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ROBESPIERRE.

From a drawing attributed to Gerard.

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THE

# FRENCH REVOLUTION

OF 1789

AS VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS.

BY

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

With Numerous Engravings.

*IN TWO VOLUMES*

VOLUME II.

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THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

VOL. II.





# THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

## VOLUME II.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### THE ROYAL FAMILY IMPRISONED.

Tumult and Dismay in the Assembly.—Storming the Tuileries.—Aspect of the Royal Family.—The Decree of Suspension.—Night in the Cloister.—The Royal Family Prisoners.—The Temple.—The Royal Family transferred to the Temple.

BUT few of the excited thousands who crowded all the approaches to the Tuileries were conscious that the royal family had escaped from the palace. The clamor rapidly increased to a scene of terrific uproar. First a few gunshots were heard, then volleys of musketry, then the deep booming of artillery, while shouts of onset, cries of fury, and the shrieks of the wounded and the dying filled the air. The hall of the Assembly was already crowded to suffocation, and the deputies stood powerless and appalled. A tumultuous mass pressed the door. Several bullets shattered the windows, and one or two cannon-balls passed through the roof of the building. Every one was exposed to fearful peril.

There was no longer any retreat for the king. By the side of the president's chair there was a space inclosed by an iron railing, appropriated to the reporters. Several of the members aided the king in tearing down a portion of this railing, and all the royal family sought refuge there. At this moment the door of the hall was attacked, and tremendous blows seemed to shake the whole building. "We are stormed!" shouted one of the deputies. There was, however, no escape for any one in any direction, and for some moments there was witnessed a scene of confusion and terror which no language can describe.

At the same time there was a frightful conflict raging in and around the palace. Immediately upon the departure of the king, all the Swiss troops, who were hated as foreign mercenaries hired to shoot down the French, were drawn into the palace from the court-yard, and were mingled in confusion through its apartments with the loyalist gentlemen, the officers, and the domestics. Notwithstanding the vast dimensions of the palace, it was so crowded that there was scarcely space to move.

The throng in the Carrousel attacked one of the gates, broke it down, and rushed into the royal court, which was nearly vacated by the retirement of the Swiss. The companies of the National Guard in the Carrousel, instead of opposing, looked approvingly on, and were evidently quite disposed to lend the assailants a helping hand. A large piece of timber was placed at the foot of the staircase of the palace in the form of a barrier, and



TALLEYRAND.





STORMING THE TUILERIES, AUGUST 10, 1792.

behind this were intrenched in disorder, crowding the steps, the Swiss and some of the National Guard who adhered to the king.\*

\* "Napoleon se trouvait au 10<sup>ième</sup> Août à Paris; il avait été présent à l'action. Il m'écrivit une lettre très détaillée, que je lus à mes collègues du directoire du département; voici les deux traits principaux. 'Si Louis XVI. se fût montré à cheval la victoire lui fût restée; c'est ce qui m'a paru, à l'esprit qui animait les groupes le matin.

"Après la victoire des Marseillais, j'en vis un sur le point de tuer un garde du corps; je lui dis,

"Homme du midi, sauvons ce malheureux!

"Es tu du midi?

"Oui!

"Eh, bien! sauvons le!"—*Mémoires du Roi Joseph*, t. i., p. 47.



Just then the whole Faubourg St. Antoine came marching along in solid column. They marched through the Carrousel, entered the court, and placed six pieces of cannon in battery to open a fire upon the palace. It was to avoid, if possible, a conflict, that the guards had been withdrawn from the court into the palace. The shouts of a countless multitude applauded this military movement of the mob. The Swiss had received command from the king not to fire. The crowd cautiously pressed nearer and nearer to the door, and at length, emboldened by the forbearance of the defenders of the palace, seized, with long poles to which hooks were attached, one after another of the sentinels, and, with shouts, captured and disarmed them. Thus five of the Swiss troops were taken prisoners.

At last a single shot was fired, no one can tell on which side. It was the signal for blood. The Swiss, crowded upon the magnificent marble stairs,



MASSACRE OF THE ROYAL GUARD, AUGUST 10, 1792.

rising one above another, occupied a very formidable position. They instantly opened a deadly fire. Volley succeeded volley, and every bullet told upon the dense mass crowding the court. At the same moment, from every window of the palace, a storm of shot was showered down upon the foe. In a moment the pavement was red with blood, and covered with the dying and the dead. The artillerymen abandoned their pieces, and the whole multitude rushed pell-mell, trampling the dead and wounded beneath them in frantic endeavors to escape from the court into the Carrousel. In a few moments the whole court was evacuated, and remained strewn with pikes, muskets, grenadiers' caps, and gory bodies.

The besiegers, however, soon rallied. Following the disciplined troops from Marseilles, who were led by able officers, the multitude returned with indescribable fury to the charge. Cannon-balls, bullets, and grapeshot dashed in the doors and the windows. Most of the loyalist gentlemen escaped by a secret passage through the long gallery of the Louvre, as the victorious rabble, with pike, bayonet, and sabre, poured resistlessly into the palace and rushed through all its apartments. The Swiss threw down their arms and begged for quarter. But the pitiless mob, exasperated by the slaughter of their friends, knew no mercy. Indiscriminate massacre ensued, accompanied with every conceivable act of brutality. For four hours the butchery continued, as attics, closets, cellars, chimneys, and vaults were searched, and the terrified victims were dragged out to die. Some leaped from the windows and endeavored to escape through the Garden. They were pursued and mercilessly cut down. Some climbed the marble monuments. The assassins, unwilling to injure the statuary, pricked them down with their bayonets and then slaughtered them at their feet. Seven hundred and fifty Swiss were massacred in that day of blood.

The Assembly during these hours were powerless, and they awaited in intense anxiety the issue of the combat. Nothing can more impressively show the weak and frivolous mind of the king than that, in such an hour, seeing the painter David in the hall, he inquired of him,

"How soon shall you probably have my portrait completed?"

David brutally replied, "I will never, for the future, paint the portrait of a tyrant until his head lies before me on the scaffold."\*

The queen sat in haughty silence. Her compressed lip, burning eye, and hectic cheek indicated the emotions of humiliation and of indignation with which she was consumed. The young princess wept, and her fevered face was stained with the dried current of her tears. The dauphin, too young to appreciate the terrible significance of the scene, looked around in bewildered curiosity.

At eleven o'clock reiterated shouts of victory, which rose from the Garden, the palace, the Carrousel, and all the adjoining streets and places, proclaimed that the triumph of the people was complete. The Assembly, now overawed, unanimously passed a decree suspending the king, dismissing the Royalist ministers, recalling the Girondist ministry, and convoking a National Assembly for the trial of the king. As Vergniaud read, in accents of grief, this decree to which the Assembly had been forced, the king listened

\* History of the Girondists, by Lamartine, vol. ii., p. 77.



intently, and then said satirically to M. Coustard, who was standing by his side,

"This is not a very *constitutional* act."

"True," M. Coustard replied; "but it is the only means of saving your majesty's life."

The Assembly immediately enacted the decrees, which the king had vetoed, banishing the refractory priests and establishing a camp near Paris. Danton,\* whose tremendous energies had guided the insurrection, was appointed Minister of Justice. Monge, the illustrious mathematician, by the nomination of his equally illustrious friend Condorcet, was placed at the head of the Marine. Lebrun, a man of probity and untiring energy, was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Thus was the whole government effectually revolutionized and reorganized. During all the long hours of this day the royal family sat in the crowded Assembly almost suffocated with heat, and enduring anguish which no tongue can tell. The streets were filled with uproar, and the waves of popular tumult dashed against the old monastery of the Feuillans, even threatening to break in the doors. The regal victims listened to the decrees which tore the crown from the brow of the king, and which placed his sceptre in the hands of his most envenomed foes. In the conflict with the defenders of the palace, between three and four thousand of the populace had perished, in revenge for which nearly eight hundred of the inmates of the Tuileries had been massacred. The relatives of the slain citizens, exasperated beyond measure, were clamorous for the blood of the king as the cause of the death of their friends. There was no possible covert for the royal family but in the Assembly. Fifty armed soldiers, with bayonets fixed, surrounded them in their box, and yet it was every moment feared that the populace would break in and satiate their rage with the blood of the monarch and his family.

The king was ever famed for his ravenous appetite. Even in the midst of these terrific scenes he was hungry and called for food. Bread, wine, and cold viands were brought to him. He ate and drank voraciously to the extreme mortification of the queen, who could not but perceive how little respect the conduct of the king inspired. Neither she, Madame Elizabeth, nor the children could taste of any food. They merely occasionally moistened their fevered lips with iced water.

It was now ten o'clock in the evening. The night was calm and beautiful. The tumult of the day was over, but the terrific excitement of the scene had brought the whole population of Paris out into the promenades. Fires

\* Danton was one of the fiercest of the Jacobins. Madame Roland, a political opponent, thus describes him: "I never saw any countenance that so strongly expressed the violence of brutal passions, and the most astonishing audacity, half disguised by a jovial air, an affectation of frankness, and a sort of simplicity, as Danton's. In 1778 he was a needy lawyer, more burdened with debts than causes. He went to Belgium to augment his resources, and, after the 10th of August, had the hardihood to avow a fortune of £158,333 (\$791,665), and to wallow in luxury while preaching sans culottism and sleeping on heaps of slaughtered men." "Danton," says Mignet, "was a gigantic revolutionist. He deemed no means censurable so they were useful. He has been termed the Mirabeau of the populace. Mirabeau's vices were those of a patrician. Danton's those of a democrat. He was an absolute exterminator without being personally ferocious; inexorable toward masses, humane, generous even, toward individuals."—*Mignet*, p. 158.

were still blazing beneath the trees of the Tuileries, consuming the furniture which had been thrown from the windows of the chateau. Lurid flames flashed from the barracks of the Swiss in the court-yard, which had been set on fire, streaming over the roof of the palace, and illuminated both banks of the Seine.

The whole number slain during the day, Royalists and Revolutionists, amounted to over four thousand. Many of the dead had been removed by relatives, but the ground was still covered with the bodies of the slain, who were entirely naked, having been stripped of their clothing by those wretches who ever swarm in the streets of a great city, and who find their carnival in deeds of violence and blood. By order of the insurrectional committee at the Hôtel de Ville, who had deposed the municipal government and usurped its authority, these dead bodies were collected and piled in vast heaps in the court-yards, in the Garden, in the Place Louis XV., and in the Elysian Fields. Immense quantities of wood were thrown upon them, and the whole city was illuminated by the glare of these funeral fires. The Swiss and the Marseillais, the Royalists and the Jacobins, were consumed together, and the ashes were swept clean from the pavement into the Seine.

As these scenes at midnight were transpiring in the streets, the Assembly sent a summary of its decrees to be read by torchlight to the groups of the people. It was hoped that these decrees would satisfy them, and put a stop to any farther acts of violence on the morrow. It was two o'clock in the morning before the Assembly suspended its sitting. For seventeen hours the royal family had sat in the reporters' box, enduring all of humiliation and agony which human hearts can feel.

In the upper part of the old monastery, above the committee-rooms of the Assembly, there was a spacious corridor, from which opened several cells formerly used by the monks. These cells, with walls of stone and floors of brick, and entirely destitute of furniture, were as gloomy as the dungeons of a prison. Here only could the king and his family find safety for the night. Some articles of furniture were hastily collected from different parts of the building, and four of these rooms were prepared for the royal party. Five nobles, who had heroically adhered to the king in these hours of peril, occupied one, where, wrapped in their cloaks and stretched out upon the floor, they could still watch through the night over the monarch. The king took the next. It was furnished with a table, and a plain wooden bedstead. He bound a napkin around his head for a night-cap, and threw himself, but partially undressed, upon his uncurtained bed. The queen, with her two children, took the next cell. Madame Elizabeth, with the governess of the children, Madame de Tourzel, and the Princess Lamballe, who had joined the royal family in the evening, took the fourth. Thus, after thirty-six hours of sleeplessness and terror, the royal family were left to such repose as their agitated minds could attain.

The sun had long arisen when the queen awoke from her fevered slumber. She looked around her for a moment with an expression of anguish, and then, covering her eyes with her hands, exclaimed,

"Oh, I hoped that it had all been a dream!"

The whole party soon met in the apartment of the king. As Madame

Tourzel led in the two royal children, Marie Antoinette looked at them sadly, and said,

"Poor children! how heart-rending it is, instead of handing down to them so fine an inheritance, to say, it ends with us!"

"I still see, in imagination," writes Madame Campan, "and shall always see, that narrow cell of the Feuillans, hung with green paper; that wretched couch where the dethroned queen stretched out her arms to us, saying that our misfortunes, of which she was the cause, aggravated her own. There, for the last time, I saw the tears, I heard the sobs of her whom her high birth, the endowments of nature, and, above all, the goodness of her heart, had seemed to destine for the ornament of a throne and for the happiness of her people."

The tumult of the streets still penetrated their cells, and warned them that they had entered upon another day of peril. The excited populace were still hunting out the aristocrats, and killing them pitilessly wherever they could be found. At ten o'clock the royal family were conducted again to the Assembly, probably as the safest place they could occupy, and there they remained all day. Several of the Swiss had been taken prisoners on the previous day, and by humane people had been taken to the Assembly that their lives might be saved. The mob now clamored loudly at the door of the hall, and endeavored to break in, demanding the lives of the Swiss and of the escort of the king, calling them murderers of the people. Vergniaud, the president, was so shocked by their ferocity that he exclaimed, "Great God, what cannibals!"

At one time the doors were so nearly forced that the royal family were hurried into one of the passages, to conceal them from the mob. The king, fully convinced that the hour of his death had now come, entreated his friends to provide for their safety by flight. Heroically, every one persisted in sharing the fate of the king. Danton hastened to the Assembly, and exerted all his rough and rude energy to appease the mob. They were at length pacified by the assurance that the Swiss, and all others who had abetted in the slaughter of the people on the preceding day, should be tried by a court-martial and punished. With great difficulty the Assembly succeeded in removing the Swiss and the escort of the king to the prison of the Abbaye.

At the close of this day the king and his family were again conducted to their cells, but they were placed under a strict guard, and their personal friends were no longer permitted to accompany them. This last deprivation was a severe blow to them all, and the king said bitterly,

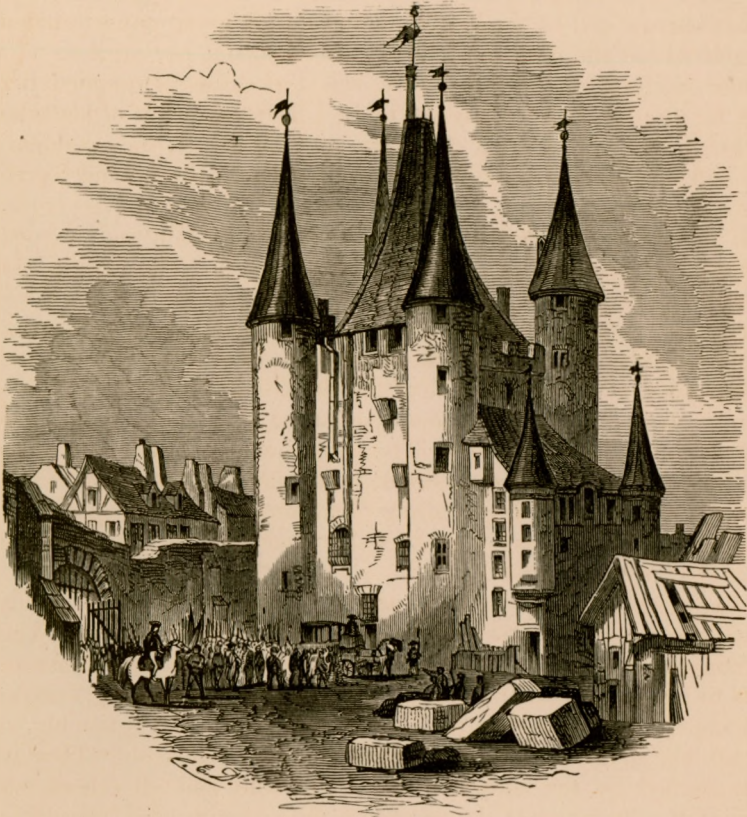
"I am, then, a prisoner, gentlemen. Charles I. was more fortunate than myself. His friends were permitted to accompany him to the scaffold."

Another morning dawned upon this unhappy family, and again they were led to the hall of the Assembly, where they passed the weary hours of another day in the endurance of all the pangs of martyrdom.

It was at length decided that the royal family, for safe keeping, should be imprisoned in the tower of the Temple. This massive, sombre building, in whose gloomy architecture were united the palace, the cloister, the fortress, and the prison, was erected and inhabited by the Knights Templar of the



Middle Ages. Having been long abandoned it was now crumbling to decay. It was an enormous pile which centuries had reared near the site of the Bastille, and with its palace, donjon, towers, and garden, which was choked with weeds and the débris of crumbling walls, covered a space of many acres.



THE TEMPLE.

The main tower was one hundred and fifty feet high, nine feet thick at the base, surrounded by a wide, deep ditch, and inclosed by an immensely high wall. This tower was ascended by a very narrow flight of circular stairs, and was divided into four stories, each containing a bare, dismal room about thirty feet square. The iron doors to these rooms were so low and narrow that it was necessary to stoop almost double to enter them. The windows, which were but slits in the thick wall, were darkened by slanting screens placed over them, and were also secured by stout iron bars.

Such were the apartments which were now assigned to the former occupants of the Tuileries, Versailles, and Fontainebleau. It was a weary ride for the royal captives through the Place Vendôme and along the Boulevards to the Temple. An immense crowd lined the road. All the royal family, with Pétion, the mayor, occupied one carriage, and the procession moved so slowly that for two hours the victims were exposed to the gaze of the populace before the carriages rolled under the arches of the Temple. It was late

in the afternoon when they left the Assembly, and the shades of night darkened the streets ere they reached the Temple.

The Assembly had surrendered the safe-keeping of the king to the Commune of Paris, and appropriated one hundred thousand dollars to meet the expenses of the royal family until the king should be brought to trial. Conscious that an army of nearly two hundred thousand men was within a few days' march of Paris, hastening to rescue the king, and that there were thousands of Royalists in the city, and tens of thousands in France, who were ready at any moment to lay down their lives to secure the escape of the monarch, and conscious that the escape of the king would not only re-enslave France, but consign every friend of the Revolution to the dungeon or the scaffold, they found it necessary to adopt the most effectual measures to hold the king securely. They, therefore, would no longer allow the friends of the king to hold free communication with him.

The Temple itself, by outworks, had been promptly converted into a fortress, and was strongly garrisoned by the National Guard. Twelve commissioners were without interruption to keep watch of the king's person. No one was allowed to enter the tower of the Temple without permission of the municipality. Four hundred dollars were placed in the hands of the royal family for their petty expenses. They were not intrusted with more, lest it might aid them to escape. A single attendant, the king's faithful valet Clery,\* was permitted to accompany the captives. It does not appear that the authorities wished to add unnecessary rigor to the imprisonment. Thirteen cooks were provided for the kitchen, that their table might be abundantly supplied. One of these only was allowed to enter the prison and aid Clery in serving at the table, the expenses of which for two months amounted to nearly six thousand dollars.†

It was an hour after midnight when the royal family were led from the apartments of the Temple to which they had first been conducted to their prison in the tower. The night was intensely dark. Dragoons with drawn sabres marched by the side of the king, while municipal officers with lanterns guided their steps. Through gloomy and dilapidated halls, beneath massive turrets, and along the abandoned paths of the garden, encumbered with weeds and stones, they groped their way until they arrived at the portals of the tower, whose summit was lost in the obscurity of night. As in perfect silence the sad procession was passing through the garden, a valet-de-chambre of the king inquired in a low tone of voice whither the king was to be conducted.

"Thy master," was the reply, "has been used to gilded roofs. Now he will see how the assassins of the people are lodged."

The three lower rooms of the tower were assigned to the captives. They had been accompanied by several of their friends who adhered to them in these hours of adversity. All were oppressed with gloom, and many shed

\* "Clery we have seen and known, and the form and manners of that model of pristine faith and loyalty can never be forgotten. Gentlemanlike and complaisant in his manners, his deep gravity and melancholy features announced that the sad scenes in which he had acted a part so honorable were never for a moment out of his memory."—*Scott's Life of Napoleon*.

† Thiers's *Hist. French Revolution*, vol. ii., p. 26.



bitter tears. Still they were not in *despair*. Powerful armies were marching for their rescue, and they thought it not possible that the French people, all unprepared for war, could resist such formidable assailants. A week thus passed away, when on the 19th the municipal officers entered and ordered the immediate expulsion of all not of the royal family. This harsh measure was deemed necessary in consequence of the conspiracies which were formed by the Royalists for the rescue of the king. Unfeeling jailers were now placed over them, and, totally uninformed of all that was passing in the world without, they sank into the extreme of woe.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE MASSACRE OF THE ROYALISTS.

Supremacy of the Jacobins.—Their energetic Measures.—The Assembly threatened.—Commissioners sent to the Army.—Spirit of the Court Party in England.—Speech of Edmund Burke.—Triumphant March of the Allies.—The Nation summoned *en masse* to resist the Foe.—Murder of the Princess Lamballe.—Apology of the Assassins.—Robespierre and St. Just.—Views of Napoleon.

THE majestic armies of the Allies were now rapidly on the march toward France, and there was no force on the frontiers which could present any effectual resistance. La Fayette was at Sedan, about one hundred and fifty miles northwest of Paris, at the head of twenty thousand troops who were devoted to him. His opposition to the Jacobins had already caused him to be denounced as a traitor, and it was feared that he might go over to the enemy, and by his strong influence carry not only his own troops, but those of General Luckner with him. The condition of the Patriots was apparently desperate. The Allies were confident of a triumphant and a rapid march to Paris, where all who had sacrilegiously laid hands upon the old despotism of France would be visited with condign punishment.

The Jacobin Club was now the sovereign power in France. It was more numerous than the Legislative Assembly, and its speakers, more able and impassioned, had perfect control of the populace. The Jacobins had, by the insurrection, or rather revolution, of the 10th of August, organized a new municipal government. Whatever measure the Jacobin Club decided to have enforced it sent to the committee which the club had organized as the city government at the Hôtel de Ville. This committee immediately demanded the passage of the decree by the Legislative Assembly. If the Assembly manifested any reluctance in obeying, they were informed that the tocsin would be rung, the populace summoned, and the scenes of the 10th of August renewed, to make them willing. Such was now the new government instituted in France.

The *Commune of Paris*, as this municipal body at the Hôtel de Ville was called, immediately entered upon the most vigorous measures to break up the conspiracy of the Royalists, that they might not be able to rise and join the invading armies of the Allies. The French Patriots had two foes equally formidable to dread—the emigrants with the Allies marching upon the frontiers, composing an army nearly two hundred thousand strong, and the Royalists in France, who were ready, as soon as the Allies entered the kingdom,

to raise the standard of civil war, and to fall upon the Patriots with exterminating hand. There was thus left for the leaders of the Revolution only the choice between killing and being killed. It was clear that they must now either exterminate their foes or be exterminated by them. And it must on all hands be admitted that the king and the court, by refusing to accept constitutional liberty, had brought the nation to this direful alternative.

To prevent suspected persons from escaping, no one was allowed to leave the gates of Paris without the most careful scrutiny of his passport. A list was made out of every individual known to be unfriendly to the Revolution, and all such were placed under the most vigilant surveillance. The citizens were enjoined to denounce all who had taken any part in the slaughter of the citizens on the 10th of August. All writers who had supported the Royalist cause were ordered to be arrested, and their presses were given to Patriotic writers. Commissioners were sent to the prisons to release all who had been confined for offenses against the court. As it was feared that the army, influenced by La Fayette, might manifest hostility to the revolutionary movement in Paris, which had so effectually demolished the Constitution, commissioners were sent to enlighten the soldiers and bring them over to the support of the people. It was at first contemplated to assign the palace of the Luxembourg as the retreat of the royal family. The Commune of Paris, however, decided that the public safety required that they should be held in custody where escape would be impossible, and that their safe-keeping should be committed to the mayor, Pétion, and to Santerre, who had been appointed commander of the National Guards.

The Assembly, alarmed at the encroachments of the self-constituted *Commune of Paris*, ordered a re-election of a municipal government to take the place of that which the insurrection had dissolved. The Commune instantly dispatched a committee to inform the Assembly that if they made any farther move in that direction the *tocsin* should again be rung, and that the populace, who had stormed the Tuileries, should be directed against their hall. The deputies, overawed by the threat, left the Commune in undisputed possession of its power. The Commune now demanded of the Assembly the appointment of a special tribunal to punish the Royalists who had fired upon the people from the Tuileries, and those who "as conspirators and traitors" were ready to join the Allies as soon as they should enter France. The Assembly hesitated. The Commune sent Robespierre at the head of a deputation to inform them in those emphatic terms which he ever had at his command, that the country was in danger, that the Allies and emigrants were on the march, that no delay could be tolerated, and that if the decree were not immediately passed *the tocsin should be rung*. The appalling threat was efficient, and the decree, though some heroically opposed, was passed.\* Such was the origin of the first revolutionary tribunal.

\* "As a citizen, as a magistrate of the people," said one of the deputation, "I come to inform you that at twelve o'clock this night the *tocsin* will be rung and the alarm beaten. The people are weary of not being avenged. Beware lest they do themselves justice. I demand that you forthwith decree that a citizen be appointed by each section to form a criminal tribunal."—*Thiers*, i., 341.



As soon as the commissioners from Paris arrived at the camp of La Fayette they were by his orders arrested and imprisoned, and the soldiers took anew the oath of fidelity to the *law* and the *king*. The news of their arrest reached Paris on the 17th, and excited intense irritation. La Fayette was denounced more vehemently than ever, and a fresh deputation was dispatched to the army. La Fayette was now ruined. The court was ready to hang him for his devotion to liberty. The Jacobins thirsted for his blood because he thwarted their plans. Every hour his situation became more desperate, and it was soon evident that he could do no more for his country, and that there was no refuge for him but in flight. On the 20th, accompanied by a few friends, he secretly left his army, and took the road to the Netherlands. When he reached the Austrian outposts at Rochefort, he was arrested as a criminal in defiance of all law. With great secrecy he was taken into the interior of Austria, and thrown into a dungeon in the impregnable fortress of Olmutz. His only crime was that he had wished to introduce *constitu-*



LA FAYETTE IN PRISON AT OLMUTZ.

*tional liberty* to his country. This, in the eye of despots, was an unpardonable sin. Here we must leave him to languish five years in captivity, deprived of every comfort. Many efforts were made in vain for his release. Washington wrote directly to the Emperor of Austria in his behalf, but without effect. It was not till Napoleon, thundering at the walls of Vienna with his invincible legions, demanded the release of La Fayette, in 1797, that the doors of his dungeon were thrown open.\*

\* "However irritated they might be by La Fayette's behavior at the outset of the Revolution, the present conduct of the monarchs toward him was neither to be vindicated by morality, the law of

The British *people* sympathized deeply with La Fayette, but the British *government* assailed him with unrelenting ferocity. On the 17th of March, 1794, General Fitzpatrick moved an address in the House of Commons, to his majesty, requesting his interference with the King of Prussia in behalf of La Fayette. Mr. Fox advocated the measure in a speech of great eloquence and power. Nothing can more clearly show the spirit of the court party in England at this time than the speeches made by them on this occasion. William Pitt assailed La Fayette in the most unfeeling manner, declaring that "he would never admit that La Fayette was a true friend of liberty or deserved well of his country or of Europe." "He said," writes Prof. Smyth, "every thing that it is painful to read—he was rendered insensible on this occasion to all the better notions of his education and natural intuitions of his understanding. There is no pleasure in reading the abstract of his speech. It might have been made by the most vulgar minister that ever appeared. Edmund Burke followed in a speech of unmeasured abuse. In glowing colors he depicted all the scenes of violence which had occurred in France, and, declaring La Fayette responsible for them all, concluded with the words, "I would not debauch my humanity by supporting an application like the present in behalf of such a horrid ruffian."\* Mr. Windham followed in the same strain. He expressed exultation in view of the calamities which had fallen upon this great patriot. "La Fayette," said he, "has brought himself into that state into which all fomenters of great and ruinous revolutions must necessarily fall; he has betrayed and ruined his country and his king. I am not sorry. I rejoice to see such men drink deep of the cup of calamity which they have prepared for the lips of others; and I never will consent to do an act which will put a premium on revolution, and which will give the example of sanction to treason, and of reward to rebellion."

Such was the spirit of the court of St. James at this time. These speeches were made after La Fayette had been languishing for two years in the dungeons of Olmutz, exposed to almost every conceivable indignity, the particulars of which Mr. Fox had affectingly narrated. The debate was concluded by Mr. Dundas, who thanked Mr. Windham for his admirable speech. When the vote was taken but fifty were found in sympathy with La Fayette, while one hundred and thirty-two voted against him.

The two sovereigns of Prussia and Austria were now at Mayence. Sixty thousand Prussians were marching in single column by Luxemburg upon Longwy, flanked on the right by twenty thousand Austrians, and on the left by twenty-six thousand Austrians and Hessians. This majestic force was strengthened by several co-operating corps of French emigrants, destined to attack exposed positions, and to afford rallying points for treason. The in-

nations, nor the rules of sound policy. Even if he had been amenable for a crime against his own country, we know not what right Austria or Prussia had to take cognizance of it."—*Scott's Life of Napoleon*.

\* "Such were the reasonings and expressions of Mr. Burke on this striking occasion. So entirely was the mind of this extraordinary man now over excited and overthrown; so entirely estranged from those elevated feelings and that spirit of philanthropic wisdom which have made his speeches in the American contest, and many paragraphs of his *Reflections* on this Revolution of France, so justly the admiration of mankind."—*Prof. Smyth's Lectures on the French Revolution*, vol. ii., p. 409.



vaders crossed the frontiers unimpeded, and after a short and bloody strife captured Longwy. Onward they rushed. The feeble, undisciplined patriots, could make no resistance, and fled rapidly before them. Thionville and Verdun were surrounded, and after a short but terrific storm of balls and shells capitulated. There were many Royalists in each of these towns, and they received the invaders with every demonstration of joy. Their daughters in congratulatory procession met the King of Prussia at the gates and strewed his path with flowers.

The garrison of Verdun might have held out for several days, though they would have eventually been compelled to surrender. General Beaurepaire urged very strenuously that they should maintain the siege to the last possible moment. But the defensive council of the city, with whom rested the decision, voted an immediate capitulation.

"Gentlemen," said Beaurepaire, "I have sworn never to surrender but with my life. You may live in disgrace, since you wish it; but as for me, faithful to my oath, behold my last words: *I die free.*"

Immediately he discharged a pistol-shot through his brain, and fell dead before them. The Convention decreed to him the honors of the Pantheon, and granted a pension to his widow.



SUICIDE OF BEAUREPAIRE.

The victorious allies, having surmounted these first obstacles, now plunged into the defiles of the Argonne, and in fierce and bloody assaults drove before them the troops of Dumouriez, who had hoped in these forest-encumbered passes to present effectual resistance to the foe. The invaders were

now triumphantly marching on the high-road to Paris, and fugitives were continually arriving in the metropolis, declaring that the army of the north was destroyed, and that there was no longer any obstacle to the advance of the enemy. No language can describe the consternation which pervaded the capital. The exultation in the enemy's camp was immense. The "cobblers and tailors," as the emigrants contemptuously called the Patriots, were running away, it was said, like sheep.\*

As each day brought tidings of the fearful strides which the Allies were making toward the capital, indescribable terror was enkindled. The Constitutionalists and the Girondists were utterly paralyzed. But the leaders of the Jacobins—Danton, Robespierre, and Marat—resolved that, if they were to perish, their Royalist enemies should perish with them. It was known that the Royalists intended, as soon as the Allies should be in Paris, to rise, liberate the king, and with the immense moral force they would attain by having the king at their head, join the invaders. Nothing would then remain for the Revolutionists but exile, death, and the dungeon.†

It was now with them but a desperate struggle for life. They must either destroy or be destroyed. The first great peril to be apprehended was the rising of the Royalists in Paris. The barriers were immediately ordered to be closed, and guard-boats were stationed on the river that no one might escape. At the beat of the drum every individual was enjoined to repair to his home. Commissioners then, accompanied by an armed force, visited every dwelling. Party lines were so distinctly drawn that the Royalists could not easily escape detection. At the knock of the commissioners they held their breath with terror. Many attempted concealment in chimneys, in cellar-vaults, beneath the floors, and in recesses covered by pictures of tapestry. But workmen, accustomed to all such arts, accompanied the commissioners. Chimneys were smoked, doors burst open, and cellars, floors, and walls sounded. In one short night five thousand suspected persons were torn from their homes and dragged to prison. Every man was deemed guilty who could not prove his devotion to the popular cause.‡

\* Jean Debry, in the Assembly, exclaimed with fervor, "The most instant and vigorous measures must be adopted in defense of our country. The expense must not be thought of. Within fifteen days we shall enjoy freedom or meet with death. If we are conquered we shall have no need of money, for we shall not exist. If we are victorious, still we shall not feel the want of money, for we shall be free."—*Journal of John Moore, M. D.*, vol. i., p. 116.

† "The intelligence of the flight of La Fayette, the entry of the army of the coalition into the French territory, the capture of Longwy, and the surrender of Verdun burst like thunder in Paris, and filled every heart with consternation, for France had never approached more nearly those sinister days which presage the decay of nations. Every thing was dead in her save the desire of living; the enthusiasm of the country and liberty survived. Abandoned by all, the country did not abandon itself. Two things were required to save it—time and a dictatorship. Time? The heroism of Dumouriez afforded it. The dictatorship? Danton assumed it in the name of the Commune of Paris."—*Lamarline, Hist. Gir.*, vol. ii., p. 119.

‡ Dr. John Moore, a very intelligent English physician, who, in company with Lord Lauderdale, was in Paris during all these scenes, writes in his journal, "This search was made accordingly in the course of last night and this morning. The commissioners were attended with a body of the National Guards, and all avenues of the section were watched to prevent any persons from escaping. They did not come to our hotel till about six in the morning. I attended them through every room, and opened every door of our apartments. They behaved with great civility. We had no arms but pistols, which lay openly on the chimney. They admired the nicety of the workmanship of one pair, but never offered to take them."—*Vol. i.*, p. 116.



Still the enemy was approaching. "In three days," rumor said, "the Prussians will be in Paris." The whole city was in a state of phrensy, and ready for any deed of desperation which could rescue them from their peril. Danton entered the Assembly and ascended the tribune with pallid face and compressed lips. Silence, as of the grave, awaited his utterance.

"The enemy," said he, "threatens the kingdom, and the Assembly must prove itself worthy of the nation. It is by a convulsion that we have overthrown despotism; it is only by another vast national convulsion that we shall drive back the despots. It is time to urge the people to precipitate themselves *en masse* against their enemies. The French nation wills to be free, and it shall be."

There was lurking beneath these words a terrible significance then little dreamed of. Jacobins and Girondists were now united by the pressure of a common and a terrible danger. A decree was immediately passed for every citizen in Paris capable of bearing arms to repair to the Field of Mars, there to be enrolled to march to repel the Allies. It was the morning of the Sabbath. The *générale* was beat, the tocsin rung, alarm-guns fired, and placards upon the walls, and the voice of public criers, summoned every able-bodied man to the appointed rendezvous. The philosophic Vergniaud, in a word, explained to Paris the necessity and the efficacy of the measure.\*

"The plan of the enemy," said he, "is to march directly to the capital, leaving the fortresses behind him. Let him do so. This course will be our salvation and his ruin. Our armies, too weak to withstand him, will be strong enough to harass him in the rear. When he arrives, pursued by our battalions, he will find himself face to face with our Parisian army drawn up in battle array under the walls of the capital. There, surrounded on all sides, he will be swallowed up by the soil which he has profaned."

In the midst of the uproar of the multitudes surging through the streets, as the bells were ringing, drums beating, and the armed citizens hurrying to the Field of Mars, the rumor was widely circulated that the Royalists had formed a conspiracy to strike down their jailers, break from their prisons, liberate the king, take possession of the city, rally all their confederates around them, and thus throw open the gates of Paris to the Prussians. It was manifest to all that, in the confusion which then reigned, and when the thunders of the Prussian and Austrian batteries were hourly expected to be heard from the heights of Montmartre, this was far from an impracticable plan. It was certain that the Royalists would attempt it, whether they had already formed such a plan or not.

It is, however, probable that shrewd men, foreseeing this peril, had deliberately resolved to hurl the mob of Paris upon the prisons for the assassination

\* "The people are told that there was a horrid plot between the Duke of Brunswick and certain traitors in Paris; that as soon as all the new levies were completed, and all the men intended for the frontiers had marched out of Paris, then those same traitors were to take command of a large body of men, now dispersed over the capital and its environs, who have been long in the pay of the court, though they also are concealed; that these concealed leaders at the head of their concealed troops were to have thrown open the prisons and to arm the prisoners, then to go to the Temple, set the royal family free, and proclaim the king; to condemn to death all the Patriots who remain in Paris, and most of the wives and children of those who have marched out of it against the enemies of their country."—*Moore's Journal*, vol. i., p. 144.

of all the Royalists, before emptying the city of its defenders to march to meet the foe. While the bewildered masses were in this state of terrific excitement, six hackney-coaches left the Hôtel de Ville, conducting twenty-four Royalist priests, who had refused to take the oath, to the prisons of the Abbaye. The people crowding around and following the carriages began to murmur. "Here are the traitors," said they, "who intend to murder our wives and children while we are on the frontiers."

The first carriage reached the door of the prison. One priest alighted. He was instantly seized, and fell pierced by a thousand poniards. It was the signal for the slaughter of the whole. The murderers fell upon every carriage, and in a few moments all but one, who miraculously escaped, were slain. This hideous massacre roused the populace as the tiger is roused when he has once lapped his tongue in blood. The cry was raised, "To the Carmelites, to the Carmelites." In this prison two hundred priests were confined. The mob broke in and butchered them all.



BUTCHERY AT THE CARMELITES.

A man by the name of Maillard headed this mob, which consisted of but a few hundred men. Having finished the work at the Carmelites and gorged themselves with wine, Maillard exclaimed, "Now to the Abbaye." The blood-stained crew rushed after him through the streets, and dashed in the doors of the prison. The Abbaye was filled with debtors and ordinary convicts as well as suspected aristocrats. As the mob rushed into the corridor one of the jailers mounted a stool, and, addressing the assassins, said, "My friends, you wish to destroy the aristocrats, who are the enemies of the people, and who meant to murder your wives and children while you were at the frontiers. You are right no doubt; but you are good citizens; you love justice; and you would be very sorry to steep your hands in innocent blood."

"Yes, certainly," one of the leaders replied.

"Well, then," continued the jailer, "when you are rushing like furious tigers upon men who are strangers to you, are you not liable to confound the innocent with the guilty?"



These thoughts seemed to impress them, and it was immediately decided that Maillard should judge each prisoner. He took his seat at a table; the prison list was placed in his hands, and the prisoners, one by one, were brought before his prompt and terrible tribunal. It was agreed, in order to spare unnecessary suffering, that when the judge should say, "Sir, you must go to the prison of La Force," as soon as the prisoner was led out into the court-yard he should be cut down.

A Swiss officer was first brought forward. "It was you," said Maillard, "who murdered the people on the 10th of August."

"We were attacked," the unfortunate man replied, "and only obeyed our superior officers."

"Very well," said Maillard, "we must send you to the prison of La Force."

He was led into the court-yard and instantly slain. Every Swiss soldier in the prison met the same fate. Thus the work went on with terrible expedition until one hundred and eighty were put to death. All the women were left unharmed. Many who were brought before the tribunal were acquitted, and the crowd manifested great joy in rescuing them as their friends. Amid these horrid scenes there were some gleams of humanity. The Governor of the Invalides was doomed to death. His daughter clasped her father in her arms and clung to him so despairingly that the hearts of the assassins were melted. One, in a strange freak, presented her with a cup of blood, saying, "If you would save your father drink this blood of an aristocrat." She seized the cup and drained it. Shouts of applause greeted the act, and her father was saved.\*

All the night long these horrid scenes were continued. Every prison in Paris witnessed the same massacres, accompanied with every conceivable variety of horrors.

The unfortunate Princess Lamballe, bosom friend of Marie Antoinette, was confined in the prison of La Force. She was brought before the revolutionary judge, and after a brief interrogation she was ordered to "swear to love liberty and equality; to swear to hate the king, the queen, and royalty." "I will take the first oath," the princess replied; "the second I can not take; it is not in my heart." One of the judges, wishing to save her, whispered in her ear, "Swear every thing or you are lost." But the unhappy princess was now utterly bewildered with terror, and could neither see nor hear. Her youth and beauty touched the hearts even of many of these brutal men. They desired her rescue, and endeavored to lead her safely through the crowd. Cry out, said they, 'long live the nation,' and you will not be harmed. But as she beheld the pavement strewn with corpses of the slain, she could not utter a word. Her silence was taken for defiance. A sabre blow struck her down. The murderers fell upon her like famished wolves upon a lamb. Her body was cut into fragments, and a band of wretches, with her head and heart upon pikes, shouted "*Let us carry them to the foot of the throne.*" They rushed through the streets to the

\* "Some inexplicable and consolatory acts astonish us amid these horrors. The compassion of Maillard appeared to seek for the innocent with as much care as his vengeance sought for the guilty. He exposed his life to snatch victims from his executions."—*Lamartine, History of the Girondists*, vol. ii., p. 140.

Temple, and shouted for the king and queen to look out at the windows. A humane officer, to shield them from the awful sight, informed them of the horrors which were transpiring. The queen fainted. As the king and Madame Elizabeth bent over her, for hours they were appalled by the clamor of the rabble around the walls of the Temple.

At last the prisons were emptied, and the murderers themselves became weary of blood. It is impossible to ascertain the numbers who perished. The estimate varies from six to twelve thousand. The Commune of Paris, which was but the servant of the Jacobin Club, issued orders that no more blood should be shed. Assuming that the assassination was demanded by the public danger, and that the wretches who had perpetrated it had performed a patriotic though a painful duty, they rewarded them for their work. Nothing can more clearly show the terrible excitation of the public mind, produced by a sense of impending danger, than that a circular should have been addressed to all the communes of France, giving an account of the massacre as a necessary and a praiseworthy deed. In this extraordinary memorial, signed by the Administrators of the Committee of Surveillance, the writers say,

“BRETHREN AND FRIENDS,—A horrid plot, hatched by the court, to murder all the Patriots of the French empire, a plot in which a great number of members of the National Assembly are implicated, having, on the ninth of last month, reduced the Commune of Paris to the cruel necessity of employing the power of the people to save the nation, it has not neglected any thing to deserve well of the country.

“Apprised that barbarous hordes are advancing against it, the Commune of Paris hastens to inform its brethren in all the departments that part of the ferocious conspirators confined in the prisons have been put to death by the people—acts of justice which appear to it indispensable for repressing by terror the legions of traitors encompassed by its walls, at the moment when the people were about to march against the enemy; and no doubt the nation, after the long series of treasons which have brought it to the brink of the abyss, will eagerly adopt this useful and necessary expedient; and all the French will say, like the Parisians, ‘We are marching against the enemy, and we will not leave behind us brigands to murder our wives and children.’”

The instigators of these atrocious deeds defended the measure as one of absolute necessity. “We must all go,” it was said, “to fight the Prussians, and we can not leave these foes behind us, to rise and take the city and assail us in the rear.” “If they had been allowed to live,” others said, “in a few days we should have been murdered. It was strictly an act of self-defense.” Danton ever avowed his approval of the measure, and said, “I looked my crime steadfastly in the face and I did it.” Marat is reproached as having contributed to the deed.\* Robespierre appears to have given his

\* M. Chabot, a patriotic orator, who had been a Franciscan friar, spoke in the Society of Jacobins as follows of Marat: “Marat is reproached with being of a sanguinary disposition; that he contributed to the late massacres in the prisons. But in so doing he acted in the true spirit

assent to the massacre with reluctance, but it is in evidence that he walked his chamber through the whole night in agony, unable to sleep.

At eleven o'clock at night of this 2d of September Robespierre and St. Just retired together from the Jacobin Club to the room of the latter. St. Just threw himself upon the bed for sleep. Robespierre exclaimed in astonishment,

"What, can you think of sleeping on such a night? Do you not hear the tocsin? Do you not know that this night will be the last to perhaps thousands of our fellow-creatures, who are men at the moment you fall asleep, and when you awake will be lifeless corpses?"

"I know it," replied St. Just, "and deplore it; and I wish that I could moderate the convulsions of society; but what am I?" then, turning in his bed, he fell asleep. In the morning, as he awoke, he saw Robespierre pacing the chamber with hasty steps, occasionally stopping to look out of the window, and listening to the noises in the streets. "What, have you not slept?" asked St. Just.

"Sleep!" cried Robespierre; "sleep while hundreds of assassins murdered thousands of victims, and their pure or impure blood runs like water down the streets! Oh no! I have not slept. I have watched like remorse or crime. I have had the weakness not to close my eyes, but *Danton, he has slept.*"\*

Paris was at this time in a state of such universal consternation, the government so disorganized, and the outbreak so sudden and so speedy in its execution, that the Legislative Assembly, which was not in sympathy with the mob, and which was already overawed, ventured upon no measures of resistance.†

But there can be no excuse offered in palliation of such crimes. Language is too feeble to express the horror with which they ever must be regarded by every generous soul. But while we consign to the deepest infamy the assassins of September, to equal infamy let those despots be consigned who, in the fierce endeavor to rivet the chains of slavery anew upon twenty-five millions of freemen, goaded a nation to such hideous madness. The allied despots of Europe roused the people to a phrensy of despair, and thus drove them to the deed. Let it never be forgotten that it was *despotism*, not *liberty*, which planted the tree which bore this fruit. If the government of a country be such that there is no means of redress for the oppressed people but in

of the Revolution, for it was not to be expected that while our bravest patriots were on the frontiers we should remain here exposed to the rage of the prisoners, who were promised arms and the opportunity of assassinating us. It is well known that the plan of the aristocrats has always been, and still is, to make a general carnage of the common people. Now, as the number of the latter is to that of the former in the proportion of ninety-nine to one, it is evident that he who proposes to kill one to prevent the killing of ninety-nine is not a blood-thirsty man."

\* Lamartine, *History of the Girondists*, ii., 132.

† Dr. Moore, while denouncing in the strongest terms the brutality of the populace, says, "In such an abominable system of oppression as the French labored under before the Revolution, when the will of one man could control the course of law, and his mandate tear any citizen from the arms of his family and throw him into a dungeon for years or for life—in a country where such a system of government prevails, insurrection, being the sole means of redress, is not only justifiable, but it is the duty of every lover of mankind and of his country, as soon as any occasion presents itself which promises success."



the horrors of insurrection, that country must bide its doom, for, sooner or later, an outraged people will rise. While, therefore, we contemplate with horror the outrages committed by the insurgent people, with still greater horror must we contemplate the outrages perpetrated by proud oppressors during long ages, consigning the people to ignorance and degradation. They who *brutalize* a people should be the last to complain that, when these people rise in the terribleness of their might, they behave *like brutes*. There is no safety for any nation but in the education, piety, and liberty of its masses.\*

The Duke of Brunswick, urging resistlessly on his solid columns, battering down fortresses, plunging through defiles, anticipated no check. But on the 20th of September, to his great surprise, he encountered a formidable army intrenched upon the heights of Valmy, near Chalons, apparently prepared for firm resistance. Here Dumouriez, with much military skill, had rallied his retreating troops. All France had been roused and was rushing eagerly to his support. Paris, no longer fearing a rise of the Royalists, was dispatching several thousand thoroughly-armed men from the gates every day to strengthen the camp at Valmy, which was hardly a hundred miles from Paris. Dumouriez, when first assailed, had less than forty thousand troops in his intrenchments, but the number rapidly increased to over seventy thousand.

These were nearly all inexperienced soldiers, but they were inspired with intense enthusiasm, all struggling for national independence, and many conscious that defeat would but conduct them to the scaffold. Macdonald,† who afterward so gloriously led the columns at Wagram, and Kellerman, who subsequently headed the decisive charge at Marengo, were aids of Dumouriez. Louis Philippe also, then the Duke of Chartres and eldest son of the Duke of Orleans, signalized himself on the patriot side at the stern strife of Valmy.

The Duke of Brunswick brought forward his batteries and commenced a terrific cannonade. Column after column was urged against the redoubts. But the young soldiers of France, shouting *Vive la Nation*, bravely repulsed every assault. The Prussians, to their inexpressible chagrin, found it impossible to advance a step. Here the storm of battle raged with almost incessant fury for twenty days. The French were hurrying from all quarters to the field; the supplies of the invaders were cut off; dysentery broke out in their camp; autumnal rains drenched them; winter was approaching; and

\* "Amid the disorders and sad events which have taken place in this country of late, it is impossible not to admire the generous spirit which glows all over the nation in support of its independence. No country ever displayed a nobler or more patriotic enthusiasm than pervades France at this period, and which glows with increasing ardor since the publication of the Duke of Brunswick's manifesto, and the entrance of the Prussians into the country. None but those whose minds are obscured by prejudice or perverted by selfishness will refuse this justice to the general spirit displayed by the French in defense of their national independence. A detestation of the excesses committed at Paris, not only is compatible with an admiration of this spirit, but it is such well-informed minds alone as possess sufficient candor and sensibility to admire the one, who can have a due horror of the other."—*Journal of John Moore, M.D.*, vol. i., p. 160.

† "The young Macdonald, descended from a Scotch family transplanted to France, was aide-camp to Dumouriez. He learned at the camp of Grandpré, under his commander, how to save a country. Subsequently he learned, under Napoleon, how to illustrate it. A hero at his first step, he became a marshal of France at the end of his life."—*Lamartine, Hist. Gir.*, ii., 158.

they were compelled, in discomfiture and humiliation, to turn upon their track and retire.

On the 15th of October the Allies abandoned their camp and commenced a retreat. They retired in good order, and recrossed the frontier, leaving behind them twenty-five thousand, who had perished by sickness, the bullet, and the sword. Dumouriez did not pursue them with much vigor, for the army of the Allies was infinitely superior in discipline to the raw troops under his command.

Winter was now at hand, during which no external attack upon France was to be feared. All government was disorganized, and the question which agitated every heart was, "What shall be done with the king?"

The Duke of Chartres, subsequently Louis Philippe, King of the French, then a young man but seventeen years of age, after vigorously co-operating with Dumouriez in repelling the invaders, returned to Paris. He presented himself at the audience of Servan, Minister of War, to complain of some injustice. Danton was present, and, taking the young duke aside, said to him,

"What do you do here? Servan is but the shadow of a minister. He can neither help nor harm you. Call on me to-morrow and I will arrange your business."

The next day Danton, the powerful plebeian, received the young patrician with an air of much affected superiority. "Well, young man," said he, "I am informed that your language resembles murmurs; that you blame the great measures of government; that you express compassion for the victims and hatred for the executioners. Beware; patriotism does not admit of lukewarmness, and you have to obtain pardon for your great name."

The young prince boldly replied, "The army looks with horror on bloodshed any where but on the battle-field. The massacres of September seem in their eyes to dishonor liberty."

"You are too young," Danton replied, "to judge of these events; to comprehend these you must be in our place. For the future be silent. Return to the army; fight bravely; but do not rashly expose your life. France does not love a republic; she has the habits, the weaknesses, the need of a monarchy. After our storms she will return to it, either through her vices or necessities, and you will be king. Adieu, young man. Remember the prediction of Danton."\*

In reference to these scenes Napoleon remarked at St. Helena, on the 3d of September, 1816, "To-day is the anniversary of a hideous remembrance; of the massacres of September, the St. Bartholomew of the French Revolution. The atrocities of the 3d of September were not committed under the sanction of government, which, on the contrary, used its endeavors to punish the crime. The massacres were committed by the mob of Paris, and were the result of fanaticism rather than of absolute brutality. The *Septembriseurs* did not pillage, they only wished to murder. They even hanged one of their own party for having appropriated a watch which belonged to one of their victims.

"This dreadful event arose out of the force of circumstances and the spirit of the moment. We must acknowledge that there has been no political

\* History of the Girondists, by Lamartine, ii., 185.

change unattended by popular fury, as soon as the masses enter into action. The Prussian army had arrived within one hundred miles of Paris. The famous manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick was placarded on all the walls of the city. The people had persuaded themselves that the death of all the Royalists in Paris was indispensable to the safety of the Revolution. They ran to the prisons and intoxicated themselves with blood, shouting *Vive la Revolution*. Their energy had an electric effect, from the fear with which it inspired one party, and the example which it gave to the other. One hundred thousand volunteers joined the army, and the Revolution was saved.

"I might have preserved my crown by turning loose the masses of the people against the advocates of the restoration. You well recollect, Montholon, when, at the head of your *faubouriens*, you wished to punish the treachery of Fouché and proclaim my dictatorship. I did not choose to do so. My whole soul revolted at the thought of being king of another mob. As a general rule no social revolution can take place without terror. Every revolution is in principle a revolt, which time and success ennoble and render legal, but of which terror has been one of the inevitable phases. How, indeed, can we say to those who possess fortune and public situations, '*Be gone and leave us your fortunes and your situations*,' without first intimidating them, and rendering any defense impossible. In France this point was effected by the lantern and the guillotine."\*

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE KING LED TO TRIAL.

Assassination of Royalists at Versailles.—Jacobin Ascendency.—The National Convention.—Two Parties, the Girondists and the Jacobins.—Abolition of Royalty.—Madame Roland.—Battle of Jemappes.—Mode of life in the Temple.—Insults to the Royal Family.—New Acts of Rigor.—Trial of the King.—Separation of the Royal Family.—The Indictment.—The King begs for Bread.

THE massacre of the Royalists in Paris was not followed by any general violence throughout the kingdom, for it was in Paris alone that the Patriots were in imminent danger. In Orleans, however, there were a number of Royalists imprisoned under the accusation of treason. These prisoners were brought to Versailles on the night of the 9th of September to be tried. A band of assassins from Paris rushed upon the carriages, dispersed the escort, and most brutally murdered forty-seven out of fifty-three.† They then went to the prison, where twelve were taken out, and, after a summary trial, assassinated.

In the mean time elections were going on for the National Convention. The Jacobin Clubs, now generally dominant throughout France, almost every where controlled the elections. Some sober Patriots hoped that the Convention would be disposed and able to check the swelling flood of anarchy. But others, when they saw that the most violent Revolutionists were chosen as deputies, and that they would be able to overawe the more moderate Patriots by the terrors of the mob, began to despair of their country. Paris

\* Napoleon at St. Helena, 394.

† Peltier.



sent to the Convention Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Chabot, and others who have attained terrible notoriety through scenes of consternation and blood. The Girondists in the Convention, Vergniaud, Condorcet, Barbaroux, Gensonné, though much in the minority, were heroic men, illustrious in intelligence and virtue. There was no longer a Royalist party, not even a Constitutional Royalist party, which dared to avow itself in France. The court and the Allies had driven France to the absolute necessity of a Republic.

On the 20th of September the Legislative Assembly was dissolved, and at the same hour and in the same hall the National Convention commenced its session. The spirit of the Girondists may be seen in their first motion.

"Citizen representatives," said M. Manuel, "in this place every thing ought to be stamped with a character of such dignity and grandeur as to fill the world with awe. I propose that the President of the Assembly be lodged in the Tuileries, that in public he shall be preceded by guards, that the members shall rise when he opens the Assembly. Cineas, the ambassador of Pyrrhus, on being introduced to the Roman senate, said that they appeared like an assembly of kings."

This proposition was contemptuously voted down by the Jacobins. Collet d'Herbois, one of the leading Jacobins, then proposed the immediate abolition of royalty. "The word king," said he, "is still a talisman, whose magic power may create many disorders. The abolition of royalty therefore is necessary. Kings are in the moral world that which monsters are in the natural. Courts are always the centre of corruption and the work-houses of crime."

No one ventured to oppose this, and the president declared that by a unanimous vote *royalty was abolished*. It was then voted the 22d of September, 1792, should be considered the first day of the first year of the Republic, and that all documents should follow the date of this era. It was on the eve of this day that intelligence arrived of the cannonade of Valmy, in which the Patriot armies had beaten back the foe. For one short night Paris was radiant with joy.

The most illustrious of the Girondists met that evening in the saloon of Madame Roland, and celebrated, with almost religious enthusiasm, the advent of the Republic. Madame Roland, in the accomplishment of the most intense desire of her heart, appeared radiant with almost supernatural brilliance and beauty. It was observed that M. Roland gazed upon her with a peculiar expression of fondness. The noble and gifted Vergniaud conversed but little, and pensive thoughts seemed to chasten his joy.

At the close of the entertainment he filled his glass, and proposed to drink to the eternity of the Republic.

"Permit me," said Madame Roland, "after the manner of the ancients, to scatter some rose-leaves from my bouquet in your glass."

Vergniaud held out his glass, and some leaves were scattered on the wine. He then said, in words strongly prophetic of their fate, "We should quaff, not roses, but cypress-leaves, in our wine to-night. In drinking to a republic, stained at its birth with the blood of September, who knows that we do not drink to our own death? No matter; were this wine my blood, I would drain it to liberty and equality."

To this all responded with the words *Vive la République*. But a few months elapsed ere almost every individual then present perished on the scaffold.

In the mean time Dumouriez, with thirty-five thousand men, was pursuing a division of the retreating Allies, consisting of twenty-five thousand Austrians, under General Clairfayt, through Belgium. On the 4th of November he overtook them strongly intrenched upon the heights of Jemappes. One



BATTLE OF JEMAPPES.



day was consumed in bringing up his forces and arranging his batteries for the assault. Sixty thousand men were now arrayed for a deadly strife. One hundred pieces of cannon were in battery to hurl into the dense ranks destruction and death. On the morning of the 6th the storm of war commenced. All the day long it raged with pitiless fury. In the evening ten thousand of the dying and the dead covered the ground, and the Austrians were every where retreating in dismay. This new victory caused great rejoicing in Paris, and inspired the revolutionary party with new courage.

The day at length arrived for the trial of the king. It was the 11th of December. For four months the royal family, with ever-alternating hopes and fears, which had been gradually deepening into despair, had now endured the rigors of captivity. The king, with that wonderful equanimity which distinguished him through all these days of trial, immediately upon taking possession of his gloomy abode introduced system into the employment of his time.

His room was on the third story. He usually rose at six o'clock, shaved himself, and carefully dressed his hair. He then entered a small room or closet, which opened from his sleeping-room, and engaged in devotional reading and prayer for an hour. He was not allowed to close the door, for a municipal officer ever stationed in his room was enjoined never to allow the king to leave his sight. He then read till nine o'clock, during which time his faithful servant, Clery, put the room in order, and spread the table for the breakfast of the royal family. At nine o'clock the queen, the children, and Madame Elizabeth came up from the rooms which they occupied below to breakfast.

The meal occupied an hour. The royal family then all descended to the queen's room, where they passed the day. The king employed himself in instructing his son, giving him lessons in geography, which was a favorite study of the king; teaching him to draw and color maps, and to recite choice passages from Corneille and Racine. The queen assumed the education of her daughter, while her own hands and those of Madame Elizabeth were busy in needle-work, knitting, and working tapestry.

At one o'clock, when the weather was fine, the royal family were conducted by four municipal officers into the spacious but dilapidated garden for exercise and the open air. The officials who guarded the king were frequently changed. Sometimes they chanced to be men of humane character, who, though devoted to the disinthrallment of France from the terrible despotism of ages, still pitied the king as the victim of circumstances, and treated him with kindness and respect. But more generally these men were vulgar and rabid Jacobins, who exulted in the opportunity of wreaking upon the king the meanest revenge. They chalked upon the walls of the prison, "The guillotine is permanent and ready for the tyrant Louis." "Madame Veto shall swing." "The little wolves must be strangled." Under a gallows, to which a figure was suspended, was inscribed the words, "Louis taking an air-bath." From such ribald insults the monarch had no protection.

A burly brutal wretch, named Rocher, was one of the keepers of the Tower. He went swaggering about with a bunch of enormous keys clattering at his



LOUIS XVI. AND THE ROYAL FAMILY IN THE TEMPLE.

belt, seeming to glory in his power of annoying, by petty insults, a *king* and a *queen*. When the royal family were going out into the garden he would go before them to unlock the doors. Making a great demonstration in rattling his keys, and affecting much difficulty in finding the right one, all the party would be kept waiting while he made all possible delay and noise in drawing the bolts and swinging open the ponderous doors. At the side of the last door he not unfrequently stationed himself with his pipe in his mouth, and puffed tobacco-smoke into the faces of the king, the queen, and the children. Some of the guards stationed around would burst into insulting laughter in view of these indignities, which the king endured with meekness which seems supernatural.

The recital of such conduct makes the blood boil in one's veins, and leads one almost to detest the very name of liberty. But then we must not forget that it was despotism which formed these hideous characters; that, age after age and century after century, kings and nobles had been trampling upon the people, crushing their rights, lacerating their heart-strings, dooming fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, by millions upon millions, to beggary, degradation, and woe. It was time for the people to rise at every hazard and break these chains. And while humanity must weep over the



woes of Louis XVI. and his unhappy household, humanity can not forget that there are other families and other hearts who claim her sympathies, and that this very Louis XVI. was at this very time doing every thing in his power, by the aid of the armies of foreign despots, to bring the millions of France again under the sway of the most merciless despotism. And it can not be questioned that, had kings and nobles regained their power, they would have wreaked a more terrible vengeance upon the re-enslaved people than the people wreaked upon them.

For an hour the royal family continued walking in the garden. From the roofs of the adjacent houses and the higher windows they could be seen. Every day at noon these roofs and windows were crowded by those anxious to obtain a view of the melancholy group of captives. Frequently they were cheered by gestures of affection from unknown friends. Tender words were occasionally unrolled in capital letters, or a flower to which a pebble was attached would fall at their feet. These tokens of love, slight as they were, came as a balm to their lacerated hearts. So highly did they prize them, that regardless of rain, cold, and snow, and the intolerable insults of their guards, they looked forward daily with eagerness to their garden walk. They recognized particular localities as belonging to their friends, saying, "such a house is devoted to us; such a story is for us; such a room is loyal; such a window friendly."

At two o'clock the royal family returned to the king's room, where dinner was served. After dinner the king took a nap, while the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the young princess employed themselves with their needles, and the dauphin played some game with Clery, whose name should be transmitted with honor to posterity as faithful in misfortune. When the king awoke from his nap he usually read aloud to his family for an hour or two until supper-time. Soon after supper, the queen, with her children and Madame Elizabeth, retired to their rooms for the night. With hearts bound together by these terrible griefs, they never parted but with a tender and sorrowful adieu.\*

Such was the monotonous life of the royal family during the four months they occupied the Temple before the trial of the king. But almost every day of their captivity some new act of rigor was enforced upon them. As the armies of the Allies drew nearer, and city after city was falling before their bombardments, and Paris was in a phrensy of terror, apprehensions of a conspiracy of the king with the Royalists, and of their rising and aiding the invaders with an outburst of civil war, led to the adoption of precautions most irksome to the captives.

Municipal officers never allowed any member of the royal family to be out of their sight, except when they retired to bed at night. They then locked the doors, and placed a bed against the entrance to each apartment, and there an officer slept, so as to prevent all possibility of egress. Every day Santerre, commander of the National Guard, made a visit of inspection to all the

\* The queen undressed the dauphin, when he repeated the following prayer, composed by the queen and remembered and recorded by her daughter: "Almighty God, who created and redeemed me, I love you! Preserve the days of my father and my family. Protect us against our enemies. Give my mother, my aunt, my sister, the strength they need to support their troubles." —*Lamartine, History of the Girondists*, vol. ii., p. 287.



rooms with his staff. At first the royal family had been allowed pen, ink, and paper, but this privilege was soon withdrawn, and at last the cruel and useless measure was adopted of taking from them all sharp instruments, such as knives, scissors, and even needles, thus depriving the ladies not only of a great solace, but of the power of repairing their decaying apparel. It was not the intention of the Legislative Assembly that the royal family should be exposed to needless suffering. Four hundred dollars were placed in their hands at the commencement of their captivity for their petty expenses, and the Governor of the Temple was ordered to purchase for them whatever they might need, five hundred thousand francs (\$100,000) having been appropriated by the Convention for their expenses.\*

They were not allowed to see the daily journals, which would have informed them of the triumphant march of the Allies, but occasionally papers were sent to them which recorded the victories of the Republic. Clery, however, devised a very shrewd expedient to give them some information of the events which were transpiring. He hired a newsman to pass daily by the windows of the Temple, under the pretense of selling newspapers, and to cry out the principal details contained in them. Clery, while apparently busy about the room, was always sure to be near the window at the appointed hour, listening attentively. At night, stooping over the king's bed to adjust the curtains, he hastily whispered the news he had thus gathered. All this required the greatest caution, for a municipal officer was always in the room, watching every movement.

