THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME By Victor Hugo Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood PREFACE. A few years ago, while visiting or, rather, rummaging about Notre-Dame, the author of this book found, in an obscure nook of othe the propose of revealing word, engraved by hand upon their forms and upon their forms and upon their activations. He wall:—ANArKH. These Greek capitals, black with age, and quite deeply graven in the stone, with I know not what signs peculiar to Gothic caligraphy imprinted upon their forms and upon their propose of revealing the fatal and melancholy meaning contained in them, struck the author deeply. He questioned himself; he sought to divine who could have been that soul in them, struck the author deeply. He questioned himself; he sought to divine who could have been that soul in them, struck the author deeply. He questioned himself; he sought to divine who could have been that soul in them, struck the author deeply. He questioned himself; he sought to divine who could have been that soul in them, struck the author deeply. He questioned himself; he sought to divine who could have been that soul in them, struck the author deeply. He questioned himself; he sought to divine who could have been that soul in them, struck the author deeply. He questioned himself; he sought to divine who could have been that soul in them, struck the author deeply. He questioned himself; he sought to divine who could have been that soul in them, struck the author deeply. He questioned himself; he sought to divine who could have been that soul in them, struck the author deeply. He questioned himself; he sought to divine who could have been that soul in them, struck the author deeply. He questioned himself; he sought to divine who could have been that soul in them, struck the author deeply. He questioned himself; he sought to divine who could have been that soul in them, struck the author devices on the healt of which at the sound in them, struck the author, the healt sould have been that soul in them, struck the author, the t, with large white crosses upon their breasts. So the crowd of citizens, male and female, having closed their houses and shops, thronged from every direction, at early morn, towards so e; one, the bonfire; another, the maypole; another, the mystery play. It must be stated, in honor of the good sense of the loungers of Paris, that the greater part of this crowd directed the wards the mystery play, which was to be presented in the grand hall of the Palais de Justice (the courts of law), which was well roofed and walled; and that the curious left the poor, so men, clad in handsome, short, sleeveless coats of violet camelo me one of the three spots designated. Each had made his choic eir steps towards the bonfire, which was quite in season, or to January, in the cemetery of the Chapel of Braque. The populace thronged the avenues of the law courts in particular, because they knew that the Flemish ambassadors, who had arri antily flowered maypole to shiver all alone beneath the sky of ed two days previously, intended to be present at the represen tation of the mystery, and at the election of the Pope of the Fools, which was also to take place in the grand hall. It was no easy matter on that day, to force one's way into that grand osure in the world (it is true that Sauval had not yet measured the grand hall of the Château of Montargis). The palace place, encumbered with people, offered to the curious gazers a all, although it was then reputed to be the largest covered en the windows the aspect of a sea; into which five or six stree ke so many mouths of rivers, discharged every moment fresh floods of heads. The waves of this crowd, augmented incessantly, dashed against the angles of the houses which proje basin of the place. In the centre of the lofty Gothic* façade of the palace, the grand staircase, incessantly ascended and descended by a double current, which, after parting on the in cted here and there, like so many promontories, into the irre -the grand staircase, I say, trickled incessantly into the place, like a cascade into a lake. The cries, the laughter, the trampling of those thousands of feet, produced a great noise and a ermediate landing-place, flowed in broad waves along its lat opes. rent which drove the crowd towards the grand staircase flowed backwards, became troubled, formed whirlpools. This was produced by the buffet of an archer, or the horse of one of th great clamor. From time to time, this noise and clamor redou e cur ion which the provostship has bequeathed to the constablery, the constablery to the maréchaussée, the maréchaussée to our gendarmeri of Paris. * The word Gothic, in the sense in w e provost's sergeants, which kicked to restore order; an adm ecrated. Hence we accept it and we adopt it, like all the rest of the world, to characterize the architecture of the second half of the Middle Ages, where the ogive is the principle which su hich it is generally employed, is wholly unsuitable, but wholly cceeds the architecture of the first period, of which the semi-c is the father. Thousands of good, calm, bourgeois faces thronged the windows, the doors, the