

now bodies of troops are outside the walls frequently four-and-twenty hours without food. In the confusion consequent on a battle matters will be ten times worse. In the morning the troops will be half-starved and half-frozen, and there will be very little fight left in them."

"What would you do if you were commander-in-chief, Cuthbert?"

"I am altogether unfit to make a plan, and still more unfit to carry it out," he said, "but my idea would certainly be to attack somewhere with half my force, to force the enemy back, and to hold positions at the end of the day, so that the Germans would concentrate to attack in the morning. At night I would withdraw the greater portion of them, march them straight across Paris; the other half of the army would attack there at daybreak, and would be reinforced soon after the fighting began by those who had fought the day before. I think in that way they ought to be able to cut their way out, but what they would do when they once get out is more than I can tell you. They have no cavalry to speak of, while the Germans have a splendid cavalry force who would harass them continually. The infantry would pursue and would march infinitely better than we should do. We should scatter to get food, whole regiments would break up and become masses of fugitives, and finally we should be surrounded, either cut to pieces or forced to surrender. Of two things, I am not sure that it would not be best for us to be handsomely thrashed on the first day of our sortie."

"You take a very gloomy view of things," she said, almost angrily.

"Why, I should have thought you would be pleased. I am prophesying success for your friends, the Germans."

"I don't know why you should always insist that they are my friends. I was of opinion that they were right at first, and am so still, but I think they now are behaving hardly and cruelly; at least I think Bismarck is. It was heartless for him to insist, as a condition of the armistice, that Paris should not be re-victualled while it lasted. Of course they could not agree to that, though they would have agreed to anything like fair

conditions. Everyone really wanted peace, and if the Germans hadn't insisted on those terms, peace would have been made. So things have changed altogether, and it is clear that not the Germans, but their leaders, want to injure and humiliate France to the utmost. They were not content with their pound of flesh, but they want to destroy France altogether. I despised these people at first, but I don't despise them now. At least they are wonderfully patient, and though they know what they will have to suffer when everything is eaten up, no one has said a word in favor of surrender, since Bismarck showed how determined he was to humiliate them."

"I think I shall win my bet after all, Mary."

"I am not so sure as I was that you won't. I didn't think I could ever have eaten horse-flesh, but it is really not so bad. Monsieur Michaud told us, yesterday, that he dined out with some friends and had had both cat and rat. Of course they were disguised with sauces, but the people made no secret of what they were, and he said they were really very nice. I don't think I could try them, but I don't feel as certain as I did; anyhow, we haven't begun to touch our stores, and there is no talk of confiscating everything yet."

CHAPTER XI.

Two men were sitting in a cabaret near the Halles. One was dressed in the uniform of a sergeant of the National Guard. He was a powerfully-built man, with a black beard and a mustache, and a rough crop of hair that stuck out aggressively beneath his kepi. The other was some fifteen years younger; beyond the cap he wore no military uniform. He had a mustache only, and was a good-looking young fellow of the Ouvrier class.

"I tell you it is too bad, Père Dufaure. A year ago she pretended she liked me, and the fact that she wore good dresses and was earning lots of money did not seem to make any difference in her. But now all that is changed. That foreigner

has turned her head. She thinks now she is going to be a lady and has thrown me over as if I were dirt, but I won't have it," and he struck his fist upon the table, "those cursed aristocrats are not to have everything their own way."

"Patience, Jean. Women will be women, and the right way to win her back is to have patience and wait. I don't say that just at present her head is not turned with this American, who by the way is a good Republican, and though he has money, has good notions, and holds with us that we have too long been ground down by the bourgeois, still she may tire of him after a while. He is not amusing, this American, and though Minette may like being adored, she likes being amused also. Pooh, pooh, this matter will come all right. Besides, although she likes the American at present, she thinks more of the Commune than of any lover. Have patience and do not quarrel with her. You know that I am on your side. But Minette is a good deal like what her mother was. Ah, these women! A man can do nothing with them when they make up their minds to have their own way. What can I say to her? I can not threaten to turn her out of the house for everything in it is hers. It is she who earns the money. She is too old to be beaten, and if it comes to scolding, her tongue runs faster than mine does, and you know besides she has a temper."

Jean nodded.