Early in the morning of the 11th of December all Paris was in commotion to witness the trial of the king, which was to commence on that day. The beating of drums in the street, the mustering of military squadrons at their appointed places of rendezvous, the clatter of hoofs, and the rumbling of artillery over the pavements penetrated even the gloomy apartments of the Temple, and fell appallingly upon the ears of the victims there.

The royal family were at breakfast as they heard these ominous sounds, and they earnestly inquired the cause. After some hesitation the king was informed that the Mayor of Paris would soon come to conduct him to his trial, and that the troops gathering around the Temple were to form his escort. He was also required immediately to take leave of his family, and told that he could not be permitted to see them again until after his trial. Expressions of heart-rending anguish and floods of tears accompanied this cruel separation. The king pleaded earnestly and with gushing eyes that, at least, he might enjoy the society of his little son, saying,

\* "We must not exaggerate the faults of human nature, and suppose that, adding an execrable meanness to the fury of fanaticism, the keepers of the imprisoned family imposed on it unworthy privations, with the intention of rendering the remembrance of its past greatness the more painful. Distrust was the sole cause of certain refusals. Thus, while the dread of plots and secret communications prevented them from admitting more than one attendant into the interior of the prison, a numerous establishment was employed in preparing their food. Thirteen persons were engaged in the duties of the kitchen, situated at some distance from the tower. The report of the expenses of the Temple, where the greatest decency is observed, where the prisoners are mentioned with respect, where their sobriety is commended, where Louis XVI. is justified from the low reproach of being too much addicted to wine—these reports, which are not liable to suspicion, make the total expenses of the table amount in two months to 28,745 livres (\$5749)." — *Thiers*, vol. ii., p. 26.

"What, gentlemen! deprive me of even the presence of my son—a child of seven years!"

But the commissioners were inexorable. "The Commune thinks," said they, "that, since you are to be *au secret* during your trial, your son must necessarily be confined either with you or his mother; and it has imposed the privation upon that parent who, from his sex and courage, was best able to support it."

The queen, with the children and Madame Elizabeth, were conducted to the rooms below. The king, overwhelmed with anguish, threw himself into a chair, buried his face in his hands, and, without uttering a word, remained immovable as a statue for two hours. At noon M. Chambon,\* the Mayor of Paris, with Santerre, commander of the National Guard, and a group of officers, all wearing the tricolored scarf, entered the king's chamber.

Chambon, with solemnity and with a faltering voice, informed the king of the painful object of their mission, and summoned him, in the name of the Convention, as *Louis Capet*, to appear before their bar.

"Gentlemen," replied the king, "Capet is not my name. It is the name of one of my ancestors. I could have wished that my son, at least, had been permitted to remain with me during the two hours I have awaited you. However, this treatment is but a part of the system adopted toward me throughout my captivity. I follow you, not in obedience to the orders of the Convention, but because my enemies are more powerful than I."

Immediately rising, he put on his great-coat, took his hat, and, following the mayor, and followed by the staff of officers, descended the stairs of the tower.

Before the massive portal of the Temple the carriage of the mayor was drawn up, surrounded by a guard of six hundred picked men. A numerous detachment of cavalry, as an advance-guard, dragging six pieces of cannon, led the melancholy procession which was conducting a monarch to the judgment-bar and to death. A similar body of cavalry followed in the rear with three pieces of cannon. These precautions were deemed necessary to guard against any possible rescue by the Royalists. Every soldier was supplied with sixteen rounds of cartridges, and the battalions marched in such order that they could instantly form in line of battle. The National Guard lined the streets through which they passed, one hundred thousand men being under arms in Paris that day.

The cavalcade passed slowly along the Boulevards. The house-tops, the windows, the side-walks, were thronged with countless thousands. The king, deprived of his razor, had been unable to shave, and his face was covered with shaggy hair; his natural corpulence, wasted away by imprisonment, caused his garments to hang loose and flabby about him; his features were wan through anxiety and suffering. Thus, unfortunately, every thing

\* "M. Chambon, the successor of Bailly and Pétion, was a learned and humane physician, whom public esteem rather than Revolutionary favor had raised to the dignity of the first magistrate of Paris. Of *modéré* principles, kind and warm-hearted, accustomed, by his profession, to sympathize with the unfortunate, compelled to execute orders repugnant to his feelings, the pity of the man was visible beneath the inflexibility of the magistrate."—*Lamartine, Hist. des Girondistes*, vol. ii., p. 321.

in his personal appearance combined to present an aspect exciting disgust and repulsion rather than sympathy. The procession passed down the Place Vendôme and thence to the Monastery of the Feuillants. The king alighted. Santerre took his arm and led him to the bar of the Convention. There was a moment of profound silence. All were awe-stricken by the solemnity of the scene. The president, Barrere,\* broke the silence, saying,

"Citizens! Louis Capet is before you. The eyes of Europe are upon you. Posterity will judge you with inflexible severity. Preserve, then, the dignity and the dispassionate coolness befitting judges. You are about to give a great lesson to kings, a great and useful example to nations. Recollect the awful silence which accompanied Louis from Varennes—a silence that was the precursor of the judgment of kings by the people." Then, turning to the king, Barrere said, "Louis, the French nation accuses you. Be seated, and listen to the Act of Accusation." It was then two o'clock in the afternoon.

The formidable indictment was read. The king was held personally responsible for all the acts of hostility to popular liberty which had occurred under his reign. A minute, truthful, impartial recapitulation of those acts, which we have recorded in the previous pages, constituted the accusation. The king listened attentively to the reading, and without any apparent emotion. The accusation consisted of fifty-seven distinct charges. As they were slowly read over, one by one, the president paused after each and said to the king, "What have you to answer?" But two courses consistent with kingly dignity were open for the accused. The one was to refuse any reply and to take shelter in the inviolability with which the Constitution had invested him. The other was boldly to avow that he had adopted the measures of which he was accused, believing it to be essential to the welfare of France that the headlong progress of the Revolution should be checked. Neither would have saved his life, but either would have rescued his memory from much reproach. But the king, cruelly deprived of all counsel with his friends, dragged unexpectedly to his trial, and overwhelmed with such a catalogue of accusations, unfortunately adopted the worst possible course. The blame of some of the acts he threw upon his ministers; some facts he denied; and in other cases he not only prevaricated but stooped to palpable falsehood. When we reflect upon the weak nature of the king and the confusion of mind incident to an hour of such terrible trial, we must judge the unhappy monarch leniently. But when the king denied even the existence of the iron chest which the Convention had already found, and had obtained proof to demonstration that he himself had closed up, and when he denied complicity with the Allies, proofs of which, in his own handwriting, were found in the iron safe, it is not strange that the effect should have been exceedingly unfavorable to his defense.†

\* "Barrere escaped during the different ebullitions of the Revolution because he was a man, without principle or character, who changed and adapted himself to every side. He had the reputation of being a man of talent, but I did not find him such. I employed him to write, but he displayed no ability. He used many flowers of rhetoric, but no solid argument."—*Napoleon at St. Helena.*

† Gamain, the locksmith, who for ten years had worked for and with the king, and who had aided him in constructing this iron safe, basely betrayed the secret. The papers were all seized





DISCOVERY OF THE IRON SAFE.

This interrogation was continued for three hours, at the close of which the king, who had eaten nothing since his interrupted breakfast, was so exhausted that he could hardly stand. Santerre then conducted him into an adjoining committee-room. Before withdrawing, however, the king demanded a copy of the accusation, and counsel to assist him in his defense. In the committee-room the king saw a man eating from a small loaf of bread. Faint with hunger, the monarch approached the man, and, in a whisper, implored a morsel for himself.

"Ask aloud," said the man, retreating, "for what you want." He feared that he should be suspected of some secret conspiracy with the king.

"I am hungry," said Louis XVI., "and ask for a piece of your bread."

"Divide it with me," said the man. "It is a Spartan breakfast. If I had a root I would give you half."

The king entered the carriage eating his crust. The same cavalcade as in the morning preceded and accompanied him. The same crowds thronged the streets and every point of observation. A few brutal wretches, insulting helplessness, shouted *Vive la Révolution!* and now and then a stanza of the Marseillaise Hymn fell painfully upon his ear. Chambon, the mayor, and Chaumette, the public prosecutor, were in the carriage with the king.

and intrusted by the Convention to a committee of twelve, who were to examine and report upon them. This Judas received, as his reward from the Convention, a pension of two hundred and forty dollars a year. See France and its Revolutions, by Geo. Long, Esq., p. 241.

Louis, having eaten as much of the half loaf of bread as he needed, had still a fragment in his hand.

"What shall I do with it?" inquired the simple-hearted monarch. Chaumette relieved him of his embarrassment by tossing it out of the window.

"Ah," said the king, "it is a pity to throw bread away when it is so dear."

"True," replied Chaumette; "my grandmother used to say to me, 'Little boy, never waste a crumb of bread; you can not make one.'"<sup>\*</sup>

"Monsieur Chaumette," Louis rejoined, "your grandmother appears to me to have been a woman of great good sense."

It was half-past six o'clock, and the gloom of night enveloped the Temple, when Louis was again conducted up the stairs of the tower to his dismal cell. He piteously implored permission again to see his family. But Chambon dared not grant his request in disobedience to the commands of the Commune.

The most frivolous things often develop character. It is on record that the toils and griefs of the day had not impaired the appetite of the king, and that he ate for supper that night "six cutlets, a considerable portion of a fowl, two eggs, and drank two glasses of white wine and one of Alicante wine, and forthwith went to bed."<sup>†</sup>

During these dreadful hours the queen, with Madame Elizabeth and the children, were in a state of agonizing suspense, not even knowing but that the king was being led to his execution. Clery, however, late in the evening, went to their room and informed them of all the details he had been able to gather respecting the king's examination.

"Has any mention been made of the queen?" asked Madame Elizabeth. "Her name was not mentioned," Clery replied, "in the act of accusation."

"Ah," rejoined the princess, "perhaps they demand my brother's life as necessary for their safety; but the queen—these poor children—what obstacle can their lives present to their ambition?"

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

Close of the Examination.—The King's Counsel.—Heroism of Malesherbes.—Preparations for Defense.—Gratitude of the King.—The Trial.—Protracted Vote.—The Result.—The King solicits the Delay of Execution for three Days.—Last Interview with his Family.—Preparation for Death.—The Execution.

As soon as the king had withdrawn from the Assembly, that body was thrown into great tumult in consequence of the application of Louis for the assistance of counsel. It was, however, after an animated debate, which continued until the next day, voted that the request of the king should be granted, and a deputation was immediately sent to inform the king of the vote, and to ask what counsel he would choose. He selected two of the most eminent lawyers of Paris—M. Tronchet and M. Target. Tronchet he

<sup>\*</sup> Hist. Parl., vol. xxi., p. 314.

<sup>†</sup> Résumé du Rapport du Commissaire Albertier, Hist. Parl., vol. xxi., p. 319.

roically accepted the perilous commission. Target, with pusillanimity which has consigned his name to disgrace, wrote a letter to the Convention stating that his principles would not allow him to undertake the defense of the king.\* The venerable Malesherbes, then seventy years of age, immediately wrote a letter to the president, imploring permission to assume the defense of the monarch. This distinguished statesman, a friend of monarchy and a personal friend of the monarch, had been living in the retirement of his country-seat, and had taken no part in the Revolution. By permission of the Commune he was conducted, after he had been carefully searched, to the Temple. With a faltering step he entered the prison of the king. Louis XVI. was seated reading Tacitus. The king immediately arose, threw his arms around Malesherbes in a cordial embrace, and said,

"Ah, is it you, my friend! In what a situation do you find me! See to what my passion for the amelioration of the state of the people, whom we have both loved so much, has reduced me! Why do you come hither? Your devotion only endangers your life and can not save mine."

Malesherbes, with eyes full of tears, endeavored to cheer the king with words of hope.

"No!" replied the monarch, sadly. "They will condemn me, for they possess both the power and the will. No matter; let us occupy ourselves with the cause as if we were to gain it. I shall gain it in fact, since I shall leave no stain upon my memory."

The two defenders of the king were permitted to associate with them a third, M. Deséze, an advocate who had attained much renown in his profession. For a fortnight they were employed almost night and day in preparing for the defense. Malesherbes came every morning with the daily papers, and prepared for the labors of the evening. At five o'clock Tronchet and Deséze came, and they all worked together until nine.

In the mean time the king wrote his will; a very affecting document, breathing in every line the spirit of a Christian. He also succeeded in so far eluding the vigilance of his keepers as to open a slight correspondence with his family. The queen pricked a message with a pin upon a scrap of paper, and then concealed the paper in a ball of thread, which was dropped into a drawer in the kitchen, where Clery took it and conveyed it to his master. An answer was returned in a similar way. It was but an unsatisfactory correspondence which could thus be carried on; but even this was an unspeakable solace to the captives.

At length the plan of defense was completed. Malesherbes and the king had furnished the facts, Tronchet and Deséze had woven them all into an exceedingly eloquent and affecting appeal. Deséze read it aloud to the king and his associates. The pathetic picture he drew of the vicissitudes of the royal family was so touching that even Malesherbes and Tronchet could not refrain from weeping, and tears fell from the eyes of the king. At the

\* One of Napoleon's first acts upon becoming First Consul was to show his appreciation of the heroism of Tronchet by placing him at the head of the Court of Cassation. "Tronchet," he said, "was the soul of the civil code, as I was its demonstrator. He was gifted with a singularly profound and correct understanding, but he could not descend to developments. He spoke badly, and could not defend what he proposed."—*Napoleon at St. Helena*, p. 192.

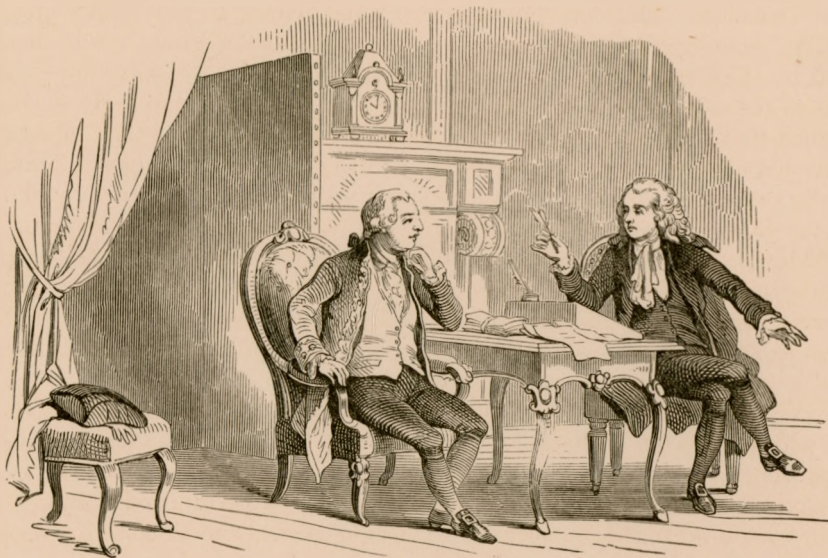


close of the reading, the king turned to Deséze, and, in the spirit of true majesty of soul, said,

"I have to request of you to make a painful sacrifice. Strike out of your pleading the peroration. It is enough for me to appear before such judges and show my entire innocence. I will not move their feelings."\*

Deséze was very reluctant to accede to this request, but was constrained to yield. After Tronchet and Deséze had retired that night, the king, left alone with Malesherbes, seemed to be troubled with some engrossing thought. At last he said,

"I have now a new source of regret. Deséze and Tronchet owe me nothing. They devote to me their time, exertions, and perhaps their life. How can I requite them? I possess nothing; and were I to leave them a legacy it would not be paid; besides, what fortune could repay such a debt?"



LOUIS XVI. AND MALESHERBES.

"Sire," replied Malesherbes, "their consciences and posterity will reward them. But it is in your power to grant them a favor they will esteem more than all those you had it in your power to bestow upon them formerly."

"What is it?" added the king.

"Sire, embrace them," Malesherbes replied.

The next day, when they entered his chamber, the king approached them and pressed each to his heart in silence. This touching testimonial of the king's gratitude, and of his impoverishment, was to the noble hearts of these noble men an ample remuneration for all their toil and peril.

The 26th of December had now arrived, the day appointed for the final trial. At an early hour all Paris was in commotion, and the whole military force of the metropolis was again marshaled. The sublimity of the occasion seemed to have elevated the character of the king to unusual dignity. He

\* Lacretelle.

was neatly dressed, his beard shaved, and his features were serene and almost majestic in their expression of imperturbable resignation. As he rode in the carriage with Chambon, the mayor, and Santerre, the commander of the National Guard, he conversed cheerfully upon a variety of topics. Santerre, regardless of the etiquette which did not allow a subject to wear his hat in the presence of his monarch, sat with his hat on. The king turned to him, and said, with a smile,

"The last time, sir, you conveyed me to the Temple, in your hurry you forgot your hat; and now, I perceive, you are determined to make up for the omission."

On entering the Convention the king took his seat by the side of his counsel, and listened with intense interest to the reading of his defense, watching the countenances of his judges to see the effect it was producing upon their minds. Occasionally he whispered, and even with a smile, to Mallesherbes and Tronchet. The Convention received the defense in profound silence.

The defense consisted of three leading divisions. First, it was argued that by the Constitution the king was inviolable, and not responsible for the acts of the crown—that the Ministers alone were responsible. He secondly argued that the Convention had no right to try the king, for the Convention were his accusers, and, consequently, could not act as his judges. Thirdly, while protesting, as above, the inviolability of the king, and the invalidity of the Convention to judge him, he then proceeded to the discussion of the individual charges. Some of the charges were triumphantly repelled, particularly that of shedding French blood on the 10th of August. It was clearly proved that the people, not Louis XVI., were the aggressors. As soon as Deséze had finished his defense, the king himself rose and said, in a few words which he had written and committed to memory,

"You have heard the grounds of my defense. I shall not repeat them. In addressing you, perhaps for the last time, I declare that my conscience reproaches me with nothing, and that my defenders have told you the truth. I have never feared to have my public conduct scrutinized. But I am grieved to find that I am accused of wishing to shed the blood of my people, and that the misfortunes of the 10th of August are laid to my charge. I confess that the numerous proofs I have always given of my love for the people ought to have placed me above this reproach."

He resumed his seat. The President then asked if he had any thing more to say. He declared he had not, and retired with his counsel from the hall. As he was conducted back to the Temple, he conversed with the same serenity he had manifested throughout the whole day. It was five o'clock, and the gloom of night was descending upon the city as he re-entered his prison.

No sooner had the king left the hall than a violent tumult of debate commenced, which was continued, day after day, with a constant succession of eager, agitated speakers hurrying to the tribune, for twelve days. Some were in favor of an immediate judgment, some were for referring the question to the people; some demanded the death of the king, others imprisonment or exile. On the 7th of January all seemed weary of these endless speeches, and the endless repetition of the same arguments. Still, there

were many clamorous to be heard ; and, after a violent contest, it was voted that the decisive measure should be postponed for a week longer, and that on the 14th of January the question should be taken.

The fatal day arrived. It was decreed that the subject should be presented to the Convention in the three following questions: *First*, Is Louis guilty? *Second*, Shall the decision of the Convention be submitted to the ratification of the people? The whole of the 15th was occupied in taking these two votes. Louis was unanimously pronounced to be guilty, with the exception of ten who refused to vote, declaring themselves incapable of acting both as accusers and judges. On the question of an appeal to the people, 281 voices were for it, 423 against it.\* And now came the *third* great and solemn question, What shall be the sentence? Each member was required to write his vote, sign it, and then, before depositing it, to ascend the tribune and give it audibly, with any remarks which he might wish to add.

The voting commenced at seven o'clock in the evening of the 16th, and continued all night, and without any interruption, for twenty-four hours. All Paris was during the time in the highest state of excitement, the galleries of the Convention being crowded to suffocation. Some voted for death, others for imprisonment until peace with allied Europe, and then banishment. Others voted for death, with the restriction that the execution should be delayed. They wished to save the king, and yet feared the accusation of being Royalists if they did not vote for his death. The Jacobins all voted for death. They had accused their opponents, the Girondists, of being secretly in favor of royalty, and as such had held them up to the execration of the mob. The Girondists wished to save the king. It was in their power to save him. But it required more courage, both moral and physical, than ordinary men possess, to brave the vengeance of the assassins of September who were hovering around the hall.

It was pretty well understood in the Convention that the fate of the king depended upon the Girondist vote, and it was not doubted that the party would vote as did their leader. It was a moment of fearful solemnity when Vergniaud ascended the tribune. Breathless silence pervaded the Assembly. Every eye was fixed upon him. His countenance was pallid as that of a corpse. For a moment he paused, with downcast eyes, as if hesitating to pronounce the dreadful word. Then, in a gloomy tone which thrilled the hearts of all present, he said, *Death*.† Nearly all the Girondists voted for death, with the restriction of delaying the execution. Many of the purest

\* Lamartine, *History of the Girondists*, vol. ii., p. 342.

† "The crowd in the galleries received with murmurs all votes that were not for death, and they frequently addressed threatening gestures to the Assembly itself. The deputies replied to them from the interior of the hall, and hence resulted a tumultuous exchange of menaces and abusive epithets. This fearfully ominous scene had shaken all minds and changed many resolutions. Vergniaud, who had appeared deeply affected by the fate of Louis XVI., and who had declared to his friends that he never could condemn that unfortunate prince, Vergniaud, on beholding this tumultuous scene, imagined that he saw civil war kindled in France, and pronounced sentence of death, with the addition, however, of Mailhe's amendment (which required that the execution should be delayed). On being questioned respecting his change of opinion, he replied that he thought he saw civil war on the point of breaking out, and that he durst not balance the life of an individual against the welfare of France."—*Theirs's History of the French Revolution*, vol. ii., p. 68.



men in the nation thus voted, with emotions of sadness which could not be repressed. The noble Carnot gave his vote in the following terms: "Death; and never did word weigh so heavily on my heart."

When the Duke of Orleans was called, deep silence ensued. He was cousin of the king, and first prince of the blood. By birth and opulence he stood on the highest pinnacle of aristocratic supremacy. Conscious of peril, he had for a long time done every thing in his power to conciliate the mob by adopting the most radical of Jacobin opinions. The Duke, bloated with the debaucheries which had disgraced his life, ascended the steps slowly, unfolded a paper, and read in heartless tones these words:

"Solely occupied with my duty, convinced that all who have attempted, or shall attempt hereafter, the sovereignty of the people, merit death, I vote for death."

The atrocity of this act excited the abhorrence of the Assembly, and loud murmurs of disapprobation followed the prince to his seat. Even Robespierre despised his pusillanimity, and said,

"The miserable man was only required to listen to his own heart, and make himself an exception. But he would not or dare not do so. The nation would have been more magnanimous than he."\*

At length the long scrutiny was over, and Vergniaud, who had presided, rose to announce the result. He was pale as death, and it was observed that not only his voice faltered, but that his whole frame trembled.

"Citizens," said he, "you are about to exercise a great act of justice. I hope humanity will enjoin you to keep the most perfect silence. When justice has spoken humanity ought to be listened to in its turn."

He then read the results of the vote. There were seven hundred and twenty-one voters in the Convention. Three hundred and thirty-four voted for imprisonment or exile, three hundred and eighty-seven for death, including those who voted that the execution should be delayed. Thus the majority for death was fifty-three; but as of these forty-six demanded a suspension of the execution, there remained but a majority of seven for immediate death. Having read this result, Vergniaud, in a sorrowful tone, said, "I declare, in the name of the Convention, that the punishment pronounced against Louis Capet is death."†

\* "Robespierre was by no means the worst character who figured in the Revolution. He opposed trying the queen. He was not an atheist; on the contrary, he had publicly maintained the existence of a Supreme Being, in opposition to many of his colleagues. Neither was he of opinion that it was necessary to exterminate all priests and nobles, like many others. Robespierre wanted to proclaim the king an outlaw, and not to go through the ridiculous mockery of trying him. Robespierre was a fanatic, a monster; but he was incorruptible, and incapable of robbing or of causing the deaths of others, either from personal enmity or a desire of enriching himself. He was an enthusiast, but one who really believed that he was acting right, and died not worth a sou. In some respects Robespierre may be said to have been an honest man."—*Napoleon at St. Helena*, p. 590.

† "Of those who judged the king many thought him willfully criminal; many that his existence would keep the nation in perpetual conflict with the horde of kings who would war against a generation which might come home to themselves, and that it were better that one should die than all. I should not have voted with this portion of the Legislature. I should have shut up the queen in a convent, putting harm out of her power, and placed the king in his station, investing him with limited powers, which I verily believe he would honestly have exercised, according to the measure of his understanding."—*Thomas Jefferson, Life by Randall*, vol. i., p. 533. There were obviously insuperable objections to the plan thus suggested by Mr. Jefferson.

The counsel of Louis XVI., who, during the progress of the vote, had urged permission to speak, but were refused, were now introduced. In the name of the king, Deséze appealed to the people from the judgment of the Convention. He urged the appeal from the very small majority which had decided the penalty. Tronchet urged that the penal code required a vote of two thirds to consign one to punishment, and that the king ought not to be deprived of a privilege which every subject enjoyed. Malesherbes endeavored to speak, but was so overcome with emotion that, violently sobbing, he was unable to continue his speech, and was compelled to sit down. His gray hairs and his tears so moved the Assembly that Vergniaud rose, and, addressing the Assembly, said, "Will you decree the honors of the sitting to the defenders of Louis XVI.?" The unanimous response was, "Yes, yes."

It was now late at night, and the Convention adjourned. The whole of the 18th and the 19th were occupied in discussing the question of the appeal to the people. On the 20th, at three o'clock in the morning, the final vote was taken. Three hundred and ten voted to sustain the appeal; three hundred and eighty for immediate death. All the efforts to save the king were now exhausted, and his fate was sealed. A deputation was immediately appointed, headed by Garat, Minister of Justice, to acquaint Louis XVI. with the decree of the Convention.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th, Louis heard the noise of a numerous party ascending the steps of the tower. As they entered his apartment he rose and stepped forward with perfect calmness and dignity to meet them. The decree of the Convention was read to the king, declaring him to be guilty of treason, that he was condemned to death, that the appeal to the people was refused, and that he was to be executed within twenty-four hours.

The king listened to the reading unmoved, took the paper from the hands of the secretary, folded it carefully, and placed it in his port-folio. Then turning to Garat, he handed him a paper, saying,

"Monsieur Minister of Justice, I request you to deliver this letter to the Convention."

Garat hesitated to take the paper, and the king immediately rejoined, "I will read it to you," and read, in a distinct, unfaltering voice, as follows:

"I demand of the Convention a delay of three days, in order to prepare myself to appear before God. I require, farther, to see freely the priest whom I shall name to the commissaries of the Commune, and that he be protected in the act of charity which he shall exercise toward me. I demand to be freed from the perpetual surveillance which has been exercised toward me for so many days. I demand, during these last moments, leave to see my family, when I desire it, without witnesses. I desire most earnestly that the Convention will at once take into consideration the fate of my family, and that they be allowed immediately to retire unmolested whithersoever they shall see fit to choose an asylum. I recommend to the kindness of the nation all the persons attached to me. There are among them many old men, and women, and children, who are entirely dependent upon me, and must be in want."

The delegation retired. The king, with a firm step, walked two or three

times up and down his chamber, and then called for his dinner. He sat down and ate with his usual appetite; but his attendants refused to let him have either knife or fork, and he was furnished only with a spoon. This excited his indignation, and he said, warmly,

“Do they think that I am such a coward as to lay violent hands upon myself? I am innocent, and I shall die fearlessly.”

Having finished his repast, he waited patiently for the return of the answer from the Convention. At six o'clock, Garat, accompanied by Santerre, entered again. The Convention refused the delay of execution which Louis XVI. had solicited, but granted the other demands.

In a few moments M. Edgeworth, the ecclesiastic who had been sent for, arrived. He entered the chamber, and, overwhelmed with emotion, fell at the monarch's feet and burst into tears. The king, deeply moved, also wept, and, as he raised M. Edgeworth, said,

“Pardon me this momentary weakness. I have lived so long among my enemies that habit has rendered me indifferent to their hatred, and my heart has been closed against all sentiments of tenderness; but the sight of a faithful friend restores to me my sensibility, which I believed dead, and moves me to tears in spite of myself.”

The king conversed earnestly with his spiritual adviser respecting his will, which he read, and inquired earnestly for his friends, whose sufferings moved his heart deeply. The hour of seven had now arrived, when the king was to hold his last interview with his family. But even this could not be in private. He was to be watched by his jailers, who were to hear every word and witness every gesture. The door opened, and the queen, pallid and woe-stricken, entered, leading her son by the hand. She threw herself into the arms of her husband, and silently endeavored to draw him toward her chamber.

“No, no,” whispered the king, clasping her to his heart; “I can see you only here.”

Madame Elizabeth, with the king's daughter, followed. A scene of anguish ensued which neither pen nor pencil can portray. The king sat down, with the queen upon his right hand, his sister upon his left, their arms encircling his neck, and their heads resting upon his breast. The dauphin sat upon his father's knee, with his arm around his neck. The beautiful princess, with disheveled hair, threw herself between her father's knees, and buried her face in his lap. More than half an hour passed during which not an articulate word was spoken; but cries, groans, and occasional shrieks of anguish, which pierced even the thick walls of the Temple and were heard in the streets, rose from the group.

For two hours the agonizing interview was continued. As they gradually regained some little composure, in low tones they whispered messages of tenderness and love, interrupted by sobs, and kisses, and blinding floods of tears. It was now after nine o'clock, and in the morning the king was to be led to the guillotine. The queen implored permission for them to remain with him through the night. The king, through tenderness for his family, declined, but promised to see them again at seven o'clock the next morning. As the king accompanied them to the stair-case their cries were redoubled,





LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN LOUIS XVI. AND HIS FAMILY.

and the princess fainted in utter unconsciousness at her father's feet. The queen, Madame Elizabeth, and Clery carried her to the stairs, and the king returned to the room, and, burying his face in his hands, sank, exhausted, into a chair. After a long silence he turned to M. Edgeworth and said,

"Ah! monsieur, what an interview I have had! Why do I love so fondly? Alas! why am I so fondly loved? But we have now done with time. Let us occupy ourselves with eternity."

The king passed some time in religious conversation and prayer, and, having arranged with M. Edgeworth to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the earliest hours of the morning, at midnight threw himself upon his bed, and almost immediately fell into a calm and refreshing sleep.

The faithful Clery and M. Edgeworth watched at the bedside of the king. At five o'clock they woke him. "Has it struck five?" inquired the king. "Not yet by the clock of the tower," Clery replied; "but several of the clocks of the city have struck." "I have slept soundly," remarked the king. "I was much fatigued yesterday."

He immediately arose. An altar had been prepared in the middle of the room composed of a chest of drawers, and the king, after engaging earnestly in prayer, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Then leading Clery into the recess of a window, he detached from his watch a seal, and took from his finger a wedding-ring, and handing them to Clery, said,

"After my death you will give this seal to my son, this ring to the queen. Tell her I resign it with pain that it may not be profaned with my body. This small parcel contains locks of hair of all my family: that you will give her. Say to the queen, my dear children, and my sister, that I had prom-

ised to see them this morning, but that I desired to spare them the agony of such a bitter separation twice over. How much it has cost me to depart without receiving their last embraces!"

He could say no more, for sobs choked his utterance. Soon recovering himself, he called for scissors, and cut off his long hair, that he might escape the humiliation of having that done by the executioner.

A few beams of daylight began now to penetrate the gloomy prison through the grated windows, and the beating of drums, and the rumbling of the wheels of heavy artillery were heard in the streets. The king turned to his confessor, and said,

"How happy I am that I maintained my faith on the throne! Where should I be this day but for this hope? Yes, there is on high a Judge, incorruptible, who will award to me that measure of justice which men refuse to me here below."

Two hours passed away, while the king listened to the gathering of the troops in the court-yard and around the Temple. At nine o'clock a tumultuous noise was heard of men ascending the stair-case. Santerre entered, with twelve municipal officers and ten *gens d'armes*. The king, with commanding voice and gesture, pointed Santerre to the door, and said,

"You have come for me. I will be with you in an instant. Await me there."

Falling upon his knees, he engaged a moment in prayer, and then, turning to M. Edgeworth, said,

"All is consummated. Give me your blessing, and pray to God to sustain me to the end."

He rose, and taking from the table a paper which contained his last will and testament, addressed one of the municipal guard, saying, "I beg of you to transmit this paper to the queen." The man, whose name was Jacques Roux, brutally replied, "I am here to conduct you to the scaffold, not to perform your commissions."

"True," said the king, in a saddened tone, but without the slightest appearance of irritation. Then carefully scanning the countenances of each member of the guard, he selected one whose features expressed humanity, and solicited him to take charge of the paper. The man, whose name was Gobeau, took the paper.

The king, declining the cloak which Clery offered him, said, "Give me only my hat." Then, taking the hand of Clery, he pressed it affectionately in a final adieu, and, turning to Santerre, said, "Let us go." Descending the stairs with a firm tread, followed by the armed escort, he met a turnkey whom he had the evening before reproached for some impertinence. The king approached him and said, in tones of kindness,

"Mathey, I was somewhat warm with you yesterday; excuse me for the sake of this hour."

As he crossed the court-yard, he twice turned to look up at the windows of the queen's apartment in the tower, where those so dear to him were suffering the utmost anguish which human hearts can endure. Two *gens d'armes* sat upon the front seat of the carriage. The king and M. Edgeworth took the back seat. The morning was damp and chill, and gloomy



clouds darkened the sky. Sixty drums were beating at the heads of the horses, and an army of troops, with all the most formidable enginery of war, preceded, surrounded, and followed the carriage. The noise of the drums prevented any conversation, and the king sat in silence in the carriage, evidently engaged in prayer. The procession moved so slowly along the Boulevards that it was two hours before they reached the Place de la Révolution. An immense crowd filled the place, above whom towered the lofty platform and blood-red posts of the guillotine.

As the carriage stopped the king whispered to M. Edgeworth, "We have



EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.



arrived, if I mistake not." The drums ceased beating, and the whole multitude gazed in the most solemn silence. The two gens d'armes alighted. The king placed his hand upon the knee of the heroic ecclesiastic, M. Edgeworth, and said to the gens d'armes,

"Gentlemen, I recommend to your care this gentleman. Let him not be insulted after my death. I entreat you to watch over him."

"Yes, yes," said one, contemptuously; "make your mind easy, we will take care of him. Let us alone."

Louis alighted. Two of the executioners came to the foot of the scaffold to take off his coat. The king waved them away, and himself took off his coat and cravat, and turned down the collar of his shirt, that his throat might be presented bare to the knife. They then came with cords to bind his hands behind his back.

"What do you wish to do?" said the king, indignantly.

"Bind you," they replied, as they seized his hands, and endeavored to fasten them with the cords.

"Bind me!" replied the king, in tones of deepest feeling. "No, no; I will never consent. Do your business, but you shall not bind me."

The executioners seized him rudely, and called for help. "Sire," said his Christian adviser, "suffer this outrage, as a last resemblance to that God who is about to be your reward."

"Assuredly," replied the king, "there needed nothing less than the example of God to make me submit to such an indignity." Then, holding out his hands to the executioners, he said, "Do as you will! I will drink the cup to the dregs."

With a firm tread he ascended the steep steps of the scaffold, looked for a moment upon the keen and polished edge of the axe, and then, turning to the vast throng, said, in a voice clear and untremulous,

"People, I die innocent of all the crimes imputed to me! I pardon the authors of my death, and pray to God that the blood you are about to shed may not fall again on France."

He would have continued, but the drums were ordered to beat, and his voice was immediately drowned. The executioners seized him, bound him to the plank, the slide fell, and the head of Louis XVI. dropped into the basket.

No one has had a better opportunity of ascertaining the true character of the king than President Jefferson. Speaking of some of the king's measures he said, "These concessions came from the very heart of the king. He had not a wish but for the good of the nation; and for that object no personal sacrifice would ever have cost him a moment's regret; but his mind was weakness itself, his constitution timid, his judgment null, and without sufficient firmness even to stand by the faith of his word. His queen, too, haughty and bearing no contradiction, had an absolute ascendancy over him; and round her were rallied the king's brother, D'Artois, the court generally, and the aristocratic part of his ministers, particularly Breteuil, Broglio, Vauguyon, Foulon, Luzerne—men whose principles of government were those of the age of Louis XIV. Against this host, the good counsels of Necker, Montmorin, St. Priest, although in unison with the wishes of

the king himself, were of little avail. The resolutions of the morning, formed under their advice, would be reversed in the evening by the influence of the queen and the court."

The Royalists were exceedingly exasperated by the condemnation of the king. A noble, Lepelletier St. Fargeau, who had espoused the popular cause, voted for the king's death. The Royalists were peculiarly excited against him, in consequence of his rank and fortune. On the evening of the 20th of January, as Louis was being informed of his sentence, a life-guardsmen of the king tracked Lepelletier into a restaurateur's in the Palais Royal, and, just as he was sitting down to the table, stepped up to him and said,

"Art thou Lepelletier, the villain who voted for the death of the king?"

"Yes," replied Lepelletier, "but I am not a villain. I voted according to my conscience."

"There, then," rejoined the life-guardsmen, "take that for thy reward," and he plunged his sword to the hilt in his side. Lepelletier fell dead, and his assassin escaped before they had time to arrest him.

This event created intense excitement, and increased the conviction that the Royalists had conspired to rescue the king, by force of arms, at the foot of the scaffold.



ASSASSINATION OF LEPELLETIER DE ST. FARGEAU.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## THE REIGN OF TERROR.

Charges against the Girondists.—Danton.—The French Ambassador ordered to leave England.—War declared against England.—Navy of England.—Internal War.—Plot to assassinate the Girondists.—Bold Words of Vergniaud.—Insurrection in La Vendée.—Conflict between Dumouriez and the Assembly.—Flight of Dumouriez.—The Mob aroused and the Girondists arrested.—Charlotte Corday.—France rises *en masse* to repel the Allies.—The treasonable Surrender of Toulon.

THE execution of the king roused all Europe against republican France. The Jacobins had gained a decisive victory over the Girondists, and succeeded in turning popular hatred against them by accusing them of being enemies of the people, because they opposed the excesses of the mob; of being the friends of royalty, because they had wished to save the life of the king; and of being hostile to the republic, because they advocated measures of moderation.\*

Danton was now the acknowledged leader of the Jacobins. He had obtained the entire control of the mob of Paris, and could guide their terrible and resistless energies in any direction. With this potent weapon in his hand he was omnipotent, and his political adversaries were at his mercy. The Reign of Terror had now commenced. The Girondists made a heroic attempt to bring to justice the assassins of September, but the Jacobins promptly stopped the proceedings.

The aristocracy of birth was now effectually crushed, and the Jacobins commenced a warfare against the aristocracy of wealth and character. An elegant mansion, garments of fine cloth, and even polished manners, exposed one to the charge of being an aristocrat, and turned against him the insults of the rabble. Marat was particularly fierce, in his journal, against the aristocracy of the burghers, merchants, and statesmen.

Upon the arrival of the courier in London conveying intelligence of the execution of the king, M. Chauvelin, the French ambassador, was ordered to leave England within twenty-four hours.

"After events," said Pitt, "on which the imagination can only dwell with horror, and since an infernal faction has seized on the supreme power in France, we could no longer tolerate the presence of M. Chauvelin, who has left no means untried to induce the people to rise against the government and the laws of this country."

The National Convention at once declared war against England.† Pitt, with almost superhuman energy, mustered the forces of England and Europe for the strife. In less than six months England had entered into a

\* Mignet, p. 192.

† "The Convention, finding England already leagued with the coalition, and consequently all its promises of neutrality vain and illusive, on the 1st of February, 1793, declared war against the King of Great Britain and the Stadtholder of Holland, who had been entirely guided by the cabinet of St. James's since 1788."—*Mignet*, vol. i., p. 195.



treaty of alliance with Russia, Prussia, Austria, Naples, Spain, and Portugal, for the prosecution of the war; and had also entered into treaties by which she promised large subsidies to Hesse Cassel, Sardinia, and Baden. England thus became the soul of this coalition, which combined the whole of Europe, with the exception of Venice, Switzerland, Sweden, Denmark, and Turkey, against France. These combined armies were to assail the Republic by land, while the invincible fleet of England was to hurl a storm of shot and shells into all her maritime towns.

France, at this time, had but one hundred and fifty-nine vessels of war all told. England had four hundred and fifteen, and her ally, Holland, one hundred. Most of these were large ships, heavily armed; and, consequently, England had but little fear that any French armies could reach her isles.\* Parliament voted an extraordinary supply of £3,200,000 (\$16,000,000). One hundred and thirty-one thousand Austrians, one hundred and twelve thousand Prussians, and fifty thousand Spaniards were speedily on the march to assail France at every point on the frontier.†

The Royalists in La Vendée rose in arms against the Republic, and unfurled the white banner of the Bourbons. France was now threatened more fearfully than ever before with external and internal war. The Convention, controlled by the Jacobins and appalled by the danger, decreed a levy of three hundred thousand men to repel the assailants, and also organized an extraordinary revolutionary tribunal, invested with unlimited powers to arrest, judge, and punish any whom they should deem dangerous to the Republic. Violence filled the land, terror reigned every where, and even Robespierre was heard to exclaim, "I am sick of the Revolution."

Dumouriez had driven the Austrians out of Belgium and the Netherlands, and was at the head of an army of about seventy-five thousand men. Disgusted with the anarchy which reigned in France, he formed the bold design of marching upon Paris with his army, dispersing the Convention, abolishing the Republic, reconstituting a constitutional monarchy by establishing the Constitution of 1791, and by placing a king, probably the son of the Duke of Orleans, subsequently Louis Philippe, upon the throne. The Jacobins, goaded by these accumulating dangers—all Europe assailing France from without, and Royalists plotting within—were prepared for any measures of desperation. The Girondists, with unavailing heroism, opposed the frantic measures of popular violence, and the Jacobins resolved to get rid of them all by a decisive blow. The assassins of September were ready to ply the dagger, under the plea that murder was patriotism. A plan was formed to strike them all down, in the Convention, on the night of the 10th of March. But the Girondists, informed of the plot, absented themselves from the meeting and the enterprise failed. The bold spirit of the Girondists was avowed in the words of Vergniaud:

"We have witnessed," said he, "the development of that strange system of liberty in which we are told 'You are free, but think with us, or we will

\* Lamartine, *History of the Girondists*, vol. ii., p. 395.

† "It was in Spain, more particularly, that Pitt set intrigues at work to urge her to the greatest blunder she ever committed—that of joining England against France, her only maritime ally."  
—*Thiers*, vol. ii., p. 82.

denounce you to the vengeance of the people; you are free, but bow down your head to the idol we worship, or we will denounce you to the vengeance of the people; you are free, but join us in persecuting the men whose probity and intelligence we dread, or we will denounce you to the vengeance of the people.' Citizens! we have reason to fear that the Revolution, like Saturn, will devour successively all its children, and only engender despotism and the calamities which accompany it."

The Province of La Vendée contained a population of about three hundred thousand. It was a rural district where there was no middle class. The priests and the nobles had the unlettered peasantry entirely under their influence. Three armies were raised here against the Republic, of about twelve thousand each. Royalists from various parts of the empire flocked to this region, and emigrants were landed upon the coast to join the insurgents. For three years a most cruel and bloody war was here waged between the Royalists and the Republicans.

The intelligence of this formidable insurrection increased the panic of the Convention. A law was passed disarming all who had belonged to the privileged class, and declaring those to be outlaws who should be found in any hostile gathering against the Republic. The emigrants were forbidden to land in France under the penalty of death. Every house in the kingdom was to inscribe upon its door the names of all its inmates, and was to be open at all times to the visits of the Vigilance Committee.

Dumouriez sullied his character by surrendering to the Austrians several fortresses, and agreeing with them that he would march upon Paris and restore a monarchical government to France. The Austrians trusted that he would place upon the throne the young son of Louis XVI., though it was doubtless his intention to place there the young Duke of Chartres (Louis Philippe), who would be the representative of popular ideas.

The Jacobin Club sent a deputation of three of its members to the camp, to sound the views of Dumouriez. The general received them with courtesy, but said, with military frankness,

"The Convention is an assembly of tyrants. While I have three inches of steel by my side that monster shall not exist. As for the Republic, it is an idle word. I had faith in it for three days. There is only one way to save the country; that is, to re-establish the Constitution of 1791 and a king."

"Can you think of it!" one of the deputation exclaimed; "the French view royalty with horror. The very name of Louis is an abomination."

"What does it signify," replied Dumouriez, "whether the king be called Louis, or Jacques, or Philippe?"

"And what are your means to effect this revolution?" they inquired.

"My army," Dumouriez proudly replied. "From my camp or from the stronghold of some fortress they will express their resolve for a king."

"But your plan will peril the lives of the rest of the royal family in the Temple."

"If every member of that family in France or at Coblenz should perish," Dumouriez replied, "I can still find a chief. And if any farther barbarities are practiced upon the Bourbons in the Temple I will surround Paris with my army and starve the Parisians into subjection."



The deputation returned to Paris with their report, and four commissioners were immediately dispatched, accompanied by the Minister of War, to summon Dumouriez to the bar of the Convention. Dumouriez promptly arrested the commissioners and sent them off to the Austrians, to be retained by them as hostages.



DUMOURIEZ ARRESTING THE ENVOYS.

The Convention immediately offered a reward for the head of Dumouriez, raised an army of forty thousand men to defend Paris, and arrested all the relatives of the officers under Dumouriez as hostages.

Dumouriez now found that he had not a moment to lose. Perils were accumulating thick around him. There were many indications that it might be difficult to carry the army over to his views. On the 4th of April, as he was repairing to a place of rendezvous with the Austrian leaders, the Prince of Coburg and General Mack, a battalion of soldiers, suspecting treachery, endeavored to stop him. He put spurs to his horse and distanced pursuit, while a storm of bullets whistled around his head. He succeeded, after innumerable perils, in the circuitous ride of a whole day, in reaching the headquarters of the Austrians. They received him with great distinction, and offered him the command of a division of their army. After two days' reflection, he said that it was with the soldiers of France he had hoped to restore a stable government to his country, accepting the Austrians only as auxiliaries; but that as a Frenchman he could not march against France at the head of foreigners. He retired to Switzerland. The Duke of Chartres (Louis Philippe), in friendlessness and poverty, followed him, and for some time was obliged to obtain a support by teaching school.

The Jacobins now accused their formidable rivals, the Girondists, of being implicated in the conspiracy of Dumouriez. Robespierre, in a speech of the most concentrated and potent malignity, urged that France had relieved herself of the aristocracy of birth, but that there was another aristocracy, that of wealth, equally to be dreaded, which must be crushed, and that the Girondists were the leaders of this aristocracy. This was most effectually pan-



dering to the passions of the mob, and directing their fury against the Girondists. The Girondists were now in a state of terrible alarm. They knew the malignity of their foes, and could see but little hope for escape. They had overturned the throne of despotism, hoping to establish constitutional liberty: they had only introduced Jacobin phrensy and anarchy. Immense crowds of armed men paraded the streets of Paris, surrounded the Convention, and demanded vengeance against the leaders of the Gironde.\*

The moderate Republicans, enemies of these acts of violence, striving to stem the torrent, endeavored to carry an act of accusation against Marat. He was charged with having encouraged assassination and carnage, of dissolving the National Convention, and of having established a power destructive of liberty.

Marat replied to the accusation by summoning the mob to his aid. They assembled in vast, tumultuous throngs, and the tribunal, overawed, after the trial of a few moments, unanimously acquitted him. This was the 24th of April. The mob accompanied him back to his seat in the Convention. He was borne in triumph into the hall in the arms of his confederates, his brow encircled by a wreath of victory.

"Citizen President," shouted one of the burly men who bore Marat, "we bring you the worthy Marat. Marat has always been the friend of the people, and the people will always be the friends of Marat. If Marat's head must fall, our heads must fall first."

As he uttered these words he brandished a battle-axe defiantly, and the mob in the aisles and crowded galleries vehemently applauded. He then demanded permission for the escort to file through the hall. The president, appalled by the hideous spectacle, had not time to give his consent before the whole throng, men, women, and boys, in rags and filth, rushed pell-mell into the hall, took the seats of the vacant members, and filled the room with indescribable tumult and uproar, shouting hosannas to Marat. The successful demagogue could not but boast of his triumph. Ascending the tribune, he said,

"Citizens! indignant at seeing a villainous faction betraying the Republic, I endeavored to unmask it and to *put the rope about its neck*. It resisted me by lanching against me a decree of accusation. I have come off victorious.

\* In reference to the terrific conflict between the privileged classes and the enslaved people, Prof. Smyth writes, "My conclusion is that neither the high party nor the low have the slightest right to felicitate themselves on their conduct during this memorable revolution. No historian, no commentator on these times can proceed a moment, but on the supposition that, while he is censuring the faults of the one, he is perfectly aware of the antagonistic faults of the other; that each party is to take its turn; and that the whole is a dreadful lesson of instruction both to the one and the other. *I have dwelt with more earnestness on the faults of the popular leaders, because their faults are more natural and more important; because the friends of freedom (hot and opinionated though they be) are still more within the reach of instruction than are men of arbitrary temperament, than courts and privileged orders, who are systematically otherwise.*"—Prof. Smyth, *Fr. Rev.*, vol. iii., p. 245.

The story of the French Revolution has too often been told in this spirit, veiling the atrocities of the oppressors and magnifying the inhumanity of the oppressed. While truth demands that all the violence of an enslaved people, in despair bursting their bonds, should be faithfully delineated, truth no less imperiously demands that the mercilessness of proud oppressors, crushing millions for ages, and goading a whole nation to the madness of despair, should be also impartially described.



MARAT'S TRIUMPH.

The faction is humbled, but not crushed. Waste not your time in decreeing triumphs. Defend yourselves with enthusiasm."

Robespierre now demanded an act of accusation against the Girondists. Resistance was hopeless. The inundation of popular fury was at its flood, sweeping every thing before it. The most frightful scenes of tumult took place in the Convention, members endeavoring by violence to pull each other from the tribune.\*

\* In the Convention, each one who addressed the body ascended to a desk on the platform, called the tribune.



The whole Convention was now in a state of dismay, eighty thousand infuriate men surrounding it with artillery and musketry, declaring that the Convention should not leave its hall until the Girondists were arrested. The Convention, in a body, attempted to leave and force its way through the crowd, but it was ignominiously driven back. Under these circumstances it was voted that the leaders of the Girondists, twenty-two in number, should be put under arrest. This was the 2d of June, 1793.\*

The Jacobins, having thus got rid of their enemies, and having the entire control, immediately decided to adopt a new Constitution, still more democratic in its character; and a committee was appointed to present one within a week. But the same division which existed in the Convention between the Jacobins and the Girondists existed all over France. In many of the departments fierce battles rose between the two parties.

In the mean time the Allies were pressing France in all directions. The Austrians and Prussians were advancing upon the north; the Piedmontese threading the passes of the maritime Alps; the Spaniards were prepared to rush from the defiles of the Pyrenees, and the fleet of England threatened every where the coast of France on the Mediterranean and the Channel.†

With amazing energy the Convention aroused itself to meet these perils. A new Constitution, exceedingly democratic, was framed and adopted. Every Frenchman twenty-one years of age was a voter. Fifty thousand souls were entitled to a deputy. There was but a single Assembly. Its decrees were immediately carried into execution.‡

Danton, Robespierre, and Marat were now the idols of the mob of Paris and the real sovereigns of France. All who ventured opposition to them were proscribed and imprisoned. Members of the Republican or Girondist party every where, all over France, were arrested, or, where they were sufficiently numerous to resist, civil war raged.

At Caen there was a very beautiful girl, Charlotte Corday, twenty-five years of age, highly educated and accomplished. She was of spotless purity of character, and, with the enthusiasm of Madame Roland, she had espoused the cause of popular constitutional liberty. The principles of the Girondist party she had embraced, and the noble leaders of that party she regarded almost with adoration.

When she heard of the overthrow of the Girondists and their imprisonment, she resolved to avenge them, and hoped that, by striking down the leader of the Jacobins, she might rouse the Girondists scattered over France to rally and rescue liberty and their country. It was a three days' ride in the diligence from Caen to Paris. Arriving at Paris on Thursday the 11th of July, she carefully inspected the state of affairs, that she might select her victim, but confided her design to no one.

\* Thiers, vol. ii., p. 194.

† The Allies acted without union, and, under disguise of a holy war, concealed the most selfish views. The Austrians wanted Valenciennes: the King of Prussia, Mayence; the English, Dunkirk; the Piedmontese aspired to recover Chambery and Nice; the Spaniards, the least interested of all, had nevertheless some thoughts of Roussillon.—*Thiers*, vol. ii., p. 217.

‡ "As the Constitution thus made over the government to the multitude, as it placed the power in a disorganized body, it would have been at all times impracticable, but at a period of general warfare it was peculiarly so. Accordingly, it was no sooner made than suspended."—*Mignet*.



Marat appeared to her the most active, formidable, and insatiable in his proscription. She wrote him a note as follows:

"Citizen: I have just arrived from Caen. Your love for your country inclines me to suppose you will listen with pleasure to the secret events of that part of the Republic. I will present myself at your house. Have the goodness to give orders for my admission, and grant me a moment's private conversation. I can point out the means by which you can render an important service to France."

She dispatched this note from her hotel, the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, went to the Palais Royal and purchased a large sheath knife, and, taking a hackney-coach, drove to the residence of Marat, No. 44 Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine. It was Saturday night. Marat was taking a bath and reading by a light which stood upon a three-footed stool. He heard the rap of Charlotte, and called aloud to the woman who, as servant and mistress, attended him, and requested that she might be admitted.

Marat was a man of the most restless activity. Eagerly he inquired respecting the proscribed at Caen and of others who were opposed to Jacobin rule. Charlotte, while replying coolly, measured with her eye the spot she should strike with the knife. As she mentioned some names, he eagerly seized a pencil and began to write them down, saying,

"They shall all go to the guillotine."

"To the guillotine?" exclaimed Charlotte, and, instantly drawing the knife from her bosom, plunged it to the handle directly in his heart.

The miserable man uttered one frantic shriek of "Help!" and fell back dead into the water. The paramour of Marat and a serving-man rushed in, knocked Charlotte down with a chair, and trampled upon her. A crowd soon assembled. Without the slightest perturbation she avowed the deed. Her youth and beauty alone saved her from being torn in pieces. Soldiers soon arrived and conveyed her to prison.

"The way to avenge Marat," exclaimed Robespierre from the tribune in tones which caused France to tremble, "is to strike down his enemies without mercy."

The remains of the wretched man, whom all the world now execrates, were buried with the highest possible honors. His funeral at midnight, as all Paris seemed to follow him to his grave in a torch-light procession, was one of the most imposing scenes of the Revolution.

On Wednesday morning Charlotte was led to the Revolutionary Tribunal in the Palace of Justice. She appeared there dignified, calm, and beautiful. The indictment was read, and they were beginning to introduce their witnesses, when Charlotte said,

"These delays are needless. It is I that killed Marat."

There was a moment's pause, and many deplored the doom of one so youthful and lovely. At last the president inquired, "By whose instigation?"

"By that of no one," was the laconic reply.

"What tempted you?" inquired the president.

"His crimes," Charlotte answered; and then, continuing in tones of firmness and intensity which silenced and overawed all present, she said,

"I killed one man, to save a hundred thousand; a villain, to save the



CHARLOTTE CORDAY ARRESTED.

innocent; a savage wild beast, to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution. I never wanted energy.”\*

She listened to her doom of immediate death with a smile, and was conducted back to the prison, to be led from thence to the guillotine. A little after seven o'clock on this same evening a cart issued from the Conciergerie, bearing Charlotte, in the red robe of a murderess, to the guillotine. A vast throng crowded the streets, most of whom assailed her with howls and execrations. She looked upon them with a serene smile, as if she were riding on an excursion of pleasure. She was bound to the plank. The glittering axe glided through the grove, and the executioner, lifting her severed head, exhibited it to the people, and then brutally struck the cheek.

Robespierre and Danton, the idols of the mob, now divided the supreme power between them. The organization of a revolutionary government was simply the machine by means of which they operated.

On the 10th of August there was another magnificent festival in Paris to commemorate the adoption of the Jacobin Constitution. The celebrated painter David arranged the fête with great artistic skill, and again all Paris, though on the verge of ruin, was in a blaze of illumination and in a roar of triumph. The Austrian armies were now within fifteen days' march of Paris, and there was no organized force which could effectually arrest their progress. But the fear of the old Bourbon despotism rallied the masses to maintain, in preference, even the horrors of Jacobin ferocity. The aristocrats crushed the *people*; the Jacobins crushed the *aristocrats*. The populace naturally preferred the latter rule.

\* Procès de Charlotte Corday (Hist. Parl., vol. xxviii., p. 311, 338).



And now France rose, as a nation never rose before. At the motion of Danton it was decreed on the 23rd of August,

"From this moment until when the enemy shall be driven from the territory of the French Republic, *all the French* shall be in permanent requisition for the service of the armies. The young men shall go forth to fight. The married men shall forge the arms and transport the supplies. The women shall make tents and clothes, and attend on the hospitals. The children shall make lint out of rags; the old men shall cause themselves to be carried to the public places, to excite the courage of the warriors, to preach hatred of kings and love of the Republic."



MARCH OF VOLUNTEERS.



All unmarried men or widowers without children, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, were to assemble at appointed rendezvous and march immediately. This act raised an army of one million two hundred thousand men. The men between twenty-five and thirty were to hold themselves in readiness to follow. And those between thirty and sixty were to be prepared to obey orders whenever they should be summoned to the field. There is sublimity, at least, in such energy.

All France was instantly converted into a camp, resounding with preparations for war. In La Vendée the friends of the Bourbons had rallied. The Convention decreed its utter destruction, the death of every man, conflagration of the dwellings, destruction of the crops, and the removal of the women and children to some other province, where they should be supported at the expense of the government. It was sternly resolved that no mercy whatever should be shown to Frenchmen who were co-operating with foreigners to rivet anew upon France the chains of Bourbon despotism. These decrees were executed with merciless fidelity. The illustrious Carnot, who, to use his own words, "had the ambition of the three hundred Spartans, going to defend Thermopylæ," organized and disciplined fourteen armies, and selected for them able leaders.



EXECUTION IN LA VENDÉE

While matters were in this condition, the inhabitants of Marseilles, Lyons, and Toulon rose, overpowered the Jacobins, and, raising the banner of the Bourbons, invited the approach of the Allies. Toulon was the naval arsenal of France, a large French fleet crowded its port, and its warehouses were filled with naval stores. Lord Hood, with an English squadron, was cruising off the coast. The Royalists, Admiral Troyoff at their head, gave the signal to the English, and basely surrendered to them the forts, shipping, and stores. It was a fearful loss to the Revolutionists. Lord Hood, the British admiral, immediately entered with his fleet, took possession, and issued a proclamation in which he said,

"Considering that the sections of Toulon have, by the commissioners

whom they have sent to me, made a solemn declaration in favor of Louis XVII. and a monarchical government, and that they will use their utmost efforts to break the chains which fetter their country, and re-establish the Constitution as it was accepted by their defunct sovereign in 1789, I repeat by this present declaration that I take possession of Toulon, and shall keep it solely as a deposit for Louis XVII., and that only till peace is re-established in France.”\*

An army of sixty thousand men was sent against rebellious Lyons. The city, after a prolonged siege and the endurance of innumerable woes, was captured. The Convention decreed that it should be utterly destroyed, and that over its ruins should be reared a monument with the inscription, “*Lyons made war upon Liberty: Lyons is no more!*” The cruelties inflicted upon the Royalists of this unhappy city are too painful to contemplate. The imagination can hardly exaggerate them. Fouché and Collot d’Herbois, the prominent agents in this bloody vengeance, were atheists. In contempt of Christianity, they ordered the Bible and the Cross to be borne through the streets on an ass; the ass was compelled to drink of the consecrated wine from the communion-cup. Six thousand of the citizens of Lyons perished in these sanguinary persecutions, and twelve thousand were driven into exile. The Revolutionary Tribunal was active night and day condemning to death. One morning a young girl rushed into the hall, exclaiming,

“There remain to me, of all our family, only my brothers. Mother, father, sisters, uncles—you have butchered all. And now you are going to condemn my brothers. In mercy ordain that I may ascend the scaffold with them.”

Her prayer of anguish was refused, and the poor child threw herself into the Rhone.

The Royalist insurrection in La Vendée, after a long and terrible conflict, was crushed out. No language can describe the horrors of vengeance which ensued. The tale of brutality is too awful to be told. Demons could not have been more infernal in mercilessness.

“Death by fire and the sword,” writes Lamartine, “made a noise, scattered blood, and left bodies to be buried and be counted. The silent waters of the Loire were dumb and would render no account. The bottom of the sea alone would know the number of the victims. Carrier caused mariners to be brought as pitiless as himself. He ordered them, without much mystery, to pierce plug-holes in a certain number of decked vessels, so as to sink them with their living cargoes in parts of the river.

“These orders were first executed secretly and under the color of accidents of navigation. But soon these naval executions, of which the waves of the Loire bore witness even to its mouth, became a spectacle for Carrier and for his courtiers. He furnished a galley of pleasure, of which he made a present to his accomplice Lambertye, under pretext of watching the banks of the river. This vessel, adorned with all the delicacies of furniture, provided with all the wines and all the necessities of feasting, became the most

\* After the death of Louis XVI. the Royalists considered the young Dauphin, then imprisoned in the tower, as the legitimate king, with the title of Louis XVII.





MASSACRES IN LYONS.

general theatre of these executions. Carrier embarked therein sometimes himself, with his executioners and his courtesans, to make trips upon the water. While he yielded himself up to the joys of love and wine on deck, his victims, inclosed in the hold, saw, at a given signal, the valves open, and the waves of the Loire swallow them up. A stifled groaning announced to the crew that hundreds of lives had just breathed their last under their feet. They continued their orgies upon this floating sepulchre.

"Sometimes Carrier, Lambertye, and their accomplices rejoiced in the cruel pleasure of this spectacle of agony. They caused victims of either sex, in couples, to mount upon the deck. Stripped of their garments, they bound



them face to face, one to the other—a priest with a nun, a young man with a young girl. They suspended them, thus naked and interlaced, by a cord passed under the shoulders through a block of the vessel. They sported with horrible sarcasms on this parody of marriage in death, and then flung the victims into the river. This cannibal sport was termed ‘Republican Marriages.’”



DROWNING VICTIMS IN THE LOIRE.

Robespierre, informed of these demoniac deeds, recalled Carrier, but he did not dare to bring an act of accusation against the wretch, lest he should peril his own head by being charged with sympathy with the Royalists. It is grateful to record that Carrier himself was eventually conducted, amid the execrations of the community, to the scaffold.\*

The prisons of Paris were now filled with victims. Municipal instructions, issued by Chaumette, catalogued as follows those who should be arrested as suspected persons: 1. Those who, by crafty addresses, check the energy of the people. 2. Those who mysteriously deplore the lot of the people, and propagate bad news with affected grief. 3. Those who, silent respecting the faults of the Royalists, declaim against the faults of the Patriots. 4. Those who pity those against whom the law is obliged to take measures. 5. Those who associate with aristocrats, priests, and moderates,

\* Carrier was heard to say one day, while breakfasting in a restaurant, that France was too densely populated for a republic, and that it was necessary to kill off at least one third of the inhabitants before they could have a good government. It is estimated that fifteen thousand were massacred in La Vendée at his command.

and take an interest in their fate. 6. Those who have not taken an active part in the Revolution. 7. Those who have received the Constitution with indifference and have expressed fears respecting its duration. 8. Those who, though they have done nothing against liberty, have done nothing for it. 9. Those who do not attend the sections. 10. Those who speak contemptuously of the constituted authorities. 11. Those who have signed counter-revolutionary petitions. 12. The partisans of La Fayette, and those who marched to the charge in the Champ de Mars.