dormer windows, the roofs, gazing at the palace, gazing at the populace, and asking nothin the spectators, and a wall behind which something is going on becomes at once, for us, a very curious thing indeed. If it could be granted to us, the men of 1830, to mingle in thought with the d, elbowed, pulled about, into that immense hall of the palace, which was so cramped on that sixth of January, 1482, the spectacle would not be devoid of either interest or charm, and we show men. With the reader's consent, we will endeavor to retrace in thought, the impression which he would have experienced in company with us on crossing the threshold of that grand hall, i g more; for many Parisians content themselves with the spectacle of ose Parisians of the fifteenth century, and to enter with them, jostle ould have about us only things that were so old that they would see m new. With the reader's consent, we will endeavor to retrace in thought, the impression which he would have experienced in company with us on crossing the threshold of that grand hall, is, and doublets. And, first of all, there is a buzzing in the ears, a dazzlement in the eyes. Above our heads is a double ogive vault, panelled with wood carving, painted azure, and sown with g ternating. A few paces distant, an enormous pillar, then another; seven pillars in all, down the length of the hall, sustaining the spring of the arches of the double vault, in the c with glass and tinsel; around the last three, benches of oak, worn and polished by the trunk hose of the litigants, and the robes of the attorneys. Around the hall, along the lofty wall, betwee all the kings of France, from Pharamond down: the lazy kings, with pendent arms and downcast eyes; the valiant and combative kings, with heads and arms raised boldly heavenward. Then o the hall, rich doors, finely sculptured; and all, the vaults, pillars, walls, jambs, panelling, doors, statues, covered from top to bottom with a splendid blue and gold illumination, which, a trif eath dust and spiders in the year of grace, 1549, when du Breul still admired it from tradition. Let the reader picture to himself now, this immense, oblong hall, illuminated by the pallid light last and eddies round the seven pillars, and he will have a confused idea of the Palain do light last and particle of the policy of the Palain do light last and particle in the trial of Palaining the seven pillars, and retaining the seven pillars are retained to the palaining the palaining the seven pillars are retained to the palaining the palaining the seven pillars are retained to the palaining the palainin n the midst of that tumultuous crowd in surcoats, short, sleeveless jacket arble, al olden fleurs-de-lis; beneath our feet a pavement of black and white m entre of its width. Around four of the pillars, stalls of merchants, all s parkling n the doors, between the windows, between the pillars, the intermina ble row of in the long, pointed windows, glass of a thousand hues; at the wide entrances t le tarnished at the epoch when we behold it, had almost entirely disa ppeared ben of a January day, invaded by a motley and noisy throng which drifts along the wa o documents in the trial of Ravaillac deposited in the clerk's office of the Palais de Justice, no accomplices interested in causing the said documents to disappear; hence, no incendiaries certain, that if Ravaillac had not assassinated Henri IVI, there would obliged, for lack of better means, to burn the clerk's office in ord er to burn t he documents, and to burn the Palais de Justice in order to burn the clerk's office; consequently, in short, no conflagration in 1618. The old Palais would be standing still, with its ancie o and look at it," and we should thus both escape the ne nt grand hall; I should be able to say to the reader, "G cessity,--I of making, and he of reading, a description hat great events have incalculable results. It is true that of it, such as it is. Which demonstrates a new truth: t it may be quite possible, in the first place, that Ravail lac had no accomplices; and in the second, that if he had any, they were in no way connected with the fire of 1618. Two other very plausible explanations exist: Fi st, the great flaming star, a foot broad, and a cubit hi gh, which fell from heaven, as every one knows, u pon the law courts, after midnight on the seventh of Mar ch; second, Théophile's quatrain,-- "Sure, 'twas b ut a sorry game When at Paris, Dame Justice, Throug h having eaten too much spice, Set the palace all afl ame." Whatever may be thought of this triple expl anation, political, physical, and poetical, of the burning of the law courts in 1618, the unfortunate fact of t he fire is certain. Very little to-day remains, thanks o this catastrophe,--thanks, above all, to the succ essive restorations which have completed what it spared,--very little remains of that first dwelling g of the kings of France,--of that elder palace of t he Louvre, already so old in the time of Philip t he Handsome, that they sought there for the trace bert and described by Helgaldus. Nearly everything of the chancellery, where Saint Louis consummated es of the magnificent buildings erected by King Ro has