

Chapter 1 : Cinq Mars Novel, Cinq Mars Part 57

*Cinq-Mars, Part 1 [Alfred de Vigny] on www.nxgvision.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Alfred de Vigny has endured extraordinary vicissitudes in France. First he was lauded as the precursor of French romantic poetry and stately prose; then he sank in semi-oblivion.*

Do you know that charming part of our country which has been called the garden of France--that spot where, amid verdant plains watered by wide streams, one inhales the purest air of heaven? If you have travelled through fair Touraine in summer, you have no doubt followed with enchantment the peaceful Loire; you have regretted the impossibility of determining upon which of its banks you would choose to dwell with your beloved. On its right bank one sees valleys dotted with white houses surrounded by woods, hills yellow with vines or white with the blossoms of the cherry-tree, walls covered with honeysuckles, rose-gardens, from which pointed roofs rise suddenly. Everything reminds the traveller either of the fertility of the land or of the antiquity of its monuments; and everything interests him in the work of its busy inhabitants. Nothing has proved useless to them; it seems as if in their love for so beautiful a country--the only province of France never occupied by foreigners--they have determined not to lose the least part of its soil, the smallest grain of its sand. Do you fancy that this ruined tower is inhabited only by hideous night-birds? If you climb a hillside covered with vines, a light column of smoke shows you that there is a chimney at your feet; for the very rock is inhabited, and families of vine-dressers breathe in its caverns, sheltered at night by the kindly earth which they laboriously cultivate during the day. The good people of Touraine are as simple as their life, gentle as the air they breathe, and strong as the powerful earth they dig. Their countenances, like their characters, have something of the frankness of the true people of St. Louis; their chestnut locks are still long and curve around their ears, as in the stone statues of our old kings; their language is the purest French, with neither slowness, haste, nor accent--the cradle of the language is there, close to the cradle of the monarchy. But the left bank of the stream has a more serious aspect; in the distance you see Chambord, which, with its blue domes and little cupolas, appears like some great city of the Orient; there is Chanteloup, raising its graceful pagoda in the air. Near these a simpler building attracts the eyes of the traveller by its magnificent situation and imposing size; it is the chateau of Chaumont. Built upon the highest hill of the shore, it frames the broad summit with its lofty walls and its enormous towers; high slate steeples increase their loftiness, and give to the building that conventual air, that religious form of all our old chateaux, which casts an aspect of gravity over the landscape of most of our provinces. Black and tufted trees surround this ancient mansion, resembling from afar the plumes that encircled the hat of King Henry. At the foot of the hill, connected with the chateau by a narrow path, lies a pretty village, whose white houses seem to have sprung from the golden sand; a chapel stands halfway up the hill; the lords descended and the villagers ascended to its altar--the region of equality, situated like a neutral spot between poverty and riches, which have been too often opposed to each other in bitter conflict. Here, one morning in the month of June, , the bell of the chateau having, as usual, rung at midday, the dinner-hour of the family, occurrences of an unusual kind were passing in this ancient dwelling. The people of the household and the Italians of the Duchesse de Mantua, who had at that time retired for a while to Chaumont, saw with surprise that sudden preparations were being made for departure. This brave fellow, named Grandchamp, had followed the chief of the family everywhere in the wars, and in his financial work; he had been his equerry in the former, and his secretary in the latter. He had recently returned from Germany, to inform the mother and the children of the death of the Marechal, whose last sighs he had heard at Luzzelstein. He was one of those faithful servants who are become too rare in France; who suffer with the misfortunes of the family, and rejoice with their joys; who approve of early marriages, that they may have young masters to educate; who scold the children and often the fathers; who risk death for them; who serve without wages in revolutions; who toil for their support; and who in prosperous times follow them everywhere, or exclaim at their return, "Behold our vines! At present his voice was loud. He busied himself much that day in hastening the dinner, and ordered about all the servants, who were in mourning like himself. And you, gentlemen, Italians, have you warned your young Princess? I wager that she is gone to read with her