There were but few persons in Paris who were not liable to be arrested, by the machinations of any enemy, upon some one of these charges. Many thousands were soon incarcerated. The prisons of the Maire, La Force, the Conciergerie, the Abbaye, St. Pelagie, and the Madelonettes were crowded to their utmost capacity. Then large private mansions, the College of Duplessis, and finally the spacious Palace of the Luxembourg were converted into prisons, and were filled to suffocation with the suspected. In these abodes, surrendered to filth and misery, with nothing but straw to lie upon, the most brilliant men and women of Paris were huddled together with the vilest outcasts. After a time, however, those who had property were permitted to surround themselves with such comforts as their means would command. From these various prisons those who were to be tried before the Revolutionary Tribunal were taken to the Conciergerie, which adjoined the Palace of Justice, where the tribunal held its session. A trial was almost certain condemnation, and the guillotine knew no rest. Miserable France was now surrendered to the Reign of Terror. The mob had become the sovereign.

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### EXECUTION OF MARIE ANTOINETTE AND MADAME ELIZABETH.

Marie Antoinette in the Temple.—Conspiracies for the Rescue of the Royal Family.—The young Dauphin torn from his Mother.—Phrensy of the Queen.—She is removed to the Conciergerie.—Indignities and Woes.—The Queen led to Trial.—Letter to her Sister.—The Execution of the Queen.—Madame Elizabeth led to Trial and Execution.—Fate of the Princess and the Dauphin.

THE populace now demanded the head of Marie Antoinette, whom they had long been taught implacably to hate.\* We left her on the 21st of

\* Thomas Jefferson, during his residence in Paris, formed a very unfavorable opinion of Marie Antoinette. Speaking of the good intentions of Louis XVI., he says, "But he had a queen of absolute sway over his weak mind and timid virtue, and of a character the reverse of his in all points. This angel, as gaudily painted in the rhapsodies of Burke with some smartness of fancy but no sound sense, was proud, disdainful of restraint, indignant at all obstacles to her will, eager in pursuit of pleasure, and firm enough to hold to her desires or perish in their wreck. Her inordinate gambings and dissipations, with those of the Count d'Artois and others of her *clique*, had been a sensible item in the exhaustion of the treasury, which called into action the reforming hand of the nation; and her opposition to it, her inflexible perverseness and dauntless spirit led herself to the guillotine, drew the king on with her, and plunged the world into crimes and calamities which will for ever stain the pages of modern history. I have ever believed that had there been no queen there would have been no revolution. The king would have gone hand in hand with the wisdom of his sounder counselors, who, guided by the increased lights of the age,



January in the Temple, overwhelmed with agony. Swoon succeeded swoon as she listened to the clamor in the streets which accompanied her husband to the guillotine. The rumbling of the cannon, on their return, and the shouts of *Vive la République* beneath her windows announced that the tragedy was terminated. The Commune cruelly refused to allow her any details of the last hours of the king, and even Clery, his faithful servant, was imprisoned, so that he could not even place in her hands the lock of hair and the marriage ring which the king had intrusted to him.

Many conspiracies were formed for the rescue of the royal family, which led to a constant increase of the rigors of their captivity. The queen refused to resume her walks in the garden as she could not endure to pass the door of the king's apartment. But, after long seclusion, for the sake of the health of her children she consented to walk with them each day, for a few moments, on the platform of the tower. The Commune immediately ordered the platform to be surrounded with high boards, so that the captives might not receive any tokens of recognition from their friends.

For four months Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and the children had the consolation of condoling with each other in their misery. But on the night of the 4th of July the clatter of an armed band was heard ascending the tower, and some commissioners tumultuously entered her chamber. They read to her a decree announcing that her son, the dauphin, was to be taken from her and imprisoned by himself. The poor child, as he listened to the reading of this cruel edict, was frantic with terror. He threw himself into his mother's arms and shrieked out,

"Oh! mother, mother, do not abandon me to those men. They will kill me as they did papa."

The queen, in a delirium of agony, grasped her child and placing him upon the bed behind her, with eyes glaring like a tigress, bade defiance to the officers, declaring that they should tear her in pieces before they should take her boy. Even the officers were overcome by her heart-rending grief, and for two hours refrained from taking the child by violence. The exhausted mother at length fell in a swoon, and the child was taken, shrieking with terror, from the room. She never saw her son again.

A few weeks of woe passed slowly away, when, early in August, she was awakened from her sleep just after midnight by a band of armed men who came to convey her to the prison of the Conciergerie, where she was to await her trial. The queen had already drained the cup of misery to the dregs, and nothing could add to her woe. She rose, in the stupor of despair, and began to dress herself in the presence of the officers. Her daughter and Madame Elizabeth threw themselves at the feet of the men, and implored

wished only, with the same pace, to advance the principles of their social Constitution. The deed which closed the mortal course of these sovereigns I shall neither approve nor condemn."—*Life of Jefferson*, by Randall, vol i., p. 533.

As Jefferson was intimate with La Fayette and other prominent popular leaders, it is evident that these views were those which were generally entertained of the queen at that time. It is deeply to be regretted that no subsequent developments can lead one to doubt that they were essentially correct. While we weep over the woes of the queen we must not forget that she was endeavoring with all her energy to rivet the chains of unlimited despotism upon twenty-five millions of people.



them not to take the queen from them. They might as well have plead with the granite blocks of their prison.

Pressing her daughter for a moment convulsively to her heart, she covered her with kisses, spoke a few words of impassioned tenderness to her sister, and then, as if fearing to cast a last look upon these objects of her affection, hurried from the room. In leaving she struck her forehead against the beam of the low door.

"Did you hurt yourself?" inquired one of the men.

"Oh no!" was her reply, "nothing now can farther harm me."

A carriage was waiting for her at the door. Escorted by *gens d'armes* she was conducted, through the gloom of midnight, to the dungeon where she was to await her condemnation.

The world-renowned prison of the Conciergerie consists of a series of subterranean dungeons beneath the floor of the *Palais de Justice*. More gloomy tombs the imagination can hardly conceive. Down the dripping and slimy steps the queen was led, by the light of a tallow candle, until, through a labyrinth of corridors, she approached the iron door of her dungeon. The rusty hinges grated as the door was opened, and she was thrust in. Two



MARIE ANTOINETTE IN THE CONCIERGERIE.

soldiers accompanied her, with drawn swords, and who were commanded, in defiance of all the instincts of delicacy, not to allow her to be one moment absent from their sight. The one candle gave just light enough to reveal the horrors of her cell. The floor was covered with mud, and streams of water trickled down the stone walls. A miserable pallet, with a dirty cov-

ering of coarse and tattered cloth, a small pine table, and a chair constituted the only furniture. So deep was the fall from the saloons of Versailles.

Here the queen remained for two months, her misery being slightly alleviated by the kind-heartedness of Madame Richard, the wife of the jailer, who did every thing the rigorous rules would admit to mitigate her woes. With her own hand she prepared food for the queen, obtained for her a few articles of furniture, and communicated to her daily such intelligence as she could obtain of her sister and her children. The friends of the queen were untiring in their endeavors, by some conspiracy, to effect her release. A gentleman obtained admittance to the queen's cell, and presented her with a rose, containing a note hidden among its petals. One of the *gens d'armes* detected the attempt; and the jailer and his wife, for their suspected connivance, were both arrested and thrown into the dungeons.

Other jailers were provided for the prison, M. and Madame Bault; but they also had humane hearts, and wept over the woes of Marie Antoinette. The queen's wardrobe consisted only of two robes, one white, one black, and three chemises. From the humidity of her cell these rapidly decayed, with her shoes and stockings, and fell into tatters. Madame Bault was permitted to assist the queen in mending these, but was not allowed to furnish any new apparel. Books and writing materials were also prohibited. With the point of her needle she kept a brief memorandum of events on the stucco of her walls, and also inscribed brief lines of poetry and sentences from Scripture.

On the 14th of October the queen was conducted from her dungeon to the halls above for trial. Surrounded by a strong escort, she was led to the bench of the accused. Her accusation was that she abhorred the Revolution which had beheaded her husband and plunged her whole family into unutterable woe.

The queen was dressed in the garb of extreme poverty. Grief had whitened her hair, and it was fast falling from her head. Her eyes were sunken, and her features wan and wasted with woe.

"What is your name?" inquired one of the judges.

"I am called Marie Antoinette of Lorraine, in Austria," answered the queen.

"What is your condition?" was the next question.

"I am widow of Louis, formerly King of the French," was the reply.

"What is your age?"

"Thirty-seven."

The long act of accusation was then read. Among other charges was the atrocious one of attempting, by depravity and debauchery, to corrupt her own son, "with the intention of enervating the soul and body of that child, and of reigning, in his name, over the ruin of his understanding."

The queen recoiled from this charge with a gesture of horror, and, when asked why she did not reply to the accusation, she said,

"I have not answered it because there are accusations to which nature refuses to reply. I appeal to all mothers if such a crime be possible."

The trial continued for two days. When all the accusations had been heard, the queen was asked if she had any thing to say. She replied,



"I was a queen, and you took away my crown; a wife, and you killed my husband; a mother, and you deprived me of my children. My blood alone remains. Take it; but do not make me suffer long."



TRIAL OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 16th she listened to her sentence condemning her to die. In the dignity of silence, and without the tremor of a muscle, she accepted her doom. As she was led from the court-room to her dungeon, to prepare for her execution, the brutal populace, with stampings and clappings, applauded the sentence. Being indulged with pen and paper in these last hours, she wrote as follows to her sister:

"October 16th, half past four in the morning.

"I write you, my sister, for the last time. I have been condemned, not to an ignominious death—that only awaits criminals—but to go and rejoin your brother. Innocent as he, I hope to show the same firmness as he did in these last moments. I grieve bitterly at leaving my poor children; you know that I existed but for them and you—you who have, by your friendship, sacrificed all to be with us. In what a position do I leave you. I have learned, by the pleadings on my trial, that my daughter was separated from you. Alas! my poor child. I dare not write to her. She could not



receive my letter. I know not even if this may reach you. Receive my blessing for both.

"I hope one day, when they are older, they may rejoin you and rejoice in liberty at your tender care. May their friendship and mutual confidence form their happiness. May my daughter feel that, at her age, she ought always to aid her brother with that advice with which the greater experience she possesses and her friendship should inspire her. May my son, on his part, render to his sister every care and service which affection can dictate. Let my son never forget the last words of his father. I repeat them to him expressly. *Let him never attempt to avenge our death.*"

Having finished the letter, which was long, she folded it and kissed it repeatedly, "as if she could thus transmit the warmth of her lips and the moisture of her tears to her children." She then threw herself upon the pallet and slept quietly for two or three hours. A few rays of morning light were now struggling in through the grated bars of the window. The daughter of Madame Bault came in to dress her for the guillotine. She put on her white robe. A white handkerchief covered her shoulders, and a white cap, bound around her temples by a black ribbon, covered her hair.

It was a cold autumnal morning, and a chill fog filled the streets of Paris. At eleven o'clock the executioners led her from her cell. She cordially embraced the kind-hearted daughter of the concierge, and, having with her own hands cut off her hair, allowed herself to be bound, without a murmur, and issued from the steps of the Conciergerie. Instead of a carriage, the coarse car of the condemned awaited her at the gateway of the prison. For a moment she recoiled from this unanticipated humiliation, but immediately recovering herself she ascended the cart. There was no seat in the car, and, as her hands were bound behind her, she was unable to support herself from the jolting over the pavement. As she was jostled rudely to and fro, in the vain attempt to preserve her equilibrium, the multitudes thronging the streets shouted in derision. They had been taught to hate her, to regard her not only as the implacable foe of popular liberty, which she was, but as the most infamous of women, which she was not. "These," they cried, "are not your cushions of Trianon."

It was a long ride to the scaffold, during which the queen suffered all that insult, derision, and contumely can inflict. The procession crossed the Seine by the *Pont au Change*, and traversed the *Rue St. Honore*. Upon reaching the Place of the Revolution the cart stopped for a moment near the entrance of the garden of the Tuileries. Marie Antoinette for a few moments contemplated in silence those scenes of former happiness and grandeur. A few more revolutions of the wheels placed her at the foot of the guillotine. She mounted to the scaffold, and inadvertently trod upon the foot of the executioner.

"Pardon me," said the queen, with as much courtesy as if she had been in one of the saloons of Versailles. Kneeling, she uttered a brief prayer, and then, turning her eyes to the distant towers of the Temple, she said,

"Adieu, once again, my children; I go to rejoin your father."

She was bound to the plank, and as it sank to its place the gleaming axe

slid through the groove, and the head of the queen fell into the basket. The executioner seized the gory trophy by the hair, and, walking around the scaffold, exhibited it to the crowd. One long cry of *Vive la République!* arose, and the crowd dispersed.

While these fearful scenes were passing, Madame Elizabeth and the princess remained in the tower of the Temple. Their jailers were commanded to give them no information whatever. The young dauphin was imprisoned by himself.

Six months of gloom and anguish which no pen can describe passed away, when, on the night of the 9th of May, 1794, as Madame Elizabeth and the young princess, Maria Theresa, were retiring to bed, a band of armed men, with lanterns, broke into their room, and said to Madame Elizabeth,

"You must immediately go with us."

"And my niece?" anxiously inquired the meek and pious aunt, ever forgetful of self in her solicitude for others. "Can she go too?"

"We want you only now. We will take care of her by-and-by," was the unfeeling answer.

The saint-like Madame Elizabeth saw that the long-dreaded hour of separation had come, and that her tender niece was to be left, unprotected and alone, exposed to the brutality of her jailers. She pressed Maria Theresa to her bosom, and wept in uncontrollable grief. But still, endeavoring to comfort the heart-stricken child, she said,

"I shall probably soon return again, my dear Maria."

"No, you won't, citoyenne," rudely interrupted one of the officers. "You will never ascend these stairs again. So take your bonnet, and come down."

The soldiers seized her, led her down the stairs, and thrust her into a carriage. It was midnight. Driving violently through the streets, they soon reached the gateway of the Conciergerie. The Revolutionary Tribunal was, even at that hour, in session. The princess was dragged immediately to their bar. With twenty-four others of all ages and both sexes, she was condemned to die. Her crime was that she was sister of the king, and in heart hostile to the Revolution. She was led to one of the dungeons to be dressed for the scaffold. In this hour Christian faith was triumphant. Trusting in God, all her sorrows vanished, and her soul was in perfect peace.

With her twenty-two companions, all of noble birth, she was placed in the cart of the condemned, her hands bound behind her, and conducted to the guillotine. Madame Elizabeth was reserved to the last. One by one her companions were led up the scaffold before her, and she saw their heads drop into the basket. She then peacefully placed her head upon the pillow of death, and passed away, one of the purest and yet most suffering of earthly spirits, to the bosom of her God.

The young dauphin lingered for eighteen months in his cell, suffering inconceivable cruelties from his jailer, a wretch by the name of Simon, until he died on the 9th of June, 1795, in the tenth year of his age. Maria Theresa now alone remained of the family of Louis XVI. She had now been in prison more than two years. At length, so much sympathy was excited in behalf of this suffering child, that the Assembly consented to exchange her with the Austrian government for four French officers.



LOUIS XVII. IN PRISON.

On the 19th of December, 1795, she was led from the Temple, and, ample arrangements having been made for her journey, she was conducted, with every mark of respect and sympathy, to the frontiers. In the Austrian court, love and admiration encircled her. But this stricken child of grief had received wounds which time could never entirely heal. A full year passed before a smile could ever be won to visit her cheek. She subsequently married her cousin, the Duke of Angoulême, son of Charles X. With the return of the Bourbons she returned to her ancestral halls of the Tuileries and Versailles. But upon the second expulsion of the Bourbons she fled with them, and died, a few years ago, at an advanced age, universally respected. Such was the wreck of the royal family of France by the storm of revolution.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## THE JACOBINS TRIUMPHANT.

Views of the Girondists.—Anecdote of Vergniaud.—The Girondists brought to Trial.—Suicide of Valazé.—Anguish of Desmoulin.—Fonfrede and Ducos.—Last Supper of the Girondists.—Their Execution.—The Duke of Orleans; his Execution.—Activity of the Guillotine.—Humane Legislation.—Testimony of Desodoards.—Anacharsis Cloots.—The New Era.

THE Jacobins now resolved to free themselves from all internal foes, that they might more vigorously cope with all Europe in arms against them. Marie Antoinette was executed the 16th of October. On the 22d, the Girondists, twenty-two in number, were brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. They were the most illustrious men of the most noble party to which the Revolution had given birth. They had demolished a despotic throne that they might establish a constitutional monarchy upon the model of that of England.\* With great generosity they had placed Louis XVI. on that throne, and he had feigned to accept the Constitution. But with hypocrisy which even his subsequent woes can not obliterate, he secretly rallied his nobles around him, or rather allowed them to use him as their leader, and appealed to the armies of foreign despotisms to overthrow the free Constitution and re-establish the old feudal tyranny.

"The question thenceforth was, whether their sons should, as in times past (as in Mr. Burke's splendid Age of Chivalry), be sent to manure Europe with their bodies, in wars undertaken at the nod of a courtesan—whether their wives and daughters, cursed with beauty enough to excite a transient emotion of sensuality, should be lured and torn from them and debauched—whether every man who dared to utter a manly political thought or to assert his rights against rank should be imprisoned at pleasure without a hearing—whether the toiling masses, for the purpose of supporting lascivious splendor, of building *Parcs aux Cerfs*, of pensioning discarded mistresses, of swiftly enriching corrupt favorites and minions of every stamp, should be so taxed that the light and air of heaven hardly came to them untaxed, and that they should be so sunk by exactions of every kind in the dregs of indigence that a short crop compelled them to live on food that the hounds, if not the swine, of their task-masters would reject; and, finally, whether, when, in the bloody sweat of their agony, they asked some mitigation of their hard fate, they should be answered by the bayonets of foreign mercenaries; and a people—stout manhood, gentle womanhood, gray-haired age, and tender in-

\* La Fayette was an illustrious member of this party. Even Jefferson advised to make the English Constitution the model for France. He was present at the opening of the Assembly of Notables, and soon after wrote to La Fayette, "Keeping the good model of your neighboring country before your eyes, you may get on step by step toward a good Constitution. Though that model is not perfect, yet, as it would unite more suffrages than any new one which could be proposed, it is better to make that the object."—*Life of Thomas Jefferson*, by Henry S. Randall, vol. i., p. 406.

fancy, turned their pale faces upward and shrieked for food, fierce, licentious nobles should scornfully bid them eat grass.”\*

In this terrible dilemma, the Girondists felt compelled to abandon the newly-established Constitutional monarchy, which had proved treacherous to its trust, and to fall back upon a republic, as their only asylum from destruction, and as the only possible refuge for French liberty. But the populace of France, ignorant and irreligious, were unfitted for a republic. Universal suffrage threw the power into the hands of millions of newly-emancipated slaves. Violence and blood commenced their reign. The Girondists in vain endeavored to stem the flood. They were overwhelmed. Such is their brief history.

The Girondists had been for some time confined in the dungeons of the Conciergerie. They were in a state of extreme misery. Vergniaud, one of the most noble and eloquent of men, was their recognized leader. His brother-in-law, M. Alluau, came to the prison to bring him some money. A child of M. Alluau, ten years of age, accompanied his father. Seeing his uncle with sunken eyes and haggard cheeks and disordered hair, and with his garments falling in tatters around him, the child was terrified, and, bursting into tears, clung to his father's knees.

“My child,” said Vergniaud, taking him in his lap, “look well at me. When you are a man you can say that you saw Vergniaud, the founder of the Republic, at the most glorious period, and in the most splendid costume he ever wore—that in which he suffered the persecution of wretches, and in which he prepared to die for liberty.”

The child remembered these words, and repeated them fifty years after to Lamartine. At ten o'clock in the morning of the 26th of October the accused were brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Two files of *gens d'armes* conducted them into the hall of audience and placed them on the prisoners' bench.† The *act of accusation*, drawn up by Robespierre and St. Just,‡ from an exceedingly envenomed pamphlet written by Camille Desmoulins, entitled *History of the Faction of the Gironde*, was long and bitter. The trial lasted several days.

On the 30th of October, at eight o'clock in the evening, the debate was closed. At midnight they were summoned to the bar to hear the verdict of the jury. It declared them all guilty of treason, and condemned them to die in the morning. One of the condemned, Valazé, immediately plunged a concealed poniard into his heart, and fell dead upon the floor. Camille Desmoulins, on hearing the verdict, was overwhelmed with remorse, and cried out,

“It is my pamphlet which has killed them. Wretch that I am, I can not

\* Henry S. Randall, *Life of Jefferson*, vol. i., p. 529.

† “Never since the Knights Templar had a party appeared more numerous, more illustrious, or more eloquent. The renown of the accused, their long possession of power, their present danger, and that love of vengeance which arises in men's hearts at the spectacle of mighty reverses of fortune, had collected a crowd in the precincts of the Revolutionary Tribunal. A strong armed force surrounded the gates of the Conciergerie and the Palais de Justice. The cannon, the uniforms, the sentinels, the *gens d'armes*, the naked sabres, all announced one of those political crises in which a trial is a battle and justice an execution.”—*Hist. Gir., Lamartine*, vol. ii., p. 169.

‡ Such is the statement of Lamartine. Thiers, however, says that the *act* was drawn up by Amar, a barrister of Grenoble.

bear the sight of my work. I feel their blood fall on the hand that has denounced them."

There were two brothers, Fonfrede and Ducos, among the condemned, sitting side by side, both under twenty-eight years of age. Fonfrede threw his arms around the neck of Ducos, and bursting into tears said,

"My dear brother, I cause your death; but we shall die together."

Vergniaud sat in silence, with an expression of proud defiance and contempt. Lasource repeated the sententious saying of one of the ancients, "I die on the day when the people have lost their reason. You will die when they have recovered it." As they left the court to return to their cells, there to prepare for the guillotine, they spontaneously struck up together the hymn of the Marseillais:

"Allons, enfans de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé;  
Contre nous de la tyrannie  
L'étendard sanglant est levé."\*

As they passed along the corridors of the prison, their sublime requiem echoed along the gloomy vaults, and awoke the sleepers in the deepest dungeons. They were all placed in one large room opening into several cells. The lifeless body of Valazé was deposited in one of the corners; for, by a decree of the Tribunal, his remains were to be taken in the cart of the condemned to be beheaded with the rest. A sumptuous banquet was sent in to them by their friends as their last repast. The table was richly spread, decorated with flowers, and supplied with all the delicacies which Paris could furnish. A Constitutional priest, the Abbé Lambert, a friend of the Girondists, had obtained admission to the prison, to administer to them the last supports of religion and to accompany them to the guillotine. To him we are indebted for the record of these last scenes.

Vergniaud, thirty-five years of age, presided. He had but little to bind him to life, having neither father nor mother, wife nor child. In quietness and with subdued tones they partook of their repast. When the cloth was removed, and the flowers and the wine alone remained, the conversation became more animated. The young men attempted with songs and affected gayety to disarm death of its terror; but Vergniaud, rallying to his aid his marvelous eloquence, endeavored to recall them to more worthy thoughts.

"My friends," said he, sorrowing more over the misfortunes of the Republic than over his own, "we have killed the tree by pruning it. It was too aged. The soil is too weak to nourish the roots of civic liberty. This people is too childish to wield its laws without hurting itself. It will return to its kings as babes return to their toys. We were deceived as to the age in which we were born and in which we die for the freedom of the world."

"What shall we be doing to-morrow at this time?" asked Ducos. Each answered according to his skepticism or his faith. Vergniaud again spake. "Never," says the Abbé Lambert, "had his look, his gesture, his language,

"Come, children of your country, come,  
The day of glory dawns on high,  
And tyranny has wide unfurl'd  
Her blood-stained banner in the sky."



and his voice more profoundly affected his hearers." His discourse was of the immortality of the soul, to which all listened deeply moved, and many wept.

A few rays of morning light now began to struggle in at their dungeon windows. The executioners soon entered to cut off their hair and robe them for the scaffold. At ten o'clock they were marched in a column to the gate of the prison, where carts, surrounded by an immense crowd, awaited them. As they entered the carts they all commenced singing in chorus the *Marseilles Hymn*, and continued the impassioned strains until they reached the scaffold. One after another they ascended the scaffold. Sillery was the first



THE GIRONDISTS ON THEIR WAY TO EXECUTION.

who ascended. He was bound to the plank, but continued in a full, strong voice to join in the song, till the glittering axe glided down the groove and his head dropped into the basket. Each one followed his example. The song grew fainter as head after head fell, till at last one voice only remained. It was that of Vergniaud. As he was bound to the plank he commenced anew the strain,

“Allons, enfans de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.”

The axe fell, and the lips of Vergniaud were silent in death. In thirty-one minutes the executioner had beheaded them all. Their bodies were thrown into one cart, and were cast into a grave by the side of that of Louis XVI.\*

On the 6th of November the Duke of Orleans was taken from prison and led before the Tribunal. As there was no serious charge to be brought against him, he had not apprehended condemnation. But he was promptly doomed to die. As he was conducted back to his cell to prepare for immediate death, he exclaimed, in the utmost excitement of indignation,

“The wretches! I have given them all—rank, fortune, ambition, honor, the future reputation of my house—and this is the recompense they reserve for me!”

At three o'clock he was placed in the cart with three other condemned prisoners. The prince was elegantly attired and all eyes were riveted upon him. With an air of indifference he gazed upon the crowd, saying nothing which could reveal the character of his thoughts. On mounting the scaffold the executioner wished to draw off his boots.

“No, no,” said the duke, “you will do it more easily afterward.”

He looked intently for a moment at the keen-edged axe, and, without a word, submitted to his fate. Madame Roland and others of the most illustrious of the friends of freedom and of France soon followed to the scaffold. And now every day the guillotine was active as the efficient agent of government, extinguishing all opposition and silencing every murmur. The prisons were full, new arrests were every day made, and dismay paralyzed all hearts. Four thousand six hundred in the prisons of Paris alone were awaiting that trial which almost surely led to condemnation.

The Jacobin leaders, trembling before Europe in arms, felt that there was no safety for France but in the annihilation of all internal foes. Danton, Marat, Robespierre, were not men who loved blood and cruelty; they were resolute fanatics who believed it to be well to cut off the heads of many thousand reputed aristocrats, that a nation of thirty millions might enjoy popular liberty. While the Revolutionary Tribunal was thus mercilessly plying the axe of the executioner, the National Convention, where these Jacobins reigned supreme, were enacting many laws which breathed the spirit of lib-

\* Edmund Burke has most unpardonably calumniated these noble men. Even Prof. Smyth, who espouses his opinions, says, “Burke was a man who, from the ardor of his temperament and the vehemence of his eloquence, might be almost said to have ruined every cause and every party that he espoused. No mind, however great, that will not bow to the superiority of his genius; yet no mind, however inferior, that will not occasionally feel itself entitled to look down upon him, from the total want which he sometimes shows of all calmness and candor, and even, at particular moments, of all reasonableness and propriety of thought.”—*Lectures on the French Revolution*, by Wm. Smyth, vol. iii., p. 4.



erty and humanity. The taxes were equally distributed in proportion to property. Provision was made for the poor and infirm. All orphans were adopted by the Republic. Liberty of conscience was proclaimed. Slavery and the slave-trade were indignantly abolished. Measures were adopted for a general system of popular instruction, and decisive efforts were made to unite the rich and the poor in bonds of sympathy and alliance.\*

We can not give a better account of the state of Paris at this time than in the words of Desodoards, a calm philosophic writer, who had ardently espoused the cause of the Revolution, and who consequently will not be suspected of exaggeration.

"What then," says he, "was this Revolutionary government? Every right, civil and political, was destroyed. Liberty of the press and of thought was at an end. The whole people were divided into two classes, the privileged and the proscribed. Property was wantonly violated, *lettres de cachet* re-established, the asylum of dwellings exposed to the most tyrannical inquisition, and justice stripped of every appearance of humanity and honor. France was covered with prisons; all the excesses of anarchy and despotism struggling amid a confused multitude of committees; terror in every heart; the scaffold devouring a hundred every day, and threatening to devour a still greater number; in every house melancholy and mourning, and in every street the silence of the tomb.

"War was waged against the tenderest emotions of nature. Was a tear shed over the tomb of father, wife, or friend, it was, according to these Jacobins, a robbery of the Republic. Not to rejoice when the Jacobins rejoiced was treason to freedom. All the mob of low officers of justice, some of whom could scarcely read, sported with the lives of men without the slightest shame or remorse. Often an act of accusation was served upon one person which was intended for another. The officer only *changed the name* on perceiving his error, and often did *not* change it. Mistakes of the most inconceivable nature were made with impunity. The Duchess of Biron was judged by an act drawn up against her agent. A young man of *twenty* was guillotined for having, as it was alleged, a *son* bearing arms against France. A lad of sixteen, by the name of Mallet, was arrested under an indictment for a man of forty, named Bellay.

"'What is your age?' inquired the president, looking at him with some surprise.

"'Sixteen,' replied the youth.

"'Well, you are quite forty in crime,' said the magistrate; 'take him to the guillotine.'

"From every corner of France victims were brought in carts to the Conciergerie. This prison was emptied every day by the guillotine, and refilled from other prisons. These removals were made in the dark, lest public sympathy should be excited. Fifty or sixty poor creatures, strait bound, conducted by men of ferocious aspect, a drawn sabre in one hand and a lighted torch in the other, passed in this manner through the silence of night. The passenger who chanced to meet them had to smother his pity. A sigh would have united him to the funeral train.

\* History of the Girondists, Lamartine, vol. iii., p. 291.



"The prisons were the abode of every species of suffering. The despair which reigned in these sepulchres was terrific: one finished his existence by poison; another dispatched himself by a nail; another dashed his head against the walls of his cell; some lost their reason. Those who had sufficient fortitude waited patiently for the executioner. Every house of arrest was required to furnish a certain number of victims. The turnkeys went



READING THE LIST OF THE VICTIMS IN THE PRISONS OF PARIS.

with these mandates of accusation from chamber to chamber in the dead of night. The prisoners, starting from their sleep at the voice of their Cerberuses, supposed their end had arrived. Thus warrants of death for thirty threw hundreds into consternation.\*

"At first the sheriffs ranged fifteen at a time in their carts, then thirty, and about the time of the fall of Robespierre preparations had been made for the execution of one hundred and fifty at a time. An aqueduct had been contrived to carry off the blood. In these batches, as they were called, were often united people of the most opposite systems and habits. Sometimes whole generations were destroyed in a day. Malesherbes, at the age of eighty, perished with his sister, his daughter, his son-in-law, his grandson, and his granddaughter. Forty young women were brought to the guillotine for having danced at a ball given by the King of Prussia at Verdun. Twenty-two peasant women, whose husbands had been executed in La Vendée, were beheaded."

Such was the thralldom from which, at last, the empire of Napoleon rescued France. Nothing less than the strength of his powerful arm could have wrought out the achievement.

In the midst of such scenes it is not strange that all respect should have been renounced for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Jacobins of Paris crowded the Convention, demanding the abjuration of all forms of religion and all modes of worship. They governed the Convention with despotic sway. The Commune of Paris, invested with the local police of the city, passed laws prohibiting the clergy from exercising religious worship outside the churches. None but friends and relatives were to be allowed to follow the remains of the dead to the grave. All religious symbols were ordered to be effaced from the cemeteries, and to be replaced by a statue of Sleep. The following ravings of Anacharsis Cloots, a wealthy Prussian baron, who styled himself the orator of the human race, and who was one of the most conspicuous of the Jacobin agitators, forcibly exhibits the spirit of the times:†

"Paris, the metropolis of the globe, is the proper post for the orator of the human race. I have not left Paris since 1789. It was then that I redoubled my zeal against the pretended sovereigns of earth and heaven. I boldly preached that there is no other god but Nature, no other sovereign but the human race—the people-god. The people is sufficient for itself. Nature kneels not before herself. Religion is the only obstacle to universal happiness. It is high time to destroy it."

The popular current in Paris now set very strongly against all religion. Infidel and atheistic principles were loudly proclaimed. The unlettered populace, whose faith was but superstition, were easily swept along by the current. The Convention made a feeble resistance, but soon yielded to the general impulse. In the different sections of Paris, gatherings of the populace abjured all religion. The fanaticism spread like wild-fire to the distant

\* "There were in the prisons of Paris on the 1st of September, 1793, 597; October 1, 2400; November 1, 3203; December 1, 4130; and in six months after, 11,400."—*Hist. Phil. de la Rev. de France, par Ant. Fantin Desodoards.*

† Cloots declared himself "the personal enemy of Jesus Christ." France adopted the atheistic principles of Cloots, and sent him to the guillotine. See article Cloots, *Enc. Am.*



departments. The churches were stripped of their baptismal plate and other treasures, and the plunder was sent to the Convention. Processions paraded the streets, singing, derisively, Hallelujahs, and profaning with sacrilegious caricature all the ceremonies of religion. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to an ass.

The Convention had appointed a committee of twelve men, called the Committee of Public Safety, and invested them with dictatorial power. The whole revolutionary power was now lodged in their hands. They appointed such sub-committees as they pleased, and governed France with terrific energy. The Revolutionary Tribunal was but one of their committees. In all the departments they established their agencies. The Convention itself became powerless before this appalling despotism. This dictatorship was energetically supported by the mob of Paris; and the city government of Paris was composed of the most violent Jacobins, who were in perfect fraternity with the Committee of Public Safety. St. Just, who proposed in the Convention the establishment of this dictatorship, said,

"You must no longer show any lenity to the enemies of the new order of things. Liberty must triumph at any cost. In the present circumstances of the Republic the Constitution can not be established; it would guarantee impunity to attacks on our liberty, because it would be deficient in the violence necessary to restrain them."

This Committee, overawing the Convention, constrained the establishment of a new era. To obliterate the Sabbath, they divided the year into twelve months of thirty days each, each month to consist of three weeks of ten days each. The tenth day was devoted to festivals. The five surplus days were placed at the end of the year, and were consecrated to games and rejoicing. Thus energetically were measures adopted to obliterate entirely all traces of the Sabbath. There were thousands in France who looked upon these measures with unutterable disgust, but they were overwhelmed by the powers of anarchy. Anxiously they waited for a deliverer. In Napoleon they found one, who was alike the foe of the despotism of the Bourbons and the despotism of the mob.

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## CHAPTER XXXV.

### FALL OF THE HEBERTISTS AND OF THE DANTONISTS.

Continued Persecution of the Girondists.—Robespierre opposes the Atheists.—Danton, Souberbielle, and Camille Desmoulins.—The *Vieux Cordelier*.—The Hebertists executed.—Danton assailed.—Interview between Danton and Robespierre.—Danton warned of his Peril.—Camille Desmoulins and others arrested.—Lucile, the Wife of Desmoulins.—Letters.—Execution of the Dantonists.—Arrest and Execution of Lucile.—Toulon recovered by Bonaparte.

THE leaders of the Girondists were now destroyed, and the remnants of the party were prosecuted with unsparing ferocity. On the 11th of November, Bailly, the former mayor, the friend of La Fayette, the philanthropist and the scholar, was dragged to the scaffold. The day was cold and rainy. His crime was having unfurled the red flag in the Field of Mars, to quell



the riot there, on the 17th of July, 1791. He was condemned to be executed on the field which was the theatre of his alleged crime. Behind the cart which carried him they affixed the flag which he had spread. A crowd followed, heaping upon him the most cruel imprecations. On reaching the scaffold, some one cried out that the field of the federation ought not to be polluted with his blood. Immediately the mob rushed upon the guillotine, tore it down, and erected it again upon a dunghill on the banks of the Seine. They dragged Bailly from the tumbril, and compelled him to make the tour of the Field of Mars on foot. Bareheaded, with his hands bound behind him, and with no other garment than a shirt, the sleet glued his hair and froze upon his breast. They pelted him with mud, spat in his face, and whipped him with the flag, which they dipped in the gutters. The old man fell exhausted. They lifted him up again, and goaded him on. Blood, mingled with mire, streamed down his face, depriving him of human aspect. Shouts of derision greeted these horrors. The freezing wind and exhaustion caused an involuntary shivering. Some one cried out, "You tremble, Bailly." "Yes, my friend," replied the heroic old man, "but it is with cold."\* After five hours of such a martyrdom, the axe released him from his sufferings.

Pétion and Buzot wandered many days and nights in the forest. At length their remains were found, half devoured by wolves. Whether they perished of cold and starvation, or sought relief from their misery in voluntary death, is not known.

The illustrious Condorcet, alike renowned for his philosophical genius and his eloquent advocacy of popular rights, had been declared an outlaw. For several months he had been concealed in the house of Madame Verney, a noble woman, who periled her own life that she might save that of her friend. At last Condorcet, learning from the papers that death was denounced against all who concealed a proscribed individual, resolved, at every hazard, to leave the roof of his benefactress. For some time he wandered through the fields in disguise, until he was arrested and thrown into prison. On the following morning, March 28, 1794, he was found dead on the floor of his room, having swallowed poison, which for some time he carried about with him.

"It would be difficult in that or any other age to find two men of more active or, indeed, enthusiastic benevolence than Condorcet and La Fayette. Besides this, Condorcet was one of the most profound thinkers of his time, and will be remembered as long as genius is honored among us. La Fayette was no doubt inferior to Condorcet in point of ability, but he was the intimate friend of Washington, on whose conduct he modeled his own, and by whose side he had fought for the liberties of America; his integrity was, and still is, unsullied, and his character had a chivalrous and noble turn which Burke, in his better days, would have been the first to admire. Both, however, were natives of that hated country whose liberties they

\* "Few victims ever met with viler executioners; few executioners with so exalted a victim. Shame at the foot of the scaffold, glory above, and pity every where. One blushes to be a man in contemplating this people. One glories in this title in contemplating Bailly."—*Lamartine, Hist. Gir.*, vol. iii., p. 282.



DEATH OF CONDORCET.

vainly attempted to achieve. On this account Burke declared Condorcet to be guilty of 'impious sophistry,' to be a 'fanatic atheist and furious democratic republican,' and to be capable of the 'lowest as well as the highest and most determined villainies.' As to La Fayette, when an attempt was made to mitigate the cruel treatment he was receiving from the Prussian government, Burke not only opposed the motion made for that purpose in the House of Commons, but took the opportunity of grossly insulting the unfortunate captive, who was then languishing in a dungeon. So dead had he become on this subject, even to the common instincts of our nature, that in his place in parliament he could find no better way of speaking of this injured and high-souled man than by calling him a ruffian. 'I would not,' says Burke, '*debase*\* my humanity by supporting an application in behalf of so horrid a ruffian.'†

Madame Roland was led to the guillotine, evincing heroism which the world has never seen surpassed. Her husband, in anguish, unable to survive her, and hunted by those thirsting for his blood, anticipated the guillotine by plunging a stiletto into his own heart.

Danton and Robespierre were both opposed to such cruel executions, and especially to the establishment in France of that system of atheism which degraded man into merely the reptile of an hour. When Robespierre was informed of the atrocities which attended the execution of Bailly, in shame

\* In Parl. Hist., "I would not *debauch* my humanity."

† History of Civilization in England, by Henry Thomas Buckle, vol. i., p. 338.



and grief he shut himself up in his room, saying, with prophetic foresight, to his host Duplay, "It is thus that they will martyrize ourselves."

Hebert\* and the atheists were now dominant in the Commune of Paris, and Danton and Robespierre organized a party to crush them. Hebert soon saw indications of this movement, and began to tremble. He complained in the Jacobin Club that Robespierre and Danton were plotting against him. Robespierre was present on the occasion, and, with his accustomed audacity, immediately ascended the tribune and hurled his anathemas upon the heads of these blood-crimsoned fanatics.

"There are men," said he, "who, under the pretext of destroying superstition, would fain make a sort of religion of atheism itself. Every man has a right to think as he pleases; whoever would make a crime of this is a madman. But the legislator who should adopt the system of atheism would be a hundred times more insane. The National Convention abhors such a system. It is a political body, not a maker of creeds. *Atheism is aristocratic.* The idea of a great Being who watches over oppressed innocence and who punishes triumphant guilt is quite popular. The people, the unfortunate, applaud me. *If God did not exist, it would behoove man to invent him.*"

One of the last evenings in the month of January, Danton, Souberbielle, one of the members of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and Camille Desmoulins came from the Palace of Justice together. It was a cold gloomy winter's night. It had been a day of blood. Fifteen heads had fallen upon the guillotine and twenty-seven were condemned to die on the morrow. These three men were all appalled by the progress of events, and for some time walked along in silence. On reaching Pont Neuf, Danton turned suddenly round to Souberbielle and said,

"Do you know that, at the pace we are now going, there will speedily be no safety for any person? The best patriots are confounded with traitors. Generals who have shed their blood for the Republic perish on the scaffold. I am weary of living. Look there; the very river seems to flow with blood."

"True," replied Souberbielle, "the sky is red, and there are many showers of blood behind those clouds. Those who were to be judges have become but executioners. When I refuse an innocent head to their knife I am accused of sympathy with traitors. What can I do? I am but an obscure patriot. Ah, if I were Danton!"

"All this," replied Danton, "excites horror in me. But be silent. Danton sleeps; he will awake at the right moment. I am a man of revolution, but not a man of slaughter. But you," he added, addressing Camille Desmoulins, "why do you keep silence?"

\* Hebert was a low fellow, impudent, ignorant, and corrupt, and connected with one of the theatres in Paris. He was an ardent Jacobin, and established a paper called "Father Duchesne," which, from its ribaldry, was eagerly sought for by the populace. He was one of the leaders of the prison massacres on the 10th of August. His paper was the zealous advocate of atheism. He it was who brought the disgusting charge against the queen that she had endeavored to pollute her own son, and had committed incest with him, a child of eight years. Robespierre even was indignant at the foul accusation, and exclaimed, "Madman! was it not enough for him to have asserted that she was a Messalina, without also making an Agrippina of her?"—*Biographie Moderne.*



"I am weary of silence," was Desmoulins's reply. "My hand weighs heavily, and I have sometimes the impulse to sharpen my pen into a dagger and stab these scoundrels. Let them beware. My ink is more indelible than their blood. It stains for immortality."

"Bravo!" cried Danton. "Begin to-morrow. You began the Revolution; be it you who shall now most thoroughly urge it. Be assured this hand shall aid you. You know whether or not it be strong."

The three friends separated at Danton's door. The doom of the miserable Hebert and his party was now sealed. Robespierre, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins were against him. They could wield resistless influences. The next day Camille Desmoulins commenced a series of papers called the *Vieux Cordelier*. He took the first number to Danton and then to Robespierre. They both approved, and the warfare against Hebert and his party was commenced. The conflict was short and desperate; each party knew that the guillotine was the doom of the vanquished.\* Robespierre and Danton were victors. Hebert, Cloots, and their friends, nineteen in number, were arrested and condemned to death. On the 24th of March, 1794, five carts laden with the Hebertists proceeded from the Conciergerie to the guillotine. Cloots died firmly. Hebert was in a paroxysm of terror, which excited the contempt and derision of the mob.

The bold invectives against the Reign of Terror in the *Vieux Cordelier*, written by Desmoulins, began to alarm the Committee of Public Safety. Danton and Robespierre were implicated. They were accused of favoring moderate measures, and of being opposed to those acts of bloody rigor which were deemed necessary to crush the aristocrats. Danton and Desmoulins were in favor of a return to mercy. Robespierre, though opposed to cruelty and to needless carnage, was sternly for death as the doom of every one not warmly co-operating with the Revolution. To save himself from suspicion he became the accuser of his two friends. And now it came the turn of Danton and Desmoulins to tremble. For five years Danton and Robespierre had fought together to overthrow royalty and found the Republic. But Danton was disgusted with carnage, and had withdrawn from the Committee of Public Safety.

"Danton, do you know," said Eglantine to him one day, "of what you are accused? They say that you have only launched the car of the Revolution to enrich yourself, while Robespierre has remained poor in the midst of the monarchical treasures thrown at his feet."

\* In this celebrated pamphlet, the "Old Cordelier," Desmoulins thus powerfully describes France, while pretending to describe Rome under the emperors: "Every thing, under that terrible government, was made the groundwork of suspicion. Does a citizen avoid society and live retired by his fireside? That is to ruminate in private on sinister designs. Is he rich? That renders the danger greater that he will corrupt the citizens by his largesses. Is he poor? None so dangerous as those who have nothing to lose. Is he thoughtful and melancholy? He is revolving what he calls the calamities of his country. Is he gay and dissipated? He is concealing, like Cæsar, ambition under the mask of pleasure. The natural death of a celebrated man has become so rare that historians transmit it, as a matter worthy of record, to future ages. The tribunals, once the protectors of life and property, have become the mere organs of butchery."

Speaking of Hebert, he said, "Hebert, the head of this turbulent and atrocious faction, is a miserable intriguer, a caterer for the guillotine, a traitor paid by Pitt, a thief expelled for theft from his office of check-taker at a theatre."—*Le Vieux Cordelier*.

"Well," replied Danton, "do you know what that proves? that I love gold, and that Robespierre loves blood. Robespierre is afraid of money lest it should stain his hands."

Robespierre earnestly wished to associate Danton with him in all the rigor of the Revolutionary government, for he respected the power of this bold, indomitable man. They met at a dinner-party, through the agency of a mutual friend, when matters were brought to a crisis. They engaged in a dispute, Danton denouncing and reviling the acts of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and Robespierre defending them, until they separated in anger. The friends of Danton urged him either to escape by flight or to take advantage of his popularity and throw himself upon the army.

"My life is not worth the trouble," said Danton. "Besides, I am weary of blood. I had rather be guillotined than be a guillotiner. They dare not attack me. I am stronger than they."

A secret meeting of the Committee of Public Safety was convened by night, and Danton was accused of the "treason of clemency." A subaltern door-keeper heard the accusation, and ran to Danton's house to warn him of his peril and to offer him an asylum. The young and beautiful wife of Danton, with tears in her eyes, threw herself at his feet, and implored him, for her sake and for that of their children, to accept the proffered shelter. Danton proudly refused, saying,

"They will deliberate long before they will dare to strike a man like me. While they deliberate I will surprise them."

He dismissed the door-keeper and retired to bed. At six o'clock *gens d'armes* entered his room with the order for his arrest.

"They dare, then," said Danton, crushing the paper in his hand. "They are bolder than I had thought them to be."

He dressed, embraced his wife convulsively, and was conducted to prison. At the same hour Camille Desmoulins and fourteen others, the supposed partisans of Danton, were also arrested. It was the 31st of March. Danton was taken to the Luxembourg. Here he found Desmoulins and his other friends already incarcerated. As Danton entered the gloomy portals of the prison he said,

"At length I perceive that, in revolutions, the supreme power ultimately rests with the most abandoned."\*

A crowd of the *detained* immediately gathered around him, amazed at that freak of fortune which had cast the most distinguished leader of the Jacobins into the dungeons of the accused. Danton was humiliated and annoyed by the gaze, and endeavored to veil his embarrassment under the guise of derision.

"Yes," said he, raising his head and forcing loud laughter, "it is Danton. Look at him well. The trick is well played. We must know how to praise our enemies when they conduct adroitly. I would never have believed that Robespierre could have juggled me thus." Then softening, and growing more sincere, he said, "Gentlemen, I hoped to have been the means of delivering you all from this place; but here I am among you, and no one can tell where this will end."

\* Rioufle, p. 67.

The accused Dantonists—accused of advocating moderate measures in the treatment of the enemies of the Revolution—were soon shut up in separate cells. The report of the arrest of men of such acknowledged power, and who had been so popular as patriots, spread anxiety and gloom through Paris. The warmest friends of the arrested dared not plead their cause; it would only have imperiled their own lives.

Even in the Assembly great excitement was produced by these important arrests. The members gathered in groups and spoke to each other in whispers, inquiring what all this meant and where it was to end. At last, L<sup>é</sup>gendre ventured to ascend the tribune, and said,

“Citizens, four members of this Assembly have been arrested during the night. Danton is one. I know not the others. Citizens, I declare that I believe Danton to be as pure as myself; yet he is in a dungeon. They feared, no doubt, that his replies would overturn the accusations brought against him. I move, therefore, that, before you listen to any report, you send for the prisoners and hear them.”

Robespierre immediately ascended the tribune and replied,

“By the unusual agitation which pervades this Assembly—by the sensation the words of the speaker you have just heard have produced, it is manifest that a question of great interest is before us—a question whether two or three individuals shall be preferred to the country. The question to-day is whether the interests of certain ambitious hypocrites shall prevail over the interests of the French nation. L<sup>é</sup>gendre appears not to know the names of those who have been arrested. All the Convention knows them. His friend Lacroix is among the prisoners. Why does he pretend to be ignorant of it? Because he knows that he can not defend Lacroix without shame. He has spoken of Danton, doubtless because he thinks that a privilege is attached to this name. No! we will have no privilege. No! we will have no idols. We shall see to-day whether the Convention will break a false idol, long since decayed, or whether in its fall it will crush the Convention and the French people.

“I say, whoever now trembles is guilty, for never does innocence dread public surveillance. Me, too, have they tried to alarm. It has been attempted to make me believe that the danger which threatens Danton might reach me. I have been written to. The friends of Danton have sent me their letters; have besieged me with their importunities. They have thought that the remembrance of a former acquaintance, that a past belief in false virtues, might determine me to relax in my zeal and my passion for liberty. Well, then, I declare that none of these motives have touched my soul with the slightest impression; my life is for my country, my heart is exempt from fear.

“I have seen in the flattery which has been addressed to me, in the concern of those who surrounded Danton, only signs of the terror which they felt, even before they were threatened. And I, too, have been the friend of P<sup>é</sup>tion; as soon as he was unmasked I abandoned him. I have also been acquainted with Roland; he became a traitor and I denounced him. Danton would take their place, and in my eyes he is but an enemy to his country.”



Légendre, appalled, immediately retracted, and trembling for his life, like a whipped spaniel, crouched before the terrible dictator. At that moment St. Just came in, and read a long report against the members under arrest. The substance of the vague and rambling charges was that they had been bought up by the aristocrats and were enemies to their country. The Assembly listened without a murmur, and then unanimously, and even with applause, voted the impeachment of Danton and his friends. "Every one sought to gain time with tyranny, and gave up others' heads to save his own."\*

The Dantonists were men of mark, and they now drank deeply of that bitter chalice which they had presented to so many lips. Camille Desmoulins, young, brilliant, enthusiastic, was one of the most fascinating of men. His youthful and beautiful wife, Lucile, he loved to adoration. They had one infant child, Horace, their pride and joy. Camille was asleep in the arms of his wife when the noise of the butt end of a musket on the threshold of his door aroused him. As the soldiers presented the order for his arrest, he exclaimed, in anguish, "This, then, is the recompense of the first voice of the Revolution."

Embracing his wife for the last time, and imprinting a kiss upon the cheek of his child asleep in the cradle, he was hurried to prison. Lucile, frantic with grief, ran through the streets of Paris to plead with Robespierre and others for her husband; but her lamentations were as unavailing as the moaning wind. In the following tender strain Camille wrote his wife:

"My prison recalls to my mind the garden where I spent eight years in beholding you. A glimpse of the garden of the Luxembourg brings back to me a crowd of remembrances of our loves. I am alone, but never have I been in thought, imagination, feeling nearer to you, your mother, and to my little Horace. I am going to pass all my time in prison in writing to you. I cast myself at your knees; I stretch out my arms to embrace you; I find you no more. Send me the glass on which are our two names; a book, which I bought some days ago, on the immortality of the soul. I have need of persuading myself that there is a God more just than man, and that I can not fail to see you again. Do not grieve too much over my thoughts, dearest; I do not yet despair of men. Yes! my beloved, we will see ourselves again in the garden of the Luxembourg. Adieu, Lucile! Adieu, Horace! I can not embrace you; but in the tears which I shed it appears that I press you again to my bosom. THY CAMILLE."

Lucile, frantic with grief, made the most desperate efforts to gain access to Robespierre, but she was sternly repulsed. She then thus imploringly wrote to him,

"Can you accuse us of treason, you who have profited so much by the efforts we have made for our country? Camille has seen the birth of your pride, the path you desired to tread, but he has recalled your ancient friendship and shrunk from the idea of accusing a friend, a companion of his la-

\* Mignet, p. 245.

bors. That hand which has pressed yours has too soon abandoned the pen, since it could no longer trace your praise; and you, you send him to death. But, Robespierre, will you really accomplish the deadly projects which doubtless the vile souls which surround you have inspired you with? Have you forgotten those bonds which Camille never recalls without grief? you who prayed for our union, who joined our hands in yours, who have smiled upon my son whose infantile hands have so often caressed you? Can you, then, reject my prayers, despise my tears, and trample justice under foot? For you know it yourself, we do not merit the fate they are preparing for us, and you can avert it. If it strike us, it is you who will have ordered it. But what is, then, the crime of my Camille?

"I have not his pen to defend him. But the voice of good citizens, and your heart, if it is sensible, will plead for me. Do you believe that people will gain confidence in you by seeing you immolate your best friends? Do you think that they will bless him who regards neither the tears of the widow nor the death of the orphan? Poor Camille! in the simplicity of his heart, how far was he from suspecting the fate which awaits him to-day! He thought to labor for your glory in pointing out to you what was still wanting to our republic. He has, no doubt, been calumniated to you, Robespierre, for you can not believe him guilty. Consider that he has never required the death of any one—that he has never desired to injure by your power, and that you were his oldest and his best friend. And you are about to kill us both! For to strike him is to kill me—"

The unfinished letter she intrusted to her mother, but it never reached the hands of Robespierre. The prisoners were soon taken to the Conciergerie and plunged into the same dungeon into which they had thrown the Girondists. The day of trial was appointed without delay. It was the 3d of April. As the prisoners, fourteen in number, were arrayed before the Tribunal, the president, Hermann, inquired of Danton, in formal phrase, his name, age, and residence.

"My name," was the proud and defiant reply, "is Danton, well enough known in the Revolution. I am thirty-five years old. My residence will soon be void, and my name will exist in the Pantheon of history."

To the same question Camille Desmoulins replied, "I am thirty-three, a fatal age to revolutionists,—the age of the *sans culotte* Jesus when he died."

The trial lasted three days. Danton, in his defense, struggled like a lion in the toils. An immense crowd filled the court and crowded the surrounding streets. The windows were open, and the thunders of his voice were frequently heard even to the other side of the Seine. The people in the streets, whom he doubtless meant to influence, caught up his words and transmitted them from one to another. Some indications of popular sympathy alarmed the Tribunal, and it was voted that the accused were wanting in respect to the court, and should no longer be heard in their defense. They were immediately condemned to die.

They were reconducted to their dungeon to prepare for the guillotine. The fortitude of Camille Desmoulins was weakened by the strength of his domestic attachments. "Oh, my dear Lucile! Oh, my Horace! what will





DANTON'S DEFENSE.

become of them!" he incessantly cried, while tears flooded his eyes. Seizing a pen, he hastily wrote a few last words to Lucile, which remain one of the most touching memorials of grief.

"I have dreamed," he wrote, "of a republic which all the world would have adored. I could not have believed that men were so cruel and unjust. I do not dissimulate that I die a victim to my friendship for Danton. I



thank my assassins for allowing me to die with Philippeaux. Pardon, my dear friend, my true life which I lost from the moment they separated us. I occupy myself with my memory. I ought much rather to cause you to forget it, my Lucile. I conjure you do not call to me by your cries. They would rend my heart in the depths of the tomb. Live for our child; talk to him of me; you may tell him what he can not understand, that I should have loved him much. Despite my execution, I believe there is a God. My blood will wash out my sins, the weakness of my humanity; and whatever I have possessed of good, my virtues and my love of liberty, God will recompense it. I shall see you again one day.

"O my Lucile, sensitive as I was, the death which delivers me from the sight of so much crime, is it so great a misfortune? Adieu, my life, my soul, my divinity upon earth! Adieu, Lucile! my Lucile! my dear Lucile! Adieu, Horace! Annette! Adèle! Adieu, my father! I feel the shore of life fly before me. I still see Lucile! I see her, my best beloved! my Lucile! My bound hands embrace you, and my severed head rests still upon you its dying eyes."

As Danton re-entered the gloomy corridor of the prison he said, "It was just a year ago that I was instrumental in instituting the Revolutionary Tribunal. I beg pardon of God and men. I intended it as a measure of humanity, to prevent the renewal of the September massacres, and that no man should suffer without trial. I did not mean that it should prove the scourge of humanity."

Then, pressing his capacious brow between his hands, he said, "They think that they can do without me. They deceive themselves. I was the statesman of Europe. They do not suspect the void which this head leaves."

"As to me," he continued, in cynical terms, "I have enjoyed my moments of existence well. I have made plenty of noise upon earth. I have tasted well of life. Let us go to sleep," and he made a gesture with head and arms as if about to repose his head upon a pillow.

After a short pause he resumed, "We are sacrificed to the ambition of a few dastardly brigands. But they will not long enjoy the fruit of their villainy. I drag Robespierre after me. Robespierre follows me to the grave."

At four o'clock the executioners entered the Conciergerie to bind their hands and cut off their hair.

"It will be very amusing," said Danton, "to the fools who will gape at us in the streets, but we shall appear otherwise in the eyes of posterity."

When the executioners laid hold of Camille Desmoulins, he struggled in the most desperate resistance. But he was speedily thrown upon the floor and bound, while the prison resounded with his shrieks and imprecations. The whole fourteen Dantonists were placed in one cart. Desmoulins seemed frantic with terror. He looked imploringly upon the crowd, and incessantly cried,

"Save me, generous people! I am Camille Desmoulins. It was I who called you to arms on the 14th of July. It was I who gave you the national cockade."

He so writhed and twisted in the convulsions of his agony that his clothes were nearly torn from his back. Danton stood in moody silence, occasionally endeavoring to appease the turbulence of Desmoulins.

Herault de Séchelles first ascended the scaffold. As he alighted from the cart he endeavored to embrace Danton. The brutal executioner interposed.

"Wretch," said Danton, "you will not, at least, prevent our heads from kissing presently in the basket."

Desmoulins followed next. In his hand he held a lock of his wife's hair. For an instant he gazed upon the blade, streaming with the blood of his friend, and then said, turning to the populace,

"Look at the end of the first apostle of liberty. The monsters who murder me will not survive me long."

The axe fell, and his head dropped into the basket. Danton looked proudly, imperturbably on as, one after another, the heads of his thirteen companions fell. He was the last to ascend the scaffold. For a moment he was softened as he thought of his wife.

"Oh my wife, my dear wife," said he, "shall I never see you again?" Then checking himself, he said, "But, Danton, no weakness." Turning to the executioner, he proudly remarked, "You will show my head to the people; it will be well worth the display."

His head fell. The executioner, seizing it by the hair, walked around the platform, holding it up to the gaze of the populace. A shout of applause rose from the infatuated people. "Thus," says Mignet, "perished the last defenders of humanity and moderation, the last who sought to promote peace among the conquerors of the Revolution and pity for the conquered. For a long time after them no voice was raised against the dictatorship of terror, and from one end of France to the other it struck silent and redoubled blows. The Girondists had sought to prevent this violent reign, the Dantonists to stop it. All perished, and the conquerors had the more victims to strike, the more the foes arose around them."

The Robespierrians, having thus struck down the leaders of the moderate party, pursued their victory, by crushing all of the advocates of moderation from whom they apprehended the slightest danger. Day after day the guillotine ran red with blood. Even the devoted wife of Camille Desmoulins, but twenty-three years of age, was not spared. It was her crime that she loved her husband, and that she might excite sympathy for his fate. Resplendent with grace and beauty, she was dragged before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Little Horace was left an orphan, to cry in his cradle. Lucile displayed heroism upon the scaffold unsurpassed by that of Charlotte Corday or Madame Roland. When condemned to death she said calmly to her judges,

"I shall, then, in a few hours, again meet my husband. In departing from this world, in which nothing now remains to engage my affections, I am far less the object of pity than are you."

Robespierre had been the intimate friend of Desmoulins and Lucile. He had often eat of their bread and drunk of their cup in social converse. He was a guest at their wedding. Madame Duplessis, the mother of Lucile, was one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of France. In vain she addressed herself to Robespierre and all his friends, in almost frantic endeavors to save her daughter.





INTERIOR OF THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL.

"Robespierre," she wrote to him, "is it not enough to have assassinated your best friend; do you desire also the blood of his wife, of my daughter? Your master, Fouquier Tinville, has just ordered her to be led to the scaffold. Two hours more and she will not be in existence. Robespierre, if you are not a tiger in human shape, if the blood of Camille has not inebriated you to the point of losing your reason entirely, if you recall still our evenings of intimacy, if you recall to yourself the caresses you lavished upon



the little Horace, and how you delighted to hold him upon your knees, and if you remember that you were to have been my son-in-law, spare an innocent victim! But, if thy fury is that of a lion, come and take us also, myself, Adèle [her other daughter], and Horace. Come and tear us away with thy hands still reeking in the blood of Camille. Come, come, and let one single tomb reunite us."

To this appeal Robespierre returned no reply. Lucile was left to her fate. In the same car of the condemned with Madame Hebert she was conducted to the guillotine. She had dressed herself for the occasion with remarkable grace. A white gauze veil, partially covering her luxuriant hair, embellished her marvelous beauty. With alacrity and apparent cheerfulness she ascended the steps, placed her head upon the fatal plank, and a smile was upon her lips as the keen-edged knife, with the rapidity of the lightning's stroke, severed her head from her body.

While these cruel scenes were transpiring in Paris, and similar scenes in all parts of France, the republican armies on the frontiers were struggling to repel the invading armies of allied Europe. It was the fear that internal enemies would rise and combine with the foreign foe which goaded the Revolutionists to such measures of desperation. They knew that the triumph of the Bourbons was their certain death. The English were now in possession of Toulon, the arsenal of the French navy, which had been treasonably surrendered to an English fleet by the friends of the Bourbons. A republican army had for some months been besieging the city, but had made no progress toward the expulsion of the invaders.

Napoleon Bonaparte, then a young man about twenty-five years of age and a lieutenant in the army, was sent to aid the besiegers. His genius soon placed him in command of the artillery. With almost superhuman energy, and skill never before surpassed, he pressed the siege, and, in one of the most terrific midnight attacks which ever has been witnessed, drove the British from the soil of France. This is the first time that Napoleon appears as an actor in the drama of the Revolution. The achievement gave him great renown in the army. On this occasion the humanity of Napoleon was as conspicuous as his energy. He abhorred alike the tyrannic sway of the Bourbons and the sanguinary rule of the Jacobins. One of the deputies of the Convention wrote to Carnot, then Minister of War, "I send you a young man who distinguished himself very much during the siege, and earnestly recommend you to advance him speedily. If you do not, he will most assuredly advance himself."

At St. Helena Napoleon said, "I was a very warm and sincere Republican at the commencement of the Revolution. I cooled by degrees, in proportion as I acquired more just and solid ideas. My patriotism sank under the political absurdities and monstrous domestic excesses of our legislatures."<sup>13</sup>

\* Napoleon at St. Helena, p. 125.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

**Inexplicable Character of Robespierre.**—Cécile Regnault.—Fête in honor of the Supreme Being.—Increase of Victims.—The Triumvirate.—Suspicious of Robespierre.—Struggle between Robespierre and the Committee of Public Safety.—Conspiracy against Robespierre.—Session of the 27th of July.—Robespierre and his Friends arrested.—Efforts to save Robespierre.—Peril of the Convention.—Execution of Robespierre and his Confederates.

ROBESPIERRE, who was now apparently at the height of his power, is one of the most inexplicable of men. His moral character was irreproachable; no bribes could corrupt him; he sincerely endeavored to establish a republic founded upon the basis of popular liberty and virtue; and self-aggrandizement seems never to have entered into his aims. He was not a blood-thirsty man; but was ready, with frigid mercilessness, to crush any party which stood in the way of his plans. His soul appears to have been almost as insensible to any generous emotion as was the blade of the guillotine.\* He seems to have mourned the apparent necessity of beheading Danton. Repeatedly he was heard to say, perhaps hypocritically,

"Oh, if Danton were but honest! If he were but a true Republican! What would I not give for the lantern of Diogenes to read the heart of Danton, and learn if he be the friend or the enemy of the Republic?"

Robespierre would gladly have received the aid of Danton's powerful arm, but, finding his old friend hostile to his measures, he pitilessly sent him to the guillotine. And yet there is evidence that he at times was very weary of that work of death which he deemed it necessary to prosecute.†

"Death," said he, "always death; and the scoundrels throw all the responsibility upon me. What a memory shall I leave behind me if this lasts! Life is a burden to me."

On the 7th of May, 1794, Robespierre made a very eloquent speech in the Convention advocating the doctrines of a Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul. He presented the following decrees, which were adopted by acclamation:

"*Art. 1.* The French people recognize the existence of the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul.

