work, you will find your new tyrant worse than the old,” I cried.

“He is the greatest of the three,” one answered, “and he has made a new law now. 'Death to an Emigrant who returns!' ”

“He is no tyrant, except for Emigrant nobles,” the other answered surlily. I had said too much, and they were stern guards the rest of the way. On our arrival at Paris I was consigned to the prison of the conciergerie. It was the morning of the day since known as the beginning of the September massacres. I found myself “a prisoner at large;” that is, no especial order having been issued for my confinement in a separate cell, I was allowed to mingle with the other prisoners in the large hall. I found many old acquaintances; my act was known to many, and here the jealousy that had existed at Court found no place. We were all a band of brothers and sisters, ready to cheer and help one another. The better side, the unselfish side of many of these people found expression here for the first time. Perhaps when we shall meet our friends in the other world, where selfish interests have been annihilated, we shall see their virtues shine as they did now in the old prison of the conciergerie.

I am always glad I had that last day with her there. Sorrow had brought out many noble qualities I should never have seen but for that. When we heard the surging of the mob outside, and that a tribune was sitting in the outer room with full power of jurisdiction, we could not believe we heard aright; but when one after another was called from our midst, we grew anxious and frightened, and some who climbed into the upper window reported sights too dreadful to mention. A word before that dread, unlawful court, and the greater number were passed outside into the hands of blood-thirsty fiends, to be slain on the spot. Occasionally one was acquitted, and then, alas! how seldom did he reach safety!

When my own name was called, in the gray dawn of the morning, I shook the hands of those nearest me; and calling all my manhood to my aid, followed the guard from the hall. A few



dirty-headed men around a table, a few clerks with records of the prison inmates in their hands, and within and without, a mob of half-drunken beings, wild with blood and slaughter.

“Henry Archer, late of the guard of Louis Capet, one-time ruler of this realm”

"The cause of all our hunger and woe, this 'Capet' was," a shrill voice screamed.

“Order,” demanded the clerk; “you are accused of aiding this Capet, and his Austrian wife, in an attempt to fly from his inherited duties. No defense is possible; you were captured in disguise at Varennes.”

“No defense possible!” All at once my knowledge of the people and their fickle nature, coupled with what I had seen on this entry into Paris, came to my aid; and raising my voice I cried out sharply: “Is it a crime for a soldier to obey orders, Your Honor?”

“No! No!” in twenty rough voices.

“Where would France be tomorrow, arrayed as she is against the armies of all Europe, if you annul obedience in her army? ” I spoke in my, now I had the attention I had striven for. “As an officer I obeyed orders; did I break any law of France by obeying my commanding officer?” ’

“No! No!” again in loud tones from many voices. “He's a brave one, let him go. “Still indecision and consultation among my judges, and then flashed across me as an inspiration, almost, the place of my birth and my connection with the Bastille; and once more raising my voice, I said slowly: “Is it likely, Your Honor, that my heart would be on the side of royalty - I born in the old Bastille - my mother an inmate there by lettres de cachet of Madam de Pompadour?”

A roar from fifty throats: “Let him go! Let him go! He's no aristocrat!”

“There'll never be another birth in the old Bastille, nor another King's mistress to send citizens there!” The voice of the people spoke. My judges dared not dishonor it, and I was pushed down to the eager bloody hands outstretched to grasp me, and which, but for that last thought, might ere this have ended my existence. The sights, without nearly caused me to faint, weak as I was from my long imprisonment; but I managed to induce my rescuers to drop me a few squares further on, and climbing the stairs before me I hid in a doorway until the mob had once more surged back to the prison. By and by I made my way to the students' quarters, and found my old friend Heathe, with whom I had often roomed when in student's disguise.

I begged him to tell me why he yet lingered in France. “I cannot leave,” he answered; “these are the dreadful excesses of a people first learning their own power; these will pass; I am waiting for the better day I know will follow all this time of horror.” Living as he had all these many years a quiet student's life, I was as completely hid with him as I could hope to be. I had no thought of leaving France as long as the Temple still held its present inmates.

The next few days revealed to us the details of those horrible massacres, that left the prisons empty and ready for, new inmates. I found many other loyal subjects in disguise in Paris in the weeks that followed, but in spite of every effort I failed to open communication with the royal family. The trial of the King began; and though in France there were thousands of men who would have given their lives for him, they were powerless, and on January 21, 1793, Louis XVI suffered for the sins of his ancestors. I could not see him guillotined, but Heathe was near enough to hear his last words:

"Frenchmen, I die innocent! I pray that my blood coupe not upon France!" I thought afterward, when it was known to us how the Queen had suffered, powerless to hinder the abuse of her youngest child, whose screams of agony she could hear below, where that master of cruelty and wickedness, Simon, held him as ward, that after all, the King's sufferings were the lighter. He went first, and was at peace. In the eight months between the death of the King and that October afternoon of ninety-three when Marie Antoinette mounted the steps of the guillotine, we who remained in Paris left no stone unturned to save her; twice we succeeded in opening communication with her; both plots were discovered, and eight brave men suffered death for the attempt. We had a glimpse of hope when Charlotte Corday did her brave deed in July, but Murat's death revealed the fact that he had become the weakest member of the Triumvirate, and Danton and Robespierre were only excited to fresh cruelties to establish their power.

I saw the Queen during her trial, and I knew she saw me; for a faint color came for a moment into her pale cheeks. She made no sign to betray to her enemies that she knew a friend was near; only, as she turned again to her judges, she clasped the small opal ring which Joseph had given her, and which she had always worn as a guard above her wedding ring. It had been the sign that she had letters or roes-sages for me to carry, in the old days, and I knew now she meant to recall to me my vow. Once again, after her sentence had been pronounced, she turned her sad eyes toward me, and raised in I raised my right hand as though under oath, and placed my left on my heart. I knew it was not for herself, but for her children, she would put me in remembrance; and she knew I understood; one glance of gratitude and affection she gave me that I shall carry in my heart forever, then they led her from the room. We hoped till the last moment to effect a rescue; but they who believe it might have been at tempted, know not of the power of an enraged people, led by unscrupulous fiends in human form.

