أحدب نوتردام

عبري - انكليزي

www.liilas.com/vb3
^RAYAHEEN^
The Hunchback of Notre Dame

Victor Hugo

English - Arabic

www.liilas.com/vb3
^RAYAHEEN^
VICTOR HUGO
1802 - 1885

Victor - Mârîc Hugo was born on February 26, 1802. He is the third son of Joseph Hugo, an officer in Napoleon's army, and Sophie Trébuchet, a sea captain's daughter.

By the time he came into this world, his parents' marriage was already in trouble, although they did not formally separate until he was sixteen years old. When Victor was two years old, however, his mother took him with her to live in Paris while his father was away on military duty. Victor fell in love with the city and later called Paris «the birthplace of my soul».

Victor Hugo was given a solid education in Latin literature and even studied to be a lawyer, but by 1816 he has already filled notebook after notebook with a myriad of poems and several plays. In 1822, he published his first book of poems, «Odes et
Poésies Diverses», and the volume was so well received that it earned him an award from King Louis XVIII. That same year, he married his childhood friend, Adele Foucher.

Hugo continued to write prose, poetry, drama, and political commentary. He established himself as one of the young writers who called themselves «Romantics».

Victor Hugo, a lifelong opponent of capital punishment, consistently lobbied against it in his work. In March of 1831, Notre Dame de Paris, or The Hunchback of Notre Dame, was published. It reworked the anti-execution theme in a more palatable manner.

Notre Dame de Paris was an international success, and assured Hugo a place in the realm of French letters. In December of 1852, after Louis Napoleon took control of the French government and set himself up as its empror, Hugo organized an unsuccessful resistance effort. He and his family had to flee France and live in exile until 1870.

While in exile, Hugo published many literary works and among which was his most famous novel, Les Misérables.

Hugo returned to France as a statesman and
as France's premiere writer. He was elected Deputy of Paris in February of 1871, but he resigned in March after his son, Charles, died.

On May 22, 1885, Victor Hugo died, the victim of a congestion of the lungs. His body lay under the Arc de Triomphe. His body was interred in the Pantheon a fitting honor of the man who was the heart and soul of France.
Chapter 1

AT THE GREAT HALL!

It is the day three hundred and forty-eight years six months and nineteen days since that the good people of Paris were awakened by a grand peal from all the bells in the three districts of the city, the University, and the ville. January 6, 1482, was, nevertheless, a day which history has not preserved any record. There was nothing worthy of note in the event which so early set in motion the bells and the citizens of Paris.

However, what set in motion all the population of Paris on January 6, was the double solemnity of the Epiphany and the Festival of Fools. On that day there was to be an exhibition of fireworks in the Place de Greve, a Maytree planted at the chapel of Braque and a mystery perfomed at the Palace of Justice. Proclamation had been made to this effect on the preceding day, with sound of trumpet in the public places.
That morning, therefore, all the houses and shops remained shut, and crowds of citizens of both sexes were to be seen wending their way toward one of the three places specified above. However, the majority of this concourse were proceeding toward the fireworks, or to the mystery which was to be represented in the great hall of the palace.

All the avenues to the Palace of Justice were particularly thronged, because it was known that the Flemish Ambassadors, who had arrived two days before, purposed to attend the representation of the mystery, and the election of the Pope of Fools, which was also to take place at the great hall.

It was no easy matter on that day to get into this great hall, though then reputed to be the largest room in the world. To the spectators at the windows, the palace yard crowded with people had the appearance of a sea.

Great was the noise and the clamor produced by the cries of some, the laughter of others, and the tramping of the thousands of feet. Doors, windows, loopholes, the roofs of the houses, swarmed with thousands of
calm and honest faces glaring at the palace and at the crowd, and desiring nothing more.

One of the extremities of that immense hall was occupied by the famous marble table, of a single piece, so long, so broad, and so thick.

In the middle of the hall an inclosed platform was erected expressly for the Flemish Envoys, and other distinguished personages invited to the representation of the mystery.

It was not till the great clock of the Palace had struck the hour of twelve that the performance was to begin, a late hour for a theatrical representation, but it had been found necessary to suit it to the convenience of the ambassadors.

The crowd increased every moment, and, like water that rises above its level, began to mount along the walls, to swell about the pillars, and to cover the cronies. Accordingly, the weariness, the impatience and the quarrels occasioned every moment by a sharp elbow or a hobnailed shoe gave a sharp, sour tone to the clamor of the populace squeezed and wedged together almost to suffocation.

Nothing was to be heard but complaints...
and imprecations against the Flemings, the Cardinal of Austria, the sergeant vergers, the bad weather, the Bishop of Paris and the Pope of Fools.

There was among others a knot of these merry wights, who had boldly seated themselves on the entablature. From their mimicries and their peals of laughter it was evident that these young clerks felt none of the weariness which overpowered the rest of the assembly.

"Why, 'pon my soul, 'tis you, Joannes Frollo de Molendino!" cried one of them, a youth with a handsome face, "you are rightly named, Jehan du Moulin, for your arms and legs are exactly like the four sails of a windmill. How long have you been here?".

"More than four hours, and I hope they will be counted into my time of purgatory", replied Joannes Frollo.

"Silence!" ejaculated a lusty, portly personage, "How could the king help founding a mass?".

"Admirably spoken, sir Gilles Lecornu, Master-Furrier of the King's robes!" shouted a little scholar.
A general peal of laughter from his comrades greeted the unlucky name of the poor Master-Furrier of the King's robes. All eyes were fixed on the fat Master-Furrier, who, without uttering a word, strove to withdraw himself from the public gaze, but in vain.

At length, one of these short, pursy, and venerable as himself, had the courage to take his part. «What abomination! Scholars dare to talk thus to a citizen!» The whole band burst out.

«Say, I know him», said one «'tis Master Andry Musnier».

«One of the four sworn booksellers to the University», said another.

«Everything goes by four at that shop», cried a third; «The four nations, the four faculties, the four festivals, the four electors, the four booksellers».

«The devil fetch you all!» muttered Master Andry Musnier.

«Master Andry», rejoined Jehan, «hold thy tongue, man, or I will drop upon thy head».

He continued.

«Pretty gentry those belonging to our universities! not even to enforce respect for our privileges on such day as this!». «Down
with the rector; the electors, and the proctors!».

«It must surely be the end of the world!» murmured Master Andry, clapping his hands to his ears.

«The rector! there goes the rector!» cried one of those at the window. All eyes were instantly turned toward the place.

«Is it really our venerable rector, Master Thibaut?» inquired Jehan Frollo du Moulin.

«Yes, yes», replied the others, «'tis he! 'tis Master Thibaut, the rector!».

It was, in fact, the rector and all the dignitaries of the University, going in procession to meet the embassy, and at that moment crossing the palace-yard. The scholars who had taken post at the window greeted them as they passed with sarcasms and ironical plaudits.

«Good morrow, Mr. Rector! Soho! good morrow then!»

«How has he managed to get hither-the old gambler?»

«How could he leave his dice?».

«How he rots along on his mule! I declare the beast's ears are not so long as his master's!».
Presently it came to the turn of the other dignitaries:
"Down with the bedels! down with the mace-bearers!"

"Robin Poussepain, who is that yonder?"

"It is Gilbert de Suilly, chancellor of the college of Autun"

"Here, take my shoe; you are in a better place than I am; throw it at his head."

Meanwhile, Master Andry Musnier, inclining his lips toward the ear of Master Gilles Lecornu, "I tell you, Sir, it is the end of the world, never were known such excesses of the scholars."

At this moment the clock struck twelve.

"Aha!" said the whole assembled multitude with one voice. Each individual took his station, and set himself to rights. Profound silence succeeded, every neck was stretched, every mouth open, and every eye fixed on the marble table, but nothing can be seen. Every face then turned toward the platform reserved for the Flemish ambassadors.

The crowd had been waiting ever since the morning for three things: noon, the Flanders Embassy, and the Mystery. Noon alone had
been punctual. Not a creature appeared either on the platform or on the stage. Meanwhile impatience grew into irritation. Angry words were circulated, at first, in a low tone: «The mystery! the mystery!».

«The mystery, and let the Flemings go to the devil!» shouted Joannes.

The crowd clapped their hands. «The mystery!» they repeated, «and send the Flanders to all the devils!»

The moment was critical. «Down, down with them!» was the cry, which resounded from all sides.

At this instant the tapestry of the dressing room was thrown open, and forth issued a personage, the mere sight of whom suddenly appeased the crowd, and changed, as if by magic, its indignation into curiosity.

The personage in question, shaking with fear in every limb, advanced to the edge of the marble table. Meanwhile, tranquility was pretty well restored.

«Messieurs les bourgeois, and Mesdemoiselles les bourgeoises», said he, «we are to have the honor of declaiming and performing, before his eminence Monsieur
the Cardinal, a very goodly morality, called The Good Judgment of Madam the Virgin Mary. The part of Jupiter will be enacted by myself. The moment his eminence the Cardinal arrives, we shall begin».

Jupiter, in a loud voice, addressed the people, «Down with Jupiter and the cardinal de Bourbon!» roared the young spectators.

In the meantime, the cardinal, who had been turned by the people, the fat and slender, fair and pale, stepped forward. His long beard,astonishingly white, and his wide, spectacled eyes, gave him an air of the wise. The audience, used to the wish of the audience, underrate the power of Jupiter, the buffoon, who will pacify Monsieur the cardinal.

Jupiter breathed with all the force of his lungs and cried, «Gentlemen citizens! we shall begin forthwith.»

Meanwhile, the unknown personage, who had rapidly laid the carpet, had withdrawn, where he would have remained invisible.

Meanwhile, notice the eminence Monsieur le cardinal, les pourquoy. »
Chapter 2

THE MYSTERY

"The Mystery! the mystery! Begin immediately!" shouted the people, "Down with Jupiter and the cardinal de Bourbon!" screeched the young scholar.

Poor Jupiter, affrighted, took off his helmet knew not what to say. An individual who had stationed himself within the balustrade, tall and slender, fair and pale stepped toward the marble table, "Jupiter! my dear Jupiter!" "Begin immediately," "comply with the wish of the audience. I undertake to pacify Monsieur the bailiff, who will pacify Monsieur the cardinal."

Jupiter breathed with all the force of his lungs and cried, "Gentlemen citizens! we shall begin forthwith."

Meanwhile, the unknown personage, who had magically laid the tempest, had withdrawn to where he would have remained invisible.
But two inquisitive girls had no mind to let him go so easily.

«Messire,» said Gisquette, one of the girls, «you must know that soldier who is to play the part of the Virgin Mary?»

«You mean the part of Jupiter?» rejoined the unkown.
«Ah, yes,» said lienarde; the other one.
«Michel Giborne?» answered the pale man, «yes, madam.»
«Will it be fine?» inquired Gisquette.
«Mighty fine, I assure you,» replied the unknown, «I made it myself. My name is Pierre Gringoire.»

A band of instruments, high and low, commenced playing; the tapestry was raised, and forth came four persons bepainted and bedecked with various colors, drew up in a row before the audience.

The symphony ceased, the mystery commenced. Attention was disturbed by a ragged beggar, who had probably, not found a sufficient indemnity in the pockets of his neighbors, conceived the idea of perching

عن الأنظار ولكن امرأتين شابتين لم تدعاه يذهب.

«أيها المعلم!» قالت إحدى الفتيات وتذيع جيسيت لا بد أنك تعرف الجندي الذي سيعبء دور السيدة العذراء في المسرحية?

«تقصدين جويترا!» أجاب الرجل المجهول.

نعم، قالت لبانارد، الفتاة الأخرى.
نعم يا سيدي، إنني أعرف فهو ميشال كيرورن.
وهل ستكون المسرحية جميلة، سألت جيسيت.
أحدها جداً، أكد ي، إنني أنا مؤلفها وأدعى بطرس جرنتهوار.

واجهت موسكسي من الات عالية ومنخفضة وارتفعت السجاد وظهر أربعة أشخاص بأيلة مزركشة طونة وانتظروا في صف واحد أمام الجمهور.

وتمت الموسيقى، وبدأت المسرحية.

ولكن اهتمام الجمهور قد اضطرب، فهذا شحاذاً بأسمال بالية لم يخرج من جروته بطلال ولم يجد ما يكفيه في جيوب جبرانه. تدقح أن انتصابه في مكان مناسب قد بلغت إليه
himself upon a conspicuous point; for the purpose of attracting notice and alms.

The prologue was proceeding without molestation. When, as ill luck would have it, Joannes Frollo espied the beggar. Merrily cried he, «only look at the rapscallion begging yonder!»

Gringoire started as at an electric shock; the prologue stopped, and every head turned toward the beggar, who regarded this incident as a favorable opportunity for making a harvest, began to cry in a weak tone, «charity, if you please!»

«It is Clopin Trouillefou! My fine fellow!» said Joannes. Then he threw a piece of small coin into the beggar's greasy hat.

This episode distracted the attention of the audience. Gringoire was sorely dis pleased. He shouted out angrily to the four actors «Go on! Go on!»

The actors had obeyed his injunction and the public began to listen again, patiently.

The door of the reserved platform was thrown open, and the sonorous voice of the usher announced, «His Eminence Monseigneur the Cardinal of Bourbon.»
Chapter 3

THE CARDINAL

The entry of his Eminence upset the auditory. All heads turned mechanically toward the platform. "The Cardinal! the Cardinal!" was upon every tongue. The unlucky prologue was cut short a second time. The Cardinal paused for a moment on the platform, the tumult increased, and each striving to raise his head above his neighbor's to obtain a better view of his Eminence.

He entered, bowed to the audience with a gentle smile, and proceeded slowly toward his armchair covered with scarlet velvet. His train of abbots and bishops followed him to the front of the platform.

As for the scholars. It was their day, their feast of fools, and their saturnalia.

The cardinal was wholly preoccupied by another solicitude, which pursued him, and,
indeed, entered the platform almost at the same time with him, namely, the Flanders Embassy.

Deep silence pervaded the assembly, broken only by stifled laughter at the mention of the uncouth names of the envoys of the Duke of Austria.

Among them was a sharp, intelligent, crafty looking face, toward the owner of which the Cardinal advanced three steps with a low bow. He was Guillaume Rym, councilor and pensionary of the city of Chent.
Chapter 4

THE HOSIER

While the Cardinal and Guillaume Rym were exchanging a few words, a man of lofty stature and broad shoulders tried to enter. Persuming that he was some groom, the usher stopped him. But Guillaume Rym stepped up to the usher, and said. "Announce Master Jacques Coppenole, clerk to the echevins of the city of Chent."

"No, by the rood!" cried he, "Jacques Coppenole, hosier; neither more nor less. Monsieur the Archduke has more than once sought his gloves among my hose."

A burst of laughter and applause ensued. Then the hosier of Chent took his seat in the first row in the gallery.

From the moment that the cardinal entered, Gringoire had not ceased any effort to salvage his prologue. When some degree of tranquility was restored, he began to
shout with all his might: "The mystery! the mystery! go on!"

"No, no," cried all the scholars led by Joannes Frollo. "Down with the mystery! down with it!"

This clamor drew the attention of the cardinal who said, "Bailiff of the palace! are those scholars in a holy water font, that they make such an infernal racket?"

The Bailiff explained to him how that the comedians had been forced to begin without waiting for him. The cardinal laughed and said,

"Go on, 'tis the same to me."

The characters on the stage resumed their cue, but Master Coppenole rose from his seat and said;

"Gentlemen, burgesses and yeomen of Paris, I know not what we are about here. I can't tell whether this is what you call a mystery, it is not amusing. They promised me that I should see the festival of fools and the election of Pope. We have our Pope of fools at Chent too. But the way we do is this:

we collect a crowd, then everyone that likes puts his head in turn through a hole, and grins at the others, and who makes the
ugliest face is chosen Pope by acclamation. shall we choose your Pope after the fashion of my country?»

Gringoire would fain have replied, horror and indignation deprived him of utterance.

بتايلد: الجميع. فهل تريدون أن نختار باباكم على طريقة بلدي؟»

لقد كان جرنجوار راغبا في الرد، ولكن الدهشة والغضب قد جبرته القدرة على الكلام.

The muffled footsteps died away, and the silence was broken by the creaking of the door as the deacon, with his thumb in his prayer-book, moved towards the steps. He entered the study in a half-sitting posture, leaning on the arm of his chair, and sat down facing the door, feeling that he had not the courage to speak, while the only sound was the breathing of the old man, who, with an effort, opened the door and entered the room.

The deacon turned towards the door, to open it, and then sat down to read the Mass. The room was lighted by a single lamp, and the books in the corner of the desk were shining and glistening in the rays of light. The old man, with his back to the door, was engaged in the examination of a book, and the deacon sat down to read hisMass. The door of the room was open, and the old man saw the deacon sitting at the desk, reading the Mass. The old man got up from his seat, and, with a movement, closed the door.
Chapter 5

THE POP OF FOOLS

In the twinkling of an eye, everything was ready for carrying into effect the idea of Coppenole. The little chapel opposite to the marble table was chosen for the scene of the grimaces. Having broken the glass in the little round window over the door, they agreed that the competitors should put their heads through the circle of stone that was left. In a few minutes the chapel was full of competitors, and the door was shut upon them.

The grimaces began. The first face that presented itself at the window caused a lot of convulsions of inextinguishable laughter, a second and a third grimace succeeded—then another and another, followed by redoubled shouts of laughter and the stampings and chatterings of merriment.

Few minutes passed.

«Huzza! huzza! huzza!» cried the people.

الفصل الخامس

باب المجانين

وفي طرفة عين، كان كل شيء قد أعد لتنفيذ فكرة كوبانول. اختبرت الكنيسة الصغيرة القائمة تجاه المنضدة مسرحاً للتكسيرات. وبعد كسر زجاج النافذة الصغيرة التي فوق الباب افتتح على أن يمد المتنافسون رؤوسهم من الإطار الحجري الذي كان الزجاج مثبتاً عليه. وامتلأت الكنيسة الصغيرة بالمتنافسين في فترة قصيرة جداً، ثم أغلق الباب عليهم.