\* "Mr. Alison gives currency to an atrocious slander against Robespierre, for which he has adduced no authority, and which is contradicted by the whole evidence of Robespierre's life. 'He (Philippe Egalité) was detained,' says Alison, 'above a quarter of an hour in front of the Palais Royal, by order of Robespierre, who had asked in vain for the hand of his daughter in marriage, and had promised, if he would relent in that extremity, to excite a tumult which would save his life.'"—*Life of Robespierre*, by G. H. Lewes, p. 265.

† "Danton regarded the austere principles of Robespierre as folly. He thought that the Republicans could not maintain their power but by surrounding themselves with the consideration which wealth confers, and he consequently thought it necessary to close their eyes against the sudden acquisition of wealth of certain Revolutionists. Robespierre, on the contrary, flattered himself that he could establish a republic in France based on virtue, and when he was thoroughly persuaded that Danton was an obstacle to that system he abandoned him."—*Biographie Universelle*.

"Art. 2. They acknowledge that the worship worthy of the Supreme Being is one of the duties of man."

There were some unavailing attempts now made to assassinate Robespierre; one, very singular in its character, by a beautiful girl, Cécile Regnault, but seventeen years of age. She called at Robespierre's house and asked to see him. Her appearance attracted suspicion, and she was arrested. In her



CÉCILE REGNAULT ARRESTED.

basket a change of clothes was found and two knives. She was led before the Tribunal.

"What was the object of your visit to Robespierre?" the president inquired.

"I wished," she replied, "to see what a tyrant was like."

"Why did you provide yourself with the change of clothes?"

"Because," she calmly replied, "I expected to be sent to prison and then to the guillotine."

"Did you intend to stab Robespierre?"

"No," she answered, "I never wished to hurt any one in my life."

"Why are you a Royalist?" the president continued.

"Because," she replied, "I prefer one king to sixty tyrants."

She was sent to the guillotine with all her family relations. The conduct of this girl is quite inexplicable, and it is doubted whether she seriously contemplated any crime. When she called to see Robespierre *she left her knife in her room in a basket!* Eight carts were filled with victims to avenge this crime.\*

Robespierre was now so popular with the multitude that all Paris rallied around him with congratulations.

The 8th of May was appointed as a festival in honor of the Supreme Being. Robespierre, the originator of the movement, was chosen President of the Convention, that he might take the most conspicuous part on the occasion. The morning dawned with unusual splendor. For that one day the

\* Du Broca.



guillotine was ordered to rest. An amphitheatre was erected in the centre of the garden of the Tuileries, and the spacious grounds were crowded with a rejoicing concourse. The celebrated painter David had arranged the fête with the highest embellishments of art. At twelve o'clock Robespierre ascended a pavilion and delivered a discourse.

"Republican Frenchmen," said he, "the ever fortunate day which the French people dedicated to the Supreme Being has at length arrived. Never did the world which he created exhibit a spectacle so worthy of his attention. He has beheld tyranny, crime, and imposture reigning on earth. He beholds at this moment a whole nation, assailed by all the oppressors of mankind, suspending the course of its heroic labors to lift its thoughts and its prayers toward the Supreme Being who gave it the mission to undertake and the courage to execute them."

Having finished his brief address, he descended and set fire to a colossal group of figures representing Atheism, Discord, and Selfishness, which the idea of a God was to reduce to ashes. As they were consumed, there appeared in their place, emerging from the flames, the statue of Wisdom. After music, songs, and sundry symbolic ceremonies, an immense procession was formed, headed by Robespierre, which proceeded from the Tuileries to the Champ de Mars. Here, after the performance of pageants as imposing as Parisian genius could invent and Parisian opulence execute, the procession returned to the Tuileries, where the festival was concluded with public diversions.\*

The pre-eminence which Robespierre assumed on this occasion excited great displeasure, and many murmurs reached his ears. Robespierre, the next day, entered complaints against those who had murmured, accused them of being Dantonists and enemies of the Revolution, and wished to send them to the guillotine. Each member of the Convention began to feel that his head was entirely at the disposal of Robespierre, and gradually became emboldened to opposition.

The legal process by which victims were arrested and sent to the guillotine had now become simple and energetic in the extreme. Any man complained to the Committee of Public Safety of whom he would, as *suspected* of being unfriendly to the Revolution. The committee immediately ordered the arrest of the accused. The eighteen prisons of Paris were thus choked with victims. Each evening Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser, received from the Committee of Public Safety a list of those whom he was to take the next day to the Revolutionary Tribunal. If the committee, for any reason, had not prepared a list, Fouquier Tinville was allowed to select whom he pleased. To be *suspected* was almost certain death. From the commencement of this year (1794) the executions had increased with frightful rapidity. In January eighty-three were executed; in February, seventy-five; in March, one hundred and twenty-three; in April, two hundred and sixty-

\* "Robespierre had a prodigious force at his disposal. The lowest orders, who saw the Revolution in his person, supported him as the best representative of its doctrines and interests; the armed force of Paris, commanded by Henriot, was at his command. He had entire sway over the Jacobins, whom he admitted and ejected at pleasure; all important posts were occupied by his creatures; he had formed the Revolutionary Tribunal and the new committee himself."—*Mignet*, p. 256.

three; in May, three hundred and twenty-four; in June, six hundred and seventy-two; in July, eight hundred and thirty-five.\*

Carts were continually passing from the gates of the Conciergerie loaded with prisoners, who were promptly condemned and sent immediately to the scaffold. Malesherbes, the intrepid and venerable defender of Louis XVI., living in retirement in the country, was dragged, with all his family, to the scaffold. If a man were rich, he was suspected of aristocracy and was sent to the guillotine. If he were learned, his celebrity exposed him to suspicion, and his doom was death. If he were virtuous, he was accused of sympathy for the victims of the guillotine, and was condemned to the scaffold. There was no longer safety but in vice and degradation. The little girls who had been led by their fathers to attend a ball given by the King of Prussia at Verdun were all arrested, brought to Paris, and condemned and executed. "The eldest," says Lamartine, "was eighteen. They were all clothed in white robes. The cart which carried them resembled a basket of lilies whose heads waved to the motion of the arm. The affected executioners wept with them." Josephine Beauharnais, afterward the bride of Napoleon, was at this time in one of the dungeons of Paris, sleeping upon a wretched pallet of straw, and expecting daily to be led to execution.

Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon were the three leading men in the Committee of Public Safety, and were hence called the Triumvirate. All began now to be weary of blood, and yet no one knew how to stem the torrent or when the carnage would cease. The Reign of Terror had become almost as intolerable as the tyranny of the old kings, but not fully so; the Reign of Terror crushed thousands who could make their woes heard; despotism crushed *millions* who were dumb. There was no hope for France but in some energetic arm which, assuming the dictatorship, should rescue liberty from the encroachments of kings and from being degraded by the mob. Robespierre was now the most prominent man in France and the most popular with the multitude. His friends urged him to assume the dictatorship.

Jealousy of Robespierre's ambition now began to arise, and his enemies rapidly increased. Whispers that he had become a traitor to the Republic and was seeking kingly power began to circulate. Popular applause is proverbially fickle. Robespierre soon found that he could not carry his measures in the Committee of Public Safety, and, disgusted and humiliated, he absented himself from the sittings. He attempted to check the effusion of blood, but was overruled by those even more pitiless than himself. He now determined to crush the committee. Political defeat was death. He must either send the committee to the scaffold or bow his own head beneath the knife. It was a death-struggle short and decisive. Pretended lists were circulated of the heads Robespierre demanded. Many in the Convention were appalled. Secret nightly councils were held to array a force against him. The mob of Paris he could command. Henriot, the chief of the military force, was entirely subservient to his will. He reigned supreme and without a rival in the Jacobin Club. His power was apparently resistless. But despair nerved his foes.

\* Thiers, vol. iii., p. 68, note from Quarterly Review.

Three very able men, accustomed to command—Tallien, Barras, and Fréron—headed the conspiracy against Robespierre. The party thus organized was called the *Thermidorien*, because it was in the month of Thermidor (July) that they achieved their signal victory, and, trampling upon the corpse of Robespierre and of his adherents, ascended to power. But nearly all these men, of all these parties, seem to have had no sense whatever of responsibility to God, or of Christianity as the rule of life. They had one and all rejected the Gospel of our Savior, and had accepted human philosophy alone as their guide. They were men, many of them, great in ability, illustrious in many virtues, sincerely loving their country, and too proud to allow themselves to be degraded by bribes or plunder. As the general on the battle-field will order movements which will cut down thousands of men, thus did these Revolutionists, without any scruples of conscience, send hundreds daily to the guillotine, not from love of blood, but because they believed that the public welfare demanded the sacrifice. And yet there was a cowardly spirit impelling these massacres. No one dared speak a word in behalf of mercy, lest he should be deemed in sympathy with aristocrats. He alone was safe from suspicion who was merciless in denunciation of the suspected. It is, however, remarkable that nearly all the actors in these scenes of blood, even in the hour of death, protested their conscientiousness and their integrity.

Robespierre was now involved in inextricable toils. He was weary of blood. The nation was becoming disgusted with such carnage.\* He was universally recognized as the leading mind in the government, and every act was deemed his act. His enemies in the Committee of Public Safety plied the guillotine with new vigor, knowing that the public responsibility would rest on Robespierre. Robespierre was strongly opposed to that reckless massacre, and yet dared not interfere to save the condemned. His own dearest friends were arrested and dragged to the guillotine, and yet Robespierre was compelled to be silent. Earnestly he was entreated to assume

\* Prudhomme, a Republican, who wrote during this period of excitement, has left six volumes of the details of the Reign of Terror. Two of these contain an alphabetical list of all the persons put to death by the Revolutionary Tribunals. He gives the following appalling statement of the victims:

Nobles .....	1,278	
Noble women.....	750	
Wives of laborers and artisans.....	1,467	
Nuns .....	350	
Priests .....	1,135	
Men not noble .....	13,623	
Total sent to the guillotine.....	18,603	18,603
Women who died of premature delivery .....	3,400	
Women who died in childbirth from grief.....	348	
Women killed in La Vendée .....	15,000	
Children killed in La Vendée.....	22,000	
Men slain in La Vendée .....	900,000	
Victims under Carrier at Nantes.....	32,000	
Victims at Lyons.....	31,000	
Total.....	1,022,351	

This list, appalling as it is, does not include those massacred in the prisons, or those shot at Toulon or Marseilles.



the dictatorship, and rescue France from its measureless woe. Apparently he could have done it with ease. He refused; persistently and reiteratedly refused. What were his motives none now can tell. Some say cowardice prevented him; others affirm that true devotion to the Republic forbade him. The fact alone remains; he refused the dictatorship, saying again and again, "No! no Cromwell; not even I myself."

Robespierre retired for some weeks from the Committee of Public Safety, while blood was flowing in torrents, and prepared a very elaborate discourse, to be delivered in the Convention, defending himself and assailing his foes.

On the morning of the 26th of July Robespierre appeared in the Convention, prepared to speak. His Jacobin friends, forewarned, crowded around him, and his partisans thronged the galleries. His foes were appalled, and trembled; but they rallied all their friends. It was a decisive hour, and life or death was suspended on its issues. The speech, which he read from a carefully-prepared manuscript, was long and exceedingly eloquent. His foes felt that they were crushed, and a silence as of death for a moment followed its delivery. The printing of the speech was then voted, apparently by acclamation, and the order for its transmission to all the Communes of the Republic.

The foes of Robespierre were now emboldened by despair. Their fate seemed sealed, and consequently there was nothing to be lost by any violent struggle in self-defense. Cambon ventured an attack, boldly declaring, "One single man paralyzes the National Convention, and that man is Robespierre." Others followed with more and more vigorous blows. Robespierre was amazed at the audacity. The charm of his invincibility was gone. It soon appeared that there was a strong party opposed to Robespierre, and by a large majority it was voted to revoke the resolution to print the speech.

Robespierre, mute with alarm, left the Convention, and hastened to his friends in the Club of Jacobins. He read to them the speech which the Convention had repudiated. They received it with thunders of applause and with vows of vengeance. Robespierre, fainting with exhaustion, said, in conclusion,

"Brothers, you have heard my last will and testament. I have seen to-day that the league of villains is so strong that I can not hope to escape them. I yield without a murmur! I leave to you my memory; it will be dear to you, and you will defend it."

Many were affected even to tears, and, crowding around him, conjured him to rally his friends in an insurrection. Henriot declared his readiness to march his troops against the Convention. Robespierre, knowing that death was the inevitable doom of the defeated party, consented, saying,

"Well, then, let us separate the wicked from the weak. Free the Convention from those who oppress it. Advance, and save the country. If in these generous efforts we fail, then, my friends, you shall see me drink hemlock calmly."

David, grasping his hand, enthusiastically exclaimed, "Robespierre, if you drink hemlock, I will drink it with you." "Yes," interrupted a mul-

titude of voices, "all! we all will perish with you. To die with you is to die with the people."

One or two of Robespierre's opponents had followed him from the Convention to the Hall of the Jacobins. Couthon pointed them out and denounced them. The Jacobins fell upon them and drove them out of the house wounded and with rent garments. With difficulty they escaped with their lives. Robespierre witnessed this violence, and dreading the effects of a general insurrection, withdrew his consent to adopt means so lawless and desperate. He probably felt that, strongly supported as he was, he would be able the next day to triumph in the Convention.

"At this refusal," says Lamartine, "honest, perhaps, but impolitic, Couthon, taking Payan by the arm and leading him out of the room, said,

" ' You see plainly that his virtue could not consent to insurrection. Well! since he will not be saved, let us prepare to defend ourselves and to avenge him.' "

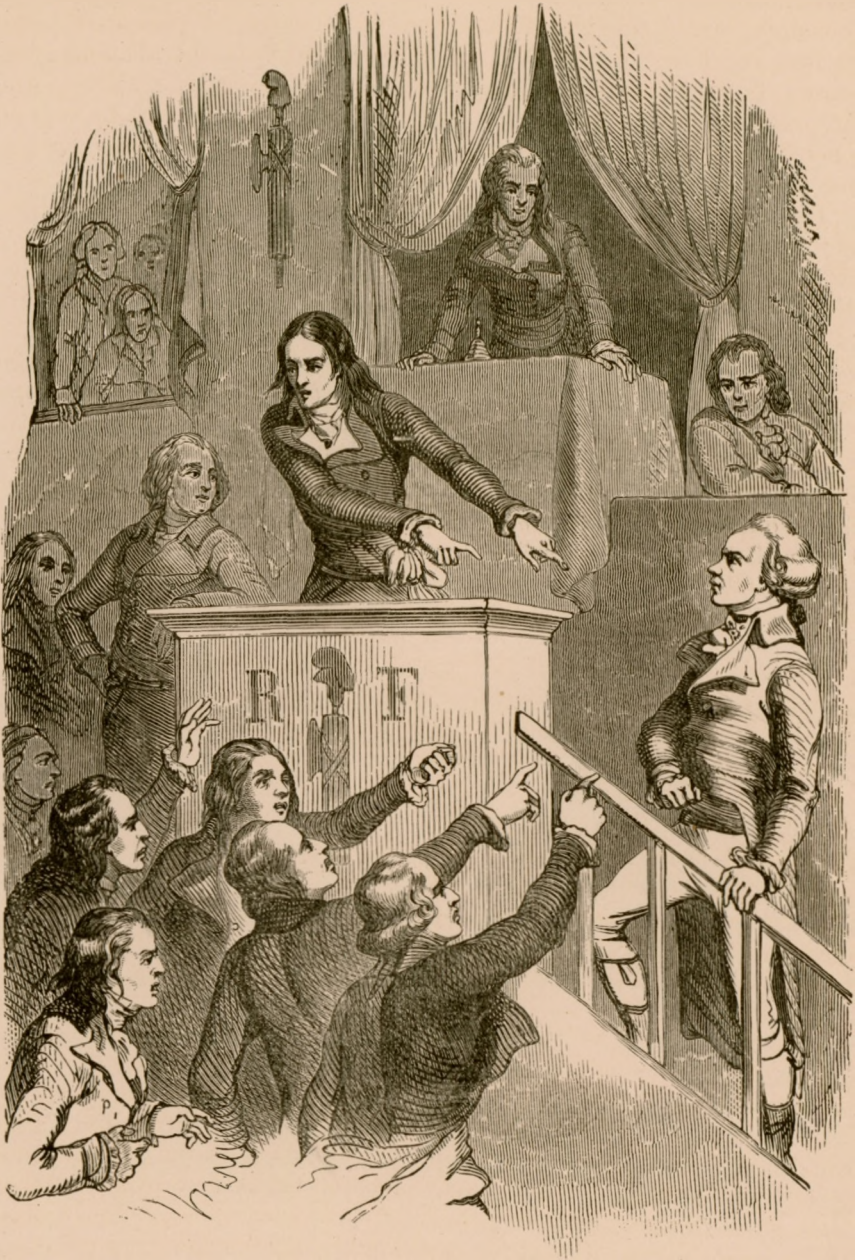
The night was passed by both parties in preparing for the decisive strife of the next day. The friends of Robespierre were active in concerting, in all the quarters of Paris, a rising of the people to storm the Convention. Tallien, Barras, Fréron, Fouché, slept not. They were informed of all that had passed at the Jacobins, and their emissaries brought them hourly intelligence through the night of the increasing tumult of the people. They made vigorous preparations for the debate within the walls and for the defense of the doors against the forest of pikes with which it was about to be assailed. Barras was intrusted with the military defense. It was resolved that Robespierre should be cried down and denounced by internal tumult and not permitted to speak. Each party, not knowing the strength of its opponents, was sanguine of success.

The morning of the 27th of July dawned, and as Robespierre entered the Convention, attired with unusual care, and with a smile of triumph upon his lips, silence and stillness reigned through the house. St. Just, in behalf of Robespierre, commenced the onset. A scene of tumult immediately ensued of which no adequate description can be given. Robespierre immediately saw that his friends were far outnumbered by his foes, and was in despair. Pale and excited, he attempted to ascend the tribune. Tallien seized by the coat and dragged him away, while cries of *Down with the tyrant* filled the house.\*

"Just now," shouted Tallien, taking the tribune from which he had ejected Robespierre, "I demanded that the curtain should be withdrawn; it is so; the conspirators are unmasked and liberty will triumph. Up to this moment I had preserved utter silence because I was aware that the tyrant had made a list of proscriptions. But I was present at the sitting of the Jacobins. I beheld the formation of the army of this second Cromwell, and I armed myself with this poniard, with which to pierce his heart if the National Convention had not the courage to order his arrest."

\* The full report of this terrible scene, as contained in the *Moniteur* of the 11th Thermidor, is one of the most exciting narratives in history. In the conflict Robespierre appears immeasurably superior to his opponents in dignity and argument. But he is overwhelmed and crushed by the general clamor. He struggles valiantly, and falls like a strong man armed.





ROBESPIERRE ATTEMPTING HIS DEFENSE.

With these words he drew a dagger and pointed it menacingly at the breast of Robespierre. At the same time he moved the arrest of Henriot and others of the leading men of that party. The motion was tumultuously carried. In vain Robespierre attempted to gain a hearing. Cries of "Down with the tyrant" filled the house, and menaces, reproaches, and insults were



heaped upon him without measure. The wretched man, overwhelmed by the clamor, turned pale with indignation, and shouted "President of assassins, will you hear me?" "No! no! no!" seemed to be the unanimous response. In the midst of the uproar Louchet moved the arrest of Robespierre. The proposition was received with thunders of applause.\* The brother of Robespierre, a young man of gentle, affectionate nature and many virtues, who was universally esteemed, now rose, and said,

"I am as guilty as my brother. I have shared his virtues, I wish to share his fate."

Robespierre instantly interposed, saying, "I accept my condemnation. I have deserved your hatred. But, crime or virtue, my brother is not guilty of that which you strike in me."

Shouts and stamping drowned his voice. As cries of *Vive la République* rose on all sides, Robespierre quietly folded his arms, and, with a contemptuous smile, exclaimed, "The Republic! it is destroyed; for scoundrels triumph." It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. The two Robespierres, Couthon, St. Just, and Lebus were led by *gens d'armes* from the Convention across the Place du Carrousel to the Hôtel de Brionne, where the Committee of General Safety were in session. A crowd followed the prisoners with derision and maledictions. As they entered the Carrousel a procession of carts, containing forty-five victims on their way to the guillotine, met them.

After a very brief examination Robespierre was sent to the Luxembourg. His confederates were distributed among the other prisons of Paris. The Mayor of Paris and Henriot were in the mean time active in endeavors to excite an insurrection to rescue the prisoners. The following proclamation was issued from the Hôtel de Ville :

"Brothers and friends! the country is in imminent danger! The wicked have mastered the Convention, where they hold in chains the virtuous Robespierre. To arms! to arms! Let us not lose the fruits of the 18th of August and the 2d of June."

Henriot, waving his sword, swore that he would drag the scoundrels who voted the arrest of Robespierre through the streets tied to the tail of his horse. This brutal man was now in such a state of intoxication as to be incapable of decisive action. Flourishing a pistol, he mounted his horse, and, with a small detachment of troops, galloped to the Luxembourg to rescue his friend. He was met on the way by the troops of the Convention, who had been ordered to arrest him. They seized him, dragged him from his horse, bound him with their belts, and threw him into a guard-house, almost dead-drunk. In the mean time the populace rescued all the prisoners, and carried them in triumph to the mayor's room at the Hôtel de Ville. Robespierre, however, notwithstanding the most earnest entreaties of the Jacobins and the municipal government, refused to encourage or to accept the insurrection, or to make escape from arrest. "Made prisoner," writes Lamar-

\* "In the height of the terrible conflict, when Robespierre seemed deprived by rage of the power of articulation, a voice cried out, '*It is Danton's blood that is choking you.*' Robespierre, indignant, recovered his voice and courage to exclaim, 'Danton! Is it, then, Danton you regret? Cowards! why did you not defend him?' There was spirit, truth, and even dignity in this bitter retort—the last words that Robespierre ever spoke in public."—*Quarterly Review*.

tine, "by command of his enemies, he resolved either to triumph or fall submissive to the law only; added to which, he firmly believed the Revolutionary Tribunal would acquit him of all laid to his charge; or, if not, and if even condemned to death, 'the death of one just man,' said he, 'is less hurtful to the Republic than the example of a revolt against the national representation.'"

News was brought to the Hôtel de Ville of the arrest of Henriot. Coffinhal, Vice-president of the Revolutionary Tribunal, immediately rallied the mob, rushed to the Tuileries, released Henriot, who was by this time somewhat sobered, and brought him back to the Hôtel de Ville. Henriot, exasperated by his arrest, placed himself at the head of his troops and marched with a battery against the Convention. At this stage of the affair no one could judge which party would be victorious. The city government, with the populace at its disposal, was on one side; the Convention, with its friends, on the other.\*

It was now seven o'clock in the evening, and the deputies of the Convention, fully conscious of their peril, seemed almost speechless with terror. Robespierre and his confederates were rescued and protected by the city government; the mob was aroused, and the National Guard, under their leader, Henriot, were marching against the Convention. The Revolutionary Tribunal, which alone could condemn Robespierre, it was feared would acquit him by acclamation. He would then be led back in triumph to the Convention, and his foes would be speedily dragged to the guillotine. The dismal tolling of the tocsin now was heard; in the Jacobin Club the oath was taken to live or die with Robespierre; the rallying masses were crowding in from the faubourgs; cannon were pointed against the Convention; and three thousand young students seized their arms and rendezvoused as a body-guard for Robespierre.

In this critical hour the Convention, nerved by despair, adopted those measures of boldness and energy which could alone save them from destruction. As they were deliberating, Henriot placed his artillery before their doors and ordered them to be blown open. The deputies remained firmly in their seats, saying, "Here is our post, and here we will die." The friends of the Convention, who crowded the galleries, rushed out and spread themselves through the streets to rally defenders for the laws. Several of the deputies also left the hall, threw themselves among the soldiers, and, remonstrating with them, pointed to Henriot, and said,

"Soldiers! look at that drunken man! who but a drunkard would ever point his arms against his country or its representatives? Will you, who have ever deserved so much from your country, cast shame and dishonor on her now?"

The Convention had outlawed Henriot and appointed Barras to the command of the National Guard in his place. The soldiers began to waver. Henriot, affrighted, put spurs to his horse and fled. Barras, an energetic man, was now in command, and the tide had thus suddenly and strongly

\* The state of the times is illustrated by the fact that Barrère is reported to have gone to the Convention with two speeches in his pocket, one assailing Robespierre and the other defending him. He knew not which party would triumph, and he was prepared to join the strongest.





DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE CONVENTION, HEADED BY HENRIOT.

turned in favor of the Convention. It was now night, and the gleam of ten thousand torches was reflected from the multitudes surging through the streets. Barras, on horseback, with a strong retinue, traversed the central quarters of Paris, rallying the citizens to the defense of the Convention. Eighteen hundred bold, well-armed men were soon marshaled before the doors. With two other bands he marched along parallel streets to the Place de Grève, where he drove off the disorderly crowd and secured all the ap-



proaches to the Hôtel de Ville. Robespierre was still in one of the rooms of the Hôtel de Ville, surrounded by his confederates and by the members of the city government. They implored him to authorize an insurrection, assuring him that his name would rally the populace and rescue them all from inevitable death. But Robespierre persistently refused, declaring that he would rather die than violate the laws established by the people.

A detachment of soldiers, sent by Barras, cautiously ascended the steps, and entered the *Salle de l'Égalité* to rearrest the rescued prisoners. As they were ascending the stairs Lebas discharged a pistol into his heart and fell dead. The younger Robespierre leaped from the window into the courtyard, breaking his leg by his fall. Coffinhal, enraged in contemplating the ruin into which the drunken imbecility of Henriot had involved them, seized him and threw him out of a window of the second story upon a pile of rubbish, exclaiming,

"Lie there, wretched drunkard! You are not worthy to die on a scaffold!"

Robespierre sat calmly at a table, awaiting his fate. One of the *gens d'armes* discharged a pistol at him. The ball entered his left cheek, fracturing his jaw and carrying away several of his teeth. His head dropped upon the table, deluging with blood the papers which were before him. The troops of the Convention now filled the Hôtel de Ville, arresting all its inmates. The day was just beginning to dawn as the long file of prisoners were led out into the Place de Grève to be conducted to the hall of the Convention.\*

First came Robespierre, borne by four men on a litter. His fractured jaw was bound up by a handkerchief, which was steeped in blood. Couthon was paralytic in his limbs. Unable to walk, he was also carried in the arms of several men. They had carelessly let him fall, and his clothes were torn, disarranged, and covered with mud. Robespierre the younger, stunned by his fall and with his broken limb hanging helplessly down, was conveyed insensible in the arms of two men. The corpse of Lebas was borne next in this sad train, covered with a table-cloth spotted with his blood. Then followed St. Just, bareheaded, with dejected countenance, his hands bound behind him. Upward of eighty members of the city government, bound two and two, completed the melancholy procession.

It was five o'clock in the morning when the captives were led to the Tuileries. In the mean time Légendre had marched to the assembly-room of the Jacobins, dispersed them, locked their doors, and brought the keys to the President of the Convention.†

Robespierre was laid upon a table in an anteroom, while an interminable crowd pressed in and around to catch a sight of the fallen dictator. The unhappy man was overwhelmed with reproaches and insults, and feigned death to escape this moral torture. The blood was freely flowing from his wound,

\* Though it has generally been represented that Robespierre attempted to commit suicide, the evidence now seems to be conclusive that he did not. See Lamartine's *History of the Girondists*, vol. iii., p. 527.

† Légendre, the butcher, was a deputy of the Convention. He was a man of extraordinary nerve, and had been one of the most furious members of the society of Jacobins.—*Biog. Universelle*.



ROBESPIERRE LYING WOUNDED ON THE TABLE OF THE CITY HALL.

coagulating in his mouth, and choking him as it trickled down his throat. The morning was intensely hot; not a breath of pure air could the wounded man inhale; insatiable thirst and a burning fever consumed him; and thus he remained for more than an hour, enduring the intensest pangs of bodily and mental anguish. By order of the Convention, he and his confederates were then removed to the Committee of General Safety for examination; from which tribunal they were sent to the Conciergerie, where they were all thrown into the same dungeon to await their trial, which was immediately to take place before the Revolutionary Tribunal.

A few hours of pain, anguish, and despair passed away, when at three o'clock in the afternoon the whole party were conveyed to that merciless court which was but the last stepping-stone to death. The trial lasted but a few moments. They were already condemned, and it was only necessary to prove their identity. The Convention was victorious, and no man of the Revolutionary Tribunal dared to resist its will. Had the Commune of Paris conquered in this strife, the obsequious Tribunal, with equal alacrity, would have consigned the Deputies to the guillotine.

At five o'clock the carts of the condemned received the prisoners.\* The long procession advanced through the Rue St. Honoré to the Place de la Révolution. The fickle crowd thronged the streets, heaping imprecations upon the man to whom they would have shouted hosanna had he been a victor. Robespierre, his brother, Couthon, Henriot, all mangled, bleeding,

\* There is some confusion respecting the dates of these events; but we follow the dates as given by Lamartine.



and with broken bones, were thrown into the first cart with the corpse of Lebas. As the cart jolted over the pavement shrieks of anguish were ex-



ROBESPIERRE AND HIS COMPANIONS LED TO EXECUTION.

torted from the victims. At six o'clock they reached the steps of the guillotine. Robespierre ascended the scaffold with a firm step; but, as the executioner brutally tore the bandage from his inflamed wound, he uttered a shriek of torture which pierced every ear. The dull sullen sound of the falling axe was heard, and the head of Robespierre fell ghastly into the basket. For a moment there was silence, and then the crowd raised a shout as if a great victory had been achieved and the long-sought blessings of the Revolution attained.\*

Thus died Robespierre, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. His character will probably ever remain a mystery. "His death was the date and not the cause of the cessation of terror. Deaths would have ceased by his triumphs, as they did by his death. Thus did Divine justice dishonor his repentance,

\* "Robespierre," said Napoleon, "was by no means the worst character who figured in the Revolution. He opposed trying the queen. He was not an atheist; on the contrary, he had publicly maintained the existence of a Supreme Being in opposition to many of his colleagues. Neither was he of opinion that it was necessary to exterminate all priests and nobles, like many others. Marat, for example, maintained that it was necessary that six hundred thousand heads should fall. Robespierre wanted to proclaim the king an outlaw, and not to go through the ridiculous mockery of trying him. Robespierre was a fanatic, a monster, but he was incorruptible, and incapable of robbing or causing the deaths of others either from personal enmity or a desire of enriching himself. He was an enthusiast, but one who really believed that he was acting right, and died not worth a sou. In some respects Robespierre may be said to have been an honest man."—*Napoleon at St. Helena*, p. 590.



and cast misfortune on his good intentions, making of his tomb a gulf filled up. It has made of his memory an enigma of which history trembles to pronounce the solution, fearing to do him injustice if she brand it as a crime, or to create horror if she should term it a virtue. This man was, and must ever remain, shadowy and undefined.”\*

Twenty-two were beheaded with Robespierre. The next day seventy who were arrested at the Hôtel de Ville were sent to the guillotine. The following day twelve more bled upon the scaffold. In three days one hundred and fourteen perished, untried, by that tyranny which had supplanted the tyranny of Robespierre.†

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### THE THERMIDORIANS AND THE JACOBINS.

The Reign of Committees.—The *Jeunesse Dorée*.—The Reaction.—Motion against Fouquier Tinville.—Apotheosis of Rousseau.—Battle of Fleurus.—Brutal Order of the Committee of Public Welfare.—Composition of the two Parties.—Speech of Billaud Varennes.—Speech of Légendre.—The Club-house of the Jacobins closed.—Victories of Pichegru.—Alliance between Holland and France.—Advance of Kleber.—Peace with Prussia.—Quiberon.—Riot in Lyons.

THE fall of Robespierre was hailed with general enthusiasm, for he was believed to be the chief instigator of that carnage which, in reality, at the time of his fall, he was struggling to repress. There were now in the Convention the headless remains of four parties, the Girondists, Hebertists, Dantonists, and Robespierrians. The able leaders of all these parties had, each in their turn, perished upon the scaffold. There now arose from these ruins a party, which was called, as we have before remarked, *Thermidorians*, from the month Thermidor (*July*), in which its supremacy commenced. A new government was immediately and noiselessly evolved, the result of necessity. The extreme concentration of power in the Committee of Public Safety, over

\* History of the Girondists, by Lamartine, vol. iii., p. 535.

† “Mirabeau, Marat, Brissot, Danton, Robespierre were all heads cut off in succession; and all succeeding heads were saved only by having recourse to one head and one arm in the Emperor Napoleon.”—*Life and Works of John Adams*, vol. vi., p. 547.

Though Mirabeau died a natural death, he would unquestionably have been guillotined had he lived a few months longer.

Meda, the officer of the Convention who arrested Robespierre and his associates at the Hôtel de Ville, thus describes the event: “The head of my column moved forward; a terrible noise ensued; my ten pieces of artillery were brought forward and ready; those opposed to me in like manner. I threw myself between the two lines. I flew to the cannoneers of the enemy. I spoke to them of their country; of the respect due to the national representation; in short, I do not well remember what I said, but the result was that they all came over to us. I instantly dismounted, seized my pistols, addressed myself to my grenadiers, and made for the stair-case of the Hôtel de Ville.” He describes the manner in which he forced his way up the stairs, broke open the door, and found about fifty people assembled in the room in great confusion. Robespierre was sitting at a table, his head leaning upon his hand. “I rushed upon him,” he continues, in his narrative, “presented my sabre to his breast, ‘Yield, traitor,’ I cried. ‘It is thou art the traitor,’ he replied, ‘and I will have thee shot.’ I instantly drew out one of my pistols, and fired at him. I aimed at his breast, but the ball hit him about the chin, and shattered all his left jaw. He fell from his chair. At the sound of the explosion his brother threw himself through the window. The uproar was immense. I cried ‘Vive la République!’”

which Robespierre had been supposed to rule as a dictator, was now succeeded by a dissemination of power, wide and ineffective. Sixteen committees became the executive of France; one Assembly its legislative power. These committees were composed of members numbering from twelve to fifty. The Committee of Public Welfare contained twelve, and superintended military and diplomatic operations; that of General Safety sixteen, and had the direction of the police; that of Finance forty-eight. Such was the new government, under which, after the fall of Robespierre, the Republic struggled along.

The horrors of the Reign of Terror were now producing a decided reaction. Many of the young men of Paris, who abhorred the past scenes of violence, organized themselves into a band called the *Jeunesse Dorée*, or Gilded Youth, and commenced vigorous opposition to the Jacobins. They wore a distinctive dress, and armed themselves with a short club loaded with lead. Frequent conflicts took place in the streets between the two parties, in which the *Jeunesse Dorée* were generally victorious. The Terrorists having become unpopular, and being in the decided minority, the guillotine was soon allowed to rest. Mercy rapidly succeeded cruelty. The captives who crowded the prisons of Paris were gradually liberated, and even the Revolutionary Tribunal was first modified and then abolished.

The reaction was so strong, annulling past decrees, liberating suspected Loyalists, and punishing violent Revolutionists, that even many of the true



APOTHEOSIS OF ROUSSEAU, OCTOBER 11, 1794.



friends of popular rights were alarmed lest the nation should drift back again under the sway of old feudal despotism. M. Fréron, in the following terms, moved, in the Convention, an act of accusation against the execrable Fouquier Tinville, who had been public accuser:

“I demand that the earth be at length delivered from that monster, and that Fouquier be sent to hell, there to wallow in the blood he has shed.”

The decree was passed by acclamation. In the space of eight or ten days after the fall of Robespierre, out of ten thousand suspected persons not one remained in the prisons of Paris.\* For many weeks nothing of moment occurred in the Convention but the petty strife of factions. On the 11th of October the remains of Rousseau were transferred to the Pantheon with all the accompaniments of funeral pageantry. They were deposited by the side of the remains of Voltaire. Upon his tomb were inscribed the words, “Here reposes the man of nature and of truth.”

About a month before the fall of Robespierre, on the 26th of June, the celebrated battle of Fleurus was fought. The sanguinary engagement extended along a semicircle nearly thirty miles in extent. The French had brought up about eighty thousand troops to oppose an equal number of the Allies. The French, under Pichegru, were victorious at every point, and the Allies were compelled to retreat. They rallied for a short time in the



BATTLE OF FLEURUS.

vicinity of Brussels, but were soon again compelled to retire, and all Belgium fell into the hands of the Republicans.

\* Lacretelle.



About the middle of July two armies of the French, amounting to one hundred and fifty thousand, effected a junction in the city of Brussels. The Committee of Public Safety had passed an inhuman decree that no quarter should be given to the English. The soldiers refused obedience to this decree. A sergeant, having taken some English prisoners, brought them to an officer.

"Why did you spare their lives?" the officer inquired.

"Because," the sergeant replied, "it was saving so many shots."

"True," rejoined the officer, "but the Representatives will oblige us to shoot them."

"It is not we," retorted the sergeant, "who will shoot them. Send them to the Representatives. If they are barbarous enough, why, let them kill and eat them if they like."\*

While the French armies were gaining these signal victories all along the Rhine, war was raging with almost equal ferocity in the ravines of the Alps and at the base of the Pyrenees, as the Republicans struggled to repel the invading hosts of Austria, England, and Spain.

The Thermidorians and the Jacobins were now the two great parties struggling for power all over France. The Thermidorians were the moderate conservative party, and the Jacobins called them Aristocrats. The Jacobins were the radical, progressive, revolutionary party, and the Thermidorians called them Terrorists. The more intelligent and reputable portion of the community were with the Thermidorians; the women, weary of turmoil and blood, were very generally with them; and the very efficient military band of young men called the *Jeunesse Dorée* (gilded youth), who belonged to the rich and middle classes, were very efficient supporters of this party, hurling defiance upon the Jacobins, and ever ready for a street fray with their clubs. The Jacobins were composed of the mob, generally headed by those vigorous, reckless, determined men who usually form what Thiers calls "the ferocious democracy." Fréron's journal, *The Orator of the People*, was the eloquent advocate of the Thermidorians, now rising rapidly to power, and it lanced incessant and merciless anathemas against the *revolutionary canaille*. The females who advocated Jacobinism were called the *furies of the guillotine*, because they had frequently formed circles around the scaffold, assailing the victims with ribald abuse. These two parties were so equally divided, and the strife was so fierce between them, that scenes of fearful uproar frequently took place not only in the Convention but throughout all France. The spirit of the Jacobins at this time may be seen in the following brief extract from a speech of Billaud Varennes:

"People talk," said he, "of shootings and drownings, but they do not recollect that the individuals for whom they feel pity had furnished succors to the banditti. They do not recollect the cruelties perpetrated on our volunteers, who were hanged upon trees and shot in files. If vengeance is demanded for the banditti, let the families of two hundred thousand Republicans, mercilessly slaughtered, come also to demand vengeance. The course of counter-revolutionists is known. When, in the time of the Constituent Assembly, they wanted to bring the Revolution to trial, they called the Jac-

\* Thiers, vol. iii., p. 84.

obins *disorganizers* and shot them in the Field of Mars. After the 2d of September, when they wanted to prevent the establishment of the Republic, they called them *quaffers of blood* and loaded them with atrocious calumnies. They are now recommencing the same machinations; but let them not expect to triumph. The Patriots have been able to keep silence for a moment, but the lion is not dead when he slumbers, and when he awakes he exterminates all his enemies. The trenches are open, the Patriots are about to rouse themselves and to resume all their energy. We have already risked our lives a thousand times. If the scaffold awaits us, let us recollect that it was the scaffold which covered the immortal Sidney with glory."

This speech, reported in the journal of the Jacobins, called the *Journal de la Montagne*, created great excitement, and gave rise to one of the stormiest debates in the Convention. The Jacobins were accused of wishing to direct the mob against the Convention. They, on the other hand, accused the Thermidorians of releasing well-known Royalists from prison, and of thus encouraging a counter-revolution. L  gendre, speaking in behalf of the Thermidorians, in reply to the Jacobins, said,

"What have you to complain of, you who are constantly accusing us? Is it because citizens are no longer sent to prison by hundreds? because the guillotine no longer dispatches fifty, sixty, or eighty persons per day? Ah! I must confess that in this point our pleasure differs from yours, and that our manner of sweeping the prisons is not the same. We have visited them ourselves; we have made, as far as it was possible to do so, a distinction between the Aristocrats and the Patriots; if we have done wrong, here are our heads to answer for it. But while we make reparation for crimes, while we are striving to make you forget that those crimes are your own, why do you go to a notorious society to denounce us, and to mislead the people who attend there, fortunately in no great numbers? I move that the Convention take measures to prevent its members from going and preaching up rebellion at the Jacobins'."

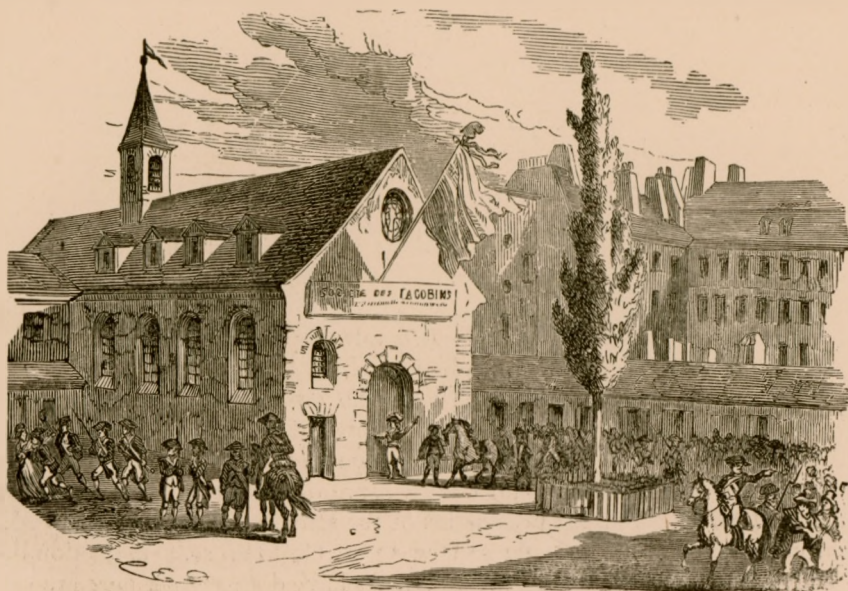
The conflict extended from the Convention into the streets, and for several days there were serious riots. Angry groups in hostile bands paraded the gardens of the Tuileries and the Palais Royal—the partisans of the Thermidorians shouting "*Down with the Terrorists and Robespierre's tail.*" Their opponents shouted "*The Jacobins forever! Down with the Aristocrats!*"

On the 9th of November there was a battle between the two parties in the Rue St. Honor  , in and around the hall of the Jacobins, which lasted for several hours. A number of the women, called Furies of the Guillotine, who mingled in the fray, were caught by the *Jeunesse Dor  e*, and, in defiance of all the rules of chivalry, had their clothes stripped from their backs and were ignominiously whipped. It was midnight before the disturbance was quelled. A stormy debate ensued next day in the Convention.

"Where has tyranny," said Rewbel, "been organized? At the Jacobins'. Where has it found its supporters and satellites? At the Jacobins'. Who have covered France with mourning, carried despair into families, filled the country with prisons, and rendered the Republic so odious that a slave, pressed down by the weight of his irons, would refuse to live under it? The Jacobins. Who regret the frightful government under which we have

lived? The Jacobins. If you have not now the courage to declare yourselves, you have no longer a Republic, because you have Jacobins."

Influenced by such sentiments, the Convention passed a decree "to close the door of places where factions arise and where civil war is preached."



THE CLUB-HOUSE OF THE JACOBINS CLOSED.

Thus terminated the long reign of the Jacobin Club. The act was greeted with acclaim by the general voice of France.\*

The French, who had twelve hundred thousand men under arms, were now in possession of all the important points on the Rhine, and every where held their assailants at bay.† The latter part of December, Pichegru, driving the allied Dutch, English, and Austrians before him, crossed the Meuse on the ice and entered Holland. The Republican party in Holland was numerous and detested their rulers. They immediately prepared to rise and welcome their friends, the French. In this desperate situation the Stadtholder implored a truce, offering as a condition of peace neutrality and indemnification for the expenses of the war.‡ Pichegru refused the truce; but sent the terms of peace for the consideration of the government in Paris. The proffered terms were refused, and Pichegru was ordered to press on and restore the Dutch Republic. At the head of two hundred thousand troops he spread, like a torrent, over all Holland. He was every where received with open arms and as a deliverer. The Allies, with the emigrants, fled in all directions, some by land and some by sea. A portion of the Dutch fleet, at anchor near the Texel, was frozen in by the unparalleled severity of the

\* "This popular body had powerfully served the Revolution when, in order to repel Europe, it was necessary to place the government in the multitude, and to give the Republic all the energy of defense; but now it only obstructed the new order of things."—*Mignet*, 282.

† "At one time France had seventeen hundred thousand fighters on foot."—*Toulongeon*, vol. iii., p. 194.

‡ Thiers, vol. iii., p. 186.



winter. A squadron of horse-artillery galloped across the ice and summoned it to surrender. The fleet was compelled to strike its flags to these novel assailants. On the 20th of January, 1795, Pichegru entered Amsterdam in triumph. The inhabitants crowded from the walls to meet him, shouting "*The French Republic forever! Liberty forever!*"



THE FRENCH ENTERING AMSTERDAM ON THE ICE.

Holland, organizing as the Republic of the United Provinces, on the 16th of May entered into an alliance offensive and defensive with the French Republic, to be perpetual during the continuance of the war. The two infant republics needed mutual support to resist the combined monarchies of England and the Continent.\*

While Pichegru was gaining such victories on the Lower Rhine and in Holland, Kleber was also, on the Upper Rhine, driving the Austrians before him. He boldly crossed the river in the impetuous pursuit, and carried the horrors of war into the enemies' country. Soon, however, he was crowded with such numbers of antagonists that he was compelled, in his turn, to commence a retreat. Again, re-enforcements arriving, he assumed the offensive. Thus the tide of war ebbed and flowed.

Prussia, alarmed by these signal victories of the Republican troops, and threatened with invasion, was anxious to withdraw from the coalition. The

\* "The first act of the Representatives was to publish a proclamation, in which they declared that they would respect all private property, excepting, however, that of the Stadtholder; that the latter, being the only foe of the French Republic, his property belonged to the conquerors as an indemnification for the expenses of the war; that the French entered as friends of the Batavian nation, not to impose upon it any religion or any form of government whatever, but to deliver it from its oppressors, and to confer upon it the means of expressing its wishes. This proclamation, followed up by corresponding acts, produced a most favorable impression."—*Thiers*, vol. iii., p. 184.



THE FRENCH CROSSING THE RHINE UNDER KLEBER.

king sent a commissioner to Pichegru's head-quarters to propose peace. The commissioners from the two countries met at Basle, and on the 5th of April a treaty of peace was signed. The French agreed to evacuate the Prussian provinces they had occupied on the right bank of the Rhine, and the Prussian monarchy agreed that there should be peace, amity, and a good understanding between the King of Prussia and the French Republic.

Spain, also, trembling in view of the triumphant march of Dugommier through the defiles of the Pyrenees, made proposals of accommodation, promising to acknowledge the Republic and to pay indemnities for the war. Peace with the Peninsula was signed at Basle on the 12th of July. This peace, which detached a Bourbon from the coalition, was hailed throughout France with transports of joy.\*

England, Austria, and Naples still remained firm in their determination to crush the Republic. William Pitt led the ministry with his warlike measures, and triumphed over the peaceful policy of Sheridan and Fox. He thus, for a quarter of a century, converted all Europe into a field of blood. Roused by the energies of Pitt, the English government organized a very formidable expedition, to be landed in La Vendée, to rouse and rally the Royalists all over France, and thus to reinvigorate the energies of civil war. A squadron was fitted out, consisting of three 74-gun ships, two frigates of 44 guns, four frigates of 30 to 36 guns, and several gun-boats and

\* "Tuscany, forced, in spite of herself, to give up her neutrality by the English ambassador, who, threatening her with an English squadron, had allowed her but twelve hours to decide, was impatient to resume her part, especially since the French were at the gates of Genoa. Good understanding and friendship were re-established between the two states."—*Thiers*, vol. iii., p. 230.





VICTORY OF QUIBERON.

transports. This was the first division, which, as soon as it was established in France, was to be followed by another. The fleet came to anchor in the Bay of Quiberon on the 25th of June. A motley mass of about seven thousand men were speedily landed; the Royalists soon joined them, making an army of some thirteen thousand. General Hoche, who had for some time been valiantly and most humanely struggling for the pacification of



MASSACRE IN LYONS LED BY THE PRIESTS.



La Vendée, marched to repel them. A few bloody battles ensued, in which the unhappy invaders were driven into a narrow peninsula, where, by a midnight assault, they most miserably perished. A few only escaped to the ships; many were drowned, and a large number were mercilessly put to the sword. The Convention had decreed the penalty of death to any Frenchman who should enter France with arms in his hands.

At Lyons there was a general rising of the Royalists and the reactionary party against the Revolutionists. The Royalists proved themselves not one whit behind the Jacobins in the energy with which they could push their Reign of Terror. Led by the priests, the Royalist mob broke into the prisons and murdered seventy or eighty prisoners who were accused of revolutionary violence. One prison was set on fire, and all its inmates perished miserably in the flames.

The disturbances in Lyons were soon quelled, and Hoche, having annihilated the force which the English had landed in the Bay of Quiberon, gradually succeeded in introducing tranquillity into La Vendée. Many of the Royalists came to his camp to seek terms of reconciliation with the Republic.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### DISSOLUTION OF THE CONVENTION.

*Famine in Paris.—Strife between the Jeunesse Dorée and the Jacobins.—Riots.—Scene in the Convention.—War with the Allies.—A new Constitution.—Insurrection of the Sections.—Energy of General Bonaparte.—Discomfiture of the Sections.—Narrative of the Duchess of Abrantes.—Clemency of the Convention.—Its final Acts and Dissolution, and Establishment of the Directory.*

LET us return to Paris. The unprecedented severity of the winter had caused fearful suffering among the populace of Paris. The troubled times had broken up all the ordinary employments of peace. The war, which had enrolled a million and a half of men under arms, had left the fields uncultivated and deserted. A cruel famine wasted both city and country. The Jacobins, who, though their clubs were closed, still met at the corners of the streets and in the coffee-houses, took advantage of this public misery to turn popular indignation against the victorious Thermidorians. Tumults were again renewed, and hostile partisans met in angry conflicts. The young men of the two parties had frequent encounters in the pits of the theatres, bidding each other defiance, and often proceeding to blows.

At the Théâtre Feydeau, as in many other places, there was a bust of Marat, who was still idolized by the Jacobins. The young men of the Jeunesse Dorée, in expression of their detestation of Marat, and as an insult to the Jacobins, climbed the balcony, threw down the bust, and with shouts of execration dragged it through the mire of the streets.

The Jacobins, exasperated, swore to avenge the insult. Strongly armed, they paraded the streets, carrying a bust of Marat in triumph, and swearing bloody vengeance upon any who might attempt to disturb their march. The firmness of the Convention alone averted a sanguinary conflict. The public



THE JEUNESSE DORÉE THROWING THE BUST OF MARAT INTO THE GUTTER.

distress, intense and almost universal, embarrassed and overwhelmed the Convention with the most difficult questions in the endeavor to afford relief. On the 15th of March the supply of food in Paris was so small that it was deemed necessary to put the inhabitants upon rations, each individual being allowed but one pound of bread per day. Agitation and tumults were now rapidly increasing, and there were daily riots. The Convention was continually be-



sieged and insulted by haggard multitudes with petitions which assumed the tone of fiercest threats. Scenes of confusion ensued which bade defiance to all law, and which there was no authority to repress.

On the 20th of May there was one of the most fearful tumults which the Revolution had yet witnessed. At five in the morning the *générale* was beating in the public squares and the tocsin ringing in the faubourgs. The populace were rapidly mustering for any deeds of violence to which their leaders might conduct them. At eleven o'clock the Convention commenced its sitting. One of the members brought in a plan, which he had secretly obtained, of a very efficiently-organized insurrection. A crowd, mostly of women, filled the galleries. As the plan was read, which appalled the deputies, the galleries vociferously applauded. The Convention passed a few harmless decrees, such as, 1st, that the city government was responsible for any attack upon the Convention; 2d, that all the citizens were bound to receive orders from the Convention; and 3d, that there should be no insurrection. These decrees but provoked the derision of the galleries. The tumult now became so great, the women shouting "Bread!" and shaking their fists at the president and the deputies, that all business was at a stand, and not a word of debate could be heard.

At length, some soldiers were sent into the galleries with bayonets, and the women were driven into the streets. They soon, however, returned, aided by their friends. They battered down all the doors and broke in and filled the hall with an armed, shouting, brutal mob. Some of the citizens rallied for the defense of the Convention, and a fierce battle raged within the hall and around the doors. Pistols and muskets were discharged, swords clashed, bayonet crossed bayonet, while yells and shrieks and imprecations deafened the ear. Drunken women strode over the benches and clambered to the president's chair. A young deputy, Feraud, was stabbed, then shot; his head was cut off, and, pierced by a pike, was thrust into the face of the president, Boissy d'Anglas, who most heroically maintained his post and his composure through all these perilous scenes. For six hours the tumult raged unabated. It was now seven o'clock in the evening, and the mob drove all the deputies, like a flock of sheep, into the centre of the hall, surrounded them with bristling bayonets and pikes, and ordered them to issue decrees for the relief of the people. At length, near midnight, a detachment of the National Guard arrived, dispersed the crowd around the palace, and, entering the hall with fixed bayonets, scattered the rioters. Tranquillity being restored, one of the members rose and said,

"It is then true that this Assembly, the cradle of the Republic, has once more well nigh been its tomb. Fortunately, the crime of the conspirators is prevented. But, Representatives, you would not be worthy of the nation if you were not to avenge it in a signal manner."

The rest of the night was passed in devising schemes to crush the Jacobin power which had organized this insurrection. The Duchess of Abrantes, who was then in Paris, thus alludes to these events: "While the most frightful scenes," she writes, "were passing in the Convention, the respectable inhabitants of Paris shut themselves up in their houses, concealed their valuables, and awaited, with fearful anxiety, the result. Toward evening



SCENE IN THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

my brother, whom we had not seen during the day, came home to get something to eat; he was almost famished, not having tasted food since the morning. Disorder still raged, and we heard the most frightful noise in the streets, mingled with the beating of drums. My brother had scarcely finished his hasty repast when General Bonaparte arrived to make a similar claim upon our hospitality. He also had tasted nothing since the morning, for all the restaurateurs were closed. He soon dispatched what my brother had left, and as he was eating he told us the news of the day. It was most ap-



palling; my brother had informed us but of part. He did not know of the assassination of the unfortunate Feraud, whose body had been cut almost piecemeal. 'They took his head,' said Bonaparte, 'and presented it to poor Boissy d'Anglas, and the shock of this fiend-like act was almost death to the president in his chair. Truly,' added he, 'if we continue thus to sully our Revolution, it will be a disgrace to be a Frenchman.'"\*

Alarmed by the advance of anarchy, the Convention immediately instituted proceedings against several prominent Jacobin members, who were known to be ringleaders of the insurrection. They were arrested and consigned to imprisonment in the Castle of Ham. Paris was declared to be in a state of siege, and Pichegru, then in the full lustre of his glory, was appointed commander of the armed force. The carriages which conveyed the arrested deputies to the Castle of Ham had to pass through the Elysian Fields. The Jacobins assembled in strong numbers and endeavored to rescue them. The energy of Pichegru repelled the attempt. A fight ensued, with cannon and small arms, in which several lives were lost.

While these melancholy scenes were transpiring in Paris, the combined fleets and armies of England, Austria, and Naples were fiercely assailing the Republic at every vulnerable point. England, being undisputed mistress of the sea, had nothing to fear from the conflagration which she was kindling all over Europe. To stimulate impoverished Austria to the war, the British government loaned her \$23,000,000 (£4,600,000). She augmented her own naval force to a hundred thousand seamen, put into commission one hundred and eight ships of the line, and raised her land forces to one hundred and fifty thousand men.†

The question to be decided was, whether France had a right to abolish monarchy and establish a republic. It is in vain for the Allies to say that they were contending against the outrages which existed in France, for their hostile movements preceded these scenes of carnage, and were the efficient cause of nearly all the calamities that ensued. And, deplorable as was the condition of France during the Reign of Terror, even that reign was far more endurable by the masses of the people than the domination of the old feudal despotism.

Carlyle makes the following appalling statement, the truth of which will not be denied by any careful student of the Old Régime:

"History, looking back over this France through long times—back to Turgot's time, for instance, when dumb Drudgery staggered up to its king's palace, and, in wide expanse of sallow faces, squalor, and winged raggedness, presented hieroglyphically its petition of grievances, and, for answer, got hanged on a new gallows forty feet high—confesses mournfully *"that there is no period in which the general twenty-five millions of France suffered less than in this period which they named the Reign of Terror!"*

"But it was not the dumb millions that suffered here; it was the speaking thousands, and hundreds, and units, who shrieked and published, and made the world ring with their wail, as they could and should; that is the grand peculiarity. The frightfullest births of time are never the loud-

\* Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantes, p. 90.

† Thiers, vol. iii., p. 242. New Annual Register.

speaking ones, for these soon die; they are the silent ones, which live from century to century.”\*

The Royalist emigrants, taking advantage of the clemency of the Thermidorians, began now to return to France in great numbers, and were very active every where in trying to promote a counter-revolution, and in forming conspiracies to overthrow the Republic and re-establish the Bourbons. They were supplied with immense sums of money to expend as bribes.

A new Constitution was formed to meet the new emergencies of the country. Instead of one General Assembly, they had two legislative bodies. The Senate, called the *Council of the Ancients*, consisted of two hundred and fifty members, of at least forty years of age, and all were to be either widowers or married; one third to be renewed every year. The lower house, called the *Council of the Five Hundred*, was to be composed of members of at least thirty years of age, to be renewed also annually by one third. Instead of an executive of sixteen committees, *five Directors* were intrusted with the executive power, to be renewed annually by one fifth. Thus organized, the ship of state was again launched upon its stormy voyage, to encounter tempests without and mutiny within. This Constitution was the work of the moderate Republican party, and restored the ascendancy of the middle class. As such it was obnoxious to the Jacobins.† France was now so rent by hostile parties that no Constitution could long stand.

The old Constituent Assembly had, by a decree which was intended to be very patriotic and self-denying, excluded itself from the Legislative Assembly which was to succeed it. This act, however, proved to be injudicious and disastrous. The Legislative Assembly, wishing to secure a majority friendly to moderate Republicanism in the two bodies to be elected under the new Constitution, decreed that two thirds of their own members should be elected to the two new legislative bodies. This decree, which was accepted with great unanimity by France as a whole, was exceedingly obnoxious to the Royalists and to the Jacobins of Paris, both of whom hoped to obtain a majority under the new Constitution. These two extremes now joined hands, and, as usual, appealed for support to insurrection and the terrors of the mob. There was no excuse for this violence, for the *Constitution* was accepted almost unanimously by France, and the *decrees* by an immense majority. It was in Paris alone that there was any opposition, and even there the opposition was only to the *decrees*. Still, Royalists and Jacobins united to crush the will of the nation by a Parisian mob.

Paris was divided in forty-eight electoral sections or wards. The section of Lepelletier was the focus of the gathering storm. The tocsin was rung, drums beat, and armed bands collected. The Convention sent General Menou, a kind-hearted man, to surround this section and disarm it. Overawed by the high rank of the leaders, Menou parleyed with them, and, at length, alarmed by their numbers, their strength, and their determination, by a sort of capitulation disgracefully retreated.

\* Carlyle's History of the French Revolution, vol. ii., p. 460.

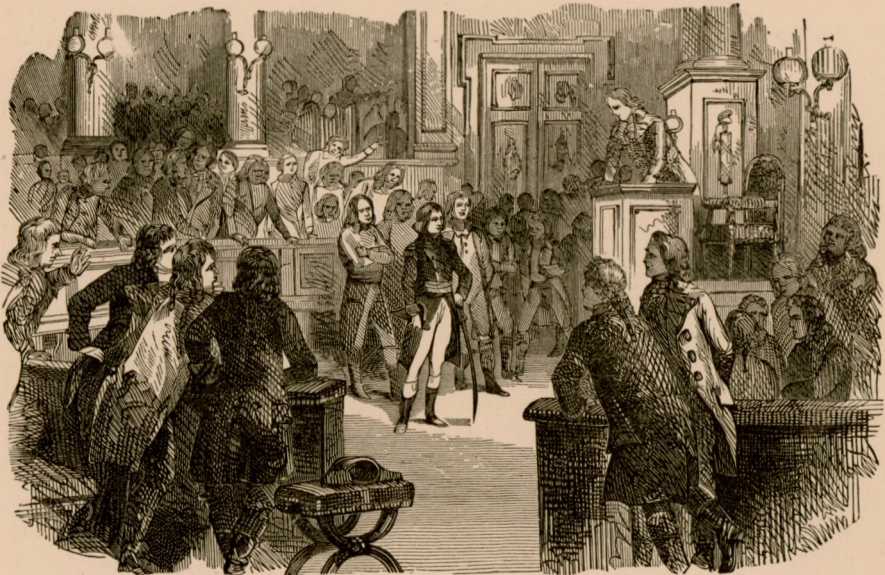
† “This Constitution was the best, the wisest, the most liberal, and the most provident that had as yet been established or projected; it contained the result of six years' revolutionary and legislative experience.”—*Mignet*, p. 301.



Napoleon Bonaparte was then in Paris, out of employment, and was that evening at the Théâtre Feydeau. Some friends came and informed him of the scenes which were transpiring. He immediately left the theatre and hastened to the gallery of the Assembly, to witness the effect which would be produced upon that body by the tidings of the retreat of Menou.\*

He found the Assembly in great commotion. Some one had moved the arrest of Menou, and his trial for treason. It was a scene of tumult and alarm, many speaking at once. Barras, who had acquired some reputation for intrepidity and energy, was appointed as chief of the forces in the place of Menou. Barras, who was well acquainted with the energetic character of Napoleon, and who probably saw him in the gallery, immediately requested that General Bonaparte should be appointed as his second in command. Barras knew his man, and was willing to surrender to the young brigadier-general the entire superintendence of the military arrangements to quell the revolt.

The Convention had five thousand troops at its command. The sections now, with clamor and tumult, were marching upon them with forty-five thousand. Barras was a man of commanding stature and of powerful frame. Napoleon, though he had acquired at Toulon a high reputation in the army, was but little known in Paris. When Barras introduced to the Convention the young general, a small, slender, pale-faced, smooth-cheeked youth, who seemed to be not more than eighteen years of age, all were surprised.



NAPOLEON BEFORE THE CONVENTION.

"Are you willing," inquired the president, "to undertake the defense of the Convention?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

\* Las Casas.

The president hesitated, and then continued, "But are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?"

Napoleon fixed that eagle eye upon him which few could meet without quailing, and replied, "Perfectly; and I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake. But one condition is indispensable. I must have the unlimited command, entirely untrammelled by any orders from the Convention."

There was no time for debate; and even the most stupid could see that in such an hour the public safety could only be secured by the prompt, concentrated action of a single mind, sufficiently powerful to meet the emergency. The characteristic traits of Napoleon's character were perhaps never more conspicuously displayed than on this occasion—his self-reliance, his skill in the choice of agents, his careful preparation against the possibility of defeat, and his fortitude in doing whatever might be necessary for the accomplishment of his plans.

Not a moment was lost. At Sablons, a few miles from Paris, there was a park of forty pieces of artillery. Napoleon dispatched a young soldier, whom he well knew, of most chivalrous daring and impetuosity, Joachim Murat, to secure the guns. At the head of three hundred horse he was almost instantly on the gallop, and arrived at Sablons just in time to rescue the artillery from a smaller band of the insurrectionists, who had also been dispatched to secure it. The guns were brought to the Tuileries. They were promptly ranged to sweep all the avenues leading to the Tuileries. The cavalry and a part of the infantry were placed in reserve in the garden of the palace and in the Carrousel. The Convention awoke fully to a sense of its danger and to the energy of its commander when soldiers brought eight hundred muskets into the hall, with which the deputies were to arm themselves and advance to battle if necessary. Detachments of troops were dispatched to seize by surprise all the provisions and ammunition in Paris, and convey them to a safe dépôt in the Tuileries. A hospital for the wounded was established in the palace, provided with necessaries for every emergency. The troops of all kinds at Napoleon's disposal, variously estimated at from five to eight thousand, were strongly posted in the leading streets, at the bridges, in the Place Vendôme, and in the Place de la Révolution. A strong detachment was sent to occupy the heights of Meudon, Napoleon intending to retreat there, with the Convention, in case of defeat. One section in Paris had voted with the immense majority of the nation for the decrees. Chests of arms were sent to that section to arm the voters in defense of the laws. A detachment was sent to the road to St. Germain, to intercept any cannon from being brought from that direction.