I dared not absent myself from the execution. I felt some chance might come for me to breathe a word of comfort in her ear; that chance was given me in one of the pauses caused by the great crowd that obstructed the passage of the carts, that they might see the Queen's face. Disguised as I was, my peasant's frock torn and soiled from the rough jostling of the crowd, she knew me, when for one instant I stood I below her by the wheel. "You have done what you could; my only hope for the children lies in your fidelity," were whispered sentences that passed the pale lips; but the eyes never rested on me, and though the guards looked sharply around, no one discovered to whom the words had been addressed. They were the last words of my Queen. I was borne back by the surging crowd, knocked down by a mounted guard, and knew no more until I found myself lying by the road side, my head in Heathe's lap. All was over, but we heard later that she had died as she had lived, a Queen.

In the year of terror that followed, when hundreds each day went through the farce of a trial, and Robespierre at the head of the criminal committee, from which there was no appeal, cemented his power and increased the terror of his name by signing death warrants almost without number, I should have left my country in despair if it had not been for my allegiance to my vow. As long as the Princess lived my place was in France. I suffered in secret as I thought of the effect all these horrors would have on her girlish mind. I feared I should never see her light of heart again. Alas! I feared not in vain.

## CHAPTER IV

Still, in spite of all our plans, the Princess and Madam Elizabeth remained in the Temple. The Dauphin was past all suffering now. Dead the very week that might have seen him free, for one of our number had just succeeded in becoming Simon's physician. Simon's health had begun to suffer from his confinement as guardian to the Dauphin, and our plan to substitute a deaf and dumb idiot, nearly dead from consumption, in the place of the child, was perfect in detail. Whatever has since been written as to his escape, I who was first in the plot for his freedom, know that his death made all our plans of no avail. He died suddenly, though for weeks he had lain upon his bed, safe in his illness from the cruel whippings and exposures to which Simon had subjected him, and which had made almost an idiot of him. They might well have turned the brain of an adult.

"He is dead, poor little Louis XVII!" Heathe said, as he came to our room, where I was engaged in some final arrangements for his flight.

"I am almost tempted to say, rather, happy Little Louis, who never reigned, and who is at least past all suffering," I said later, when my grief over the first shock was past. "At least he is with his mother again." And as I thought of the bright, delicate little boy, who had been his mother's idol, and of what her frantic grief must have been at knowing of his sufferings and being powerless to hinder them, I felt that a higher power than any on earth had given them again unto each other, and that it was best. "They will bury him secretly," I said, a few moments later, "but there may be a chance for one of us to gain admittance to the Tower;" and with that thought for a spur the rest was easy. In rags and with a bandaged eye I presented myself at the door of the nearest undertaker's. It was as I had supposed, a rude coffin was being fitted up hurriedly and secretly. The leaders dare not trust the temper of the people if they should learn that the heir of the nation, "Who was being made into a good Republican" under Simon's teaching, had died under the process.

As I stood and watched the man at work on the coffin, Heathe appeared and began a discussion with him on public affairs. The man, a savage-faced red Republican, grew angry, and blows followed. The proprietor of the shop and myself rushed in to separate them; but Heathe had planted one blow that told, and it would be three days at least before the fellow saw straight again. It is well to have a physician for an assistant if one is desirous of disabling an enemy without injuring him. The fellow was sent home, but no police was called, for, my hand

had met the palm of the proprietor. I offered to complete the job, and though the gold must have shown him all was not right, he shrugged his shoulders in easy Parisian fashion and declared it was no concern of his, if I did the work well; and several hours later I assisted in carrying the coffin, under shadow of darkness, into the Temple. I was not allowed to enter the room, but I saw quite plainly the still little form on the rude cot; then as we were pushed back I managed to extinguish the lantern of my employer by falling against him, and in the darkness to creep away and hide myself behind some beer barrels in the court, which I had noticed as we entered. The undertaker of course must have known that I did not depart with him, but he evidently thought my gold an equivalent for his silence, for he made no outcry. I lay for hours in concealment. I saw the rude burial of him who should have been King, and I was able years later, after the restoration, to point out the exact spot where his ashes were discovered.

Now I put all thoughts of grief from me. The lovely, gentle boy, who had been the pet of the palace, was at peace once more. I must not think of the sufferings that had preceded that death. It was the living who must be my care now. I stole into the Temple while the inmates were still at the grave, and succeeded in securing a second hiding place in a vacant upper room. I waited hours until I was sure that all were asleep, then I stole to the guard room. The two on duty had thrown themselves down to rest - one on a bench by the window, the other on two chairs directly before the door opening into the room where the Princesses were confined. Their deep breathing told me they were asleep; and creeping toward the one on the chairs, I laid carefully between his open lips the pill Heathe had given me. He swallowed it, without any effort, and I turned to the other; but his head was on his arm, his mouth was closed, and I dare not risk disturbing him. I waited, counting the minutes, fifteen, as Heathe had told me; then I drew first one chair and then the other a few inches forward as noiselessly as I could, and succeeded in making a passage for myself behind. I oiled the great bolts and they slid back, and I opened the door and crept inside. I listened; not a sound from the guard at the window; the other I knew was safe. I stood upright and moved toward the faint light that came from the window. I dreaded lest the ladies should hear me and be startled, and betray me by their alarm. I did not realize then how long they had lived expecting and hoping for some friend who should secure an entrance; and how they had schooled themselves to be ready for anything and everything.

I had scarcely reached the window when I saw a form gliding toward me, and Madam Elizabeth (as we called her now) said in a low whisper, "It is a friend, I know; I have been listening for hours, as it seems to me, to faint sounds in the outer room; who is it that risks his life for two forsaken women?"

"I would gladly give that life, Your Grace, if it might bring one moment's happiness to you and her," I said, kneeling beside her on the rough floor. Still she did not recognize me; but a slight girlish figure was near, and I held my breath as I thought, "To her, at least, my voice will sound familiar."