ladies at the end of the park, or on the banks of the lake. She always comes in after the first course, and makes every one rise from the table. I have been telling my beads all the morning for Monsieur de Cinq-Mars; and I could not help thinking of these things. And my mistress thinks of them too, although she is a great lady; so you need not laugh! Grandchamp had hardly heard what she had said, and seemed to have been occupied only with the preparations for dinner; he fulfilled the important duties of major-domo, and cast severe looks at the domestics to see whether they were all at their posts, placing himself behind the chair of the eldest son of the house. Then all the inhabitants of the mansion entered the salon. Eleven persons seated themselves at table. The Marechale came in last, giving her arm to a handsome old man, magnificently dressed, whom she placed upon her left hand. She seated herself in a large gilded arm-chair at the middle of one side of the table, which was oblong in form. Another seat, rather more ornamented, was at her right, but it remained empty. He was not more than twenty years old, and his countenance was insignificant; much gravity and distinguished manners proclaimed, however, a social nature, but nothing more. His young sister of fourteen, two gentlemen of the province, three young Italian noblemen of the suite of Marie de Gonzaga Duchesse de Mantua, a lady-in-waiting, the governess of the young daughter of the Marechale, and an abbe of the neighborhood, old and very deaf, composed the assembly. A seat at the right of the elder son still remained vacant. The Marechale, before seating herself, made the sign of the cross, and repeated the Benedicite aloud; every one responded by making the complete sign, or upon the breast alone. This custom was preserved in many families in France up to the Revolution of ; some still practise it, but more in the provinces than in Paris, and not without some hesitation and some preliminary words upon the weather, accompanied by a deprecatory smile when a stranger is present--for it is too true that virtue also has its blush. The Marechale possessed an imposing figure, and her large blue eyes were remarkably beautiful. She did not appear to have yet attained her forty- fifth year; but, oppressed with sorrow, she walked slowly and spoke with difficulty, closing her eyes, and allowing her head to droop for a moment upon her breast, after she had been obliged to raise her voice. At such efforts her hand pressed to her bosom showed that she experienced sharp pain. She saw therefore with satisfaction that the person who was seated at her left, having at the beginning engrossed the conversation, without having been requested by any one to talk, persisted with an imperturbable coolness in engrossing it to the end of the dinner. This was the old Marechal de Bassompierre; he had preserved with his white locks an air of youth and vivacity curious to see. His noble and polished manners showed a certain gallantry, antiquated like his costume--for he wore a ruff in the fashion of Henri IV, and the slashed sleeves fashionable in the former reign, an absurdity which was unpardonable in the eyes of the beaux of the court. This would not have appeared more singular than anything else at present; but it is admitted that in every age we laugh at the costume of our fathers, and, except the Orientals, I know of no people who have not this fault. One of the Italian gentlemen had hardly finished asking the Marechal what he thought of the way in which the Cardinal treated the daughter of the Duc de Mantua, when he exclaimed, in his familiar language: We old companions-in-arms of his late Majesty can ill understand the language spoken by the new court, and that in its turn does not comprehend ours. But what do I say? We speak no language in this sad country, for all the world is silent before the Cardinal; this haughty little, vassal looks upon us as merely old family portraits, which occasionally he shortens by the head; but happily the motto always remains. Is it not true, my dear Puy-Laurens? But it was in vain, for Bassompierre, pleased with the sign of half-approval, emptied at one draught a great goblet of wine--a remedy which he lauds in his Memoirs as infallible against the plague and against reserve; and leaning back to receive another glass from his esquire, he settled himself more firmly than ever upon his chair, and in his favorite ideas. They count the minutes that we have to live, and shake the hour-glass to hasten the descent of its sands. When Monsieur le Cardinal-Duc observes in a corner three or four of our tall figures, who never quitted the side of the late King, he feels that he is unable to move those statues of iron, and that to do it would require the hand of a great man; he passes quickly by, and dares not meddle with us, who fear him not. He believes that we are always conspiring; and they say at this very moment that there is talk of putting me in the Bastille. Monsieur le Marechal, why do you delay your departure? So far from flying, I sought out the King before his departure, and told him that I did so in order to save people the trouble of looking for me; and that if I knew when he wished to send me, I would go myself

without being taken. You know well that I love you. It appears to me that he always accorded to you all that you desired for your friends," she added, with animation, in order to put him into the track of praise, and to beguile him from the discontent which he had so loudly declared. I shall be faithful to him to the end, because I gave myself, body and fortune, to his father at a ball; and I swear that, with my consent at least, none of my family shall ever fail in their duties toward the King of France. Although the Besteins are foreigners and Lorrains, a shake of the hand from Henri IV gained us forever. My greatest grief has been to see my brother die in the service of Spain; and I have just written to my nephew to say that I shall disinherit him if he has passed over to the Emperor, as report says he has. Michael which decorated his neck, bowed, observing that it was thus all faithful subjects ought to speak. When I came to France, I came at my ease, accompanied by my gentlemen and pages. I perceive, however, that the farther we go, the more we lose sight of this idea, especially at the court. But here is a young man who arrives very opportunely to hear me. He was pale; his hair was brown, his eyes were black, his expression was sad and reckless. His dress and his short cloak were black; a collar of lace fell from his neck halfway down his breast; his stout, small, and very wide-spurred boots made so much noise upon the flags of the salon that his approach was heard at a distance. He walked directly toward the Marechale, bowed low, and kissed her hand. At what hour do you depart? I am sorry for your sake that it is not now what it used to be. In former times, the court was simply the drawing-room of the King, in which he received his natural friends: The honors a man of quality received did not enrich him, for he paid for them out of his purse. I sold an estate for every grade I received; the title of colonel-general of the Swiss cost me four hundred thousand crowns, and at the baptism of the present King I had to buy a costume that cost me a hundred thousand francs. We have all heard of your splendid dress of pearls; but I should be much vexed were it still the custom to wear such. We committed follies, no doubt, but they proved our independence; it is clear that it would then have been hard to convert from their allegiance to the King adherents who were attached to him by love alone, and whose coronets contained as many diamonds as his own locked-up crown. It is also certain that ambition could not then attack all classes, since such expenses could come only from rich hands, and since gold comes only from mines. I can not consent to hear these things spoken," said the fiery Marechal, leaping up in his armchair. Of all the great party-chiefs, there was not one who would not have laid his victory at the feet of the King, had he succeeded, knowing well that all the other lords who were as great as himself would have abandoned the enemy of the legitimate sovereign. Arms were taken against a faction, and not against the sovereign authority; and, this destroyed, everything went on again in the old way. But what have you done in crushing us? You have crushed the arm of the throne, and have not put anything in its place. Yes, I no longer doubt that the Cardinal-Duke will wholly accomplish his design; the great nobility will leave and lose their lands, and, ceasing to be great proprietors, they will cease to be a great power. The court is already no more than a palace where people beg; by and by it will become an antechamber, when it will be composed only of those who constitute the suite of the King. Great names will begin by ennobling vile offices; but, by a terrible reaction, those offices will end by rendering great names vile. Estranged from their homes, the nobility will be dependent upon the employments which they shall have received; and if the people, over whom they will no longer have any influence, choose to revolt--" "How gloomy you are to-day, Marechal! I no longer perceive your cheerful disposition, now that you talk like a politician. I expected to hear you give advice to my son. Henri, what troubles you? You seem very absent. The sun shone in full splendor, and colored the sands of the Loire, the trees, and the lawns with gold and emerald. The sky was azure, the waves were of a transparent yellow, the islets of a vivid green; behind their rounded outlines rose the great sails of the merchant-vessels, like a fleet in ambuscade. Soon will my heart cease to be of simplicity enough to feel your charm, soon you will no longer please my eyes. This heart is already burned by a deep passion; and the mention of the interests of men stirs it with hitherto unknown agitation. I must, however, enter this labyrinth; I may, perchance, lose myself there, but for Marie--" At this moment, aroused by the words of his mother, and fearing to exhibit a childish regret at leaving his beautiful country and his family, he said: He is on very good terms with the Duc de Bouillon; and besides, though he may not be very necessary to you, it is a mark of deference which you owe him. I would have given much had I been able to assist the late King at a siege, upon my arrival in his court; it would have been better to be disembowelled than at a tourney, as I was. But we were at peace;

and I was compelled to go and shoot the Turks with the Rosworm of the Hungarians, in order that I might not afflict my family by my idleness. For the rest, may his Majesty receive you as kindly as his father received me! It is true that the King is good and brave; but they have unfortunately taught him that cold Spanish etiquette which arrests all the impulses of the heart.