"She is worse than a wild-cat when her back is up," he said. "Why, when this thing first began, and I told her to beware how she went on with this American, for that I would kill him if he came in my way, she caught up a knife, and if I had not run like a rabbit, she would have stuck me, and you know how she went on, and drove me out of Montmartre. After that affair I have not dared see her."

"Why not let her go? and take to someone else, Jean? There are plenty of pretty girls in the quarter who would not say no to the best rising worker in his trade."

"It is no use, Père Dufaure, I have told myself the same a hundred times, but I cannot do it. She has her tempers, what

woman has not; but at other times who is so bright and gay as she is?"

"Well, well, Jean, we shall see what we shall see. You don't suppose that if things do not turn out well, as we hope they will do, I should let her carry out this whim of hers, and go off with the American, and leave me to shift for myself. Not such a fool. At present I say nothing. It is always better to hold your tongue as long as you can. I make him welcome when he comes to our house; we go together to the meetings, and sometimes he speaks, and speaks well, though he does not go far enough for us. Well, no one can say what may happen—he may be shot by the Germans, or he may be shot at the barricades, who knows. At any rate it is best to hold my peace. If I leave things alone, Minette is as likely as not to change her mind again, but if I were to say anything against him—first, we should have a scene; secondly, she would be more than ever determined on this whim. You must be patient, Jean, and all will come well in the end."

"I am not so sure of that," Jean said, sullenly. "I was as patient as I could be, but no good came of it; then, as you know, I tried to get rid of him, but failed, and had to move away, but one thing is certain, if I don't marry her he never shall. However, I can wait."

"That is all right, Jean; wait till our little affairs come off and the bourgeois are under our feet. There will be good posts for true citizens then, and I will see that you have one, and it will be time to talk about marriages when everything is going on well. When we once get the Germans out of the way, we shall see what we shall see, Sapristie! we will make short work of the capitalists, and as for the troops, they will have had enough fighting and will be ready enough to march off and leave us alone."

At the time they were talking, the couple they were speaking of were standing leaning on the parapet of the wall by the river. They met there every evening when there was no assembly of importance to attend.

"I wish it was all over, Minette," he said, "and that we could

leave the city and be off. It would be a different life for you, dear, but I hope a pleasanter one. There would be no cold weather like this, but you can sit all the year round in the veranda without needing wraps. There will be servants to wait on you, and carriages, and everything you can wish for, and when you are disposed there will be society; and as all of our friends speak French, you will soon be quite at home with them. And, what one thinks of a good deal at present, there will be fruits and flowers, and plenty to eat, and no sound of cannon, and no talk of wars. We fought out our war ten years ago."

"It sounds nice, Arnold, very nice, but it will be strange not to work."

"You won't want to work there," he said; "in the day it is so hot that you will be glad to sit indoors in a darkened room and do nothing. I shall paint a good deal, and when you have the fancy, you can sit as my model again."

"And is it a large city, Arnold? It seems to me now that I could not live in the country, I should soon get dreadfully tired of it."

"It is a large city," he said, "though, of course, not so large as Paris. There are theatres there and amusements of all sorts."

"I should be content with you, Arnold. It does not seem to me that I could want anything else, but after all this excitement it will seem strange to have nothing to do."

"I shall be glad to be out of it," he said. "Your father and the others are quite right—the rich have too much and the poor too little. The manufacturers gain fortunes, and the men whose work enriches them remain poor all their lives. Still I fear that they will go too far, and that troubles me."

She made a quick movement as if about to speak, but checked herself for a moment, and then said, quietly—

"You know the proverb, Arnold, 'One cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs.'"

"That is true," he said, "as to an omelette, but a change of Government can be carried out without costing life, that is unless there is resistance, and I hope there will be none here.

The incapables over there will slink away. Why, Flourens and a few hundred men were enough to snatch the government out of their feeble hands. If the people declare that they will govern themselves, who is to withstand them. I hope to see the triumph and then to go. You know I am not a coward, Minette; our corps have shown that they can fight, but I long for my quiet home again, with its gardens and flowers, and balmy air, and I like handling a paint-brush much better than a rifle, and above all to see you mistress of my home, but I know there is a good deal to go through first. Trochu's plans may be carried out any day."

"Ah! Those Prussians!" she exclaimed, in a tone of the deepest hate, with a gesture of defiance towards Versailles. "They will dare to fire at you!"

"Yes, I imagine they will do that, Minette," he said with a laugh, "and pretty hotly, too."