Now, in a tone that was unlike any I ever heard from her before or since, a glad heart-burst of love and gratitude, came the words, "Oh, Captain Archer! I knew, if you were still alive, in some way, at some time, you would come." All difference of rank forgotten, I held her to my heart. An instant, and I was myself again, and laid her gently in her aunt's outstretched arms. We had

no time to lose; I dared not answer all their questions; I told them of the King's death, which they already suspected, and that the Dauphin was at rest. They believed the Queen still in prison, and I left them that belief, I dared not break to them all at once the weight of woe that had overtaken the Bourbons of France. I told them that the Count D' Atrois was all ready for a descent upon France; for at this time I had still faith in the power of that army of emigrants. I gave them the silk cord and light rope I had secured on my body, and I Helped them to hide these. I arranged signals to be given from a roof near by, and I told of our plans to swing disguises to them, and of our hope that within a week Heathe would be one of their guards. We sat hand in hand, and I believe I inspired them with new hope and courage. I dared not tell them of the risk I had run, never to see freedom again myself. I think they both believed me quite safe, having an appointment for myself; but I felt I must guard against all chances, and I gave Madam Elizabeth the little package Heathe had given me, and begged her to secure it upon her person and anticipate the sentence if, in spite of all our efforts, sentence should ever be pronounced on herself or the Princess (Madam Royole, as she bade me call her).

"I can not see her meet a public death," I said; but Elizabeth put the package back into my hand and lifted her eyes toward heaven: "If He wills that we suffer death, so must it be; we are prepared." And the maiden raised her sweet face to me and said, "It was like you to save us suffering, if you could. We will never forget you, but our lives we will not take." And I felt, as I looked at their pure sweet faces, that they were right, and I forbore to say more.

I heard the guard turn over, with an exclamation as to the hardness of his couch, and I dared not linger. Elizabeth bent her head and kissed my forehead. "Farewell," she said sorrowfully; "if we never meet again, remember that I will hold you always as a brother in my heart for all you have risked and done for my dear ones." The little Princess clung to me and could not keep back the sobs. "There will never be any one so good to me as you have been," she sobbed; "I shall love you always. "There never came to me in life but one harder moment than the one in which I placed her the second time in Madam Elizabeth's arms and left her; that other was when I gave her to another forever. But her words sang in my heart; I have the memory of them and her glad look of welcome. Perhaps it will be with some such look she will greet me again when I meet her in that land where she is young once more. I was outside. I had replaced the chairs and felt the guard's pulse and knew he would wake in a few hours more. I had gained the door, but the heavy, clumsy lock troubled me and some slight noise alarmed me. I turned, and found myself face to face with the guard at the window, whose sleep I had disturbed. I flew, but he was behind me. A blow on my head, and I knew no more until I found myself bound hand and foot in the lower room, surrounded by guards. "String' him up, he's a spy!" "Hand him over to the Criminal Committee at once!" "He's seen his last sunrise!" and numerous other expressions of the same kind met my ear. I called to my aid my old dramatic talent, developed in those happy days at Little Trianon, and said in a stupid Lanquedoc dialect, "It's no crime to try and peep at the birds if the jailors are asleep." A stout denial from the guard who had captured me followed, but I saw the one in command order his arrest, and as the other was found asleep, my words seemed true. I told in a frightened peasant fashion, "that I was the undertaker's new assistant, that I had found Simon's beer last night while the rest were busy, and must have taken too much, for I had found myself asleep in the court and was only trying to find a guard to let me out." They sent for the undertaker, but the memory of my gold still clung to him, and he declared

I was a harmless fellow from Lanquedoc, whom he had hired.

I was searched, but I had thrown away the poison, and nothing was found to awaken suspicion. "Let him go, he's had fright enough to keep his tongue still," said my supposed master, and with a warning that it would be the worse for me if I mentioned my adventure, I was suffered to depart. I must have acted better than I knew. Once outside, and I never met the undertaker again; but Heathe left a package soon after that he must have guessed came from me, but my rashness in seeking the interview bore this fruit. The guards were doubled, and all our efforts to have Heathe placed among them failed.

It was whispered in the early Spring that Robespierre had demanded that Madame Elizabeth must be separated from the Princess, Madame Royole, lest the maiden be contaminated by her royalistic teachings. We knew that meant the trial and probably the death of that saintly woman, and we redoubled our efforts. We succeeded in placing one of our spies as a servant in Robespierre's house, and he brought us strange news within the week. Secreted in a closet off the supper room, one night when Danton and Robespierre dined together, he had overheard the conversation which he repeated to us. Danton, he said, had declared that Madame Elizabeth's death was unnecessary, as their power was now supreme. "Her name was synonymous with that of charity in the old days, and beggars thronged her palace gates. It is useless to call down infamy upon ourselves by such a deed.

"This from Danton, who had instigated the massacres at the prisons and the execution of King and Queen! "Verily," said Heathe as we listened to the report, "the influence of a saintly woman is a strange thing, if it can touch such a man as Danton." High words followed between them, according to the spy, and Robespierre revealed to Danton that he had dabbled in the dead science of astrology and found that his own star grew brighter with every drop of royal blood spilled; and added, "That is all that stands in my way today, and I will not rest until every drop in France is exterminated."

Danton declared he had no faith in astrology, but said he was haunted at night by fearful dreams of bloodshed, and was determined to put a stop to the excesses that were unnecessary, as their power was now established. Robespierre then taunted him with cowardice, and a desire to conciliate the party who were muttering against the Terror. "I am incorruptible as a Republican," Robespierre said at last; "I am callous to the abuses neither you nor I nor any man can stay."

They finally parted in anger, Danton determined to save the Princess and Madame Elizabeth, Robespierre to condemn the latter, if as yet he dared not touch the Princess, who was now held as the child of the nation.

We talked a long time after the spy had left us. "Danton to show signs of pity and humanity, of all men!" I said. "Verily man is a strange creature, as the Psalmist said," Heathe answered; "he can never quite efface the image in which he was made."

"It will be a battle between giants," I said, as we at last rose to prepare for the night's rest. Danton showed traces of pity! That paved the way for Robespierre to denounce him to the criminal committee, for pity was in itself a crime against the "Republic of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death," that could do no wrong. Danton's head fell on the 5<sup>th</sup> of that same April; Madame Elizabeth, sweet saint among women, was condemned and followed him to the grave the next month, and from May 9<sup>th</sup> the Princess was alone, except for one rude attendant provided by the Republic.