All this was accomplished in one short night, the 4th of October, Napoleon seeming to infuse his own energy into every one around him. In the mean time the sections, though by no means aware of the spirit they were doomed to encounter, were not idle. They had organized a kind of insurrectionary government, outlawed the committees of the Convention, and had established a tribunal to punish those who should resist its sovereignty. Several energetic generals, Jacobins, and also Royalists, creeping from their retreats, offered their services to lead the attack upon the Convention. Gen-



eral Danican, a Royalist, who had been a general of brigade in the civil war which had desolated La Vendée, was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces of the insurrection. He had the National Guard, forty thousand strong, well armed, officered, and disciplined, under his command. The morning of the 5th dawned.

The alarm-bells were now ringing and the *générale* beating. The armed hosts of the sections were mustering at their appointed rendezvous and preparing to march upon the Convention. The members, in their seats, in silence and awe awaited the assault, upon the issue of which their lives were suspended. Napoleon, pale, solemn, and perfectly calm, was waiting, resolved that the responsibility of the first blow should fall upon his assailants, and that he would take the responsibility of the second.

Soon the enemy were seen advancing from every direction, in masses which filled the narrow streets of the city. With music and banners they marched to attack the besieged on every side, confident, from their numbers, of an easy victory. They did not believe that the few and feeble troops of the Convention would dare to resist the populace of Paris, but cherished the delusion that a few shots from their own side would put all opposition to flight. Thus unhesitatingly they came within sweep of the grapeshot with which Napoleon had charged his guns. The troops of the Convention stood firm. The insurgents opened a volley of bullets upon them. It was the signal for an instantaneous discharge, direct, sanguinary, merciless, from every battery. A storm of grape swept the streets. The columns of the assailants wavered, turned, fled, and still the storm pursued them. One of the strongest battalions of the insurgents had posted itself on the steps of the Church of Saint Roche, where it occupied a commanding position for firing upon the gunners of the Convention. Napoleon directed his artillery to advance upon them by the cul de sac Dauphin, and immediately threw into their crowded ranks a storm of grapeshot. The insurgents fought manfully for a time, but were soon compelled to retreat, leaving the steps of the church covered with the slain. As they fled, Napoleon pushed his artillery up the street, and, wheeling to the right and the left, swept the whole length of the Rue St. Honoré. In two hours the victory was achieved, forty thousand men were vanquished by five thousand, the streets were cleared, and Napoleon returned in calm triumph to the Tuileries.\*

It is interesting to catch a glimpse of Napoleon in his domestic life at this time. The Duchess of Abrantes writes, "My parents arrived in Paris on the 4th of September. Two days after my father was very ill. Bonaparte, apprised by my brother, came immediately to see us. He appeared to be affected by the state of my father, who, though in great pain, insisted on seeing him. He came every day, and in the morning he sent or called himself to inquire how he had passed the night. I can not recollect his conduct at that period without sincere gratitude.

\* There is no exaggeration in the following account of the condition of France at this time: "Since France had become Republican every species of evil had accumulated upon its devoted head. Famine, a total cessation of commerce, civil war, attended by its usual accompaniments—conflagration, robbery, pillage, and murder. Justice was interrupted; the sword of the law wielded by iniquity; property spoliated; confiscation rendered the order of the day; the scaffold permanently erected; calumnious denunciations held in the highest estimation. Nothing was wanting to the general desolation."—*Hist. de la Conv.*, vol. ii., p. 215, 216.



THE SECTIONS AT SAINT ROCHE.

“He informed us that Paris was in such a state as must necessarily lead to a convulsion. The sections were in, if not open, at least almost avowed insurrection. The section Lepelletier, which was ours, was the most turbulent, and, in fact, the most to be dreaded. Its orators did not scruple to deliver the most incendiary speeches. They asserted that the power of the assembled people was above the laws. ‘Matters are getting from bad to worse,’ said Bonaparte; ‘the counter-revolution will shortly break forth, and it will, at the same time, become the source of disasters.’



"As I have said, he came every day; he dined with us and passed the evening in the drawing-room, talking in a low tone beside the easy-chair of my mother, who, worn out with fatigue, dozed for a few moments to recruit her strength, for she never quitted my father's pillow. I recollect that, one evening, my father being very ill, my mother was weeping and in great tribulation. It was ten o'clock. At that time it was impossible to induce any of the servants of the hotel to go out after nine. Bonaparte said nothing. He ran down stairs and posted away to Duchannais, whom he brought back with him in spite of his objections. The weather was dreadful; the rain poured in torrents. Bonaparte had not been able to meet with a hackney coach to go to M. Duchannais; he was wet through. Yes, indeed, at that period Bonaparte had a heart susceptible of attachment.

"Meanwhile we became more and more alarmed every day by the dangers which manifested themselves around us. Paris rung with the tumult of the factions, each of which drew the sword and hoisted its standard. Against the Convention, then the only real authority, were arrayed the sections, which for some days past again declared war against it. Paris resembled a garrison town. At night we heard the sentries calling to and answering one another, as in a besieged town. The strictest search was made for arms and ammunition.

"For some years my mother had been subject to nervous paroxysms. At such times she disliked to have any body about her. On reaching the drawing-room I found her all in tears and in one of the most violent spasms. General Bonaparte was with her, endeavoring to soothe her. He told me that on his arrival he found her on the point of attacking the adjunct of the section to prevent his entering my father's chamber. 'I should be glad to spare your mother such scenes,' said he; 'I have not much influence, nevertheless I will go myself to the section. I will see the president if possible and settle the business at once. Paris is all on fire, especially since this morning. It is necessary to be very cautious in every thing one does and in all one says. Your brother must not go out any more. Attend to all this, for your mother is in a sad state.'

"This was a dreadful night for my father. The next morning the *générale* was beat. The streets were already very unsafe, though people were still passing to and fro in Paris, as though they were not going to cut one another's throats a few hours afterward. The tumult became very great at dusk; the theatres were nevertheless open. Indeed, we are a nation of lunatics!

"On the morning of the 12th Vendémiaire (October 4) Bonaparte, who had called according to custom, appeared to be lost in thought. He went out, came back, went out again, and again returned when we were at our dessert. 'I breakfasted very late,' said he, 'at Bourrienne's. They talked politics there till I was quite tired of the subject. I will try to learn the news, and if I have any thing interesting I will come and tell you.'

"We did not see him again. The night was tumultuous, especially in our section. The whole Rue de la Loi was bristling with bayonets. Barri-  
cades were already set up in our streets. On the morning of the 13th (October 5) my father was very ill. For some hours we flattered ourselves that

matters would be adjusted between the Convention and the rebels; but about half past four the firing of the cannon began. The effect on my poor father was terrible. He gave a piercing shriek, calling for assistance, and was seized with the most violent delirium. All the scenes of the Revolution passed in review before him, and every discharge that he heard was a blow struck at him personally. What a day! what an evening! what a night! Every pane of glass was broken in pieces. Toward evening the section fell back upon us. The fighting was continued almost under our window, but when it had come to St. Roche we imagined that the house was tumbling about our ears.

"My father was in the agonies of death; he shouted, he wept. Never, no, never, shall I suffer what I did during that terrible night. Next day tranquillity was restored, we were told, in Paris. I can scarcely give any account of the 14th. Toward evening Bonaparte came for a moment; he found me dissolved in tears. When he learned the cause his cheerful and open countenance suddenly changed. My mother entered at that moment. She knew no more than I how important a part Bonaparte had played on that great day. 'Oh!' said my mother, 'they have killed my husband. You, Napoleon, can feel for my distress. Do you recollect that on the first Prairial, when you came to sup with me, you told me that you had just prevented Barras from bombarding Paris? Do you recollect it? For my part I have not forgotten it.'

"Many persons have alleged that Napoleon always regretted that day. Be that as it may, he was always exceedingly kind to my mother in these moments of affliction, though himself in circumstances that could not but outweigh all other interests. He was like a son—like a brother."\*

The Convention treated the insurrectionists, who had thus been so severely punished, with the utmost clemency.† Napoleon received the thanks of the Convention and a brilliant reception. The Convention united Belgium with France; decreed that the punishment of death should be abolished as soon as a general peace with Europe could be effected; changed the name of the Place of the Revolution to the Place of Concord; pronounced an amnesty for all acts connected with the Revolution, excepting one person implicated in the last revolt; and then, on the 26th of October, 1795, the President of the Convention pronounced these words,

"The National Convention declares that its mission is accomplished, and its session is closed."

With one united shout—*The Republic forever!*—the deputies left the hall and dispersed to their homes.

To the States-General fell the task, after a terrific struggle with king and nobles, to create the Constituent Assembly, a great national congress, whose function it was to moderate the despotism of the throne by conferring upon

\* *Memoirs of the Duchesse d'Abrantes*, p. 118.

† "After this memorable conflict, when Bonaparte had been publicly received with enthusiasm by the Convention, who declared that he and Barras deserved well of their country, a great change took place in him, and the change in regard to attention to his person was not the least remarkable. He now never went out but in a handsome carriage, and he lived in a very respectable house, Rue des Capucines. In short, he had become an important, a necessary personage, and all without noise, as if by magic."—*Duchess of Abrantes*.



a nation of twenty-five millions of people, after ages of oppression, constitutional liberty. The Constituent Assembly, which succeeded the States-General, abolished those old institutions of feudal servitude which had become utterly unendurable, and established a constitutional monarchy, taking as a model, in the main, the British Constitution. The Legislative Assembly then took the place of the Constituent, to enact laws in harmony with this Constitution. It soon, however, found that the king was in league with despotic Europe to overthrow constitutional liberty and restore the old despotism. It consequently suspended the king, and the Constitution with which his power was inseparably interwoven, and dissolved itself.\* The National Convention, which succeeded, commenced its deliberations on the 21st of September, 1792.

"The Convention," says Thiers, "found a dethroned king, an annulled Constitution, an administration entirely destroyed, a paper money discredited, old skeletons of regiments worn out and empty. Thus it was not liberty that it had to proclaim in presence of an enfeebled and despised throne, it was liberty that it had to defend against all Europe—a very difficult task. Without being for a moment daunted, it proclaimed the Republic in the face of the hostile armies; it then sacrificed the king, to cut off all retreat from itself; it subsequently took all the powers into its own hands, and constituted itself a dictatorship. Voices were raised in its bosom which talked of *humanity*, when it wished to hear of nothing but *energy*; it stifled them. This dictatorship, which the necessity of the general preservation had obliged it to arrogate to itself over all France, twelve of its members soon arrogated to themselves over it, for the same reason, and on account of the same necessity. From the Alps to the sea, from the Pyrenees to the Rhine, these twelve dictators seized upon all, both men and things, and commenced the greatest and the most awful struggle with the nations of Europe ever recorded in history. They spilt torrents of blood, till, having become useless from victory, and odious by the abuse of strength, they fell.

"The Convention then took the dictatorship again into its own hands, and began, by degrees, to relax the springs of that terrible administration. Rendered confident by victory, it listened to humanity, and indulged its spirit of regeneration. It aimed at every thing good and great, and pursued this purpose for a year; but the parties crushed under its pitiless authority revived under its clemency. Two factions, in which were blended, under infinite variety of shades, the friends and the foes of the Revolution, attacked it by turns. It vanquished the one and the other, and, till the last day, showed itself heroic amid dangers. Lastly, it framed a Republican Constitution, and, after a struggle of three years with Europe, with the factions, with itself, mutilated and bleeding, it dissolved itself, and transmitted the government of France to the Directory."†

\* The States-General held its session from May 6, 1789.

† Thiers, *Fr. Rev.*, vol. iii., p. 333.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## THE DIRECTORY.

Constitution of the Directory.—Distracted State of Public Affairs.—New Expedition to La Vendée.—Death of the Dauphin.—Release of the Princess.—Pacification of La Vendée.—Riots in London.—Execution of Charette.—Napoleon takes command of the Army of Italy.—The first Proclamation.—Triumphs in Italy.—Letter of General Hoche.—Peace with Spain.—Establishment of the Cispadane Republic.—Negotiations with England.—Contemplated Invasion of Ireland.—Memorials of Wolfe Tone.—Deplorable State of Public Affairs.—Description of Napoleon.—Composition of the Directory.

THE government of the Directory went into operation on the 27th of October, 1795. The two legislative bodies, the Council of the Ancients and the Council of the Five Hundred, met and chose for the five directors Lareveillère Lepeaux, Le Tourneur, Rewbel, Carnot, and Barras. "Among these," says Thiers, "there was not a man of genius, nor even any man of high reputation, excepting Carnot. But what was to be done at the end of a sanguinary revolution which, in a few years, had devoured several generations of men of genius of every description? In the Assemblies there was not left one extraordinary orator; in diplomacy there remained not one celebrated negotiator."\* The state of public affairs at this time was deplorable in the extreme. Innumerable factions disturbed the state. A very sanguinary war was raging around the frontiers. The embers of civil war were still smoldering and frequently bursting out into flame. Three powerful parties were struggling almost with the energies of despair for the supremacy—the old Royalists, the Thermidorians or moderate Republicans, and the Jacobins, who wielded, as the great instrument of terror, the energies of the Parisian mob. Many of the most intelligent men already foresaw that there was no hope for distracted France but in the action of some mighty mind which could mould the tumultuous elements and evolve order from the confusion.†

The British government, undismayed by the disaster of Quiberon, now sent another expedition to the shores of La Vendée to rouse the Royalists to insurrection. The expedition consisted of two thousand English infantry, five hundred horse, several regiments of French emigrants, a great number of officers to take command of the marshaled peasantry, and arms, ammunition, provisions, clothing, and gold in abundance. Should this expedition successfully land and rally around it the Royalist insurgents in promising numbers, it was immediately to be followed by another still more

\* Thiers, *History of the French Revolution*, vol. iii., p. 338.

† "France, exhausted by every species of suffering, had lost even the power of uttering a complaint; and we had all arrived at such a point of depression that death, if unattended by pain, would have been wished for even by the youngest human being, because it offered the prospect of repose, and every one panted for that blessing at any price. But it was ordained that many days, months, and years should still continue in that state of horrible agitation, the true foretaste of the torments of hell."—*Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes*, p. 296.



powerful. The Count d'Artois (Charles X.) was placed in command of this force. Charette, a very intrepid Royalist chieftain, had raised some ten thousand peasants, and was in command of the coast to welcome the invaders. But General Hoche fell upon the insurgent Vendeeans and scattered them; and the English fleet, after hovering for some time along the coast, being unable to effect a landing, and disappointed in the support they hoped to have met, abandoned the enterprise and returned to England.\*

While the coast of France was thus threatened the Allies on the Rhine gained some very decisive victories, and drove the routed Republicans before them. There was no money in the treasury of the Directory. The paper money, which had been freely issued, had become almost worthless, and the armies were now in destitution and rags. Such were the difficulties with which the new government had to grapple.†

On the 8th of June the dauphin died in the Temple. While he lived he was considered by the Royalists the legitimate King of France, under the title of Louis XVII. Upon his death the emigrants declared the Count of Provence king, and he assumed the title of Louis XVIII. It will be remembered that the Convention sent some deputies to arrest Dumouriez, and that he seized these commissioners and handed them over to the Austrians as hostages. The Directory now exchanged the young princess, who still survived in woeful captivity, for these commissioners and a few other distinguished prisoners held by the Austrians. It was the 19th of December when this unhappy child left her cell, where she had endured agonies such as few on earth had known, to be conveyed back to the palaces of her maternal ancestors.

The guns of Napoleon, quelling the insurgent sections, had established the government of the Directory. To secure Paris and France from similar scenes of violence, an imposing force was organized, called the Army of the Interior, and Napoleon was placed in command. As by magic, under his efficient command, this body was organized into the highest discipline and efficiency, and, overawing the discontented, maintained public order. A formidable camp of these troops was established at Grenelle. But for Na-

\* A *Republican* does not view this endeavor on the part of the British government to foment civil war in France as a *Royalist* views it. "It is *painful*," says Mr. Alison, "to reflect how different might have been the issue of the campaign had Great Britain really put forth its strength in the contest, and, instead of landing a few thousand men on a coast bristling with bayonets, sent thirty thousand men to make head against the Republicans till the Royalist forces were so organized as to be able to take the field with regular troops." It was this persistent determination, on the part of the British government and allied Europe, that France should not enjoy free institutions, which led to nearly all the sanguinary scenes of the French Revolution, and which, for nearly a quarter of a century, made Europe red with blood.

† "All these forces [of the Republic] were in a state of extreme penury, and totally destitute of the equipments necessary for the carrying on of a campaign. They had neither caissons, nor horses, nor magazines. The soldiers were almost naked and the generals, even, frequently in want of the necessities of life. Multitudes had taken advantage of the relaxation of authority following the fall of Robespierre to desert and return to their homes, and the government, so far from being able to bring them back to their colors, were not even able to levy conscripts in the interior to supply their place."—*Alison*, vol. i., p. 369.

Paper money had been issued to the almost incredible amount of 2,000,000,000 dollars, or 10,000,000,000 francs. This paper money had so depreciated that a pound of sugar cost eighty dollars in paper money.

poleon the Directory could not have come into being. But for Napoleon it could not have lived a year, struggling against the conspiracies which ever crowded it.\* General Hoche, operating with singular wisdom and humanity, succeeded in the pacification of the inhabitants of La Vendée. They surrendered their arms, and peace was restored to that distracted region. Still William Pitt clamored for war against the French Republic. The English *people* were indignant at these unjust assaults against a neighboring nation struggling to throw off the chains of intolerable servitude, and demanded peace with France. The liberty-loving Englishmen met in immense gatherings in the open air, and denounced the war system in the most bold and decisive resolves. As the king rode to Parliament the populace pursued him, pelted his carriage with stones, broke the windows, and it was asserted that an air-gun was fired at him. Pitt, riding on horseback, was recognized by the populace, and with difficulty escaped from their hands covered with mud. Fox and Sheridan in Parliament were loud and eloquent in the denunciation of the war measures of the ministry.† Pitt endeavored to defend himself against the assaults of the opposition by saying that *English blood* had not been shed. "True," replied Sheridan, "English blood has not been shed, but English honor has oozed from every pore."

The Allies, exhilarated by their successes on the Rhine, prepared to press the war with new vigor. Pitt obtained from Parliament a new loan of thirty-five millions of dollars. General Bonaparte was promoted from the command of the Army of the Interior to that of the Army of Italy. He immediately entered upon that Italian campaign which gave him renown throughout the world.

Though the Vendeeans had surrendered their arms and were rejoicing in the enjoyment of peace, Charette wandered about the country, refusing all overtures at reconciliation, and striving, with great energy, to rouse new forces of insurrection. The entire pacification of La Vendée now depended upon the capture of Charette. With almost unparalleled energy and bravery he succeeded for several months in eluding his foes. At last, on the 24th of March, 1796, he fell into an ambuscade. He was armed to the teeth, and fought with the ferocity of a tiger at bay. He received several sabre-blows before he fell and was secured. At his examination he with dignity averred his detestation of republicanism and his devotion to royalty. He had deluged the land with the blood of civil war, and, as a traitor, was doomed to die. On the 30th of March he was led out to execution. A platoon of soldiers was drawn up but a few paces before him. He stood erect, with his eyes unbandaged, and, apparently without the tremor of a nerve, gave the command to fire. He fell dead, pierced by many bullets. He had displayed marvelous heroism in a bad cause. Refusing to submit to laws established by the overwhelming majority of his countrymen, he was deluging the land in blood in the endeavor to rivet again upon France the chains of the most intolerable despotism. The Royalists all over Europe mourned his death. But France rejoiced, for the fall of Charette terminated the civil war.

One hundred thousand men had been under the command of General

\* Thiers, *Hist. French Rev.*, vol. iii., p. 353.

† *Ibid.*, vol. iii., p. 364.





LA CHARETTE TAKEN PRISONER.

Hocche in the strife of La Vendée. These were now at liberty to march to repel the foreign invader. Two powerful armies, of eighty thousand each, were collected on the Rhine. But they could not hold their ground against the outnumbering Austrians. In one of these engagements the distinguished young general Marceau was killed. He was struck by a ball fired by a Tyrolean marksman, and fell from his horse mortally wounded. His soldiers, on the rapid retreat, were unable to rescue him, and he was left in his blood to the humanity of the victors. The Austrians generously did every thing in their power for his relief, but he died, three days after, in the twenty-seventh year of his age.

About thirty thousand French soldiers, in rags, destitute of the munitions of war, and almost famished, were ineffectually struggling against their foes on the southern slopes of the Apennines. Napoleon was placed in command of these starving troops, but the government was unable to supply him with any funds for the prosecution of the war. On the 27th of March he placed himself at the head of these enfeebled and discouraged battalions. Young generals, who subsequently obtained great renown—Angereau, Massena, Laharpe, Serrurier, and Berthier—composed the officers of his staff. The levy *en masse* had filled the ranks with young men from good families, well informed, distinctly understanding the nature of the conflict, detesting the old feudal despotism which allied Europe was striving to impose upon them anew, and enthusiastically devoted to the principles of liberty and equal rights which the Revolution was endeavoring to implant. Though most of them were young, they had many of them spent years in the field, had seen many bloody battles, and, inured to the hardships of war, were veteran soldiers. Sixty thousand Piedmontese and Austrians, under Colli and Beau-



DEATH OF GENERAL MARCEAU.

lieu, crowded the northern slopes and the crest of the mountains, endeavoring to force their way through the defiles upon France. Napoleon's first words to his troops roused them as with electric fire.

"Soldiers," said he, "you are ill fed, almost naked. The government owes you much, but can do nothing for you. Your patience, your courage, do you honor, but procure you neither glory nor advantage. I am about to lead you into the most fertile plains in the world. You will there find large cities, rich provinces; you will there find honor, glory, and wealth. Soldiers of Italy, will your courage fail you?"

On the 12th of April his troops were in motion. A series of desperate battles and of resplendent victories ensued. At the close of two weeks Napoleon issued the following proclamation:

"Soldiers, in a fortnight you have gained six victories, taken twenty-one pairs of colors, fifty-five pieces of cannon, several fortresses, and conquered the richest part of Piedmont. You have made fifteen thousand prisoners, and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men. You had hitherto been fighting for barren rocks, rendered glorious by your courage, but useless to the country. You now rival, by your services, the army of Holland and the Rhine. Destitute of every thing, you have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannon, crossed rivers without bridges, made forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without brandy and often without bread. The Republican phalanxes, the soldiers of liberty alone, could have endured what you have endured. Thanks be to you for it, soldiers. Your grateful country will owe to you its prosperity; and if your conquest at Toulon foreboded the glorious campaign of 1793, your present



victories forbode one still more glorious. The two armies which so lately attacked you boldly, are fleeing affrighted before you. The perverse men who laughed at your distress, and rejoiced in thought at the triumph of your enemies, are confounded and trembling.

"But, soldiers, you have done nothing, since more remains to be done. Neither Turin nor Milan is yours. The ashes of the conquerors of Tarquin are still trampled upon by the murderers of Basseville."\*

Napoleon now summoned all his energies to drive the Austrians out of Italy. In two months the work was done; and Paris, France, Europe was electrified by the narrative of deeds of daring and success, such as war had never recorded before. In all the towns and cities of Italy the French armies were received as deliverers, for the subjugated Italians were eager to throw off the hateful yoke of Austrian despotism. Napoleon, having unbounded confidence in himself, and but very little respect for the weak men who composed the Directory, took all matters of diplomacy, as well as war, into his own hands, and, sustained by the enthusiasm of his soldiers, settled the affairs of Italy according to his own views of expediency.

The Royalists, hoping for the overthrow of the Republic and for the return of Louis XVIII., were exceedingly chagrined by these victories. They left no means of calumny untried to sully the name of Napoleon. Europe was filled with falsehoods respecting him, and reports were circulated that General Hoche was to be sent from Paris to arrest him in the midst of his army. These rumors assumed such importance that the government wrote a letter to Napoleon contradicting them; and General Hoche, with the magnanimity of a man incapable of jealousy, over his own name published a letter expressing his admiration of the commander of the Army of Italy.

"Men," he wrote, "who, concealed or unknown during the first years of the foundation of the Republic, now think only of seeking the means of destroying it, and speak of it merely to slander its firmest supporters, have, for some days past, been spreading reports most injurious to the armies, and to one of the general officers who commanded them. Can they, then, no longer attain their object by corresponding openly with the horde of conspirators resident at Hamburg? Must they, in order to gain the patronage of the masters whom they are desirous of giving to France, vilify the leaders of the armies? Why is Bonaparte, then, the object of the wrath of these gentry? Is it because he beat themselves and their friends in Vendémiaire?† Is it because he is dissolving the armies of kings, and furnishing the Republic with the means of bringing this honorable war to a glorious conclusion? Ah! brave young man, where is the Republican soldier whose heart does not burn with the desire to imitate thee? Courage, Bonaparte! lead our victorious armies to Naples, to Vienna; reply to thy personal enemies by humbling kings, by shedding fresh lustre over our armies, and leave to us the task of upholding thy glory."

Still the Royalists were busy with incessant plots and intrigues for the overthrow of the government. The treasury was utterly bankrupt, paper money, almost utterly worthless, flooded the land, and the finances were in a

\* M. Basseville, an envoy of the French Republic at Rome, was attacked by a mob and cruelly murdered.

† Quelling the insurgent sections.

state of inextricable embarrassment. The Jacobins and the Royalists were equally eager to demolish the Directory by any conceivable measures of treason and violence. Never was a nation in a more deplorable state, harassed by a foreign war which demanded all its energies, and torn by domestic dissensions which no human wisdom seemed capable of healing.

The Jacobins adopted even the desperate measure to feign a Royalist insurrection; to scatter white cockades, the emblem of Bourbon power; to shout *Vive le Roi!* and to discharge musketry and throw petards into the streets, that the people, alarmed by the peril of Bourbon restoration, might throw themselves into the arms of the Jacobins for protection.\* A mob of nearly a thousand most determined men marched, in the night of the 10th of September, upon the camp at Grenelle, hoping to fraternize with the soldiers in this treasonable endeavor to overthrow the government. Several hundreds fell dead or wounded in this frantic attempt.



NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 10, 1796

The Directory now attempted to enter into peaceful relations with other powers, and effected a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with Spain. Envoys were also sent to the Ottoman Porte and to Venice for the same purpose. Piedmont had sued for peace and obtained it. The Italians of Upper Italy, exulting in their emancipation from the Austrians, under the protection of Napoleon established the Cispadane Republic. Without the support of his strong arm they could not for a day resist the encroachments of the surrounding despotisms. The first National Assembly of this infant republic met at Modena, October 16, 1796. The people were electrified with delight at this unexpected achievement of freedom. The Assembly sent an address to Napoleon, informing him of the principles of their new government.

"Never forget," said Napoleon, in his reply, "that laws are mere nullities without the force necessary to support them. Attend to your military organization, which you have the means of placing on a respectable footing.

\* Thiers's French Revolution, vol. iv., p. 10.



You will then be more fortunate than the people of France, for you will arrive at liberty without passing through the ordeal of revolution."

The Directory had for some time been attempting to effect peace with England. On the 18th of December the British government stated on what terms it would consent to sheathe the sword. M. Thiers expresses the feelings of France in reference to this offer in the following terms:

"Thus France, having been iniquitously forced into war, after she had expended enormous sums, and from which she had come off victorious—France was not to gain a single province, while the northern powers had just divided a kingdom between them (Poland), and England had recently made immense acquisitions in India. France, who still occupied the line of the Rhine, and who was mistress of Italy, was to evacuate the Rhine and Italy at the bare summons of England! Such conditions were absurd and inadmissible. The very proposal of them was an insult, and they could not be listened to."\*

To conquer a peace, the Directory now meditated a direct attack upon England. The Catholic Irish, over three millions in number, hating implacably their English conquerors, were ardent to rise, under the guarantee of France, and establish a republican government. They had sent secret agents to Paris to confer with the Directory. Wolfe Tone, one of the leaders of the Irish revolutionists, addressed memorials to the French Directory soliciting aid.

"The Catholics of Ireland," said he, "are 3,150,000, all trained from their infancy in an hereditary hatred and abhorrence of the English name. For these five years they have fixed their eyes most earnestly on France, whom they look upon, with great justice, as fighting their battles, as well as that of all mankind who are oppressed. Of this class I will stake my head there are 500,000 who would fly to the standard of the Republic if they saw it once displayed in the cause of liberty and their country.

"The Republic may also rely with confidence on the support of the Dissenters, actuated by reason and reflection, as well as the Catholics impelled by misery and inflamed by detestation of the English name. In the year 1791 the Dissenters of Belfast first formed the Club of United Irishmen, so called because in that club, for the first time, Dissenters and Catholics were seen together in harmony and union. Corresponding clubs were rapidly formed, the object of which was to subvert the tyranny of England, establish the independence of Ireland, and frame a free republic on the broad basis of liberty and equality.

"The Catholics also have an organization, commencing about the same time with the clubs last mentioned, but composed of Catholics only. In June last it embraced the whole peasantry of the provinces of Ulster, Leinster, and Connaught, three fourths of the nation, and I have little doubt that it has since extended into Munster, the remaining province. The eyes of this whole body, which may be said, almost without a figure, to be the people of Ireland, are turned with the most anxious expectation to France for assistance and support. The oath of their union recites that they will be faithful to the united nations of France and Ireland."†

\* Thiers's *French Revolution*, vol. iv., p. 66.

† Wolfe Tone's *First Memorial to the French Directory*, vol. ii., p. 187.

An expedition to Ireland was secretly resolved upon. A fleet of fifteen sail of the line, twenty frigates, six luggers, and fifty transports, containing sixteen thousand troops, sailed on the 16th of December to land in Bantry Bay, on the coast of Ireland. But the very night after the squadron left port a heavy storm arose, in which one ship foundered and the fleet was widely dispersed. A singular series of casualties ensued. Some of the ships entered the bay, but not finding their companions, after waiting a short time, returned to France. Other ships of the expedition soon after entered, but, finding the bay deserted, they also returned. The expedition thus proved a total failure.\*

The inefficient Directory was quite unable to rectify the disorders into which the internal affairs of the state were plunged. They uttered loud complaints, which did but increase discontent and disgust. The press, being entirely free, indulged in the utmost violence; Royalists and Jacobins assailing the feeble government without mercy and thwarting its operations in every possible way. The army of Italy was triumphant—almost miraculously so. Every where else the Republic was in disgrace. The Directory endeavored to throw the blame of the public calamities upon the two Councils, and published the following message, which was as true as it was ill-advised:

“All departments are distressed. The pay of the troops is in arrear; the defenders of the country, in rags and enervated by want, in disgust are led to desertion. The hospitals are destitute of furniture, fire, and drugs. The charitable institutions, utterly impoverished, repel the poor and infirm. The creditors of the state, the contractors who supply the armies, with difficulty obtain but a small portion of the sums that are their due. Distress keeps aloof men who could perform the same services better and cheaper. The roads are cut up; the communications interrupted. The public functionaries are without salary; from one end of the Republic to the other judges and administrators may be seen reduced to the horrible alternative either of dragging on, with their families, a miserable existence, or of being dishonored by selling themselves to intrigue. The evil-disposed are every where busy. In many places murder is being organized, and the police, without activity, without energy, because it is without pecuniary means, can not put a stop to these disorders.”

All eyes were directed to the achievements of Napoleon, who, with superhuman energy, was destroying army after army of the Allies, astounding Europe by his exploits, and exciting the admiration of his countrymen. Thiers thus describes the position he then occupied in the public mind:

“Sickness, together with the excessive fatigues of the campaign, had weakened him extremely. He could scarcely sit on horseback; his cheeks were

\* “It is a curious subject for speculation what might have been the result had Hoche succeeded in landing with sixteen thousand of his best troops on the Irish shores. To those who consider, indeed, the patriotic spirit, indomitable valor, and persevering character of the English people, and the complete command they had of the sea, the final issue of such a contest can not appear doubtful; but it is equally evident that the addition of such a force and so able a commander to the numerous bodies of Irish malcontents would have engendered a dreadful domestic war, and that the whole energies of the empire might for a very long period have been employed in saving itself from dismemberment.”—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. i., p. 444.



hollow and livid. His whole appearance was deplorable. His eyes alone, still bright and piercing as ever, indicated that the fire of his soul was not extinguished. His physical proportions formed a singular contrast with his genius and his renown, a contrast amusing to soldiers at once jovial and enthusiastic. Notwithstanding the decline of his strength, his extraordinary energy supported him and imparted an activity which was applied to all objects at once.

"He had begun what he called *the war against robbers*. Intriguers of all kinds had thronged to Italy for the purpose of introducing themselves into the administration of the armies and profiting by the wealth of that fine country. While simplicity and indigence pervaded the armies of the Rhine, luxury pervaded that of Italy—luxury as great as its glory. The soldiers, well clothed and well fed, were every where cordially received, and lived in pleasure and abundance. The officers, the generals, participated in the general opulence, and laid the foundations of their fortunes.

"Bonaparte, who had within him all the passions, but who, at that moment, was engrossed by one passion, that of glory, lived in a simple and austere manner, seeking relaxation only in the society of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, and who had come, at his desire, to his head-quarters. Indignant at the disorders of the administration, he strictly scrutinized the minutest details, verified by personal inspection the accounts of the companies, denounced the dishonest administrators without mercy, and caused them to be prosecuted."

Among the Directors, Carnot was one of the noblest of men. The purity of his character slander has never attempted to taint. Barras was a fearless soldier and a shameless debauchee. He boasted of the profligacies in which he openly indulged, and he rioted in boundless extravagance, which he supported through corruption and bribes. Rewbel was a lawyer, a man of ability and integrity.\* These three men had belonged to different political parties during the Revolution, and each detested the others. Lareveillère was an honest man, but destitute of those commanding qualities so essential to the post he occupied. Le Tourneur was a vain, good-natured man who merely echoed the voice of Carnot. All the Directors but Barras occupied, with their families, apartments in the Palace of the Luxembourg. In the public mind this discordant Directory consisted of two parties, Barras, Rewbel, and Lareveillère in the majority, and Carnot and Le Tourneur in the opposition.

\* "Carnot, Barras, Rewbel, and Lareveillère had been members of the Convention; and, although none of them had been famous during the Reign of Terror for any atrocious act, still the three first had voted the death of the king—a vote which, notwithstanding the fatal though powerful considerations that may be presented in alleviation, placed them among the most furious Jacobins, and was prejudicial to the respect with which they ought to have been invested."  
—*Memoirs of Lavalette*.

## CHAPTER XL.

## THE OVERTHROW OF THE DIRECTORY AND THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CONSULATE.

Proclamation of Napoleon.—March into Austria.—Letter to the Archduke Charles.—Preliminaries of Peace.—Union of Parties against the Directory.—Triumph of the Directory.—Agency of Napoleon.—Severe Measures of the Directory.—Indignation of Napoleon.—Dictatorship of the Directory.—Dismay of the Royalists.—Treaty of Campo Formio.—Napoleon's Address to the Cispadane Republic.—Remarks of Napoleon.—Plan for the Invasion of India.—Expedition to Egypt.—New Coalition.—Rastadt.

It was now the month of March, 1797, and Napoleon, having driven the Austrians out of Italy, issued the following proclamation, an unexaggerated statement of facts which amazed and appalled hostile Europe:

"Soldiers! the capture of Mantua has put an end to the war of Italy. You have been victorious in fourteen pitched battles and seventy actions. You have taken 100,000 prisoners, 500 field-pieces, 2000 heavy cannon, and four pontoon trains. The contributions laid on the countries you have conquered have fed, maintained, and paid the army; besides which, you have sent thirty millions (\$6,000,000) to the Minister of Finance for the use of the public treasury. You have enriched the Museum of Paris with three hundred master-pieces of ancient and modern Italy, which it had required thirty centuries to produce. You have conquered for the Republic the finest countries in Europe. The kings of Sardinia and Naples, the Pope, and the Duke of Parma are separated from the coalition. You have expelled the English from Leghorn, Genoa, and Corsica. Still higher destinies await you. You will prove yourselves worthy of them. Of all the foes who combined to stifle our Republic in its birth the emperor alone remains."

On the 16th of March the little army of Bonaparte crossed the Tagliamento to march upon Vienna, there to compel Austria to cease the iniquitous war which now for six years had desolated Europe. Battle after battle ensued, and the Austrians met the French only to be vanquished. On the 31st of March Napoleon wrote to the Archduke Charles, who was brother of the emperor and commander-in-chief of the Austrian forces, as follows:

"General-in-Chief: brave soldiers make war and desire peace. Has not this war lasted six years? Have we not slain men enough and inflicted calamities enough on suffering humanity? It cries out on all sides. Europe, which had taken up arms against the French Republic, has laid them down. Your nation alone is left, and yet blood is about to be spilled more abundantly than ever.

"The Executive Directory of the French Republic communicated to his majesty the emperor its desire to put an end to the war which afflicts both nations. The intervention of the Court of London has opposed this wish. Is there, then, no hope of arrangement? And must we continue to slaughter one another for the interests and the passions of a nation which knows nothing of the calamities of war? You, general, who are by birth so near



to the throne, and above all the petty passions which so frequently actuate ministers and governments, are you determined to merit the title of benefactor of the whole human race and the real savior of Germany?

"Imagine not, general, that I mean by this that it is not possible to save her by the force of arms. But, even supposing that the chances of war turn in your favor, Germany will not, on that account, be the less ravaged. As for me, general, if the overture which I have the honor to make to you can save the life of a single man, I shall be prouder of the civic crown which I shall feel that I have deserved than of the melancholy glory which can result from military successes."\*

The archduke replied that he was commanded to prosecute the war, and had no authority to enter into conference upon terms of peace.† The war was now prosecuted with renewed vigor, as the French drove the Austrians through the defiles of the Tyrol, and entered the plains of Germany. But a few days passed ere Napoleon arrived within sight of the steeples of Vienna. The capital was in consternation; the people demanded peace; the archduke urged it, declaring himself quite unable to protect the city. The Austrian court now implored the clemency of the conqueror, and sent commissioners to Napoleon, at his head-quarters at Leoben, with full powers to settle the basis of peace. The preliminaries were signed at Leoben on the 18th of April, which put a stop to the effusion of blood.

By the election in May of one third of the two legislative bodies, the counter-revolutionists had obtained a majority in both chambers. This exceedingly elated the Royalists. The two Councils now commenced a furious war against the Republican Directory, seeking to overthrow it, and to re-establish, not the old Bourbon despotism, but the constitutional monarchy of 1791. There were now four parties in the field. The old Bourbon party, the friends of constitutional monarchy, the Republicans, and the Jacobins. Three of these parties united against the Directory, each hoping, in the overthrow of the Directors, to establish its own principles. One of the Directors was to leave. The Royalists succeeded in placing Barthélemy, a counter-revolutionist, in his place. The conflict which now arose was whether the Republican Directory should be abolished or maintained. A stern conflict was evidently rising. The Directory headed one party, the two Councils the other. In accordance with the disastrous temper of the times, both parties began to count bayonets instead of votes, that the question might be settled on a field of blood. The emigrants and the priests returned in great numbers, forged passports being transmitted to them from Paris.

The Councils had a legislative guard of fifteen hundred men, and hoped

\* *Mémoires de Napoléon*, dict. au Montholon et Gourgaud, vol. iv., p. 96, 97.

† "Unquestionably, sir," replied the duke, "I desire as much as you the attainment of peace for the happiness of the people and of humanity. Considering, however, that in the situation which I hold, it is no part of my business to inquire into and determine the quarrel of the belligerent powers, and that I am not furnished, on the part of the emperor, with any plenipotentiary powers for treating, you will excuse me, general, if I do not enter into negotiation with you touching a matter of the highest importance, but which does not lie within my department. Whatever shall happen, either respecting the future chances of war or the prospects of peace, I request you to be equally convinced of my distinguished esteem."

to avail itself of the National Guard, not then fully reorganized. They also placed great reliance on Pichegru, who was treasonably plotting the restoration of the Bourbons. The Constitution did not allow any of the standing army to approach within thirty-six miles of Paris. In defiance of this provision, the Directory, under pretense of sending a fresh expedition to Ireland, assembled twelve thousand veteran troops under the walls of the metropolis. General Bonaparte, aware of the peril of the Directory, and of the danger of the restoration of royalty, had sent the intrepid Augereau to Paris to assist the Directory in any emergency. The Directory was the established government of the nation, and, imbecile as it was, its overthrow by violence at that time could only lead to anarchy and blood.\*

At midnight on the 17th Fructidor (September 3d), twelve thousand men, with forty pieces of cannon, were silently marched into the city, and surrounded the Tuileries. A body of the Legislative Guard was stationed at the Pont Tournant, the entrance-passage to the garden. Augereau approached them at the head of a numerous staff. "Are you Republicans?" said he. The soldiers immediately lowered their arms, and shouted "*Vive Augereau! Vive le Directoire!*" They fraternized at once with the troops of the Directory. The victory was gained; no blood was shed. At six



AUGEREAU AT THE PONT TOURNANT.

\* "The Directory became alarmed for their own existence. It had already been ascertained that 190 of the deputies had been engaged to restore the exiled royal family, while the Directory could only reckon on the support of 130; and the Ancients had resolved, by a large majority, to transfer the seat of the Legislature to Rouen, on account of its proximity to the western provinces, whose Royalist principles had always been so decided. The next election, it was expected, would nearly extinguish the Revolutionary party; and the Directory were aware that the transition was easy, for regicides, as the greater part of them were, from the Luxembourg to the scaffold."—*Alison*, vol. i., p. 491.



o'clock in the morning, when the citizens awoke, they were surprised to find that a revolution had taken place during the night.

The three victorious directors condemned to banishment their two colleagues, Carnot and Barthélemy, forty-two members of the Council of Five Hundred, eleven of the Council of Ancients, several Royalist agents, and forty-two editors, publishers, and proprietors of counter-revolutionary journals. It is but a wretched extenuation for these deeds of violence, to assert that, had the Councils gained the victory, they would have treated the Directory in the same way. The Directory thus assumed the dictatorship over unhappy, distracted France; but even that was better than anarchy, and almost any thing was better than a return to the old Bourbon despotism.\* This signal defeat crushed the hopes of the Royalists. The minority of the Councils, who were in the interests of the Directory, were reassembled in the Odeon and the School of Medicine, and with this organization the government attempted to carry on the distracted affairs of the nation.†

On the 12th of August Augereau had written to General Bonaparte, "Nothing is more certain than that, if the public mind is not essentially changed before the approaching elections, every thing is lost, and a civil war remains as our last resource."

On the 23d of September Napoleon wrote to Augereau, "The whole army applauds the wisdom and energy which you have displayed in this crisis, and has rejoiced sincerely at the success of the patriots. It is only to be hoped, now, that moderation and wisdom will guide your steps. That is the most ardent wish of my heart."‡

But Napoleon was indignant when he heard of the excessive severity adopted by the Directory. "It might have been right," he wrote, "to deprive Carnot, Barthélemy, and the fifty deputies of their appointments, and put them under surveillance in some cities in the interior. Pichegru, Willot, Imbert, Colonne, and one or two others might justly have expiated their treason on the scaffold.§ But to see men of great talent, such as Portalis, Ducoudray, Fontanes; tried patriots, such as Boissy d'Anglas, Dumolard, Murinais; supreme magistrates, such as Carnot and Barthélemy, condemned without either trial or accusation, is frightful. What! to punish with transportation a number of writers of pamphlets, who deserved only contempt and a trifling correction, was to renew the proscriptions of the Roman triumvirs. It was to act more cruelly than Fouquier Tinville; since he, at least, put the accused on their trial, and condemned them only to death. All the armies, all the people were for a Republic. State necessity could not be al-

\* "We may say that, on the 18th Fructidor of the year V., it was necessary that the Directory should triumph over the counter-revolution, by decimating the Councils; or that the Councils should triumph over the Republic, by overthrowing the Directory. The question thus stated, it remains to inquire, *first*, if the Directory could have conquered by any other means than a *coup d'état*, and, *secondly*, whether it misused its victory."—*Mignet*, p. 338.

† "Though France suffered extremely from the usurpation which overthrew its electoral government, and substituted the empire of force for the chimeras of democracy, there seems no reason to believe that a more just or equitable government could, at that period, have been substituted in its room."—*Alison*, vol. i., p. 496.

‡ Bourrienne, vol. i., p. 250.

§ These men were in constant correspondence with the Bourbons, and were conspiring for their restoration.

leged in favor of so revolting an injustice, so flagrant a violation of the laws and the rights of the citizens.”\*

The Royalists were dismayed by this sudden disaster. The priests and emigrants, who had returned in great numbers, fled again to the frontiers. Those who were advancing toward France retreated back to Switzerland and Germany. M. Merlin and M. François—the one a lawyer, the other a man of letters, and both upright Republicans—were chosen in the place of Carnot and Barthélemy. The guilt of Pichegru was fully established. Moreau, in crossing the Rhine, had taken the papers of General Klinglin, in which he had found the whole treasonable correspondence of Pichegru with the Prince of Condé.

The Directors now pushed the measures of government with Revolutionary energy. The British government, finding themselves deprived of every ally, sent Lord Malmesbury to Paris to negotiate for peace. The British ministry were willing to give up the colonies which they had wrested from France, but would not give up the colonies they had wrested from the *allies of France*, Spain and Holland. It is difficult to see how the Directory, with any sense of honor whatever, could, under such circumstances, have abandoned its allies. Upon this point there was a rupture, and war with England continued to rage.†

On the 28th of October the treaty of Campo Formio was signed, which secured peace with the Emperor of Germany. The Directors had sent to Napoleon an ultimatum which would have prevented the possibility of peace. Napoleon boldly rejected their demands, and made peace on his own terms. The nation hailed the peace with such joy, and Napoleon was now so boundlessly popular, that the Directors did not dare to refuse their ratification. Napoleon was now prepared to return to France. He had established the Cisalpine Republic, and compelled its recognition by the only powers which could endanger its existence. Before leaving Italy he thus addressed this state in the infancy of its freedom:

“You are the first people in history who have become free without factions, without revolutions, without convulsions. We have given you freedom; take care to preserve it. To be worthy of your destiny, make only discreet and moderate laws; cause them to be executed with energy; favor the diffusion of knowledge, and respect religion. Compose your army, not of disreputable men, but of citizens imbued with the principles of the Republic and closely linked to its prosperity. You have, in general, need to impress yourselves with the feeling of your strength, and with the dignity which befits the freeman. Divided, and bowed down for ages by tyranny,

\* *Mémoires de Napoleon*, dict. au Montholon et Gourgaud, vol. iv., p. 233.

† The 18th Fructidor is the true era of the commencement of military despotism in France. The subsequent government of the country was but a succession of illegal usurpations on the part of the depositaries of power, in which the people had no share, and by which their rights were equally invaded, until tranquillity was restored by the vigorous hand of Napoleon.”—*Alison*, vol. i., p. 496.

† Mignet says, “The offers of Pitt not being sincere, the Directory did not allow itself to be deceived by diplomatic stratagems. The negotiations were twice broken off, and war continued between the two powers. While England negotiated at Lille, she was preparing at St. Petersburg the triple alliance or second coalition.”—*Mignet*, p. 341.



you would not, unaided, have conquered your liberty. In a few years, if left to yourselves, no power on earth will be strong enough to wrest it from you. Till then France will protect you against the attacks of your neighbors; its political system will be united with yours.”\*

The blessings of the Italians were showered upon Napoleon as he departed. As he entered France he was every where greeted with love, admiration, and enthusiasm. His progress through the departments was a triumphal march. In Paris he was received with salvos of artillery, ringing of bells, illuminations, and the huzzas of the multitude. In the laconic address of Napoleon to the authorities of government in their grand reception, he uttered sentiments in perfect accordance with his whole precedent and subsequent career.

“The French people,” said he, “in order to be free had kings to combat. To obtain a Constitution founded on reason it had the prejudices of eighteen centuries to overcome. The Constitution of the year III. and you have triumphed over all obstacles. Religion, feudality, royalty, have successively, for twenty centuries past, governed Europe. But from the peace which you have just concluded dates the era of representative governments. You have succeeded in organizing the great nation whose vast territory is circumscribed only because Nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two finest countries in Europe, formerly so renowned for the arts, the sciences, and the great men whose cradle they were, see with the greatest hopes genius and freedom issuing from the tomb of their ancestors. These are two pedestals on which destiny is about to place two powerful nations. I have the honor to deliver to you the treaty signed at Campo Formio, and ratified by his majesty the emperor. Peace secures the liberty, the prosperity, and the glory of the Republic. When the happiness of the French people shall be seated on *better organic laws*, all Europe will become free.”

Napoleon, having returned to Paris, sought seclusion, laid aside his military dress, and devoted himself with great assiduity to studies of natural and political science. He was chosen a member of the Institute, and took his seat between the distinguished philosophers Lagrange and Laplace. He wrote the following note in acceptance of his election:

“The suffrage of the distinguished men who compose the Institute honors me. I feel sensibly that before I can become their equal I must long be their pupil. The only true conquests, those which awaken no regret, are those we obtain over ignorance. The most honorable, as the most useful pursuit of nations, is that which contributes to the extension of the human

\* Mém. de Napoleon, dict. au Month. et Gourgand, vol. iv., p. 271.

The English Tory historians, such as Scott and Alison, denounce France vehemently for refusing to abandon her allies, Spain and Holland, for the sake of peace with England. At the same time they load Napoleon with epithets of infamy for refusing to continue a bloody war with Austria for the sake of protecting an aristocratic and perfidious enemy, Venice, from the rapacity of Austria, an ally with Venice in the unjust war upon France. The remarks of Alison upon this subject are a melancholy exhibition of the power of prejudice to prevent the sense of justice. “Austria,” writes T. W. Redhead, “nefariously appropriated the possessions of a faithful and attached ally, while France did but consent to the despoilment of a hostile government, ready to assail her upon the least reverse.”—*The French Revolutions*, vol. ii., p. 100.

intellect. The real greatness of the French Republic ought henceforth to consist in not permitting the existence of one new idea which has not been added to the national stock."

When subsequently speaking of this period of his life he remarked, "Mankind are, in the end, always governed by superiority of intellectual qualities, and none are more sensible of this than the military profession. When, on my return to Paris from Italy, I assumed the dress of the Institute and associated with men of science, I knew what I was doing. I was sure of not being misunderstood by the lowest drummer of the army."

He was frequently consulted by the Directory on important questions. He had no confidence in the government of the Directory, and only lent it his support so far as to prevent the restoration of royalty. The Directory wished him to take command of a new army, to try to conquer, on the shores of England, a peace with that government which now alone continued the war. With that object in view he visited the coast and carefully scrutinized the resources at command for the invasion of England. He, however, pronounced the project too hazardous, and convinced the Directory that the only vulnerable point which England presented was in India. In accordance with this suggestion a secret expedition was fitted out to invade India by the way of Egypt.

On the 19th of May, 1798, the Egyptian expedition sailed from Toulon. To settle innumerable minor affairs in reference to the Germanic States, a Congress of Embassadors, from Austria, France, and Germany had now for some months been in session at Rastadt. The British government in the mean time vigorously commenced endeavors to ally the monarchies of Europe in a new war against France. It appealed to the fears of all the sovereigns by showing them that the toleration of any republican institutions in Europe endangered all their thrones.

"England," says Thiers, "with a view to foment this fear had filled all the courts with her emissaries. She urged the new king of Prussia to relinquish his neutrality, and to preserve Germany from the inundation. She endeavored to work upon the wrong-headed and violent emperor Paul. She strove to alarm Austria, and offered her subsidies if she would renew the war. She excited the silly passions of the Queen of Naples."\*

All over Europe war began again to menace France. While the commissioners were negotiating at Rastadt, the armies of the new coalition commenced their march. There was no alternative before them. Principles of liberty were spreading rapidly through Europe; and the despotic monarchs could only maintain their thrones by quenching that spirit in blood. They were compelled either to fight or to surrender. "The monarchs did right to defend their thrones," say the Royalists. "The people did right to defend their liberties," say the Republicans. So long as there are in the world advocates of aristocratic assumption and advocates of popular rights so long will these points be controverted. The Queen of Naples commenced hostilities, without any declaration of war, by sending an army of fifty thousand men to drive the French out of Italy, in November, 1798. The French armies now crossed the Rhine and entered Germany. The Russian and the

\* Thiers, vol. iv., p. 334.



Austrian armies were immediately on the move. The French ambassadors at Rastadt received orders to leave in twenty-four hours. At nine o'clock in the evening of the 28th of April the three ministers, Debry, Bonnier, and Roberjeot, set out with their families. They occupied three carriages. They had hardly left the town, when, in the darkness, a troop of Austrian hussars rushed upon them, and, dragging the helpless ambassadors from their coaches, cut them down in the presence of their wives and children. The ruffians plundered the carriages and carried off all the papers. Debry, though left senseless and supposed to be dead, revived, and, covered with wounds and blood, crawled back to Rastadt. This execrable violation of the law of nations, so unheard of among civilized people, excited the detestation of Europe. War, ferocious and implacable, was again renewed in all its horrors.\*



ASSASSINATION OF THE EMBASSADORS AT RASTADT.

Every thing was now in confusion, and universal discontent rose up around the Directory. France was distracted by hostile parties, while triumphant armies were crowding her frontiers. All social ties were dissolved. Unprincipled rapacity characterized the measures of government. Religion

\* "Our plenipotentiaries were massacred at Rastadt, and notwithstanding the indignation expressed by all France at that atrocity, vengeance was still very tardy in overtaking the assassins. The two Councils were the first to render a melancholy tribute of honor to the victims. Who that saw that ceremony ever forgot its solemnity? Who can recollect without emotion the religious silence which reigned throughout the hall and galleries when the vote was put? The president then turned toward the curule chairs of the victims, on which lay the official costume of the assassinated representatives, covered with black erape, bent over them, pronounced the names of Roberjeot and Bonnier, and added, in a voice the tone of which was always thrilling, **ASSASSINATED AT THE CONGRESS OF RASTADT.** Immediately all the representatives responded, *'May their blood be upon the heads of their murderers.'*"—*Duchess of Abrantes*, p. 206.

was abolished and the administration of justice seemed a farce. The laws were disregarded; violence reigned unchecked; intriguing factions succeeded each other, while Jacobins, Royalists, and Republicans were struggling for the supremacy. The people, disgusted with this state of anarchy, were longing for a deliverer who would rescue the government from disgrace and at the same time save France from falling back under the despotism of the Bourbons.

Napoleon, in Egypt, informed of this state of affairs, decided immediately to return to France. He landed at Frejus on the 9th of October, 1799, and traversed France, from the Mediterranean to Paris, through a constant scene of rejoicing. Such universal enthusiasm awaited him, that without the shedding of a drop of blood he overthrew the imbecile government of the Directory and established the Consulate. The nation received this change with almost universal applause. For the narrative of these events and the subsequent career of the Revolution the reader must be referred to the History of Napoleon Bonaparte.





## APPENDIX.





## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF LEADING CHARACTERS IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

AUGEREAU, PIERRE FRANCOIS CHARLES, the son of a poor fruiterer in one of the faubourgs in Paris, was born at Paris, November 11, 1757. At an early age he entered the Neapolitan service, but in 1787 was still only a private soldier. Seeing little prospect of advancement, he quitted the army in disgust and settled at Naples, where he taught fencing. In 1792, however, he returned to France, and became a volunteer in the republican army of the South. Owing to his daring intrepidity, his promotion was rapid beyond all precedent. In 1794 he was brigadier-general, and two years later general of division. In the year 1796 he joined the army of Italy, and fought at Lodi and Castiglione, from which place he afterwards derived his ducal title. In this campaign, Augereau, who was as avaricious as he was cruel, amassed immense wealth. In 1799 he warmly espoused Bonaparte's cause, and on the establishment of the empire was created marshal, and Duke of Castiglione. In 1806 he distinguished himself greatly at the battle of Jena, and, after the Russian expedition, still more so in the campaigns in Germany. He was one of the first to give in his adhesion to Louis XVIII., for which he was presented with the cross of St. Louis, and created a peer of France. On Napoleon's return from Elba, however, he again offered his services to the Emperor, who repulsed him as a traitor, and, being neglected also by the Bourbons shortly after, he retired to his country-seat, where he died in 1816.—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte.*

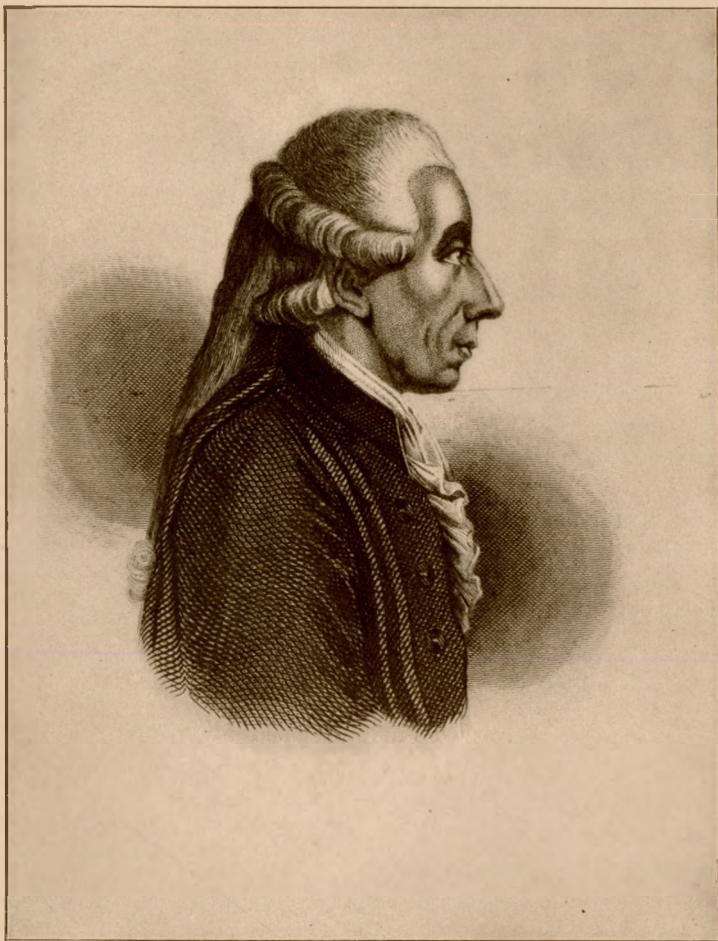
Augereau was a man wholly destitute of religious feeling. When Napoleon re-established religious worship in France, he insisted on all his ministers and generals attending a solemn *Te Deum*, which was chanted at the cathedral of Notre Dame. Lannes and Augereau wanted to alight from the carriage, and it required an order from the First Consul to prevent their doing so. They went, therefore, to Notre Dame, where Augereau kept swearing, in no low whisper, during the whole of the chanted mass. The next day Bonaparte asked him what he thought of the ceremony. "Oh, it was all very fine," replied the general; "there was nothing wanting but the million of men who have perished in the pulling down of what you are now setting up."—*Bourrienne.*



BABŒUF, FRANÇOIS NOEL, born at St. Quentin in 1764, was the son of a collector of the salt-tax, and, in 1777, entered into the service of a gentleman, who gave him some sort of education, and made him his confidential man of business. He soon afterwards married a chamber-maid, made himself conspicuous by his revolutionary doctrines, and, in 1792, was appointed elector of the department of Somme. On the overthrow of Robespierre, he turned journalist, styled himself Gracchus, and wrote with severity against the Jacobins, to whom he gave the title of Terrorists. He afterwards attacked Tallien and the Thermidorians, and, on the establishment of the Directory, published his *Tribune of the People*, in which he displayed the most extravagant democracy. Being brought before the minister of police, Babœuf confessed himself the author of a plan of insurrection, and showed great firmness, refusing to name his accomplices. He was condemned to death, May 25, 1797, and, on learning his sentence, stabbed himself, but his body was nevertheless dragged to the scaffold and beheaded.—*Biographie Moderne*.

“Gracchus” Babœuf, who called himself the “Tribune of the People,” was a bold man, of an excited imagination, and fantastically attached to an extraordinary kind of democracy. This man, who possessed great power over his party, prepared it by his journal for the reign of what he called general happiness.—*Mignet*.

BAILLY, JEAN SYLVAIN, was one of the forty of the French Academy, and deputy of Paris to the States-General. Born in Paris on September 15, 1736, nature had endowed him with all the talents which fit men for the study of the sciences, and the meditations of philosophy. After several essays, which were well received by the public, he published a history of astronomy. When the Revolution broke out in 1789, the electors of Paris chose him as secretary, and then as deputy of the *tiers-état* to the States-General. He was president of this assembly in its first session. On July 16th he was appointed Mayor of Paris. When, after the flight of the King, the parties were divided, and the more violent revolutionists wished to seize the opportunity of pronouncing the forfeiture of Louis, Bailly opposed the ferments excited in Paris in favor of the party of the forfeiture. An immense crowd having thronged to the Champ de Mars to frame an address recommending the forfeiture, on July 17, 1791, Bailly caused martial law to be proclaimed against this assembly, which was dispersed by armed force. The National Assembly approved this step, but from this time Bailly perceived that his credit was sinking. He vacated the office of mayor early in November, and then went over to England, whence he returned shortly after to Paris, trusting to spend the rest of his days in retirement. He was, however, arrested in 1793, and brought to trial in November before the revolutionary tribunal, which condemned him to death. On the day after the passing of his sentence, he was put into the fatal cart, and, while proceeding to execution, was loaded with the insults of the people. It was resolved



BAILLY.





that he should die on the Champ de Mars, in the very place where he had caused the seditious people to be fired on. Here he fell down in a fainting-fit. When he recovered, he demanded, haughtily, that an end might be put to his miseries. "Dost thou tremble, Bailly?" said one of his executioners, seeing his limbs, weakened by age, quiver. "Friend," answered he, calmly, "if I do tremble, it is with cold." After having been subjected to every species of ignominy, he ran himself to the scaffold, which had been fixed upon a heap of dung. He died with great courage. Bailly was tall, his face long and serious, and his character by no means devoid of sensibility.—*Biographie Moderne*.

Among the virtuous members of the first Assembly, there was no one who stood higher than Bailly. As a scholar and a man of science, he had long been in the very first rank of celebrity; his private morals were not only irreproachable, but exemplary; and his character and disposition had always been remarkable for gentleness, moderation, and philanthropy. His popularity was at one time equal to that of any of the idols of the day; and if it was gained by some degree of culpable indulgence and unjustifiable zeal, it was forfeited at least by a resolute opposition to disorder and a meritorious perseverance in the discharge of his duty. There is not, perhaps, a name in the whole annals of the Revolution with which the praise of unaffected philanthropy may be more safely associated.—*Edinburgh Review*.

BARBAROUX, CHARLES, deputy to the Convention, was born at Marseilles, March 6, 1767. He embraced the cause of the Revolution with uncommon ardor, and came to Paris in July, 1792, with a few hundred Marseillais, to bring about a revolution against the court. He had a considerable share in the insurrection of August 10th. He belonged to the party of the Girondins, and was guillotined in Bordeaux in 1794.—*Biographie Moderne*.

Barbaroux's ingenuous disposition and ardent patriotism inspired us with confidence. Discoursing on the bad situation of affairs, and of our apprehensions of despotism in the North under Robespierre, we formed the conditional plan of a republic in the South. Barbaroux was one whose features no painter would disdain to copy for the head of an Antinous.—*Madame Roland's Memoirs*.

BARERE DE VIEUZAC, BERTRAND, born at Tarbes, September 10, 1755; deputy to States-General in 1789; President of the National Assembly, 1792; President of the Jacobins, July 14, 1792; arrested March 23, 1795. He died January 15, 1841.

I used to meet Barère at a table d'hôte. I considered him of a mild and amiable temper. He was very well bred, and seemed to love the Revolution from a sentiment of benevolence. His association with Robespierre and the court which he paid to the different parties he successively joined, and afterwards deserted, were less the effect of an evil disposition, than of a timid and versatile character, and the conceit

which made it incumbent on him to appear as a public man. His talents as an orator were by no means of the first order. He was afterwards surnamed the Anacreon of the Guillotine; but when I knew him, he was only the Anacreon of the Revolution, upon which, in his *Point du Jour*, he wrote some very amorous strains.—*Durmont*.