"Well, if they kill you," she said, passionately, "I will avenge you. I will go out through the outposts and will find my way to Versailles, and I will kill William or Bismarck. They may kill me afterwards, I care nothing for that. Charlotte Corday was a reactionist, but she slew Marat and died calmly and bravely. I could do as much and would to revenge you."

"I hope you would not attempt anything so mad, Minette. Of course, I must take my chance as everyone else will do, and the Prussians will be no more to blame if one of their bullets killed me than if it had struck anyone else. Everyone who goes into a battle has to run his chances. I had an elder brother killed in the civil war we had in the States. I have no great love for the North, but I do not blame them especially for the death of my brother. There were a great number killed on both sides, and that he should be among them was the fortune of war. But it is bitterly cold, Minette; let us be walking. I am glad we are not on outpost duty to-night. I put on so many flannel shirts that I can hardly button my tunic over them, but in spite of that it is cold work standing with one's hands on one's trigger looking out into the darkness. It is quite a relief when a rifle rings out either from our side or the

other. Then for a bit everyone is alive and active, we think the Prussians are advancing, and they think we are, and we both blaze away merrily for a bit. Then there is a lull again, and perhaps an hour or two of dreary waiting till there is a fresh alarm. As soon as we are relieved, we hurry off to our quarter, where there is sure to be a fire blazing. Then we heat up the coffee in our canteens, pouring in a little spirits, and are soon warm again."

"I cannot see why they don't form corps of women, Arnold; we have just as much at stake as the men have, and I am sure we should be quite as brave as the most of them, a great deal braver than the National Guard."

"I have no doubt you would, dear, but it will be quite time for you to fight when all the men are used up. What the women ought to do is to drive the men outside the walls. If the women were to arm themselves with mops soaked in dirty water, and were to attack every man under forty they found lurking in the streets, they would soon make a change in things. You should begin in your own quarter first, for although they are always denouncing the bourgeois for not fighting, I cannot see that there is any more eagerness to go out at Montmartre than there is in the quarter of the Bank—in fact, a great deal less."

"Why should the ouvriers fight with the Germans, Arnold—to them it matters little whether Paris is taken by the Germans or not—it is not they whose houses will be sacked, it is not they who will have to pay the indemnity."

"No, but at least they are Frenchmen. They can talk enough about the honor of France, but it is little they do to preserve it. They shout, 'the Prussians must be destroyed,' and then go off quietly to their cabarets to smoke and drink. I do not admire the bourgeois, but I do not see anything more admirable among the ouvriers. They talk grandly but they do nothing. There is no difficulty in getting volunteers for the war companies among the National Guard of the centre, though to them the extra pay is nothing; but at Belleville and Montmartre the war companies don't fill up. They rail at the bourgeois but when it comes to

fighting outside the walls I will wager that the shopkeepers show the most courage."

"They will fight when there is anything to fight for," she said, confidently, "but they don't care to waste their time on the walls when there is nothing to do, and the Germans are miles away."

"Well, we shall see," he replied, grimly. "Anyhow, I wish it were all over, and that we were on our way home. You have never seen a ship yet, Minette. You will be astonished when you go on board one of the great liners," and as they walked along the Boulevards he told her of the floating palaces, in one of which they were to cross the ocean, and forgetting for a time the questions that absorbed her, she listened with the interest of a child hearing a fairy-tale. When they neared Montmartre they separated, for Minette would never walk with him in her own quarter.

The next morning, November 28th, the order was issued that the gates were to be closed and that no one was to be allowed to pass out under any pretext whatever. No one doubted that the long-expected sally was to be carried out. Bodies of troops marched through the streets, trains of wagons with munitions of war moved in the same direction, and in an hour all Paris knew that the sortie was to take place somewhere across the loop formed by the Marne.

"It is for to-morrow," Pierre Leroux exclaimed, running into Cuthbert's room, "we are to parade at daybreak. The gates are shut, and troops are moving about everywhere."

"All right, Pierre; we have been looking for it for so long, that it comes almost as a surprise at last."

Cuthbert got up, made himself a cup of coffee, drank it with a piece of dry bread, and then sallied out. Mary would be on duty at ten o'clock. He knew the road she took on her way to the hospital and should meet her. In half an hour he saw the trim figure in the dark dress, and the white band round the arm.