It seemed to us who watched the events of the next few months, as if Robespierre, acting as arch fiend, had turned loose all the furies upon France, and we felt, his power could not last forever. Acting on the hint which my spy hid given me of Robespierre's belief in astrology, I made a secret journey to Prague, directly after Danton's death. I had, from my knowledge in days gone by, no trouble to alone leave France. In Prague I revealed myself to Prof. Doege, the most noted astronomer in Austria, and remained with him several days. He had, as I had known years before, made a study of astrology, and was enabled to make for my use a table of calculations correct enough to deceive any one not an expert in the dead science. Armed with this and disguised as an old student, I sent a message to Robespierre which awakened his "curiosity and obtained for me a secret interview. Spreading my map on the table before him, and using the words taught me by the Professor at Prague, I proved to him that the lines from his own star and that of mine intertwined, and also depended for some fruition on the lines from the birthstar of the Princess, now called by me Madame Royole, of course. I told him that by the confession of a dying soldier, it had been revealed to me that Louis XVI had buried certain of the Queen's jewels on the road to Varennes; that of the people who were with him in that journey there remained not one alive in France, except Madame Royole, his daughter; and my plan was to see if she could not be brought to locate the spot by some associations which I, who had studied every foot of the ground, might be able to recall to her mind Robespierre, after studying the map, decided as I had hoped, that it revealed some secret as the possession of us three, and gave me a written permit to see the princess alone and question her, provided I would submit to be searched first. This I gladly consented to do, declaring that if I found the jewels I would claim only one-third as my portion. The rest should be his. No one knew better than I that the finances were utterly exhausted, and that Robespierre needed wealth to cement his power. I felt that at present the Princess' life at least was safe, and I trusted to make friends of her guards by working on their natural superstition in my character as astrologer.

At last I was face to face with the Princess again; she sat by the low window, her head bent over some coarse garment she was trying to mend, when the guard, obeying directions, shut the door behind me. We were alone; the sight of her white, anxious face was more than I could bear for a moment, but when I found my voice and spoke the old childish name in a low whisper she started suddenly and rose to her feet. One moment we looked full into each other's eyes; then, as I sank on my knees and bared my head before her, she fell back white and faint into the chair behind her. In spite of my white wig and disguise, she had recognized me. She spoke only my name in a low weak voice, and as I took her hands her frame shook as though in a chill.

"Where are my mother and cry aunt?" she said at last; and kneeling on one knee before her, her hand in mine, I told her all I thought best for her to know of her mother's last hours. Now, as

before, I dared not tell her all; I let her believe Madam Elizabeth still lived. No weeping, only a short sob once or twice. The girl had been schooled in no ordinary way to repress her feelings. I had no need to caution lest we be overheard in the guards' room. I told her all my plans and my hold upon Robespierre, and I told her the guards were at this moment drinking the wine I had brought them. I shall come again and again, and some day all will be ready and the wine will be drugged." I found her sunk in a melancholy that might have impaired her reason; I left her with hope once more an inmate of her bosom. She broke quite down when the time came for me to leave her, but I dared not risk discovery by a longer stay. I held her in my arms for a moment's farewell, as her brother might have held the poor lonely child, then I pressed my lips to her hair and left her; even in her mother's sight I knew that kiss was sacred.

I sent a message to Robespierre that I would report in the morning; but before morning Heathe brought me the startling news that the new members of the National Convention had determined to oppose Robespierre's rule and if possible stop his reign of terror. We knew that the mob violence had turned against itself, and that private revenge was the cause of half the names of the condemned. The power of the middle class was being felt at last. I determined to be present at the morning's session of the Convention before seeing Robespierre, and donning my student's disguise was soon in the hall. What a noise and hubbub reached my ears when I entered! St. Just had demanded that the convention appoint a dictator. I caught his last words: "I suggest the name of that virtuous and inflexible as well as incorruptible citizen, Robespierre!" Three men rose simultaneously in the convention, and their voices struggled for precedence as they objected to the nomination. "Tyrant!" "Traitor!" they called him to his face. Civil war had commenced in the convention. In spite of the opposition, Robespierre, his brother, St. Just, and Couthan were arrested.

The convention had at last drawn the sword against the mob. Henriot rushed around Paris on horseback, summoning the sections to Robespierre's release. The tocsin sounded, and the streets were full, - but thousands of hearts beat high with hope that night in Paris. We heard that Robespierre had been rescued, and was in the Hotel de Ville in counsel with the Jacobin leaders, but all night we gathered our forces too. We mingled among the National Guard, summoned by Henriot as their commander, and we found that they "too were sick of bloodshed and anxious only to be on the side that won, to protect their lives. In the morning we found the guns pointed against the convention; but we knew the spirit of the guard better than Henriot himself, and hastily putting myself at the head of a group of deputies, we descended to the street and boldly faced the guns.

"What are you doing, soldiers?" demanded Candon ; "are you here to protect a man who has been declared an outlaw by the convention?"

We are your deputies, elected to protect French liberty, " cried another.

"Soldiers, declare your loyalty to the convention by deserting your guns!" I cried. "Outlaw all who shall take arms against the convention or oppose its decrees!" cried Barere.

One by one the gunners laid down their match-locks and dispersed, to return later and turn



those guns against the mob for the protection of this same convention. The convention had triumphed. The reign of terror was at an end. No interference now, when the deputies, protected by the National Guard, marched to the Hotel de Ville to recapture Robespierre. Henriot fled the city. A few minutes later, amid the fierce altercation, Meda fired and Robespierre's jaw was shattered.

Opposition was at an end. Robespierre was removed to the prison of the conciergerie. The convention took immediate action, "Instant execution," was his sentence. Before the gates of the prison stood the carts, waiting as usual for victims. At five o'clock Robespierre was led out to take the place of those victims. I caught a full glimpse of his face, terrible in spite of its deathly pallor. His jaw was held in place by bandages, not a word or look of pity was there as he ascended the platform to which he had condemned thousands of innocent people. He uttered one sharp cry of pain as the executioner tore the bandage from his face; an instant more and all was over, and France was free.

"It was a terrible doom," Heathe said, as we turned away, "but a just one."