Chapter 2 : Alfred de Vigny | Open Library

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One night, before Perpignan, a very unusual event took place. The slow and almost suspended operations of the siege had rendered the camp and the town inactive. Yet all was calm; no sound was heard but that of the measured tread of the sentries. Nothing was seen in the dark night but the red light of the matches of their guns, always smoking, when suddenly the trumpets of the musketeers, of the light-horse, and of the men-at-arms sounded almost simultaneously, "boot and saddle," and "to horse. Some files marched in gloomy silence along the streets of the camp, and took their position in battle array. The sound of the mounted squadrons announced that the heavy cavalry were making the same dispositions. After half an hour of movement the noise ceased, the torches were extinguished, and all again became calm, but the army was on foot. One of the last tents of the camp shone within as a star with flambeaux. On approaching this little white and transparent pyramid, we might have distinguished the shadows of two men reflected on the canvas as they walked to and fro within. Outside several men on horseback were in attendance; inside were De Thou and Cinq-Mars. To see the pious and wise De Thou thus up and armed at this hour, you might have taken him for one of the chiefs of the revolt. But a closer examination of his serious countenance and mournful expression immediately showed that he blamed it, and allowed himself to be led into it and endangered by it from an extraordinary resolution which aided him to surmount the horror he had of the enterprise itself. De Thou had even understood what M. He had comprehended that punishment, impossible to be supported long by a lover, the adored master of that young girl, and who was condemned daily to appear before her as a stranger, to receive political disclosures of marriages they were preparing for her. The day when he received his entire confession, he had done all in his power to prevent Cinq-Mars going so far in his projects as the foreign alliance. He had evoked the gravest recollections and the best feelings, without any other result than rendering the invincible resolution of his friend more rude toward him. Cinq-Mars, it will be recollected, had said to him harshly, "Well, did I ask you to take part in this conspiracy? The habit of familiarly discussing the projects of his friend had perhaps rendered them less odious to him. His contempt for the vices of the Prime-Minister; his indignation at the servitude of the parliaments to which his family belonged, and at the corruption of justice; the powerful names, and more especially the noble characters of the men who directed the enterprise--all had contributed to soften down his first painful impression. Having once promised secrecy to M. Since that time he had seen Monsieur, the Duc de Bouillon, and Fontrailles; they had become accustomed to speak before him without constraint, and he to hear them. The dangers which threatened his friend now drew him into their vortex like an invincible magnet. His conscience accused him; but he followed Cinq-Mars wherever he went without even, from excess of delicacy, hazarding a single expression which might resemble a personal fear. He had tacitly given up his life, and would have deemed it unworthy of both to manifest a desire to regain it. The master of the horse was in his cuirass; he was armed, and wore large boots. An enormous pistol, with a lighted match, was placed upon his table between two flambeaux. A heavy watch in a brass case lay near the pistol. De Thou, wrapped in a black cloak, sat motionless with folded arms. Cinq-Mars paced backward and forward, his arms crossed behind his back, from time to time looking at the hand of the watch, too sluggish in his eyes. He opened the tent, looked up to the heavens, and returned. She is here in my heart. It advances, my friend; it advances. Twenty minutes more, and all will be accomplished. The army only waits the report of this pistol to begin. I repent not; but oh, how bitter is the cup of sin to my lips! I had vowed my days to innocence and to the works of the soul, and here I am about to commit a crime, and to draw the sword. I see but your happiness in my fault. Forgive me if I have returned for a moment to the habitual thought of my whole life. But let us hope that God, who pardons those who love, will be for us; for we are criminal--I through love, you through friendship. His long hair fell over his face like the mane of a young lion. Thou art about to light a flame which the waves of ocean can not extinguish. The flame will soon light half Europe; it may perhaps reach the wood