Barère was a sort of Belial in the Convention, the meanest, yet not the least able, among those fallen spirits, who, with great adroitness and ingenuity, as well as wit and eloquence, caught opportunities as they arose, and was eminently dexterous in being always strong upon the strongest and safe upon the safest side.—*Scott's Life of Napoleon*.

Barère was employed in obscure situations by Napoleon, and was alive at Brussels, where he was living in great poverty in 1831. It was one of his favorite positions at that time, that "the world could never be civilized till the punishment of death was utterly abolished, for no human being had the right to take away the life of another." This was the man who said in 1792, "The tree of liberty cannot flourish, if it is not watered by the blood of a king."—*Falkner's Travels in Germany*.

Barère escaped during the different ebullitions of the Revolution, because he was a man without principle or character, who changed and adapted himself to every side. He had the reputation of being a man of talent, but I did not find him so. I employed him to write, but he displayed no ability. He used many flowers of rhetoric, but no solid argument.—*Napoleon's Conversations with O'Meara*.

BARNAVE, ANTOINE PIERRE JOSEPH MARIE, born at Grenoble in 1761, was a barrister and deputy to the States-General. The son of a very rich attorney, he warmly espoused the revolutionary party, and was named by the *tiers-état* deputy of that town to the States-General. He there showed himself from the beginning one of the most implacable enemies of the court. He warmly supported the Tennis-court oath, and declared loudly in favor of the assertion of the rights of man. In 1790 he voted the abolition of religious orders. At the meeting of May 22d he was one of those who were decidedly of opinion that the king should be deprived of the right of making war and peace, and opposed Mirabeau on many great questions of policy. At the sitting of June 19th he demanded that the Assembly should, before it rose, decree the suppression of all feudal titles and rights. In August he fought a duel with M. de Cazalès, and wounded him with a pistol-shot. Barnave had before fought with the Viscount de Noailles; he had fired first, and missed his adversary, who discharged his pistol in the air; the difference was then adjusted by their friends. At the time of Louis XVI.'s flight, Barnave showed great presence of mind in the midst of the stupefaction of the greatest part of the Assembly. On the news arriving of the king's arrest, Barnave was appointed, together with Pétion and Latour-Maubourg, to bring the royal family back to Paris. In giving an account of his mission, he spoke about the inviolability of the king's person, for

which he was hooted by the Assembly. At the end of the session Barnave was appointed mayor of Grenoble, where he married the only daughter of a lawyer, who brought him a fortune of 700,000 livres. After the events of August 10, 1792, certain documents having established the connivance of Barnave with the court, he was brought before the revolutionary tribunal of Paris and condemned to death, November 29, 1793. Barnave was a small but well-looking man, and professed Protestantism. Few orators of his day possessed so much grace of diction and sagacity of analysis. Mirabeau himself was astonished that a young man should speak so long, so rapidly, and so eloquently, and said of him, "It is a young tree, which, however, will mount high, if it be let to grow."—*Biographie Moderne*.

BARRAS, PAUL JEAN FRANCOIS NICOLAS, COMTE DE, was born at Foix, in Provence, June 30, 1755, of the family of Barras, whose antiquity in that quarter had become a proverb. He died in retirement in the year 1829. At the Revolution he was deputed to the Convention, but had no talent for oratory and no habits of business. On his return to Paris, after having been appointed commissioner to the army of Italy and to Provence, he helped to oppose Robespierre, marched against the commune which had risen in favor of the tyrant, and succeeded. Subsequent events brought him into the Directory. He did not possess the qualifications required to fill that situation, but he acted better than was expected from him by those who knew him. When he went out of the Directory he had still a large fortune, and did not attempt to conceal it; but the manner in which it had been acquired, by favoring the contractors, impaired the morality of the nation. Barras was tall; he spoke sometimes in moments of agitation, and his voice filled the house. His intellectual capacity, however, did not allow him to go beyond a few sentences. He was not a man of resolution, and had no opinion of his own on any part of the administration of public affairs.—*Las Cases*.

Barras had formerly served in India, and had there displayed the courage of a soldier. He was a fit man to mount his horse on occasion of disturbances; and it was in this manner, as we have seen, that he had earned his place in the Directory. Hence, on all difficult occasions, he would still talk of mounting his horse and putting to the sword the enemies of the republic. In person he was tall and handsome; but in his countenance there was something dark and sinister, that harmonized little with his disposition, which was rather passionate than wicked. Though he belonged by birth to the higher ranks, his manners indicated no superiority of breeding. They were blunt, bold, and vulgar. He was endowed with a soundness and a penetration of mind which, with study and application, might have become highly distinguished faculties; but, indolent and ignorant, he knew at most only what is learned in a stormy life, and in those matters upon which he was daily called to give his opinion he manifested good sense enough to induce regret that he should not have had a more careful education. In other respects, dissolute



and rough, violent and false like the Southern, who are apt to conceal duplicity under the guise of bluntness, republican by sentiment and by position, but a man without faith, admitting to his house the most violent revolutionists of the faubourgs and all the emigrants who had returned to France, pleasing the one by his trivial vehemence, and the other by his spirit of intrigue, he was in reality a warm patriot, and in secret he held out hopes to all parties. In himself alone he was the entire Danton party, excepting the genius of its chief, which had not devolved on his successors.—*Thiers' French Revolution*.

BARTHELEMY, FRANCOIS, MARQUIS DE, born at Aubagne in 1750, nephew of the celebrated author of the *Travels of Anacharsis*, was brought up under the direction of his uncle, and at the commencement of the Revolution was sent as ambassador to England, to notify the court that Louis XVI. had accepted the constitution. In 1791 he went to Switzerland in the same character; in 1795 he negotiated and signed a peace with Prussia, and in the same year a similar treaty with Spain. In 1797 he was elected into the Directory, but was involved in the downfall of the Clichyan party. After the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire, Barthelemy became a member of the conservative senate, and was soon afterwards called to the Institute.—*Biographie Moderne*.

BEAUHARNAIS, ALEXANDER, VICOMTE DE, born in 1760, at Martinique, served with distinction as Major in the French forces under Rochambeau, which aided the United States in the revolutionary war. He married Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, who was afterwards the wife of Bonaparte. At the breaking-out of the French Revolution, he was chosen a member of the National Assembly, of which he was for some time president. In 1793 he was general of the army of the Rhine, and was afterwards minister of war. In consequence of the decree removing men of noble birth from the army, he retired to his country-seat. Having been falsely accused of promoting the surrender of Mentz, he was sentenced to death in 1794, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

BEAUHARNAIS, EUGENE DE, born September 3, 1780. After his mother's marriage in 1796 with Napoleon, he accompanied him to Italy and Egypt. He rapidly rose to the highest military rank, and in 1805 was made a prince of France and viceroy of Italy. In 1806 he married the Princess Amelia Augusta of Bavaria (1788-1851), and in 1807 was created Prince of Venice, and declared by Napoleon his adopted son, and heir of the kingdom of Italy. Wise, honorable, and virtuous, he showed great military talent in the Italian campaigns, in the wars against Austria, and in the retreat from Moscow. In the Hundred Days he took no part; and he was allowed to retain his possessions in the March of Ancona, large sums being granted him in compensation for his other Italian possessions, with which he purchased the landgraviate of Leuchtenburg and principality of Eichstadt, as Duke of Leuchten-



BARRAS.





burg, taking his place among the nobles of Bavaria. He died at Munich, February 21, 1824.

Eugene Beauharnais was not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age when he ventured to introduce himself to Bonaparte, for the purpose of soliciting his father's sword, of which he understood the general had become possessed. The countenance and frank air of Eugene pleased Napoleon, and he immediately granted him the boon he sought. As soon as the sword was placed in the boy's hands he burst into tears, and kissed it. This feeling of affection for his father's memory increased Bonaparte's interest in his young visitor. His mother, Josephine, on learning the kind reception which the general had given her son, thought it her duty to call and thank him. Napoleon returned her visit, and the acquaintance thus commenced, speedily led to their marriage.—*Memoirs of Constant*.

BERNADOTTE, JEAN BAPTISTE JULES, was born at Pau, January 26, 1764. His father was a lawyer. In 1780 the son entered the military profession, and was still a sergeant in 1789. When the Revolution broke out, he embraced its principles with enthusiasm, and obtained quick promotion in the army. In 1794 he was general of division at the battle of Fleurus; and in 1796 he served in Jourdan's army. He afterwards led reinforcements to the army of Italy, and shortly before the 18th Fructidor, Bonaparte chose him to carry to the Directory the banners taken at the battle of Rivoli. After the treaty of Campo Formio, Bernadotte was appointed ambassador of the French republic to the court of Vienna. He was next placed in the ministry of war, but, being speedily removed from office, retired into private life till the 18th Brumaire, when Napoleon called him to the council of state. In 1804, on the establishment of the Empire, Bernadotte was created a marshal. He greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Austerlitz, and, in the same year, the Emperor created him Prince of Ponte-Corvo. From the close of 1807 to 1809 he commanded the French army which remained in the north of Germany. At the battle of Wagram he led the Saxon allies, who fought with great skill and bravery. In consequence, however, of an altercation with the Emperor, he quitted the service, and went to Paris. In 1810 he was appointed successor to the Swedish throne, by the name of Charles John. In 1813 he issued a formal declaration of war against Napoleon, placed himself at the head of the Swedish army in Germany, and contributed greatly to the victory of the allies at Leipsic. In the following year he obtained the cession of Norway to Sweden. In 1818 he succeeded to the throne by the title of Charles XIV.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

Bernadotte, said Napoleon, was ungrateful to me, as 'I was the author of his greatness; but I cannot say that he betrayed me; he in a manner became a Swede, and never promised that which he did not intend to perform. I can accuse him of ingratitude, but not of treachery. Neither Murat nor he would have declared against me, had they thought

it would have lost me my throne. Their wish was, to diminish my power, but not to destroy me altogether. Bernadotte is a Gascon, a little inclined to boasting.—*A Voice from St. Helena.*

BERTHIER, LOUIS ALEXANDER, Prince of Neufchatel and Wagram, marshal, vice-constable of France, was born at Versailles, November 20, 1753. He was the son of a distinguished officer, and was, while yet young, employed in the general staff, and fought with Lafayette for the liberty of the United States. In 1791 he was appointed chief of the general staff in Luckner's army, marched against La Vendée in 1793, and joined the army of Italy in 1796. In the year 1798 he received the chief command of the army of Italy, and afterwards, being much attached to Bonaparte, followed him to Egypt, who, on his return to Paris, appointed him minister of war. Having, in 1806, accompanied the Emperor in his campaign against Prussia, he signed the armistice of Tilsit in 1807. Being appointed vice-constable of France, he married in 1808, the daughter of Duke William of Bavaria-Birkenfeld; and, having distinguished himself at Wagram, in 1809, he received the title of Prince of Wagram. In the following year, as proxy for Napoleon, he received the hand of Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and accompanied her to France. In 1812 he accompanied the French army to Russia. After Bonaparte's abdication he obtained the confidence of Louis XVIII., whom, on the Emperor's return, he accompanied to the Netherlands, whence he repaired to his family at Bamberg. On his arrival at this place he was observed to be sunk in profound melancholy, and when the music of the Russian troops, on their march to the French borders, was heard at the gates of the city, he put an end to his life by throwing himself from a window of the third story of his palace.—*Encyclopædia Americana.*

Berthier was small and ill-shaped, without being actually deformed; his head was too large for his body; his hair, neither light nor dark, was rather frizzed than curled; his forehead, eyes, nose, and chin, each in the proper place, were, however, by no means handsome in the aggregate. His hands, naturally ugly, became frightful by a habit of biting his nails: add to this, that he stammered much in speaking; and that if he did not make grimaces, the agitation of his features was so rapid as to occasion some amusement to those who did not take a direct interest in his dignity. I must add, that he was an excellent man, with a thousand good qualities, neutralized by weakness. Berthier was good in every acceptance of the word.—*Duchess d'Abrantes.*

BESSIERES, JEAN BAPTISTE, DUKE OF ISTRIA, was born at Preissac, August 6, 1768. His family was of humble origin. At an early age he obtained admission into the Guard of Louis XVI., and on the dissolution of that body was attached to the legion of the Pyrenees. In 1796 he joined the army of Italy, and was noticed for his bravery by Bonaparte, who intrusted him with the command of his *guides*, a corps which by successive augmentations became in the sequel the famous Imperial

Guard, of which Bessières retained the command till his death. He fought at Jena, Friedland, and Eylau, exhibiting both valor and prudence. He then went to Spain, and defeated Cuesta in a pitched battle, which opened the way for the French to Madrid. At Wagram he led the French horse against the Austrian flank, and in 1812 went through the Russian campaign with honor. The opening of the next saw him in the place of Murat—at the head of the cavalry of the whole army. He was killed in the evening before the battle of Lutzen while forcing a defile. Marshal Bessières was an excellent soldier and a good man, and did all in his power to mitigate the horrors of war.—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte.*

Bessières, Duke of Istria, always continued good, humane, and generous; of antique loyalty and integrity; and, whether considered as a citizen or a soldier, an honest, worthy man. He often made use of the high favor in which he stood to do extraordinary acts of kindness, even to people of very different ways of thinking from himself. He was adored by the guards, in the midst of whom he passed his life. At the battle of Wagram, a ball struck him off his horse, without doing him any further injury. A mournful cry arose from the whole battalion, upon which Napoleon remarked, the next time he saw him, "Bessières, the ball which struck you drew tears from all my guard. Return thanks to it. It ought to be very dear to you." After living like Bayard, Bessières died like Turenne. He was sincerely attached to the Emperor. Indeed, he almost worshipped him; and would certainly never have abandoned his person or his fortunes.—*Las Cases.*

BILLAUD-VARENNES, JACQUES NICOLAS, was born at Rochelle, which place he quitted several years before the Revolution, at the age of twenty-three, from vexation that the people there had hissed a theatrical piece of his composition. He then went to Paris, where he got himself admitted a barrister, and married a natural daughter of M. de Verdun, the only one of the farmers-general who was not guillotined. In 1792, he was substitute for the attorney of the commune of Paris, and became one of the directors of the September massacres. In 1795, he was sentenced to banishment to Guiana, where he was looked upon by the people as little better than a wild beast. His principal occupation, during his exile, was breeding parrots. Billaud-Varennes was the author of many dull pamphlets.—*Biographie Moderne.*

Of all the sanguinary monsters, observed Napoleon, who reigned in the Revolution, Billaud de Varennes was the worst.—*A Voice from St. Helena.*

Billaud-Varennes was the most formidable of Robespierre's antagonists. Both were ambitious of reigning over the ruins and the tombs with which they had covered France. But Robespierre had reached the point where his ambition could no longer be concealed. Billaud was still able to dissemble his. The tyrant was as lugubrious as death, which ever attended him in all his steps; such, and perhaps more gloomy still,



was Billaud; but he enveloped his projects in deeper obscurity, and prepared his blows with greater art.—*Lacretelle*.

After Billaud-Varennès reached his place of transportation at Cayenne, his life was a continued scene of romantic adventures. He escaped to Mexico, and entered, under the name of Polycarpus Varennès, the Dominican convent at Porto Rico. Being obliged to fly the continent for the part he took in the disputes between the Spanish colonies and the mother-country, Pethion, then president of Hayti, not only afforded him an asylum, but made him his secretary. After Pethion's death, Boyer refusing to employ him, he went to the United States, and died at Philadelphia in 1819.—*Universal Biography*.

BONAPARTE, JOSEPH, eldest brother of Napoleon, was born in Corsica, January 7, 1768; studied for the bar at Marseilles, and in 1800, after he had filled several offices of state, was chosen by the First Consul as plenipotentiary to the United States. He signed the treaty of Lunéville 1801, and that of Amiens 1802; and assisted in the concordat negotiations. After the coronation of Napoleon, Joseph was made commander-in-chief of the army of Naples; in 1805, ruler of the Two Sicilies; and in 1806, king of Naples. A humane and accomplished man, but an ineffective ruler, in 1808 he was summarily transferred by his brother to the throne of Spain, but found himself unprepared to cope with the Spanish insurgents, and after the defeat of the French at Vittoria in 1813 returned to his estate at Morfontaine. After Waterloo he accompanied Napoleon to Rochefort, and, himself taking ship to America, became an American citizen, lived for some years at Bordentown, in New Jersey, U. S., where he employed himself in agriculture, but in 1832 returned to Europe, and died at Florence in 1844.

You would seldom see a better countenance than that of Joseph Bonaparte. With masculine strength and expression, it combines a mild, intelligent smile. Joseph is well read, not only in our literature, but in that of Italy and England. He loves poetry and the belles-lettres, and takes pleasure in surrounding himself with learned and scientific men. It has been said that his character is weak and false. He has goodness of heart, gentleness, clemency, and accuracy of judgment. His conduct, during his unfortunate reign in Spain, was, on the whole, admirable. He left France with great regret, and entreated his brother not to force a crown on him.—*Duchess d'Abrantes*.

BONAPARTE, LUCIEN, Prince of Canino, a younger brother of Napoleon, was born at Ajaccio, in 1775, and was educated at Autun, Brienne, and Aix. In 1798 he was made a member of the Council of Five Hundred, and just before the 18th Brumaire he was elected its president. He was successful as Minister of the Interior; and as ambassador to Madrid (1800) undermined British influences. On condition that he would divorce his second wife (the widow of a stockbroker), the crowns of Italy and Spain were offered him; but he refused them, and lived on his estate of Canino, in the States of the Church, being created

by the pope Prince of Canino. He had never wholly shaken off his early strong republicanism; and having denounced the arrogant policy of his brother towards the court of Rome, he was "advised" to leave Roman territory, and in 1810 took ship for America, but fell into the hands of the English, and was kept in honorable captivity at Ludlow and Thorn-grove, Worcestershire, till 1814. After Waterloo he advised his brother Lucien lived in and near Rome, occupied with science and art, and died at Viterbo in 1840.

Lucien Bonaparte, in the year 1797, was about twenty-two years of age; he was tall, ill-shaped, having limbs like those of the field-spider, and a small head, which, with his tall stature, would have made him unlike his brothers, had not his physiognomy attested their common parentage. He was very near-sighted, which made him half-shut his eyes and stoop his head. This defect would, therefore, have given him an unpleasing air, if his smile, always in harmony with his features, had not imparted something agreeable to his countenance. Thus, though he was rather plain, he pleased generally. He had very remarkable success with women who were themselves very remarkable, and that long before his brother arrived at power. With respect to understanding and talent, Lucien always displayed abundance of both. In early youth, when he met with a subject he liked, he identified himself with it. He lived at that time in an ideal world. Thus at eighteen, the perusal of Plutarch carried him into the Forum and the Pyæus. He was a Greek with Demosthenes, a Roman with Cicero; he espoused all the ancient glories, but he was intoxicated with those of our own time. Those who, because they had no conception of this enthusiasm, alleged that he was jealous of his brother, have asserted a wilful falsehood, if they have not fallen into a most egregious error.—*Duchess d'Abrantes.*

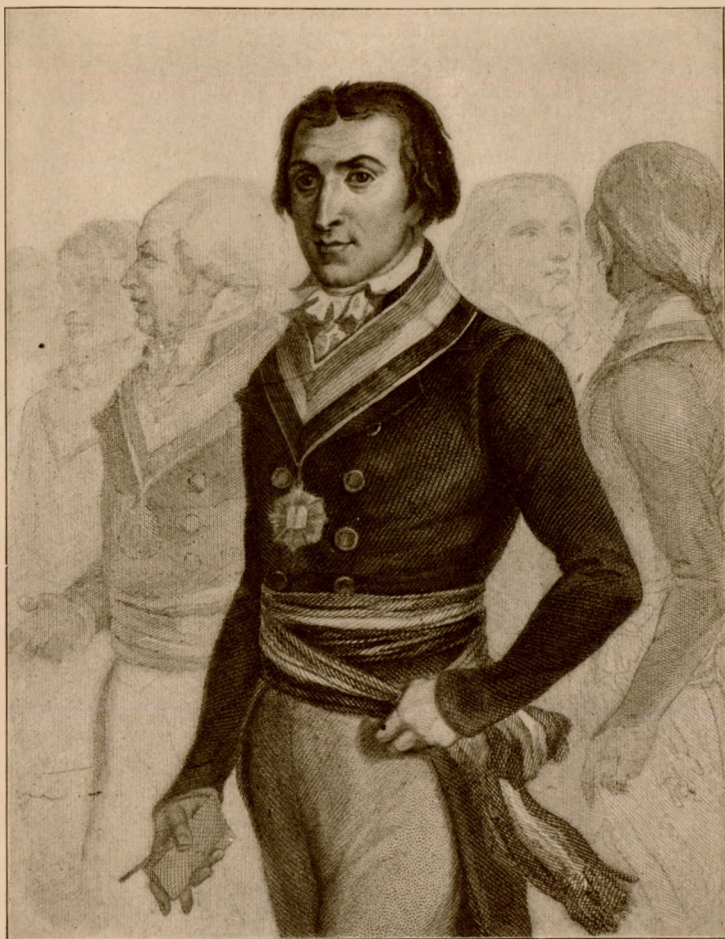
BOUILLE, THE MARQUIS DE, was a gentleman of Auvergne, and a relative of Lafayette's. After having served in the dragoons, he became colonel of the regiment of Vexin infantry. Having attained the rank of major-general, the King appointed him Governor-general of the Windward Islands. In 1778 he took Dominica, St. Eustatia, and soon after St. Christopher's, Nevis, and Montserrat. On his return he was made lieutenant-general. In 1789 he brought back to its duty the revolted garrison of Metz. On the 5th of September, in the same year, Grégoire complained to the Assembly, that M. de Bouillé had not administered the civic oath individually, and obtained a decree that he should be obliged to do it. In 1790 he was commissioned to bring under subjection the garrison of Nancy. He advanced upon the town with four thousand men, and succeeded in this enterprise, in which he showed much bravery, and which at first gained him great praises from the National Assembly, and afterwards as many reproaches. Being chosen by the King to facilitate his escape from Paris in June, 1791, Bouillé marched at the head of a body of troops to protect the passage of the

royal family; but, by false advices or ill-executed orders, this enterprise failed, and M. de Bouillé had great difficulty in leaving France. From Luxembourg he wrote to the Assembly a letter full of threats, and concluded by saying, that if a hair of Louis XVI.'s head was touched, he would not leave one stone on another in Paris. On the 13th of July the Assembly decreed that he should be tried for contumacy, and that the papers relative to the King's escape should be sent to the high court of the nation. Bouillé passed to the court of Sweden, which gave him employment, and in the name of which he promised powerful assistance to the French princes. He died in London in 1803.—*Biographie Moderne*.

BRISSOT DE WARVILLE, JEAN PIERRE, was born January 14, 1754, at a village near Chartres. His father kept a cook's shop, which occasioned the saying that the son had all the heat of his father's stoves. After passing four years in an attorney's office, he turned author, and, at twenty years of age, had already published several works, one of which occasioned his imprisonment in the Bastille in 1784. He married a person attached to the household of Madame d'Orleans, and afterwards went to England. He lived there on pay as a spy from the lieutenant of police at Paris. At the same time he employed himself in literature, and endeavored to form an academy in London; but, this speculation proving unsuccessful, he returned to France, and distinguished himself greatly during the Revolution. He was elected a member of the Commune, Paris, in July 1789, and in connection with Lacroix drew up the petition of the Champ de Mars in 1791. He was elected a deputy to the Legislative Assembly in October, 1791, and to the Convention in September, 1792. At the time of the trial of Louis XVI. he strove to bring the subject of his condemnation before the people, and afterwards voted for his death, though he was anxious to obtain a reprieve. Being denounced, together with the rest of the Girondins, by the Jacobins, he was guillotined, October 31, 1793. Brissot was thirty-nine years of age, of middle stature, slightly formed, and pale. He was so passionate an admirer of the Americans, that he adopted the appearance of a Quaker, and was pleased to be mistaken for one.—*Biographie Moderne*.

The following is the opinion entertained of Brissot by Lafayette, who knew him well: "It is impossible not to be struck with various contrasts in the life of Brissot: a clever man, undoubtedly, and a skilful journalist, but whose talents and influence have been greatly overrated both by friends and enemies. In other times, before he became a republican, he had made the old régime a subject of eulogy. It seems pretty well proved that, a few days before the 10th of August, he, and some agitators of his party, had been intriguing with the valets-de-chambre of the Tuileries; even after this insurrection, their only desire was to govern in the name of the prince royal. Brissot, on the very eve of denouncing Lafayette, told the Abbé Duvernet, then member of the society of Jacobins, that the person he was going to accuse, was the man of all





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others whom he esteemed and revered the most. Even while meditating the massacres of September, he saved all who came to him; and, of his own accord, discharged from prison Duport, Barnave, and Charles Lameth, who were in some measure his personal antagonists."—*Mignet*.

BRUNE, GUILLAUME MARIE ANNE, born May 13, 1763, like all natives of the South, was ardent, active, fond of literature, poetry, and the fine arts; he possessed much information, and betook himself to composition. Brune was young; his head and heart confessed but one idea—glory and his country. He soon cast away pen, ink, and paper, and took to the sword. None of our marshals have been so falsely represented in public opinion as Brune. He was not in Paris in the autumn of 1792, but at Radmack; so, of course, could have had no share in the September massacres. He advanced rapidly to an elevated rank in the army; distinguished himself in the campaign of Italy; was afterwards named general-in-chief of the army in Helvetia. On the establishment of the Consulate, Brune was appointed to the army of Italy, when, with the assistance of Suchet and Davoust, he nearly destroyed the Austrian army. In 1804, he was one of the sixteen marshals whom Bonaparte appointed when he ascended the imperial throne. He was afterwards, for many years, in disgrace; but on Napoleon's return in 1815, he accepted the command of the eighth military division. On the restoration of Louis, Brune went to Toulon, to restore the white flag there; after which he was summoned to Paris. On his way thither, at Avignon, he was warned that much agitation prevailed in the town, particularly directed against him, but turning a deaf ear to all remonstrance, he commanded his postilions to drive to the post-house. Here an armed mob, calling themselves royalists, besieged him in a room; the mayor and a few gendarmes succeeded in protecting him for some time, while three thousand citizens looked on with apathy. All resistance, however, was at length overpowered, and, under the pretext that Brune had been the murderer of the Princess Lamballe, he was put to death by the mob; his lacerated corpse, after being dragged through the mud, was thrown into the Rhone, and the river refusing to retain it, it lay two days unburied on the strand.—*Duchess d'Abrantes*.

BUZOT, FRANCOIS NICOLAS LEONARD, was born at Evreux, September 23, 1760, and was an advocate in that city at the time of the Revolution, which he embraced with ardor. In 1792 he was deputed by the Eure to the National Assembly. At the time of the King's trial he voted for his death, though not for his immediate execution, and he was even one of those who most warmly solicited a reprieve for him. In the March following, he more than once gave warning of the despotism of the mob of Paris, and ended one of his speeches by threatening that city with the sight of the grass growing in the streets if confusion should reign there much longer. In April he contended against the Jacobins, who, he said, were influenced by men of blood. Having been denounced as a Girondin, he made his escape from Paris, and after wandering



about some time, was found, together with Petion, dead in a field, and half-eaten by wolves.—*Biographie Moderne*.

CADOUDAL, GEORGE, a Chouan chief, born at Auray in 1769, was the son of a village miller. When Bretagne took up arms, he entered the service as a common horseman, and in 1795 was considered the head of the plebeian party. In 1796 and the three ensuing years he continued in arms, and was the only general-in-chief who was not noble. His division was that most frequently sent against the republicans. In 1800 he concluded peace with the French government. He afterwards went to Paris, on the invitation of Bonaparte; and then to London, where he was favorably received by the English ministers. The idea of the infernal machine is said to have originated with him, though he denied it. In 1803 George and Pichegru landed on the coast of Normandy to execute a plan of assassinating the First Consul. The conspiracy, however, was frustrated, and George was condemned and executed at Paris in 1804. He was thirty-five years old, and showed during his trial the greatest coolness.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

One day I asked Napoleon's opinion of George Cadoudal. "George," said he, "had courage, and that was all. After the peace with the Chouans I endeavored to gain him over, as then he would have been useful to me, and I was anxious to calm all parties. I sent for, and spoke to him a long time. His father was a miller, and he was an ignorant fellow himself. I asked him, Why do you want to restore the Bourbons? If you were even to succeed in placing them on the throne, you would still be only a miller's son in their eyes. They would hold you in contempt because you were not of noble birth. But I found that he had no heart—in fact, that he was not a Frenchman."—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

CAMBACERES, JEAN JACQUES REGIS, was born in 1753, at Montpellier, of an ancient family of lawyers. At the commencement of the Revolution, he received several public offices, and in 1792 became a member of the Convention. In 1793 he declared Louis XVI. guilty, but disputed the right of the Convention to judge him, and voted for his provisory arrest, and in case of a hostile invasion, for his death. As a member of the committee of public safety, Cambacérès reported the treason of Dumouriez. After the fall of the Terrorists, he entered into the council of Five Hundred, where he presented a new plan for a civil code, which became subsequently the foundation of the Code Napoleon. On the 18th Brumaire, he was chosen second consul, and after Bonaparte had ascended the throne, was appointed arch-chancellor of the Empire. In 1808 he was created Duke of Parma. On the approach of the allies in 1814, he followed the government, whence he sent his consent to the Emperor's abdication. On the return of Napoleon, in the following year, he was made president of the House of Peers, and on the Emperor's second downfall, was banished, and went to live at Brussels. In 1818 the King permitted him to return to Paris, where he lived

afterwards as a private individual, and died in 1824.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

The Consul Cambacérès received company every Tuesday and Saturday, and no other house in Paris could stand a comparison with his hotel. He was a consummate epicure, had great conversational powers, and the incidents of his narratives acquired novelty and grace from the turn of his language. I may be allowed to call him an honest man, for, looking round on all his equals in power, I have never found one of such absolute good faith and probity. His figure was extraordinarily ugly, as well as unique. The slow and regular step, the measured cadence of accentuation, the very look, which was three times as long as another's to arrive at its object—all was in admirable keeping with the long person, long nose, long chin, and the yellow skin, which betrayed not the smallest symptoms that any matter inclining to sanguine circulated beneath its cellular texture. The same consistency pervaded his dress; and when demurely promenading the galleries of the Palais Royal, then the Palais Egalité, the singular cut and color of his embroidered coat; his ruffles, at that time so uncommon; his short breeches, silk stockings, shoes polished with English blacking, and fastened with gold buckles, his old-fashioned wig and queue, and his well-appointed and well-placed three-cornered hat, produced altogether a most fantastic effect.—*Duchess d'Abrantes*.

CARNOT, LAZARE NICOLAS MARGUERITE, born at Nolay, May 13, 1753, was one of the first officers of the French army who embraced cordially and enthusiastically the regenerating views of the National Assembly. In 1791 he was in the garrison at St. Omer, where he married Mademoiselle Dupont, daughter of a merchant there. His political principles, the moderation of his conduct, and his varied knowledge procured for him soon after the honor of a seat in the legislature, from which period he devoted himself wholly to the imperative duties imposed on him either by the choice of his fellow-citizens, or by the suffrages of his colleagues. The Convention placed in the hands of Carnot the colossal and incoherent mass of the military requisition. It was necessary to organize, discipline, and teach. He drew from it fourteen armies. He had to create able leaders. His penetrating eye ranged through the most obscure ranks in search of talent united with courage and disinterestedness; and he promoted it rapidly to the highest grades. In 1802, Carnot opposed the creation of the Legion of Honor. He likewise opposed the erection of the consulate for life; but it was most especially at the period when it was proposed to raise Bonaparte to the throne that he exerted all his energy. He stood alone in the midst of the general defection. His conduct during the Hundred Days appears to me summed up completely in the memorable words which Napoleon addressed to him, on entering the carriage when he was going to Rochefort: "Carnot, I have known you too late!" After the catastrophe of the Hundred Days, Carnot was proscribed, and obliged to expatriate himself. He died at

Magdeburg in 1823, at the age of seventy years. It is true, he had ambition, but he has himself told us its character—it was the ambition of the three hundred Spartans going to defend Thermopylæ.—*Arago*.

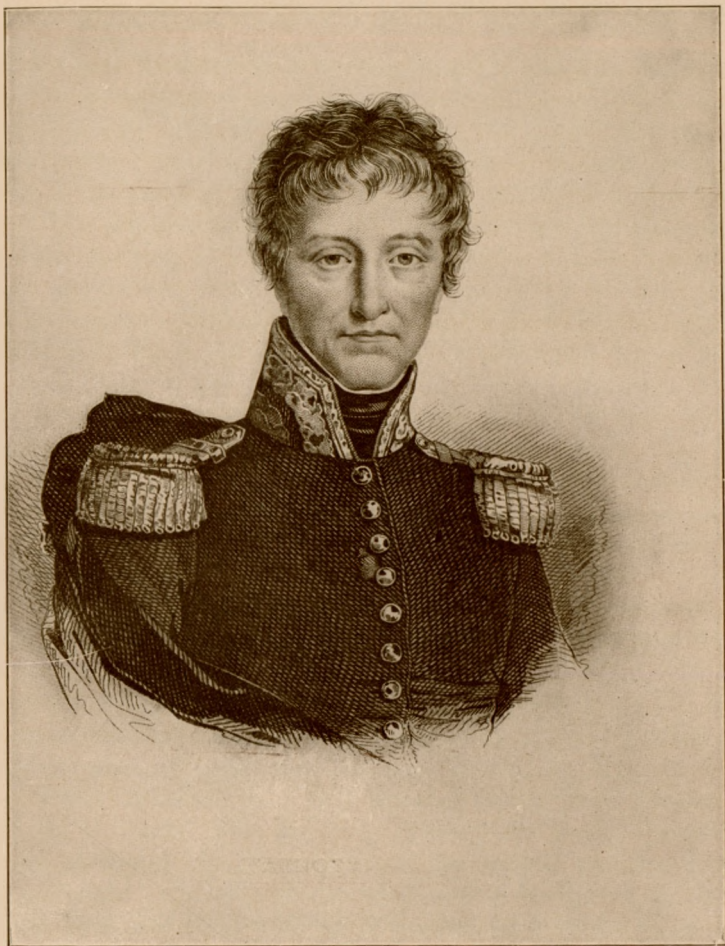
Carnot was a man laborious and sincere, but liable to the influence of intrigues, and easily deceived. When minister of war he showed but little talent, and had many quarrels with the ministers of finance and the treasury, in all of which he was wrong. He left the government, convinced that he could not fulfil his station for want of money. He afterwards voted against the establishment of the empire, but as his conduct was always upright, he never gave any umbrage to the government. During the prosperity of the empire he never asked for anything; but, after the misfortunes of Russia, he demanded employment and got the command of Antwerp, where he acquitted himself very well. After Napoleon's return from Elba, he was minister of the interior, and the emperor had every reason to be satisfied with his conduct. He was faithful, and a man of truth and probity.—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

The royalists and their foreign allies have never been able to forgive Carnot's signal military exploits during the war of the French Revolution; and affected to confound him with Robespierre, as if he had been the accomplice of that monster in the Reign of Terror. Situated as Carnot then was, he had but one alternative—either to continue in the committee of public safety, co-operating with men whom he abhorred, and lending his name to their worst deeds, while he was fain to close his eyes upon their details; or to leave the tremendous war which France was then waging for her existence, in the hands of men so utterly unfit to conduct the machine an instant, that immediate conquest, in its worst shape, must have been the consequence of his desertion. There may be many an honest man who would have preferred death to any place in Robespierre's committee; but it is fair to state that in all probability Carnot saved his country by persevering in the management of the war.—*Edinburgh Review*.

CARRA, JEAN LOUIS, was born at Pont-du-Vesle in 1743. He called himself a man of letters before the Revolution, because he had written some bad articles in the Encyclopædia. At the beginning of the troubles, he went to Paris; made himself remarkable among the most violent revolutionists, and, in 1789, proposed the formation of the municipality of Paris, and of the city guard. It was Carra who thought of arming the people with pikes. Always preaching up murder and pillage in his writings, he was one of the chiefs of the revolt of August 10, 1792; and in his journal, he gloried in having traced out the plan of that day. Being denounced by Robespierre, he was condemned to death, and executed October 31, 1793.—*Biographie Moderne*.

CARRIER, JEAN BAPTISTE, born in Auvergne in 1756, and an obscure attorney at the beginning of the Revolution, was deputed in 1792, to the Convention, aided in the establishment of the revolutionary tribunal, and exhibited the wildest rage for persecution. He voted for





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the King's death, and, in 1793, was sent to Nantes with a commission to suppress the civil war by severity, which he exercised in the most atrocious manner. After the fall of Robespierre, Carrier was apprehended, and condemned to death in December, 1794.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

Out of 500 members, 498 voted in favor of the sentence of death against Carrier, the remaining two were also in favor of it, but conditionally.—*Hazlitt*.

It is my plan to carry off from that accursed country, La Vendée, all manner of subsistence or provisions for man or beast: all forage—in a word, everything—give all the buildings to the flames, and exterminate the inhabitants. Oppose their being relieved by a single grain of corn for their subsistence. I give you the most positive—the most imperious orders. You are answerable for the execution from this moment. In a word, leave nothing in that proscribed country—let the means of subsistence, provisions, forage, everything—positively everything, be removed to Nantes.—*Extract from Carrier's Letter to General Haxo*.

CATHELINÉAU, JACQUES, born near St. Flaurant, January 5, 1759, was a wool-dealer of the village of Pin en Mauges, who took the resolution of standing up for his king and country, facing the evils which were not to be avoided, and doing his duty manfully in arms. His wife entreated him not to form this perilous resolution; but this was no time for such humanities; so, leaving his work, he called the villagers about him, and succeeded in inducing them to take up arms. He was killed during the attack on Nantes, June 29, 1793.—*Quarterly Review*.

CHABOT, FRANÇOIS, a Capuchin, born in the department of Aveyron in 1759, eagerly profited by the opportunity of breaking his vows, which the decree of the Constituent Assembly offered him. In 1792 he was appointed deputy of Loire-et-Cher to the legislature. In the same year, he went so far as to cause himself to be slightly wounded by six confidential men, in order that he might accuse the King of being the author of this assassination. It is asserted that he even pressed Merlin and Bazire to murder him, and then to carry his bloody corpse into the faubourg, to hasten the insurrection of the people, and the destruction of the monarch. Chabot was one of the chief instigators of the events of August 10th, and voted afterwards for the death of the King. He was condemned to death by Robespierre as a partisan of the Dantonist faction. When he knew what his fate was to be, he poisoned himself with corrosive sublimate of mercury; but the dreadful pain he suffered having extorted shrieks from him, he was conveyed to the infirmary, and his life prolonged till April 5, 1794, when he was guillotined. Chabot died with firmness at the age of thirty-five.—*Biographie Moderne*.

CHARETTE DE LA CONTRIE, FRANÇOIS ATHANASE, born near Ancenis, April 21, 1763, was the only individual to whom Napoleon attached particular importance. I have read a history of La Vendée, said he to me, and if the details and portraits are correct, Charette was



the only great character—the true hero of that remarkable episode in our revolution. He impressed me with the idea of a great man. He betrayed genius. I replied, that I had known Charette very well in my youth, and that his brilliant exploits astonished all who had formerly been acquainted with him. We looked on him as a commonplace sort of man, devoid of information, ill-tempered, and extremely indolent. When, however, he began to rise into celebrity, his early friends recollected a circumstance which certainly indicated decision of character. When Charette was first called into service during the American war, he sailed out of Brest on board a cutter during the winter. The cutter lost her mast, and to a vessel of that description, such an accident was equivalent to certain destruction. The weather was stormy—death seemed inevitable—and the sailors, throwing themselves on their knees, lost all presence of mind, and refused to exert themselves. At this crisis, Charette, notwithstanding his extreme youth, killed one of the men, in order to compel the rest to do their duty. This dreadful example had the desired effect, and the ship was saved. Ay, said the Emperor, here was the spark that distinguished the hero of La Vendée. Men's dispositions are often misunderstood. There are sleepers whose waking is terrible. Charette was one of these.—*Las Cases*.

After his capture, Charette entered into Nantes preceded by a numerous escort, closely guarded by gendarmes, and generals glittering in gold and plumes; himself on foot, with his clothes torn and bloody, pale and attenuated; yet more an object of interest than all the splendid throng by whom he was surrounded. Such was his exhaustion from loss of blood, that he fainted on leaving the Quarter of Commerce; but no sooner was his strength revived by a glass of water, than he marched on, enduring for two hours, with heroic constancy, the abuse of the populace. He was conducted to the military commission, and sentenced to be shot. On the following morning he was brought out on the scaffold. The roll of drums, the assemblage of all the troops and national guard, and a countless multitude of spectators, announced the great event which was approaching. At length the hero appeared, descended with a firm step the prison stairs, and walked to the place where his execution was to take place. A breathless silence prevailed. Charette advanced to the appointed place, bared his breast, and himself gave the command, uttering, with his last breath, the words “Vive le Roi!”—*Alison*.

CHAUMETTE, PIERRE GASPARD, attorney of the commune of Paris, was born at Nevers, May 24, 1763. His father was a shoemaker. After having been a cabin-boy, a steersman, a transcriber, and an attorney's clerk at Paris, he worked under the journalist Prudhomme, who describes him as a very ignorant fellow. He soon acquired great power in the capital, and in 1793 proposed the formation of a revolutionary tribunal without appeal, and a tax on the rich. At the same time, he contrived the Festivals of Reason, and the orgies and profanations which polluted all the churches in Paris, and even proposed that a moving guillotine

mounted on four wheels, should follow the revolutionary army "to shed blood in profusion!" Chaumette also proposed the cessation of public worship, and the equality of funerals; and procured an order for the demolition of all monuments of religion and royalty. He was executed, by order of Robespierre, April 13, 1794, twenty days after Hebert, to whose party he had attached himself.—*Biographie Moderne*.

The municipal faction of Chaumette and Hebert had not only struck at the root of religious worship, but they had attempted also to alter the whole existing social code. "The most sacred relations of life," says Mr. Alison, "were at the same period placed on a new footing, suited to the extravagant ideas of the times. Marriage was declared a civil contract, binding only during the pleasure of the contracting parties. Divorce immediately became general; and the corruption of manners reached a height unknown during the worst days of the monarchy. So indiscriminate did concubinage become, that, by a decree of the Convention, bastards were declared entitled to an equal share of the succession with legitimate children. The divorces in Paris in the first three months of 1792 were 562, while the marriages were only 1785—a proportion probably unexampled among mankind! The consequences soon became apparent. Before the era of the Consulate, one-half of the whole births in Paris were illegitimate."

CLOOTZ, JEAN BAPTISTE DU VAL-DE-GRACE, a Prussian baron, assumed the name of Anacharsis Clootz. He was born at Cleves, on June 24, 1755, and became the possessor of a considerable fortune, which he dissipated by his misconduct. He was not destitute of ability, but was half-crazed by his fanatical love of liberty, and his constant habit of poring over the works of German metaphysicians. As he was the nephew of Cornelius Parr, author of several works, he thought he must also be a writer. He travelled in different parts of Europe, and particularly cultivated the society of Burke, who was then a member of the opposition in the English Parliament. During the French Revolution, Clootz made himself notorious by the absurd extravagance of his conduct. The masquerade, known by the name of the "Embassy of the Human Race," was the first scene in which he attracted attention. He appeared on June 19, 1790, at the bar of the National Assembly, followed by a considerable body of Parisian porters in foreign dresses, whom he presented as deputies from all nations. He styled himself the "Orator of the human race," and requested to be admitted to the Federation, which was agreed to. On January 22, 1792, he wrote a letter to the Legislative Assembly, beginning thus: "The orator of the human race to the legislature of the human race sends greeting." On April 21st he delivered a ridiculous tirade at the bar relative to the declaration of war against the King of Hungary and Bohemia; proposed to the Assembly to adhere for a year to a strict regimen; and ended by offering, what he called, a patriotic gift of 12,000 livres. He in consequence obtained the honor of a seat among the members. On August 12th he came to con-

gratulate the Assembly on the events of the 10th, and offered to raise a Prussian legion. On the 27th, he begged the Assembly to set a price on the heads of the King of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick, and delivered a long speech, in which the following expressions occurred: "Charles IX. had a successor; Louis will have none." "You know how to value the heads of philosophers; a price yet remains to be set on those of tyrants." "My heart is French, and my soul sans-culotte." The hatred of this fanatic against the Christian religion was as fervent as that which he entertained against the monarchy. In September, 1792, he was deputed from the Oise to the Convention, where he voted for the death of Louis XVI. in the name of the human race! In the same year he published a work entitled *The Universal Republic*, wherein he laid it down as a principle "that the people was the sovereign of the world—nay, that it was God!"—"that fools alone believed in a Supreme Being!" etc. He soon afterwards fell under the suspicion of Robespierre, was arrested as a Hebertist, and condemned to death on March 24, 1794. He died with great firmness, and, on his way to execution, lectured Hebert on materialism, "to prevent him," as he said, "from yielding to religious feelings in his last moments." He even asked to be executed after all his accomplices, in order that he might have time "to establish certain principles during the fall of their heads."—*Biographie Moderne*.

COLLOT-D'HERBOIS, JEAN MARIE, born at Paris about 1753, first appeared on the stage, and had little success. He played at Geneva, at the Hague, and at Lyons, where, having been often hissed, he vowed the most cruel vengeance against that town. The line of acting in which he played best was that of tyrants in tragedies. He went to Paris at the beginning of the Revolution, and embraced the popular cause. Possessed of a fine face, a powerful voice, and great boldness, he became one of the oracles at the Jacobin Club. He was no stranger to the September massacres. During the king's trial he sat at the top of the Mountain, by Robespierre's side, and voted for the monarch's death. It has been said of this man, who was surnamed the Tiger, that he was the most sanguinary of the Terrorists. In 1793 he took his departure for Lyons, protesting that the South should soon be purified. It is from the time of this mission that his horrible celebrity takes its rise. He sent for a column of the revolutionary army, and organized the demolitions and the employment of cannon in order to make up for the slowness of the guillotine at Lyons. The victims, when about to be shot, were bound to a cord fixed to trees, and a picket of infantry marched round the place, firing successively on the condemned. The *mitrallades*, the executions by artillery, took place in the Brotteaux. Those who were destined for this punishment were ranged two by two on the edge of the ditches that had been dug to receive their bodies, and cannons, loaded with small bits of metal, were fired upon them; after which, some troops of the revolutionary army despatched the wounded with swords or bayonets. Two women and a young girl having solicited the pardon of their husbands





ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ.



and brothers, Collot-d'Herbois had them bound on the scaffold where their relations expired, and their blood spouted out on them. On his return to Paris, being denounced to the National Convention by petitioners from Lyons, he answered, that "the cannon had been fired but once on sixty of the most guilty, to destroy them with a single stroke." The Convention approved of his measures, and ordered that his speech should be printed. In the year 1794, returning home at one o'clock in the morning, Collot was attacked by Admiral, who fired at him twice with a pistol, but missed his aim. The importance which this adventure gave him, both in the Convention of which he was nominated president, and elsewhere, irritated the self-love of Robespierre, whom Collot afterwards denounced. In 1795 he was transported to Guiana, where he endeavored to stir up the blacks against the whites.—*Biographie Moderne*.

Collot-d'Herbois died in exile at Cayenne. He was found one day lying on the ground, with his face exposed to a burning sun, in a raging fever. The negroes who were appointed to carry him from Kouron to Cayenne, had thrown him down to perish. He expired, vomiting froth and blood, and calling upon that God whom he had so often renounced.—*Piton's Voyage to Cayenne*.

CONDE, LOUIS JOSEPH DE BOURBON, PRINCE OF, was born at Chantilly, August 9, 1736. He was the only son of the Duke of Bourbon and the Princess of Hesse-Rheinfels. In 1753 he married the Princess of Rohan-Soubise, who in 1756 bore him the Prince of Bourbon-Condé. In the seven years' war he distinguished himself by his skill and courage and in 1762 gained a victory at Johannisberg over the hereditary Prince of Brunswick. In the Revolution he emigrated in 1789, to Brussels, and thence to Turin. He afterwards formed a little corps of emigrant nobility, which joined the Austrian army under Wurmser. In 1795 he entered with his corps into the English service. In 1797 he entered the Russian service, and marched with his corps to Russia, where he was hospitably received by Paul I. In 1800, after the separation of Russia from the coalition, he re-entered the English service. He returned to Paris in 1814; and the next year fled with the king to Ghent. He died at Paris in 1818. His grandson was the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien.—*Cyclopædia Americana*.

CONDORCET, MARIE JEAN ANTOINE NICOLAS DE CARITAT, MARQUIS DE, was born at St. Quentin, in Picardy, September 17, 1743. His was one of the oldest families in Dauphiné. He was educated in the college of Navarre, at Paris, and from early youth devoted himself to the study of the exact sciences. The Duke of Rochefoucault was his patron; and introduced him into the world at the age of nineteen. With astonishing facility Condorcet treated the most difficult problems in mathematics, and gained such celebrity as a man of science, that, in 1777, he was made secretary to the Academy of Sciences. He contributed several articles to the *Encyclopædia*, and was intimate with most of the writers of that great work. Under a cold exterior, Condorcet concealed the most violent



passions. D'Alembert compared him to a volcano covered with snow. On the intelligence of the king's flight, he defined the royal dignity as an anti-social institution. In 1792 he was appointed President of the Assembly, and composed the proclamation addressed to the French and to Europe, which announced the abolition of royalty. On the trial of Louis he voted for the severest sentence not capital; at the same time he voted for the abolition of capital punishments, except in crimes against the state. In 1793 he was accused of being an accomplice with Brissot, and, to save his life, concealed himself in the house of Madame Verney, where he remained eight months, during which period, though in constant fear of discovery, he wrote one of his best philosophical treatises. Having at length learned that death was denounced against all who harbored a proscribed individual, he left his generous hostess, and fled in disguise from Paris. He wandered about for some time, until, driven by hunger, he entered a small inn at Clamar, where he was arrested as a suspicious person, and thrown into prison. On the following morning, March 28, 1794, he was found dead on the floor of his room, having apparently swallowed poison, which he always carried about him, and which nothing but his love for his wife and daughter prevented him using before.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

CORLAY D'ARMANS, CHARLOTTE, was born at St. Saturnin des Lignerets, in the year 1768. Nature had bestowed on her a handsome person, wit, feeling, and a masculine understanding. She received her education in a convent, where she labored with constant assiduity to cultivate her own powers. The Abbé Raynal was her favorite modern author; and the Revolution found in her an ardent proselyte. Her love of study rendered her careless of the homage that her beauty attracted, though she was said to have formed an attachment to M. Belzunce, major of the regiment of Bourbon, quartered at Caen. This young officer was massacred in 1789, after Marat in several successive numbers of his journal had denounced Belzunce as a counter-revolutionist. From this moment Charlotte Corday conceived a great hatred of Marat, which was increased after the overthrow of the Girondins, whose principles she revered; and, being resolved to gratify her vengeance, she left Caen in 1793, and arrived about noon on the third day at Paris. Early on the second morning of her arrival she went into the Palais Royal, bought a knife, hired a coach, and drove to the house of Marat. Being denied admittance, she returned to her hotel, and wrote the following letter: "Citizen, I have just arrived from Caen; your love for your country inclines me to suppose you will listen with pleasure to the secret events of that part of the republic. I will present myself at your house; have the goodness to give orders for my admission, and grant me a moment's private conversation. I can point out the means by which you may render an important service to France." In the fear that this letter might not produce the effect she desired, she wrote another, still more pressing, which she took herself. On knocking at the door, Marat, who



CHARLOTTE CORDAY.





was in his bath, ordered her to be instantly admitted; when, being left alone with him, she answered with perfect self-possession all his inquiries respecting the proscribed deputies at Caen. While he made memorandums of their conversation, Charlotte Corday coolly measured with her eye the spot whereon to strike; and then, snatching the weapon from her bosom, she buried the entire knife right in his heart! A single exclamation escaped Marat. "Help!" he said, and expired. Having been tried and found guilty, Charlotte Corday still maintained a noble and dignified deportment, welcoming death, not as the expiation of a crime, but as the inevitable consequence of a mighty effort to avenge the injuries of a nation. The hour of her punishment drew immense crowds to the place of execution. When she appeared alone with the executioner in the cart, in despite of the constrained attitude in which she sat, and of the disorder of her dress, she excited the silent admiration of those even who were hired to curse her. One man alone had courage to raise his voice in her praise. His name was Adam Lux, and he was a deputy from the city of Mentz. "She is greater than Brutus!" he exclaimed. This sealed his death-warrant. He was soon afterwards guillotined.—*Du Broca.*

"Pardon me, my dear father," wrote Charlotte Corday, "for having disposed of my life without your permission. I have avenged many victims—prevented others. The people will one day acknowledge the service I have rendered my country. For your sake I wished to remain incognito; but it was impossible. I only trust you will not be injured by what I have done. Farewell, my beloved father! Forget me, or rather rejoice at my fate, for it has sprung from a noble cause. Embrace my sister for me, whom I love with all my heart. Never forget the words of Corneille—the crime makes the shame, and not the scaffold."—*Alison.*

On her way to the scaffold, Charlotte Corday heard nothing but applause and acclamation, yet by a smile alone she discovered what she felt. When she had ascended the place of execution, her face still glowed with the hue of pleasure; and even in her last moments, the handkerchief which covered her bosom having been removed, her cheeks were suffused with the blush of modesty. At the time of her death, she wanted three months of her twenty-fifth year. She was descended from Peter Corneille.—*Paris Journal*, 1797.

COUTHON, J., surnamed Cato during the Reign of Terror, was born at Orsay in 1756, and was an advocate at Clermont. He was deputed to the legislature and the Convention. Before this period he enjoyed in his own country a reputation for gentleness and integrity; yet he embraced the revolutionary principles with astonishing eagerness, and, during the sitting of the Convention, showed himself the most ardent partisan of sanguinary measures. Prudhomme says, that it was in his chamber at Paris that the Duke of Orleans, Danton, Marat, Petion, Robespierre, and others, assembled to arrange the insurrection of August

10, 1792. In the following year Couthon voted for the king's death, and eagerly opposed delay. He soon afterwards attacked the Girondins, and became the favorite tool of Robespierre. Being sent to Lyons, he presided at the execution of the rebel chiefs, and began to put in force the decree which ordered the demolition of that city. Being afterwards implicated with the party of Robespierre, the armed force came to seize him; when he perceived they were going to lay hold of him, he struck himself slightly with a dagger, and feigned himself dead. In the year 1794 he was executed, and suffered horribly before he died; his singular conformation, and the dreadful contraction of his limbs at that time, so incommoded the executioner while fastening him on the plank of the guillotine, that he was obliged to lay him on his side to give the fatal blow; his torture lasted longer than that of fourteen other sufferers.—*Biographie Moderne*.

Couthon was a decrepit being, whose lower extremities were paralyzed—whose benevolence of feeling seemed to pour itself out in the most gentle expressions uttered in the most melodious tones—whose sensibility led him constantly to foster a favorite spaniel in his bosom that he might have something on which to bestow kindness and caresses—but who was at heart as fierce as Danton, and as pitiless as Robespierre.—*Scott's Life of Napoleon*.

Attended by a crowd of satellites, Couthon traversed the finest quarters of Lyons with a silver hammer, and, striking at the door of the devoted houses, exclaimed, "Rebellious house, I strike you in the name of the law." Instantly the agents of destruction, of whom twenty thousand were in the pay of the Convention, levelled the dwelling to the ground. But this was only a prelude to a more bloody vengeance.—*Alison*.

CUSTINE, COUNT ADAM PHILIPPE, born at Metz, February 4, 1740, served as captain in the seven years' war. Through the influence of the Duke of Choiseul, he obtained, in 1762, a regiment of dragoons, which was called by his name. In 1780 he exchanged this for the regiment of Saintonge, which was on the point of going to America, to the aid of the colonies. On his return, he was appointed marechal de camp. In 1789 he was deputy of the nobility of Metz, and was one of the first who declared for the popular party. He subsequently entered the army of the North, and, 1792, made himself master of the pass of Porentruy. He then received the command of the army of the Lower Rhine, and opened the campaign by taking possession of Spire. He next took Worms, then the fortress of Mentz, and then Frankfort-on-the-Main, on which he laid heavy contributions. In 1793 he was denounced, and received his dismissal, but the Convention afterwards invested him with the command of the Northern army. But he had hardly time to visit the posts. Marat and Varennes were unceasing in their accusations against him, and the revolutionary tribunal soon afterwards condemned him to death. He was guillotined August 28, 1793.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

DANTON, GEORGES JACQUES, an advocate by profession, was born

at Arcissur-Arbe, October 26, 1759, and beheaded April 5, 1794. His external appearance was striking. His stature was colossal; his frame athletic; his features harsh, large, and disagreeable; his voice shook the Assembly; his eloquence was vehement; and his imagination as gigantic as his person, which made every one recoil, and at which, says St. Just, "Freedom herself trembled." He was one of the founders of the club of the Cordeliers. His importance increased in 1792, when he became one of the instigators of the events of June 20th, and a leader on August 10th. After the fall of Louis XVI. Danton was made minister of justice, and usurped the appointments of officers in the army and departments. He thus raised up a great number of creatures wholly devoted to his views. Money flowed from all sides into his hands, and was profusely squandered on his partisans. His violent measures led to the September massacres. The invasion of Champagne by the Prussians spread consternation through Paris; and Danton alone preserved his courage. He assumed the administration of the state; prepared measures of defence; called on all Frenchmen capable of bearing arms to march against the enemy; and prevented the removal of the Assembly beyond the Loire. From this time forward he was hated by Robespierre, who could never pardon the superiority which Danton had shown on this occasion. On the occasion of the Festival of Reason, in which the Hebertists acted a conspicuous part, Danton declared himself against the attack on the ministers of religion, and subsequently united with Robespierre to bring Hébert and his partisans to the scaffold. But their connection was not of long duration. Danton wished to overthrow the despotism of Robespierre, who, in his turn, was anxious to get rid of a dangerous rival. Danton was accordingly denounced to the committee of safety by St. Just, and imprisoned with his adherents in the Luxembourg. When he was transferred thence to the Conciergerie, he appeared deeply mortified at having been duped by Robespierre. On his trial, he said, composedly, "I am Danton, sufficiently well known in the Revolution; I shall soon pass to nothingness; but my name will live in the Pantheon of history." He was condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal as an accomplice in a conspiracy for the restoration of monarchy, and his large property was confiscated. He mounted the car with courage; his head was elevated, his look commanding and full of pride. On ascending the scaffold, he was for a moment softened. "Oh, my wife, my dear wife, shall I never see you again?" he said, but checked himself hastily, and exclaimed, "Courage, Danton! no weakness." He was thirty-five years old at the time of his death.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

During the short period that elapsed before his execution, Danton's mind, in a distracted state, reverted to the innocence of his earlier years. He spoke incessantly about trees, flowers, and the country. Then giving way to unavailing regret, he exclaimed, "It was just a year ago that I was the means of instituting the revolutionary tribunal; may God and man forgive me for what I then did: but it was not that it might become



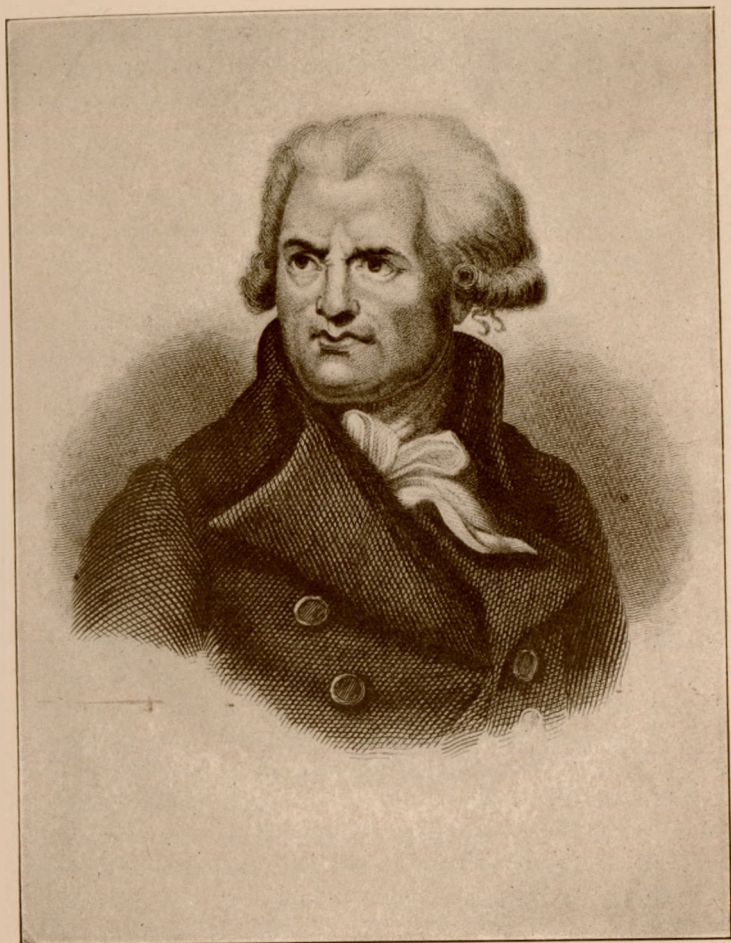
the scourge of humanity." When his sentence was read to him in his cell, "We are sacrificed," said Danton, "to a few dastardly brigands, but I drag Robespierre after me in my fall."—*Alison*.

Danton was sometimes denominated the Mirabeau, sometimes the Alcibiades of the rabble. He may be said to have resembled both (with the differences only of the patrician order and the populace)—in his tempestuous passions, popular eloquence, dissipation, and debts, like the one; his ambition, his daring and inventive genius, like the other. He exerted his faculties, and indulged his voluptuary indolence alternately and by starts. His conceptions were isolated, but complete in themselves, and of terrific efficacy as practical agents in revolutions. Danton's ambition was not personal. He would freely sacrifice himself for the republic or his party. He was inhuman, not so much from instinctive cruelty, as from a careless prodigality of blood. He viewed the Revolution as a great game, in which men played for their lives. He took those he won as freely as he would have paid those he lost.—*British and Foreign Review*.

I never saw any countenance that so strongly expressed the violence of brutal passions, and the most astonishing audacity, half-disguised by a jovial air, an affectation of frankness, and a sort of simplicity, as Danton's. In 1789 he was a needy lawyer, more burdened with debts than causes. He went to Belgium to augment his resources, and, after August 10, had the hardihood to avow a fortune of £158,333, and to wallow in luxury, while preaching sans-culottism, and sleeping on heaps of slaughtered men.—*Madame Roland's Memoirs*.

DAVID, JACQUES LOUIS, born at Paris in 1741, a celebrated painter, elector of Paris in 1792, was one of the warmest friends of Robespierre. He voted for the death of Louis XVI. He contrived the Mountain on which Robespierre gave a public festival in the Field of Mars. In 1794 he presided in the Convention. In 1800 the consuls made him the national artist, when he painted for the Hospital of the Invalids a picture of General Bonaparte. In 1805 he was appointed to paint the scene of the Emperor's coronation. David was unquestionably the first French painter of the modern school; and this consideration had some weight in obtaining his pardon in 1794, when he had been accused of being a Terrorist. A swelling which David had in his cheeks rendered his features hideous.—*Biographie Moderne*.