وبدأت التكشيرات. ففجرت الصورة الأولى التي أطلت من الكيرة قهقات قوية. ثم تتابعت التكشيرات، ثانية وثالثة، ثم أخرى، وأخرى والقهقات تتضاعف باستمرار متارفة مع تثورات ودببات وأقدام تدق الأرض مرحاً.

ومرت بضع دقائق.

نعم! نعم! نعم! أجل، كان الشعب يصرخ في كل مكان.

47
on all sides. The Pope of fools was elected. It was in truth a miraculous ugliness which at this moment shone forth from the circular aperture. Cuppenole himself applauded. The acclamation was unanimous; the crowd rushed to the chapel. The lucky Pope of fools was brought out in triumph.

In fact, his whole person was but one grimace. His prodigious head was covered with red bristles; between his shoulders rose an enormous hump; his thighs and legs were so strangely put together, that they touched at no one point but the knees and looked like two sickles at the handles, his feet were immense, his hands monstrous. The left eye, stubbled up with an eyebrow of carotty bristles, while the right was completely buried by an enormous wen. His teeth were jagged and irregular. One of them protruded upon the lip as the tusk of an elephant, but with all this deformity, there was a formidable air of strength and courage.

When this sort of Cyclop appeared, the populace instantly recognized him and cried out with one voice:

"It is Quasimodo, the bell-ringer! it is Quasimodo, the one-eyed!". One of the

لقد انتخب بابا المجانيين!!
والحق أنها تكثيرة رائعة وبشجاعة عجيبة تلك التي أشعت من خلال الكوة في تلك اللحظة. لقد صفق المعلم كوبنول نفسه. لقد كان التأييد جماهيريًا، وأسرع الحشد إلى الكنيسة.
وأخيرًا أخرج البابا السعيد منها منتصراً.

في الواقع، لقد كانت التكثيرة هي وجهه، بل شخصه ككل: رأس كبير تكثيف فيه شعر أحمر، وبين الكتفين حدة كبيرة، فخادمه وساقاه تكونت بشكل غريب بحيث لا تلامس إلا بالجذعين، الذين يبدوان وكأنهما منجلان تلاقين عند الققضتين، قدمه كبيران، ويداه منيفتان بشعتان. عينه اليسرى صغيرة بسدها حاجب أسود وعنقه اليمنى مخفية احتفاظ كاملاً وراء ورم شديد وأسنانه منخرة متكررة ما عدا واحد برز إلى الخارج وأثاره ناب فبل وهو مع هذا التشوه كان يملك حربية مرعية وقفة وشجاعة كبيرة.

عندما ظهر هذا الوحش عرفه الجمهور فورًا. فصرح في صوت واحد:

"إنه كوازمودو! إنه نارع الآجراس! إنه كوازمودوا الأحورا!"
scholars, Robin Poussecpain, came up close to him and laughed him in the face. Quasimodo, without uttering a word, caught him by the waist, and hurled him to the distance of ten paces among the crowd.

Coppenole, astonished at the feat, approached him. «Oh God! you are the finest piece of ugliness I ever beheld.»

Quasimodo didn’t stir. Coppenole continued, «My fine fellow!».

«Are you deaf?» Then he cried «By the rood! he is an accomplished Pope!».

Meanwhile all the beggars, all the lackeys, and all the scholars went in procession to the store room to fetch the pasteboard tiara and the mock robe of the Pope of Fools.

The roaring and ragged procession then moved off, to pass according to custom, through the galleries in the interior of the palace before it paraded the streets and public places of the city.
Chapter 6

LA ESMEERALDA

Gringoire and his play had, nevertheless, maintained their ground. His actors, egged on by him, had continued the performance of his comedy. Indeed, when Quasimodo, Coppelone and the procession left the hall, the remained mob was as many as Gringoire wanted to hear the conclusion of his mystery.

At that moment, a symphony, destined to produce a striking effect at the arrival of the Holy virgin, was not forthcoming. The musicians had joined the procession of the Pope of Fools.

«Skip that,» cried he angrily.

Soon after that, «Comrades!» all at once shouted one of the young scape-graces in the window, «La Esmeralda! La Esmeralda!»
This intimation produced a magic effect. All who were left in the hall ran to the windows to obtain a sight, repeating «La Esmeralda! La Esmeralda!»

This was the final blow.

«What can they mean by La Esmeralda?» asked Gringoire, and with downcast looks he made his retreat, but not till the very last, like a general who has been soundly beaten.
WHERE TO GO?

Night comes early in the month of January. It was already dusk when Gringoire left the palace. To him the nightfall was doubly welcome, as he proposed seeking some obscure and tranquillity, and where he might muse unmolested, and where philosophy apply the first dressing to the poet's wounds. In fact, philosophy was his only refuge. Failing to pay for the six month's lodging, he didn't dare to return to that which he had occupied in the Rue Grenier-sur-L'Eau.

He recollected having seen a horsing-stone at the door of a counselor of the parliament, in the Rue de la Savaterie, good in case of emergency as a pillow for a beggar or a poet.

While he was trying to cross the palace yard, he saw the procession of the Pope of
Fools coming out of it with loud shouts. He resolved to make for the Pont st. Michel. Boys were running to and fro letting off squibs and crackers, «curse the fireworks!» ejaculated Gringoire.

Finding that it is impossible to escape the Pope of Fools, the May-trees, the squibs, he determined to proceed to Place de Greve, and to penetrate into the heart of the rejoicings.

«At any rate thought he, «I shall be able to get a warm at the bonfire, and perhaps a supper on some of the fragments of the collation provided at the public lader of the city.»
Chapter 8

THE GYPSY DANCER

When Pierre Gringoire reached the Place de Greve he was quite benumbed with cold. It seemed, moreover, as if the failure of his play rendered him still more chilly than ever. Accordingly, he hastened toward the bonfire which blazed magnificently in the middle of the place. A large assemblage of people formed a circle round it.

On looking more closely he perceived that the circle was much larger than it needed to have been, and there was a young female dancing.

Whether this young female was a human being, or a fairy, or and angel, Gringoire couldn't at the first moment decide, so completely was he fascinated by the dazzling vision. She was not tall, though she appeared to be so from the slenderness and elegance of her shape. Her complexion has
the beautiful golden tint of the Roman and Andalusian woman. She danced, whirled, turned round on an old Persian carpet, and every time her radiant face turned, her large black eyes flashed lightning.

Every eye was fixed upon her, in fact, with her black hair and eyes of flame, she was a supernatural creature. «Verily,» thought Gringoire.

«It is a nymph, a goddess.»

At that moment one of the tresses of the nymph's hair got loose, and a piece of brass dropped to the ground.

«Ha! no,» said he, «tis a gypsy!»

The illusion was at end.

She began dancing again and the scene was fascinating and charming for Gringoire. The girl at length paused, and the people applauded with enthusiasm.

«Djali!» said the gypsy, and upstarted a pretty little white goat, a lively, glossy creature.

«It is your turn now», and seating herself, she gracefully held the tambourine before the animal.


«Djali! what month are we in?»

The goat raised her foreleg and struck one storke upon the tambourine. It was actually the first month.

The crowd applauded.

«Djali, what day of the month is this?»

Djali struck six blows upon the instrument, «Djali» continued the Egyptian, «What o'clock is it?»

Djali gave seven blows, at the time when the clock of the Maison aux Piliers struck seven.

«There is magic at the bottom of this!»

Said a baldman with a terrible voice that frightened the girl.

The gypsy turned on her heel, and began to collect the donations of the audience in her tambourine. She came to Gringoiore who muttered «The devil,» after fumbling in his pocket and finding the reality, that is nothing.

An unexpected incident luckily relieved him. «Will you go? Egyptian grasshopper?», cried a sharp voice issuing from the corner of the place. The young girl turned in alarm.
“Tis the crazy woman in Roland’s Tower,” cried a group of boys with shouts of laughter.

Meanwhile Gringoire had taken advantage of this to sneak off. He went to the lader, but nothing was left. It is not pleasant to be obliged to go to bed without supper and even still less pleasant to have no bed to go to.

In this melancholy reverie he became more and more absorbed, when a strange song, but remarkably sweet, suddenly roused him from it. The Egyptian girl was singing. Her voice, like her beauty, was something pure, aerial and winged. He listened with a kind of rapture. It was the first respite from suffering that he had enjoyed for several hours.

Now, let’s go back to Quasimodo. He was in a state of intoxication and triumph when a man suddenly dart from among the crowd, and with angry gesture snatch from his hands his crozier of gilt wood. This man was the bald-headed who had thrilled the poor gypsy by his expressions of menace and abhorrence.

Gringoire recognized in him an old acquaintance, and with a cry of astonishment he said.
"It is my master in Hermes, Dom Claude Frollo, the archdeacon!"

Quasimodo leaped from the litter to the ground; he was before the priest, dropped on his knees.

The priest pulled off his tiara, broke his crosier, and tore his cope of tinsel. A dialogue of strange signs and gestures ensued between them. The priest, erect, irritated and threatening motioned to Quasimodo to rise and follow him.
Chapter 9

IN A DARK STREET

Gringoire took it into his head to follow the gipsy girl at all hazards. He saw her with her goat in the same street directed his course. Nothing tends to be more beautiful than following a fair woman.

"She must lodge somewhere. The gipsies are very good-natured," thought he.

The streets, meanwhile, became every moment darker and more deserted Gringoire said, following the girl to a labyrinth of lanes, alleys and crossways:

"Here are streets which have very little logic!" He might be lost, but the girl proceeded as along a way that was well-known to her, and at a more and more rapid pace.

He had, by this time, begun to attract the notice of the young girl; she had more than
one time turned her head and looked at him with some uneasiness and a grimace.

This pretty grimace set Gringoire about inquiring what it might denote. It certainly conveyed an expression of disdain and dislike. He began to hang his head and count the stones of the pavement when he was startled by a piercing shriek.

The street was extremely dark, but a wick steeped in oil and burning in an iron cage at the foot of the Blessed Virgin, enabled him to distinguish the gypsy struggling in the grasp of two men, who were striving to stifle her cries.

«Watch!» «Watch!» shouted Gringoire, boldly advancing. One of the men who held the girl turned upon him. It was the formidable visage of Quasimodo.

Quasimodo went up to Gringoire, and dealt him a backhanded blow that sent him reeling three or four yards on the pavement. Then he caught up the young girl who cried:

«Murder! murder!»

«Halt, scoundrels, and let the wench go!» suddenly roared in a voice of thunder, a horseman.

It was the captain of the archers of the
king's ordance, armed cap-a-pie and his drawn sword in his hand.

He snatched the girl out of the grasp of Quasimodo and laid her across his saddle. Quasimodo was surrounded, seized and bound. His companion had disappeared.

The gypsy gracefully raised herself upon the officer's saddle. Clapping her hands upon his shoulders and looked as if charmed with his handsome face, and grateful for the seasonable succor he had afforded, she inquired with a sweet tone:

«What is your name, sir?»
«Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers, at your service, my dear,» replied the officer.

«Thank you,» said she, and while he turned his head, she slid down and vanished with the swiftness of lightning.
Chapter 10

IN THE COUR DES MIRACLES

Gringoire was still extended on the pavement. He, then, started to come to himself. A painful sensation of cold awoke him and recalled his mind to the surface.

After walking for some time without knowing where to go, then, a kind of reddish light which he perceived at the extremity of a long narrow lane helped to cheer his spirit.

Before he had proceeded many steps down the muddy lane, he perceived something that had a most extraordinary appearance.

Here and there all the way along it, crawled a number of indistinct and shapeless masses proceeding toward the red light at the bottom of the lane. There was a cripple hopping along upon both hands.

He overtook another of those moving masses, he was a cripple who had suffered
such a mutilation in legs and arms that he looked like a tripod. As Gringoire passed by him, he took off his hat and asked for charity.

Gringoire would have quickened his pace, but for the third time, something obstructed the way. This somebody was a little blind man, Gringoire said to him:

«It is not a week since I sold my last shirt!»

He tried to run away, but he was surrounded by the cripple, the tripod and the blind. The lame, the blind, the lepers, the one-eyed were issuing from houses and cellars, and rushing toward the light; like snails after a shower. He tried once more to return, but it was too late. The whole legion had closed behind him and the three beggars stuck to him.

At length he reached the end of the lane. It opened into a spacious place, where thousands of lights flickered. Gringoire hoped to escape but in vain. The cripple with crutches ran after him throwing his crutches down, and the other cripple stood up right upon his feet, while the blind man was staring at him with flaming eyes.
«Where am I?» cried the affrighted poet!
«In the Cour des Miracles,» replied another figure.

He was actually in that dreaded cour des Miracles; the haunt of thieves; a sewer disgorging every morning and receiving every night that fetid torrent of vice, mendicity, and rougery; a monstrous hive where the blackguards of all nations dwell. Beggars by day, and banditti at night.

Gringoire strove to rally his presence of mind, but his efforts were vain. At this moment a distinct shout arose

«Lead him to the king!»

Near a great fire which burned upon a large circular hearth stood a hogshead, and upon this hogshead was seated a mendicant. This was the king upon his throne.

«What varlet have we here?» asked the king. Gringoire shuddered. This voice reminded him of another which had that very morning given the first blow to his mystery by drawling out a mid the audience:

«Charity if you please!»
It was Colpin Trouillefou himself.

"You have entered our territories without being of our subjects; you have violated the privileges of our city. Are you a thief, a beggar, or a vagrant?"

"Alas!" said Gringoire, "I have not that honor. I am an author."

"Enough!" Exclaimed Trouillefou, "you should be hanged!" Gringoire made an effort:

"Why poets should not be classed among the vagabonds. Esop was a vagabond, Homer a beggar, Mercury a thief." Clopin appeared to be conferring for a moment with the Duke of Egypt, and the Emperor of Galilee, then said to Gringoire:

"Fello! There is one way to get out of the scrape for the moment. Will you be one of us?"

"Certainly, most assuredly I will! I am one of the crew! a vagabond! with all my soul!"

"Tis not enough to have a mind; good will puts not one more onion into the soup. To be admitted into our brotherhood, you must show us your skill at picking a pocket."
The vagabonds prepared everything to test Gringoire who failed, lost his balance and fell plump on the ground.

Clopin stepped up to him, put the rope about his neck and said, «Farewell, my friend!» Then, he stopped short, as if a sudden thought had occurred to him.

«Wait a moment! It is customary with us not to hang a blade till the women have been asked whether any of them will have him.»

«This is your last chance!» Then he cried: «Gentle folks! is there any strumpet among you who will have this knave?»

Three of them stepped forward to take a look at him but they said:

«No! no, hang him.»

«Comrade!» said Clopin, «you are unlucky!»

At that moment cries of «La Esmeralda!» rose among the vagabonds.

Gringoire shuddered and turned his face toward the source of the clamor. He saw the bright and dazzling figure of the gypsy girl.

With light step she approached the sufferer, Gringoire was more dead than a live.
\begin{quote}
"Are you going to hang this man?" asked she.

"Yes, sister. Unless you will take him as a husband!" replied Clopin.

"I will take him," said she.

Gringoire was now completely convinced that he had been in a dream ever since morning.

The duke of Egypt brought an earthen-ware jug. The gypsy girl handed it to Gringoire and asked him to drop it on the ground. The jug broke into four pieces.

"Brother," said the Duke of Egypt with his hands upon their heads, "she is your wife. Sister! he is your husband. For four years. Go!"
\end{quote}
Chapter 11

A STRANGE WEDDING NIGHT

In a few moments our poet found himself in a small warm room, and tête-à-tête with a beautiful girl.

The girl appeared to take no notice of him, she moved backward and forward. At length she sat down near the table, and Gringoire had a good opportunity to scrutinize her.

Absorbed in his reverie, thought Gringoire:

This is la Esmeralda! a celestial creature! a street dancer! It is she who gave the finishing stroke to my mystery this afternoon, and it is she who saves my life tonight. She must love me to distraction, to have taken me in this manner, then he rose all at once, «I am her husband.»

He approached the girl with such ardent impetuosity that she drew back and stooped and raised herself with a little dagger in her hand.
"What do you want with me?" inquired she.

"Can you ask such a question, adorabe Esmeralda?"

"Are you not mine?" rejoined Gringoire with astonishment she replied:

"I am not yours."

Our Philosopher stood petrified, then said:

"Pardon me, but why did you take me for your husband?

"Ought I to have let you be hanged?"

Then rejoined the poet with disappointment.

"you had no other intention in marrying me but to save me from the gallows?"

"And what other intention do you suppose I could have had?" Gringoire bit his lips and bitterly said:

"I swear to you not to approach you without your permission, but for heaven's sake, give me some supper."

In a moment a loaf of rye-bread, aslice of bacon, some wrinkled apples, and a jug of beer, were set out upon the table.

Gringoire ventured upon a delicate question:

"And what should one be, to please you?". She eyed him with a serious look and said,
"Never can I love any man but one who is able to protect me."

Gringoire blushed, and made sure that this stroke was aimed at him.

"Indeed," said he "I should begin with that subject. Forgive me. How did you contrive to escape from Quasimodo's clutches?"

"Oh, the horrid hunchback!" she exclaimed.

"Horrid, indeed! but how did you get away from him?"

La Esmeralda smiled, sighed and made no reply. She seemed to be looking at something through the wall. All at once she began singing a delicate song, but abruptly broke off and began to caress her goat.

"Why are you called La Esmeralda?" inquired the poet. "I can't tell."

She drew from her bosom a small bag attached to a necklace of small red seeds. The outside was green silk, and in the middle of it there was a bead of green glass in imitation of emerald.

Gringoire extended his hand to lay hold of the bag, but she started back.

"Don't touch it! you might do an injury to the charm, or the charm to you."
Gringoire ventured upon further questions:
«What is the meaning of La Esmeralda?»
«I can't know» said she.
«To what language does the word belong?»
«I believe it is Egyptian.»
«Are your parents living?»

She began singing an old song showing that she knew not them.
«The man you call the Duke of Egypt is the chief of your tribe? it was he who married us.»
«Yes,» she replied and continued:
«I don't know your name!»

