



Mrs. C. L. Anderson.









THE WHITES AND THE BLUES



THE WORKS OF  
ALEXANDRE DUMAS

IN THIRTY VOLUMES



THE WHITES AND  
THE BLUES



ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS ON WOOD BY  
EMINENT FRENCH AND AMERICAN ARTISTS



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## CONTENTS

### PROLOGUE

#### THE PRUSSIANS ON THE RHINE

I. From the Hôtel de la Poste to the Hôtel de la Lanterne.....	7
II. The Citizeness Teutch.....	15
III. Euloge Schneider.....	23
IV. Eugene de Beauharnais.....	31
V. Mademoiselle de Brumpt.....	38
VI. Master Nicholas.....	49
VII. Filial Love, or the Wooden Leg.....	54
VIII. The Provocation.....	61
IX. In which Charles is Arrested.....	67
X. Schneider's Journey.....	73
XI. The Marriage Proposal.....	76
XII. Saint-Just.....	80
XIII. The Wedding of Euloge Schneider.....	87
XIV. Wishes.....	92
XV. The Count de Sainte-Hermine.....	99
XVI. The Foraging Cap.....	106
XVII. Pichegru.....	113
XVIII. Charles's Reception.....	119
XIX. The Spy.....	125
XX. The Dying Man's Prophecy.....	132
XXI. The Night Before the Battle.....	139
XXII. The Battle.....	144
XXIII. After the Battle.....	150
XXIV. Citizen Fenouillot, Commercial Traveller for Champagne.....	155
XXV. Chasseur Falon and Corporal Faraud.....	161
XXVI. The Prince's Envoy.....	167
XXVII. Pichegru's Reply.....	173
XXVIII. The Drum-Head Marriage.....	181
XXIX. The Prussian Artillery for Six Hundred Francs.....	190
XXX. The Organ.....	196

XXXI. In which the Organ-Grinder's Plan Begins to Develop.....	202
XXXII. The Toast.....	207
XXXIII. The Order of the Day.....	212
XXXIV. A Chapter which is but One with the Following Chapter.....	219
XXXV. In which Abatucci Fulfils the Mission that he has Received from his General, and Charles that which he Received from God.....	224

## THE THIRTEENTH VENDÉMAIRE

I. A Bird's-Eye View.....	230
II. A Glimpse of Paris—The Incroyables.....	234
III. The Merveilleuses.....	238
IV. The Sections.....	242
V. The President of the Section le Peletier.....	247
VI. Three Leaders.....	253
VII. General Roundhead and the Chief of the Companions of Jehu...	256
VIII. The Man in the Green Coat.....	261
IX. An Incroyable and a Merveilleuse.....	265
X. Two Portraits.....	270
XI. Aspasia's Toilet.....	275
XII. For which Voltaire and Rousseau are to Blame.....	278
XIII. The Eleventh Vendémiaire.....	282
XIV. The Twelfth Vendémiaire.....	286
XV. The Night of the 12th and the 13th Vendémiaire.....	290
XVI. The Salon of Madame de Staël, the Swedish Ambassadors...	293
XVII. The Hotel of the Rights of Man.....	306
XVIII. Citizen Bonaparte.....	310
XIX. Citizen Garat.....	314
XX. The Outposts.....	320
XXI. The Steps of Saint-Roch.....	325
XXII. The Rout.....	329
XXIII. The Victory.....	333
XXIV. The Sword of the Vicomte de Beauharnais.....	336
XXV. The Map of Marengo.....	340
XXVI. Marie-Rose-Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, Vicomtesse Beau- harnais.....	345
XXVII. Where an Angel Steps a Miracle is Performed.....	349
XXVIII. The Sibyl.....	354
XXIX. Fortune-Telling.....	360
XXX. The Pretended Incroyable.....	365
XXXI. "Macbeth, thou Shalt be King!".....	370
XXXII. The Man of the Future.....	376

## THE EIGHTEENTH FRUCTIDOR

I. A Glance at the Provinces.....	383
II. The Traveller.....	388
III. The Chartreuse of Seillon.....	393
IV. The Traitor.....	398
V. The Judgment.....	402
VI. Diane of Fargas.....	407
VII. What was Talked About for More than Three Months in the Little Town of Nantua.....	412
VIII. A New Companion is Received into the Society of Jehu under the Name of Alcibiades.....	417
IX. The Comte de Fargas.....	422
X. The Trouillasse Tower.....	426
XI. Brother and Sister.....	431
XII. In which the Reader will Meet some Old Acquaintances.....	436
XIII. Citizens and Messieurs.....	441
XIV. The Cause of Citizen-General Bonaparte's Ill-Humor.....	446
XV. Augereau.....	452
XVI. The Citizen-Directors.....	458
XVII. Mademoiselle de Sainte-Amour's Sick-Headache.....	465
XVIII. The Mission of Mademoiselle de Fargas.....	470
XIX. The Travellers.....	476
XX. "The Best of Friends Must Part".....	482
XXI. Citizen François Goulin.....	487
XXII. Colonel Hulot.....	492
XXIII. The Battle.....	497
XXIV. Portia.....	502
XXV. Cadoudal's Idea.....	507
XXVI. The Road to the Scaffold.....	513
XXVII. The Execution.....	518
XXVIII. The Seventh Fructidor.....	524
XXIX. Jean-Victor Moreau.....	530
XXX. The Eighteenth Fructidor.....	536
XXXI. The Temple.....	542
XXXII. The Exiles.....	548
XXXIII. The Journey.....	553
XXXIV. The Embarkation.....	559
XXXV. Farewell, France!.....	566



## THE EIGHTH CRUSADE

I. Saint-Jean-d'Acre.....	572
II. The Prisoners.....	577
III. The Carnage.....	583
IV. From Ancient Days to Our Own.....	588
V. Sidney Smith.....	594
VI. Ptolemais.....	601
VII. The Scouts.....	607
VIII. The Beautiful Daughters of Nazareth.....	613
IX. The Battle of Nazareth.....	619
X. Mount Tabor.....	624
XI. The Bullet Merchant.....	631
XII. How Citizen Pierre-Claude Faraud was made a Sub-Lieutenant..	635
XIII. The Last Assault.....	640
XIV. The Last Bulletin.....	644
XV. Vanished Dreams.....	648
XVI. The Retreat.....	652
XVII. Wherein we see that Bonaparte's Presentiments did not De- ceive Him.....	657
XVIII. Aboukir.....	662
XIX. Departure.....	668

## INTRODUCTION

IN THE preface of "The Companions of Jehu" I told why that romance had been written; and those who have read it cannot fail to have seen where I borrowed from Nodier in the description of the execution, of which he was an ocular witness. In short, I borrowed my dénouement from him.

Now "The Whites and the Blues," being a continuation of "The Companions of Jehu," my readers will not be astonished if I again borrow from Nodier for the beginning of my story.

During his long illness, which was simply a gradual decay of physical and vital strength, I was one of his most constant visitors; and as, on account of his incessant labors, he had not had the time to read my books relating to the epoch with which he was so familiar, he sent for the seven or eight hundred volumes while he was ill and confined to his bed, and read them eagerly.

In proportion as he became better acquainted with my methods, his literary confidence in me increased, until, when I spoke to him of his own work, he would reply: "Oh! I have never had time to do more than outline rough drafts of events which, if you had possessed the facts, would have furnished you with material for ten volumes, instead of the two hundred lines that I have made of them."

And thus it was that he came to relate the four pages which served me as the foundation for the three volumes of "The Companions of Jehu," and the anecdote of Euloge Schneider, from which he declared that I would have made at least ten.

"But," he continued, "some day, my friend, you will

write them, and if it is true that any part of us survives, I shall rejoice yonder over your success and shall feel that I have had some share in it."

Well, I have written "The Companions of Jehu," and since the great success which it achieved I have been tormented with a desire to write a great romance, entitled "The Whites and the Blues," from what he told me, taking my point of departure for this new book from Nodier's "Episodes de la Révolution," as I did the motive for a former one from his "Réaction Thermidorienne."

But, as I was about to begin, I was seized by a scruple. This time I wished not only to borrow a few pages from him, but to make him assume a rôle in the action of the drama.

Then I wrote to my dear sister, Marie Mennessier, to request her permission to do what I had already done once without her permission; namely, take a graft from the paternal tree to improve my own stock.

This is what she replied:

Anything and everything that you wish, dear brother Alexandre. I deliver my father to you with as much confidence as if he were your own. His memory is in good hands.

MARIE MENNESSIER-NODIER.

From that moment there was nothing more to stop me; and as I had already outlined my plot, I set to work at once.

I therefore offer this publication to-day; but in giving it to the public, I desire to acquit myself of the following duty:

*This book is dedicated to my illustrious friend and  
collaborator,*

CHARLES NODIER.

I have used the word "collaborator," because the trouble I should take in seeking for a better would be thrown away.

ALEX. DUMAS.



# THE WHITES AND THE BLUES

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## *PROLOGUE*

### *THE PRUSSIANS ON THE RHINE*

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#### CHAPTER I

FROM THE HÔTEL DE LA POSTE TO THE HÔTEL DE LA  
LANTERNE

ON THE 21st Frimaire of the year II. (11th of December, 1793), the diligence from Besançon to Strasbourg stopped at nine o'clock in the evening in the courtyard of the Hôtel de la Poste, behind the cathedral.

Five travellers descended from it, but the youngest only merits our attention.

He was a boy of thirteen or fourteen, thin and pale, who might have been taken for a girl dressed in boy's clothes, so sweet and melancholy was the expression of his face. His hair, which he wore cut à la Titus—a fashion which zealous Republicans had adopted in imitation of Talma—was dark brown; eyelashes of the same color shaded eyes of deep blue, which rested, with remarkable intelligence, like two interrogation points, upon men and things. He had thin lips, fine teeth, and a charming smile, and he was dressed in the fashion of the day, if not elegantly, at least so carefully that it was easy to see that a woman had superintended his toilet.

The conductor, who seemed to be particularly watchful of the boy, handed him a small package, like a soldier's knapsack, which could be hung over the shoulders by a pair of straps. Then, looking around, he called: "Hallo!

Is there any one here from the Hôtel de la Lanterne looking for a young traveller from Besançon?"

"I'm here," replied a gruff, coarse voice.

And a man who looked like a groom approached. He was hardly distinguishable in the gloom, in spite of the lantern he carried, which lighted nothing but the pavement at his feet. He turned toward the open door of the huge vehicle.

"Ah! so it's you, Sleepy-head," cried the conductor.

"My name's not Sleepy-head; it's Coclès," replied the groom, in a surly tone, "and I am looking for the citizen Charles."

"You come from citizeness Teutch, don't you?" said the boy, in a soft tone that formed an admirable contrast to the groom's surly tones.

"Yes, from the citizeness Teutch. Well, are you ready, citizen?"

"Conductor," said the boy, "you will tell them at home—"

"That you arrived safely, and that there was some one to meet you; don't worry about that, Monsieur Charles."

"Oh, ho!" said the groom, in a tone verging upon a menace, as he drew near the conductor and the boy.

"Well, what do you mean with your 'Oh, ho'?"

"I mean that the words you use may be all right in the Franche-Comté, but that they are all wrong in Alsace."

"Really," said the conductor, mockingly, "you don't say so?"

"And I would advise you," continued citizen Coclès, "to leave your *monsieurs* in your diligence, as they are not in fashion here in Strasbourg. Especially now that we are so fortunate as to have citizens Lebas and Saint-Just within our walls."

"Get along with your citizens Lebas and Saint-Just! and take this young man to the Hôtel de la Lanterne."

And, without paying further heed to the advice of citizen Coclès, the conductor entered the Hôtel de la Poste.

The man with the torch followed the conductor with his eyes, muttering to himself; then he turned to the boy: "Come on, citizen Charles," he said. And he went on ahead to show the way.

Strasbourg, even at its best, was never a gay, lively town, especially after the tattoo had been beaten for two hours; but it was duller than ever at the time when our story opens; that is to say, during the early part of the month of December, 1793. The Austro-Prussian army was literally at the gates of the city. Pichegru, general-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine, after gathering together all the scattered forces at his command, had, by force of will and his own example, restored discipline and resumed the offensive on the 18th Frimaire, three days before; organizing a war of skirmishing and sharpshooting, since he was powerless to offer battle. He had succeeded Houchard and Custine, who had been guillotined because they had met with reverses, and Alexandre de Beauharnais, who was also in danger of being guillotined.

Furthermore, Saint-Just and Lebas were there, not only commanding Pichegru to conquer, but decreeing the victory. The guillotine followed them, charged with executing their decrees the instant they were made.

And three decrees had been issued that very day.

The first one ordered the gates of Strasbourg to be closed at three o'clock in the afternoon; any one who delayed their closing, if only for five minutes, did so under pain of death.

The second decree forbade any one to flee before the enemy. The rider who put his horse to a gallop, or the foot-soldier who retreated faster than a walk, when turning his back on the enemy on the field of battle, thereby incurred the penalty of death.

The third decree, which was due to fear of being surprised by the enemy, forbade any soldier to remove his clothing at night. Any soldier who disobeyed this order, no matter what his rank, was condemned to death.

The boy who had just entered the city was destined to



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