

## But a Corner.

## THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

GERALD MASEY, whose every word is a pearl of price, prophecies thus beautifully the overthrow of despotism:—

'Tis coming up the steep of Time,  
And this old world is growing brighter,  
We may not see its dawn sublime,  
Yet high hopes make the heart thro' lighter;  
We may be sleeping in the ground,  
When it awakes the world in wonder,  
But he have felt it gathering round,  
And heard its voice of living thunder,  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time,  
Foretold by seers, and sung in story,  
For which, when thinking was a crime,  
Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory.  
They passed, nor saw the work they wrought,  
Nor the crowned hopes of centuries blossom,  
But the live lightning of their thought  
And daring deeds doth pulse earth's bosom.  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Credes, Empires, Systems rot with age,  
But the great People's ever youthful;  
And it shall write the Future's page,  
To our humanity more truthful!  
The gnarliest heart hath tender eords,  
To waken at the name of "Brother,"  
And time comes when brain-scorpion words  
We shall not speak to sting each other.  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Aye, it must come! The Tyrant's throne  
Is crumbling with our hot tears rusted!  
The Sword earth's mighty have leant on  
Is cankered with our heart's blood crusted.  
Room! for the Men of Mind make way!  
Ye robber Rulers, pause no longer,  
Ye cannot stop the opening day;  
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger—  
The People's Advent's coming!

[From Chambers' Repository.]

## THE ROCK REPUBLIC.

## A CHRONICLE OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

## CHAPTER V.

Pepin de la Blinais occupied, in one of the most retired streets of the town, but close to the port, a large house, where also were stored the goods in which he and an elder brother dealt. There was an office where the clerks attended to their duties and received their customers, the apartments above of the men, and an extensive warehouse.— This had been just emptied of goods and cleared out for the purpose of receiving the cargo of two ships recently arrived in port. About half-past nine on the same evening that saw the stirring events above described, Pepin de la Blinais, who with his brother had been to a grand dinner at the episcopal palace, entered his house, and while Guillaume performed some prearranged duties in the warehouse, ascended to the roof, and there precisely at ten o'clock, hidden among the chimneys, sounded the horn which had excited the surprise and alarm of King Henry IV., and his general. Then he descended, wrapped himself in a long cloak, and issued into the street. He went a little way, and then, with a long wand he carried knocked against a door, and waited; presently the door opened.

"What is it?" said a low voice, as if half-aware of what was going on.

"Heard you the horn?" replied Pepin.

"Ay, I heard," was the whispered answer.

"To-night, at one, at Pepin's."

"Good," replied the other.

On went Pepin de la Blinais, knocking sometimes at windows, sometimes at doors, and always going through the form of the same conversation. He thus, in the space of little more than half an hour, visited the houses of more than fifty citizens, and then he returned home. In the warehouse he found more than two hundred burghers collected, while at every instant others arrived, Pepin having visited but chiefs of tents, whose business it was on such occasions, secretly to advise their fellows. Porcon de la Barbinas was there, and he at once, by common consent, as the oldest man present, took the chair.

Pepin then rose and addressed the assembly.— He told them that a moment long looked forward to had arrived. The so-called king of France, certainly a brave and gallant man, but an usurper and heretic, was about to attempt to lay his hand on St. Malo. That city had enjoyed ten centuries of freedom, of liberty and independence, but of late years had fallen under a kind of semi-allegiance to the kings of France, who, however, had never been able to impose taxes, leaving, too, to

the people the election of their officers. But now, Henry IV., having become King of France, being a great general, and an ambitious man, was about to attempt the junction of the city of St. Malo with his kingdom. He for his part was determined not to consent to this. At all events, at the very worst, the Malouines should assert their freedom so completely, that if ever the power of kings of France become irresistible, they should be able to make the best terms they could. There was only one way of making terms with a king, and that was to have him outside of their walls, or else a prisoner. Now Henry IV., was within their walls, of course with some sinister object. Now, then, or never, was their time. Let them at once fly to arms, and take possession of the citadel; they would then be free.

A loud exclamation of delight and acquiescence burst from the assembly.

"But, citizens and people of St. Malo," said Porcon, rising from his chair, "though what Pepin proposes be true and just, you must not forget that it is difficult of execution. We can never be independent unless the castle be ours."

"Then let us take it?" replied Pepin quietly.

"Young man, 'tis easier, said than done. The castle is well defended; it has within its walls troops of tried valor and heroism. How can we, burghers and citizens, hope to attack and capture such a citadel? Stone walls are hard and man's flesh is weak."

"We can try," continued Pepin de la Blinais modestly. His very tone was heroic.

"We can all die," reported Porcon, shaking his head. "No one ever doubted the valor of the Malouines; but courage can do little against stone ramparts."

The citizens looked grave, and Pepin bit his lip. He seemed, young and ardent as he was, to fear that the counsels of peace would prevail.