«I am Pierre Gringoire. My father was hanged by the Burgundians, and my mother was murdered by the Picards. At six years old I was left an orphan, with no sole to my foot but the pavements of Paris.

I began to think of adopting a profession and tried my hand at everything. I was fit for nothing. Therefore set up for a poet. This is a profession to which a man who is a vagabond may always betake himself.

I had not learned to read, but as good luck would have it, I met with Dom Claude Frollo,
the reserved archdeacon of Notre Dame. I owe to him it that I am a learned man.

I am wholly at your service, my body and soul my science and learning, as a husband and a wife, or as a brother and sister if you like better».

Gringoire paused, waiting the effect of his address on his hearer. Her eyes were fixed on the ground:

«Phœbus,» said she in a low tone, and then turned to the poet:

«Phœbus, what does that mean?»

«It is a Latin word, and means the sun.» also, «It is the name of a certain handsome archer who was a god.»

«The sun! A god!» repeated the Egyptian and there was in her tone something pensive and impassioned.

At this moment one of her bracelets fell to the ground. Gringoire stooped to pick it up; when he raised himself the damsel and the goat were gone.

«No matter, so she has left me a bed!» Then he stretched himself upon a long coffer saying:

«Well, at any rate this is a strange wedding night.»
Chapter 12

A STRANGE LIVING CREATURE

One fine morning a living creature was laid in the church of Notre Dame in a wooden bed. On this wooden bed it was customary to expose foundlings to the public charity. Anyone took them who felt so disposed.

That living creature appeared to excite a high degree of curiosity in the considerable concourse of persons who had collected around it.

"What is that, sister?" asked a lady.

"It is not a child!" replied another, "It is a misshapen ape."

"It is a real monster of abomination, and ought to be burned or drowned," commented a third.

"This little monster is at least four years old!" said the first one.

In fact, this little monster was not a
newborn infant. It was a little, shapeless, moving mass, tied up in a hempen bag; the head only was exposed. That head was so deformed. Nothing was to be seen upon it but a forest of red hair, one eye, a mouth, and teeth.

«In my opinion,» a woman said, «it would be better for the people of Paris if that little sorcerer were put upon a bonny blazzing plank.»

For some moments, a young priest had been listening to the comments of the women. Pushing aside the crowd without speaking, he examined «the little sorcerer.» then said:

«I adopt this child.»

«Sister!» said a lady, «did I not tell you that clerk, Monsieur Claude Frollo, is a sorcerer.»

The priest hastened to the parental residence and found only an infant brother was still alive.
Chapter 13

THE PRIEST

Claude Frollo was, in fact, no ordinary personage. He belonged to one of those families who were called, to be distinguished, haute bourgeoisie.

Claude Frollo had from his childhood been destined by his parents for the church. He was taught to read Latin, to cast down his eyes, and to speak low. His father had placed him in the college of Torchi and there he had grown up on the missal and the lexicon.

He studied theology, law, medicine and arts. In 1466 the destructive pestilence swept away more than forty thousand human beings in Paris among them were Claude Frollo's parents.

The young Priest hastened to the parental residence and found only an infant brother was still alive.
This catastrophe was a crisis in the existence of Claude. Moved with pity, he conceived a passionate fondness for this delightful thing, this human affection, to him who here to for had loved nothing but books. He had no time to find out where his heart lay.

He gave himself up to the love of his little Jehan Frollo, the passion of a character already ardent, energetic and concentrated. He, therefore, resolved to devote himself to the care of him, and never to have any other wife, or other child.

Pushed by this love for Jehan, he approached the unfortunate creature. He baptized his adopted child and named him Quasimodo.
Chapter 14

HIS ONLY WORLD

By the year 1482, Quasimodo had grown up. He had been several years bell-ringer to the cathedral of Notre Dame. In process of time, the strongest attachment took place between the bell-ringer and the church. Cut off from society by being of unknown parentage and by his deformity, he imprisoned himself within the religious walls.

Notre Dame had been to him his egg, his nest his home, his country, and the universe.

It was not without great difficulty and great patience that Claude Frollo had taught him to speak, but having become ringer of the bells of Notre Dame at the age of fourteen, the volume of sound had broken the drum of his ear, and deafness was the consequence. The only gate which was open between him and the universe was closed, and forever.

As a result, and to avoid the ridicule of
others, he resorted to silence. Thus, he voluntarily tied up the tongue which Claude Frollo had taken such pains to loosen.

In consequence, Quasimodo began to confuse the view which he took of things. Furthermore, his misfortune rendered him mischievous. He was, in truth, mischievous because he was savage; he was savage because he was ugly. His strength, developed in a most extraordinary manner.

From his earliest intercourse with men he had felt and seen himself despised, rejected and cast off.

He had found nothing but hatred about him. He had adopted it. After all, he turned toward mankind with reluctance; his cathedral was enough for him. He loved its walls, statues, saints, bishops and even the bells.

He loved the bells which, however, deafened him; but mothers are often fondest of the child which has caused them the greatest pain.

There was, however, one human being to whom Quasimodo was as much, even more strongly attached than the cathedral that being was Claude Frollo. Claude had taught
him to speak, to read, to write. To crown all, Claude Frollo had made him bell ringer.

Nothing on the earth can be compared to the empire of the archdeacon over the bell-ringer. A sign from Claude, would have made Quasimodo throw himself from the top of the towers of Notre Dame.

Quasimode was more obedient to Claude than his little Jehan Frollo who had not as he grew up taken that which Claude was solicitous to give him.

فرولو. إنه هو الذي علمه النطق والقراءة والكتابة. والأهم من هذا كله، هو الذي جعله قارع الأجراس. ليس من سلطان في العالم يضاهي سلطان الكاهن على قارع الأجراس إشارة منه كانت كافية لكي يلقي كوازيومدو نفسه من أعلى ارتفاع كنيسة نوتردام. وكان كوازيومدو مطيعاً لـ كلوند فرويلو أكثر من شقيقه جوهران الذي لم ينشأ في الاتجاه الذي أراد كلوند أن يعينه له.
Chapter 15

THE PUNISHMENT

The court was a low hall, with covered ceiling. There was a table, and an armchair reserved for the provost Robert d'Estouteville, and on the left a stool for the auditor, Master Florian who was deaf. Below was the clerk busily writing. In front were the people.

Among the auditory was our merciless young friend, Jehan Frollo, who was sure to be seen everywhere except before the professors chairs.

"Look you," said he to his companion Robin Pousspain, "it is our Prince, our Pope of Fools, our bell-ringer, the one-eyed, the hunchbacked,... Quasimodo!"

It was, in fact, Quasimodo, bound and cabled. Meanwhile Master Florian was intently pursuing the endorsement of paper containing the charges alleged against Quasimodo. In this way he acquainted...
himself with the name, age, condition and offence of the prisoner before examination. And, thus, he was able to have readiness replies to expected answers.

The auditor commenced his examination:

«Your name?».

Now, here was a case which the law had not provided for: the deaf interrogating the deaf.

Quasimodo, unaware of the question, looked at the judge without answering. The deaf judge, unaware of Quasimodo's deafness, conceiving that he had answered, he went on:

«Very well: your age?»

Quasimodo remained as silent as before.

The judge continued:

«Now your business?»

Still Quasimodo was silent.

The people who witnessed this curious scene began to whisper and to look at one another.

«You are accused before us, in the first place, of making disturbance; secondly, of an assault upon the person of a lewd woman; thirdly of resistance to the archers of the guard of our lord the king. what do you say?

Clerk, have you taken down the prisoner's answers thus far?»
At this unlucky question, a roar of laughter burst from both clerk and audience. Master Florian, astonished, and supposing that the mirth of the spectators had been provoked by some disrespectful reply of the prisoner's, he exclaimed:

"For that answer, fellow, you deserve a halter."

This comment caused an explosion of the general mirth. The judge cried:

"Here, Vergers, take this fellow to the pillory of the Greve; let him be flogged, and then turn him for an hour."
Chapter

ROLAND TOWER'S PRISONER

In the Place de Greve there is an ancient Gothic, half Roman building, called Roland's Tower. At the angle of the facade a large public breviary is made perceived. Beside this breviary is a small room, looking upon the place and has only one aperture for light and air to enter a small cell without door, formed in the basement of the wall of the old building.

This cell is caused by Madame Rolande who out of affection for her killed father shut herself up in it and waited death for twenty years, praying day and night, lying upon ashes and on a stone for a pillow.

At her death, she bequeathed it forever to afflicted females, maids, or widows who should wish to pray and bury themselves alive for others on account of some heavy calamity.

Now, to know by whom this cell is

الفصل السادس عشر
حبسة برج رولاند

في ميدان جريف يوجد بناء قوطي قديم، يدعى برج رولاند. وعند زاوية الرصيف يمكن للمشاهد أن يكون بجانبه حجرة صغيرة تطل على الساحة خلابة من الدور والنوافذ مما أدى كرهاً بأن يجلس فيها من خلالها قليل من الهواء وشيء أقل من التور. وقد بنت هذه الحجرة عند أسفل الجدار في البيت القديم.

وقد أنشئت هذه الحجرة من قبل السيدة رولاند التي بسبب حزينها على وفاتها المقتول سجنت نفسها بقية حياتها ولمدة عشرين عاماً، تصلب ليلياً ونهاراً. وكانت تفترش القش وتضع رأسها على حجر تستخدنه كمخدة.

و عند وفاتها أوصت بهذه الحجرة للنساء الأرامل والإناث المرأة يرغبين بالصلاة والانقطع عن الحياة على أثر مأساة يصيب بها.

ولكي تعرف إلى المرأة التي تشغف حجرة السيدة رولاند

119
occupied, we have to listen to the conversation of three women who were proceeding from the Chateau toward the Greve.

Two of them were dressed like wives of respectable citizens of Paris. Their companion was attired nearly in the same fashion, but in her dress was something which betrayed the country woman. She held a big boy by one hand, and a large cake in the other.

«See what a crowd is collected at the foot of the bridge,» cried Oudarde.

«I hear the sound of a tambourine,» said Gervaise.

«I dare say it is young Esmeralda playing antics with her goat.»

«The Egyptian» Exclaimed Mahiette, starting back and forcibly grasping the arm of her son.

«God forbid! she might steal my boy. Come, Eustache.»

«That Egyptian steal your boy. Sister Gudule has the same notion of the Egyptians,» said Oudarde.

«Who is sister Gudule?» inquired Mahiette. «The recluse of the Trou aux Rats, the poor
woman to whom we are carrying the cake," replied Gervaise.

"Let us make haste. I wouldn't for the world that the same thing should happen to me as befell Paquette la Chante Fleurie," said Mahiette.

"You must tell us that story, good Mahiette," said Gervaise.

"I will," answered Mahiette.

"Paquette la Chante-Fleurie was a handsome girl of eighteen. Her father died while she was an infant. She lived with her mother at Rheims. They had great difficulties to earn a livelihood. They worked in needlework and finery which helped to keep them very poor. When her mother died, Paquette had nothing in the world to love, and none to love her. She led a miserable life and became a lewd woman.

She set her whole heart upon a child, and prayed to God night and day for one. And he took compassion on her and gave her a little girl.

Her joy is not to be described. She hugged her with tempest of tears and kisses. She suckled her herself, and made her clothes,
and laid all the money she received on frocks, caps, lace and all sorts of finery for her child. Among other things she had a pair of little rose-colored shoes was never seen. She had embroidered them herself, with the utmost art of her needle and skill."

"Paquette's baby," resumed Mahiette, "was four months old. She had handsome feet! Her eyes were larger than her mouth, and she had the most beautiful dark hair. Her mother became everyday more and more dotingly fond of her."

"The story is well enough, but where are the Egyptians?", said Gervaise.

"Why! here!" replied Mahiette.

"One day a party of strange people, beggars and vagabonds with tawny faces, curly hair and silver rings in their ears, arrived at Rheims. They came from Egypt to Rheims through Poland. There were various reports about their stealing children, cutting purses and eating human flesh. They read the palm and foretold wonderful things."

"One day poor Paquette wanted to know Agnes' - that is the child's name -, luck, The
child was not quite a year old. The women admired the infant and kissed her with their dark lips. They told that Agnes would be a beauty, a virtue a queen."

"Next day, the mother went out while the baby lay asleep on the bed. On her return, she found the door wider open than she had left it. She ran to the bed. Poor mother! the infant was gone, and nothing belonging to her was left except one of her pretty shoes.

She rushed out of the room screaming: "My child! my child! who has taken my child?" she went through the town, searched every street crying "Tell me where to find my child, and I will be your slave!"

While she was away, a neighbor told her that two Egyptian women slip slyly up her stairs with a large bundle, then ran away quickly.

Paquetté laughed with joy believing that she would find her daughter. But instead she found a sort of little monster, deformed, one-eyed limping thing creeping on the floor.
The neighbours took the little imp, which was about four years old, away.

At length, Chante Fleurie suddenly sprang up, ran through the streets, shouting: «to the camp of the Egyptian!».

The Egyptians were gone.

The day after her hair was quite gray, and on the next she disappeared.

«A strange story, indeed, I am no longer surprised that you are so dreadfully afraid of the Egyptians.»

Amid such conversation the three women reached the Place de Greve and arrived at Roland's Tower Oudarde said.

«We must not look at once lest we should frighten sister Gudule. I will tell you when to come.»

A moment afterward, she made a sign for Mahiette to come; she went on tiptoe and looked in.

«Let us not disturb her, she is praying» said Oudarde.

Upon the stone floor a female was seated. Her chin rested on her knees; her arms encircled her legs. She was wrapped up in brown sack-cloth, and her gray hair falling over her face down to her feet.
Mahiette scrutinized the wan, death-like face with her eyes filled with tears. Then she drew back her head from the window, she said to Oudarde.

«What do you call this woman?»
«Sister Gudule.»
«For my part, I call her Paquette la Chante Fleurie! look at the corner upon which her eyes were riveted!»

Oudarde put her head through the aperture and beheld in the corner a tiny shoe of pink satin, embroidered all over with gold and silver.

The three women looked and wept without uttering a word.

At length Gervaise called to the recluse:
«Sister! Sister Gudule!». The recluse stirred not, nor looked, nor sighed nor gave a sign of life.

«What shall we do to rouse her?» inquired Oudarde. Then said: «Take this cake we have brought you.»

She pushed aside the cake.
«Would you like a little fire?»
She shook her head in refusal. Then said: «Fire!»

«Would you make one for the poor baby who has been underground these fifteen years?»

Then, all at once, she extended her white skinny hand toward the boy «Take away that child! The Egyptians will presently pass.»

She then sank upon her face and her forehead struck the floor with a dreadful sound. «She must have killed herself!» said Gervaise shouting: «Sister! Sister Gudule!»

The recluse didn't stir. Later, she raised herself and cried, «The Egyptian that calls me!», just when she heard Mahiette calling in tears:

«Paquette! Paquette La Chante Fleurie!»
Chapter 17

A DEAR TEAR

The crowd was collecting in the place de Greve around the pillory and the gallows. People were accustomed to wait patiently whole hours for public executions. They amused themselves with gazing at the pillory, a very simple contrivance, consisting of a cube of masonry some ten feet high upon which was seen a horizontal wheel of oak.

Upon this wheel the culprit was bound upon his knees and with his hands tied behind him. Then the wheel was caused to revolve horizontally exposing the culprit's face to every point of the place.

Quasimodo, tied to the tail of a cart was, at length, brought forward bound with cord and thongs upon the wheel of the pillory; hooting and laughter burst from the mob.

He was placed on his knees upon the circular floor. His doublet and shirt were

الفصل السابع عشر

ذمة عزيزة

كان الناس قد بدأوا يتجمعون عند وجد التعذيب والمشتقة في ساحة جريف، والواقع أن الجماهير معتادة أن تتظاهر المشاهدة العقوبات في الساحة العامة دون ضجر. لقد كانت تسلسل بالنظر إلى الوحد الذي هو عبارة عن مكب من الحجر المبني برتفاعة عشرة أقدام، مدفوع عجلة خشبية من البلوط تدور بشكل أفقي.

وربط المتحر المدان بهذه العجلة وهو جائع فوق ركبتة ويداه خلف ظهره، ثم يدور الدوار بحركة دائمة في الاتجاه الأفقي بحيث تقع أنظار المشاهدين على المتحر أينما كانوا في ساحة جريف.

أخيرا أحضر كوازيمودو مربطا إلى مؤخرة عربية مقيدة بالحبال والأزمة. ووضع فوق العجلة، فارتفعت فتهات الجماهير وتعليقاتهم الساخرة.

ثم وضع فوق اللوح الدائر على ركبته، وجرد من قميصه ومسترته فظهرت حديثه العارية وصدره الكئف الشعر، فصغرت
taken off exposing his naked hump and hairy breast to the populace who burst in laughter. Then the sworn tormentor stamped with his foot and the wheel began to turn.

While the wheel was turning the tormentor raised his arms, with a thong armed with sharp bits of metal, and descended with fury upon the back of the unlucky wight. Quasimodo shook, and started like one awakened from a dream. He began to comprehend.

A violent contraction of surprise and pain distorted the muscles of his face, but he heaved not a single sigh. The wheel continued to turn and the blows to fall. The blood began to trickle in a hundred little streams down the swart shoulders of the hunchback.

Quasimodo sank down exhausted. He closed his only eye, dropped his head upon his breast and stirred not. The executioner held his hand; the wheel stopped; Quasimodo's eye slowly opened.

Two attendants of the sworn tormentor washed the bleeding back of the sufferer, and rubbed it with a sort of ointment. Quasimodo's punishment was not yet over.
He had still to remain in the pillory an extra hour.

Quasimodo was generally hated. The mob was without pity; the scene excited a universal joy. Time passed and Quasimodo had been exposed for an hour and a half.

All at once, he cried in a furious voice:

«Water!»

This cry of distress served only to increase the mirth of the merciless people. Quasimodo surveyed the crowd with anxious eye and repeated:

«Water!» He was answered with peals of laughter.