"Out from the ashes of this evil a new France will arise," I said hopefully.

"Let us hope never to see abuses to reap another such harvest," Heathe answered solemnly.

Scarce a year from that July of 1794, and by order of the Directory that, aided by the Corsican General, had established law and order once more in Paris, I carried the Princess, free but an exile, to her relatives in Vienna. The Princess was free and under proper care, and again the gulf of rank and birth lay between us; yet something in the way her hand had clung to mine at parting, and the sadness of her eyes, left me with a great uplifting of my heart. I dared not in honor speak the words my heart dictated, but I think she, whom trouble had made a woman before her time, read my thought and knew my love.

"No other will ever do for me what you have done," she said at parting; her words were my reward. I saw her several times in the years she spent in Vienna, when her uncle decided it best to unite her destiny to that of the Duke De Algalummie, eldest son of the Count de A'trois. She sent for me. "It is for the honor of my family and my name," she said, raising her tearful eyes to mine, "no happy lot is possible to her who is born a Princess." "Your cousin is good and true; he knows all you have suffered, and you will yet be happy together," I answered firmly.

"He knows my heart and will be content with the cousinly love which is all I can ever give. I have told him the truth," she answered simply, "I will be true to my vows. I will make the most of the life you risked your own to save; and in some other happier life it may be possible for me to be true to my heart; I wish you might forget me and be happy." I bent and took again, the little hand in mine. "I would rather have this moment and the thought you give me than any other woman's love on earth; I shall still keep my vow and it shall be as of old, to the welfare of the Queen's children, for there will be two of them again now to serve." She raised her eyes with a sweet look of gratitude. I touched my lips once again to the brown hair, and went on my way.

When, after twenty-four years of exile, the Bourbons came again into their native land, and the Count de Provence signed himself Louis XVIII, the Duchess of Algalummie was head of his household and first always in his love and confidence. When Napoleon returned from Elba, and the throne seemed lost again, it was my Princess, as Duchess of Algalummie, who defended Bordeaux for several days and kept the garrison faithful until hope was past. The Bordeaux said she showed the only martial spirit in the family; and after Waterloo and the second restoration, she was always dearer to Louis than either of his nephews. She was never very popular in Paris. She was always called "Good and just," but her nature was too grave to suit the gay spirit of the capital. "I cannot trust the people, though I try always to remember what you have told me of their provocations, and that my mother begged me to forgive and love them if this day ever came," she said to me again and again, "but the mark of those terrible days is too deep upon me."

Wherever she drove, her carriage never crossed the square where the guillotine had stood. No little one ever came to win her to new life and love for its sweet sake. I longed often to see her in happy motherhood; after the Duke de Berry's death, when all Paris went wild over the birth of his heir, I dreaded she might suffer anew in the thought that such joy could never be hers, but I was wrong. Her husband, to whom I had become as firm a friend as to herself, told me she said to him, with the child in her arms, "I am thankful it is your brother's, not yours; I could never hold a Dauphin of France in my arms without remembering my mother. I have no wish to ever give this nation a child of mine - "I could never trust him to them."

"It is best as it is; I am thankful she has had some years of quiet and peace in her womanhood," he said, as I grasped his hand in sympathy. I tried often to make her see that there was something more than mere passion and revenge in the Revolution. "In spite of all the horror and excesses we must never forget that the condition of three-fourths of the people of France is better today, and always will be better, because of the abuses which that Revolution extinguished. Slowly, very slowly, as a nation we are growing into manhood," I added, "and what we could not accomplish in the eighteenth, we will in the nineteenth century."

When Louis XVIII died, and the Count D'Atrois became Charles X, she grieved over his bigotry and acts of oppression. Again and again did she oppose her father-in-law, who had become but a tool for the Jesuits. In the old days of Louis XVI D'Atrois had been the gayest, the most devoted to pleasure of all the Court; but he came back to France, after the restoration, a changed man. Changed at the deathbed of her from whom the church had separated him. He was faithful to that one love of his life, till death. All those years at Court there was never one breath against his fidelity to that bright and lovely creature from whom fate and rank separated him in life, and to meet whom above he became as she had wished, the penitent son of the Church on earth. Whatever of sin their love had held, it was purged of all dross when, at the command of the Church, in obedience to the laws of God, she left him, never to see him more save from that deathbed from which she called him to repent, that they might meet and love in that better land to which she was going. In his quiet, devotional life he was very congenial to his son's wife, but in that dogmatic determination to put, things back in the old ways, and take away the constitutional freedom of the people, she opposed him.

"You have taught me better," she said once, before those stormy days of 1830. "Only when

King and people both shall live for the glory of the nation, will France take the place she is destined to fill in history." In the years between 1816 and 1830 no man was nearer the royal family than I. I tried to be always faithful to my trust; to keep her true to her better self, I accepted the guardianship her mother had given me.

Under Louis XVIII I held office, but under Charles the Tenth I could not for conscience' sake, though he, as his brother before him, would have heaped honor and wealth upon me for the sake of the past. I was opposed to his public acts, but it did not disturb our friendship. In private life I still held my position as chief friend and helper. After all, no life is wasted that has held the friendship mine has held. When the day came that I could do no better for them, I made all arrangements for their flight.

I have but one more memory of the grave sweet face, that has been my heart's dearest love all these years. I saw it for the last time when I left her in her husband's care on board the ship that was carrying them a third time into exile; a grave, quiet woman, thankful in her heart, I knew, to lay down royalty. Her husband's words were in my ear: "Good-bye, tried friend and true, faithfully have you kept your vow to me and mine."

The ship sailed-I caught her last look as she waved her hand in farewell. I never saw her again. I often heard from them as they spent their last days in peace and quiet in their adopted land. They often begged me to come to them, but I thought better not to go. They did not need me, my work lay here; for her sake, now as always, I labor for the France that gave her birth.

### My Lady Eleanor



He is not my sovereign, but the sword of the Duke of Savoy will be welcome wherever it is offered.

The friendship between him, who will be Henry of Germany, and Philip of Savoy is no ordinary friendship. From the time that I rescued him from the French knight's vengeance, our hearts have been knit together as David's and Jonathan's.