"I suppose you have heard that we are going to stir up the German nest to-morrow," he said gayly.

"Yes, I have heard," she said, sadly, "it is very dreadful."

"It is what we have been waiting for and longing for for the last two months. We are to be under arms at daybreak, and as you will be at the ambulance for the next twenty-four hours I thought I would make an effort to catch you on the way. I want you to come round to my lodgings."

She looked surprised.

"Of course I will come," she said frankly, "but what do you want me to do that for?"

"Well, there is no saying as to who will come back again tomorrow, Mary, and I want you to see my two pictures. I have been working at them for the last two months steadily. They are not quite finished yet, but another week would have been enough for the finishing touches, but I don't suppose you will miss them. Nobody has seen them yet, and nobody would have seen them till they were quite ready, but as it is possible they never may be finished I should like you to see them now. I am not taking you up under any false pretences," he said, lightly, "nor to try again to get you to change your mission. I only want you to see that I have been working honestly. I could see when I have spoken of my painting there was always a little incredulity in the way in which you listened to me. You had so completely made up your mind that I should never be earnest about anything that you could not bring yourself to believe that I wasn't amusing myself with art here, just as I did in London. I had intended to have brought them triumphantly in a fiacre to your place, when they were finished, and I can't deny myself the pleasure of disabusing your mind. It is not far out of your way, and if we walk fast you can still arrive at your ambulance in time. If there were any fiacres about I would call one, but they have quite disappeared. In the first place, because no one is rich enough to be able to pay for such luxuries, and in the second, because most of the horses have been turned to other uses."

She did not seem to pay very much attention to what he was saying, but broke in with the question—

"Do you think there will be much fighting?"

"It would be folly to try to persuade you that there won't"

he said. "When there are so many thousand men with guns and cannon who are determined to get out of a place, and an equal number of men with guns and cannon just as determined to keep them in, the chances are that, as the Irish say, there will be wigs on the green. I do not suppose the loss will be great in comparison to the number engaged, because certainly a good many of the French will reconsider their determination to get out, and will be seized with a burning desire to get back as soon as the German shells begin to fall among them, still I do hope that they will make a decent fight of it. I know there are some tremendously strong batteries on the ground enclosed by the loop of the Marne, which is where they say it is going to be, and the forts will be able to help, so that certainly for a time we shall fight with great advantages. I do wish that it was not so cold, fighting is bad enough in summer; but the possibility of lying out all night on the snow wounded is one I very strongly object to."

He continued to talk in the same light strain, until they reached his lodgings, in order to put the girl at her ease.

"So this is your sitting-room," she said, with a laugh that had a tremor in it, "it is just what I supposed it would be, very untidy, very dusty, and yet in its way, comfortable. Where are the pictures?"

"Behind that screen; I keep them in strict seclusion there. Now if you will sit down by the window I will bring the easels out."

She did as he told her. The pictures were covered when he brought them out. He placed them where the light would fall best on them, and then removed the cloths.

"They have not arrived at the glories of frames yet," he said, "but you must make allowances for that. I can assure you they will look much larger and more important when they are in their settings."

The girl sat for a minute without speaking. They were reproductions on a larger scale and with all the improvements that his added skill and experience could introduce of the two he had exhibited to M. Goudé, when he entered the studio.

"I had intended to do battle-pieces," he said, "and have made innumerable sketches, but somehow or other the inspiration did not come in that direction, so I fell back on these which are taken from smaller ones I painted before I left London. Do you like them? You see I hang upon your verdict. You at present represent the public to me."

There were tears standing in the girl's eyes.

"They are beautiful," she said, softly, "very beautiful. I am not a judge of painting, though I have been a good deal in the galleries of Dresden, and I was at Munich too; and I know enough to see they are painted by a real artist. I like the bright one best, the other almost frightens me, it is so sad and hopeless, I think—" and she hesitated, "that girl in the veranda is something like me, though I am sure I never look a bit like that, and I am nothing—nothing like so pretty."

"You never look like that, Miss Brander, because you have never felt as that girl is supposed to be feeling; some day when the time comes that you feel as she does you will look so. That is a woman, a woman who loves. At present that side of your nature has not woke up. The intellectual side of you, if I may so speak, has been forced, and your soul is still asleep. Some day you will admit that the portrait, for I own it to be a portrait, is a life-like one. Now—" he broke off abruptly, "we had better be going or you will be late at your post."