«There is water for thee!» cried Poussepain, throwing in his face a sponge soaked in the kennel. Further more, a woman hurled a stone at his head.

«Water!» roared the panting Quasimodo for the third time.

At that moment he saw a young female approaching the pillory. Quasimodo's eyes sparkled. It was the gypsy whom he had attempted to carry off the preceding night and
for this he was suffering. He thought that she was coming to revenge also.

Without uttering a word, she approached the sufferer, loosened a gourd from her girdle and gently lifted it to the lips of the exhausted wretch.

A big tear was seen to start from his dry and bloodshot eye. It was perhaps the first he had shed since he arrived at manhood.

He drank greedily and extended his lips to kiss the kind hand for the welcome relief, but the damsel quickly withdrew back her hand with terror.

It is no doubt a touching scene. A girl so fresh, so pure, so lovely and so weak, humanely hastening to relieve of a so much distress, deformity and malice. The populace themselves were moved, and began clapping their hands.

At, exactly, this time the recluse perceived the Egyptian from the window of her den cried:

«Cursed you! spawn of Egypt! cursed!»
Get down! baby-stealer.»

La Esmeralda turned pale, and with faltering step descended from the pillory.
Chapitre 18

THE UNCOVERED SECRET

Many weeks had elapsed and it was now the beginning of March. Opposite to the cathedral, upon a stone balcony over the porch of a rich Gothic building, some young and handsome females were chatting, laughing and disporting themselves.

It was, in fact, Damoselle Fleur de Lys de Gondelaurier and her companions, Diane de Christeuiil, Amelotte de Montmichel and little de Champchevriier. They were staying at the house of Dame de Gondelaurier a widow lady.

The damsels were seated partly in the room, partly in the balcony, each held a portion of a large piece of tapestry; working on it together. They were chatting together in that low tone and with those titters so common in a young party of young females when there is a young man among them.

He appeared himself to care very little about it.

143
Now and then the old lady spoke to him in a very low tone. He was an accepted lover and it was easy to see that a match would be concluded between the young officer and Fleur de Lys. The captain was indifferent while the mother strove to make him notice the grace with which Fleur piled her needle.

«Why don't you go and talk to her?» said the lady pushing him toward Fleur de Lys. «Go and say something to her.» The captain felt the necessity to attempt at conversation:

«A charming piece of work!» cried he.

At this moment Berangere de Champchevrier looking down upon the place, cried:

«Oh! look; look at the pretty dancer dancing on the pavement!»

«Some Egyptian I dare say,» replied Fleur de lys.

«Let's see!» cried her, lively companions, running to the front of the balcony.

The captain stood for some moments, lost in thought, leaning on the carved mantel-piece. Fleur suddenly addressed him,

«Did you not tell us, cousin, of a little gypsy, whom you rescued one night from the hands of robbers?»
"I think I did, cousin" replied the captain.
"Come and see whether you know her! Is it your Bohemain?"

Phœbus looked. "Yes, I know her by her goat."

Berangere said again: "Who is the man in black up yonder?"

All the young ladies looked up toward the towers of Notre-Dame.

It was a priest. His eyes were fixed on the place as intently as that of a hawk on a nest.

"'Tis the archdeacon of Josas," said Fleur de lys.

"How he looks at the dancing-girl!" exclaimed Diane.

"Let the Egyptian take care of herself!" he is not fond of Egyptians" said Fleur.

"Good cousin, Phœbus, since you know the Bohemain, just call her up. It will amuse us."

"Yes, do" exclaimed the girls.

Leaning over the balustrade, he called out:
"My girl!" beckoning her to come to him.

The dancer turned her head and her sparkling eye fell on Phœbus. She stood motionless. Blushed deeply, she made her way toward the house.
«My pretty girl,» said Phæbus, «I know not whether you recollect me.»

«Oh, yes!» said she interrupting him with a smile and a look expressing kindness.

«How was it, that you slipped away? Did I frighten you?»

«Oh, no!»

In the accent with which this «Oh, no!» was uttered, there was an undefinable something which wounded Fleur de Lys to the quick.

«What did that devil want with you? He was severely punished!»

«I don't know.» She added, «Poor fellow!».

The captain cried laughing: «A fine girl, upon my soul!»

«Dear me!» exclaimed the fair Gaillefontaine with a sarcastic smile.

«How soon the gentleman archer of the king's ordance take fire at bright Egyptian eyes!»

«Why not?» said Phæbus.

A tear started at the same time into the eye of Fleur de Lys. The Bohemain raised her eyes glistening with pride and joy, and fixed them on Phæbus.
«Oh! here is the pretty goat with golden feet!» cried Berangere.

«Well, the goat must perform a miracle, a piece of magic, and amuse us.» Said Colombe.

«I know not what you mean,» replied the dancer.

At this moment Fleur de lys remarked a small embroidered bag hung round the neck of the goat.

«What is that?»

«That is my secret,» answered the Egyptian.

Then the inquisitive Berangere loosened the little bag from the neck of the animal, opened it, and emptied its contents upon the mat; they consisted of an alphabet.

The goat soon sorted out certain letters with her golden foot, arranged them together so as to make a word. Berangere, clapping her hands in admiration, suddenly cried:

«Good Fleur de Lys! come and see!»

The letters which the goat had arranged formed the name: PHŒBUS.
«The secret is out,» thought Fleur de Lys «she is a sorceress!» and sank fainting on the floor, then taken away through a door.

La Esmeralda changed color, trembled. She picked up the unlucky letters in a twinkling of an eye an signed to her Djali to follow her out of the door.

Phæbus eyed her with a smile, wavered for a moment between the two doors, and then followed the gypsy girl.
Chapter 19

BAD NEWS

The priest who was seen on the top of the tower, Claude Frollo, hastily descended, and in a few minutes he was in the place.

The gypsy, at this moment was still in that house, the archdeacon found a man in red and yellow surtout. He, to earn a few pieces of coin, moved round the circle, with his elbow against his lips, his head thrown back, his neck stretched, his face flushed, and a chair between his teeth, on this chair was tied a cat.

«Oh, what is Pierre Gringoire about here?» exclaimed the archdeacon. Hearing the stern voice. Pierre lost his balance, and chair and cat fell upon the heads of the spectators.

«Come hither, Master Pierre. There are many things which I want you to explain.»

«Messire, it is indeed a strange and sad thing, I admit. What could I do? Civilization
is not yet so far advanced that one may go stark naked. The blame rests with my old coat.

"A respectable profession truly, this that you have taken up!" replied the archdeacon.

"I grant that it is a sorry employment of my intellectual faculties, but my revered master, in order to live one must get a livelihood."

"Well, Master Pierre; but how happens is that you are now in the company of that Egyptian dancing-girl?"

"It is because she is my wife," replied Gringoire.

The gloomy eye of the priest glared like fire. "Wretch! Is this really so?" cried he furiously.

"Have you so completely forsaken your God as to become the husband of that creature?"

"I swear that she allows me not to touch her." Then Gringoire explained the circumstances of his marriage. He continued:

"She is a provoking thing, a mysterious creature. It is a superstition. An old fellow told me that she has been either lost or found. She has a charm round her neck to find her

"أنا أعرف هنا أن عملي محزن لملكاني الفكرية، ولكني سيدي المحرر لكي تعيش، يجب أن تكسب عشتًا.

"أحبك جدًا، ولكن كيف وجدت نفسك رفيقًا لهذه الراقصة المحرومة؟"

"فقال جرنيوار: ذلك أنها زوجتي، واشتعلت عين الكاهن المظلمة وصرخ غاضبًا.

"أيها الناس! هل حقاً ما تقول؟ وحيل أصبحت بعيدًا من الله بحيث تنزوج من هذه المخلوق؟"

"أقسم إنها لم تسمع لي بأن أسمها أبدًا. ثم شرح جرنيوار للكاهن ظروف زواجه وتابع قائلًا:

"إن الاسم إذا مخلوق جميل ظريف، إنها فتاة ساحرة، غامضة أحيانًا وتؤمن بالخرافات. أخبرتي صديق قدم أنها إما كانت ضائعة، أو أنها اختلفت من قبل الفجر وهي تشعر فشلًا في رقيتها لتنسل بها على أهلها وتقول إن الصموم تفقد"
parents. It would lose its virtue if the girl were to lose hers."

«So then, you believe that this creature is still virtuous?» asked the priest.

«That what was told to me. In fact,» added Gringoire. «She is handsome. Fascinating and clever.»

«She had trained her animal, within two months only, to put together the word Phæbus.»

«Phæbus? why Phæbus?» Exclaimed the priest with astonishment.

Then he suddenly said, «you will swear that you have never touched her?»

«I swear I never did. But how can this concern you?»

The pale face of the archdeacon crimsoned and answered with a visible embarrassment:

«Listen, Master Pierre Gringoire. You are not yet eternally lost. I take an interest in your welfare. The moment you but lay hand on that Egyptian, you become the vassal of satan. That is all. Now get thee gone!» cried the priest with his terrible look.
Chapter 20

ANOTHER LOVE!

Ever since the morning that Quasimodo underwent the punishment of the pillory, the people in the neighbourhood of Notre Dame perceived a great abatement in his adoration for bell-ringing.

One day, however, the air was so light and serene that Quasimodo felt some reviving affection for bells.

He gazed for some time at the six bells with a sad shake of the head, as if lamenting that some other subject had intruded itself into his heart between them and him.

But when he had set them in motion, he was once more happy, he forgot all his troubles, his heart expanded, and his face brightened up.

All at once, casting his eye down, he saw in the place a young female, stopped and...
spread a carpet upon the ground on which a little goat came and posted itself. A circle of spectators was soon formed round them.

This scene suddenly changed the current of his ideas. He paused, turned his back to his bells and gazed at the dancing-girl with that pensive, and tender look which had once before astonished the archdeacon.

"I am sorry," replied Ichan. Saying after which the gentleman left him.
Chapter 21

A FATAL SHOCK

One fine morning our friend Jehan Frollo perceived, while dressing himself no metallic piece in his pocket.

"Oh! not one little parisis. I must go to my brother, I shall get a lecture, but then I shall get a crown," thought he and went to the cathedral.

"What brings you here?" Dom Claude asked.

"Brother, I am come to ask you a little advice and a little money which I need still more."

"I am highly displeased with you. Every day complaints are brought to me of your misconduct!" further, your study is at a low ebb.

"Alas! I am sorry," replied Jehan. Screwing up his courage he added:

الفصل الحادي والعشرون

صدمة مميتة

في صباح يوم جميل لاحظ صديقنا جوهان بينما كان يتندى ملابسه أن جيوبه خالية من النقود فقال لنفسه:

"أنا! ولا حتى درهماً واحداً. يجب أن أقصد أخي، وسأستمع منه إلى عظمة ولكنني سأفوز معها بقطعة ذهبية.

ثم توجه إلى الكاتدرائية.

الذي أتي بك إلى هنا؟" سأل دوم كلود.

قال جوهان:

"أخي! جئت أطلب قليلاً من العظمة وأسألك قليلاً من النقود التي تحتاج إليها أكثر."

"إنني غير مسروق منك أبداً. هل تدري أنني أتلقى في كل يوم شكاوى ضدك؟ بالإضافة إلى ذلك، فإني فاش في دراستك.

"أنا آسف."

وستجمع شجاعته مرة أخرى وقال:
«I want money.»
«What would you do with it?»
«It is for an act of charity.»
«A likely story!»
«Well, then I'll go to the tavern!»
«The tavern leads to the pillory, and the pillory to the gallows.»
«The gallows is a balance, which has a man at one end, and all the world at the other. It is a fine thing to be the man.»
«The gallows leads to hell.»
«That is arousing fire.»

At this moment the sound of a footfall was heard on the stairs.
«Give me a florin to go!»
«There, take it.» said the archdeacon angrily throwing him his pouch.

Jehan was getting out when he heard aloud and sonorous voice behind him.
«Upon my soul,» cried Jehan, «that can be nobody but my friend captain Phœbus!»

The name Phœbus struck the ear of the archdeacon. He shuddered, stopped short, turned round, looked and saw his brother with a tall handsome officer.
«Will you come and drink with me?» asked Jehan.

«I fain would, but I have no money.»

Meanwhile, the archdeacon had approached them without being aware of him.

«But I have.» Jehan showed him the pouch.

«Real money!» muttered Phæbus, «let us go and drink.»

The two friends bent their steps toward the tavern known by the sign of la Pomme d’Eve.

The archdeacon followed them with wild and gloomy look. Was this the Phæbus whose name has haunted all his thoughts since his interview with Gringoire?

At a turning of a street, the two friends heard the sound of a tambourine.

«Let us quicken our pace! I don’t want the girl to speak to me in the street.» Said Phæbus.

«Are you then acquainted with her, Phæbus?» asked Jehan.

Here the archdeacon saw the officer grin, stoop to Jehan’s ear, and whisper a few words in it, then burst into a loud laugh.
«Indeed!» said Jehan.
«Upon my soul! This very night» replied Phœbus.

«Are you sure she will come?»
«Not the least doubt of it.»
«Captain Phœbus, you are a lucky fellow.»

The archdeacon heard every word of the conversation. His teeth chattered, he shuddered, and like a drunken man, he followed the two companions.
Chapter 22

THE CRIME

The archdeacon kept walking to and fro before the tavern, muffled up in a cloak to the very eyes.

At length the tavern door opened and two drunken men came out.

"The clock has just struck seven, that is the time for my appointment," exclaimed one of them.

"Then go, leave me!" replied the other.

"Jehan, have you any money left, only one parisis!"

"I tell you, I don't live in the Rue-des-Manvaises!"

"Jehan! rally your senses. It is seven o'clock, and I want but one sou parisis."

Jehan began to sing. The officer gave him a violent push which sent him reeling against the wall, and then sunk upon the pavement on a plane of cabbage-stalks.
The man in the cloak heard and saw everything. He paused for a moment before the helpless youth, then he continued to follow the captain.

Captain Phœbus perceived that someone was following him. Chancing to turn his eyes, he saw a shadow creeping behind him along the walls. He turned and broke silence by a forced laugh:

"If you are a robber, then, I am the hopeful of a ruined family. Seek some better game."

The hand of the figure was stretched from beneath the cloak, and grasped the arm of Phœbus, with the force of an eagle's talons.

"Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers!" said the specter.

"You know my name!" cried Phœbus.

"Not only your name; you have an assignation this evening." Replied the mysterious man.

"At the hour of seven."

"Yes. To meet a female at Falourdel's at the pont St. Michel. Her name is....".

"La Esmeralda." said Phœbus, gaily, having by degrees recovered his levity.
«Captain Phœbus, thou liest!»

Phœbus withdrew his arm and clapped it to the hilt of his sword and cried:

«That is a word to which the ear of a Chateaupers is not accustomed.»

«Thou liest!» said the specter, dryly.

Phœbus drew his sword and cried:

«Here! on the spot! The blood of one of us must dye this pavement!»

Meanwhile the other neither flinched nor stirred. He said bitterly:

«Captain Phœbus, you forget your appointment.» And continued:

«It is very true it will be time enough tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, a month, a year, ten years hence, you will find me ready to cut your throat; but first got to your assignation.»

«Many thanks, sir. Ah, I forgot! I must have money.»

«Here is money.» said the stranger.

«Oh! you are a good fellow!»

«On condition! Prove to me that you spoke the truth. Conceal me in some corner where I may see whether the girl is really the same whose name you mentioned.»
«Oh! that will make no difference to me.»

They walked away with hasty steps. In few minutes they were on the bridge of St. Michel.

«I will first introduce you, and then go and fetch the wench,» said Phœbus to his companion who made no reply. Phœbus stopped before a low door and kicked it violently.

«Who is there?» cried a murmuring voice, then the door was opened. An old woman dressed in rags appeared. Phœbus put into her hand the coin and entered the den. The lady put it in a drawer and while her back was turned, a boy took out the piece of money, and put a dry leaf in its place.

The old lady then called the two men to follow, and ascended a ladder before them. On reaching the room above, she set the lamp upon a cof fer, and Phœbus opened a door that led to a dark closet and said to the man.

«This way, my good fellow.»

The door was closed upon him, and Phœbus descended to bring the girl.

All at once he heard the stairs creak; someone was coming up. In the door of the closet there was a crevice, to which the priest
applied his eye. It was wide enough to allow him to see all that passed in the adjoining room.

Upon looking through the crevice, he saw the beautiful graceful La Esmeralda. She rose above the floor like a dazzling apparition. Claude trembled; a cloud darkened his eyes; his arteries beat with violence; everything about him seemed to whirl round; and presently sight and hearing forsok him.

When he came to himself, Phœbus and La Esmeralda were sitting on the wooden coffer by the side of the lamp.

"Oh! despise me not, Monseigneur Phœbus," said the girl without raising her eyes.

"Despise you, my pretty dear! why?" replied the officer.

"For having accompanied you, I am breaking a vow. This charm will lose its virtue. I shall never find my parents. But no matter! What need have I at present of father and mother?"

She was silent for a moment; a tear then trickled from her eye, a sigh burst from her lips, and said:

"Oh, monseigneur, I love you."
«You do love me!» said he throwing his arm round her waist. Then said she:

«Phœbus, you are kind, generous and handsome. You saved me. I have long been dreaming about an officer handsome and gentle, with a sword. Your name is fine. I love your name, I love your sword!»

Phœbus came and seated himself beside her, but much closer than before.

«Listen, my dear.»

The Egyptian put her hand upon his lips and said:

«No, no! I won’t listen to you. Do you love me? I want you to tell me if you love me.»

«Do I love you? Angel of my life! I love you, and never loved any but you.»

«Oh!» She softly murmured, «this is the moment at which one ought to die!»

«To die! Why? it is the very time to live!» Cried the amorous captain.

«Phœbus, instruct me in thy religion»
«My religion! what for?» said he laughing.

«That we may be married.»

The captain was surprised, he said:

«My sweet one, of what use is marriage?»

Dom Claude, meanwhile, was watching all that passed.

«Oh, mademoiselle! I see plainly that you love me not,» said Phœbus and raised himself up.

«Not love you!» exclaimed the girl, at the same time clinging to the Captain, and making him sit down by her.