disappeared. What has become of the chamber his marriage? the garden where he administered j woolsey, without sleeves, and a sur-mantle of black sa e is the chamber of the Emperor Sigismond? and that stice, "clad in a coat of camelot, a surcoat of linsey ndal, as he lay upon the carpet with Joinville?" Wher of Charles IV.? that of Jean the Landless? Where s the staircase, from which Charles VI. promulgated his edict of pardon? the slab where Marcel cut the thr oats of Robert de Clermont and the Marshal of Cham pagne, in the presence of the dauphin? the wicket whe re the bulls of Pope Benedict were torn, and whenc ing, its azure, its statues, its pointed arches, its pillars, e those who had brought them departed decked ou t, in derision, in copes and mitres, and making an apolo gy through all Paris? and the grand hall, with its gild ts immense vault, all fretted with carvings? and the the lions on the throne of Solomon, in the humilia gilded chamber? and the stone lion, which stood a t the door, with lowered head and tail between his legs, li ted attitude which befits force in the presence of justice? and the beautiful doors? and the stained glass? a o despair? and the delicate woodwork of Hancy? What ha nd the chased ironwork, which drove Biscornette t s time, what have men done with these marvels? W hat have they given us in return for all this Gallic history, t or all this Gothic art? The heavy flattened arches o r history, we have the gossiping reminiscences of the Patru. It is not much. Let us return to the ver f M. de Brosse, that awkward architect of the Saint -Gerv ais portal. So much f or art; and , as to the gr eat pillar, s till ringing table grand hall of the veritable old palace. The ntic parallelogram were occupied, the one b famou long, so broad, and so thick that, as the ancie s mar nt land rolls--in a style that would have given G petite "su slice of marble as was never beheld in the w orld the othe he c re Louis XI. had himself sculptured on his knee arga ntua a r by t hapel y, "su he tw s before the Virgin, and whither he caused to be b is, two saints whom he supposed to be great in f roug ht, wi thout heed ing t s thus made in the row of royal statues, the statu es of lema gne a nd of avor in heaven, as kings of France. This chapel, q rears, was entirely in that charming taste of delic ure, of fine and deep chasing, which marks with u n bui rchite cture of m arvel ous s culpt havin g bee It onl ate a new s the end of the Gothic era, and which is perpetua ted t o abo ut the midd xteen h century in the fairylike fancies of the Renaissa ttle o ork ro ndow , pierced above the portal, was, in particular, a m le of the s nce. pen-w se w asterpiece of lightness and grace; one would hav a sta r of n the iddle of the hall, opposite the great door, a plat ld bi ocad ced a gains t the wall, a special entrance to which had been e noun ced it form of go e, pla ffected through a window in the corridor of the go lemish emissaries and the other great personag to th mystery play. It was upon the marble table that th Id ch ambe r, had ted fo r the vited senta tion o been erec es in e pre he morning; its rich slabs of marble, all scratched d a cage of carpenter's work of considerable heigh e mystery was to be enacted, as usual. It had been nged for th e pur pose earl y in t by t he he els of clerk s, sup porte for the personages of the piece. A ladder, naively ht, the upper surface of which, within view of the whol e hal s the theat re, and whose interior, masked by tapestries, was plac e of d ressi , was to se rve a ng-ro s no personage, however unexpected, no sudder placed on the outside, was to serve as means of munic ation e dre ssind -room and the stage, and lend its rude rungs to e ntran s wel o exit com en th ces a l as t change, no theatrical effect, which was not oblige d to t that ladd nocen t and venerable infancy of art and contrivances! Four e bail iff of the p alace s serg eants , perfunctory guardians of all the pleasures of the moun people, on days of festival as well as on days of e stood r corn the marble table. The piece was only to begin wi e twel fth st roke of the grea t pal ace clock sounding midday. It was very late, no d tion. e fou ting s oubt, for a theatrical representation, but they had beer oblig ed to e hou r to s e convenience of the ambassadors. Now, this wh ole m ultitu de ha d bee n wai morning. A goodly number of curious, good peop t doo le had been shivering since daybreak before the g rand stair of the pala ven affirmed that they had passed the night acros hold of the r. in order to make sure that they should be the first to case ce; so thres grea er, wh ich ri pass in. The crowd grew more dense every mome nd, lik e wat its normal level, bega n to mount along the w ound the p illars pread out on the entablatures, on the cornices, o nt, a ses a bove alls. to sw n the window-sills, on all the salient points of the itectu all th reli efs of sculpture. Hence, disc omfort, impatience, w earin he lib erty o f a da y of c sm and folly, the quarrels which break forth for a arch re, on ess, t sorts of causes--a pointed elbow, an iron-shod s the fa of lo ng w aiting already, long before t he hour appointed for the