of thrones. Burn slowly, precious flame! The winds which fan thee are violent and fearful; they are love and hatred. Burn, burn, poor flame! Thou art to me a sceptre and a thunderbolt! We combat the wicked and the impious. God has ordained that the guilty treaty should not reach us; that which constituted the crime is no doubt destroyed. We shall fight without the foreigners, and perhaps we shall not fight at all. God will change the heart of the king. We shall march upon Narbonne! Give me the pistol! Cinq-Mars turned pale, and read as follows: I write this letter to entreat and conjure you to restore to her duties our well-beloved adopted daughter and friend, the Princesse Marie de Gonzaga, whom your affection alone turns from the throne of Poland, which has been offered to her. I have sounded her heart. She is very young, and I have good reason to believe that she would accept the crown with less effort and less grief than you may perhaps imagine. It is for her you have undertaken a war which will put to fire and sword my beautiful and beloved France. I supplicate and implore you to act as a gentleman, and nobly to release the Duchesse de Mantua from the promises she may have made you. Thus restore repose to her soul, and peace to our beloved country. Cinq-Mars calmly replaced the pistol upon the table; his first impulse had been to turn its muzzle upon himself. Marie de Gonzaga, being my wife, can not be Queen of Poland until after my death. Alone with his friend, he remained an instant standing, but pale, his eyes fixed, and looking on the ground like a madman. He felt himself totter. I am with you. You have acted grandly, most grandly, sublimely! Violent tempests assume different aspects, according to the climates in which they take place. Those which have spread over a terrible space in northern countries assemble into one single cloud under the torrid zone-- the more formidable, that they leave the horizon in all its purity, and that the furious waves still reflect the azure of heaven while tinged with the blood of man. It is the same with great passions. They assume strange aspects according to our characters; but how terrible are they in vigorous hearts, which have preserved their force under the veil of social forms? When youth and despair embrace, we know not to what fury they may rise, or what may be their sudden resignation; we know not whether the volcano will burst the mountain or become suddenly extinguished within its entrails. De Thou, in alarm, raised his friend. The blood gushed from his nostrils and ears; he would have thought him dead, but. They were the only sign of life. Suddenly he opened his lids, looked around him, and by an extraordinary energy resumed his senses and the power of his will. My friend, it is half-past eleven; the hour for the signal has passed. Give, in my name, the order to return to quarters. It was a false alarm, which I will myself explain this evening. He found Cinq-Mars seated, calm, and endeavoring to cleanse the blood from his face. I can not speak much longer, even to you; but if you remain with me, you will die. I give you warning. I leave you here. Call Fontrailles and all the confederates: Let them fly immediately; tell them all has failed, but that I thank them. For you, once again I say, fly with them, I entreat you; but whatever you do, follow me not--follow me not, for your life! I swear to you not to do violence to myself! Meantime, some leagues thence another conversation was taking place. At Narbonne, in the same cabinet in which we formerly beheld Richelieu regulating with Joseph the interests of the State, were still seated the same men, nearly as we have described them. The minister, however, had grown much older in three years of suffering; and the Capuchin was as much terrified with the result of his expedition as his master appeared tranquil. The Cardinal, seated in his armchair, his legs bound and encased with furs and warm clothing, had upon his knees three kittens, which gambolled upon his scarlet robe. Every now and then he took one of them and placed it upon the others, to continue their sport. He smiled as he watched them. On his feet lay their mother, looking like an enormous animated muff. Joseph, seated near him, was going over the account of all he had heard in the confessional. Pale even now, at the danger he had run of being discovered, or of being murdered by Jacques, he concluded thus: Assassins offer themselves to poniard you. I beheld in France the whole court against you, one half of the army, and two provinces. Abroad, Spain and Portugal are ready to furnish troops. Everywhere there are snares or battles, poniards or cannon. It is a drawing-room tiger.

Chapter 3 : Jacques Cinq-Mars was a tough, rule-bending Montreal police captain - The Globe and Mail

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A man employed by a minister is no more bound to be grateful than a horse whose rider prefers him to others. My pace has been convenient to him; so much the better. Now it is my interest to throw him from the saddle. Yes, this man loves none but himself. I now see that he has deceived me by continually retarding my elevation; but once again, I possess the sure means for your escape in silence. I am the master here. I will remove the men in whom he trusts, and replace them by others whom he has condemned to die, and who are near at hand confined in the northern tower--the Tour des Oubliettes, which overhangs the river. His creatures will occupy their places. I will recommend a physician--an empyric who is devoted to me--to the illustrious Cardinal, who has been given over by the most scientific in Paris. If you will unite with me, he shall convey to him a universal and eternal remedy. No, thou art like no other man! Thou glidest with a noiseless and furtive step through the darkness; thou traversest the walls to preside at secret crimes; thou placest thyself between the hearts of lovers to separate them eternally. Thou resemblest a tormented spirit of the damned! There is perhaps neither damnation nor soul. If the dead returned to complain of their fate, I should have a thousand around me; and I have never seen any, even in my dreams. You and De Thou, who pride yourselves on what you call virtue--you have failed in causing the death of perhaps a hundred thousand men--at once and in the broad daylight--for no end, while Richelieu and I have caused the death of far fewer, one by one, and by night, to found a great power. Would you remain pure and virtuous, you must not interfere with other men; or, rather, it is more reasonable to see that which is, and to say with me, it is possible that there is no such thing as a soul. We are the sons of chance; but relative to other men, we have passions which we must satisfy. You have perhaps imagined it was so; but it was for your own advancement. I have heard you speak to the young girl. You thought but of yourselves; you do not love each other. She thought but of her rank, and you of your ambition. Why dost thou come here to cast thy venom upon the life thou hast taken from us? What demon has suggested to thee thy horrible analysis of hearts? The solitude of his prison; the pious conversations of his friend; and, above all, the presence of death, which, like the light of an unknown star, paints in other colors the objects we are accustomed to see; meditations on eternity; and shall we say it? Behold, O God, behold two distinct ambitions--the one egoistical and bloody, the other devoted and unstained; theirs roused by hatred, and ours inspired by love. Look down, O Lord, judge, and pardon! Pardon, for we have greatly erred in walking but for a single day in the same paths which, on earth, possess but one name to whatever end it may tend! I refused to do so when powerful, and upon yourself. He was accustomed to lecture you; and he felt that he should not find another pupil so docile to listen to and applaud him. Constant habit has persuaded him that his life was bound to yours; it is something of that kind. He will accompany you mechanically. Besides, all is not yet finished; we shall see the end and the examination. He will certainly deny all knowledge of the conspiracy. You confess it," said Joseph, triumphantly; "you have not said as much before. He is the purest of created beings; but convey him far away while yet he sleeps, for should he awake, thy endeavors would be vain. Compare the uneasiness and misery of thy triumph with the calmness of our defeat, the meanness of thy reign with the grandeur of our captivity, thy sanguinary vigils to the slumbers of the just. The young man was kneeling on a cushion, surmounted by a large ebony crucifix. He seemed to have fallen asleep while praying. His head, inclining backward, was still raised toward the cross. His pale lips wore a calm and divine smile. He suddenly retired some paces, as if dazzled by a heavenly vision. It would overcome me if I reflected on it. These ideas may serve as opium to produce a calm. But that is not the question; say yes or no. And when he yielded at Narbonne, it was not that he might escape at Lyons. Lighted by flambeaux, and preceded by a detachment of the Scotch guards, fourteen judges entered, wrapped in long robes, and whose features were not easily distinguished. They seated themselves in silence on the right and left of the huge chamber. They were the judges delegated by the Cardinal to judge this sad and solemn affair--all true men to the Cardinal Richelieu, and in his confidence, who from Tarascon had chosen and instructed them. He had the Chancellor Seguier brought to Lyons, to avoid, as he stated in the instructions he sent by Chavigny to the King Louis

