

**UNDER THE TRICOLOR;
OR, THE
AMERICAN COLONY
IN PARIS, A NOVEL**

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Under the Tricolor; Or, The American Colony in Paris, a Novel by Lucy Hamilton Hooper

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LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER

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UNDER THE TRICOLOR;

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OR,

THE AMERICAN COLONY IN PARIS.

A NOVEL.

BY

Miss LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

LONDON: 16 SOUTHAMPTON ST., COVENT GARDEN.

1880.



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DEDICATION.

TO

MRS. JOHN W. MACKAY.

Mr lady is wondrous fair to see,
With sapphire eyes and with silken hair,
And a cheek whose pillow a rose must be,
For a rose-flush lingers there.

Like to a snow-wreath shows her brow
Under the shade of its dusky curls,
And a sea-wave kissed her mouth one day,
And left there its coral and pearls.

And yet we confess a subtler spell,
Past grace of outline or charm of hue,
There's something behind those beautiful eyes
More beautiful than their blue!

As shines the sun through a painted pane,
Touching its azure and red and gold
With such a glory, that gazing eyes
Are dazzled as they behold,

So passing glances that seek her face
But to admire remain to bless,
For the light of a lovely soul within
Transfigures its loveliness.

And when I look on those sweetest eyes,
The charm of the skies themselves I find,
The loveliest azure that earth can know,
With Heaven itself behind!

PARR, November 1, 1879.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—HAUNTED	7
II.—MADAME MAGNE'S	25
III.—THE VANES	33
IV.—COMPENSATIONS	56
V.—MRS. HARDING SPEAKS HER MIND	68
VI.—URSULA	89
VII.—CASTLES IN THE AIR	108
VIII.—THE AMERICAN COLONY	133
IX.—THE AMERICAN COLONY (CONTINUED)	149
X.—REGNAT CÆLUM	163
XI.—"LOVE SMOTE THE CHORD OF SELF"	178
XII.—MRS. BRYAN	188
XIII.—THE END OF A VENGEANCE	208
XIV.—"A SOUND OF MARRIAGE BELLS"	226

UNDER THE TRICOLOR,

OR

THE AMERICAN COLONY IN PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

HAUNTED.

A HOT, sultry night,—one of the very few really warm nights that I have ever known in Paris, for the air usually freshens into a pleasant coolness with the going down of the sun even in midsummer. The atmosphere is stifling, loaded as it is with emanations, more pungent than agreeable, from the stable on the ground-floor. Away on the breezy avenues around the Arc de Triomphe, or on the wide sweep of the boulevards, the night may seem less oppressive; but here, in my little bedroom at Madame Magne's *pension*,—third floor back, overlooking the court,—the heat seems intolerable. Heigh-ho! what would I not give for a bath-room with its tub filled to the brim with clear, cool water, or even for an ice-pitcher, dewy, tinkling, tempting, such as used to be mine for the asking in the old days which—— But stop! I must not get off upon *that* strain, or I shall not sleep another wink for the rest