a rrival e amb assad ors, i ted a harsh and bitter accent to the clamor of the hoe. tigue se people who were shut in, fitted into each other pre ssed. tram pled u stifled Not hing was to be hea rd but imprecatio ns on the F lemi sh. th e pro vost o merchants, the Cardinal de Bourbon, the bailiff of ris, th the courts, Madame Marguerite of Austria, the ser gean ts wi r rod cold, heat, the bad wea ther, the Bishop of Pa e Pop e of t he Fo ols, th e pill ars, the statues, that closed door, that open wind ow; all to the vast amusement of a band of schola d lack ed th rough mass, who mingled with all this discont ent t and t malicious suggestions, and pricked the general b rs an eys s catter heir t easin g rem ad temper with a pin, so to speak. Among the rest ther f tho rry im ps, who, after smashin g the glass in a windo d sea ted t elves hard the entablature, and from that point despatched e was a gr oup o se me w, ha hems lace. It was easy to se their gaze and their railleries both within and with the th in th e hall the throng upon the P odied gest ures, ringing laughter, the bantering appeals which the out, rong . and e. fro m thei r pai upon y exchanged with their comrades, from one end o f the hall o the other that these you ng clerks did not shar e the weariness and fa tigue of th e res t of t he sp ectato rs, an d that they understood very well the art of extract ce. "U ou, 'J oannes Frollo de Molendino!" cried one of them ing, for their own private diversion from that whic h th ey ha d und er the ir ey tacle which made them await the other with p pon it's y atien my so ul, so es, a named John of the Mill, for your two arms and yo to a sort of little, light-haired imp, with a well-favo nance, clinding to the acanthus leaves of a c you red and malig n cou nte api are w n the breeze. How long e mercy of the devil," retorted Joannes ur two legs have the air of four wings flu have you been here? Frollo, "these four hours and more; and hat they will be reckon ed to my credit in purg heard the eight singers of the King of Sainte-Chapelle." "Fi icily intone the first verse of seven o'clo ck m ass i ne singers!" replied th e oth voices even more pointed than their cap ovençal accent." "He did it for the s ake o s! Before founding a mass for Monsieur S aint J ohn, the king should have inquired whet her N onsieur Saint John lik es Latin droned out in f em ploying those accursed singers of the Ki g of Sicily!" cried an old woman sharply fr mong the crowd beneath the window. "I j ut it t o you! A thousand livres parisi for a s! an d out of the tax on sea fish in the markets ust p mas of Paris, to boot!" "Peace, old crone," said a tal ve person, stopping up his nose on owards the fishwife; "a mass had to be f ound ed. Would you wish the king to fall ill aga I, gra the s n?" "Bravely spoken, Sire Gilles Lecornu, ter fu rrier of king's robes!" cried the little stud ent, clinging to th e capital. A shou t of aughter from all the students greete d the cky name of the poor furrier of the king's mas obes. "Lecornu! Gilles Lecornu!" said som ornu tus et hirsutus, horned and hairy, anoth er went on. "He! of course," conti nued the small imp on the capital, "What are they laughing at? An honorable man is Gilles of the king's house, son of Master M Lecornu, brother of Master Jehan Lecornu vost Lecornu, first p r of the Bois de ennes,--all bourgeois of Paris, all ma rried m father to son." The gayety redoubled. ahiet to escape all the eyes riveted upon he big furrier, without uttering a word in r tried him from all sides ; but h anted in vain; like a wedge entering the w ood his efforts served only to bury still more e perspired a eeply in the shoulders of his neighbors, h poplectic face, purple with spite and one of the hort and venerable as himself, came to his r e. "Abomination! scholars addressing a b ge, a rage se, as fat, s ourgeois in that fashion in my day would have n flogged with a fagot, which would have afterward s been used to he whole band burst into laughter. Holà ho is scolding so? Who is that screech o burn the m." s one of the four s e four booksellers." " hing goes by fours in that shop," cried a vil with them."* * Faire le diable a quatre. llers of the university!" said the oth wl of evil fortune?" "Hold. I know him" sai d on e of t "tis Master Andry Musnier." Beca use he i worn bo okse vervt hird; "the four nations, the four faculties, t n Jean Frollo once more, "we must p he fo ur fe asts, the four procurators, the four elect Well.' bega lay t ors, th udarde." "Who is as fresh and as ga gh she were a widow." "Devil take you!" Musnier, we'll burn your books." "Musnier II be at your lackeys." "Musnier, we'll kis That fine, big Made mois elle C s you y as sued Jean Jehan, still clinging to hi al, "hold your tongue, or I'll rowled Master Andry Musnier, "Master An pur your head!" Master Andry raised his emed to measure in an instant the height s ca p on eye s, se multiplied that weight by the square of the pillar, the weight of the scamp, men of the velocity and remained si ent. Jehan, master of the field of bat ursued triumphantly: "That's what I'll do, even if I am the brother of an archdeaco gentry are our people of the university

