

**THE MILLER  
OF ANGIBAULT**

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The Miller of Angibault by George Sand

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**GEORGE SAND**

**THE MILLER  
OF ANGIBAULT**







THE MILLER OF  
ANGIBAUT

BY  
GEORGE SAND

NEW, OF  
CALIFORNIA

BOSTON  
LITTLE, BROWN  
AND COMPANY

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UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION.

ONE hour after midnight rang from St. Thomas d'Aquin, as a dark, slender figure rapidly glided beneath the high and shadowy wall of one of the fine gardens still found in Paris, on the left bank of the Seine. The night was warm and serene. A delicate fragrance breathed from the flowering daturas, which stood in the light of the full moon like tall, white spectres. There was an air of ancient splendor about the broad flight of steps leading up to the Hotel de Blanchemont; and the apparent opulence of the mansion, dark and silent as it now rose against the moonlight, was enhanced by the extent and beauty of the surrounding garden.

But the brilliant moonlight was not quite agreeable to the young woman in mourning, who took her way, by the darkest alleys, to a little door placed at the extremity of the wall. Nevertheless, she went resolutely on, for it was not the first time she had risked her reputation for the sake of a love, always pure, and henceforth legitimate,—she had been a widow now for a month.

She took advantage of a shadowing clump of acacias to reach, unperceived, the little private door, which opened on a narrow and unfrequented street. Almost at the same moment the door turned on its hinges, and the person she had summoned entered softly, and followed his mistress, in silence, to a small summer-house. But, as soon as the door was closed, the young baroness of

Blanchemont, from instinctive modesty, taking from her pocket a pretty little Russia leather box, drew a match, and lighted a candle, which seemed to have been hidden beforehand in a corner, while the young man, in a simple, timid, and respectful manner, assisted her in dispelling the darkness of the room. He was so happy to see her again!

The summer-house was closed with large wooden shutters. It may have been the voluptuous retreat of some marquise of the old régime; but the only furniture and light left to the now deserted boudoir consisted of a rustic bench, a few empty boxes, some gardening tools, and the little taper, with no better candlestick than a broken flower-pot.

Marcelle, the fair descendant of its former occupants, was dressed with the simplicity and decorum befitting a modest widow. Her only ornament was the beautiful golden hair, which fell over her black crape collar. But for the delicacy of her alabaster hands, and of her satin-slipped foot, which alone betrayed her aristocratic habits, she might have been taken for the natural companion, in rank, of the man now kneeling by her side—for a Parisian grisette. There are grisettes with brows of queenly dignity and of saintly grace.

Henri Lemor had an agreeable face, but intelligent and striking rather than handsome. It was dark and pale, and shadowed by abundant black hair. It was easy to see that he was a true Parisian—strong through will, delicate by organization. His dress, neat and modest, betokened humble circumstances; his ill-tied cravat showed an entire absence of foppery, or habitual preoccupation of mind; his brown gloves were enough to prove that he was not, as the Blanchemont servants would have phrased it, a "suitable" man to be the lover or husband of their lady.

These two young people, scarcely older the one than the other, had more than once held tender interviews in the summer-house during the mysterious hours of night; but within a month, that they had not met, deep anxiety had darkened the romance of their love. Henri Lemor