XIII--"to avoid all the delays which would take place if he were not present. The authority and intelligence of these gentlemen in forms of justice are indispensable. But at this moment he was informed that he was not to appear, for fear that he might be influenced by the memory of his ancient friendship for the prisoner, whom he only saw *tete-a-tete*. The Cardinal had dictated to him his part and answers word for word; and in consideration of this docility, they had exempted him in form from the painful task of confronting MM. The chancellor and commissioners had also prepared M. History has only handed down to us the names of the State counsellors who accompanied Pierre Seguier, but not those of the other commissioners, of whom it is only mentioned that there were six from the parliament of Grenoble, and two presidents. The counsellor, or reporter of the State, Laubardemont, who had directed them in all, was at their head. Joseph often whispered to them with the most studied politeness, glancing at Laubardemont with a ferocious sneer. He spoke in a soft and clear voice: It is my wish to die. I have nothing to add for myself; but if you would be just, you will not harm the life of him whom the King has pronounced to be the most honest man in France, and who dies for my sake alone. Two guards entered the apartment of De Thou, and led him forth. He advanced, and bowed gravely, while an angelical smile played upon his lips. Embracing Cinq-Mars, "Here at last is our day of glory," said he. A half-smile was still on his lips, and his eyes cast down. You perceive, then, that my life and death entirely rest with myself. I have, however, well weighed the one and the other. I have clearly foreseen that whatever life I may hereafter lead, it could not but be most unhappy after the loss of Monsieur de Cinq-Mars. I therefore acknowledge and confess that I was aware of his conspiracy. I did my utmost to prevent it, to deter him from it. He believed me to be his only and faithful friend, and I would not betray him. Therefore, I condemn myself by the very laws which were set forth by my father, who, I hope, forgives me. Twice I have betrayed you; but you shall know in what manner. Humanly speaking, I might complain of you; but God knows how much I love you. What have we done to merit the grace of martyrdom, and the happiness of dying together? He said no more, and to compose himself retired to a window which overlooked the river, whose tranquil waters the sun had not yet lighted with its beams, and appeared to pay no attention to what was passing in the room. However, Laubardemont, fearing that the judges might be touched with compassion, said in a loud voice: The former involuntarily placed his hand to his forehead. Cinq-Mars was silent, then continued in a calm voice, looking steadfastly at the judges: I have confessed all, and I will confess it all again. I willingly and gladly accept death; it is not from souls like ours that secrets can be wrung by bodily suffering. We are prisoners by our own free will, and at the time chosen by us. We have confessed enough for you to condemn us to death; you shall know nothing more. We have obtained what we wanted. Gentlemen, it is I alone who possess important secrets; it is the chief of a conspiracy who knows all. Put me alone to the torture if we must be treated like the worst of malefactors. The latter, fearing that torments would induce him to disclose the secret of his recent proposition, advised that they should not be resorted to; the other, not thinking his triumph complete by death alone, absolutely insisted on their being applied. The judges surrounded and listened to these secret agents of the Prime-Minister; however, many circumstances having caused them to suspect that the influence of the Capuchin was more powerful than that of the judge, they took part with him, and decided for mercy, when he finished by these words uttered in a low voice: There is no necessity to force them from their lips, because they are useless, and relate to too high circumstances. Monsieur le Grand has no one to denounce but the King, and the other the Queen. It is better that we should remain ignorant. Besides, they will not confess. I know them; they will be silent--the one from pride, the other through piety. The torture will wound them; they will be disfigured and unable to walk. That will spoil the whole ceremony; they must be kept to appear. The judges retired to deliberate with the chancellor. While departing, Joseph whispered to Laubardemont: As he spoke, he laughed heartily, and was the last to leave the room, pushing the astonished master of requests before him. The sombre tribunal had scarcely disappeared when Grandchamp, relieved from his two guards, hastened toward his master, and, seizing his hand, said: I have something to show you; in the name of your mother, come!

Chapter 4 : Cinq Mars, v6 by Alfred de Vigny - Full Text Free Book (Part 1/2)