> not see what w as going o n out side. es, yes," replied all the oth it is really he, Master ers, he embassy, and at tha rchin cession in fr ont of mom ent tr aversin g the PI g in pro as walking at the head of his use. Th ical appla e rect or, w ho w com pany , had to sup port t "How he trots does e manage to b he old gambler? Has he abandone d hi s dic ere, t e h alde aleator! Old fo I! old ambler!" "Go ! Did t! Ty d preserve y you throw double s g nd ?" ou of dice!" "Where are yo u bou for in that fashion. aut, T ybalde ad dados, with y g and * Thibaut au des,--Thibaut lodging in the Rue Thibau an du M. M eek a todé * cried Jeh ulin. 0 ou are going to seek a lodgin n with the mace-bearers!" "Tell monsieur le recteur, games g in t e Rue Thi bau todé, are y u not dow t yonder?" 'He is Gilbert de Su obin Pouis epain, who s tha me. aced than I, f ling it itt nuces." "Do re be tter pl in hi s f ace." "Satu rnalitias m ecce wn wit hite en by ainte-Genevi ève to the cit for th f of Ro he w aeese ogn Gen " "T eviève! You have done me a wr , Ch an llor intetru Tis hat is an injustice," said all t "Ďo with t ourg es, sinc e h e is a n It alian. chola wn e! May the devil stifle the atio huill Ho he mber t H octe ment! proc urato ro f the Ger man n ris fourratis!" "Holà hé ! Maste Ar II t ces g Se u de libus grisis ts! A he be aut pel rs of Dog ! D ay é C uld s that h e w as a e of V enice on his way to his brid al wit h t he se 'Say, Claude Ch f M C a G "Abb laude hoart octor oart! Are yo u in rch o arie I sea e i s. Sh s pay ing her fou r den iers* quatuor d enarios." * An old F ren ch co in, equal ay k c "Comrades! Mas ter Simon Sanguin, the her p u in the 1 Elec VΟ tor age, Master Simon!" "Good day, Mister Elector!" ' blac Cour Good ght , the sworn bookseller of the university, Master A rche d in the foliage of his capital. Mean ndry Musnier, was inclining his ear to th