She said no more until they were in the street.

"I have been very wrong," she said suddenly, after walking for some time in silence. "You must have worked hard indeed. I own I never thought that you would. I used to consider your sketches very pretty, but I never thought that you would come to be a great artist."

"I have not come to that yet," he said, "but I do hope that I may come to be a fair one some day—that is if the Germans don't forcibly interfere—but I have worked very hard, and I may tell you that Goudé, who is one of the best judges in Paris, thinks well of me. I will ask you to take care of this," he said, and he took out a blank envelope. "This is my will. A man is a fool who goes into a battle without making provision for

what may happen. When I return you can hand it to me again. If I should not come back please inclose it to your father. He will see that its provisions are carried out. I may say that I have left you the two pictures. You have a right to them, for if it had not been for you I don't suppose they would ever have been painted. I only wish that they had been quite finished."

Mary took the paper without a word, nor did she speak again until they arrived at the ambulance, then she turned and laid her hand in his.

"Good-bye, Mary, I hope I shall ask you for that envelope back again in a couple of days."

"God grant that it may be so," she said, "I shall suffer so till you do."

"Yes, we have always been good friends, haven't we? Now, child, you always used to give me a kiss before I left you then. Mayn't I have one now?"

She held up her face, he kissed her twice, and then turned and strode away.

"I wonder whether she will ever grow to be a woman," he said to himself, bitterly, "and discover that there is a heart as well as brains in her composition. There was no more of doubt or hesitation in the way in which she held up her face to be kissed, than when she did so as a child. Indeed, as a child, I do think she would have cried if I told her at parting that I was going away for good. Well, it is of no use blaming her. She can't help it if she is deficient in the one quality that is of all the most important. Of course she has got it and will know it some day, but at present it is latent and it is evident that I am not the man who has the key of it. She was pleased at my pictures. It was one of her ideas that I ought to do something, and she is pleased to find that I have buckled to work in earnest, just as she would be pleased if Parliament would pass a law giving to women some of the rights which she has taken it into her head they are deprived of. However, perhaps it is better as it is. If anything happens to me to-morrow, she will be sorry for a week or two just as she would if she lost any other

friend, while if Arnold Dampierre goes down Minette will for a time be like a mad woman. At any rate my five thousand will help her to carry out her crusade. I should imagine that she won't get much aid in that direction from her father.

"Halloa, I know that man's face," he broke off as he noticed a well-dressed man turn in at the door of a quiet-looking residence he was just approaching, "I know his face well; he is an Englishman, too, but I can't think where I have seen him." He could not have told himself why he should have given the question a second thought, but the face kept haunting him in spite of the graver matters in his mind, and as he reached the door of his lodgings he stopped suddenly.

"I have it," he exclaimed, "it is Cumming, the manager of the bank, the fellow that ruined it and then absconded. I saw they were looking for him in Spain and South America and a dozen other places, and here he is. By Jove, he is a clever fellow. I suppose he came here as soon as the war broke out, knowing very well that the police would have plenty of other things to think of besides inquiring as to the antecedents of Englishmen who took up their residence here. Of course he has been absolutely safe since the fall of the Empire. The fellow has grown a beard and mustache; that is why I did not recognize him at first. Of course he has taken another name. Well, I don't know that it is any business of mine. He got off with some money, but I don't suppose it was any great sum. At any rate it would not be enough to make any material difference to the creditors of the bank. However, I will think it over later on. There is no hurry about the matter. He is here till the siege is over, and I should certainly like to have a talk with him. I have never been able to get it quite out of my mind that there has been something mysterious about the whole affair as far as my father was concerned, though where the mystery comes in is more than I can imagine. I expect it is simply because I have never liked Brander, and have always had a strong idea that our popular townsman was at bottom a knave as well as a humbug."

Mary Brander went about her work very quietly all day, and

more than one of the wounded patients remarked the change in her manner.

"Mademoiselle is suffering to-day," one of them said to her, as he missed the ring of hopefulness and cheeriness with which she generally spoke to him.

"I am not feeling well, I have a bad headache; and moreover I have friends in the sortie that is to be made to-night."