"Let us, at all events, prepare some plan. There is no time to lose; not a day—"

"Not a moment—not an instant," said a deep and earnest voice—the voice of one who as he spoke, stepped up to where Porcon sat, and cast off a thick cloak and slouched hat, which had gained him admittance to the assembly.

"Michel the traitor!" cried the whole assembly with one voice. "We are betrayed!"

A rush took place towards the audacious intruder, who, however, stood firm, while Porcon, holding out his hand implored silence.

"We are not wild beasts!" he thundered; "be still; let Michel speak. He is our fellowcitizen. Silence!"

A murmur arose from all sides, and then, at the voice of the president, who was universally beloved, silence prevailed.

"Traitor!" exclaimed Michel in a sarcastic voice, at the same time speaking with the air of a commander rather than a criminal before his judges—"Traitor! My countrymen, I wish that all men in St. Malo were traitors as I have been. You talk of capturing the castle. If I find amongst you but fifty men of heart and courage, the citadel shall this night be yours, and Henry the Fourth your prisoner, and that with little or no bloodshed. You call me a traitor! Is there one amongst you all, one who, for two years, could have borne the obloquy and infamy I have borne, with but one idea in his head—that of freeing his native country! St. Malo is my life, my soul! Knowing that no ordinary method could succeed, two years ago I became the Secretary of the Count de Fontaines. 'Tis true I loved his daughter; but even the winning of her heart was secondary with me to the liberty of St. Malo. That was my first, my ardent hope. I lived, then, in the castle; I studied its every stone, and as long as nothing was done against my native city, I served my master well. I have no right now to reveal the secrets of my late employer, but this I tell you the castle must be ours to-night."

Dead silence followed. Men drew long breaths, and all seemed relieved from something that oppressed them.

"O! Michel! Michel!" cried Pepin rushing into his arms, "why did you not trust me! What misery you have caused me for ten months past I have no words to tell."

"My friend, actions like mine cannot bear accomplices. You would have sought to defend my character, and I should have been betrayed. But listen to me; there is no time to be lost. Are all resolved to take the castle to-night?"

"All! all!" said the citizens.

"Appoint a chief, then," replied Michel quietly.

"Michel," exclaimed Porcon rising, "we owe you a reparation of the most marked kind: command—we obey!"

Michel simply bowed his acceptance, and then gave hurried orders.

"Pepin, pick out fifty-five of the younger members of our body, youths who can climb, and whose heads are not likely to grow dizzy. Let these follow us. Do you, Porcon, arouse the whole guard, and when you hear the horn sound from the summit of the Generale Tower, attack the Quic-en-Grogne. Its gates will soon open, and the castle is yours. But mark me; take not the life of the Count, as you love me; and respect the king. I am no friend of his authority, but I admire and reverence the man. Not an instant is to be lost—go."

Pepin had in a few minutes found the fifty-five volunteers required; the rest then dispersed, to prepare for their warlike expedition. The fifty-five remained alone with their young chief.

"What orders now," said Pepin.

"Follow me, and let the rest meet us on the port in ten minutes with such boats as will take us all to the foot of the Tower of La Generale!"

A look of stupefaction met the words of Michel who, however, coldly waved his hand for them to go.

"What are you about to do?" said Pepin in a low tone, while the others hurried to provide arms for the expedition, under the influence of a feeling of confidence inspired alone by the manner of their young leader.

"To re-enter the castle as I left it," replied Michel quietly; and then, as he went along, he explained how he had escaped the vigilance of the king and the governor.

For months he had prepared for the contingency that had occurred. In a hollow of the outward battlements of the tower, beneath some overhanging weeds, he had concealed a long knotted cord, that measured a hundred and twenty feet. This he had fastened, while the king's attention was withdrawn to a cannon, and then bidding Isabella turn her head away, had descended with the agility of a sailor. Once upon the water he had swam round to the port, and reaching the gate, partly by persuasion partly by threats, had got it opened. He now proposed that the whole troop should ascend the summit of the tower, and thus capture the citadel by a bold and audacious act, letting in afterwards their companions to consolidate their victory. Pepin heard with awe, wonder and delight the narrative of Michel, at whose house they had now arrived. He went in for a moment, and then came out followed by two men, who had been waiting, bearing a heavy parcel. It was now midnight; the fifty-five adventurers were waiting at the port; the city guard was collecting and arming throughout the town; Henry IV., was watching on the summit of La Generale, convinced that something strange was going on in St. Malo. At this moment Pepin sounded the signal horn, to announce to all to be ready; they had arrived at the port.

## CHAPTER VI.

The night was dark, gusty and tempestuous, the moon had fallen some two hours, and left a gray, cold sky, which soon was robed in clouds, that came driving up from the north-west with singular rapidity. It was a night for an act of desperation, such as that which they were about to attempt. When Michel and Pepin came down upon the port, they found four large boats ready launched, their masts stepped, their sails loosely flapping, and eight men at the oars. Not a word was spoken—not a sound was heard beyond the roar of the tempest, the rattling of cords, and the beating of the waves against the shore. Michel chose a boat, and entered.

