**project-plan-d**

desperate work." | answered him, "There will be fighting." And | added, laughing, "You have proved that the colonels write like poets; now it is the turn of the poets to fight like colonels." | entered my wife's room; she knew nothing, and was quietly reading her paper in bed. | had taken about me five hundred francs in gold. | put on my wife's bed a box containing nine hundred francs, all the money which remained to me, and | told her what had happened. She turned pale, and said to me, "What are you going to do?" "My duty." She embraced me, and only said two words:— "Do it." My breakfast was ready. | ate a cutlet in two mouthfuls. As | finished, my daughter came in. She was startled by the manner in which | kissed her, and asked me, "What is the matter?" "Your mother will explain to you." And | left them. The Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne was as quiet and deserted as usual. Four workmen were, however, chatting near my door; they wished me "Good morning." | cried out to them, "You know what is going on?" "Yes," said they. "Well. It is treason! Louis Bonaparte is strangling the Republic. The people are attacked. The people must defend themselves." "They will