DAVOUST, LOUIS NICOLAS, was born at Annoux, May 10, 1770, of a noble family, and studied with Bonaparte in the military school of Brienne. He distinguished himself under Dumouriez, and in the year 1793 was made general. In the Italian campaigns under Napoleon, he zealously attached himself to the First Consul, whom he accompanied to Egypt. After the battle of Marengo, Davoust was made chief of the grenadiers of the consular guard. When Napoleon ascended the throne in 1804 he created Davoust marshal of the empire. In 1806 he created him Duke of Auerstadt, and after the peace of Tilsit, commander-in-



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chief of the army of the Rhine. Having had an important share in the victories of Eckmühl and Wagram, Davoust was created prince of the former place. He accompanied Napoleon to Russia; and in 1813 was besieged in Hamburg, where he lost eleven thousand men, and was accused of great cruelty. On the Emperor's return to Paris, in 1815, he was appointed Minister of War. After the battle of Waterloo he submitted to Louis XVIII., and was subsequently employed by the court. Davoust died in the year 1823, leaving a son and two daughters.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

DESMOULINS, CAMILLE, a lawyer, born at Guise, in Picardy, in 1762, was the son of the lieutenant-general of the bailiwick of Guise. His appearance was vulgar, his complexion swarthy, and his looks unprepossessing. He made his first appearance at the bar to plead against his own father, whom he wanted to make him a greater allowance than he could afford. At the very commencement of the Revolution he formed an intimate acquaintance with Robespierre. In July, 1789, he harangued a large mob in the Palais Royal with a brace of pistols in his hand, and assumed the appellation of attorney-general of the lamp-post. The same year he began his journal *Les Révolutions de France et de Brabant*, which exercised great influence on the mob of Paris. With Danton he joined the club of the Cordeliers in 1790. He married Lucille Duplessis, December 29, 1790. In 1792 he was appointed secretary to Danton, and organized with him the September massacres. He asserted frequently that society consisted of two classes of men—gentlemen and sans-culottes; and that, in order to save the republic, it was necessary to take the purses of the one, and put arms into the hands of the other. His connection with Danton was his ruin; and his sentence of death, the word “clemency,” which he recommended in his journal of the “Old Cordelier.” He was arrested in 1794, and during his imprisonment he gave himself up alternately to rage and despair. His favorite studies were the works of Young and Hervey. When led to execution, at the age of thirty-three, he made the most violent efforts to avoid getting into the cart. His shirt was in tatters, and his shoulders bare; his eyes glared, and he foamed at the mouth, crying out while he ascended the scaffold: “This, then, is the reward reserved for the first apostle of liberty! The monsters who assassinate me will not survive me long.” His wife, whom he adored, and by whom he was as warmly beloved, beautiful, courageous, and sensible, begged to share his fate, and ten days afterwards Robespierre sent her to the scaffold, where she exhibited much more firmness than her husband.—*Biographie Moderne*.

Camille Desmoulins had natural abilities, some education, but an extravagant imagination. He stammered in his speech, and yet he harangued the mob without appearing ridiculous, such was the influence which the vehemence of his language had over it. He was fond of pleasure and of amusements of all kinds, and professed a sincere ad-

miration of Robespierre, who then seemed to feel a friendship for him.—*Memoirs of a Peer of France.*

This brilliant, but headstrong young man had followed every early movement of the Revolution, approving of all its measures and all its excesses. His heart, however, was kind and gentle, although his opinions had been violent, and his pleasantries often cruel. He had approved of the revolutionary government, because he had conceived it indispensable to lay the foundation of the republic; he had co-operated in the ruin of the Gironde, because he feared the dissensions of the republic. The republic! It was to this he had sacrificed even his scruples and his sympathies, his justice and his humanity. He had given everything to his party, thinking he had given it to his country. In his "Old Cordelier" he spoke of liberty with the profound sense of Machiavelli; and of men, with the wit of Voltaire.—*Mignet.*

DROUET, JEAN BAPTISTE, postmaster at St. Menehould, was born in 1763. It was he who recognized the King in his flight, and caused him to be arrested at Varennes. In 1792 he was chosen member of the Convention and voted for the death of Louis. In the autumn of the following year he was sent to the army of the North, was taken prisoner, and carried to Moravia. In 1795 he obtained his liberty, and entered the council of Five Hundred. Dissatisfied with the moderate system which then prevailed in France, he became, with Babœuf, one of the leaders of the Jacobin conspiracy, on which account he was arrested, but made his escape into Switzerland. He was finally acquitted, and returned to France. During the Hundred Days he was a member of the chamber of deputies, but, in 1816, was banished from France as a regicide.—*Encyclopædia Americana.*

DUBOIS-CRANCE, EDMOND LOUIS ALEXIS, born at Charleville in 1747, entered the King's musketeers, and became lieutenant of the marshals of France. In 1792 he was chosen deputy to the Convention, and on the King's trial, opposed the appeal to the people, and voted for his death. In the following year he was chosen president of the Convention, and entered into the committee of public safety. He contributed to the fall of the Girondins, and afterwards to that of Robespierre and the Terrorists. In 1799 the Directory raised him to the administration of the war department, in the place of Bernadotte. He died in 1805 at an estate to which he had retired.—*Biographie Moderne.*

DUMONT, ANDRE, deputy to the Convention, voted for the King's death without appeal. He persecuted the Girondins with the utmost severity. Being sent to the department of the Somme, he caused two hundred persons, sixty-four of whom were priests, to be thrown into the river. In 1794 he declared violently against Robespierre, and was afterwards president of the Convention, and member of the committee of public safety. In the December of 1794, he proposed that the punishment of death should no longer be inflicted, except on royalists. In the year 1796 he was elected to the council of Five Hundred, and, after



DESMOULINS.





the 18th Brumaire, was appointed sub-prefect of Abbeville.—*Biographie Moderne*.

DUMOURIEZ, CHARLES FRANCOIS DUPERIER, was born at Cambray, January 25, 1739, and descended from a Provencal family engaged in the law. He was fifty years of age at the commencement of the Revolution. Up to that time he had lived amid intrigues, which he was but too fond of engaging in. The first part of his political life was spent in discovering those by whose help he might rise; and the second, in discovering those who were able to support his elevation. A courtier before 1789; a Constitutional under the first Assembly; a Girondin under the second; and a Jacobin under the republic, he was eminently the creature of the time. But he had all the resources of great men; an enterprising disposition, indefatigable activity, and prompt, accurate, and extended views; extraordinary impetuosity in action, and unbounded confidence in success. He was, besides, frank, ingenious, clever, bold, equally fitted for the council and the field; full of expedients, and knowing how to submit to the misfortune of a difficult position until he could change it. It must be admitted, however, that these fine qualities were injured by several defects. Dumouriez was rash, thoughtless, and extremely capricious, in consequence of his continual thirst for action. But his great fault was want of all political principle. He died at Turville Park, England, March 14, 1823.—*Mignet*.

DUSSAULX, JEAN, born at Chartres, December 28, 1728, was the son of a lawyer. He served in the campaign of Hanover, under Marshal Richelieu, and gained the esteem of King Stanislaus. Returning to Paris, he brought out a translation of Juvenal, and in 1776 was made a member of the Academy of Inscriptions. Becoming a member of the Convention, he voted for the King's detention and his banishment on a peace. In 1796 he was appointed president of the Council of Ancients. He died in 1799 after a long and afflicting illness.—*Biographie Moderne*.

EDGEWORTH DE FIRMONT, HENRY ESSEX, father-confessor of Louis XVI., was born in Ireland in 1745, in the village of Edgeworthstown. His father, an Episcopalian clergyman, adopted the Catholic faith with his family, and went to France. His piety and good conduct obtained him the confidence of the Princess Elizabeth, who chose him for her confessor, and made him known to Louis, who, after his condemnation, sent for him to attend him in his last moments. M. Edgeworth accompanied the King to the place of execution; and, having succeeded in escaping from France, arrived in England in 1796. Pitt offered him a pension, which he declined. He soon after followed Louis XVIII. to Blankenburg, in Brunswick, and thence to Mittau. M. Edgeworth died, in 1807, of a contagious fever, caught in attending to some sick French emigrants. The Duchess d'Angoulême waited on him in his last moments; the royal family followed him to the tomb; and Louis XVIII. wrote his epitaph.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

ELIZABETH, PHILIPPINE MARIE HELENE, MADAME, sister to Louis XVI., was born at Versailles in the year 1764. She was the youngest child of Louis, Dauphin of France, and Marie Josephine of Saxony. At the commencement of the Revolution, Madame Elizabeth saw with terror the convocation of the States-General; but when it was found to be inevitable, she devoted herself from that moment entirely to the welfare of her brother and the royal family. She was condemned to death in 1794, and ascended the scaffold with twenty-four other victims, not one of whom she knew. She was thirty years old at the time of her execution, and demeaned herself throughout with courage and resignation.—*Biographie Moderne*.

FABRE-D'EGLANTINE, PHILIPPE FRANCOIS NAZAIRE, born December 28, 1755, was a native of Carcassone. He was known at the commencement of the Revolution by works which had little success, and since that time, by comedies not destitute of merit; but, above all, by criminal conduct both as a public and a private man. Of low birth, he possessed a vanity which rendered him intolerable. He could not endure the nobility. While he was obliged to bend before it, he was content with abusing it, as he could do no more; but when the course of events had placed him in a position to crush those he hated, he rushed on them with the rage of a tiger, and tore them to pieces with delight. I have heard him say, nearly like Caligula, that he wished the nobles had but one head, that he might strike it off at a single blow. In 1793, during the trial of Louis XVI., he was solicited to be favorable to that unfortunate prince. "You will enjoy the pleasure of doing a good action," said the applicant. "I know a pleasure far superior to that," replied Fabre; "it is the pleasure felt by a commoner in condemning a king to death."—*Memoirs of a Peer of France*.

Fabre-d'Eglantine was an ardent promoter and panegyrist of the revolutionary system, and the friend, the companion, the adviser of the proconsuls, who carried throughout France, fire and sword, devastation and death. I do not know whether his hands were stained by the lavishing of money not his own, but I know that he was a promoter of assassinations. Poor before September 2, 1792, he had afterwards a hotel and carriages and servants and women; his friend Lacroix assisted him to procure this retinue.—*Mercier*.

FAVRAS, MARQUIS DE, formerly lieutenant of Monsieur's Swiss guards, was condemned by the Châtelet of Paris, on February 18, 1790, for having endeavored to excite a counter-revolutionary project, and for having intended to attempt the life of Lafayette, Bailly, and Necker, and to carry off the King and the royal family. He was born at Blois; devoted himself from his earliest youth to the service, and went into the musketeers in 1755. In 1761 he obtained a company of dragoons in the regiment of Belsunce; and served with distinction in the campaigns of 1762 and 1763, after which he was appointed adjutant. In 1772 he acquired the office of first lieutenant of Monsieur's Swiss, which conferred



the rank of colonel. In 1786 he went to Vienna to get his wife legitimized, as only daughter of the Prince of Anhalt-Schaumburg. In 1787 he commanded a legion in Holland, at the time of the insurrection against the Stadtholder. In 1790 he was accused of having plotted, at Paris, against the Revolution; of having wanted to introduce armed men into Paris by night, in order to destroy the three principal heads of the administration; of attacking the King's guard; of taking away the seals of the state; and even of carrying off the King and his family to Véronne. He was summoned before the Châtelet, and repelled all the accusations brought against him; but his denials did not prevent the judges from condemning him. The announcement of his sentence did not shake his fortitude; he dictated his will with calmness, and paid great attention to the style of it. Favras was executed on February 11, 1790.—*Biographie Moderne*.

FERAUD, deputy to the Convention, voted for the death of Louis XVI.; and when the commune of Paris desired that the Girondins should be tried, he proposed declaring that they had not forfeited the confidence of the Assembly. These sentiments would have involved him in their ruin, had he not been saved by a mission to the army of the Western Pyrenees, where he received a wound in charging at the head of the columns. Being returned again to the Convention, he became a partisan of Barras, and assisted him in turning the armed force against Robespierre and his faction. When the revolt happened in 1795, he showed more courage than any of the other deputies, in opposing the Terrorists at the moment when they forced the entrance of the hall; but he became the victim of his valor, for after having been abused by the crowd, he received a pistol-shot in his breast, at the time when he was endeavoring to repulse several men who were making towards the president. His body was immediately seized and dragged into an adjoining passage, where his head was cut off, fixed on the top of a pike, and brought into the hall to the president, Boissy d'Anglas, to terrify him as well as the rest of the representatives. Feraud was born in the valley of the Daure, at the foot of the Pyrenees.—*Biographie Moderne*.

FOUCHE, JOSEPH, born at Nantes, May 29, 1763, was intended for his father's profession—a sea captain; but, not being strong enough, was sent to prosecute his studies at Paris. He then taught mathematics and metaphysics at Arras and elsewhere; and, at twenty-five years of age, was placed at the head of the college of Nantes. In 1792 he was chosen member of the Convention, where he voted for the King's death; and was soon after sent with Collot-d'Herbois on a mission to Lyons. On the fall of Robespierre, Fouché, having been denounced as a Terrorist, withdrew into obscurity until 1798, when the Directory appointed him French minister to the Cisalpine republic. In the following year he was made minister of police, and joined Bonaparte on his return from Egypt, who continued him in his post, in order that he might detect Royalist and Jacobin conspiracies. In 1809, Fouché was in-

trusted with the portfolio of the Interior, as well as of the police, and created Duke of Otranto. In the ensuing year, having given umbrage to Napoleon by entering into negotiations for peace with the Marquis Wellesley, he was sent into honorable exile as governor of Rome. He was soon recalled to France, and banished to Aix, where he lived a whole year retired. In 1813, he was again employed by Napoleon, was sent on a mission to Murat, and returned to Paris a few days after the declaration of the senate that the Emperor had lost his throne. During the first restoration Fouché lived partly retired; but, on Napoleon's return from Elba, the King sent for him; he preferred, however, to join the Emperor, who a third time made him minister of police. After the battle of Waterloo, the French chamber placed Fouché at the head of a provisionary government, and he was afterwards reinstated in the police by the King. He was soon, however, displaced; and, having been compromised in the law against regicides in 1816, retired to Trieste, where he died in 1820. Fouché's countenance was expressive of penetration and decision. He was of the middle size, rather thin, of firm health and strong nerves. The tones of his voice were somewhat hollow and harsh; in speech he was vehement and lively; in his appearance plain and simple.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

Fouché is a miscreant of all colors, a priest, a Terrorist, and one who took an active part in many bloody scenes of the Revolution. He is a man, continued Bonaparte, who can worm all your secrets out of you with an air of calmness and unconcern. He is very rich, but his riches have been badly acquired. He never was my confidant. Never did he approach me without bending to the ground; but I never had esteem for him. I employed him merely as an instrument.—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

Fouché never regarded a benefit in any other light than as a means of injuring his benefactor. He had opinions, but he belonged to no party, and his political success is explained by the readiness with which he always served the party he knew must triumph, and which he himself overthrew in its turn. It might be said that his ruling passion was the desire of continual change. No man was ever characterized by greater levity or inconstancy of mind.—*Bourrienne*.

FOUQUIER-TINVILLE, ANTOINE QUENTIN, born at St. Quentin in 1747, the son of a farmer, was first an attorney at the Châtelet, but having dissipated his property, he lost his place, and became a bankrupt. In 1793 he was appointed head juryman of the revolutionary tribunal, and caused the Queen to be condemned to death; but in the year 1795 was himself condemned and executed, for having caused the destruction of an innumerable multitude of French persons, under pretence of conspiracies; for having caused between sixty and eighty individuals to be tried in four hours; for having caused carts which were ready beforehand, to be loaded with victims whose very names were not mentioned, and against whom no depositions were made, and



FOUQUIER-TINVILLE.





for having constituted a jury of his own adherents. It would be impossible to detail all his atrocities, but a few instances will convey an idea of his character. M. de Gamache was brought into court, but the officer declared that he was not the person accused. "Never mind," said Fouquier, "bring him nevertheless." A moment after, the real Gamache appeared, and both were at once condemned and executed. Sixty or eighty unhappy wretches were often confounded in the same accusation, though they had never seen one another, and when Fouquier wished to despatch them in the mass, he merely said to the jury, "I think, citizens, that you are convinced of the guilt of the accused." When this hint was brown out, the jury would declare themselves sufficiently enlightened, and condemn all the accused in the gross, without hearing one of them. Fouquier-Tinville was accustomed to frequent a coffee-house in the Palace of Justice, where the judges and jurymen of his tribunal met. There they reckoned the number of heads which had fallen in the course of the decade. "What do you think I have gained to-day for the republic?" Some of the guests, to pay court to him, would answer, "So many millions," when he would immediately add, "In the next decade I shall undress three or four hundred," meaning, guillotine them. A considerable number of victims were one day met on their way home from the tribunal by Fouquier, who had not been present at their trial; he asked the jury on what crime they had been pronouncing sentence. They did not know, they said, but he might run after the condemned persons, and inquire, upon which they all burst into laughter. When he was himself led to execution, after the fall of Robespierre, Fouquier-Tinville's forehead, hard as marble, defied all the eyes of the multitude; he was even seen to smile and utter threatening words. He trembled, however, as he ascended the scaffold, and seemed for the first time to feel remorse. He had a round head, black straight hair, a narrow and wan forehead, small round eyes, a full face marked with the small-pox, a look sometimes fixed, sometimes oblique, a middling stature, and thick legs.—*Biographie Moderne*.

Fouquier-Tinville, who was excessively artful, quick in attributing guilt, and skilled in controverting facts, showed immovable presence of mind on his trial. While standing before the tribunal from which he had condemned so many victims, he kept constantly writing; but, like Argus, all eyes and ears, he lost not while he wrote, one single word uttered by the president, by an accused person, by a judge, by a witness, or by a public accuser. He affected to sleep during the public accuser's recapitulation, as if to feign tranquillity, while he had hell in his heart. No eye but must involuntarily fall before his steadfast gaze; when he prepared to speak, he frowned; his brow was furrowed; his voice was rough, loud, and menacing; he carried audacity to the utmost in his denial; and showed equal address in altering facts and rendering them independent of each other, and especially in judiciously placing his alibis.—*Mercier*.

Fouquier-Tinville was the public accuser in the revolutionary tribunal, and his name soon became as terrible as that of Robespierre to all France. He was born in Picardy, and exhibited a combination of qualities so extraordinary that if it had not been established by undoubted testimony, it would have been deemed fabulous. Justice in his eyes consisted in condemning; an acquittal was the source of profound vexation; he was never happy unless when he had secured the conviction of all the accused. He required no species of recreation; women, the pleasures of the table or of the theatre, were alike indifferent to him. Sober and sparing in diet, he never indulged in excess, excepting when with the judges of the revolutionary tribunal, when he would at times give way to intemperance. His power of undergoing fatigue was unbounded. The sole recreation which he allowed himself was to behold his victims perish on the scaffold. He confessed that that object had great attractions for him. He might during the period of his power have amassed an immense fortune; he remained to the last poor, and his wife is said to have died of famine. His lodgings were destitute of every comfort; their whole furniture, after his death, did not sell for twenty pounds. No seduction could influence him. He was literally a bar of iron against all the ordinary desires of men. Nothing roused his mind but the prospect of inflicting death, and then his animation was such that his countenance became radiant and expressive.—*Alison.*

FRERON, LOUIS STANISLAS, born at Paris in 1757, was son of the journalist Freron, the antagonist of Voltaire and of the philosophic sect. Brought up at the college Louis-le-Grand with Robespierre, he became in the Revolution his friend, his emulator, and, at last, his denouncer. In 1789 he began to edit the *Orator of the People*, and became the coadjutor of Marat. Being sent with Barras on a mission to the South, he displayed extreme cruelty and activity. On their arrival at Marseilles, in 1793, they published a proclamation announcing that Terror was the order of the day, and that to save Marseilles, and to raze Toulon, were the aims of their labors. "Things go on well here," wrote Freron to Moses Bayle; "we have required twelve thousand masons to raze the town; every day since our arrival we have caused two hundred heads to fall, and already eight hundred Toulonese have been shot. All the great measures have been neglected at Marseilles; if they had only shot eight hundred conspirators, as has been done here, and had appointed a committee to condemn the rest, we should not have been in the condition we now are." It was at first intended to put to death all who had accepted any office, or borne arms, in the town during the siege. Freron consequently signified to them that they must all go, under pain of death, to the Champ de Mars. The Toulonese, thinking to obtain pardon by their submission, obeyed, and eight thousand persons were assembled at the appointed place. All the representatives (Barras, Salicetti, Ricord, Robespierre the younger, etc.)



were shocked at the sight of this multitude; Freron himself, surrounded by a formidable train, saw these numerous victims with terror; at last, by the advice of Barras, a jury was appointed, and a great number of the most guilty instantly shot. The shooting with muskets being insufficient, they had afterwards recourse to the mitraillede; and it was in another execution of this nature that Freron, in order to despatch the victims who had not perished by the first discharge, cried out, "Let those who are still living, rise; the republic pardons them." Some unhappy creatures trusting to this promise, he caused them to be immediately fired upon. On quitting Toulon, Freron went with his coadjutors to finish the depopulation of Marseilles, which they declared a commune without a name, and where they destroyed more than 400 individuals, by means of a criminal tribunal, and afterwards of a military committee. At the same time they caused the finest edifices of the city to be destroyed. Returning from his proconsulship, Freron soon became an object of suspicion to Robespierre, whom he attacked in return, and contributed greatly to his ruin. From this period he showed himself the enemy of the Terrorists, and pursued them with a fury worthy of a former companion. He proposed in the Convention that death should no longer be inflicted for revolutionary crimes, except for emigration, promotion of the royal cause, and military treason, and that transportation should be substituted instead. At the time of the expedition to St. Domingo in 1802, Freron was appointed prefect of the South, and went with General Leclerc; but he sank under the influence of the climate, after an illness of six days.—*Biographie Moderne*.

GARAT, DOMINIQUE JOSEPH, the younger, born at Bayonne, September 8, 1749, was a man of letters, a member of the institute, and professor of history in the Lyceum of Paris. In 1792 he was appointed minister of justice, and commissioned to inform Louis of his condemnation. In the following year he became minister of the interior. Garat survived all the perils of the Revolution, and, in 1806, he pronounced in the senate one of the most eloquent speeches that were ever made on the victories of the Emperor Napoleon. Garat published several works on the Revolution. He died December 9, 1833.—*Biographie Moderne*.

GOBEL, J. B., Bishop of Lydda, suffragan of the Bishop of Bâle, and deputy to the States-General, embraced the popular party, and became odious and often ridiculous during the Revolution. Though born with some abilities, his age and his weak character made him the mere tool of the conspirators. In 1791 he was appointed constitutional Bishop of Paris, and was the consecrator of the new bishops. Being admitted into the Jacobin club, he distinguished himself by his violent motions, and was one of the first to assume the dress of a *sans-culotte*. He did not even fear, at the age of seventy, to declare at the bar of the Convention, that the religion which he had professed from his youth was founded on error and falsehood. He was one of the first

who sacrificed to the goddess of Reason, and lent his church for this absurd festival. This farce soon became the pretext for his ruin. He was arrested as an accomplice of the faction of the atheists, and condemned to death in 1794. Gobel was born at Hanne, in the department of the Upper Rhine. During his confinement, he devoted himself again to his former religious exercises; and, on his road to the scaffold, earnestly recited the prayers of the dying.—*Biographie Moderne*.

Terrified by a night-scene, which David, Cloutz, and Peraud, ex-member for the department, and a professed atheist, had played off in his apartment, Gobel went to the Assembly at the head of his staff—that is to say, of his grand vicars—to abjure the Catholic worship. Gobel at heart was certainly nothing less than a freethinker.—*Prudhomme*.

GROUCHY, EMANUEL, COUNT DE, born at Paris, October 23, 1769, entered the army at the age of fourteen. On the breaking out of the Revolution, he showed his attachment to liberal principles, and served in the campaign of 1792 as commander of a regiment of dragoons. He was afterwards sent to La Vendée, where he distinguished himself on several occasions. In 1797 he was appointed second in command of the army destined for the invasion of Ireland, but was compelled to return to France without effecting anything. In 1799 he contributed to Moreau's victories in Germany, and the battle of Hohenlinden was gained chiefly by his skill and courage. During the campaign in Russia, Grouchy commanded one of the three cavalry corps of the grand army; and was rewarded with the marshal's baton for his brilliant services in the campaign of 1814. After the restoration, he joined Napoleon on his return from Elba, and was accused by him of being the author of the defeat at Waterloo, by permitting two divisions of the Prussian army under Blücher to join the English forces. Grouchy was afterwards ordered to be arrested by the ordinance of 1815, in consequence of which he retired to the United States, where he remained until he received permission to return to France. He died May 29, 1847.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

GUADET, MARGUERITE ELIE, born at St. Emilion in 1758, a lawyer, president of the criminal tribunal of the Gironde, was deputed by that department to the legislature, and was looked up to by the Girondists as one of their leaders. He voted for the death of Louis, but for delaying his execution. Involved in the fall of his party, he was executed at Bordeaux, July 17, 1794, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. When he was led to the scaffold, he wanted to harangue the people, but the roll of the drums drowned his voice, and nothing could be heard but the words, "People, behold the sole resource of tyrants! They drown the voices of free men that they may commit their crimes."—*Biographie Moderne*.

Guadet found a place of safety for some of his Girondin friends in the house of one of his female relations, whose name was Bouquet. The news of this unexpected relief being carried to three companions of

those proscribed deputies, they determined to beg this courageous woman to permit them to share the retreat of their friends. She consented, and they reached her house at midnight, where they found their companions lodged thirty feet under ground, in a large, well-concealed vault. A few days after, Buzot and Petion informed Guadet by letter, that, having within fifteen days changed their place of retreat seven times, they were now reduced to the greatest distress. "Let them come too," said Madame Bouquet, and they came accordingly. The difficulty to provide for them all was now great, for provisions were extremely scarce in the department. Madame Bouquet's house was allowed by the municipality only one pound of bread daily; but, fortunately, she had a stock of potatoes and dried kidney-beans. Madame Bouquet concealed as long as she could from her guests the uneasiness which consumed her, occasioned by one of her relations, formerly the friend of Guadet. This man, having learned what passed in Madame Bouquet's house, put in action every means his mind could suggest to induce her to banish the fugitives. Every day he came to her with stories more terrible one than the other. At length, fearing that he would take some desperate measure, she was compelled to lay her situation before her guests, who, resolved not to be outdone in generosity, instantly quitted her house. Shortly after, Madame Bouquet and the whole family of Guadet were arrested, and perished on the scaffold.—*Anecdotes of the Revolution.*

HEBERT, JACQUES RENE, born at Alençon about 1755, was naturally of an active disposition and an ardent imagination, but wholly without information. Before the Revolution, he lived in Paris by intrigue and imposture. Being employed at the theatre of the Variétés as receiver of the checks, he was dismissed for dishonesty, and retired to the house of a physician whom he robbed. In 1789, he embraced with ardor the popular party, and soon made himself known by a journal entitled "Father Duchesne," which had the greatest success among the people on account of the violence of its principles. On August 10th, Hébert became one of the members of the insurrectional municipality, and afterwards, in September, contributed to the prison massacres. He was one of the first to preach atheism, and organize the Festivals of Reason. His popularity, however, was brief, for he was brought to the scaffold, together with his whole faction, by Robespierre, March 24, 1794. He died with the greatest marks of weakness, and fainted several times on his road to execution. On all sides he heard, "Father Duchesne is very uneasy, and will be very angry when Samson (the executioner) makes him tipsy." A young man, whose entire family he had destroyed, called out to him, "To-day is the great anger of Father Duchesne!" On the occasion of the Queen's trial, Hébert cast an imputation on her, of so atrocious and extravagant a nature, that even Robespierre was disgusted with it, and exclaimed, "Madman! was it not enough for him to have asserted that she was a Messalina, without also making an Agrippina of



her?" Hébert married a nun, who was guillotined with Chaumette and the rest of the faction of the commune.—*Biographie Moderne*.

HENRIOT, FRANÇOIS, born at Nanterre in 1761, was the offspring of parents who were poor, but maintained an irreproachable character, residing in Paris. In his youth he was footman to a counsellor of parliament. He made no conspicuous figure in the early period of the Revolution, but rose by degrees to be commandant of his section, and distinguished himself by his cruelty in the September massacres. At the time of the contest between the Mountain and the Girondins, Henriot, to serve the purposes of his party, was raised to the command of the national guard. When the fall of Robespierre was in agitation, he also was denounced, and, after in vain endeavoring to enlist the soldiers in his cause, he took refuge with the rest of the faction at the Hôtel de Ville. The danger of their situation enraged Coffinhal to such a degree, that he threw Henriot out of a window into the street, who, dreadfully bruised by his fall, crept into a common sewer, where he was discovered by some soldiers, who struck him with their bayonets, and thrust out one of his eyes, which hung by the ligaments down his cheek. He was executed the same day with Robespierre and the rest of his associates. He went to the scaffold with no other dress than his under-waistcoat, all over filth from the sewer, and blood from his own wounds. As he was about to ascend the scaffold a bystander snatched out the eye which had been displaced from its socket! Henriot suffered at the age of thirty-five.—*Adolphus*.

Henriot was clerk of the Barriers, but was driven thence for theft. He was then received by the police into the number of its spies, and was again sent to the Bicêtre, which he quitted only to be flogged and branded; at last, passing over the piled corpses of September, where he drank of Madame de Lamballe's blood, he made himself a way to the generalship of June 2d, and finally to the scaffold.—*Prudhomme*.

HERAULT DE SECHELLES, MARIE JEAN, born at Paris in 1760, began his career at the bar by holding the office of the King's advocate at the Châtelet. In the house of Madame de Polignac, where he visited, he met the Queen, who, delighted with his conversation, promised to befriend him. Having eagerly embraced revolutionary notions, he was appointed commissioner of government to the tribunal of cassation, and was afterwards deputed to the original legislature, as also to the Convention, on becoming a member of which, he joined the revolutionary part of that body with uncommon ardor. Hérault was absent from Paris during the King's trial, but wrote a letter to the Convention declaring that he deserved death. In the contest that afterwards took place between the Mountain and the Gironde, Hérault figured in the Convention among the most conspicuous and zealous supporters of the former faction. Having made himself obnoxious to Robespierre, he was sentenced to death, April 5, 1794. He then gave himself up for a time to gloomy reflections, walked for above two hours with the other captives in the



HEBERT.





prison, while waiting the moment of execution, and took leave of them with great tranquillity. Hérault enjoyed a very considerable fortune; his figure was elegant, his countenance pleasing, and his dress studied, which, during the reign of *sans-culottism*, drew on him many sarcasms from his colleagues. In the midst of the blood and tears which drenched France in 1793, he still found leisure for gallantry and poetry, which made no slight impression on the young and beautiful wife of Camille-Desmoulins.—*Biographie Moderne*.

Hérault de Séchelles was the legislator of the Mountain, as Condorcet had been of the Gironde. With the ideas which prevailed at this period, the nature of the new constitution may be easily conceived. It established the pure government of the multitude; not only were the people acknowledged to be the source of all power, but the exercise of that power was delegated to them. As the constitution thus made over the government to the multitude, as it placed the power in a disorganized body, it would have been at all times impracticable; but, at a period of general warfare, it was peculiarly so. Accordingly, it was no sooner made than suspended.—*Mignet*.

HOCHE, LAZARE, general in the French revolutionary war, was born February 24, 1764, at Montreuil, near Versailles, where his father was keeper of the King's hounds. He entered the army in his sixteenth year. At the beginning of the Revolution he joined the popular party, and studied military science with great diligence. He was not twenty-four years old when he received the command of the army of the Moselle. He defeated Wurmser, and drove the Austrians out of Alsace. His frankness displeased St. Just, who deprived him of his command, and sent him a prisoner to Paris. The revolution of the 9th Thermidor saved him from the guillotine. In 1795 Hoche was employed against the royalists in the West, where he displayed great ability and humanity. He was the chief pacificator of La Vendée. He afterwards sailed for Ireland, but his scheme of exciting a disturbance there failed. On his return he received the command of the army of the Sambre and Meuse, in which capacity he was frequently victorious over the enemy. Hoche died suddenly, September 18, 1797, at Wetzlar, it was supposed at the time of poison.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

The death of Hoche may be regarded as an event in our Revolution. With his military talent he combined extensive abilities of various kinds; and was a citizen as well as a soldier. When his death was made known, the public voice rose in an accusing outcry against the Directory. I am satisfied that Hoche was the constant object of the hatred of a party, then unfortunately powerful, though acting in the shade. I entertain a firm conviction also that he died by assassination.—*Duchess d'Abrantes*.

Hoche, said Bonaparte, was one of the first generals that ever France produced. He was brave, intelligent, abounding in talent, decisive, and penetrating. If he had landed in Ireland he would have succeeded.

He was accustomed to civil war, had pacified La Vendée and was well adapted for Ireland. He had a fine, handsome figure, a good address, and was prepossessing and intriguing.—*A Voice from St. Helena.*

Young Hoche was every way qualified for the important but difficult duty with which he was charged—the pacification of La Vendée. Endowed by nature with a clear judgment, an intrepid character, and an unconquerable resolution, firm, sagacious, and humane, he was eminently fitted for that mixture of gentleness and resolution which is necessary to heal the wounds and subdue the passions of civil war. This rare combination of civil and military qualities might have rendered him a formidable rival of Napoleon, and possibly endangered the public peace, had he not united to these shining parts a patriotic heart and a love of liberty, which rendered him superior to all temptation; and more likely, had he lived, to have followed the example of Washington, than the footsteps of Cæsar or Cromwell.—*Alison.*

It is a curious subject for speculation what might have been the result, had Hoche succeeded in landing with 16,000 of his best troops on the Irish shores. To those who consider indeed the patriotic spirit, indomitable valor, and persevering character of the English people, and the complete command they had of the sea, the final issue of such a conquest cannot appear doubtful; but it is equally evident that the addition of such a force and so able a commander to the numerous bodies of Irish malcontents would have engendered a dreadful domestic war, and that the whole energies of the Empire might for a very long period have been employed in saving itself from dismemberment.—*Alison.*

ISNARD, M., a wholesale perfumer at Draguignan, was deputed from Var to the legislature, and afterwards to the Convention. His father, who was rich, had taken great pains with his education. In 1793 he voted for the King's death, observing, that "were the lightnings of heaven in his hands, he would blast with them all those who should attack the sovereignty of the people." Isnard was outlawed as a Girondin, on the fall of that party, but succeeded in making his escape, and, after the overthrow of the Mountaineers, resumed his seat in the Convention. Being then sent to the department of the Bouches du Rhone, he there declaimed vehemently against the Terrorists, who afterwards accused him of having encouraged the bloody reprisals made on them in the South, and of having addressed the people as follows: "If you meet any Terrorists, strike them, if you have not arms, you have sticks, if you have not sticks, dig up your parents, and with their bones knock down the monsters!" In 1796, Isnard became a member of the council of Five Hundred.—*Biographie Moderne.*

JOUBERT, BARTHELEMY CATHERINE, born at Pont-de-Vaux, April 14, 1767, had studied for the bar, but at the Revolution he was induced to adopt the profession of arms. He was tall, thin, and naturally of a weak constitution, but he had strengthened his frame amid fatigues, camps, and mountain warfare. He was intrepid, vigilant, and active.

In 1796 he was made a general of division. He was much attached to Napoleon. He fell gloriously at the battle of Novi, August 15, 1799.—*Hazlitt*.

JOURDAN, JEAN BAPTISTE, born April 2, 1762, at Limoges, where his father practised as a surgeon, entered the army in 1778, and fought in America. After the peace he employed himself in commerce. In 1793 he was appointed general of division, and, in the battle of Hondtschoote, mounted the enemy's works at the head of his troops, and afterwards received the command of the army in the place of Houchard. In 1794 he gained the victory of the Fleurus, by which he became master of Belgium, and drove the allies behind the Rhine. In 1796 he undertook the celebrated invasion of the right bank of the Rhine, in which he conquered Franconia, and pressed forward towards Bohemia and Ratisbon. The Archduke Charles, however, defeated him, and his retreat became a disorderly flight, whereupon Beurnonville took the command, and Jourdan retired to Limoges as a private individual. In 1797 he was chosen a member of the council of Five Hundred, and was twice their president, remaining a staunch friend to the republic. After the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, which he opposed, he received the command of Piedmont. In the year 1803 Napoleon named him general-in-chief of the army of Italy, and, in the following year, marshal of France, and grand cross of the Legion of Honor. In 1808 he went with King Joseph, as major-general, to Spain, and, after the decisive battle of Vittoria, lived in retirement at Rouen. In 1815 he took the oath of allegiance to Louis, and when the latter left France, retired to his seat. Napoleon then made him a peer, and intrusted him with the defence of Besançon. After the return of Louis, Jourdan was one of the first to declare for him; and in 1819 the King raised him to the peerage. Jourdan belonged to the party of liberal constitutionalists.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

JOURDAN, MATTHIEU JOUVE, entitled the "Beheader," was born at St. Just in 1749. He was successively a butcher, a blacksmith's journeyman, a smuggler, a servant, general of the army of Vaucluse in 1791, and finally leader of a squadron of national gendarmerie. In the massacres of Versailles he cut off the heads of two of the King's bodyguards. He boasted also of having torn out the hearts of Foulon and Bertier, and called on the National Assembly to reward him for this deed with a civic medal! He was also one of the chief instigators of the massacres of Avignon. In 1794 he was condemned to death as a federalist and guillotined May 27, 1794. Jourdan was remarkable for wearing a long beard, which was often besprinkled with blood.—*Biographie Moderne*.

JUNOT, ANDOCHE, was born of humble parents, October 24, 1771. At a very early period he enlisted in the army; but of his military exploits nothing is known until the siege of Toulon, when he was a simple grenadier. Here he was fortunate enough to attract the notice of



the young commandant of the artillery. During a heavy cannonade, Bonaparte, having occasion to dictate a despatch, inquired if any one near him could write. Junot stepped out of the ranks, and, while penning the despatch, a shot struck the ground close by his side, and covered both with dust. "This is fortunate, sir," observed the grenadier, laughing, "I was in want of sand." "You are a brave fellow," said Napoleon; "how can I serve you?" "Give me promotion; I will not disgrace it." He was immediately made a sergeant; not long afterwards he obtained a commission; and, in 1796, was nominated aide-de-camp to his benefactor. In the campaign of Italy, Junot exhibited daring courage, and, it is said, great rapacity. In Egypt he served with distinction as general of brigade, and soon after his return was placed over a division. He entered Portugal at the head of a powerful army in 1807, levied oppressive contributions, punished all who ventured to speak against his measures, and allayed partial revolts by bloody executions. About this time he was created Duke d'Abrantes, but being soon defeated by Sir Arthur Wellesley at the battle of Vimeria, he was compelled to evacuate Portugal, and remained until 1812 in complete disgrace. In the Russian campaign he headed a division. He died at his father's house, July 28, 1813.—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte.*

Of the considerable fortunes which the Emperor had bestowed, that of Junot, he said, was one of the most extravagant. The sums he had given him almost exceeded belief, and yet he was always in debt; he had squandered treasures without credit to himself, without discernment or taste, and too frequently, the Emperor added, in gross debauchery. The frequent incoherences which had been observed in Junot's behavior, towards the close of his life, arose from the excesses in which he had indulged, and broke out at last into complete insanity. They were obliged to convey him to his father's house, where he died miserably, having mutilated his person with his own hands.—*Las Cases.*

KELLERMANN, FRANCOIS CHRISTOPHE, born at Strasburg, May 30, 1735, a French general, began life as a private hussar, but was soon promoted for his skill and good conduct. In 1792 he obtained the command of the army of the Moselle, and distinguished himself at the battle of Valmy. In 1794 he was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, but acquitted. In 1799 he became a member of the consular senate; in 1802 he obtained the title of grand officer of the Legion of Honor; and, soon afterwards, was raised to the rank of marshal of the Empire. He was father of the celebrated Kellermann, whose glorious charge decided the battle of Marengo. He died September 12, 1820.—*Biographie Moderne.*

The following are the terms in which Napoleon addressed Carnot on one occasion: "Kellermann would command the army as well as I; for no one is more convinced than I am of the courage and audacity of the soldiers; but to unite us together would ruin everything. I will

not serve with a man who considers himself the first general in Europe; and it is better to have one bad general than two good ones. War is, like government, decided in a great degree by tact."

KLEBER, JEAN BAPTISTE, distinguished not less for his humanity and integrity, than for his courage, activity, and coolness, was one of the ablest soldiers whom the Revolution produced. His father was a common laborer, and he himself was occupied as an architect when the troubles in France broke out. He was born at Strasburg in 1754, and had received some military education in the academy of Munich. Having entered a French volunteer corps as a grenadier in 1792, his talents soon procured him notice, and after the capture of Mayence, he was made general of brigade. Although he openly expressed his horror of the atrocious policy of the revolutionary government, yet his services were too valuable to be lost, and he distinguished himself as a general of division in 1795 and 1796. In 1797, dissatisfied with the Directory, Kleber retired from the service, but Bonaparte prevailed on him to join the expedition to Egypt, and left him the supreme command when he himself returned to France. Though his position was a difficult one, yet he maintained it successfully, and was making preparations for securing the possession of the country, when he was assassinated by a Turkish fanatic in the year 1800.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

Of all the generals I ever had under me, said Bonaparte, Desaix and Kleber possessed the greatest talents; but Kleber only loved glory inasmuch as it was the means of procuring him riches and pleasures. He was an irreparable loss to France.—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

LAFAYETTE, MARIE PAUL JEAN ROCH YVES GILBERT MOTIER, MARQUIS DE, was born in Auvergne (Chavagnac), September, 1757, of one of the most ancient families of that province. He married the granddaughter of the Duke of Noailles in 1774. He was employed, when still young, in the American army under Washington, which won the independence of the English colonies of North America. He served as a major-general, 1777-83, without pay, was wounded at the battle of the Brandywine, and fought with honor at Monmouth, and conducted the campaign in Virginia which ended in the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. He returned to France full of ideas of liberty. Being appointed by the noblesse of his province, deputy to the States-General, he voted that the examination of the powers should take place in common. After the union of the three orders, he insisted, with Mirabeau, on the removal of the troops whom the court was marching towards Paris. Being appointed vice-president, he presented his well-known declaration of rights. In July, 1789, he was appointed commander of the Parisian national guard. A few days after the famous October 5th, Lafayette, in a conference very imperious on the one side, and very timid on the other, gave the Duke of Orleans to understand that his name was the pretext for all commotions, and that he must leave the kingdom; an apparent mission was given to this prince, and he set out for England.

In February, 1790, Lafayette, in the Assembly, solicited measures for repressing the disturbers of the provinces, and indemnifying the proprietors of burned houses; these excesses he attributed to the counter-revolutionary spirit. He afterwards voted for the suppression of titles of honor and nobility, refusing even to admit of an exception in favor of the princes. At the Federation in July, he presented the national guards, who were collected from every part of the kingdom, to the Assembly and the King. At the time of Louis's flight, he was accused by the Jacobins of having assisted in it, and by the Royalists of having contrived the arrest of his sovereign. When the King's fate was debated in the Assembly, Lafayette was among those who objected to the motion for bringing him to trial, and declaring him deposed. When the Constitution was accepted, Lafayette voted for the amnesty demanded by the King, and resigned his office of commander of the guard, upon which the municipality ordered a gold medal to be struck in his honor. In 1792 Lafayette went to Metz, where he took the command of the central army. At first he encamped under the walls of Givet, but his advanced guard, posted near Philippsburg, met with a slight check, upon which he removed to the intrenched camp at Maubeige, and placed his advanced guard at Grisenelles, under the command of Gouvion, where it was surprised and cut to pieces, and its leader killed by a cannon-ball. Shortly afterwards Lafayette's army received accounts of the attempt made on June 20th, and, in different addresses, declared its disapprobation of the outrage offered on that day to Louis. Proud of such support, Lafayette went to Paris, and appeared at the bar of the legislative body, where he complained of these outrages, and accused the Jacobins. For one moment the Assembly seemed intimidated by this step, but the faction soon took courage: and Lafayette returned to his army, after having in vain urged Louis to leave Paris, and come among his troops, who were then faithful. Soon after, commissions having been sent from Paris to insist on his removal from his command, he addressed his troops in a proclamation, in which he called on them to choose between the Constitution and Petion for a king. The whole army exclaimed, "Long live the King!" "Long live the Constitution!" but Lafayette, placing little dependence on this burst of enthusiasm, fled with several officers of his staff. He was then declared an emigrant. On his arrival at the Austrian advanced posts he was made prisoner. He was afterwards delivered up to the King of Prussia, who caused him to be removed to Magdeburg, where he remained a year in a dungeon; but when Prussia made peace with France, he was restored to the Austrians, who sent him to Olmutz. After a rigorous imprisonment of three years and five months, he obtained his liberty at the request of Bonaparte. He then withdrew to Hamburg, and after the 18th Brumaire, returned to France. From this period Lafayette remained in comparative retirement till the breaking out of the second Revolution, in 1830, when he was again appointed commander of the national guards, which, however, he re-





LAFAYETTE.



signed, shortly after the accession of Louis-Philippe to the throne. He died in the year 1834, at the age of 76.—*Biographie Moderne*.

Lafayette was under the necessity of observing the greatest secrecy in his departure, in order to avoid increasing the number of his companions in exile, who consisted only of Latour-Maubourg and his two brothers, Bureaux de Puzy, his aides-de-camp, and staff officers in the Parisian national guard, and some friends, exposed to certain death in consequence of their participation in his last efforts against anarchy. Fifteen officers of different ranks accompanied him. On arriving at Rochefort, where the party (considerably reduced in number) were stopped, Bureaux de Puzy was compelled to go forward and obtain a pass from General Moitelle, in command at Namur. He set out accordingly, but, before he could utter a syllable of explanation, that general exclaimed, "What, Lafayette? Lafayette?—Run instantly and inform the Duke of Bourbon of it—Lafayette?—Set out this moment," addressing one of his officers, "and carry this news to his royal highness at Brussels," and on he went, muttering to himself the word "Lafayette." It was not until he had given orders to write to all the princes and generals he could think of, that Puzy could put in his request for a pass, which was of course refused.—*Lafayette's Memoirs*.

However irritated they might be by Lafayette's behavior at the outset of the Revolution, the present conduct of the monarchs towards him was neither to be vindicated by morality, the law of nations, nor the rules of sound policy. Even if he had been amenable for a crime against his own country, we know not what right Austria or Prussia had to take cognizance of it. To them he was a mere prisoner of war, and nothing further. It is very seldom that a petty, vindictive line of policy accords with the real interest, either of great princes or of private individuals.—*Scott's Life of Napoleon*.

LAMBALLE, MARIE THERESE LOUISE DE SAVOIE CARIGNAN, widow of Louis Alexander Joseph Stanislas de Bourbon Penthière, Prince de Lamballe, was born at Turin, September 8, 1749, and was mistress of the household to the Queen of France, to whom she was united by bonds of the tenderest affection.—*Biographie Moderne*.

The Princess de Lamballe, having been spared on the night of September 2, 1792, flung herself on her bed, oppressed with every species of anxiety and horror. She closed her eyes, but only to open them in an instant, startled with frightful dreams. About eight o'clock next morning, two national guards entered her room, to inform her that she was going to be removed to the Abbaye. She slipped on her gown, and went down-stairs into the sessions-room. When she entered this frightful court, the sight of weapons stained with blood, and of executioners whose hands, faces, and clothes were smeared over with the same red dye, gave her such a shock that she fainted several times. At length she was subjected to a mock examination, after which, just as she was stepping across the threshold of the door, she received on the



back of her head a blow with a hanger, which made the blood spout. Two men then laid fast hold of her, and obliged her to walk over dead bodies, while she was fainting every instant. They then completed her murder by running her through with their spears on a heap of corpses. She was afterwards stripped, and her naked body exposed to the insults of the populace. In this state it remained more than two hours. When any blood gushing from its wounds stained the skin, some men, placed there for the purpose, immediately washed it off, to make the spectators take more particular notice of its whiteness. I must not venture to describe the excesses of barbarity and lustful indecency with which this corpse was defiled. I shall only say that a cannon was charged with one of the legs! Towards noon, the murderers determined to cut off her head, and carry it in triumph round Paris. Her other scattered limbs were also given to troops of cannibals who trailed them along the streets. The pike that supported the head was planted under the very windows of the Duke of Orleans. He was sitting down to dinner at the time, but rose from his chair, and gazed at the ghastly spectacle without discovering the least symptom of uneasiness, terror, or satisfaction.—*Peltier*.

One day when my brother came to pay us a visit, he perceived, as he came along, groups of people whose sanguinary drunkenness was horrible. Many were naked to the waist, and their arms and breasts were covered with blood. Their countenances were inflamed, and their eyes haggard; in short, they looked hideous. My brother, in his uneasiness about us, determined to come to us at all risks, and drove rapidly along the Boulevard, until he arrived opposite the house of Beaumarchais. There he was stopped by an immense mob, composed also of half-naked people, besmeared with blood, and who had the appearance of demons. They vociferated, sang, and danced. It was the Saturnalia of Hell! On perceiving Albert's cabriolet, they cried out, "Let it be taken to him; he is an aristocrat." In a moment, the cabriolet was surrounded by the multitude, and from the middle of the crowd an object seemed to arise and approach. My brother's troubled sight did not at first enable him to perceive long auburn tresses clotted with blood, and a countenance still lovely. The object came nearer and nearer, and rested upon his face. My unhappy brother uttered a piercing cry. He had recognized the head of the Princess de Lamballe!—*Duchess d'Abrantes*.

LANJUINAIS, JEAN DENIS, born at Rennes, March 12, 1753, an advocate and professor of civil law, was one of the original founders of the Breton club, which afterwards became the Jacobin society. In 1792 he was deputed to the Convention; but, in proportion to the increasing horrors of the Revolution, he became more moderate in his principles. On the King's trial, he declared that his majesty was guilty, and voted for his imprisonment, and his exile when a peace should take place. In 1794 the Convention outlawed him, but, having evaded all research, he solicited to be reinstated in the legislative body, and

was recalled in 1795. In the year 1800, Lanjuinais became a member of the conservative senate, and showed himself, on several occasions, the inflexible defender of the true principles of morality and justice. He died at Paris, January 13, 1827.—*Biographie Moderne*.

LANNES, JEAN, who for his impetuous valor was called the Rolando and the Ajax of the French camp, was born in 1769. His parents were poor, and intended him for some mechanical pursuit, but he was resolved to be a soldier. One of the first actions in which he was engaged was that of Millesimo, where he distinguished himself so highly that he was made a colonel on the field. At the bridge of Lodi he exhibited equal intrepidity. He had taken one ensign, and was about to seize a second from the Austrians, when his horse fell under him, and twelve cuirassiers raised their sabres to cut him down. Lannes instantly sprang on the horse of an Austrian officer, killed the rider, and fought his way through the cuirassiers, killing two or three and wounding more. Soon afterwards he was made general of division. In the Egyptian expedition he was always foremost in danger. He returned to France with Napoleon, whom he assisted to overthrow the Directory. He accompanied the First Consul over St. Bernard, and fought nobly at Montebello, which afterwards gave him his title, and at Marengo. Lannes was afterwards sent ambassador to Portugal, and, on his return, was made marshal of France, and then Duke of Montebello. He was not very successful in Spain; he took indeed Saragossa, but stained his character there by perfidy, as well as cruelty. After the fall of this place, he retired to an estate which he had purchased near Paris, but, being recalled to the field, a cannon-ball at the battle of Essling carried away his right leg and the foot and ankle of the left. Napoleon showed great grief upon the occasion. On the ninth day of his wound, Lannes, grasping the Emperor's hand, said, "Another hour and your majesty will have lost one of your most zealous and faithful friends." And so indeed it proved. Lannes possessed dauntless courage, but was vulgar, and even coarse in his manners.—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte*.

Violent and hasty in his expressions, sometimes even in my presence, he was ardently attached to me. In the midst of his anger, he would not suffer any one to join him in his remarks. On that account, when he was in a choleric mood it was dangerous to speak to him, as he used to come to me in his rage, and say, such and such persons were not to be trusted. As a general, he was greatly superior to Moreau or to Soult.—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

LAREVEILLIERE-LEPEAUX, born in Poitou, August 23, 1752, studied at Angers, and afterwards went to Paris, intending to become an advocate there. Instead of this, however, he returned to his native place, devoted himself to botany, and became professor of that science at Angers, where he established a botanic garden. Being deputed to the States-General, he excited attention by the hatred he showed to the higher orders. On being appointed a member of the Convention, he

voted for the King's death. Though attached to the Gironde, he managed to escape the proscription of that party, and lay concealed during the whole Reign of Terror. He afterwards became one of the council of the Ancients, and then of the Directory. He was unwearied in labor, but his want of decision always excluded him from any influence in important affairs, and he made himself ridiculous by his whim of becoming the chief of the sect of the Theophilanthropists. In 1799 he was driven from the Directory, and returned again to his favorite books and plants.—*Biographie Moderne*.

It was well known that the fear of being hanged was Lareveillière-Lepeaux's ruling sentiment.—*Lacarrière*.

LAROCHEJAQUELEIN, HENRI DE, was twenty years old at the breaking out of the war in La Vendée. He had lived little in the world, and his manners and laconic expressions had something in them remarkably simple and original. There was much sweetness as well as elevation in his countenance. Although bashful, his eyes were quick and animated. He was tall and elegant, had fair hair, an oval face, and the contour rather English than French. He excelled in all exercises, particularly in horsemanship. When he first put himself at the head of the insurrection, he said to his soldiers: "My friends, I am but a boy, but by my courage I shall show myself worthy of commanding you. Follow me, if I go forward; kill me, if I fly; avenge me, if I fall." He fell at the battle of Nouaille, March 4, 1794. — *Memoirs of the Marchioness de Larochejaquelein*.

LAVOISIER, ANTOINE LAURENT, was a celebrated French chemist, whose name is connected with the antiphlogistic theory of chemistry, to the reception of which he contributed by his writings and discoveries. He was born at Paris, August 16, 1743, and was the son of opulent parents, who gave him a good education. He had rendered many services to the arts and sciences, both in a public and private capacity. In 1791 he was appointed one of the commissioners of the national treasury. He was executed May 8, 1794, on the charge of being a conspirator, and of having adulterated the tobacco with ingredients obnoxious to the health of the citizens. Lavoisier married in 1771 the daughter of a farmer-general, who subsequently became the wife of Count Rumford.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

When Lavoisier requested that his death might be delayed a fortnight, in order that he might finish some important experiments, Cofinhal made answer, that the republic had no need of scholars or chemists.—*Universal Biographie*.

LEBON, JOSEPH, born at Arras in 1765, at the period of the Revolution connected himself with Robespierre. After August 10th he was appointed mayor of that town; was then appointed attorney-general of the department, and afterwards joined the Convention as supplementary deputy. In 1793 he was sent as commissioner to Arras, where he perpetrated the most flagrant cruelties. In October, 1795, he was



condemned to death as a Terrorist. At the time of his execution he was thirty years of age.—*Biographie Moderne*.

Lebon prided himself on his apostacy, libertinism, and cruelty. Every day after his dinner he presided at the execution of his victims. By his order an orchestra was erected close to the guillotine. He used to be present at the trials, and once gave notice of the death of those whom he chose to be sentenced to die. He delighted in frightening women by firing off pistols close to their ears.—*Prudhomme*.

It is a curious fact, highly illustrative of the progress of revolutions, that Lebon was at first humane and inoffensive in his government, and it was not till he had received repeated orders from Robespierre, with a hint of a dungeon in case of refusal, that his atrocities commenced. Let no man, if he is not conscious of the utmost firmness of mind, be sure that he would not, under similar circumstances, have done the same.—*Duchess d'Abrantes*.

In the city of Arras above two thousand persons perished by the guillotine. Mingling treachery and seduction with sanguinary oppression, Lebon turned the despotic powers with which he was invested into the means of individual gratification.—*Alison*.

Lebon was accused before the Convention by a deputation from Cambray. On his trial, the monster acknowledged that, an aristocrat being condemned to the guillotine, he had kept him lying in the usual posture on his back, with his eyes turned up to the axe, which was suspended above his throat—in short, in all the agonies which can agitate the human mind—until he had read to him at length the *Gazette*, which had just arrived, giving an account of a victory gained by the republican armies.—*Scott's Life of Napoleon*.

LECLERC, CHARLES EMANUEL, entered the army while yet very young, and soon proved successful. Intrepid in the field and judicious in the council, he was employed in 1793 as adjutant-general in the army which besieged Toulon. In the armies of the North and the Rhine he increased his reputation; and in the campaign of Italy, in 1796, he reaped fresh laurels. He next accompanied the expedition to Egypt, returned to France in 1799, and greatly contributed to the revolution of the 18th Brumaire. Leclerc was afterwards commissioned to reunite St. Domingo to the French government, but in 1802 he fell a victim to the plague, which had carried off many of his men. Napoleon held his character in such esteem that he gave him his own sister in marriage.—*Biographie Moderne*.

LEFEBVRE, FRANCOIS JOSEPH, a native of Rufack, of an humble family, was born in 1755. The Revolution which found him a veteran sergeant, opened to him the higher career of his profession. In 1793 he was raised from the rank of captain to that of adjutant-general; in December of the same year he was general of brigade, and the month after, of division. He fought under Pichegru, Moreau, Hoche, and Jourdan in the Netherlands and in Germany, and on all occasions with distinc-

tion. Lefebvre was of great use to Bonaparte in the revolution of Brumaire, and, when raised afterwards to the dignity of marshal, was one of the best supports of the imperial fortunes. In the campaigns of 1805, 6, and 7, he showed equal skill and intrepidity. After the battle of Eylau, having distinguished himself by his conduct at Dantzic which he was sent to invest, he was created Duke of Dantzic. In the German campaign of 1809 he maintained the honor of the French arms, and in 1813 and 1814 adhered faithfully to the declining fortunes of his master. Louis XVIII. made him a peer, but notwithstanding this, he supported the Emperor on his return from Elba. In 1816 he was confirmed in his rank of marshal, and three years afterwards was recalled to the upper chamber. Lefebvre died in 1820, leaving no issue.—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte*.

LEGENDTRE, Louis, was ten years a sailor, and afterwards a butcher at Paris. At the breaking out of the Revolution he was one of the earliest and most violent leaders of the mob. In 1791 he was deputed by the city of Paris to the Convention. In 1793 he voted for the King's death, and, the day before his execution, proposed to the Jacobins to cut him into eighty-four pieces, and send one to each of the eighty-four departments! He was one of the chief instigators of the atrocities of Lyons; and at Dieppe, when some persons complained of the want of bread, he answered, "Well, eat the aristocrats!" Legendre died at Paris in 1797, aged forty-one, and bequeathed his body to the surgeons, "in order to be useful to mankind after his death."—*Biographie Moderne*.

The revolutionary life of Legendre is more original than one would suppose, when considered from the time of his connection with the Lameths. His drinking tea at the house of Mirabeau and Robert of Paris, with Orleans; the twenty or thirty soldiers whom he received at his house; his intimacy with Marat and Danton; his behavior on the death of the latter; the part he played in the Mountaineer faction and the Jacobin society; the defence he would have afforded Robespierre by interposing his own body; and his fetching the keys to shut up the hall of the Jacobins—form a string of events which show a man not wholly incapable, and of singular versatility of character.—*Prudhomme*.

LOUIS XVI. was the grandson of Louis XV., and the second son of the dauphin by his second wife, Marie Josephine, daughter of Frederick Augustus, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. Louis was born in 1754, and in 1770 married Marie Antoinette of Austria. With the best intentions, but utterly inexperienced in government, he ascended the throne in 1774, when he was hardly twenty years of age. In his countenance, which was not destitute of dignity, were delineated the prominent features of his character—integrity, indecision, and weakness. He was somewhat stiff in demeanor; and his manners had none of the grace possessed by almost all the princes of the blood. He was fond of reading, and endowed with a most retentive memory. He translated some parts of Gibbon's history. It was the fault of this unfortunate



LOUIS XVI.





monarch to yield too easily to the extravagant tastes of the Queen and the court. The latter years of his reign were one continued scene of tumult and confusion; and he was guillotined January 21, 1793, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. He was buried in the Magdalen churchyard, Paris, between the graves of those who were crushed to death in the crowd at the Louvre, on the anniversary of his marriage in 1774, and of the Swiss who fell on August 10, 1792.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

The Revolution was an inheritance bequeathed to Louis by his ancestors. He was more fitted than any of those who preceded him, to prevent or terminate it; for he was capable of being a reformer before it broke out, or of being a constitutional monarch after it. He is perhaps the only prince who, destitute of passions, had not even that of power. With a little more strength of mind, Louis would have been a model of a king.—*Mignet*.

The errors of Louis XVI. may truly be said to have originated in a virtuous principle. As to his weaknesses, I shall not endeavor to conceal them. I have more than once had occasion to lament the indecision of this unfortunate prince; his repugnance to adopt the bold measures which might have saved him; and his want of that energy of character, and self-confidence which impose on the multitude, who are ever prone to believe that he who commands with firmness and an air of authority possesses the means of enforcing obedience. But I will venture to say that the very faults above enumerated did not belong to his natural character, but were ingrafted on it by the selfish indolence of M. de Maurepas.—*Private Memoirs of Bertrand de Molleville*.

MACDONALD, MARSHAL, the son of a Highland gentleman of the Clanronald sept, who was among the first to join the Pretender in 1745, and, after the battle of Culloden, escaped to France, where he settled. His son was born November 23, 1765, and entered as lieutenant into the Irish regiment of Dillon. On the breaking out of the Revolution, he embraced its principles, but with moderation. At the battle of Jemappes, he behaved with great gallantry, and led the van of the army of the North as general of brigade. On the 18th Brumaire he took part with Bonaparte, but his favor with the First Consul ceased in 1803, and he remained in obscurity till the year 1809, when he was offered a command in the army, and at the battle of Wagram exhibited such skill and intrepidity that the Emperor created him a marshal on the field, and said to him, "Henceforth, Macdonald, let us be friends." In Spain and Russia, the marshal (now created Duke of Tarentum) equalled the best of Napoleon's generals. He was also at Lutzen and Bautzen, and rendered signal services at Leipsic. Macdonald faithfully adhered to the Emperor until his abdication at Fontainebleau. The new government made him a peer of France, and loaded him with honors. On the return of Bonaparte from Elba, Macdonald endeavored to make head against him, but in vain; and accordingly he accompanied Louis to the fron-

tiers of the kingdom. He died at Paris, September 24, 1840.—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte*.

MAILLARD, STANISLAS, a runner belonging to the Châtelet at Paris, began, from the opening of the States-General, to signalize himself in all the tumults of the metropolis. In September, 1792, he presided in the meeting at the Abbaye to regulate the massacre of the prisoners; and it has been said that he seized on the spoils of those who were murdered by his order. He afterwards became one of the denunciators of the prisons, and, during the Reign of Terror, appeared several times at La Force, to mark the victims who were to be condemned by the revolutionary tribunal.—*Biographie Moderne*.

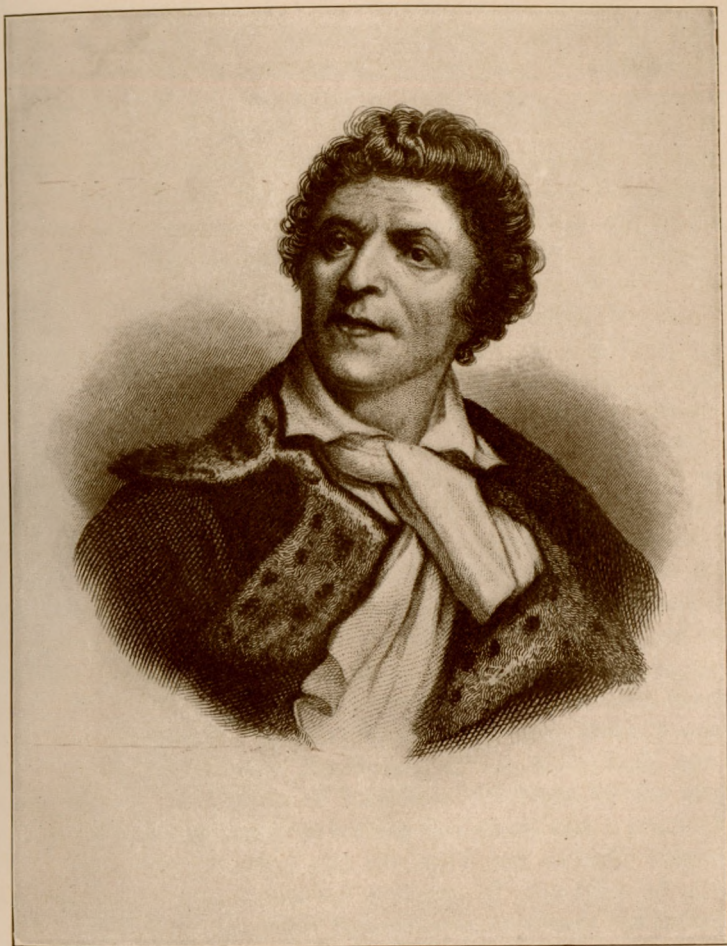
MALESHERBES, CHRISTIAN WILLIAM DE LAMOIGNON DE, an eminent French statesman, was the son of the Chancellor of France, and was born at Paris, December 6, 1721. In the year 1750 he succeeded his father as president of the court of aids, and was also made superintendent of the press, in both of which offices he displayed a liberal and enlightened policy. On the banishment of the parliaments and the suppression of the court of aids, Malesherbes was exiled to his country seat. In 1775 he was appointed minister of state. He took no part in the proceedings which led to the overthrow of the monarchy; but on the decree of the Convention for the King's trial, he emerged from his retreat to become the voluntary advocate of his sovereign. Malesherbes was guillotined April 22, 1794, and almost his whole family were extirpated by their merciless persecutors.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

When M. de Malesherbes went to the Temple to announce the result of the vote, he found Louis with his forehead resting on his hands, and absorbed in a deep reverie. Without inquiring concerning his fate, he said: "For two hours I have been considering whether, during my whole reign, I have voluntarily given any cause of complaint to my subjects; and with perfect sincerity I declare that I deserve no reproach at their hands, and that I have never formed a wish but for their happiness."—*Lacretelle*.

