

**A WILL AND A  
WAY, IN THREE  
VOLUMES, VOL. III**

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A will and a way, in three volumes, Vol. III by Georgiana Fullerton

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**GEORGIANA FULLERTON**

**A WILL AND A  
WAY, IN THREE  
VOLUMES, VOL. III**



# A WILL AND A WAY.

BY  
LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON,

AUTHOR OF  
'TOD STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE,'  
'A STORMY LIFE,' ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.  
VOL. III.



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# A WILL AND A WAY.



## CHAPTER I.

### ALINE IN PARIS.

N the 16th of July Aline left Castel St. Guy, accompanied by Vaubon. They travelled by the diligence, and during the long days and many hours of the night, during which she did not sleep, her thoughts ran on all the strange vicissitudes she had gone through since the days when, filled with joy and excitement, she was looking forward to seeing Paris and going to the school of the Dames Anglaises. How well she remembered Aunt Félicie's



announcing it to her, and all the day-dreams of that time of expectation, and the bitter disappointment when that plan was given up. Had she then foreseen that, five years afterwards, she would be travelling to Paris in the coupé of a diligence, little occupied with anything but the business which was taking her there, indifferent to the first sight of the great city, averse even to beholding the scene of so many horrors, how incredible it would have seemed.

The last day of her journey was an oppressively hot one, as hot as a July day in France often is. The sky was cloudless; not a breath of air stirred the dusty poplars on each side of the road. It was getting dusk when the diligence passed the *Barrière d'Italie*. She had kept her eyes closed for some time, but the rattling on the rough pavement roused her. There was a great deal of noise and excitement in the streets, and crying of news, like what she remembered at Lyons. The reaction against the Reign of Terror was tumultuous, and in some places it was

difficult for carriages to pass, so great was the crowd. At last the diligence reached the Place des Victoires. Vauban procured a hackney-carriage, and they drove to the hotel where he had ordered rooms.

Aline could hardly realise where she was. The atmosphere was stifling, for at Paris in the dog-days it is almost as hot at midnight as at noon. Sitting at the window of the dingy entresol looking into a narrow street, she tried to catch a breath of air. It was not long before the chambermaid brought her a letter. It was from M<sup>lle</sup>. de Marconnay, and contained a very kind and pressing invitation to come at once if possible, or at any rate the following morning, to a house she had taken at Auteuil, and to make it her home during her stay in Paris. This seemed like a moist wind blowing in the physical and moral furnace that the great city seemed to her. It was too late to go there that evening, but she asked Vauban to order a carriage for her early the next day, and

would have got through the night better than she expected, but for the cries in the street, which woke her up when she began to doze.

Driving from the hotel to Auteuil, she caught sight of the Place de la Révolution, as the Place Louis XV. was then called. The driver, who guessed that she was a stranger in Paris, pointed it out.

'Ah,' he added, 'plenty of heads have fallen there!' and he made an expressive sign with his hand across his throat. 'Sanson has had plenty of business, but people are tired of it now, and, for my part, I think we have had enough of it.'

To hear a man of that class expressing this sentiment was common enough at that moment. In every rank of society persons were recoiling from further bloodshed, except as regarded the leaders of the Reign of Terror; their lives were clamoured for on every side.

Aline lifted up her heart in prayer as she thought of those who had expired on that