

## Book of the Week.

### A MARRIAGE UNDER THE TERROR.\*

As may be guessed from the title, this is a romance of the time of the Revolution. The horrors of that awful period are painted with vivid colour and realism, but also with delicacy of touch. The interest of the book is maintained to the last chapter.

Under the most thrilling circumstances the proud young aristocrat, Aline de Rochambeau, weds with Citizen Dangeau, a successful lawyer, an ardent Republican, and a Deputy under the Commune. It goes without saying, therefore, that their love story is of no ordinary character, and it is told with no ordinary skill.

The convent-bred Aline "had been a week in Paris, but as yet she had tasted none of its gaieties—for gaieties there were still, even in these clouding days when the wind of destiny blew up the storm of Terror." She is on a visit to her cousin, Mme. de Montargis, when the storm bursts upon their house, and her only relative in the city is arrested on a charge of conspiracy.

"Alone! In all her nineteen years she had never been really alone before. . . . When she could control her trembling thoughts a little, she began to wonder what she should do. She shuddered and looked wildly round.

"A very fat woman was coming down the street, fatter even than Sister Joséphe, she considered, with that detachment of thought which is so often the accompaniment of great mental distress. Aline gazed at her fascinated, and the woman returned the look.

"In truth, Mlle. de Rochambeau, with her rose-wreathed hair, her fichu trimmed with the finest Valenciennes lace, and modish white silk shoes, was a sufficiently arresting figure, when one considered the hour and the place."

This rough woman consents to lodge her when she finds that she is supplied with money, and as Citozenne Roche, an embroideress, she lives for months in daily peril of discovery and of the awful embrace of Mme. Guillotine. Under the same roof lodges Dangeau, and at first his chivalry and then his love is aroused at the spectacle of this beautiful defenceless girl battling with poverty, and surrounded by dangers of all descriptions.

At her inevitable arrest and subsequent trial Dangeau plays a bold stroke, and the incident is one of the finest in the book.

"Imagine, then, one bruised, tormented human speck, girl in years, gently nurtured, set high in face of a packed assembly, every upturned face in which looked at her with appraising lust, blood-thirsty cruelty, or inhuman curiosity. It was thus that Dangeau, after months of absence, saw her again. . . ."

"He swung himself on the platform and came forward.

"'Citizen President,' he said, quietly, 'I claim to represent the accused, who I see has no counsel. . . .'

\* By Patricia Wentworth. (Andrew Melrose, 3, York Street, Covent Garden, W.C.)

"'What do you know of the accused?'

"'I know her motive for changing her name—a patriotic one. She came to Paris, she witnessed the corruption and vice of aristocrats, and she determined to come out from among them and throw in her lot with the people.'

"Mademoiselle turned slowly and faced him. Now if she spoke, if she demurred, if she even looked a contradiction of his words, they were both lost—both. . . ."

"'I vouch for her, I tell you—I, Jacques Dangeau. Does anyone cast a slur upon my patriotism?'

"'What do you know of her, and how do you know it?'

"'Explain, explain!'

"'Death, death to the aristocrat!'

"Dangeau sent his voice ringing through the hall:

"'She is my betrothed! She is an aristocrat no longer, but the daughter of the Revolution.'

"Again Aline's lips moved, but instead of speaking she put both hands to her heart and stood pressing them there silently.

"On the horns of a terrible dilemma the girl, before whose eyes rose not only the horrors of the guillotine, but dishonour worse than death at the hands of the sensual Hébert, has no choice but to submit in silence. The volatile mob, baulked of their victim, demands that the wedding should take place on the instant. . . ."

"After the wedding what a home-coming! Dangeau led his pale bride through the cheering, applauding crowd, which followed them to their very door."

Pride surging in the girl's heart rises above the love she really feels for him and makes her tell him.

"'We can never be—never be! Oh! don't you understand?'

The story by no means ends here, and we can only recommend everyone to read for themselves this book, which is at once instructive and absorbing. For the benefit of those who are unable to obtain this privilege we would say that after indescribable torture and deadly peril Dangeau's love and heroism are rewarded with his heart's desire.

H. H.

### COMING EVENTS.

July 22nd to 30th.—Meeting and Conference of the British Medical Association, at the University of London, Imperial Institute Buildings, and the Imperial College of Science, South Kensington.

July 23rd.—The Women's Social and Political Union. Great Demonstration in support of the Conciliation Committee's Suffrage Bill. Hyde Park, London, W.

July 27th.—The Union of Midwives' Concert and Sale of Work, Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, London, W., 7 p.m.

July 28th.—Meeting, Central Midwives' Board, Caxton House, S.W., 2.45 p.m.

July 28th.—Ladies' Dinner, Hotel Cecil. Reception, Lyceum Club, Piccadilly, for those accompanying the members B.M.A.

August 3rd.—Examination, Central Midwives' Board, London and Provinces.

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