«Not love you! would you break my heart?» As she thus spoke, she threw her arms round the neck of the officer, and with a sweet smile and tearful eye fixed upon him a beseeching look.

All at once above the head of the captain she beheld a green convulsive face, with the look of one of the damned; close to this face was a hand holding a dagger.

It was the face and hand of the priest. Unperceived by them, he had contrived to break the door, and there was he!
The girl was struck speechless and motionless with horror; she had not even the power to shriek. She saw the dagger descend upon the captain, and rise again reeking.

«Perdition!» he exclaimed, and fell. She swooned. On coming to herself, she was surrounded by soldiers belonging to the watch. The captain was carried away bathed in his blood. The priest was gone.

She heard the men saying to one another, «Tis a sorceress who has stabbed a captain.»
Chapter 23

INNOCENT OR GUILTY?

For upward of a month Gringoire and the whole of the crew in the Cour des Miracles had been in state of extreme anxiety La Esmeralda was missing, and all researches had proved bootless. Gringoire so deeply took it to heart.

One day, while he was walking, he saw a concourse of people about one of the doors of the palace of Justice.

"What is going forward here?" he asked a young man.

"I know not, sir. I am told that they are trying a woman for murdering an officer of the king's ordance. As there seems to be something of sorcery in the business, the bishop and the official have interfered, and my brother the archdeacon of Josas."

Gringoire followed the crowd who were ascending the great staircase. Then arrived at
a hall which was occupied by a crowd: lawyers, many judges and men of religoin.
«Sir,» said Gringoire to one of his neighbors.
«Who is that crocodile, on the right?»
«Master Philippe Lheulier, advocate extraordinary to the king,» answered the neighbour.
«And that great cat on the left?»
«Master Jacques Charmolue, the king’s proctor in the ecclesiastical court.»
«What are all these folks about here?
 «They are trying a woman. She stands with her back toward us, sir.»
«Do you know her name?»
«No, sir.»
Here the bystanders imposed silence on them, an important witness was under examination.
«Gentlemen,» said an old woman looked like a walking bundle of rags, «gentlemen, I have a house at the pont st. Michel. One
night I heard a knock at the door, I opened and two men came in, a man in black, with a comely officer. Nothing was to be seen of the man in black but his eyes.
They gave me a crown. I put it into my
drawer. We went upstairs, and while my back was turned, the man in black was gone. The officer went downstairs, then came in with a pretty damsel. I left them alone.

Well, all at once I heard such a scream upstairs, and something fall upon the floor. I ran to the window, and saw a black figure drop before my eyes and tumble into the water. I called the watch and you know the rest. What is worse than all, I went to the drawer and found nothing but a withered leaf!

The crocodile said, «Witness, have you brought with you the leaf into which the crown of the demon was changed?»

«Yes, sir. Here it is.»

She handed him the leaf which he passed to the president, then it went the round of all.

«Upon my word, a birch leaf, a fresh proof of sorcery!» ejaculated Jucques Charmolue.

A murmur of horror arose from the auditory.

«A man in black, the goat, a withered leaf, all that look very like sorcery.»
«Gentlemen are in possession of the papers, they can refer to the deposition of captain Phœbus de Chateaubers,» said the king's advocate.

At that moment, the accused rose. Her head was seen above the crowd. To his horror, Gringoire recognized La Esmeralda. Her face was pale, her hair was disheveled, and her eyes hollow.

«Phœbus! where is he? my lords, before you put me to death, tell me if he still lives!»

«Silence, prisoner, we have nothing to do with that.» Said the president.

«If you have any pity, tell me if he lives.»

«Well, he is dead, are you satisfied?» said the king's advocate.

The unhappy girl sank down upon her seat, voiceless, tearless, white as a waxen figure. Cold perspiration covered the face of Gringoire.

In order to arouse her, a sergeant went to the accused, and shook her unmercifully while the president thus spoke:

«Girl, you did, and by the aid of charms and unawful practices, stab and slay Phœbus de Chateaubers. Do you persist in denying this?»
«Oh! horrors of horrors! oh, my Phœbus! This is hell indeed!» cried she covering her face with her hands.

«Do you persist in denying it?»
«I do deny it!»
«How do you explain the facts laid to your charge!»
«I have already told you. I know not. It was a priest! a priest who haunts me!»

«In consequence of the painful obstinacy of the prisoner, I demand the application of torture.» Said Jacques charmolue.

«Granted.» replied the president.
The unhappy girl shook all over. She rose and preceded by Charmolue and the officers of the officiality toward a low door, which suddenly opened, and closed after her.

وصرخت الفتاة وقد غطت وجهها بيدتها:
«يا للظلمة! يا عزيزي فوتس! إنه الجنوح حقاً.»
فكر الرئيس قائلاً:
هل تصررين على إكبار التهمة؟
نعم أتركها.»
كيف تفسرين الوقائع التي تتهمك؟
قد أخبرتم. لا أعرف.. لا أعرف. إنه كاهن. إنه الكاهن الذي يلاحقني في كل مكان.
قال جاك شارمولو:
نظراً لهذا الوارد المؤلم، أقترح أن تطبق عليها أساليب التحقيق والتعذيب.
قال الرئيس:
«موافق.»
وأشار إلى مكتب الفتاة. ونهضت وسارت يسقيها شارمولو وكهنة محكمة التفتيش نحو باب فتح فجأة ثم أغلق عليها.
Chapter 24

GUSTICE IS ENLIGHTENED?!

La Esmeralda was thrust into a room of sinister aspect. It was a circular room with no windows. Neither was any aperture but the low entrance closed by a strong iron door. There was a furnace in which burned a large fire.

Tongs, pincers, broad plowshares, lay pellmell heating in the fire in the pell-mell interior of the furnace. On the leather bed, in the middle of the room, was carelessly seated Pierrat Torterue, the «sworn tormentor», and his assistants.

Master Jacques Charmolue approached the girl with a kind smile!

«My dear girl, do you persist in your denial?»

«Yes», she replied.
"Then, take the trouble and sit down on this bed. Master Pierrat, give place to this young woman where is the doctor?"

"Here", answered a man in a black gown.

"Damoiselle, for the third time, do you persist in denying the charges preferred against you?" said the Proctor of the court.

La Esmeralda nodded an affirmative.

"I am very sorry, I am obliged to perform the duty of my office". Cried Charmolue.

"Mr. Proctor, what shall we begin with?" asked Pierrat. Charmolue stopped for a moment, then cried:

"With the buskin."

Meanwhile the horny hands of Pierrat's men had brutally stripped that beautiful leg. "It is a pity!" muttered the tormentor, Presently her foot was hidden from sight in the iron-bound apparatus. Terror then restored her strength.

"Take it off! For mercy's sake!" She cried wildly and sprang from the bed to throw herself at the feet of the king's proctor, but being bound, she sank down powerless.
On a sign from Charmolue two coarse hands fastened round her slender waist the thong that hung from the ceiling.

«For the last time», said Charmolue, «Do you confess the crimes laid to your charge?».

«I am innocent».

«Begin», said he to Pierrat.

Pierrat turned a screw; the buskin became more and more contracted, and the wretch sufferer shrieked fiercely.

«Hold!»

«Do you confess?» said Charmolue.

«Everything!» cried the miserable girl, «I confess, mercy! mercy!».

The King's Proctor then said.

«Humanity obliges me to tell you that, though you confess, you have nothing but death to expect».

«I wish for it», said she. And she sank upon the leathern bed, suspended, as if lifeless, by the thong buckled round her waist. It was evident that her spirit was utterly broken.

«Write clerk.» said Charmolue.

Then turning to Pierrat's men:
«Loose the prisoner, and let her be taken back into court.»

Then addressing the priests of the officiality.
«Justice is enlightened at last!»
Chapter 25

The Sentence!

When she again entered the court, pale and halting, she was greeted with a general buzz of pleasure. She advanced with faltering steps to her place. Charmolue said:

«The accused has confessed the crime.»

«Bohemain girl,» said the president

«You have confessed then all your misdeeds of magic, of prostitution, and of murder committed on the body of Phœbus de Chateaupers?»

«Whatever you please; only put me to death soon!».

The president, after conferring with others, announced:

«Bohemain girl, on such a day, at the hour of noon, you shall be drawn in a tumbril, stripped to your chemise barefoot, with a rope about your neck, to the great porch of

الفصل الخامس والعشرون

الحكم

عندما دخلت الفتاة إلى قاعة المحكمة، باحة تعر، استقبلت بدمدمة من السرور واللذة. وتقدمت بخطى مبتهجة إلى مقعدها. فقال شارمولو:
«لقد اعترفت المتهمة بكل شيء.»

أعرف الرئيس يقول:

«يا فتاة الفجر، هل اعترفت بكل جرائمك في ممارسة السحر والدعارة وقتل الضابط فوبوس دي شاتوار؟»

أعترف بكل ما تريدون، لكن أقلوني سريعاً!»

ويعد أن تشارو الرئيس مع الآخرين أعلن:

بأ فتاة الفجر، ستتحملين ظهر أحد الأيام في عربة عارية القدمين، مقيدة وفي عنك حبل، إلى الباب الكبير لكنسة
the church of Notre Dame, holding in your hand a wax taper of two pounds' weight, and hence you shall be taken to the Place de Greve, and there hanged by the neck on the gallows. God receive your soul!"

"OH! it is a dream!" murmured the prisoner.

At length, she heard above her a ladder noise, then silence made by the latter when he brought her staff and her pitcher of water. She raised her hand and saw a red cross white lettering with the words "Pater Noster. Alleluia. A misericordia in aliquando. Gegrondor, gegrondor. Ego sum in manus tue."
Chapter 26

WAITING FOR DEATH

La Esmeralda was thrust after her condemnation into a cell under the palace of Justice. It was, in fact, a dungeon. There she was, wrapped in darkness, buried, entombed and immured. Cold as night, cold as death, not a breath of air in her dark locks, not a human sound in her ear, not a glimmer of light in her eyes. She was weighed down with chains, bent double, crouched beside a pitcher and a loaf of bread on a little straw, in the pool formed from the walls of her dungeon. She could no more distinguish waking from sleeping, dream from reality than night from day. She had ceased to feel, to know, and to think.

At length, she heard above her a louder noise than usually made by the jailer, when he brought her loaf and her pitcher of water. She raised her head, and saw a reddish ray entering the place. She could see, also, a...
lampion, a hand, and the nether extremities of a person. The light so painfully affected her that she closed her eyes.

When she opened them again she saw a black form with wrapper descended to its feet, stood before her. Nothing was to be seen of the person, not even the hands. At length, the prisoner broke silence:

«Who are you?
«A priest.» «Are you prepared?»
«For what?»
«To die.»
«Oh! will it be soon?» said she with joy.
«Tomorrow.»
«It is a long time till then, why not today?»
«You must be very unhappy, then?»
«I am very cold», she replied and clasped her feet with her hands.

All at once, she burst out crying like a child.
«I want to leave this place, sir. I am cold, I am afraid, and there are loathsome things which crawl up me.»
«Well, come along with me.»

With these words the priest took hold of her arm, the girl was chilled to her inmost vitals.
«Oh! it is the icy hand of death.» She murmured, «who are you?»

The priest pushed back his hood. She looked at him. It was the sinister face which had so long haunted her, that demon-head which had appeared to her adored Phœbus, that eye which glistened near a dagger.

«Ha!» cried she with terror, holding her hands over her eyes.

«It is the priest!»

She dropped her hands, remained sitting, her eyes fixed on the ground, mute and trembling.

At length he asked.

«Are you afraid of me then?»

«Yes,» said she, «the executioner jeers the condemn, it is you who killed him who killed my Phœbus!»

«Who are you? what have I done to you? why should you hate me thus?»

«I love thee!» said the priest. «I love thee.»

«Ah! What love?»

«The love of the damned,» said he, then resumed!
Listen! before I saw you I was happy."

"And I!" she sighed forth faintly.

"Interrupt me not, I was innocent, no head was lifted so proudly as mine. Priests and doctors consulted me. Science was all in all to me. One day I was sitting at the window of my cell was reading. I heard the sound of a tambourine. I cast my eyes upon the place. What I saw was not sight made for human eye. There, in the middle of the pavement, a creature was dancing, a creature so beautiful that she might have served as a model for the mother of the Graces.

I looked till I shuddered, I felt that the hand of Fate was upon me. Meanwhile the charm began to operate by degrees. The dancing turned my brain. All at once you began to sing. What could I do? your singing was more fascinating than your dancing. At last I saw you depart. I sank into the corner of the window, stiff and helpless as a fallen statue, I couldn't raise up; something had come upon me, from which I couldn't flee."

He stopped short then continued:

"I was present at your trial. I foreboded not the torture. I saw your foot encased in

"استمتع إلى قائلة: "أنا أيضاً، لا تقاطعيني. لقد كنت سعيدان، نعم، كنت طاهرأ، لا يرفع رأس أشد فخراً من رأسي. لقد كان كبار العلماء والأطباء يأتون إلى لستريني. وكان العلم هو كل شيء عدني. وفي يوم من الأيام، كنت مستندياً إلى نافذة حجرتي و كنت أقرأ. سمعت صوت الدف، فنظرت إلى الساحة. أما ما رأت، فلم يكن مشهداً مصعووأ لعبون بشري، هناك وسط الميدان كانت فتاة ترقص، فتاة بلغت من الفتة درجة تؤهلاً لأن تكون مثلًا أعلى لكل ما هو جميل.

ونظفت حتى سرت في جسدي فشعرت، فأنكرت أن الففرد قد ألقي بعيده على.W עדود السحر بري في جسدي وروحي بالتدريب. وكان رقصك يدور على أنا في دماغي، وفجأة بدأت نغتيين. ماذا كان ببيسي أن أفعل؟ لقد كان غداً أروع من رقصك! ورآيا رأيك تغادرين المكان، فهبطت فوق زاوية النافذة، ضعيفاً جامدًا كمثال هاوا. حاولت الهروب فلم أعمل شيء، ما قد أصابني، شيء لا أستطيع منه فراقًا.

وتوقف الكاهن قليلاً، ثم تاب يقول:

"لقد تابعت فضيتك، ولم أتحمل تعذيبك. لقد رأيت قدمك، وهي تحتضر داخل الحذاء الحديدي المخيف. وحين

217

216
the horrible buskin. At that shriek which was forced from you, I plunged into my bosom a dagger, that I carried beneath my wrapper. Look, it still bleeds."

He throw open his cassock, his breast was lacerated as by the claw of a tiger. The prisoner recoiled in horror.

"Oh, maiden! take pity on me. You know not what misery is. It is to love a woman, to be a priest to be hated to love with all the energies of your soul, to feel you would give for her smile your blood, life, salvation and to see her fond of another man. Torture! these, these are pincers heated in the fire of hell."

The wretched girl kept repeating in a low tone:

"Oh my Phæbus!"

The priest crawled toward her upon his knees:

"I love you. If you go to perdition, I must go with you. All that I have done, I have done for this."

"If you would, how happy might we be! we would flee. I would enable you to escape."

"Let us loose no time. You will have
enough time to love me after I have saved you. Tomorrow! tomorrow! the gallows! save yourself! spare me!»

With her eyes fixed on him, she inquired:
«What is become of my Phæbus?»
«He is dead.»
«Dead! then why persuade me to live?»
Then, the girl rushed upon him like an enraged tigress:
«Begone, monster! begone murderer! leave me to die. Never, never! Nothing will bring us together.»

The priest had stumble upon the steps, picked up his lantern and began slowly to ascend to the door; he opened it and went out.
Chapter 27

THE LONG-WAITED-FOR HOUR

The next morning the recluse of Rolande's Tower heard the rumbling of wheels, the tramp of horses, and the clanking of iron in the Place de Greve. The noise, first, roused her, but she fell again upon her knees to gaze at the inanimate object which she had thus adored for fifteen years. The pretty little shoe has become an instrument of torture, which is incessantly racking the heart of the mother.

On this particular morning her grief seemed to burst forth with greater violence than usual, and she was heard crying in a loud voice which wrung the heart.

"Oh, my child! better she had not given to me at all than to have her taken from me so soon! my God! Ah! wretch that I was, to go out that day!

Oh! my poor, dear little child."
my child, but once more, only once!»

Grief like this never grows old, though the garments of mourning become threadbare and lose their color, the heart remains black as ever.

At this moment the brisk and merry voices of boys passed before her cell.

«They are going to hang an Egyptian today.»

She sprang to the aperture and looked toward the gibbet. A few people were standing around. She recognized the Archdeacon of Josas, he was reading the breviary.

«Father» she inquired, «whom are they going to hang?»

«I know not,» said he.

«Some boys said that it was an Egyptian.»

«I believe so. Sister, you seem to hate the Egyptians with all your heart.»

«Hate them!, they are child-stealers! They devoured my little girl! They ate my heart along with her. I have none now!»

«There is one in particular,» resumed the recluse, «that I hate and curse; a young girl
about the same age of my child. Whenever she passes my cell, she sets all my blood-a
boiling."

"Well, then sister, rejoice It's for her that these preparations are making."

The recluse waved her hands in triumph.

"Thanks, sir priest," cried she. "I told her what she would come to."

She began to pace to and fro before her window hurriedly with glaring eyes, just as a
caged she-wolf which has long been hungry and is aware that the hour for her repast is
approaching.

Phœbus, meanwhile, was not dead. In fact, his wound was severe, but he was cured. He
joined his company in garrison a few relays from Paris. When he called to mind his
adventure with La Esmeralda, he imagined that there was much more of magic than of
love in this history.

He therefore soon set his mind at ease respecting the sorceress Esmeralda. But
sooner was his heart vacant on this score than the image of Fleur-de-lys returned
thither. He persumed that the affair with the Bohemain must after the lapse of two
months be completely blown over and forgotten.
One morning he came swaggering to the door of the Gondelaurie mansion. The noble damoiselle was herself more charming than ever.

"What have you been doing with yourself for these two months?"

"My dear cousin, I was ordered away to keep garrison," answered he.

"How is that you have not been once to see me?"