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Comments For most of the s in Montreal, enforcing the law from midnight until dawn was the responsibility of Jacques Cinq-Mars, a tough, rule-bending police captain who eventually became the inspiration for a series of bestselling crime novels. Story continues below advertisement His daughter Danielle Bales said Mr. His father, who had served during the First World War, also died there, 48 years ago. Cinq-Mars said in a Montreal Gazette profile. Several events from Mr. In one incident in the s, for example, Mr. Cinq-Mars found officers telling him that a man with a gun had barricaded himself inside his house. He went inside alone and disarmed the gunman. This episode features in the third instalment of Mr. Story continues below advertisement Story continues below advertisement Mr. These were the detectives who seemed to like nothing better than crashing through doors," the late Gazette columnist Nick Auf der Maur once wrote about the squad. The youngest of two children, Mr. Cinq-Mars was born on March 11, , in Montreal. His father, Benoit, a law student, and his mother, Blanche Lefort, a nurse, had both volunteered to serve with the Canadian military in Europe during the First World War. Both came home in bad shape. Benoit had contracted tuberculosis. His wife was discharged because of rheumatism and heart problems. She remained in poor health and died a few months after giving birth to Jacques. Story continues below advertisement Young Jacques grew up restless and seeking adventures. He went to the Prairies to work in railroad camps during the Great Depression, Mr. His regiment, Les Fusiliers Mont-Royal, was sent to Iceland, then to Britain, where the infantrymen took part in the disastrous amphibious raid against the French port of Dieppe on Aug. Cinq-Mars said 24 of the 26 men aboard his landing craft died that morning. There was a foot cliff and the Germans were above, shooting as us below. Story continues below advertisement He was hit twice by bullets and more than a dozen times by shrapnel. Cinq-Mars helped another wounded soldier onto a landing craft. Then five or six guys came running from the beach; they banged my head and pushed me underwater and then the boat started to back up and I was left there," he told The Memory Project. He tried to swim to one of the British destroyers, HMS Calpe, but he turned back when he saw that it came under attack from German planes. So he returned to the beach and joined more than 1, other Canadians in captivity. Conditions at the camp were grim, Mr. They had to cut wood or work in a sugar plant. Cinq-Mars tried to escape but was recaptured. Then in January, , they were hastily assembled and moved out of their camp. With the Red Army approaching, the Germans forced prisoners of war and concentration camp inmates into deadly journeys toward the west, forcing tens of thousands of weak, ill-fed people to march for hours in the winter cold. Bales said her father told her about sneaking into chicken coops to steal eggs. By the time they were liberated by U. After he returned to Montreal, he spent a year recovering then applied to join the police. The police force at the time was rife with corruption and Mr. Cinq-Mars refused to go along, but his unbending attitude was on the right side of history, Mr. Within years, two reform-minded lawyers, Jean Drapeau, who would become the mayor, and Pacifique Pax Plante, a future police chief, started seeking changes. At their behest, the Caron inquiry revealed how the police had allowed gambling dens and brothels to proliferate. Cinq-Mars started as a constable, doing foot patrols in central and east-end Montreal. Within a decade, he had been promoted to the holdup squad. A Gazette article described how he identified and arrested a robbery ring by identifying the kind of matches and cigarettes the suspects had left behind. By the s, he was a lieutenant with the Night Patrol, an elite group of 30 detectives who handled all major crimes in the city after dark. The nights had their own criminal patterns, Mr. Cinq-Mars explained in a issue of the Star Weekly magazine. For example, in the first hours of the evening, it was mostly domestic disputes. Then, the bars closed at 2 a. The patrol also handled tactical operations, carrying with them an arsenal of rifles, shotguns and submachine guns as they hunted for runaway convicts or robbery suspects. On one occasion, in June, , Mr. Cinq-Mars in the jaw when the detective tried to stop him. Cinq-Mars was a police officer. Cinq-Mars became a captain and the head of the patrol in During that time, the patrol handled

major cases such as the arson at the Gargantua Bar where gangsters killed 13 people, and the bombing at the Cuban Trade Commission, where gun-pointing Cuban guards tried to prevent the police from entering. Cinq-Mars confided to him that some of their tactics would have gotten them arrested today. Cinq-Mars appreciated officers like Mr. Cinq-Mars said in the documentary, aired on the Historia network. Even as he neared his 60s, Mr. Cinq-Mars still worked on the front lines, said former detective Claude Aubin, who recalled running alongside the captain, who carried an M-1 carbine, as they chased a fugitive on a downtown street. The Night Patrol was abruptly disbanded in during a controversial overhaul of the police force. Cinq-Mars retired a year later. His going-away party was attended by more than officers. Auf der Maur, the Gazette columnist. Cinq-Mars stuck in the mind of Mr. While in retirement, Mr. Cinq-Mars reconnected with Ms. She was born in , but Mr. Cinq-Mars did not marry her mother and started a separate family. Bales said she grew up unaware that he was her biological father, though her mother, Irene, would read her articles about Mr. When she learned the truth, she wrote him a letter and they eventually met in Bales and Claude Dion. To submit an I Remember: Please include I Remember in the subject field.

Chapter 5 : Henri Coiffier de Ruzé, Marquis of Cinq-Mars - Wikipedia

Cinq-Mars, subtitled (*Une conjuration sous Louis XIII*), is an opera in four acts by Charles Gounod to a libretto by Paul Poirson and Louis Gallet loosely adapted from Alfred de Vigny's historical novel.

After the conspiracy is discovered, she is given a chance to save him by agreeing to the match, but her sacrifice is in vain: For his part, Cinq-Mars shows himself indifferent to the questions of political order. Alone with his closest friend, de Thou, he confesses that he loves princess Marie de Gonzague "Henri! They recognize both intuitively that this affair will end badly. The first one announces that Cinq-Mars is called to the royal court, and that a marriage is arranged between Princess Marie and the King of Poland. Cinq-Mars and Marie agree to meet later in the evening. After the departure of the guests, Marie wishes her heart to be at peace in the sweetness of the night "Nuit resplendissante". Cinq-Mars walks in and declares his love to her; before he leaves, she declares herself in turn "Ah! Act 2[edit] Scene 1: The nobles are dissatisfied with the excessive power that the Cardinal of Richelieu has assumed, and they wonder if Cinq-Mars will join finally their cause. Marion reports that the Cardinal threatens to exile Cinq-Mars; Fontrailles is surprised, and is sure that Paris would become very boring without its elegant salons "On ne verra plus dans Paris". Marion announces that she will organize a ball the next day, which will give them the opportunity to cast the basis of an intrigue to eliminate the Cardinal. Cinq-Mars appears and is welcomed by the courtesans "Ah! Monsieur le Grand Ecuyer". Fontrailles assures everyone that Cinq-Mars will join the plot, as he predicted, and that Cinq-Mars will arrive soon. He declares that the King is no longer in total control of the country, and that the eviction of the Cardinal is a just cause; civil war is imminent, and he assures his co-conspirators that he arranged a treaty with Spain, which implies that their armies will intervene on their side. De Thou suddenly interrupts him, and warns him against opening France up to a foreign power, but the marquis remains resolute. Act 3[edit] The next day. Outside of a chapel A meeting of the conspirators is imminent. After their departure, Father Joseph and Eustache appear from a hiding place: Eustache is a spy and makes a complete report of the intrigue to Father Joseph. He confronts Marie with the announcement of the execution of Cinq-Mars, for betraying the country by dealing independently with a foreign power. Further, he tells her, the Polish ambassador will return soon from a hunt with the King, and Father Joseph advises Marie to answer him favorably; in exchange, Cinq-Mars will be spared. When the royal suite arrives, Marie capitulates "Hallali! De Thou draws up the plan which has been prepared for the escape of Cinq-Mars the next day. Before Cinq-Mars is brought to the gallows, he sings with de Thou a final prayer.