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not to have caused our privileges to b

aypole and a bonfire in the town; a myst

he university, nothing!" "Nevertheless, th fire this evening in the Champ-Gaillard," w

procurators!" "And the hutches of the ele

and the decretists; the procurators, the el

ace," cried one of those in the window. Ea

e was clinging to one of the inner pillars,

I the dignitaries of the university, who wer

d them as they passed with sarcasms and

Holà hé! good day, monsieur le recteur Th

nd haggard and drawn with the love of ga

ds the town?" "He is on his way, no doubt

voice of thunder, clapping their hands furi

f the other dignitaries. "Down with the bea ege of Autun." "Hold on, here's my shoe;

re those the theologians? I thought they w

al disputations, and quibblers!" "My cap t

Falzapada, who comes from the province

They make a fine tail for the rector." "On

To the deuce with the whole set of cano

making the bed of the king of the debau

ut unum bombum." "Would you like to h

m seclet atra eura--behind the horseman

that!" sighed Joannes de Molendino, sti

nu. "I tell you, sir, that the end of the wo

outbreaks among the students! It is the

ruining everything,--artilleries, bombard

est. No more manuscripts, no more boo

wd, in one voice. The scholars held thei

f. Then came a great silence; all necks r

eyes turned to the estrade reserved for

e. On this occasion, it was too much. Th

is true. "The mystery! the mystery!" the

mystery, and to the devil with the Flemin

gs, twining like a serpent around his pill

stery!" it repeated, "and may all the devi ell said," cried the people, "and let us be

ady beheld the frail wooden railing, whic

the tapestry of the dressing-room, whi

h into curiosity as by enchantment. "Sil

nt of bows, which, in proportion as he d

as that slight murmur which always rise

aiming and representing, before his emi

lay Jupiter. His eminence is, at this mom

nsieur the rector of the university, at the

g less than the intervention of Jupiter w

nted this very veracious tale, and of bei

tersit, could be invoked. Moreover, the c

n. Jupiter was clad in a coat of mail, cov

had it not been for the roll of gilded card

olts,--had not his feet been flesh-colored

om the guard of Monsieur de Berry. CHA

by his words; and when he reached that

stantly! The mystery! the mystery imme ommence instantly!" yelped the scholar

'repeated the crowd; "this very instant!

n his hand; then he bowed and trembled

by the populace for waiting, hung by th

some one came to rescue him from his

ace around the marble table, and whom

pillar against which he was leaning; this

and a smiling mouth, clad in garments o

so confused that he did not see him. Th

n out of patience, shrieked almost in his

Ah!" said Jupiter. "Begin at once," went

breathed once more. "Messeigneurs the

achim de Ladehors! Ho hé! Louis Da

elle, with their gray amices; cum tuni

eur le recteur! Holà hé! good day there!"

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aubert is sufficiently large!" interpo

nd the stools of the rector!" "Down

the rector!" "The end of the world h

in his haste to t

other. "made of Mas

d his neighbor

e fur printing will kill bookselling. It is the end of the world that is drawing nigh." "I see that plainly, from the progress of velvet stuffs," said the fur-merchant. At this moment, midd ace. Then a great hurly-burly ensued; a vast movement of feet, hands, and heads; a general outbreak of coughs and handkerchiefs; each one arranged himself, assumed his p ained outstretched, all mouths remained open, all glances were directed towards the marble table. Nothing made its appearance there. The bailiff's four sergeants were still the Flemish envoys. The door remained closed, the platform empty. This crowd had been waiting since daybreak for three things: noonday, the embassy from Flanders, the myst waited one, two, three, five minutes, a quarter of an hour; nothing came. The dais remained empty, the theatre dumb. In the meantime, wrath had succeeded to impatience. Irrit urmured, in hollow voices. Heads began to ferment. A tempest, which was only rumbling in the distance as yet, was floating on the surface of this crowd. It was Jehan du Mou

ne of the clerks established on the window-sill. "

he Place.