Here Phæbus was seriously embarrassed.

"Why our duty, and besides, I have been ill."

"Ill?"

"Yes, wounded. I had a squabble with lieutenant Mahe Fedy, and each of us ripped up a few inches of the other's skin. That is all."

"Ah! Phæbus, how I rejoice that you are quite well again."

Then, in order to change the conversation he cried:

"What a crowd there is in the place?"

"I heard that a witch is to do penance this morning before the church, and to be hung afterward."
“What is the name of the witch?”

“I know not. Oh! I am hot,” said Fleur.

“Will I draw the curtains?”

“No, no! I have need of air,” then she ran out to the balcony.

The wide portals of the church were closed, contrasting with the numberless windows around the place which displayed thousands of heads heaped one above another.

A cart, drawn by a strong Norman bay, and surrounded by horsemen had just entered the place. In the fatal vehicle was seated a young female, with her hands tied behind her and a knotty cord twined itself around her neck. At her feet there was a little goat, also bound.

“Only look, fair cousin,” said Fleur de Lys “tis that Bohemian hussy with the goat.” She turned toward Phæbus. His eyes were fixed on the cart. He was unusually pale.

“I know not what you mean,” said Phæbus and tried to step back to return to the room, but Fleur de lys said:

“Stay, and let us look on till all is over.”

The cart stopped before the central porch.
When the great door was opened, heads of priests were seen moving about in the distant stalls of the choir. There burst from the church a grave, loud and monotonous chant. It belonged to the mass for the dead.

The executioner's man went to assist her to alight from the cart. She seemed to lose both sight and thought. Her pale lips moved, as if in prayer, repeating in a low tone:

«Phœbus!»

She was then made to walk barefoot on the hard pavement which led to the porch. Her eyes were fixed on him who walked at the head of the group. She muttered to her self, shuddering, «there he is again, the priest!»

The archdeacon approached her slowly. In a loud voice he addressed her:

«Bohemian girl, have you prayed God to pardon your crimes?»

Then stooping, he whispered:

«Will you be mine? I can even yet save you!»

«What have you done with my Phœbus?»

«Well, then die!» said he. «No one shall have you.»

At that moment the wretched archdeacon...
raised his head mechanically and saw Phæbus in that balcony. He shuddered, then lifted his hand over the Egyptian and pronounced some Latin words to conclude the gloomy ceremony. It was the signal given by the priest to the executioner.

He turned his back on the prisoner, his head sank upon his bosom, his hands crossed each other and receded from sight.

Master Charmolue gave a sign and two men approached the Egyptian to tie her hands again, and take her again to the cart. She raised her dry eyes toward heaven, toward the sun, the silvery clouds, and then cast them down around her upon the earth, the crowd, and the houses, as if bidding life a farewell look.

All at once, she gave a startling scream, a scream of joy. She saw him in the balcony; her lord, her Phæbus just as he looked when a live. The judges and the priest had told her a falsehood!

"Phæbus!" she cried, "My Phæbus!"

She would stretch her arms trembling with love and transport, but they were bound.
She then saw the captain knit his brow; and a young handsome lady leaning upon him. He uttered a few words, which she was too far off to hear, then entered the room with the young lady.

«Phœbus!» cried she, «Do you too believe it?».

She had borne up thus far against everything. This last shock was too violent. She fell senseless upon the pavement.

No one had yet observed in the gallery of the royal statues, a strange-looking spectator, who had till then been watching all that passed, with attitude so motionless, head so outstretched and visage so deformed. He had been watching every scene of the tragedy ever since noon, and had tied to one of the small pillars of the gallery a knotted rope, the end of which reached the pavement.

At the exact time, he strode across the balustrade of the gallery, seized the rope with feet, knees and hands glided down, ran up to the two men, felled both of them to the ground with his enormous fists, bore off the Egyptian on one arm, and at one bound...
he was in the church shouting with his
terrific voice:
«Sanctuary! Sanctuary!»
This was all done with the speed of
lightning. «Sanctuary! Sanctuary!» repeated the mob,
and the clapping of ten thousand hands
casted Quasimodo's only eye to sparkle with
joy and exultation. For that moment
Quasimodo was really beautiful.

After a triumph of a few minutes,
Quasimodo hastened into the interior of the
church with his burden. Within the walls of
Notre-Dame the prisoner was secure from
molestation. The cathedral was a place of
refuge. Human justice dared not cross its
threshold.
Chapter 28

A SPIRIT OR A LIVING HUMAN?

Claude Frollo was no longer in Notre Dame when Quasimodo saved the Egyptian. He hurried out the church and ordered a boatman to carry him across the river, and wandered among the streets pale and haggard, blinded and bewildered.

A crowd of frightful ideas then rushed upon his mind.

He shuddered. He thought of that unhappy girl who had undone him, and whom he had undone. He was almost mad since he had lost the hope and the will to save her. His mind retained but two distinct images: La Esmeralda and the gibbet; all rest was black.

The sun was nearly setting. Dom Claude found a boatman, near the other bank, who took him up the Seine to the point of the city. The sun had set and lights began to glimmer here and there in the windows.
Distracted, he knew not whither he went. Presently he was upon the pont st. Michel. He, then, made up his mind and ran toward Notre-Dame. The door of the cloisters was shut, but he always carried the key of the tower in which was his room.

On entering one of the aisles he perceived a reddish light behind a cluster of pillars. He ran toward it.

It was the petty lamp on the public breviary of Notre-Dame. He hurried to the sacred book, in hopes of finding in it some consolation or encouragement. It was open at the passage of Job:

«Then a spirit passed before my face, and the hair of my flesh stood up.»

At length, recovering some degree of consciousness, he thought of seeking refuge in the tower near his trusty Quasimodo. He slowly ascended the staircase of the tower, filled with secret dread.

All at once a gust of wind extinguished his lamp, and at the same moment he saw something white, a shade, a female, appear at the opposite angle of the tower. He
shuddered. By the side of this female there was a little goat.

«It was she herself!» pale, sad, unbound and habited in light white robe. She came toward him slowly, and all he could do was to recede a step for every one that she advanced.

He began to descend the stair case when heard a voice laughing and repeating distinctly in his ear, «A spirit passed before my face, and the hair of my flesh stood up.»

فارتحف، ثم رأى قرب هذه المرأة عثة صغيرة.

إنهما هي ذاتهما باهتا، حزينة، غير مقيدة، ترتدن ثوباً أبيض، وتقدمت نحوه ببطء وكلما استطاع فعله هو التراجع خطوة إلى الوراء، كلما خطت المرأة نحوه مثلها.

كان قد بدأ يهبط السلم عندما سمع صوتاً يضغط وإرد على مسامعة:

وأمر روح أمام وجهي، فقفّ له شعر جسدي كله.»
Chapter 29

THE SANCTUARY

All churches in the Middle Ages had the right of sanctuary. When the criminal set foot in the sanctuary, he was sacred, but he was obliged to beware of leaving it.

At Notre Dame it was a small cell on the top of the aisle where Quasimode deposit La Esmeralda unconscious.

Her ideas awoke and returned to her one by one. She saw she was in the church; she recollected having been snatched out of the hands of the executioner; that Phæbus was alive, and that he no longer loved her. She turned toward Quasimodo, frightened by his aspect, said:

«Why did you save me?»

He looked anxiously at her striving to guess what she said. She repeated the question. He then cast on her a look deeply sorrowful, and withdrew.
A few moments afterwards he returned with a bundle contained a white robe with a white veil. He left again allowing her to dress herself. He returned with a basket-contained a bottle, bread, and some provision and a mattress. He said:

«Eat!». Handing her the mattress, said:

«sleep!»

It was his own dinner, his own bed, that the bellringer had brought her.

The Egyptian lifted her eyes to thank him, but she could not utter a word. She dropped her head with a thrill of horror.

«Ah!» said he, I frighten you, I see. I am ugly enough. Don't look at me. Listen only in the day time you shall stay here; at night you can walk about all over the church But stir not a step out, they will catch you and kill you, and it will be the death of me.»

She raised her head to reply, but he was gone.

Next morning she perceived that she had slept. It was so long that she had been unaccustomed to sleep! The sun threw its cheering rays upon her face. But besides the
sun she saw at the aperture the unlucky face of Quasimodo. She involuntarily closed her eyes. She heard a hoarse voice saying very kindly:

«Don't be a fright. I came to see you asleep. I am going, you can open your eyes.»

The Egyptian was deeply affected, she opened her eyes but he was not at the window. She went to it and said:

«Come!»

Quasimodo, being deaf, saw the motion of her lips imagined that she was bidding him to go away. She then darted out of the cell, ran to him and took hold of his arm. On feeling her touch, Quasimodo trembled in every limb.

She drew him toward her,
«No, no!»

Said he, «the owl never enters the nest of the lark.» He insisted on staying at her threshold.

Every moment she discovered in Quasimodo some new deformity. At the same time an air of such sadness and gentleness
prevaded his whole figure, that she began to reconcile with it.

«Did you not call me back?» said he.
«Yes,» said she with a nod of affirmation.
«Alas! you must know, I am deaf!»
«Poor fellow!»
«You think nothing else was wanting, don’t you?»
«I am deaf. It is terrible! while you are... so beautiful!»

He smiled sadly and resumed:
«Never till now was I aware how hideous I am. When compare myself with you, I cannot help pitying myself, poor unhappy monster that I am!. I am deaf, but you will speak to me by gestures, by signs, and I understand from the motion of your lips.»

The girl said with a smile:

«Well, then, tell me why you saved me?»
«I understand.»

You have forgotten a wretch to whom you brought relief on the pillory. A draught of water and a look of pity are more than I could repay with my life.»
«Look you! we have very high towers here, when you wish to be rid of me, tell me to throw myself from the top.»

He then rose, «I must not stay longer. I'll seek some place where I can look at you without your seeing me.»

He drew from his pocket a small metal whistle.

«Take this, when you want me, whistle with this. I shall hear the sound.»

Time passed on. Tranquillity returned by degrees to the soul of La Esmeralda. Excessive grief, like excessive joy, is too violent to last. The terrible images which she had been haunted by, were leaving her by degrees. Of the bitter feelings she had experienced, astonishment alone was left.

All the terrible phantoms, Pierrat, Charmolue and even the priest himself had faded from her mind. And then, Phœbus was yet living. She was sure of it; she had seen him. To her Phœbus' life was everything.

She believed that Phœbus still loved her, and loved but her. Had he not sworn it?
No doubt La Esmeralda did not think of the captain without pain. It was terrible to think that the wound to be inflicted by one who would have given a thousand lives for his sake.

There was no reason to be angry with him; had she not confessed her crime? had she not yielded to the torture?

When the thoughts of Phœbus allowed her time, the Egyptian would sometimes think of Quasimodo. He was the only bond, the only link that was left her with mankind.

Quasimodo, nevertheless, looked in from time to time, she strove as much as she could to conceal her aversion, but he was able to perceive the slightest movement of that kind.

One time he came to the door of the cell, La Esmeralda was singing a Spanish ballad, at the abrupt appearance of the ugly face she stopped short. The unhappy bell-ringer dropped upon his knees, at the threshold, and with a beseeching look clasped his clumsy shapeless hands.

"Oh!" said he, "go on, I pray you, and fire me not away."

Not wishing to vex him, the trembling girl continued the song. He remained upon his knees, with his hands joined as in prayer. He
was listening to her song with his eye.

One morning, La Esmeralda, having advanced to the parapet of the roof, was looking at the place. Quasimodo was behind her. On a sudden the Bohemain shuddered, a tear and a flash of joy sparkled at once in her eyes. She fell on the knees, and extended her arms in anguish toward the place, crying:

«Phæbus! come! come! one word, for God's sake! Phæbus!».

The officer was too far off to hear the call of the unhappy girl. Quasimodo bending forward, perceived the object of this wild and tender appeal. He was a young and a handsome horseman, an armed captain who was bowing to a fair lady in the balcony. Quasimodo sighed, turned around, his heart was swollen with tears which he repressed; he dashed his fists against his head; and when he removed them there was in each a handful of red hair.

He said in a lowtone, «Perdition! That is how one ought to look, then! One need but have a handsome outside!».

Then he gently pulled her sleeve and said:

«Shall I go and fetch him?».
She gave a cry of joy, "Oh! go! go! run quick!"

When he reached the place, nothing was to be seen but the fine horse fastened to the gate of the Gondalaurier mansion. La Esmeralda was still at the same place. He leaned with his back against one of the pillars of the porch, determined to await the captain's departure.

The whole day passed in this manner, Quasimodo at the pillar, La Esmeralda on the roof, and Phœbus no doubt at the feet of Fleur de Lys.

At length night arrived; a few hours passed, and a horse was pacing beneath the porch. The brilliant officer, wrapped in his cloak, passed swiftly before Quasimodo who ran after him.

"Ho! Captain!"

The captain pulled up. Quasimodo came up to him, boldly laid hold of the horse's bridle and said:

"There is one who would speak with you! Follow me, captain."

"Let go the bridle!"

"Loose my horse, I tell you" cried Phœbus.

"Come, captain; it is a female who is waiting for you a female who loves you. It is the Egyptian whom you are acquainted with."

"أرسلت العجيرة صرخة فرح وقالت: "أوه! هيا! إذهب! أسرع!"

وعندما رسل كازيمودو إلى الساحة، لم يجد غير الحصن الجميل مربوطاً إلى باب منزل آل جوندوليوريا. وكانت الأسيرالدا ما زالت مكانها، واسعد كازيمودو ظهره إلى إحدى زكات الليل ينتظر خروج القائد.

ولما انتهى كازيمودو، كازيمودو مستند إلى اللباب، والأسيرالدا فوق السطح، وفوتوس، دون شك، عند قدسي فلور دي لي.

إذ أخيراً جاء الليل، ومرت بضع ساعات، ثم شعر بشمع صوت جنود يركب الأرض بقواته تحت باب المنزل، ومر الضابط اللائع ملتفاً بملفه، مسرعاً أمام كازيمودو الذي راح يدور خلفه. وهو يصرخ قائلًا: "هيا! أها القائد!" ووقف القائد، وأسرع كازيمودو إليه وأمسك بجرأة عوان الجواء وقال: "هناك شخص يريد التحدث إليك أها القائد، هيا، بعندي!"

أترك عوان جوابي، قلت لك، أترك جوابي. " تعال أها القائد، إنها إمرأة تتظاهر، إمرأة تحبك. إنها العجيرة التي تعرفها!!"
This intimation made a strong impression upon Phœbus, the gallant officer had retired to the room with Fleur before Quasimodo rescued the girl.

«The Egyptian!», he exclaimed, with almost a feeling of terror.

«What, then, are you from the other world?»

Phœbus dealt Quasimodo a smart stroke with his whip across the arm.

He returned to Notre-Dame, lighted his lamp and ascended the tower. As he expected, La Esmeralda was in the same place. She ran to him.

«Alone!» She exclaimed, sorrowfully clasping her hands.

«I couldn't meet with him», said Quasimodo dryly.

«You should have waited all night», she cried angrily.

«I will watch him better another time».

«Go you away!» cried she.

He left her. He had rather be ill-used by her than give her pain. He kept all the mortification to himself.
From that day he ceased to come to her cell. She saw him not, but she felt the presence of a good genius around her.

Her fresh supplies of provisions were brought by an invisible hand while she was asleep. One morning she found over her window a cage with birds, in another, she found two vases with flowers.

Sometimes, in the evening, she heard the voice of some unseen person singing a sad strain, as if to lull her to sleep. One night, however, she heard a sigh near her cell. She rose, and by the light of the moon she saw a shapeless mass lying outside across the door way. It was Quasimodo asleep upon the stones.

265

264
Chapter 30

EVEN OF QUASIMODO?

Meanwhile public rumor had communicated to the archdeacon the miraculous manner in which the Egyptian had been saved. He had made up his mind to the death of La Esmeralda, and was therefore easy on that point. He had drained the cup of misery to the dregs. The human heart cannot contain more than a certain quantity of despair. When a sponge is thoroughly soaked, the sea may pass over it without introducing into it one additional drop.

He kept himself inside his cell whose door never opened even to Jehan, his beloved brother. He passed whole days with his face close to the panes of his window where he could see La Esmeralda with herself, with her goat, and could see also the hunchback and his respectful and submissive manners toward the Egyptian. This idea distracted him.
Every night he imagined La Esmeralda in all pictures that made the blood boil in his veins. One night, however, they inflamed him to such a degree, that he leapt out of his bed, and with a lamp in his hand, left his cell. He knew where to find the key of the Porte Rouge, the communication between the cloisters and the church.

On that night La Esmeralda had fallen asleep in her lodge. She seemed to hear a kind of noise about her. The night was very dark. She nevertheless saw at the window a face looking at her, there was a lamp which threw a light upon this apparition. He, then, put out his lamp.

"Oh!" she cried in a faint voice. "The Priest!"

A moment, afterward, she felt something touch her. She shuddered, raised herself furiously into a sitting posture.

"Begone, murderer! monster!" she said.

"Mercy! mercy!" muttered the priest, "My love to you is a thousand daggers in my heart."

"Begone, demon!" said she and drew herself backwards.
All at once, her hand touched something cold, that felt like metal. It was Quasimodo's whistle. She whistled with all the force she had left. Almost at the same moment the Priest felt himself grasped by a vigorous arm. The cell was dark, there was just little light to enable him to see the broad blade of a cutlass glistening above his head.

But the Priest imagined that he perceived the figure of Quasimodo. In the twinkling of an eye, the Priest was stretched on the floor, and felt a leaden knee pressing upon his breast. But Quasimodo hesitated, and said in a muttering voice:

«No, no blood upon her!».

The Priest recognized the voice of Quasimodo.

The Priest then felt a huge hand dragging him by the leg out of the cell, it was there that he was to die. Luckily for him, the moon had just burst forth.

Quasimodo looked at his face, seized with a trembling, released him and started back. The Egyptian, saw with surprise the actors suddenly exchanging characters. It was now the Priest's turn to threaten, Quasimodo's to supplicate.
Quasimodo stood for a moment with bowed head, and then, falling on his knees before the door of the Egyptian,

«Monseigneur. Kill me first!».