"A wild night for fishing," said a rough sailor, who had assisted to put out the boats, and, with seven others, was about to share the dangers of the night; "and a strange captain," he added, as he recognized Michel.

"Silence, Pierre du Parc!" replied Michel, "but one voice must be heard to-night, and that is mine. Put this packet on board."

The sailor obeyed with silent wonder. Then Michel and Pepin entered the same boat, the latter taking the helm. The sails were closely furled but still a small portion was left open to the wind as the current of the Rance is strong, and that night ran like a mill-race. When they were out side the port, the helmsman put the helm hard up, and let the boat run right before the wind.— The first oarsman almost backed his oar with astonishment.

"Where in God's name are we going?" said he. He was one of the sailors who was to take care of the boats, and seek shelter up the river, as soon as the party had landed.

"Silence, forward there! let the first man who speaks be thrown overboard!" replied Michel in a stern, commanding voice. He now knew that he was on a desperate errand, and like a bold sailor, determined to do his duty, whatever it might be.

Michel steered directly up the bay which formed the mouth of the river, with the castle to his left. Already did he hear the roar of the rushing waters against the rock, and, bidding Pepin be cautious, advanced to the bows of the boat. Behind, he saw the three others laboring, like themselves, heavily in the storm, each moment becoming more alarming. The dull roar of heaven's artillery in the distance soon added to the terror of a scene that, to those who were actors in it was simply sublime. These hardy natures, these youths who all their lives had been rocked upon the ocean waves, braved the peril with a mysterious feeling of excitement not unlike that with which we gaze at a terrible act in some mimic drama. They had no fear save of failure, and hence only wished themselves at the summit of the Generale. Presently Michel made a sign, just as a flash of lightning illumined the whole scene. Pepin well understood. Following the direction of Michel's arm, he again pressed the helm, shifted the sail, and plunged through the roaring waves towards the rock.

"In sail—back your oars!" cried Michel in a low tone, leaping, at the same time into the boiling and seething waters, the painter in hand.— The boat struck violently against the rock at the same moment, but Michel was above, fastening the line to a projecting block of stone. The other boats were easily moored to the first. This dangerous part of their duty effected, Michel made a sign that the boats should run for shelter up the river, to return in two hours with a good crew, unless they heard such tidings as rendered their coming back unnecessary. First, however, the parcel was put on shore. Here, then, in the cold, beaten with the surf, stood these fifty-six men, about to attempt an act almost unexampled in history, and which, in days when courage alone obtained much credit, should have immortalized them all. All stood close together, grasping the rock; no one moved a step. They would have rolled into the sea, and none could have stirred to save them. All were silent, waiting the orders of Michel; and the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and then the clock of the cathedral struck one.

"You see this cord!" said Michel in a low, firm, yet clear voice. "I must ascend by this. It will safely bear but one man. Once up, I shall haul up the ladder contained in this package. It will support a dozen at least. Let parties of thirteen and fourteen ascend at a time. But recollect, I will come down again, to head the band that ascends first."

"Nay, stop up there," said Pepin. "It will be so much time saved."

"But how will you know when all is safe?" asked Michel.

"At half-past one, the first man shall put his foot on the first rope," replied Pepin. Michel made no reply. He had thirty minutes to do his work in, and his time was therefore precious. Whilst several below held the cord tight, Michel, his sword in his teeth, his musketoon on his back, began his ascent; shaken by the wind, stunned by the thunder, and seeing, as he mounted, the sea first, then the port, then the ramparts, then the summit of the fortress. No man not injured to the sea, and who had not during a hurricane gone aloft to furl topgallant-sails, or who had not sat out at the leeward end of a yard, plunging almost at every moment in the waves, could have gone up safely. Even Michel looked upward, on one side, but never down. His thoughts, however, were so bent on his enterprise, that he had no time for dizziness to seize him, and in ten minutes he was at the summit. He was about to climb over, and had raised one leg, when he saw a man seated on the stone bench opposite.

Michel felt his head swim. His daring attempt in favor of the liberties and hereditary independence of his native island was about to fail before an unforeseen accident. No sentry ever guarded at night the impregnable Generale; they occupied the other ramparts. But in twenty minutes his companions would be climbing up, perhaps, a half-fastened ladder. Inside the porthole, which was large, lay a heavy cannon, the carriage of which was mending. On this depended the whole success of the young man's enterprise. He ensconced himself as well as he could outside on the stone projection which served as a gutter, holding on inside the port-hole; then he unfastened the rope, and passed one end round the cannon; to this, watching the sleeper the whole time, he attached a heavy piece of iron prepared for the purpose, and long secreted, which he then began lowering, by this means slowly drawing up the rope ladder. The quarter struck, and the sleeper slightly moved. Michel went on deliberately with his work as if the man had not been there, and soon found the end of the rope ladder in his