"Ah, yes, mademoiselle, there must be many sad hearts in Paris. As for me, my spirits have risen since I heard it. At last we are going to begin in earnest and it is time. I only wish I could have been well enough to have taken my share in it. It is tiresome to think that I have been wounded in a trifling skirmish. I should not have minded if it had been tomorrow, so that, when I am an old man, I might tell my grandchildren that I got that scar on the day when we drove the Prussians from the front of Paris. That would have been something to say. Courage, mademoiselle, after all there are twenty who get through these things safely, to every one that is hit, and your friends will be covered with glory."

"I hope that it will be as you think," she said, "but it may be the other way, and that the sortie will fail."

"You must not think that," he said. "We have not had a fair chance before, now we have got one. But even should we not win the first time, we will the second or the third. What, are Frenchmen always to be beaten by these Prussians? They have beaten us of late, because we have been badly led; but there must come another Jena to us one of these days."

Mary nodded and then passed on to the next patient. In the evening the news came that things were not all in readiness, and that the sortie was deferred at least for twenty-four hours.

"You are not well, Miss Brander," the chief surgeon of the hospital said to her soon afterwards, "I have noticed all day that you have been looking fagged and worn out. As it is certain now that we shall have no unusual pressure upon our resources for another thirty-six hours at any rate, I think you had better go home."

"I have a bad headache," she said.

"Yes, I can see that, and your hand is as cold as ice. Go home, child, and have a long night's rest. This sort of work is very trying until one gets hardened to it. Fortunately I have no lack of assistance. If you do not feel better to-morrow morning take another twenty-four hours off duty. You are likely to want all your strength and nerve on Monday if this affair comes off in earnest, which I own I am inclined to doubt, for, so far, there has been no shadow of earnestness about anything since the siege began."

CHAPTER XII.

THE Franc-tireurs des Écoles had marched out beyond the walls when the order came that the affair was postponed, and that they would not be required till the following day, when they were to parade at daybreak. There was much indignation at the change and all sorts of causes were suggested for it. One rumor was to the effect that the pontoon bridges for crossing the river were of insufficient length. Others said that the train of provisions that was to accompany the force after it had cut its way through the Prussians was not ready. One rumor was to the effect that the Prussians had been apprised by spies of Trochu's intentions and had massed heavy bodies of men at the threatened point. The most generally received opinion was that Trochu's object had been only to make a demonstration on this side of Paris, with the object of deceiving the Prussians and inducing them to weaken their lines at other points, and that the real attack would be made in another direction altogether.

"It is a nuisance whichever way it is," Cuthbert said, as, after the corps was dismissed, he walked back with a group of his friends, "it is a mistake too. We had all got ourselves up to boiling heat, and had made up our minds to go through with it, and this delay is like a dash of cold water. Of course it is the same with the rest of the force. One hates being humbugged, and it makes one doubt whether our generals know their business. Well, there is one thing, the delay won't be a

long one; it is eight o'clock now, and as we must be up by six, I shall turn in at once and get a good sleep. Be sure and don't forget your flasks in the morning. The weather gets colder and colder."

The next morning, however, the men were again dismissed after parade, and told they were to fall in again at daybreak next day. There was a feeling of restlessness and disquiet throughout Paris. The town was placarded with proclamations of Trochu and Ducrot. The latter was a sort of valedictory letter to Paris, saying that he was going out to conquer or to die, and that if defeated, he would never return to Paris alive. It was evident by their tone that at the time the proclamations were penned it was intended that the battle should take place on that day, and that the delay was consequent upon a breakdown in the arrangements and was not the result of any fixed plan.

Paris for once was serious. Special services were held in all the churches and these were thronged by citizens and soldiers. Cuthbert went to the building where a few of the English residents attended service throughout the siege. Mary Brander was not present, but as she had said the day before that she would be on duty for twenty-four hours, he had not expected to see her.

In the afternoon he went to a restaurant and dined fairly well, indulging himself in all the luxuries obtainable, and then returned and spent the evening with René and Pierre. The next morning, when he dressed himself for parade, he took the precaution of putting on as many articles of underclothing as he could button his tunic over. This time there was no mistake in the orders, as not a few of those who fell in had hoped in their hearts might be the case. As soon as the corps was formed up and their arms and ammunition-pouches examined, the word was given and they marched away towards the gate of Charenton and issued out. Many bodies of troops were converging upon it and the other gates on that side of the city, with trains of ammunition and supply wagons, and there was a delay of an hour before they could pass out. The greater part of the force had left the city on the two previous days, and a