e Jehan, as cou

ed Master A

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And the desks of the scribes!" a

hem!" put in littl

me!,' mutter

owards t

lin !" who struck the first spark from it. "The he exclaimed at the full force of his lun he crowd clapped their hands. "The my ke FI anders!" "We must have the myster tantly," resumed the student; "or else, my advice hat we should hang the bailiff of the by way of a morality and a comedy." cou rts, anging with his sergeants." A grand amation followed. The four poor fellows began to pale, and to exchange glances. The urled itself towards them, and they alre he h accl turn cro wd h ed them from it, giving way and ben ose the cry on all sides. At that momen parat ding before the pressur e of the throng. It was a critical moment. "To the sack, to th e sac ove, was raise e hav e described ab d, an d afforded pas sage to a pers onag e, the mere sig ht of whom su dden ly st opped the crowd, and changed its wrat every limb ge of the marble table with a vast amou ! sile nce!" The p but li ttle reassu and trembli ng in advanced to th e ed ersonage, genuflections. anw ually been restored. All that remained w near er, more and mo re re sembled In the m hile, tra nquillity had grad d. "M urs the bourgeois," sa he b eoises, we shall have the honor of decl ove t he sil ence of a crow essie id he, "an d mes demois elles ourg s title, 'The G nt of Madame the Virgin Mary.' I am to p nsie ur the cardina bea utiful mo rality wh ich has f or it ood Jud gme e, mo I, a very resent, listening to the harangue of mo, we will begin." It is certain, that nothin esco ng the v ery hon able bassy o f the Du ke of \ tria; wh ich is d ined at p em us eta Bau dets. A s soon as h is illus tri ous em nenc e, the cardin al, ar rives rgeant tunate se If we had the happiness of having inve quire d to s ave th e fou r unfor s of t he bai liff of the c ourts for it before ou us that the classic precept, Nec deus in n co ue nsible r Lady Criti cism. is no inst nseq nce, r t aga espo little to the crowd, by attracting all its attentio me o gneur Jupit y handsome, and c ontrib uted not a ward s cal ming er, w as ver with k velvet, w ith g ilt na ils: an d had it not been for t he rou ge, a his h nd th e huge red rd, e ach of which covered one-half of his face,ristli ps of tinsel, which he h he initiated easily recognized thunderb led, and all b th stri eld in and, and in which the s of t d, sp ang ng wi eye f his was concerned, with a Breton archer f ban with ribbons in ek fa shion , he might have borne co mpari son, ar as the severi ty o mien RRE GRINGOIRE. xcited by his costume were dissipated RII. verth eless , as be harangued them, th e sati sfact ion and admiration u nan imou sly e wned in a thunder of hooting. "Begin in owar d c onclusion: "As soo n a s his illus trious eminence, the cardina ives, we will begin," his vo ice was I, arr ly!" shr ieked the people. A abov e all the voices, that of Johannes Mole ndi no was audible, pie rci ng th e up roar like the fife's derisive serenade: "C ith Jupiter and the Ca rdi ed in the wn w nal d e Bo urbon!" vociferated Robin Po usse pain and the other clerks pe rch window. "The morality this very instant uge, . In t dropped his thunderbolt, took his cap i sack an d the rope for the c om edian s, an d the cardinal!" Poor Jupiter, hagg ard, f rig ntened, pale beneat h h is ro --th adors--Madame Marguerite of ruth, he was afraid of being hung. Hung stam me red: "His eminence e am bass ders-He did not know wh at t o say fo e tw o dil dinal r no vin ted, etwe en th only byss; that is to say, a gallows. Luckily, g wai emm as an a