Will David prove a true David when his time to rule comes? A man's character is so influenced by his wife, if there be love between them; and this Constantia of Sicily may bring him a princess' dower and still leave him poor in spirit. Is it too soon to measure her influence, I wonder?

Frederick Barbarossa's motive is to force Alexander out of the papal chair and seat his own Paschal. I care not for that.

Henry writes me his real aim is to conquer Rome first, and then march against this great Saladin, who is even now threatening the Holy City. I join for the second hidden motive, and I

shall bide my time in Italy with what patience I can.

## ROME

This is not the campaign I dreamed of. I like not the camp of our soldiers. There is malaria in those mists that arise each night. I will do what I can to mitigate the sufferings of the troops. There is much sickness, and I will bide what time I can in the society of Henry and his beautiful bride.

The Empress is here also. Beatrice of Burgundy has been crowned by Paschal III with the crown of the Eternal Empire.

The gay Court find their part of Rome healthy, and the gaieties of the Empire are renewed. If my life at present must be passed here, instead of on the march to the Holy Land, let me try to enjoy (it may be for the last time) the society of these beautiful dames who have followed their lords into Italy.

Beatrice is not a favorite of mine, but she is a noble woman. Her dark, womanly beauty is a contrast that brings out the more perfectly the slight, girlish beauty of her daughter-in-law, Constantia of Sicily.

The light, wavy hair and blue eyes of Constantia look lovely also in contrast with another dark-eyed beauty, Lady Eleanor, lady-in-waiting to the Empress. But to me the advantage is not all on the side of Constantia, and when the lips of both open, the words they titter give us a glimpse of the mind and soul within.

Constantia, to my mind, is but as a child in comparison with the thoughtful mind and noble soul of My Lady Eleanor of Saxony, first maid-of-honor to the Empress.

The two younger ladies are much together. When Henry takes me into the rooms set apart for his wife's private use, we almost always find the Lady Eleanor there also. They are about the same age, and in these dark acid troubled times seem as much out of place in this old ducal palace as lilies among thorns.

Is it only a fancy of mine, or do the dark brown eyes of Lady Eleanor seek Henry's gray ones oftener than they ought, perhaps?

She has been brought up by the Empress as an adopted daughter; she is an orphan, Henry tells me; and one of the courtiers tells me Beatrice always planned that Henry should make of her a true daughter, and that the young people grew up with that understanding between them.

Perhaps the ambition of Frederick Barbarossa slumbered in those days; later he would not hear of the youthful romance. He craved the wealth and power of the heiress of Sicily for his son.

Was Henry's ambition equal to his father's? Did he stifle any heart emotion when he accepted his father's choice? If so, no one will ever know. I can trust my friend for that.

I wished oft-times that those innocent brown eyes might look on me with some such glance, and that my words and my opinions might find the echo in her heart that Henry's always find. The girl is innocent as the unborn child, I can see that. She never dreams, Henry is more to her than the brother lie calls himself. Still, though Constantia's pride is great and her conceit boundless, I should tremble for my little lady if the Princess of Sicily should ever let the little green-eyed monster find an entrance to her heart.

How long will this inactivity last? I wear not the Holy Cross in secret, to burn and plunder Rome. My allegiance to the earthly vicar of Christ is given to Alexander, and my vow of obedience to Frederick exempts me from any activity at Rome. Still I can not visit His Holiness to crave his blessing, for the law of Frederick is as inflexible as the old laws of the Medes and Persians, and he who enters Alexander's presence or seeks his retreat is already by the law condemned to death.

I like not this fatal sickness that has seized so many of the soldiers. One of the physicians told me this morning that it resembled the fatal plague too much, not to cause the most dreary forebodings. Some officer said in my presence to-day, that "The army of Frederick would fall before a greater enemy than Saladin, if Frederick waited many days more in Italy." I have seen enough to fill my heart with the saddest misgivings.

I ventured to suggest to the Emperor that he send the ladies back to Germany, or at least to my castle of Savoy, which I placed at their disposal; but Beatrice dreads to leave him, he said, and lie seems to think my fears groundless as regards any danger to the ladies of his household.

I have succeeded in convincing Henry that I am right. The Prince and I visited the camp and hospitals last night in disguise. He is determined his wife shall not remain. May the Holy Virgin incline Frederick's stubborn heart to listen to his son's words with more acquiescence than he did to mine.

### **THREE DAYS LATER**

The thought of danger and parting has drawn our little circle very near together these last few days. My Lady Eleanor (would I had a right to use that "My") listened to my words of love with startled eyes, when, finding her alone, I ventured to lay my heart and life at her feet.

She told me, quite sadly, that she had put all thoughts of love away from her in early womanhood, and that while her regard for me was true and steadfast, no thought of loving me had come to her. She begged me not to press for an answer now, but to give her time to find out the true nature of her feelings for me, for that without love she could not wed! Oh, may all the saints incline that noble heart toward Philip of Savoy, and my gratitude shall be an added consecration to keep the vow of a Crusader, which I have privately taken.

## LATER

Henry is ill; all was prepared for the departure of the ladies, when the fatal symptoms appeared in him. They refused to go then, of course. His mother hangs over his couch, with the care and solicitude of a mother, rather than an Empress; but who is the other indefatigable nurse? Who is it whose touch gives ease, never pain? Whose hand can bathe the fevered brow as no other can? Who is it whose voice quiets the delirium as no other voice can? Who seems to have no other thought in life than to be spent in his service? Yet to all but me she seems only faithful to her duty, to help and save the anxious mother and youthful, helpless wife. To all but me, did I say? Ah! Constantia is not blind; she accepts the aid now, when it may ward off death, but how will it be when this is all over?

There is not a thought of the truth in Eleanor's mind. She never dreams that it is aught more than the old sisterly love she gives. She came to me (whom she knows loves him also) and begged me to have other medical aid. She prayed me to beg the Emperor to bury his pride and ask for Alexander's great physician, whom report says understands the fatal sickness as no other at Rome; but when even his wife's pleadings for the good of the first-born fail to move him, can I hope to be heard?

The father's heart is sore; this son is dear to him, but dearer still is the pride and iron will of Frederick Barbarossa: not to save himself and all belonging to him would he stoop to beg a favor of his enemy.