He offered him the cutlass, but la Esmeralda was too quick for him, and bursting into a hysteric laugh.

«Come on! come on coward», she cried «I know that Phoebus is not dead!».

The Priest, with a violent kick, overthrew Quasimodo and rushed quivering with rage to the vaulted staircase. The thing was conclusive. Dom Claude was jealous of Quasimodo! With pensive look he repeated the fatal phrase.

«Nobody shall have her!». 

وخفَض كوازييمودو رأسه، ثم أنى يجلس على ركبته أمام باب الغرفة وقال:
«سيدى، أنتني أولاً، وقَدْمى للكين، ولكن الاستمرادا كانت أسرع منه لانتزاعها وراح تفهمه بضحكته بسيطة: 
اقترب! اقترب أيها الجبان. لقد عرفت أن فوبوس حي ورمى الكاهن كوازييمودو أرضاً بركة عينكة، ثم أسرع وهو يرتفع غضاً باتجاه قبة السلم. وحدث ما كنت تتوقعه، لقد أصبح دوم كلود يغار من كوازييمودو، وراح يردد عبارته الهامة وهو يفكر:
لَن يفزع بها أحد أبداً!»
Chapter 31

KNOW NOT DESPAIR

Pierre Gringoire was standing at the corner of a beautiful chapel of the fourteenth century. He was intently examining the sculptures on the outside, he was being absorbed and seemed to see nothing but his art.

All at once, he felt a hand fall heavily upon his shoulder. He turned about. It was his old friend, his old master, the archdeacon. He was surprised.

The Priest broke silence, saying, in a grave, freezing tone, «How goes it with you, Master Pierre?»

«As to my health, I may say, so-so».«And what are you doing now?».«You see, master, I am examining the cut of these stones».«And that amuses you?».«It is paradise!».«You are happy, then?».

275
«Yes, upon my honor».
«And you wish for nothing, and regret nothing?».
«Neither wishes nor regrets. I have arranged my life».
«And how do you earn a livelihood?».
«I still make epics and tragedies; but what brings in most money is the trade you have seen me follow».
«You are then as poor as ever?».
«Poor enough, but not unhappy».
«What have you done with the young Egyptian dancing-girl?».
«La Esmeralda? my wife of a broken jug! you seem to be always thinking of her».
«And do you never think of her now?».
«Very little. I am so busy».
«Didn't she save your life?».
«True enough; Alas, they hanged her!».
«You believe».

«I am not sure, I go out of the way», «I was told that she had taken sanctuary in Notre-Dame, and that she was safe there. I was very glad to hear, but I was not certain».

«I can tell you more», said Dom Claude. «She has actually taken sanctuary in
Notre-Dame. But in three days Justice will again seize her, and she will be hanged in the Greve. The Parliament has issued a decree.

"That is a pity! who the devil has amused himself with soliciting an order of restitution?".

"There are Satans in the world". "Will you then not try to do something for her?"

"I desire no better, Dom Claude, but perhaps, I may get my own neck into an ugly noose".

"What signifies that? she did save your life and you are only paying a debt".

"How many of my debts besides that are unpaid!".

"Master Pierre, I have well weighed the matter, there is but one way to save her".

"And which?"

"Listen, Master Pierre, the church is watched night and day and those who enter must be seen go out. You would be allowed to go in. I will take you to her. You must change clothes with her".

"So far, so good and then?".

"She will go away in your clothes, and you will remain in hers. You will be hanged
perhaps; but she will escape».

Gringoire rubbed his brow with a profoundly serious look, and said:

«I will think about it. After all, who knows! Perhaps they will not hang me. They may only laugh».

«Are we agreed? Is it settled, then? will you come tomorrow?».

«No, no!» said Gringoire in the tone of a man awakening from sleep, and persumed:

«Be hanged I beg to be excused».

«Farewell then! I will find you out again».

Then, Gringoire ran after him saying:

«A capital idea has just occured to me».

«What is your proposal?».

«She is a favorite with the dark race. They will rise at the first word. Nothing easier. A sudden attack. In the confusion, carry her away!».

«But the means?» inquired Claude angrily.

Gringoire bent his lips to the archdeacon ear, and whispered very softly. When he had finished, Dom Claude grasped his hand, and said coldly:
«Good! tomorrow?».
«Tomorrow!» repeated Gringoire and each one went in a different way.

In returning to his cell, the archdeacon found his brother, Jehan.
«Brother, I have come to see you» said Jehan dryly.

«What do you want?».

«Brother, you are so good to me, and you give me such excellent advice, that I always come back to you.

«What now?».

«Brother, you see standing here a sinner, a criminal, a wretch. I would like to live a better life. And I come to you, brother, with my heart full of contrition».

«Is that all?».

«Yes», said Jehan. «A little money».

«I have none».

«Well, my brother, you will not give me any money? No! In that case, I will become a Truand».

«Go to the devil! Then become a Traund» said the archdeacon coldly.

Jehan made a low bow, and descended the staircase whistling.
When he was under the window of his brother's cell, the window was opened. He raised his head. He heard his brother say:

«This is the last money you will get from me».

So saying, the Priest threw out a purse to Jehan.

One evening, there was a greater turmoil than usual in the tavern of the vagabonds, as which small important enterprise is planning. There, among the guests, a rooster, whose place was on the table, was suddenly found on the floor between the legs of each was seen glistening some weapon or other.

In this multitude were crowding around three persons. One of these individuals was the Pope of France, the other the King of France. The latter was seen to take from the purse, which he held in his hand, a large key, and which he placed in the pocket of the second, whilst saying: 'This key is for you; I want to give it to you.'

Each took from the heap what he pleased. The Pope, with a smile, took the key. At one moment, the bell was heard, and the crowd, which had congregated in the square, appeared in the window of the tavern. The people said: 'You have done well. You have

And when they arrived at the window where his brother was, a rooster was found, and the rooster said: «This is the last money you will get from me.»

So saying, the Priest threw out a purse to Jehan.
Chapter 32

TO THE LAST BLOOD DROP!

One evening, there was a greater tumult than usual in the tavern of the vagabonds, as when some important enterprise is planning. The vagabonds appeared to be in higher spirits than ordinary, and between the legs of each was seen glistening some weapon or other.

In this multitude three principal groups were crowding around three personages. One of these personages, was the Duke of Egypt (as named by the gypsies). The other was Clopin Trouillefou who was superintending the pillage of a large hogshead full of arms, hatchets, swords, knives and saws.

Each took from the heap what he pleased. The very children armed themselves. At one table, upon the bench in the chimney corner was seated a philosopher absorbed in meditation. It was Gringoire.

[Page 286]
The third party was gathered around a young warrior armed to the very teeth.

"Come, make haste, arm yourselves! We shall start in an hour!" said Clopin Trouillefou to his crew.

The voice of a young warrior was heard. He cried:

"A vagabond! What am I but a vagabond! my friends, my name is Jehan Frollo! We are going, brothers, on a rare expedition. Lay siege to the church, break open the doors, carry off the damsel, rescue her from the judges, save her from the priests. We'll hang Quasimodo. I am a vagabond to my heart's core."

"Well then, comrades!" cried a peddler, "to Notre-Dame! the sooner the better! In the chapel there are two statues, both of gold and the pedestals of silver gilt. I know this to a certainty. I am a goldsmith by trade."

"We should get our sister out of their clutches. No resistance to fear in the church," cried Clopin and shouted with a voice of thunder:

"Midnight!".

The moon was overcast. The immense multitude, of both sexes armed with weapons...
of all sorts, appeared to be forming in column. The voice of Clopin was heard:

"Now, silence in passing through the streets! No torch is to be lit till we are at Notre-Dame.

That same night Quasimodo slept not. He had just gone his last round in the church. He was fastening the doors when he saw the archdeacon pass.

Dom Claude appeared that night to be more deeply absorbed in thought than usual. Ever since his nocturnal adventure in the cell, he had treated Quasimodo with great harshness and even went so far to strike him. But nothing could shake the submission, the patience, the devoted resignation of the faithful bell-ringer.

That night, then Quasimodo, after taking a glance at his bells began to take a survey of Paris.

He has observed suspicious looking men prowling incessantly about the church, and keeping their eyes fixed on the young girl's asylum. He imagined that some plot against the unfortunate refugee might be on foot. He redoubled his attention.

The sight was alarming, he perceived the
head of a column approaching through the streets and spread itself over the Place de Parvis. He could distinguish nothing but that it was a crowd.

At this critical moment he began to consider what course he had best pursue. Ought he to wake the Egyptian? to assist her to escape? How? which way? the streets were invested; the church was backed by the river. There was no boat.

He had, therefore, but one course - to die on the threshold of Notre-Dame; to make all the resistance in his power until succor should arrive, and not to disturb the slumbers of La Esmeralda.

After a moment's pause round the church, Clopin cried:

"Forward! my lads! To your business."

Thirty stout men made for the great door of the church and were at work with their pincers and their levers. The door, however, held firm. "Devil! it is tough and obstinate!"

"Courage, comrades! Hold, I think the lock is giving way" replied Clopin.

Clopin was interrupted by a tremendous crash behind him. He turned around. An
enormous beam had fallen from the sky; it had crushed a dozen of the vagabonds on the steps of the church. The beggars, with cries of horror, scurried in every direction. The blacksmiths abandoned the door, and the area of the Parvis was cleared in a twinkling.

Meanwhile nothing was to be seen on the facade, the top of which was too high for the light of the torches to reach.

The report of the firearms awoke the peaceful inhabitants of the neighboring houses; windows might be seen opening, and hands holding candles.

"Fire at the windows!" roared out Clopin.

The poor citizens retired with fright into their houses.

"To work, then, scoundrels! Pretty fellows, these! cried Clopin, "Who are frightened out of their wits by a bit of wood!"

"Captain", rejoined an old smith, "the door is all clamped with iron bars. We want battering rams".

"Here it is then." He pointed at the beam.
The vagabonds battered the door with the more fury, but it yielded not, though the whole cathedral shook.

At the same instant a shower of stones began to rain upon the heads of the assailants. Sometime later, the stones ceased falling. The vagabonds no longer looked up. They crowded round the great door, shattered by the battering engines, but still standing. They awaited, with a thrill of impatience, the last grand blow. Each was striving to get nearest to the door to dart into the rich magazine of treasures.

All of a sudden, a howling more hideous than that which followed the fall of the beam, burst forth from among the vagabonds. Two streams of molten lead were pouring from the building upon the thickest part of the crowd. The sea of men had subsided beneath the boiling metal.

The vagabonds, fled, pell-mell, and the Parvis was cleared a second time.

All eyes were raised to the top of the building. They beheld a sight of an extraordinary kind. A vast body of flame, accompanied by showers of sparks, ascended...
between the two towers. Below this fire two spouts, in the shape of the jaws of monsters, vomited those streams.

The principals of the vagabonds had retired to the Porch of the Gondelaurier mansion. They were holding consultation.

Clapin struck his clumsy fists together with rage, «It is impossible to break in!».

«Do you see that demon passing to and fro, before the fire?» cried the Duke of Egypt.

«It is that cursed bell-ringer, the Quasimodo» said Colpin. He added:

«Let us make one more trial. Shall we leave our sister behind, to be hanged tomorrow by these wolves?».

«We shall not get in at the door, that's certain?» said one of the assailants.

«I shall go back», said Clapin. «Who will come with me? Where is little Jehan?».

«Dead, no doubt», replied someone. «I have not heard his laugh for some time».
«And Master Pierre Gringoire?».
«He sneaked off as soon as we reached the Parvis».

«Captain», cried the same person, «yonder comes the little scholar».

«What is he dragging after him?», rejoined Clopin. Clopin went up to him. «What are you going at with that ladder?».

Jehan eyed him with a look of spite and importance. At that moment he was really sublime. He said:
«Do you see that row of statues?».
«Yes, what then?».

«That is the gallery of the kings of France. At the end of it, there is a door which is always on the latch. With this ladder I will mount to it, and then I am in the church».

In an instant the ladder was raised and placed against the balustrade of the lower gallery, above one of the side doors. He mounted slowly, being impeded by his heavy armor. He then continued to ascend, followed by the vagabonds, He at length touched the balcony and nimbly leaped upon it. But all at once he was struck dumb with horror. He
perceived Quasimodo crouching in the dark behind one of the royal statues and his eye flashing fire.

The formidable hunchback sprang to the top of the ladder, and, without uttering a word, caught hold of the two sides of the ladder with his nervous hands, and pushed them from the wall with superhuman force. It fell with its load and shrieks of horror rent the air.

Jehan Frollo found himself in a critical situation. Separated from his comrades by a perpendicular wall of eighty feet, and alone with the formidable bell-ringer. The scholar ran to the door. He was disappointed. It was locked. Jehan hid himself behind a statue and held his breath.

Quasimodo leaped upon Jehan like a grasshopper and disarmed him. Founding him self powerless, he began to laugh him in the face with all the thoughtless gaiety of a boy of sixteen.

But he did not laugh long.

Quasimodo was seen holding the scholar by the leg and swinging him round over the abyss like a sling. Presently was heard a sound like that of a coconut broken by being dashed against a wall, then, some thing was
seen falling. It was a dead body that struck there, bent double, the back broken, and the skull empty.

A cry of horror burst from the vagabonds. «Revenge!».

The death of poor Jehan kindled a fury in the crowd. They were filled with shame at having been so long held in check before a church by a hunchback.

In a few moments, some had ladders, others knotted rope, these crawling figures were now closing in upon Quasimodo.

Some churches had sent succor and the place was soon illumined with a thousand torches. Distant alarm bells were heard ringing.

Quasimodo, powerless against such a host of enemies, shuddering for the Egyptian, prayed to heaven for a miracle.
Chapter 33

IT MUST BE HE!

Gringoire was wandering in the streets at night when he saw in the dark a figure in a black dress and a cowl.

«It is you, master?» said Gringoire.
«You make my blood boil, Gringoire, It is half-past one».

You are never in time for anything. But let us be gone. Have you the watchword of the vagabonds?»

«Be easy, I have».
«We should not else be able to reach the church. The rabble block up all the streets».
«How are we to get into the church?».
«I have a key to the towers».
«And how shall we get out».
«Behind the cloisters there is an opening to the river. I moored a boat there this morning».
At this moment the church was on the point of being carried by the mob. All at once the tramp of horses in full gallop arrived at the Place like a hurricane.

The conflict was terrible. The vagabonds at length gave way. They fled in all directions, leaving the Parvis strewn with dead.

When Quasimodo perceived their defeat, he fell on his knees and lifted his hands to heaven; then frantic with joy, he flew swiftly to the little cell. When he reached the cell, he found it empty.

La Esmeralda, when the vagabonds attacked, was asleep. It was not long before she was roused by the noise around the cathedral. She hurried out of the cell to see what was the matter. She then hurried back in affright to bury her face in the bedclothes, ignorant of what the multitude were doing and what they meant to do. She, however, anticipated some terrible catastrophe.

Amid this anguish she heard a foot step close to her. She looked up. Two men had just entered her cell. She gave a faint shriek.
«Fear nothing», said a voice, «It is I».

«And who are you?» she inquired.

«Pierre Gringoire».

That name gave her fresh courage. She lifted her eyes, and saw a black figure, which struck her mute, standing at his side.

«Who is that with you?».

«Be easy, it is one of my friends. We are your friends, and are come to save you. Follow us».

«Is it true?».

«Quite true, I assure you. Come quick!».

«But how is it that your friend does not speak».

Gringoire took her by the hand; his companion picked up the lantern and walked on before.

Behind the church, at the river bank, lay a small skiff. Gringoire and La Esmeralda got in, the man in black seated himself in the forepart and began to row. The girl watched the mysterious unknown with secret terror. The light of his dark lantern made him look as a specter.
He rowed toward the landing place of the Port au-Foin in the isle of Notre-Dame.

The tumult around Notre-Dame was raging with increasing vehemence, and distant shouts of, "The Egyptian! the sorceress! death to the Egyptian!" were plainly heard.

The unhappy girl dropped her head upon her hands, and the unknown began to row furiously toward the shore. Our philosopher was musing. He hugged the goat in his arms. He looked at the Egyptian and then at it with eyes brimful of tears muttering:

"And yet I cannot save you both!"

The skiff had reached the shore. The unknown rose, offered her his arm to assist her to land. She refused it and clung to the sleeve of Gringoire. She stood for a moment with her eyes fixed on the water. When she came to herself a little she was alone with the unknown man.

She strove to speak, to cry out, to call Gringoire, but her tongue refused its office. The man spoke not a word. With hasty step...
he began to move toward the Place de Greve, drawing her slowly by the hand.

At that moment she had a feeling that Fate is an irresistible power.

At length she mustered a little strength and asked:
«Who are you? who are you?».

He made no reply. They arrived at the Greve she now knew where she was. The man stopped, and raised his cowl.

«Oh!» stammered she, petrified with horror:
«I knew that it must be he!».
Chapter 34

FOR FEW MOMENTS ONLY!

It was in truth the Priest. He looked like a ghost.

«Listen to me!» said he; «This is the Greve. We go no farther. Fate delivers us up into the hands of each other. Thy life is at my disposal; my soul at thine. I would tell you—but no a word about Phæbus. I know not what I shall do; but it will be terrible».

«An order has been issued by the Parliament which consigns you again to the gallows. I have rescued you from their hands. But younder they are searching for you. Look».

«I love you. I can save you. All depends on your will. Whatever you will shall be done». He went straight to the foot of the gibbet, and said coldly:

«Choose between us.»
"I feel less horror of that than of you", she replied.

"No..., no! It can't be! No fire can be fiercer than that which consumes my heart. Will you never take compassion on me, then?"

He buried his face in his hands. La Esmeralda heard him weep; it was for the first time.

"I must tell you still more, something very horrible! What have you done with him? What have I done with him? Oh! Lord! I have fed him, brought him up, loved him, and I have slain him! On her account."

Then, he cried wildly:

"Cain, what have you done with your brother?"