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with the rector, the electors, and th

oint; "down with Master Andry, the b

stopping up his ears. "By the way,

ctor, Master Thi

ur venerable re

ch a day as this! However, there is a m

emish ambassadors in the city; and, at t

ors!" cried Joannes. "We must have a bon

of the deans!" "And the cupboards of the

the scribes; the theologians, the doctors

e rector! see, he is passing through the P

manded Jehan Frollo du Moulin, who, as h

he rector." It was, in fact, the rector and al

students crowded into the window, salute

oadside; it was severe. "Good day, monsi

s mule! her ears are not so long as his!" '

t night?" "Oh! what a decrepit face, livid a

urned to the university, and trotting towar

e. The entire band repeated this guip in a

side of the devil?" Then came the turns o

rtus de Soliaco, the chancellor of the Coll

heologians, with their white surplices!" "A

with the doctors!" "Down with the cardin

n the nation of Normandy to little Ascanio r of Sainte-Geneviève!" "Ho hé! Master Jo

And the chaplains of the Sainte-Chap

lack copes! all the fine red copes!"

are the canons of Sainte-Geneviève!'

She is in the Rue de Glatigny." "She is

undred and fortieth part of a pound. "A

his wife on the crupper!" "Post equite

ctress!" "How happy they are to see all

of the king's robes, Master Gilles Lecor

as come. No one has ever beheld such rsed inventions of this century that are

above all, printing, that other German p

ounded. "Ha!" exclaimed the entire cro

raised himself up, and grouped himse

stiff, motionless, as painted statues. Al

play. Noonday alone had arrived on tim

d words circulated in a low tone, still, it

anding beyond the railing, in the free sp

every visual ray by the diameter of the

he brow and cheeks, with brilliant eyes

to the poor sufferer. But the other was

id not hear. At last, the tall blond, drive

. "I," replied the person clad in black.

ppease monsieur the cardinal." Jupite

d, at the top of his lungs to the crowd

breathed once more. "Messeigneurs the bo urg wishinc continued to hoot him, "we are go ling to b eg in a "Evoe Jupiter! Applaud, citizens!" shouted the scholars. "Noe!! Noe!! good, good," shouted the people. The hand clapping was deafening, and Jupiter had already withdrawn under his tapestry, while the hall still trembled with acclamations. In the meanwhile, the personage who had so ma glocally turned the tempeset into dead calm, as our old and dear Corneille puts it, had modestly retreated to the half-shadow of his pillar, and would, no doubt, have remained invisible there, motionless, and mute as before, had he not been plucked by the sleeve by two young wonen, who, standing in the front row of the spectators, had noticed his colloquy with Michel Giborner-Jupiter. "Master," said one of them, making him a sign to approach. "Hold your tongue, my dear Liénarde," said her neighbor, had her neighbor, had her neighbor, better, he is not a clerk, he is a layman; you must not say master to him, but messire." "Messire," said Liénarde. The stranger approached the railing. "What would you have of me, damsels?" he asked, with alcrity. "Oh! nothing," replied Liénarde, in great confusion, looked at them with a smile. "So you have nothing to say to me, damsels?" "Oh! nothing at all," replied Gisquette, with the impetuosity of an open sluice, or of a woman who has made up her mind, "do you know that soldier who is to play the part of Madame the Virgin in the mystery?" "You mean the part of Jupiter?" replied he unknown, without has a fine beard!" said Liénarde. "Will what they are about to say here be ine?" inquired Gisquette, timidly. "Very fine, madame." "He has a fine beard!" said Liénarde. "Will what they are about to say here be ince?" inquired Gisquette, timidly. "Very fine, madame." "He has a fine beard!" said Liénarde. "Will what hey are about to say here be ince?" inquired Gisquette, timidly. "Very fine, madame." "He has a fine beard!" said Liénarde. "Abrief slience ensued--broken by the stranger. "It is a perfectly

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