## MORNING

I can not be mistaken. I should know that girlish form among a thousand. I do not believe she could don a disguise my eyes could not penetrate. I stood wrapped in my knight's mantle, leaning against the statue in the square, when I caught sight of a moving form. The slight figure was covered with a mantle, and I watched it glide from shadow to shadow.

I followed, unseen myself. I dared not risk her detection by any sign, though I would so, gladly have borne any risk for her sweet sake. I saw the flash of the King's signet ring, when the sentry's torch shone upon it, then she was outside the line, and I was powerless.

I guessed her errand, and I vowed my life to save her from the consequences, if she should be betrayed.

How I passed the next two hours, I hardly knew. Nothing but the thought that it would add to her risk kept me from felling the sentinel and following her.

Then I saw her glide back, as silently as before, and this time she was not alone.

Later it was whispered in the palace that Alexander had heard of the illness of the Prince and offered his own physician. Frederick accepted the grace he would not sue for; but I, knowing

the iron will that can not bear contradiction, held my breath as I thought of the brave maiden's act, and prayed no one but myself might ever know.

### TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER

Henry lives. His life is saved by that great doctor's aid. Amid the preparations for departure all are gay and cheerful, except my Lady Eleanor. She moves among us quiet and pale, and between Constantia and herself there is no longer the familiar sisterly intercourse. Does Constantia suspect? I like not the look in her eyes when they light on Eleanor. I drew My Lady aside into the window seat this noon, and I said if ever any harm or danger threatened her she was to call on me.

I passed it as a farewell compliment, but if trouble comes she will remember. She bent her head in thanks; her very lips were white, but she answered never a word.

I see now why she dared not answer. Some one (it is unknown whom) has reported suspicions to the Emperor, and tonight the sweet lady who reigns in my heart sleeps behind prison bars.

All is confusion and distress. The reputation even of my Saxon lily is assailed. I have gone around, my hand on my sword hilt, longing to have a slanderer dare to breathe in my presence, that I might wipe out the insult in blood. I have been to the Empress; she weeps, and is inconsolable. She said, "A purer, sweeter woman never lived;" and she said also, "The sin, if sin it be, lives with those who hold gold above love and plighted troth." So there was a betrothal, broken by the Emperor. Poor child!

The Empress says the Emperor is more angry than she ever saw him before. He will not let her plead before him. He says his dignity has been dragged in the dust before Alexander, and that it would be better to lose the heir of the Empire rather than that the honor of the Empire should be tainted.

Ah! pride and jealousy are deadly sins! I am sure the maiden did the deed in no unworthy way.

Beatrice is sure of that also. What can we do? I have tried in vain to obtain an interview with Lady Eleanor. I dare not offer my testimony, for it might injure more than help.

It is the Emperor's will that no question or help shall be offered her before her trial.

All I have been able to do was to bribe the guard and send a word of sympathy and some few comforts. I shudder to think of that frail girl in those awful dungeons.

Henry sent for me; he has been told, and is in agonies that any harm should come to the lady who has just saved his life. His father will not answer his requests, nor come to him. He also is powerless before that iron will. Constantia never left his bedside while I was there. We tried,

both Henry and I, to enlist her help and sympathy; but she returned a cold glance to any word of mine, and said, "Women risk not their lives, and even their good name, for sisterly affection."

Henry called to her mind their years of friendship and her courageous nature, that was always willing to sacrifice itself for others. She turned upon him a glance of fire and love, and answered, "I do not doubt you, dearest; but I will have no woman upon the earth who has done more, for you than I have done;" and all our words failed to draw one look of pity to her face. That cold, proud face! How did I ever call it beautiful? Can she be the one who reported Eleanor to the Emperor? I believe she would be capable of anything, with that jealous feeling in her heart.

When I turned to leave Henry put his hand in mine and said: "Philip, when the trial takes place send a litter and have me carried to the hall;" and I promised I would.

### THE TRIAL

The large hall in the old Duke's palace was arranged with seats for the trial.

The Emperor cast a look of hatred at the poor girl when she was led in, but the Empress shaded her eyes and the tears ran down her cheeks.

Constantia sat on a foot-stool at the Emperor's feet, and a piece of marble would have shown as much feeling as was in her face.

My Lady Eleanor walked in before her guard, her hands clasped and hanging loosely before her. Her head was held bravely up, and on her pure young face was a look of perfect peace. When she was charged with breaking the law, and also as guilty of dragging the honor of the Empire in the dust before the so-called Pope, she cast herself at the Emperor's feet and raised her clasped hands to heaven.

"Guilty, O Sire!" she cried, "of breaking the King's law to save the King's son, but not guilty of the second charge. I asked Alexander's help for the sake of Germany; I told him of the goodness and worth of the Prince, and I prayed if human help could spare him to the Fatherland, that it might be offered. I asked it not in Frederick's name, and I told I broke his law by coming.

"O Sire! Remember in the old days he was more to me than a brother; but in my heart to-day is not one thought that doth wrong her who has his love and troth." Before that look of innocence, before those words of heartfelt truth, slander died. They did not dare to charge her after that with all unworthy thought. Frederick himself was moved; we all saw that, and Beatrice threw herself on her knees by Eleanor's side, and placing her arms around the daughter of her heart, besought the Emperor to listen to the pleading of his own noble heart and hold out the pardoning hand.

The Emperor raised his wife and turned his eyes on the help-meet of his son; but Constantia said only, "She took his ring and used it for the signet. She shall not go unpunished."



I knew then, she was the tale-bearer. I could not look on her again, she that could thus condemn the noble creature who had periled her life to save us all from sorrow.

The Emperor turned to the official judges: "If but one voice condemn her, she shall die; if not thus condemned, mercy shall be shown in our Empress's name."

A low murmur of thankfulness ran through the hall. I believe I was the only person there who did not believe the trial was ended.

Henry had just been borne in on a litter, and I saw his face light up with hope; but at that moment Constantia knelt before the throne, and her voice sounded clear and distinct in the hushed silence:

"I condemn, oh father! in the name of injured love."

The Empress's voice almost shrieked the words, "Constantia, she saved him not for herself, but for thee !" and Henry called his wife's name also in a tone of horror; but Constantia never moved her eyes from the Emperor's face.

"I have your royal word, oh Sire!" she said; and the Emperor, raising his hand to enforce silence, spoke the dread sentence; but his face was ashy pale. Did a look of disgust pass over his features as he fixed his gaze on Constantia? Did some glimpse of the chain he had cast around his son's neck come to him for the first time? And Henry could not he risk his father's favor to plead at least for such a life? My love for David perished then and there, when the lack of moral courage, I had ever feebly felt, shone out clearly before me, and I felt almost with a throb of guilty joy that my Lady Eleanor's disappointment would be as great as mine.

They carried her, sweet child, out from the room in a swoon, and the woman whose word had caused all this passed coldly out unmoved. Oh! I'll never call it the little green-eyed monster again. I'll call it the many-headed hydra that breeds hatred and murder.

I asked for a private audience. I offered to marry the girl and take her away at once and forever (if she would only let me), but my offers were rejected.

I have but one hope left, and that is faint, but I will try it before I abandon myself to despair. I will see Alexander himself.

### **THE POPE'S AID**

There was but one way for me to be free to find the Pope. I laid my sword at Frederick Barbarossa's feet, and asked for release from my vow of obedience and service.

I felt that there was such scorn in my voice, such a fire in my eyes, as might, cause my arrest; but the reaction from his anger lead come to Frederick, and he released me without a word. It

may be he thought that even the safety of the great Emperor might be endangered if Phillip of Savoy was kept in his service with that look of hatred and contempt in his eyes.

I dared not trust myself in Henry's presence, but I bade farewell to the Empress, and her hope rose also as she guessed my errand and bade me "Godspeed."

My name secured me instant admission to the Holy Father. Alexander the Third was more than willing to use his influence in Eleanor's behalf. He said the maiden had touched his heart with pity, and he added, "She has a noble heart, and no braver, truer woman ever lived."

But Frederick's kingly honor was pledged now. His heart was sore also over his military failure, for the pestilence had conquered his army, and its withdrawal meant the success of his opponent; for with him went also Paschal's claims to the papal throne.

His mighty campaign was a failure. Rome first, and then the Holy Land, had been his secret aim. Ah! he little knew then that when his dream of eastern warfare should be realized his conquest should but prove the way for his watery grave. But that was years hence; I too had borne the Red Cross into Palestine when that day came.

Alexander's explanation and regrets were treated as mine had been. There seemed no mercy or hope on earth.

I had awaited Alexander's return in the fever of impatience. As I paced up and down the long hall, I felt a hand on my arm, and a monk clad in the robe of his order stood at my side. "Is the lady confined in the dungeons of the Duke of Alvin's palace?" I bent my head and eyed him sharply. "I am of that noble house," he continued; "if the Pope fails in his mission come to me in the east corridor at the first hour of the night; see that fast horses are ready, and you shall save her."

I grasped his hand and offered any wealth of mine, but he shook his head and answered: "There is great risk. If we succeed, lay your offering on Our Lady's shrine," and left me.

Thus when Alexander returned from his personal interview, I still had a gleam of hope in my heart. I had the means of procuring every aid that money could purchase; and when in the early night I followed Brother Clemens, I knew I could be in safety with the lady before the sun shone, if we were successful.

The sentry found my gold irresistible, and we were soon within the precincts occupied by Frederick.

Clemens led me under the bridge, and placing his dagger in a cleft of the stone, caused it to swing inward and reveal a long dark passage. It was the hidden entrance to the dungeons, and he had known the secret in his boyhood days. Eleanor was confined (as he had expected) in the outer one with which the passage connected. Again he touched a spring, and we entered the cell.

She was on her knees, her head buried in her arms on the iron couch. I spoke her name softly, and as she started up and turned her beautiful face toward me, I would have given my hopes for eternity to have felt she was there for my sake.

I stifled her startled cry. I wrapped her hastily in the robe I had brought, and in a moment we were in the passage again.

The secrets of those old Italian families are well kept. Frederick and his court wondered, but could never solve the mystery, I heard years later.

Our gratitude to Brother Clemens was almost too great for words; but I think he found that the house of Savoy can show its gratitude in a princely manner, before the year was out.

At sunrise we were far on our way. I carried the lady to my ancestral home; she had no home or country now.

I was glad I had a name and home to give to her. I made her feel that my honor as well as hers compelled her to accept the shelter of my name, but I forbore to press any claim for love. I left her free, except in name, and I sailed to join the assembling Knights who were to oppose the great Saladin. .

The years rolled on. Saladin was successful. The Crescent waved over the mosque of Omar, and the Cross was dishonored and all Europe awoke. We heard that Frederick Barbarossa was at last to realize 'his dream of Eastern conquest. The kingly Philip Augustus of France was in motion also, and joined to him was he whom they called "The Lion of England." And we Knights, who had so long aided the Greek Emperor in his unequal contest, hastened to enroll ourselves under our lawful sovereigns.

I joined Philip Augustus, but I held my sword in readiness to answer any claim of Frederick's when he should arrive. The waters of the Orontes prevented that meeting, and the remnant that joined us at Antioch contained but few faces known to me; from one of them I learned with a sad heart that the promise of Henry's manhood had not been fulfilled. I doubt if my Eleanor would risk her life today for the man Henry II of Germany has become.

I was wounded at Acre. My strong right arm will never strike another blow for the glory of the Cross. I started sadly out, in spite of our victory, for my western home.

I thought to look in Eleanor's face once more, and see if the years had brought any tender thoughts of me into her heart. If not, I should never trouble her, with any claim of mine. I knew she passed her time in works of charity, and that the house of Savoy had never held the love and reverence of the people before as it held it today, under the rule of my Lady Eleanor.

We reached Savoy. In the old days I carried to the lady of my heart a reprieve from death; but to m she brought now a reprieve that took all the grief and sorrow out of life, as she laid her

sweet face on my breast and whispered, "I have loved you ever since the night you brought me home; why did you ever leave me?" With the love of the Duchess of Savoy began a new life; but to me she will ever be, as when I loved her first, "My Lady Eleanor."