"You are an assassin!" said she.

"Loose me. I tell you I belong to my Phoebus! That it is Phoebus I love."

He gave a violent shriek, like a wretch to whose flesh a red-hot iron is applied.

"Die then!", said he.

She tried to flee. He caught her again, shook and dragged her after him by her beautiful arms toward the angle of Roland's Tower. Then cried aloud:
"Gudule! Sister Gudule! Here is the Egyptian! Revenge yourself on her!"

The damsel felt herself suddenly seized by the wrist. She looked; it was a skeleton arm thrust through a hole in the wall which held her like a vice.

"Hold fast! Let her not escape. I will fetch the sergeants, you shall see her hanged."

The girl presently recognized the malicious recluse. Panting with terror, she strove to release herself. She felt horror mounting to the very roots of her hair. Then, she sank against the wall exhausted.

"You are to be hanged! ha! ha!" said the recluse with a sinister laugh.

"What harm have I done to you?" said La Esmeralda in a faint voice.

"What harm? The Egyptians! the gypsy!"
"I had a pretty little girl. My Agnes" she resumed kissing something in the dark, "Well, they stole my child they ate my child. That is the harm you have done me."

"Most probably I was not even born then."

"You must have been born. She would be about your age. It is fifteen years that I have..."
been here; fifteen years have I suffered. fifteen years have I prayed; Now it is my turn. Ah, Egyptian mothers! you ate my child! Come and see how I will serve yours».

The day began to dawn. A gray light faintly illuminated this scene; the gibbet became more and more distinct. On the other side, the poor girl imagined that she heard the tramp of horses approaching.

«Mistress! take pity on me!» cried la Esmeralda sinking on her knees. «Loose me - let me escape. Have mercy I shouldn't like to die thus!».

«Give me back my child».
«Mercy! Mercy!».
«Give me my little Agnes».

The poor girl sank down, overcome, exhausted, and stammered:

«You seek your child, and I seek my parents!».

«Tell me, where my little daughter is? I will show you. There is her shoe, all that is left me of her. Know you where is its fellow?
If it is at the end of the world, I'll crawl there on hands and knees.

She put her hand out of the aperture. It was already light enough for the gypsy to distinguish its form and colors.

The girl, shuddering, said:
«Let me see this shoe! oh! my God!»

«Let me look at the shoe», said the girl, shuddering, «Gracious God!».

Then, with her free hand, she tore open the little bag with green beads which she still wore about her neck.

«Go to! Go to!» muttered Gudule, and trembling in every joint. She cried with hissing from her very bowels.
«My child! My child!».

The Egyptian had taken out of the bag a little shoe that was the precise fellow to the other.

Gudule thrust her face, beaming with celestial joy, against the bars of the window.
«My daughter! my daughter!».

«My mother! my mother!» responded the Egyptian.
«Oh! this wall!» cried the recluse. «To see her yet not able to clasp her to my heart! your hand! give me your hand».

The girl put her hand through the window; the recluse fastened her lips to it and stood absorbed in that kiss giving no other sign of life, but a sigh. Meanwhile tears gushed from her eyes in silence, like a shower at night.

The mother began to pull and thrust at the bars of her window more furiously than a lioness. The bars defied her utmost strength. She then fetched her stone pillow and dashed it against them. A second blow drove out the old iron cross which barricaded the window. There are moments when the hands of a woman possess superhuman force.

She clasped her daughter in her arms and drew her into the cell. «Come!» murmured she.

She set her down upon the floor, then caught her up again, and carrying her in her arms, as if she had still been her infant Agnes. She, with frantic joy, began singing, shouting, kissing the girl, laughing, weeping, all at once and with vehemence.

«My child! my dear child! The gracious God has restored her to me. How beautiful
she is! How I love the Egyptians! And it is you yourself! And this was the reason why my heart always leaped within me whenever you were passing? Fool that I was to take this for hatred! Forgive me, my Agnes, forgive me! Oh! How happy we shall be!»

At that moment the cell rang with the clank of arms and the tramp of horses. The Egyptian threw herself into the arms of the reclusive.

«Save me!» she cried; «Save me, mother! They are coming!».

The reclusive turned pale and remained motionless for some moments. She then shook her head and suddenly burst into a loud laugh.

«No, no, you must be dreaming. It cannot be. To lose her for fifteen years, and then to find her for a single minute!».

By this time a distant voice was heard calling out:

«This way Messire Tristan! The Priest says that we shall find her at the Trou-aux-Rats».

The reclusive put her head out at the window and quickly drew it back again.

«Stay! hold your breath! the Place is full of soldiers!» said she in a low, doleful voice.
With hurried steps she paced up and down her cell, stopping now and then, and tearing out handfuls of her gray hair.

"They are coming. Hide yourself in the corner, they will not see you. I will tell them that I let you go."

At that moment, the voice passed very close to the cell crying:

"This way, Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers!"

At that name, at that voice, La Esmeralda made a slight movement.

"Stir not!" said Gudule.

The commander advanced toward her and said:

"Old woman, we are seeking a sorceress to hang her, we are told that you had her."

"I know not what you mean?"

"Let us have the truth! A sorceress was given to you to hold. What have you done with her?"

The recluse, apprehensive lest denying every thing she might awaken suspicion.

If you mean the young girl, I can tell you that she bit me, and I let her go."

"And which way is she gone?"
«Down the Rue du Mouton, I believe».
«Monseigneur» said one of the archers, «ask the old witch why the bars of her window are broken in this fashion?».
«They were always so», stammered she with anguish.
«They formed but yesterday a fair cross».
«The fellow is drunk. It is more than a year since the tail of a cart backed against my window and broke the grating».

«It is true enough», said another archer, «I was present».

A soldier now came up, crying, «Monseigneur, the old witch lies, the girl has not been in the Rue du Mouton».

«Old woman, you lie!», exclaimed Tristan, «A quarter of an hour's torture will bring the truth out of your throat».

«Go to, go to! The torture! I am ready.»
Meanwhile, thought she, my daughter will have opportunity to escape.

Then the provost approached saying: «Let us be off and pursue our search».

Gudule wavered between life and death, on seeing him cast around the Place a restless
look and was unwilling to leave the spot. At length he shook his head and vaulted into the saddle. Gudule ejaculated in a low tone, «Saved!».

At this moment she heard the voice of Phœbus saying to the provost, «Mr. Provost, it is no business of mine to hang witches, I must leave and join my company».

La Esmeralda sprang up, and before her mother could prevent her, darted to the window, crying, «Phœbus! My Phœbus! come here!».

Phœbus was gone. But Tristan was there still. The recluse rushed upon her daughter with the roar of a wild beast. Striking her into her neck, she drew her back with violence. But it was too late. Tristan had seen her.

«Eigh! Eigh!» cried he. «two mice in one trap!»

A man stepped forth from the ranks. Tristan said to him, «My friend, younder is the sorceress whom we are seeking, you will hang her forthwith».

Ever since Tristan had espied the girl, and all hope was at end, the recluse had not

 النظر في المكان غير راغب في تركه. ثم هز رأسه واعتلى سرج حصانه، فقالت جودول بصوت خافت: «لقد نجوت!»

في هذه اللحظة سمعت الأسمرالدا صوت فوبيوس يقول: «سيدي ليس من مهمتي شق السحات، سأتركك تتابع عملك وألبق من بسري». ففقت الفتاة نحو النافذة، فلأن تتمكن والدتها من منتها، وأطلت برأسها وهي تصبح: «فوبيوس! فوبيوس! تعال إلي».

كأن فوبيوس قد ابتعد، لكن تريستان كان لا يزال موجوداً وانقضت الأم على ابنتها تزوجها وكانها وحش متورس. وجعلتها يعتنق بالله إلى الوراء وقد غزرت أظافرها في عتقها. ولكن الوقت قد فات.

لقد سبق السيف العدل، وشاهد تريستان كل شيء. وقال: «أيه! فأرتنان في فخ واحداً».

وتقدم شخصين من بين صفوف الجنود، فقال له تريستان: «أعتقد يا صديقي أنها الساحرة التي تبحث عنها. سوف نشطبها». ومنذ أن رأى تريستان الفتاة، فقدت الحبة كل أمل بالنجاة، ولم تتمكن بكلمة واحدة. لقد وضعت العجزية،
uttered a word. She had thrown the poor Egyptian, half dead, in the corner of the cell, and posted herself again at the window, with her two hands like claws resting upon the corner of the entablature. When the hangman, Henriet Cousin, reached the cell, her look was so ferocious, that he started back.

She shook her head, crying:
«There is nobody, I tell you, nobody! no body!».

«Let me take the girl. I will not harm you», said Cousin.

«Look then!» said the recluse, grinning.
«Put your head in at the hole».

The hangman eyed her nails, and durst not venture.

«Monseigneur», he asked, «how are we to get in?»

«Enlarge the window», said Tristan.

Five or six of the provost's men armed themselves with mattocks and crowbars and Tristan proceeded with them to the cell. He said:

«Old woman, yield up the girl to us quietly. What reason prevents you from yielding up the sorceress?»

«What reason have I? 'tis my daughter!». 
The accent with which she uttered that word made even Cousin himself shudder.

«Break down the wall», said Tristan.

The recluse had sat down in front of her daughter, covering her with her body, listening with fixed eye to the poor girl, who stirred not, who spoke not, save that she murmured in a low tone:

«Phœbus! Phœbus!».

All at once she saw the stone shake. She cried:

«I tell you it is my daughter! Oh! the cowards! the hangman's lackeys! murderers! Help! Help!».

«Down with the stone!» said Tristan, «it is loosened».

The mother scowled at the soldiers in so formidable a manner that they were much more disposed to fall back than to advance.

«Henriet Cousin, on!» shouted the provost «What! men - at - arms a fraud of a woman!».

«Monseigneur», said Henriet, «Call you that a woman? She has the mane of a lion», said another.
«Advance! the gap is large enough», said the provost.

When the recluse saw this she suddenly raised herself upon her knees. Big tears started from her eyes, trickling one by one down the wrinkles in her cheeks. She began to speak with a faint voice:

«Gentlemen, and messieurs sergeants, one word! you will leave me my child when you know all. I was a poor unfortunate girl. The Bohemians stole my infant. Stay, here is her shoe, which I have kept for fifteen years. I have lived here fifteen years in this den without fire in winter. I have prayed so earnestly that God has heard me. It is a miracle of his doing. She was not dead, you see. You will not take her from me, I am sure. I have none but her. How I love her. Let us pass, then! We are from Rheims. Oh, you are very kind messieurs sergeants; I love you all. You will not take my darling from me. It is impossible. Is it not?».

Conquering his weakness, Hermit said.

«Finish out of hand!».

The hangman and the sergeants entered the cell. The mother made no resistance. She threw herself upon her daughter.
The Egyptian saw the soldiers approaching. The horror of death roused her. She said in a tone of inexpressible anguish:

«Mother! they are coming; defend me!».

«Yes, my love, I will defend you», replied the mother clasping her closely in her arms and covering her with kisses.

The hangman, with eyes full of tears, tried to lift her, but was prevented by the mother who clung so firmly to her daughter. Henriët, as it was impossible to part them, dragged the girl out of the cell and the mother after her. She appeared insensible.

There was not a creature at the windows. There were only to be seen on the top of the tower of Notre-Dame, two men standing and looking at the Greve.

Henriët stopped at the foot of the fatal ladder and slipped the cord about the lovely neck of the girl. She opened her eyes and saw the hideous arms of the gibbet extended over her head. The mother sank down mute and motionless. The hangman lifted the danselet on his shoulders and began to ascend the ladder.

In a loud and heart-rending voice she cried:

«No, no! I will not». 

وأت الجريمة الجندود يقتربون. فيث الحفف من الموت فيها شيناً من القوة فصرخت باللهجة مجهزة مستعصمة على التعبير:

«أمَا أنا هم يأتون! احتفي يا أمي! يا نعم، يا حبي، سوف أحبك يا وضمتها بذراعيها، وغطتها بقيلالها.

وحاول الجبان أن يرفعها، وكانت عيناها طافقتين بالدمع، ولكن الأم تعلقت بشدة بابنتها وحالت دون قيامه بعمله. وبما أنه كان من المستحيل فصل الأم عن ابنتها، فقد قام كوزان بجر الفتاة إلى خارج الحجرة تبعها أمها. لقد بدت وكأنها قد أغلي عليها ولم يشاهد أي مخلوق على النافذة. كان هناك فقط رجلان في قمة برج نوتردام ينظرا إلى ساحة جريف.

وتوقف هنريت كوران أمام السلام الرهيب، ثم وضع الحبل حول عنق الشابة البهجة. وفتحت الفتاة عينيها ورأت أمامها ذراع المشقة البشعة ممدودة فوق رأسها. وحقب الأم على الأرض دون حراك. ورفع الجبال الفتاة فوق كفته وراح يصد السلام. فصرخت الفتاة بصوت عالٍ يمزق القلوب:

لا أريد! 

343
At that moment the mother sprang up with a terrific look, then, like a beast of prey, she seized the hand of the hang-man and bit him.

The executioner roared with pain. Some of the sergeants ran to him and thrust her back in a brutal manner. It was remarked that her head fell heavily upon the pavement. They lifted her up, but again she sank to the ground. She was dead.

The hangman, therefore, continued to mount the ladder.
Chapter 35

"THERE IS ALL I EVER LOVED!"

When Quasimodo ascertained that the cell was vacant. He began to run all over the church, setting up strange shouts at every corner, and strewing his red hair upon the pavement.

He traversed the church twenty times, a hundred times, from top to bottom, mounting, descending, running, calling, crying, shouting and poking his head into every hole, thrusting a torch into every dark corner, distracted, mad.

At length, when he was sure, quite sure, that she had been stolen away from him, he slowly ascended the tower stairs.

When he reached her cell, he frantically dashed his head against the wall and fell swooning on the floor. When his senses returned, he threw himself upon the bed, he rolled upon it, and widely kissed the spot.
where the damsel had lain, and, again, began to beat his head against the wall with the resolution of one who is determined to dash out his brains.

It appears that then, seeking in his doleful reverie to discover who could have carried off the Egyptian, he bethtought himself of the archdeacon. He recollected that none but Dom Claude had a key to the staircase leading to the cell; he called to mind his nocturnal attempts upon the damsel, and recollected many other things.

Quasimodo then described a figure in motion on a higher storey of the cathedral. The face of the figure was turned toward him. It was that of Dom Claude. Quasimodo followed him silently.

He went up, after him, to the tower. He was full of rage, jealousy and full of apprehension. The archdeacon and the Egyptian clashed together in his heart. When he reached the top of the tower, Claude was standing, with his back toward him, and looking down at something with concentration.

Quasimodo stole with wolf's step behind him, and perceived what the priest was looking at.

وقد وجد نفسه وهو يفكر ويبحث في ذاكرته عمن يمكن أن يكون خاطف الفتاة. إنه يركز تفكيره على الكاهن. لقد تذكر أن لا أحد غيره يملك مفتاح باب الدرب الذي يؤدي إلى الحجرة وتذكر أيضا محاولته الليلية ودخوله غرفه الفتاة، وتذكر أيضا أمياء أخرى.

ثم رأى كوازيمودو في الطاقة العليا من نورتادم شخصا يمشي، وادر هذا الشخص وجهه نحوه، لقد عرفته. إنه الكاهن دوم كلوود. فلحق كوازيمودو به بهدوء ومضى خلفه إلى البرج. كان مفعما بالغضب والخبر.

وقد اصطدم كل من الكاهن والعجربة في قلبه. وعندما بلغ قمة البرج، رأى دوم كلوود الذي كان مستديرًا، ينظر إلى شيء ما في الأسفل بانتباه شديد.

وتقز كوازيمودو بخطوات كخطوات الذئب خلف الكاهن، واستطاع أن يرى ما كان ينظر إليه الكاهن.
The ladder was set up against the permanent gibbet. There were a few people in the Place and a great number of soldiers. A man was dragging along the pavement something white to which something black was clinging.

Quasimodo now saw distinctly. A Young female upon the man's shoulders had a rope about her neck. Quadimodo knew her. It was the Egyptian! The man, upon reaching the top of the ladder, arranged the rope.

The priest, in order to see better, now knelt down upon the balustrade. The man suddenly kicked away the ladder, and Quasimodo, who had not breathed for some moments, saw the unfortunate girl dangling at the end of the rope within two or three yards of the pavement.

At this most awful moment, a demon laugh, a laugh of one who has ceased to be human, burst forth upon the livid face of the priest.

Quasimodo heard not this laugh, but he saw it. The bell-ringer rushed furiously upon the archdeacon, thrust him with his two huge hands.

«Damnation!» cried the priest as he fell.
The abyss was beneath him - a fall of more than two hundred feet and the pavement. Down he went, and rebounded on the pavement. He never stirred more.

Quasimodo bent upon the balustrade. He looked at the Greve. He looked at the Egyptian. He looked at the gibbet. He was mute and motionless as a thunderstruck; while a stream flowed in silence from that eye, which till then had not shed a single tear.

La Esmeralda was dangling from the gallows, quivering beneath her white robe in the last, convulsive agonies of death. Quasimodo looked at her, then at the archdeacon, and, heaving a deep sigh, he cried:

"There is all I ever loved!"
Chapter 36

THE ETERNAL HUG

On the day when the Egyptian and the archdeacon died, Quasimodo was not to be found in Notre-Dame. He was never seen afterward, nor was it ever known what became of him.

About a year and a half or two years after the events on that day, when search was made in the vault of Mont Faucon for the body of a person who had been hung two days previously, were two skeletons in a singular posture among some hideous carcases. One was that of a female about its neck was still a necklace and a little empty bag braided with green beads.

The other, by which this first was closely embraced, was a skeleton of a male. It was remarked that the spine was crooked. The head depressed between the shoulders, and one leg shorter than the other.
There was no rapture of the vertebra of the neck which made it clear that this person had not been hanged. He must have come here and died. When those who found the skeletons attempted to part it from what it held in its grasp, it crumbled to dust.

Chapter One:

Chapter Two:

Chapter Three:

Chapter Four: