

had rushed first into the room, with countenances inflamed by wine and anger; most of them were armed with long sticks. A blaster, of Herculean strength and stature, with an old red handkerchief about his head, its ragged ends screaming over his shoulders, miserably dressed in a half-worn goat-skin, brandished an iron drilling-rod, and appeared to direct the movements. With bloodshot eyes, threatening and ferocious countenance, he advanced towards the small room, as if to drive back Morok, and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder: "Where are the Devourers?—the Wolves will eat 'em up!"

The host hastened to open the door of the small room, saying: "There is no one here, my friends—no one. Look for yourselves."

"It is true," said the quarrymen, surprised, after peeping into the room: "where are they, then? We were told there were a dozen of them here. They should have marched with us against the factory, or there'd 'a been a battle, and the Wolves would have tried their teeth!"

"If they have not come," said another, "they will come. Let's wait."

"Yes, yes; we will wait for them."

"We will look close at each other."—"If the Wolves want to see the Devourers," said Morok, "why not go and howl round the factory of the miscreant atheists? At the first howl of the Wolves they will come out, and give you battle."

"They will give you—battle," repeated Sleepinbuff, mechanically.

"Unless the Wolves are afraid of the Devourers," added Morok.

"Since you talk of fear, you shall go with us, and see who's afraid!" cried the formidable blaster, in a thundering voice, as he advanced towards Morok.—A number of voices joined in with, "Who says the Wolves are afraid of the Devourers?"—"It would be the first time!"

"Battle! battle! and make an end of it!"

"We are tired of all this. Why should we be so miserable, and they so well off?"

"They have said that quarrymen are brutes, only fit to turn wheels in a shaft, like dogs to turn spits," cried an emissary of Baron Tripeaud's.

"And that the Devourers would make themselves caps with wolf-skin," added another.

"Neither they nor their wives ever go to mass. They are pagans and dogs!" cried an emissary of the preaching abbe.—"The men might keep their Sunday as they pleased; but their wives not to go to mass—it is abominable."

"And, therefore, the curate has said that their factory, because of its abominations, might bring down the cholera on the country."—"True! he said that in his serman."—"Our wives heard it."—"Yes, yes; down with the Devourers, who want to bring the cholera on the country!"

"Hooray, for a fight!" cried the crowd in chorus.—"To the factory, my brave Wolves!" cried Morok, with the voice of a Stentor; "on to the factory!"

"Yes! to the factory! to the factory!" repeated the crowd, with furious stamping; for, little by little, all who could force their way into the room, or up to the stairs, had there collected together.

These furious cries recalling Jacques for a moment to his senses, he whispered to Morok: "It is slaughter you would provoke? I wash my hands of it."

"We shall have time to let them know at the factory. We can give these fellows the slip on the road," answered Morok. Then he cried aloud, addressing the host, who was terrified at this disorder: "Brandy!—let us drink to the health of the brave Wolves! I will stand treat." He threw some money to the host, who disappeared, and soon returned with several bottles of brandy, and some glasses.

"What! glasses?" cried Morok. "Do jolly companions, like we are, drink out of glasses?" So saying, he forced out one of the corks, raised the neck of the bottle to his lips, and, having drunk a deep draught, passed it to the gigantic quarryman.

"That's the thing!" said the latter. "Here's in honor of the treat!—None but a sneak will refuse, for this stuff will sharpen the Wolves' teeth."

"Here's to your health, mates!" said Morok, distributing the bottles.

"There will be blood at the end of all this," muttered Sleepinbuff, who, in spite of his intoxication, perceived all the danger of these fatal incitements. Indeed, a large portion of the crowd was already quitting the yard of the public-house, and advancing rapidly towards M. Hardy's factory.

Those of the workmen and inhabitants of the village, who had not chosen to take any part in this movement of hostility (they were the majority), did not make their appearance, as this threatening troop passed along the principal street; but a good number of women, excited to fanaticism by the sermons of the abbe, encouraged

the warlike assemblage with their cries. At the head of the troop advanced the gigantic blaster, brandishing his formidable bar, followed by a motley mass, armed with sticks and stones. Their heads still warmed by their recent libations of brandy, they had now attained a frightful state of frenzy. Their countenances were ferocious, inflamed, terrible. This unchaining of the worst passions seemed to forbid the most deplorable consequences. Holding each other arm-in-arm, and walking four or five together the Wolves gave vent to their excitement in war-songs, which closed with the following verse:

"Forward! full of assurance!
Let us try our vigorous arms!
They have wearied out our prudence;
Let us show we've no alarms.
Sprung from a monarch glorious,
Today we'll not grow pale,
Whether we win the fight, or fall,
Whether we die, or are victorious!
Children of Solomon, mighty king,
All your efforts together bring,
Till in triumph we shall sing!"

*The Wolves (among others) ascribe the institution of their company to King Solomon. See the curious work by M. Agricole Perdignier, from which the war-song is extracted.

Morok and Jacques had disappeared whilst the tumultuous troop were leaving the tavern to hasten to the factory.

CHAPTER L.

THE COMMON DWELLING-HOUSE.

Whilst the Wolves, as we have just seen, prepared a savage attack on the Devourers, the factory of M. Hardy had that morning a festal air, perfectly in accordance with the serenity of the sky; for the wind was from the north, and pretty sharp for a fine day in March. The clock had just struck nine in the Common Dwelling-house of the workmen, separated from the workshops by a broad path planted with trees. The rising sun bathed in light this imposing mass of buildings, situated a league from Paris, in a gay and salubrious locality, from which were visible the woody and picturesque hills, that on this side overlook the great city. Nothing could be plainer, and yet more cheerful than the aspect of the Common Dwelling-house of the workmen. Its slanting roof of red tiles projected over white walls, divided here and there by broad rows of bricks, which contrasted agreeably with the green color of the blinds on the first and second stories.

These buildings, open to the south and east, were surrounded by a large garden of about ten acres, partly planted with tress, and partly laid out in fruit and kitchen-garden. Before continuing this description, which perhaps will appear a little like a fairy-tale, let us begin by saying, that the wonders, of which we are about to present the sketch, must not be considered Utopian dreams; nothing, on the contrary, could be of a more positive character, and we are able to assert and even to prove (what in our time is of great weight and interest), that these wonders were the result of an excellent speculation, and represented an investment as lucrative as it was secure. To undertake a vast, noble, and most useful enterprise; to bestow on a considerable number of human creatures an ideal prosperity, compared with the frightful, almost homicidal doom, to which they are generally condemned; to instruct them, and elevate them in their own esteem; to make them prefer to the coarse pleasures of the tavern, or rather to the fatal oblivion which they find there, as an escape from the consciousness of their deplorable destiny, the pleasure of the intellect and the enjoyments of art; in a word, to make men moral by making them happy; and finally, thanks to this generous example, so easy of imitation, to take a place amongst the benefactors of humanity—and yet, at the same time, to do, as it were, without knowing it, an excellent stroke of business—may appear fabulous. And yet this was the secret of the wonders of which we speak.

Let us enter the interior of the factory. Ignorant of Mother Bunch's cruel disappearance, Agricola gave himself up to the most happy thoughts as he recalled Angela's image, and, having finished dressing with unusual care, went in search of his betrothed.

Let us say two words on the subject of the lodging, which the smith occupied in the Common Dwelling-house, at the incredibly low rate of seventy-five francs per annum, like the other bachelors on the establishment. This lodging, situated on the second story, was comprised of a capital chamber and bedroom, with a southern aspect, and looking on the garden; the pine floor was perfectly white and clean; the iron bedstead was supplied with a good mattress and warm coverings; a gas-burner and a warm-air pipe were also introduced into the rooms, to furnish light and heat as required; the walls were hung with pretty fancy papering, and had curtains to match; a chest of drawers, a walnut table, a few chairs, a

(Continued on page 5.)

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