Et VoilÃ ! You've arrived at Cinq-Mars and very welcome you are! Next to the bar, or further away, let the hours drift by and the atmosphere play out; first discreetly, then more lively, and finally relaxed, with a few notes of music to accompany you.

Cinq Mars Part 31 Upload: Please use the follow button to get notification about the latest chapter next time when you visit LightNovelFree. Use F11 button to read novel in full-screen PC only. Drop by anytime you want to read free "fast" latest novel. Part 32 "I promised you blind adherence," said the counsellor; "but truly I can not keep my eyes shut much longer if--" "Once again, I will give you a full explanation as we return from the Queen. I would not be stopped. Do not speak, my friend; not a word, I conjure you, before you have heard and seen all that is about to take place. I will return with you to your house on quitting the Louvre; there I will listen to you, and thence I shall depart to continue my work, for nothing will shake my resolve, I warn you. I have just said so to the gentlemen at your house. His voice was conciliatory, his look gentle, amiable, affectionate, his air as tranquil as it was determined. There was no indication of the slightest effort at control. De Thou remarked it, and sighed. Alighting from the carriage with him, De Thou followed him up the great staircase of the Louvre. This was a table of black wood, inlaid with tortoisesh. A mirror, rounded at the top, which the ladies of our time would consider small and insignificant, stood in the middle of the table, whereon were scattered jewels and necklaces. Anne of Austria, seated before it in a large armchair of crimson velvet, with long gold fringe, was as motionless and grave as on her throne, while Dona Stefania and Madame de Motteville, on either side, lightly touched her beautiful blond hair with a comb, as if finis. Her long tresses, though light, were exquisitely glossy, manifesting that to the touch they must be fine and soft as silk. The daylight fell without a shade upon her forehead, which had no reason to dread the test, itself reflecting an almost equal light from its surpa. The black dress then adopted by the court, and of which the form was even fixed by an edict, set off the ivory of her arms, bare to the elbow, and ornamented with a profusion of lace, which flowed from her loose sleeves. Large pearls hung in her ears and from her girdle. Such was the appearance of the Queen at this moment. At her feet, upon two velvet cus. The Princesse de Guemenee, the d. In the recess of a window, Monsieur, his hat under his arm, was talking in a low voice with a man, stout, with a red face and a steady and daring eye. This was the Duc de Bouillon. An officer about twenty-five years of age, well-formed, and of agreeable presence, had just given several papers to the Prince, which the Duc de Bouillon appeared to be explaining to him. Secretly trembling lest he should have confided his destiny to a being less worthy of him than he wished, he examined the Princess Marie with the scrupulous attention, the scrutinizing eye of a mother examining the woman whom her son has selected for his bride--for he thought that Marie could not be altogether a stranger to the enterprise of Cinq-Mars. He saw with dissatisfaction that her dress, which was extremely elegant, appeared to inspire her with more vanity than became her on such an occasion. She was incessantly rearranging upon her forehead and her hair the rubies which ornamented her head, and which scarcely equalled the brilliancy and animated color of her complexion. She looked frequently at Cinq-Mars; but it was rather the look of coquetry than that of love, and her eyes often glanced toward the mirror on the toilette, in which she watched the symmetry of her beauty. It is not she! After the two friends had spoken a moment with each person present, and at this sign, all the ladies, except Marie de Mantua, making profound courtesies, quitted the apartment without speaking, as if by previous arrangement. The Queen, then herself turning her chair, said to Monsieur: We will consult upon what I have already told you. The Princesse Marie will not be in the way. I begged her to remain. We have no interruption to fear. She would rather hear us speak of dances, and of marriage, of an elector, or of the King of Poland, for example. Do not seek to escape us, my brother," added she, smiling. It is the least we can do to listen to Monsieur de Bouillon. As to courage, it is not the first time he has shown it. He commanded the cuira. You must be fond of political wars. The Duc de Bouillon, seizing the moment to bring forward the grand question he had in view, quitted Cinq-Mars, to whom he had just given his hand with an air of the most zealous friends. Such men are indeed very rare now, for the great leveller has swung a long scythe over France. All those who have n. The

moment for thinking and resolving has arrived, for the time to act is not far distant. Quitting accordingly the tone of pleasantries which she had at first adopted, she said: Do you hear him, my brother, and do you not appear astonished? I am prepared to expect anything from that man. He is master; we must be resigned. And after the King, what hand will sustain him? Can you tell me? Who will prevent him from again returning to nothing? Will it be you or I? He prepares an empire for you, no doubt. You will have an absolute sceptre; but he has scattered the fasces which indicated it. Those fasces were your ancient ones. When you are king, you will be a great king. I foresee it; but you will have subjects only, and no friends, for friends. Your ancestors had their peers; you will not have yours. Be great; but above all, around you, a great man, let there be others as strong, so that if the one stumbles, the whole monarchy may not fall. His valor, his keen perception in the field, the profundity of his political views, his knowledge of the affairs of Europe, his reflective and decided character, all rendered him one of the most capable and imposing men of his time—the only one, indeed, whom the Cardinal-Duc really feared. The Queen always listened to him with confidence, and allowed him to acquire a sort of empire over her. She was now more deeply moved than ever. Until that time, however, I will listen, I will act for him. It is I who should be, and it is I who shall be, regent. I will not resign this right save with life. If we must make war, we will make it; for I will do everything but submit to the shame and terror of yielding up the future Louis XIV to this crowned subject. As a woman, as a wife, I could have wept over so mournful a position; but now see, as a mother, I do not weep. I am ready to give you orders if it is necessary. The Duc de Bouillon cast a glance at Monsieur, which decided him. He continues to persecute me, seeks to break off my marriage, and still keeps my friends in the Bastille, or has them arrested. Do only as Monsieur le Comte de Soissons did, but survive your victory. Side with me, as you did with Monsieur de Montmorency, but leap the ditch. He called to mind the well-known incident when the unfortunate rebel of Castelnaudary leaped almost alone a large ditch, and found on the other side seventeen wounds, a prison, and death in the sight of Monsieur, who remained motionless with his army.

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Cinq Mars Part 46 Upload: Please use the follow button to get notification about the latest chapter next time when you visit LightNovelFree. Use F11 button to read novel in full-screen PC only. Drop by anytime you want to read free "fast" latest novel. Part 47 "It is this feeling of a being returned, as it were, to its natural state that creates the calm which you see in many eyes that have also had their tears-for there are few women who have not known tears such as yours. You would think yourself perjured if you renounced Cinq-Mars! But nothing binds you; you have more than acquitted yourself toward him by refusing for more than two years past the royal hands offered you. And, after all, what has he done, this impa. He has elevated himself to reach you; but may not the ambition which here seems to you to have aided love have made use of that love? This young man seems to me too profound, too calm in his political stratagems, too independent in his vast resolutions, in his colossal enterprises, for me to believe him solely occupied by his tenderness. If you have been but a means instead of an end, what would you say? The Queen took advantage of the circ. The Queen walked up to them. Marie placed herself in the shade of a curtain in order to conceal the redness of her eyes. She was at first unwilling to take part in the sprightly conversation; but some words of it attracted her attention. The Queen was showing to the Princesse de Guemenee diamonds she had just received from Paris. The King had it prepared for the future Queen of Poland. Who that is to be, we know not. Whom were you going to visit? The insinuating Mazarin, who availed himself of every opportunity to worm out secrets, and to make himself necessary by forced confidences, said, approaching the Queen: In order to develop its germ, she affected an approving attention to the conversation that ensued. The Princesse de Guemenee exclaimed: This same Mademoiselle de Rohan, whom we have seen so haughty, after having refused the Comte de Soissons, the Duc de Weimar, and the Duc de Nemours, to marry Monsieur de Chabot, a simple gentleman! What are we coming to? Can it be believed? Let me put it on you, Marie. Why, it suits her to admiration! Marie, through the tears that were still on her cheek, gave an infantine and involuntary smile, like a ray of suns. The Queen followed her with her eyes, smiled, presented her hand for the Polish amba. The slow and almost suspended operations of the siege had rendered the camp and the town inactive. Yet all was calm; no sound was heard but that of the measured tread of the sentries. Nothing was seen in the dark night but the red light of the matches of their guns, always smoking, when suddenly the trumpets of the musketeers, of the light-horse, and of the men-at-arms sounded almost simultaneously, "boot and saddle," and "to horse. Some files marched in gloomy silence along the streets of the camp, and took their position in battle array. The sound of the mounted squadrons announced that the heavy cavalry were making the same dispositions. After half an hour of movement the noise ceased, the torches were extinguished, and all again became calm, but the army was on foot. One of the last tents of the camp shone within as a star with flambeaux. On approaching this little white and transparent pyramid, we might have distinguished the shadows of two men reflected on the canvas as they walked to and fro within. Outside several men on horseback were in attendance; inside were De Thou and Cinq-Mars. To see the pious and wise De Thou thus up and armed at this hour, you might have taken him for one of the chiefs of the revolt. But a closer examination of his serious countenance and mournful expression immediately showed that he blamed it, and allowed himself to be led into it and endangered by it from an extraordinary resolution which aided him to surmount the horror he had of the enterprise itself. De Thou had even understood what M. He had comprehended that punishment, impossible to be supported long by a lover, the adored master of that young girl, and who was condemned daily to appear before her as a stranger, to receive political disclosures of marriages they were preparing for her. The day when he received his entire confession, he had done all in his power to prevent Cinq-Mars going so far in his projects as the foreign alliance. He had evoked the gravest recollections and the best feelings, without any other result than rendering the invincible resolution of his friend more rude toward him. Cinq-Mars, it will be recollected, had said to him harshly, "Well, did I ask you to take part in this conspiracy? The habit of familiarly discussing the projects of

his friend had perhaps rendered them less odious to him. His contempt for the vices of the Prime-Minister; his indignation at the servitude of the parliaments to which his family belonged, and at the corruption of justice; the powerful names, and more especially the n. Having once promised secrecy to M. Since that time he had seen Monsieur, the Duc de Bouillon, and Fontrailles; they had become accustomed to speak before him without constraint, and he to hear them. The dangers which threatened his friend now drew him into their vortex like an invincible magnet. His conscience accused him; but he followed Cinq-Mars wherever he went without even, from excess of delicacy, hazarding a single expression which might resemble a personal fear. He had tacitly given up his life, and would have deemed it unworthy of both to manifest a desire to regain it. The master of the horse was in his cuir. An enormous pistol, with a lighted match, was placed upon his table between two flambeaux. A heavy watch in a bra. De Thou, wrapped in a black cloak, sat motionless with folded arms. Cinq-Mars paced backward and forward, his arms crossed behind his back, from time to time looking at the hand of the watch, too sluggish in his eyes. He opened the tent, looked up to the heavens, and returned. She is here in my heart. It advances, my friend; it advances. Twenty minutes more, and all will be accomplished. The army only waits the report of this pistol to begin. I repent not; but oh, how bitter is the cup of sin to my lips! I had vowed my days to innocence and to the works of the soul, and here I am about to commit a crime, and to draw the sword. I see but your happiness in my fault. Forgive me if I have returned for a moment to the habitual thought of my whole life. But let us hope that G. His long hair fell over his face like the mane of a young lion. Thou art about to light a flame which the waves of ocean can not extinguish. The flame will soon light half Europe; it may perhaps reach the wood of thrones. Burn slowly, precious flame! The winds which fan thee are violent and fearful; they are love and hatred. Thou art to me a sceptre and a thunderbolt! We combat the wicked and the impious. We shall fight without the foreigners, and perhaps we shall not fight at all. We shall march upon Narbonne! Give me the pistol! Cinq-Mars turned pale, and read as follows:

Chapter 8 : Cinq Mars, v6 by Alfred de Vigny - Full Text Free Book (Part 2/2)

Matthew and Mason Belchertown Skate Park on a Cold Icy January Morning part 1 BMX - Duration: 5 minutes, 10 seconds.

Chapter 9 : Cinq-Mars (opera) - Wikipedia

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