Louis was fully prepared for his fate. During the calling of the votes he asked M. de Malesherbes, "Have you not met, near the Temple, the White Lady?" "What do you mean?" replied he. "Do you not know," resumed the King, with a smile, "that when a prince of our house is about to die, a female, dressed in white, is seen wandering about the palace? My friends," added he to his defenders, "I am about to depart before you for the land of the just, but there, at least, we shall be reunited."—*Alison*.

MARAT, JEAN PAUL, born May 24, 1744, at Neufchatel, of Calvinist parents, was not five feet high; his face was hideous, and his head monstrous for his size. From nature he derived a daring mind, an ungovernable imagination, a vindictive temper, and a ferocious heart. He studied medicine before he settled in Paris, where he was long in





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indigence. At last he obtained the situation of veterinary surgeon to the Count d'Artois. At the period of the Revolution, his natural enthusiasm rose to delirium, and he set up a journal entitled *The People's Friend*, in which he preached revolt, murder, and pillage. In 1790 Lafayette laid siege to his house, but he found an asylum in that of an actress who was induced by her husband to admit him. In the different searches made after him, the cellars of his partisans, and the vaults of the Cordeliers' church successively gave him shelter, and thence he continued to send forth his journal. In August Marat became a member of the municipality; was one of the chief instigators of the September massacres, and even proposed to Danton to set the prisons on fire. Several deputies pressed the Assembly to issue a warrant for his arrest, but they could not obtain it, for Danton and Robespierre were his supporters. On one occasion Marat said to the people, "Massacre 270,000 partisans of the former order of things!" Soon afterwards he was made president of the Jacobin society. Marat was stabbed to the heart, while in the bath, by Charlotte Corday. He had some talent; wrote and spoke with facility, in a diffuse, incoherent, but bold and impassioned manner. After his death, honors almost divine were paid him; and in the Place du Carrousel a sort of pyramid was raised in celebration of him, within which were placed his bust, his bathing-tub, his writing-desk, and lamp; and a sentinel was posted there, who one night died either of cold or horror. Eventually, however, France indignantly broke his bust, tore his remains from the Pantheon, and dragged them through the mud.—*Biographie Moderne*.

The following description of Marat by Sir Walter Scott is full of graphic energy: "Marat's political exhortations began and ended like the howl of a bloodhound for murder. If a wolf could have written a journal, the gaunt and famished wretch could not have ravened more eagerly for slaughter. It was blood which was Marat's constant demand; not in drops from the breast of an individual, not in puny streams from the slaughter of families; but blood in the profusion of an ocean. We are inclined to believe that there was a touch of insanity in this unnatural ferocity; and the wild and squalid features of the wretch appear to have intimated a degree of alienation of mind. Danton murdered to glut his rage; Robespierre, to avenge his injured vanity, or to remove a rival whom he hated; Marat, from the same instinctive love of blood which induces a wolf to continue his ravages of the flocks long after his hunger is appeased."

"Give me," said Marat, "two hundred Neapolitans, the knife in their right hand, in their left a *muff*, to serve for a target, and with these I will traverse France and complete the Revolution." He also made an exact calculation, showing in what manner 260,000 men might be put to death in one day.—*Barbaroux's Memoirs*.

When Marat mounted the tribune with the list of proscribed patriots in his hand, and dictated to the astonished Convention what names to



insert, and what names to strike out, it was not that poor, distorted scarecrow figure and maniac countenance which inspired awe and silenced opposition; but he was hemmed in, driven on, sustained in the height of all his malevolence, folly, and presumption by eighty thousand foreign bayonets, that sharpened his worthless sentences and pointed his frantic gestures. Paris threatened with destruction, thrilled at his accents. Paris, dressed in her robe of flames, seconded his incendiary zeal. A thousand hearts were beating in his bosom, which writhed like the sibyl's—a thousand daggers were whetted on his stony words. Had he not been backed by a strong necessity and strong opinion, he would have been treated as a madman; but when his madness arose out of the sacred cause and impending fate of a whole people, he who denounced the danger was a “seer blest”—he who pointed out a victim was the high-priest of freedom.—*Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon.*

MARIE ANTOINETTE, JOSEPHE JEANNE, PRINCESS, of Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria, and Queen of France, born at Vienna, November 2, 1755, was daughter of the Emperor Francis I. and of Maria Theresa. She received a careful education, and nature had bestowed on her an uncommon share of grace and beauty. Her marriage with the dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI.) at Versailles, in 1770, had all the appearance of a triumph. It was subsequently remarked that immediately after the ceremony, a fearful thunder-storm, such as had scarcely ever before been witnessed, took place at Versailles. Anxious minds indulged in yet more fearful forebodings, when, at the festivity which the city of Paris prepared in celebration of the royal nuptials, through the want of judicious arrangements, a great number of people in the Rue Royale were trodden down in the crowd. Fifty-three persons were found dead, and about three hundred dangerously wounded. In 1788, Marie Antoinette drew upon herself the hatred of the court party, who used every means to make her odious to the nation. Her lively imagination often gave her the appearance of levity, and sometimes of intrigue and dissimulation. A national restlessness, too, led her on a constant search after novelty, which involved her in heavy expenses. It was still more to her disadvantage that she injured her dignity by neglecting the strict formality of court manners. About this time her enemies spread a report about that she was still an Austrian at heart. When Louis XVI. informed her of his condemnation to death, she congratulated him on the approaching termination of an existence so painful. After his execution, she asked nothing of the Convention but a mourning dress, which she wore for the remainder of her days. Her behavior during the whole term of her imprisonment was exemplary in the highest degree. On October 3, 1793, she was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, and replied to all the questions of her judges satisfactorily, and with decision. She heard her sentence with perfect calmness, and the next day ascended the scaffold. The beauty for which she was once so celebrated was gone; grief had dis-



MARIE ANTOINETTE.





torted her features, and in the damp, unhealthy prison, she had almost lost one of her eyes. When she reached the place of execution, she cast back one fond, lingering look at the Tuileries, and then mounted the scaffold. When she came to the top, she flung herself on her knees, and exclaimed, "Farewell, my dear children, forever—I go to your father!" Thus died the Queen of France, October 16, 1794, towards the close of the thirty-eighth year of her age.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

MARMONT, AUGUSTE FREDERIQUE LOUIS VIESSE DE, was born at Chatillon, July 20, 1774. From his earliest infancy he was designed for the army, and at Toulon attracted the notice of Bonaparte, who, when appointed general of the army of the interior, appointed him his aide-de-camp. Throughout the campaigns of Italy, Egypt, and Syria, Marmont was at the side of Napoleon, and was one of the few selected to return with him to France. In the passage of Mont St. Bernard he greatly distinguished himself, and commanded the artillery at Marengo. In the wars of 1805-1807, he served with equal honor, and in the course of the German campaign of 1809 obtained the marshal's truncheon and the title of Duke of Ragusa. He was afterwards ordered to replace Massena in the command of the army of Portugal, but this was a situation above his abilities. Soon after his arrival in Spain, Marmont effected a junction with the army of Soult, and pursued Wellington towards Salamanca. For a time they watched each other, but a blunder of Marmont threw the initiative into the hands of Wellington; he was at dinner in his tent when information was brought him that the French were extending their wing, probably to outflank him. "Marmont's good genius has forsaken him," said Wellington, and, mounting his horse, attacked and defeated the French at the great battle of Salamanca, where Marmont lost his arm. He afterwards fought at Lutzen, Bautzen, and Leipsic, and on the entrance of the allies into France was intrusted with the defence of Paris, which, however, he was compelled to surrender to the enemy. He afterwards entered into a treaty with the allies, and marched his troops within their cantonments, stipulating, however, for the freedom of Napoleon's person. Louis made Marmont a peer, and when Napoleon returned from Elba he denounced him as a traitor, for the part he had played in the abdication. In 1817 he quelled an insurrection at Lyons.—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte*.

In 1830 Marmont took part with Charles X. against the people, and was driven into exile. He died at Venice, March 2, 1852.

MASSENA, ANDRE, Duke of Rivoli and Prince of Esslingen, Marshal of France, was born May 8, 1758, at Nice, and rose from a common soldier to the rank of commander. In 1792, when the warriors of the republic had ascended Mont Cenis, he joined their ranks; distinguished himself by courage and sagacity; and in 1793 was made general of brigade. In the ensuing year he took the command of the right wing of the Italian army. He was the constant companion in arms of Bonaparte,

who used to call him the spoiled child of victory. In 1799 Massena displayed great ability as commander-in-chief in Switzerland. After he had reconquered the Helvetian and Rhaetian Alps, he was sent to Italy to check the victorious career of the Austrians. He hastened with the small force he could muster to the support of Genoa, the defence of which is among his most remarkable achievements. In 1804 he was created marshal of the empire, and the year after received the chief command in Italy. After the peace of Tilsit, war having broken out in Spain, Massena took the field with the title of Duke of Rivoli; but in 1809 he was recalled to Germany. At Esslingen his firmness saved the French army from total destruction, and Napoleon rewarded him with the dignity of prince of that place. After the peace he hastened to Spain, but, being unsuccessful against Wellington, was recalled. In 1814 Massena commanded at Toulon, and declared for Louis XVIII. On the landing of Bonaparte in 1815, he joined him, was created a peer, and commander of the national guard at Paris. He lived afterwards in retirement, and his death was hastened by chagrin at the conduct of the Royalists. He died in the year 1817.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

Massena, said Napoleon, was a man of superior talent. He generally, however, made bad dispositions previous to a battle; and it was not until the dead began to fall about him that he began to act with that judgment which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, and of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, Massena was himself, and gave his orders and made his dispositions with the greatest sangfroid and judgment. It was truly said of him, that he never began to act with skill, until the battle was going against him. He was, however, *un voleur*. He went halves with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often that if he would discontinue his peculations, I would make him a present of eight hundred thousand, or a million, of francs; but he had acquired such a habit, that he could not keep his hands from money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers, who mutinied against him three or four times. However, considering the circumstances of the times, he was precious; and had not his bright parts been sullied by avarice, he would have been a great man.—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

MENOU, JACQUES FRANCOIS, BARON DE, deputy from the nobility of the bailiwick of Touraine to the States-General, was one of the first members of that order who joined the chamber of the *tiers-état*. In 1790 he was president of the Assembly, and proved himself the open enemy of the clergy, and was one of the commissioners appointed to dispose of their property. In 1798 he was employed in the Vendean war, and appointed commander-in-chief; but, being once or twice defeated, his command was taken from him. In 1795 he defended the National Convention against the Jacobins, for which he was rewarded by the gift of a complete suit of armor, and the post of commander-in-chief of the army of the interior. In 1798 Menou, as general of a division, accompanied

Bonaparte to Egypt, where he displayed great valor and ability. He there embraced Mohammedanism, took the turban, assumed the name of Abdallah, attended the mosques, and married a rich young Egyptian woman, daughter to the keeper of the baths at Alexandria. When Napoleon left, Menou remained with Kleber, after whose assassination he took the command of the army of the East. When General Abercromby landed before Alexandria, Menou marched to attack him, but was repulsed with great loss. Shortly after his return to France, he was sent to Piedmont to direct the administration there. In 1803 he had the title of grand officer of the Legion of Honor conferred on him, and in 1805 was again confirmed in the general government of Piedmont.—*Biographie Moderne*.

MIRABEAU, HONORE GABRIEL RIQUETTI, COMTE DE, was born at Bignon, March 9, 1749. Youthful impetuosity and ungoverned passions made the early part of his life a scene of disorder and misery. After having been some time in the army, he married Mademoiselle de Marignane, a rich heiress in the city of Aix; but the union was not fortunate, and his extravagant expenses deranging his affairs, he contracted debts to the amount of 300,000 livres, in consequence of which his father obtained from the Châtelet an act of lunacy against him. Enraged at this, he went to settle at Manosque; whence he was, on account of a private quarrel, some time afterwards removed, and shut up in the castle of If; he was then conveyed to that of Joux, in Franche Comté, and obtained permission to go occasionally to Pontarlier, where he met Sophia de Ruffey, Marchioness of Monmir, wife of a president in the parliament of Besançon. Her wit and beauty inspired Mirabeau with a most violent passion, and he soon escaped to Holland with her, but was for this outrage condemned to lose his head, and would probably have ended his days far from his country, had not an agent of police seized him in 1777, and carried him to the castle of Vincennes, where he remained till December, 1780, when he recovered his liberty. The French Revolution soon presented a vast field for his activity; and, being rejected at the time of the elections by the nobility of Provence, he hired a warehouse, put up this inscription, "Mirabeau, woollen-draper," and was elected deputy from the *tiers-état* of Aix; from that time the court of Versailles, to whom he was beginning to be formidable, called him the Plebeian Count. On the day when the States-General opened, he looked at the King, who was covered with jewels, and said to those near him, "Behold the victim already adorned!" He soon took possession of the tribune, and there discussed the most important matters in the organization of society. He had never at that time conceived the possibility of establishing a democracy in so immense a state as France. His motive for seeking popularity was solely that he might regulate a court which he caused to tremble, but the court committed the fault of not seeking to seduce his ambition. He then connected himself with the Duke of Orleans, from whom he ob-



tained certain sums that he wanted; but soon perceiving that it was impossible to make anything of such a clod, he broke off the intimacy in October, 1789. If he was not one of the principal causes of the events which took place on the 5th and 6th of that month, the words he made use of before and during that time, give reason to suppose he was no stranger to them. The next day he made the King new overtures, and repeated them shortly after, but they were invariably rejected; and he then considered how he should, by new blows, compel the sovereign and his council to have recourse to him. Not, however, till the end of the session did this take place; and then, by the intervention of Madame de Mercy and M. de Montmorin, his debts were paid, and a pension was granted him. From that time he devoted himself to strengthening the monarchy, and addressed to the King a statement on the causes of the Revolution, and the methods of putting a stop to it. It may be doubted whether he could have succeeded in this undertaking; but it is now certain that, at the moment of his sudden death, he was busied in a project for dissolving an assembly which he could no longer direct. On January 16, 1791, he was appointed a member of the department of Paris, and on the 31st, president of the National Assembly. This being the period of his closest connection with the court, he wished as president to acquire new celebrity, and show himself capable of directing the Assembly; a design which he executed with a degree of address admired even by his enemies. On March 28th he was taken ill, and died on April 2d, at half-past eight in the morning, aged forty-two. So short an illness excited a suspicion at first that he had been poisoned, and all parties mutually accused each other of the crime; but when his body was opened, there appeared, as the physicians asserted, no marks of violence. When on his death-bed, he said openly to his friends, "I shall carry the monarchy with me, and a few factious spirits will share what is left." At the moment of his death he retained all his fortitude and self-possession; on the very morning he wrote these words, "It is not so difficult to die;" and at the instant when his eyes were closing he wrote, "To sleep." His loss seemed to be considered as a public calamity, and it is remarkable that all parties believing him to be in their interests, joined in regretting him. His obsequies were celebrated with great pomp; all the theatres were shut; the deputies, the ministers, the members of all the authoritative assemblies, formed a procession which extended above a league, and which was four hours marching; and his body was placed in the Pantheon beside that of Descartes. In November, 1793, his ashes were, by order of the Convention, removed thence, and scattered abroad by the people, who at the same time burned his bust in the Place de Grève, as an enemy to the republic, and one who had corresponded with the royal family. Thus did Mirabeau verify what he had himself said, "That the capitol was close to the Tarpeian rock, and that the same people who flattered him would have had equal pleasure



MIRABEAU.





in seeing him hanged." Mirabeau was of middle stature; his face was disfigured by the marks of small-pox; and the enormous quantity of hair on his head gave him some resemblance to a lion. He was of a lofty character, and had talents which were extraordinary, and some which were sublime; his felicity of diction was unrivalled, and his knowledge of the human heart profound; but he was essentially a despot, and, had he governed an empire, he would have surpassed Richelieu in pride, and Mazarin in policy. Naturally violent, the least resistance inflamed him; when he appeared most irritated, his expression had most eloquence; and being a consummate actor, his voice and gestures lent a new interest to all he said. His chief passion was pride; and though his love of intrigue was unbounded, it can be ascribed only to his pecuniary necessities. In the last year of his life he paid immense debts, bought estates, furniture, the valuable library of Buffon, and lived in a splendid style.—*Biographie Moderne*.

MIRABEAU, VISCOUNT DE BONIFACE DE RIQUETTI, was a younger brother of Mirabeau, and served with distinction in America, 1777-79. He was born near Nemours in 1754. His celebrated relative said of him one day, "In any other family the viscount would be a good-for-nothing fellow and a genius; in ours, he is a blockhead and a worthy man." In 1789 the younger Mirabeau was deputed to the States-General, and defended his order with an energy equal to that with which his brother attacked it. On one occasion, when he had kept possession of the tribune above an hour, the latter, after the sitting was concluded, went to his house, and gently reproached him with often drinking to excess, which led him into unpleasant embarrassments. "What do you complain of?" answered the viscount, laughing; "this is the only one of all the family vices that you have left me." In 1790 the younger Mirabeau emigrated, levied a legion, and served under the Prince of Condé. His singular conformation had gained him the nickname of "Hogshead"; and indeed he was almost as big as he was tall, but his countenance was full of intelligence. In the beginning of the Revolution he wrote a satire entitled the "Magic Lantern," and left behind him a collection of tales the versification of which is sprightly and graceful.—*Biographie Moderne*.

MONCEY, BON ADRIEN JEANNOT, was born in 1754. His father was an advocate, and he was intended for the same profession, but he took an invincible repugnance to it, and entered the army as a private soldier. In 1790, at the age of thirty-six, he was but a sub-lieutenant of dragoons. Soon afterwards, however, he was draughted into a battalion of light infantry, and thenceforward his promotion was rapid. In the course of the ensuing two years, he had risen to be general of division, and received the command of the eleventh military division at Bayonne. On the formation of the consular government Moncey took part in the war of Italy, and was present at the famous battle of Ma-

rengo. In the year 1804 he became marshal of the empire, and subsequently Duke of Conegliano. In 1808 he was engaged in the Spanish campaigns, but his operations were by no means brilliant. He was also present in the Russian expedition, and in the subsequent struggles in Germany. When Napoleon abdicated, Moncey sent in his adhesion to the royal government; he refused, however, to preside on the trial of Marshal Ney, for which he was degraded from his honors and confined. In 1823 he accompanied the Duke d'Angoulême in his invasion of Spain. Moncey was humane by nature, honorable in conduct, and a cautious rather than a bold general.—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte*.

MONTMORIN ST. HEREM, ARMAND MARC, COUNT DE, minister of finance and secretary of state, was one of the Assembly of Notables held at Versailles, and had the administration of foreign affairs at the time when the States-General opened. He was dismissed in 1789 with Necker, but was immediately recalled by order of the National Assembly. In September, 1790, when all his colleagues were dismissed, he retained his place, and even the portfolio of the interior was for a time confided to him. In April, 1791, he sent a circular letter to all the ministers at foreign courts, assuring their sovereigns that the King was wholly unrestrained, and sincerely attached to the new constitution. In the beginning of June, he was struck from the list of Jacobins, and was afterwards summoned to the bar for giving the King's passport when he fled to Varennes; but he easily cleared himself from this charge by proving that the passport had been taken out under a supposititious name. M. de Montmorin soon after this tendered his resignation; yet though withdrawn from public life, he continued near the King, and, together with Bertrand de Molleville, Mallouet, and a few others, formed a kind of privy council, which suggested and prepared various plans for strengthening the monarchy. This conduct drew on him the inveterate hatred of the Jacobins, who attacked him and Bertrand as members of the Austrian committee. M. de Montmorin was one of the first victims who fell in the massacres of September.—*Biographie Moderne*.

The unfortunate M. de Montmorin had taken refuge on August 10th at the house of a washerwoman in the faubourg St. Antoine. He was discovered in the early part of September by the imprudence of his hostess, who bought the finest fowls and the best fruit she could find, and carried them to her house, without taking any precautions to elude the observation of her neighbors. They soon suspected her of harboring an aristocrat. This conjecture spread among the populace of the faubourg, who were almost all of them spies and agents of the Jacobins. M. de Montmorin was in consequence arrested, and conducted to the bar of the National Assembly. He answered the questions put to him in the most satisfactory manner; but his having concealed himself, and a bottle of laudanum having been found in his pocket, formed, said his

enemies, a strong presumption that he was conscious of some crime. After being detained two days in the committee, he was sent a prisoner to the Abbaye; and a few days afterwards was murdered in a manner too shocking to mention; and his mangled body carried in triumph to the National Assembly.—*Private Memoirs of Bertrand de Molleville.*

MOREAU, JEAN VICTOR, one of the oldest and most celebrated generals of the French Republic, was born in Bretagne, August 11, 1763. His father intended him for the law, but he fled from his studies, and enlisted in a regiment before he had attained his eighteenth year. In 1789 he joined the army of the North, and subsequently favored the Girondins, whose fall greatly affected him, and it was with much repugnance that he accepted the constitution of 1793, when proposed to the army. In 1794 he was appointed general of division, and commanded the right wing of Pichegru's army. He was soon after named commander-in-chief of the troops on the Rhine, and commenced that course of operations which terminated in the celebrated retreat from the extremity of Germany to the French frontier, in the face of a superior enemy, by which his skill as a consummate tactician was so much exalted. In 1798 Moreau was sent to command the army in Italy, but, after some brilliant successes, was compelled to give way to the Russians under Suwarrow. After Napoleon's return from Egypt, Moreau was appointed to the command of the armies of the Danube and Rhine, and gained the decisive victory of Hohenlinden. He was afterwards accused of participating in the conspiracy of Pichegru and Georges, and sentenced to banishment, whereupon he went to America and lived in retirement till 1813, when he joined the allied armies, and was killed in the battle of Dresden, which was fought in that year.—*Encyclopædia Americana.*

"Moreau," observed the Emperor, "possesses many good qualities. His bravery is undoubted, but he has more courage than energy; he is indolent and effeminate. When with the army, he lived like a pacha; he smoked, was almost constantly in bed, and gave himself up to the pleasures of the table. His dispositions are naturally good; but he is too lazy for study. He does not read, and since he has been tied to his wife's apron-strings, he is fit for nothing. He sees only with the eyes of his wife and her mother, who have had a hand in all his plots against me; and yet, strange to say, it was by my advice that he entered into this union. You must remember, Bourrienne, my observing to you more than two years ago, that Moreau would one day strike his head against the gate of the Tuileries. Had he remained faithful to me, I would have conferred on him the title of First Marshal of the Empire."—*Bourrienne.*

MORTIER, MARSHAL, was born at Cateau-Cambresis, February 13, 1768. In 1791 he obtained the rank of captain in a volunteer regiment; and under Pichegru, Moreau, and Massena, fought his way to the command of a division. He was a favorite with Napoleon, who created



him a marshal for the zeal with which he seized Hanover at the rupture of the peace of Amiens. Being afterwards created Duke of Treviso, Mortier went to Spain, but met with no success. He took part in the Russian expedition, but distinguished himself only by blowing up the Kremlin. In 1814 he submitted to Louis, and was confirmed in his honors and posts; but he turned traitor on the return of Bonaparte, and was, therefore, on the second restoration, shut out from the chamber of peers. In 1819, however, he was restored to his peerage. He was killed by an infernal machine, July 28, 1835, during Fieschi's attempt to assassinate King Louis Philippe.—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte.*

MURAT, JOACHIM, was born at Cahors, March 25, 1767. His father was the keeper of a humble country inn, who had once been steward to the wealthy family of the Talleyrands. From early youth, Murat was distinguished by his daring courage and his skill in horsemanship. He was originally intended for the church, but having, in his twentieth year, run away with, and fought a duel for, a pretty girl of the neighborhood, all his ecclesiastical hopes were crushed by the notoriety which this affair brought upon him. He therefore entered the army, made himself conspicuous by his revolutionary enthusiasm, and in one month fought not less than six duels! He soon gained promotion, and, in the affair of the sections, made himself so useful to Bonaparte, that, when appointed to the command of the army of Italy, that general placed him on his personal staff. Shortly afterwards Murat was promoted to the rank of general of brigade; accompanied Napoleon in his Egyptian expedition; and returned with him to Paris, where he married Caroline Bonaparte, his patron's youngest sister. On the establishment of the empire, he was created marshal of France, and, in 1806, invested with the grand duchy of Berg and Cleves. In 1808 he entered Madrid with a formidable army, and sullied his reputation by his exactions and cruelties. He was afterwards appointed to the throne of Naples, but was rendered constantly uneasy by the system of jealous espionage pursued towards him by Napoleon. In 1812 he joined the Emperor in his Russian expedition, and was placed over the whole cavalry of the grand army, in which position he rendered himself so conspicuous by his daring that the very Cossacks held him in respect and admiration. When Napoleon quitted Russia, Murat was left in command, but he was unequal to his trying duties, and returned dispirited to Naples, greatly to the Emperor's dissatisfaction. In the German campaign of 1813 he fought nobly at Dresden and Leipsic, but immediately after this last battle, deserted the imperial standard. On Napoleon's escape from Elba, Murat put an army of 50,000 men in motion, in order, as he said, to secure the independence of Italy, but was defeated by the Austrians and English. After the battle of Waterloo, he wandered about for some months as a fugitive; but, being discovered, was seized, tried, and ordered to be shot, by Ferdinand, the then reigning King of Naples. When the fatal moment arrived, Murat walked with a firm step to the

place of execution. He would not accept a chair, nor suffer his eyes to be bound. He stood upright, with his face towards the soldiers, and when all was ready, kissed a carnelian on which the head of his wife was engraved, and gave the word thus: "Save my face—aim at my heart—fire!" Murat left two daughters and two sons; the elder of his sons is a citizen of the United States, and said to be a youth of very superior promise.—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte*.

"Murat," said Napoleon, "is a good soldier—one of the most brilliant men I ever saw on a field of battle. Of no superior talents, without much moral courage, timid even in forming his plan of operations; but the moment he saw the enemy, all that vanished—his eye was the most sure, and the most rapid, his courage truly chivalrous. Moreover, he is a fine man, tall, and well dressed, though at times rather fantastically—in short, a magnificent lazzarone. It was really a magnificent sight to see him in battle heading the cavalry."—*Lord Ebrington's Account of his Conversation with Napoleon at Elba*.

NECKER, JACQUES, was the son of a tutor in the college of Geneva. He was born at Geneva, September 30, 1732, and began life as a clerk to M. Thellusson, a banker at Paris, whose partner he afterwards became, and in the course of twelve or fourteen years his fortune surpassed that of the first bankers. He then thought of obtaining some place under government, but he at first aimed only at the office of first commissioner of finance, to attain which he endeavored to acquire a literary reputation, and published a panegyric on Colbert. Necker was beginning to enjoy some degree of reputation when Turgot was disgraced, and anxious to profit by the dissipation in which the new minister, Clugny, lived, he presented statements to M. de Maurepas in which he exaggerated the resources of the state. The rapid fortune of Necker induced a favorable opinion of his capacity, and after Clugny died he was united with his successor, M. Taboureaux des Reaux, an appointment which he obtained partly by the assistance of the Marquis de Pezay. After eight months' administration, Necker, on July 2, 1777, compelled his colleague to resign, and presented his accounts in 1781. Shortly after, he endeavored to take advantage of the public favor, and aspired to a place in the council. He insisted on it, and threatened to resign; but he was the dupe of his own presumption, and was suffered to retire. In 1787 he returned to France, and wrote against Calonne, who had accused him as the cause of the deficiency in the finances; this dispute ended in the exile of Necker; but, in 1788, when the general displeasure against Brienne terrified the court, he was again appointed comptroller-general, but, feeling himself supported by the people, he refused to accept the post, unless on the condition of not laboring in conjunction with the prime minister. Eager for popular applause, Necker hoped to govern everything by leading the King to hope for an increase of power, and the people for a speedy democracy, by the debasement of the higher orders and the parliaments. The report which he made to the council on Decem-

ber 27, 1788, respecting the formation of the States-General, proved the first spark which lighted the combustible matter that had long been prepared. On July 11th, when the court thought fit to declare against the factions, Necker, who had become absolutely their sentinel in the very council of the King was dismissed; but on the 16th the Assembly wrote him a letter, expressing their regret at his withdrawal, and informed him that they had obtained his recall. His return from Basle to Paris was one continued triumph. During the remainder of the year he was constantly presenting new statements on the resources of the revenue; but he soon perceived that his influence was daily diminishing. At last, the famous Red Book appeared, and completely put an end to his popularity; so that in the month of December he determined to fly, after having seen the populace tear from the gate of his house, the inscription, "To the adored minister." He died at Geneva, April 9, 1804, after a short but painful illness.—*Biographie Moderne*.

NEY, MICHAEL, Duke of Elchingen, Prince of Moskva, marshal and peer of France; born at Saarlouis, January 10, 1769; entered the French army in 1788; made a brigadier-general in 1797 after the battle of Neuwied, general of division in 1799, after the capture of Mannheim, and marshal in 1804. He commanded in the Austrian, Prussian, and Spanish campaigns, and distinguished himself at Elchingen, Jena, Eylau and Friedland. He was ordered to Spain in 1808, and was successful in maintaining French rule over Galicia, but in 1810 he met with reverses in Portugal, especially during the retreat from Torres Vedras. His most celebrated exploits were the battle of Borodino while the grand army crossed the Moskva, and his command of the rear guard during the retreat from Moscow. After the abdication of Napoleon he submitted to the Bourbons, and was well received by Louis XVIII. When Napoleon returned from Elba, Ney assured the King of his fidelity, and received the command of a corps of 4000 men, with which he marched against the Emperor, but when he saw the enthusiasm with which Napoleon was received everywhere he yielded to the demands of his soldiers and went over to the side of the Emperor. In the Waterloo campaign Ney fought the battle of Quatre Bras on the same day that Napoleon defeated the Prussians at Ligny, and at Waterloo he commanded the centre. After the second restoration he was captured, arraigned for high treason, before the Chamber of Peers, which by a large majority condemned him to death. He was shot December 7, 1815, in the garden of the Luxembourg.

At eight o'clock, on the morning of December 7th, the marshal, with a firm step, and an air as calm as if he had been on a field of battle, descended the steps leading to the court of the Luxembourg, and entered a coach, which conveyed him to the place of execution, outside the garden gates. He alighted, and advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up to despatch him. To an officer who proposed to bandage his eyes he replied, "Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accus-



tomed to face both ball and bullet?" He took off his hat, raised it above his head, and said, with a firm voice, "I declare, before God and man, that I have never betrayed my country: may my death render her happy! Vive la France! Then, turning to the men, and striking his other hand on his heart, he gave the word, "Soldiers—fire!"

Thus, in his forty-seventh year, did "the Bravest of the Brave" expiate one great error, alike alien from his natural character and unworthy of the general course of his life. If he was sometimes a stern, he was never an implacable enemy. He was sincere, honest, blunt even: so far from flattering, he often contradicted him on whose nod his fortunes depended. He was, with few exceptions, merciful to the vanquished; and while so many of his brother marshals dishonored themselves by rapine and extortion, Michael Ney lived and died poor.

"This extraordinary man," says Colonel Napier, "was notoriously indolent, and unlearned in the abstract science of war; it was necessary for him to see in order to act; his character seemed to be asleep, until some imminent danger aroused all the marvellous energy and fortitude with which nature had endowed him. He who had fought 500 battles for France—not one against her—was shot as a traitor!"—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte*.

ORLEANS, LOUIS PHILIPPE JOSEPH, DUKE OF, great-great-grandson of Louis XIII. and cousin of Louis XVI., the first prince of the blood, was born at St. Cloud, April 13, 1747, and rendered the title of Duc de Chartres, which he bore till his father's death, celebrated by his depravity. He was in stature below the middle size, but very well made, and his features were regular and pleasing, till libertinism and debauchery covered them with red, inflamed pustles. He was very early bald; was skilled in all bodily exercises; kind and compassionate in his domestic relations, and endowed with good natural abilities, though ignorant and credulous. In 1787 his father died, and he then took the title of Duke of Orleans, and sought to render himself popular. By the advice of his creatures he opposed the King in the royal meeting on November 19, 1787, and was exiled to Villers-Cotterets; but in return for the sums he lavished on the journalists, he soon became the idol of the populace. Another method which he successfully put in practice to obtain the favor of the people, was to buy up corn, and then relieve those who were languishing under the artificial scarcity. In 1788-89, public tables were spread and fires lighted, by his order, for the paupers of the metropolis, and sums of money were likewise distributed among them. In the very earliest meetings, he protested against the proceedings of his chamber, and joined that of the *tiers-état*, with the dissentient members of his order. On July 3d he was nominated president of the National Assembly; but he refused the post, and busied himself in corrupting the regiment of French guards, and in preparing the events of July 14th. Lafayette having menaced him with the tribunals if he did not leave France, he went over to England; but at the end of

eight months returned, and was received with transport by the Jacobins. In 1791 M. Thevenard, before he resigned the administration of the marine, caused the duke to be appointed admiral of France, for which the latter went to thank the King in person, and to assure him how grossly he had been misrepresented. When, however, he appeared at the levee, all the courtiers insulted him in the most outrageous manner, to which he would never be persuaded that their majesties were not privy, and this excited his irreconcilable enmity against them. On September 15, 1792, the commune of Paris authorized him to assume the name of Egalité for himself and his descendants, and deputed him to the National Convention. When the King's trial took place, the Duke of Orleans voted for the death of his cousin with a degree of coolness which irritated the majority of the Jacobins themselves, and excited murmurs throughout the Assembly. On the fatal day he came to the Place de Louis XV., and was present during the execution, in an open carriage; as soon as the body was removed, he returned to the Palais Royal, and went in a carriage drawn by six horses to revel at Raincy with his accomplices. Towards the end of April, Robespierre caused his name to be erased from the list of Jacobins, though Egalité had sworn to the Convention, on the 4th of the same month, that if his son, who had just fled with Dumouriez, was guilty, the image of Brutus, which was before his eyes, would remind him of his duty. Soon afterwards a warrant was issued for his arrest; he was removed to the prison of Marseilles, and, after six months' captivity, sent to take his trial at Paris. As a matter of course, the revolutionary tribunal found him guilty, and he was guillotined on November 6, 1793, when he was forty-six years of age. He shrugged his shoulders on hearing the people hiss and curse him as he was led to death, and cried out, "They used to applaud me."—*From an article in the Biographie Moderne.*

UDINOT, CHARLES NICHOLAS, was born at Bar-sur-Ornain, April 25, 1767. From early youth he expressed a wish to become a soldier, obtained a commission, and rose rapidly through the subordinate ranks, to be general of division. Oudinot distinguished himself under Hoche, Pichegru, Moreau, Massena, and Bonaparte, on the Rhine, in Switzerland, and in Italy, and in 1804 was made count of the empire. His valor at Wagram procured him the higher title of Duke of Reggio, and in 1809 he at length obtained the baton. In the Russian expedition he received many severe wounds, and greatly distinguished himself at Bautzen. On the Emperor's abdication he offered his services to Louis, who made him colonel-general of the grenadiers, and military governor of Metz. During the Hundred Days he resisted all Bonaparte's overtures, and on the second restoration of the Bourbons was rewarded by the chief command of the Parisian national guard, a peerage, and a seat in the cabinet. Oudinot's last military service was in the invasion of Spain in 1823, where he exerted himself to arrest the fanatic

course of the advocates of despotism. He died at Paris, September 13, 1847.—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte.*

PAGERIE, JOSEPHINE ROSE TASCHER DE LA, Empress of the French, Queen of Italy, was born in Martinique in 1763. While very young, her father took her to France to marry her to the Viscount Beauharnais. She was then in the prime of her beauty, and met with great success at court. She bore her husband two children, Eugene and Hortense, and in 1787 returned to Martinique to attend the bedside of her invalid mother. She took her daughter with her and passed three years in that island. The troubles, however, which then suddenly broke out, compelled her to return to France, where she arrived, after narrowly escaping great perils. A singular prophecy had been made to her when a child, which she used to mention, when it was apparently fulfilled in her high destiny. During the Reign of Terror, her husband, who had defended France at the head of its armies, was thrown into prison and executed. Josephine also was imprisoned, but, on the death of Robespierre, she was liberated by Tallien, and was indebted to Barras for the restoration of a part of her husband's property. At his house she became acquainted with Bonaparte, who married her in 1796. She exerted her great influence over him, invariably on the side of mercy; protected many emigrants, and encouraged arts and industry. Napoleon used often to say to her, "If I win battles, you win hearts." When he ascended the imperial throne, Josephine was crowned with him, both at Paris and at Milan. She loved pomp and magnificence, and was very extravagant in her tastes. A few years after her coronation, the Emperor divorced her, when she retired to Malmaison. She was soon afterwards doomed to see the destruction of that throne on which she had sat. The Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia paid her frequent visits at Malmaison, but the fate of Napoleon undermined her strength, and, having exposed herself, while in a feeble state of health, by walking out with Alexander, she caught cold, and died in the arms of her children, May 29, 1814.—*Encyclopædia Americana.*

Josephine was really an amiable woman—the best woman in France. She was the greatest patroness of the fine arts which that country had known for years. She was grace personified. Everything she did was with peculiar elegance and delicacy. I never saw her act otherwise than gracefully during the whole time we lived together. Her toilet was a perfect arsenal, and she effectually defended herself against the assaults of time.—*A Voice from St. Helena.*

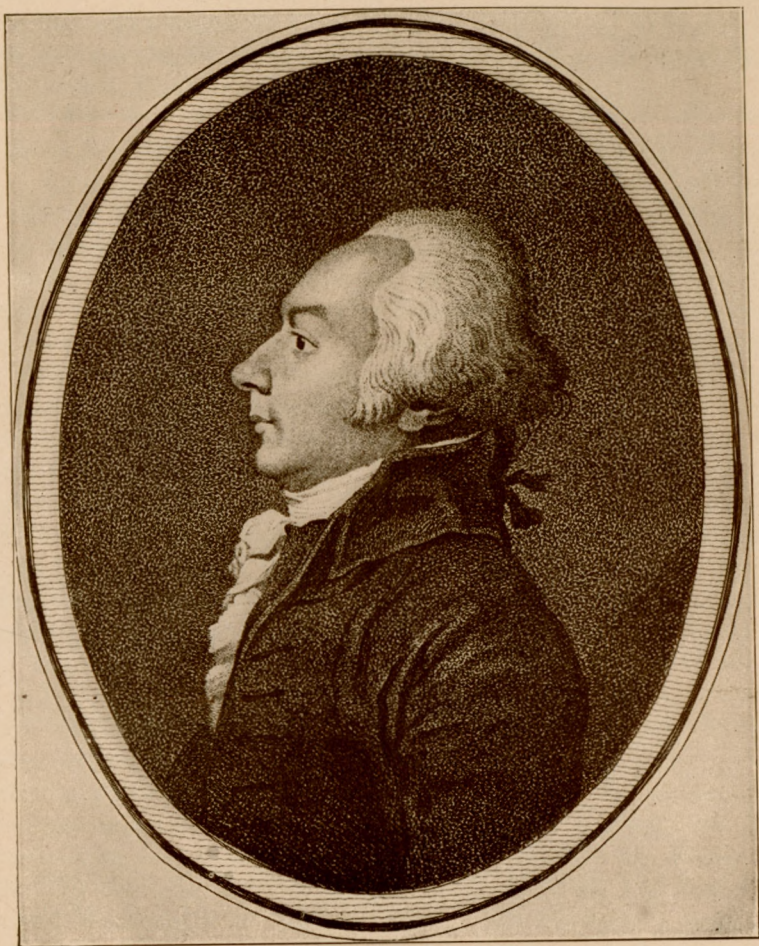
Josephine possessed personal graces and many good qualities. Benevolence was natural to her, but she was not always prudent in its exercise. Her taste for splendor and expense was excessive. This proneness to luxury became a habit, which seemed constantly indulged without any motive. What scenes have I not witnessed when the moment for paying the tradesmen's bills arrived! She always kept back one-half of



their claims, and the discovery of this exposed her to new reproaches.—*Bourrienne*.

At the period of her marriage with Bonaparte, Josephine was still a fine woman. Her teeth, it is true, were already frightfully decayed; but when her mouth was closed she looked, especially at a little distance, both young and pretty.—*Duchess d'Abrantes*.

PETION (or PETHION) DE VILLENEUVE, JEROME, was born at Chartres in 1753, became an advocate in his native city, and was elected by the third estate as a member of the States-General, 1789, and distinguished himself by a thorough zeal for the revolutionary party. Endowed with a pleasing address and a disposition ever enterprising, although weak in danger, he became, in spite of the mediocrity of his talents, one of the prime movers in the Revolution. On October 5th, he denounced the banquets of the body-guards, and seconded the designs of the faction of Orleans, to which he was then entirely devoted. On the 8th, he proposed giving to the King the title of "King of the French by the consent of the Nation," and suppressing the form of "by the Grace of God." In the course of 1790, he supported the revolutionary party with considerable zeal. On December 4th, the National Assembly elected him their president. In June following, he was appointed president of the Criminal Tribunal of Paris. When the Assembly was informed of the departure of Louis XVI., he was one of the three commissioners appointed to go to Varennes after this prince. At the end of September, the Duke of Orleans sent him to England; and on his return he obtained the situation of mayor, of which he took possession on November 18th. It is from this period that his real influence may be dated, as well as the outrages with which he did not cease to overwhelm the King, sometimes by handbills, and sometimes through the means of insurrections. On August 3d, he formally demanded of the Assembly, in the name of the Commune, the deposition of Louis. On the 10th, he took care to be confined at home by the insurgents under his orders, at the very time that his adherents were preparing to attack the palace. It is doubtful whether Pétion were privy to the massacres of September, although Prudhomme declares that the mayor, the ministers, etc., were agreed. Being appointed Deputy of Eure-et-Loir to the Convention, he was the first president of that assembly, which, at its first meeting on September 21, 1792, decreed the abolition of royalty. From that time, until the death of Louis XVI., Pétion ascended the tribune almost every day to urge the monarch's execution; and at this period he also labored in the interests of the Duke of Orleans, to whose party he appeared very constantly attached. In November, however, a hatred which was in the end fatal to him, began to break out between Pétion and Robespierre, although up to that time they had been called the two fingers of the hand. In January, 1793, he voted for the death of Louis XVI.; and on March 25th he was appointed a member of the first committee of public safety, and of general defence. From the declarations of General Miaczinski,



PETION.







who had asserted that Pétion was concerned in the projects of Dumouriez, occasion was taken—through the means of Robespierre, Danton, and that party—to form a committee for examining into his conduct. On June 2d, a decree of accusation was passed against Pétion, and on July 25th he was outlawed because he had succeeded in escaping from his own house. In 1794 he was found dead of hunger, or assassinated, and half devoured by beasts, in a field in the department of Gironde. Pétion is said to have had an air of haughtiness, a fine face, and an affable look.—*Biographie Moderne*.

PHILIPPE, LOUIS, eldest son of the Duke of Orleans (Egalité) and of Marie Adelaide de Bourbon Penthièvre, grand-daughter of a natural son of Louis XIV. by Madame Montespan, was born at Paris in 1773. The line of Bourbon-Orleans was founded by Philippe, brother of the Grand Monarque, who conferred on him the duchy of Orleans. In 1782, the Duke de Chartres's education was intrusted to the Countess de Genlis. In 1792, he fought under Dumouriez at Valmi, and displayed great bravery and judgment. He also distinguished himself highly at the battle of Jemappes. Shortly afterwards, having frankly expressed his horror of the revolutionary excesses in France, a decree of arrest was issued against him. He then quitted the army and his country, and obtained passports for Switzerland, but received notice that no part of the Cantons was safe for him. Alone, however, and on foot, and almost without money, he began his travels in the interior of Switzerland and the Alps; and at length obtained the situation of professor at the college of Reichenau, where he taught geography, history, and the French and English languages, and mathematics, for four months, without having been discovered. It was here he learned the tragical end of his father. On quitting Reichenau, the Duke de Chartres, now become Duke of Orleans, retired to Bremgarten, where he remained, under the name of Corby, till the end of 1794, when, his retreat being discovered, he resolved on going to America; but, being unable to obtain the necessary pecuniary means, he travelled instead through Norway and Sweden, journeyed on foot with the Laplanders, and reached the North Cape in 1795. In the following year he set out for America, and paid a visit to General Washington at Mount Vernon. He afterwards went to England, and established himself, with his brothers, at Twickenham. In 1809 the Duke was married at Palermo, to the Princess Amelia, daughter of the King of Sicily. After the fall of Napoleon he returned to Paris; and, in 1815, was ordered by Louis to take the command of the army of the North. He soon, however, resigned it, and fixed his residence, with his family, again at Twickenham. After the Hundred Days he went back to Paris, took his seat in the Chamber of Peers, but manifested such liberal sentiments, as to render himself obnoxious to the administration. In consequence of the memorable events of July, 1830, he was proclaimed lieutenant-general of the kingdom, and finally, on the abdication of Charles X., King of the French.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

PHILIPPEAUX, PIERRE, a lawyer, deputy to the Convention, voted for the King's death. He was afterwards sent into La Vendée to reorganize the administration of Nantes, where he was involved in a contention with some of the representatives sent into the same country, which ended in his recall to Paris. He was condemned to death by the revolutionary tribunal, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. Philippeaux was an honest, enthusiastic republican.—*Biographie Moderne*.

PICHEGRU, CHARLES, a French general, was born at Arbois, February 16, 1761, of a respectable though poor family. In the year 1792 he was employed on the staff of the army of the Rhine, rose rapidly through the ranks of general of brigade and of division, and, in 1793, assumed the chief command of that same army. He was the inventor of the system of sharp-shooting, of flying artillery, and of attacks perpetually repeated, which rendered the enemy's cavalry almost useless. In 1794 the army of the North was committed to Pichegru, who made a most victorious campaign. In the following year the National Convention appointed him commandant of Paris against the Terrorists, whose projects he succeeded in overthrowing. He joined the army of the Rhine a short time after, when he testified a desire to re-establish the house of Bourbon on the throne, which, coming to the knowledge of the Directory, they recalled him, on which he retired to his native place, Arbois, where he spent several months in domestic retirement. In 1797 he was chosen president of the council of Five Hundred, and became the hope of the Clichyan party. He was, however, arrested by the troops of the directorial triumvirate, conveyed to the Temple, and condemned, together with fifty other deputies, to be transported to Guiana. After some months' captivity in the pestilential deserts of Sinnimari, Pichegru contrived to make his escape, and set sail for England, where he was most warmly received. He then went to live in obscurity in Germany, but, in 1804, came secretly to Paris with Georges and a great number of conspirators, to try to overturn the consular government. The plot being discovered, Pichegru was arrested and conducted to the Temple, where he was one morning found dead in his bed. Several physicians who met on the occasion asserted that he had strangled himself with his cravat.—*Biographie Moderne*.

"Pichegru," observed Napoleon, "instructed me in mathematics at Brienne, when I was about ten years old. He possessed considerable knowledge in that science. As a general, he was a man of no ordinary talent, far superior to Moreau, though he had never done anything extraordinary, as the success of his campaigns in Holland was in a great measure owing to the battle of Fluerus. Pichegru, after he had united himself to the Bourbons, sacrificed the lives of upwards of twenty thousand of his soldiers, by throwing them purposely into the enemy's hands, whom he had informed beforehand of his intentions.—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

Nature had made Pichegru a soldier. She had given him that eagle

eye which fixes victory on the field of battle, but she had denied him the qualities of a statesman. He was a mere child in politics, and took it into his head to conspire openly, before the face of the Directory, without once thinking that the Directors had it in their power to stop him. I know, for certain, that among the conditions which he had made with the royal house was this, that a statue should be erected to him in his lifetime as the restorer of the monarchy. Louis XVIII. has faithfully executed this clause of the contract, not, it is true, during the general's life, but since his death. I have seen in the court of the Louvre this bronze without glory. The legitimacy of a cause never removes the stain of treason.—*Memoirs of a Peer of France.*

RABAUT ST. ETIENNE, JEAN PAUL, born at Nismes, April, 1843, a lawyer, a man of letters, and a minister of the reformed religion, was an ardent convert of the Revolution, and a sworn enemy to the Catholic clergy. He was one of those whose sectarian spirit added greatly to the Revolutionary enthusiasm. When, however, he had only monarchy to contend against, he became more moderate. On the occasion of the King's trial, he forcibly combated the opinion of those who desired that the Convention should itself try Louis. At the time of the nominal appeal concerning the punishment to be inflicted on the King, St. Etienne voted for his confinement, and his banishment in the event of a peace, as well as for the appeal to the people to confirm the sentence. In 1793, he was president of the National Convention; but, opposing the Terrorist party, a decree of outlawry was passed against him, and he was executed at Paris, having been delivered up by an old friend, of whom he went to beg an asylum.—*Biographie Moderne.*

REWBEL, JEAN BAPTISTE, born at Colmar, October 8, 1746, chief of the barristers in the supreme council of Alsace, was long the agent of several German princes who had possessions in Alsace, and afterwards undertook different causes against them, which, at the time of the Revolution, he represented as a mark of patriotism. In 1791 he presided in the National Assembly, and next to Robespierre, was the member who most plainly showed his desire for a republic. In the following year he earnestly pressed the King's trial, and demanded that the Queen should be included in the same decree of accusation. Rewbel took care to keep in the background during the stormiest period of Robespierre's reign, and after his fall, declared loudly against the Jacobins. He was a violent man, and terminated his legislative career at the overthrow of the Directory, under which his eldest son was adjutant-general.—*Biographie Moderne.*

Rewbel, who inveighed bitterly against the Jacobins, said, "Where has tyranny been organized? At the Jacobins. Where has it found its supporters and its satellites? At the Jacobins. Who have covered France with mourning, carried despair into families, filled the country with prisons, and rendered the republic so odious that a slave pressed down by the weight of his irons would refuse to live under it? The



Jacobins. Who regret a change in the frightful government under which we have lived? The Jacobins. If you have not now the courage to declare yourselves, you have no longer a republic, because you have Jacobins.—*Mignet*.

"Rewbel," said Napoleon, "born in Alsace, was one of the best lawyers in the town of Colmar. He possessed that kind of intelligence which denotes a man skilled in the practice of the bar. His influence was always felt in deliberations; he was easily inspired with prejudices; did not believe much in the existence of virtue; and his patriotism was tinged with a degree of enthusiasm. He bore a particular hatred to the Germanic system; displayed great energy in the Assemblies, both before and after the period of his being a magistrate; and was fond of a life of application and activity. He had been a member of the Constituent Assembly and of the Convention. Like all lawyers he had imbibed from his profession a prejudice against the army."—*Las Cases*.

ROBESPIERRE, MAXIMILIEN FRANÇOIS ISIDORE, was born in Arras in 1759. His father, a barrister in the superior council of Artois, having ruined himself by his prodigality, left France long before the Revolution, established a school for the French at Cologne, and went to England, and thence to America, where he suffered his friends to remain ignorant of his existence. His mother, whose name was Josepha Carreau, was the daughter of a brewer; she soon died, leaving her son, then nine years of age, and a brother, who shared his fate. The Bishop of Arras contributed to send Robespierre to the college of Louis-le-Grand, where he got him admitted on the foundation. One of the professors there, an admirer of the heroes of Rome, contributed greatly to develop the love of republicanism in him; he surnamed him the Roman, and continually praised his vaunted love of independence and equality. Assiduous and diligent, he went through his studies with considerable credit, and gave promise of talent that he never realized. In 1775, when Louis XVI. made his entry into Paris, he was chosen by his fellow students to present to that prince the homage of their gratitude. The political troubles of 1788 heated his brain; he was soon remarked in the revolutionary meetings in 1789; and the *tiers-état* of the province of Artois appointed him one of their deputies to the States-General. On his arrival at the Assembly he obtained very little influence there; however, though the want of eloquence did not permit him to vie with the orators who then shone in the tribune, he began to acquire great power over the populace. For some time he paid court to Mirabeau, who despised him, yet he accompanied him so assiduously in the streets and public squares that he was at last surnamed Mirabeau's ape. In 1790 he continued to gain power over the rabble, and frequently spoke in the Assembly. On the King's departure for Varennes he was disconcerted; but as soon as that prince had been arrested, his hopes of overturning the monarchy increased, and he labored hard to bring on the insurrections which took place in the Champ de Mars. He had been

for some time connected with Marat and Danton, and by their help he exercised great authority over the Jacobins, and through them, over the capital. He was, in consequence, denounced by the Girondists, who accused him of aspiring to the dictatorship. He was one of the most strenuous advocates for the King's trial, and voted for his execution. After overthrowing the party of the Gironde, he turned against his old allies, the Dantonists, whom he brought, together with their chief leader, to the scaffold, from which time, till his fall, he reigned without rivals. He restored the worship of the Supreme Being, which the atheist faction of the Hebertists had succeeded in abolishing. After ruling France for some months with a rod of iron, he was arrested, together with his partisans, by the Convention, in consequence of having excited the fear and distrust of some of his colleagues (Billaud-Varennes among the number). At the moment when he saw that he was going to be seized, he tried to destroy himself with a pistol-shot, but he only shattered his under-jaw. He was immediately led into the lobby of the meeting-hall, then shut up in the Conciergerie, and executed on July 28, 1794. As he was proceeding to execution, the prisoners obstructing the passage, the jailer cried out, "Make way! make way! I say, for the incorruptible man!"—for Robespierre was always vaunting his disinterestedness. He was carried in a cart placed between Henriot and Couthon; the shops, the windows, the roofs, were filled with spectators as he passed along, and cries of joy accompanied him all the way. His head was wrapped up in a bloody cloth, which supported his under-jaw, so that his pale and livid countenance was but half seen. The horsemen who escorted him showed him to the spectators with the point of their sabres. The mob stopped him before the house where he had lived; some women danced before the cart; and one of them cried out, "Descend to hell, with the curses of all wives and of all mothers!" The executioner, when about to put him to death, roughly tore the dressing off his wound; upon which he uttered a horrible cry; his under-jaw separated from the other; the blood spouted out; and his head presented a most hideous spectacle. He died at the age of thirty-five. The following epitaph was written for him, "Passenger, lament not his fate, for were he living, thou wouldst be dead." Robespierre had not any of those accomplishments or brilliant advantages which seems to command success. He was hard and dry, without imagination and without courage; neither could his feeble constitution, his gloomy countenance, his weak sight, and almost inaudible voice, prepossess or seduce the multitude; and although, in public speaking, he had by long habit attained some degree of facility, he could never contend with the principal orators of the Convention; but nature seemed to supply all the resources that she denied him, by granting him the art of profiting at the same time by the talents of others, and by the faults which they might commit. Strong in his integrity in pecuniary matters, he always took care to open the path of honors, and especially of riches, to his

rivals, that he might be furnished with additional means of ruining them, when they became obnoxious to him. Of all the men whom the Revolution brought into notice, none has left a name so generally abhorred as Robespierre.—*Biographie Moderne*.

Robespierre, observed Napoleon, was by no means the worst character who figured in the Revolution. He was a fanatic, a monster; but he was incorruptible, and incapable of robbing, or of causing the deaths of others, either from personal enmity, or a desire of enriching himself. He was an enthusiast, but one who really believed that he was acting rightly, and died not worth a sou. In some respects, Robespierre may be said to have been an honest man. All the crimes committed by Hebert, Chaumette, Collot-d'Herbois, and others were imputed to him. It was truly astonishing to see those fanatics, who, bathed up to the elbows in blood, would not for the world have taken a piece of money or a watch from the victims they were butchering! Such was the power of fanaticism, that they actually believed they were acting well at a time when a man's life was no more regarded by them than that of a fly! At the very time when Marat and Robespierre were committing those massacres, if Pitt had offered them two hundred millions of money, they would have refused it with indignation.—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

ROLAND DE LA PLATIERE, JEAN MARIE, born at Villefranche, near Lyons, February 18, 1734, of a family distinguished in the law for its integrity, was the youngest of five brothers, left orphans and without fortune. In order to avoid entering into the church, like his elder brother, he left home at the age of nineteen; went to Rouen, engaged in the direction of the manufactories, distinguished himself by his love of study and his taste for commercial subjects, and obtained the place of inspector-general, first at Amiens, and then at Lyons. He married Manon Jeanne Philipon, February 4, 1780. He travelled through a great part of Europe, and during the Revolution sided with the Girondins. He made great efforts, but in vain, to stop the September massacres. In 1793 he signed the order for the King's execution, and was soon afterwards involved in the fall of his party. He, however, contrived to escape to Rouen, but, as soon as he heard of his wife's execution, he resolved not to survive her; and, having left his asylum in the evening, he went along the road to Paris, sat down against a tree, and stabbed himself with a sword that he had brought with him in a cane. He killed himself so quietly that he did not change his attitude; and the next day the people who passed by thought he was asleep. A paper was found about him couched in these terms: "Whoever you may be that find me lying here, respect my remains; they are those of a man who devoted all his life to being useful, and who died as he lived, virtuous and honest. Not fear, but indignation, has made me quit my retreat; when I learned that my wife had been massacred, I would not remain any longer in a world stained with crimes." Roland was of an



irascible temper, and deeply versed in the ancient and most of the modern languages.—*Biographie Moderne*.

ROLAND, MANON JEANNE PHILIPON, MADAME, was born at Paris, March 17, 1754. She was the daughter of a distinguished engraver who had ruined his fortune by dissipation. At nine years old she made an analysis of Plutarch. In 1780, she married Roland, then inspector of the manufactories. In 1792, having appeared at the bar of the National Convention, to give information concerning a denunciation, she spoke with remarkable grace and dignity, and was admitted to the honors of the sitting. In 1793, she was condemned to death together with other of the Girondins. She went to execution with irony and disdain on her lips; and on reaching the Place de la Révolution, she bowed to the statue of liberty, exclaiming, "O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!" She was thirty-nine years of age. Without being beautiful, she had a sweet and artless countenance, and elegant figure. Her large black eyes were full of expression; her voice was musical; and her conversation peculiarly attractive. Her mind was well stored with knowledge, but she was too much addicted to satire.—*Biographie Moderne*.

Condorcet, alluding to Madame Roland's influence over her husband, used to say, "When I wish to see the minister of the interior, I can never get a glimpse of anything but the petticoats of his wife."—*History of the Convention*.

When Madame Roland arrived at the Conciergerie, the blood of the twenty-two deputies still flowed on the spot. Though she well knew the fate which awaited her, her firmness did not forsake her. Although past the prime of life, she was a fine woman, tall, and of an elegant form; an expression infinitely superior to what is usually found in women was seen in her large black eyes, at once forcible and mild. She frequently spoke from her window to those without, with the magnanimity of a man of the first order of talent. Sometimes, however, the susceptibility of her sex gained the ascendant, and it was seen that she had been weeping, no doubt at the remembrance of her daughter and husband. As she passed to the examination, we saw her with that firmness of deportment which usually marked her character; as she returned, her eyes were moistened with tears, but they were tears of indignation. She had been treated with the grossest rudeness, and questions had been put insulting to her honor. The day on which she was condemned, she had dressed herself in white, and with peculiar care; her long black hair hung down loose to her waist. After her condemnation, she returned to her prison with an alacrity which was little short of pleasure. By a sign, that was not mistaken, she gave us all to understand she was to die.—*Memoirs of a Prisoner*.

Madame Roland's defence, composed by herself the night before her trial, is one of the most eloquent and touching monuments of the Revolution. Her answers to the interrogatories of her judges, the dignity of her manner, and the beauty of her figure, melted even the revolutionary

audience. She was conveyed to the scaffold in the same car with a man whose firmness was not equal to her own. While passing along the streets, her whole anxiety appeared to be to support his courage. She did this with so much simplicity and effect that she frequently brought a smile on the lips that were about to perish. When they arrived at the foot of the scaffold, she had the generosity to renounce, in favor of her companion, the privilege of being first executed. "Ascend first," said she, "let me at least spare you the pain of seeing my blood flow." Turning to the executioner, she asked if he would consent to that arrangement. He replied that his orders were that she should die the first. "You cannot," said she with a smile—"you cannot, I am sure, refuse a woman her last request." Undismayed by the spectacle which immediately ensued, she calmly bent her head under the guillotine, and perished with the serenity she had evinced ever since her imprisonment.—*Alison*.

ROMME, G., a farmer at Gimeaux, and at one time professor of mathematics and philosophy, was born in 1750, and was deputed to the Convention, where he voted for the death of Louis, and showed himself a violent Jacobin. On the overthrow of the Mountain, he dissembled his principles for some time, but could not help showing, in the affair of Carrier, his disapprobation of the system of retribution which then prevailed. In the year 1795 Romme devoted himself more than ever to the cause of the Jacobins, and when the faubourgs rose in insurrection he showed himself one of their most ardent chiefs, and loudly demanded a return to the system of terror. For this, a decree of arrest was passed against him, and a military council condemned him to death. At the moment, however, when his sentence was read, he stabbed himself, and was supposed to be dead, which was the reason why he was not sent to the scaffold. It has since been believed that his friends, having taken him to some retreat, their cares restored him to life, and that he then went secretly into Russia, where he lived in utter obscurity. At the time of his condemnation Romme was forty-five years of age.—*Biographie Moderne*.

One day my brother returned home dreadfully agitated. He had witnessed an awful scene. Romme, Soubrany, Duroi, Duquesnoi, Goujon, and Bourbotte, were condemned. During their trial they had exhibited the most admirable fortitude, feeling, and patriotism. The conduct of Romme in particular, is said to have been sublime. When sentence was pronounced on them, they surveyed each other calmly; and on descending the staircase which was lined with spectators, Romme looked about, as if seeking somebody. Probably the person who had promised to be there had not the courage to attend. "No matter," said he, "with a firm hand this will do. Vive la Liberté!" Then drawing from his pocket a very large penknife, or perhaps it might more properly be called a small poniard, he plunged it into his heart, and, drawing it out again, gave it to Goujon, who in like manner, passed it to Duquesnoi. All three fell dead instantly, without uttering a groan. The weapon of deliverance,





MADAME ROLAND.





transmitted to Soubrany by the trembling hands of Duquesnoi, found its way to the noble hearts of the rest; but they were not so fortunate as their three friends. Grievously wounded, but yet alive, they fell at the foot of the scaffold, which the executioner made them ascend, bleeding and mutilated as they were. Such barbarity would scarcely have been committed by savages. My brother stood so near to Romme, to whom he wished to address a few words of friendship and consolation, that the blood of the unfortunate man spouted on him. Yes, my brother's coat was stained with the scarcely cold blood of a man who, only a few days before, was seated in the very chamber, perhaps in the very chair, in which Albert was then sitting.—*Duchess d'Abrantes.*

RON SIN, C. P., was born at Soissons in 1752. He figured in the early scenes of the Revolution, and in 1789 brought out a tragedy which, though despicable in point of style, had a considerable run. He associated with Hebert and Cloutz, and became a general in the army. Being denounced by Robespierre, he was guillotined in 1794. His dramatic pieces were collected, and published after his death.—*Scott's Life of Napoleon.*

ROSSIGNOL, JEAN P., a goldsmith at Paris, a man of naturally violent passions which were increased by want of education, was one of the heroes of the Bastille, and one of the actors in the September massacres. In 1793 he was made lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of gendarmerie, and employed against the Vendéans, but Biron ordered him to be imprisoned at Niort for extortion and atrocity. He was soon afterwards released, but forwarded the war of La Vendée but little, being seldom victorious, and revenging himself for his want of success by carrying fire and sword wherever he went. Having obtained the chief command of the army of the coasts of Brest, he became more cruel than ever, and issued a proclamation that he would pay ten livres for every pair of ears of Vendéans that were brought him. Rossignol gloried in his barbarity, and one day at a supper at Saumur, said, "Look at this arm; it has despatched sixty-three Carmelite priests at Paris." Having escaped the scaffold, with which he was several times threatened, he was transported in 1800, and being carried to one of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, died there in the year 1803.—*Biographie Moderne.*

ROVERE, J. M. DE, deputy to the Convention, was the son of a very rich innkeeper in the country of Venaissin. A good education and plausible address furnished him with the means of introducing himself into the best society, where he gave himself out as a descendant of the ancient family of Rovère de St. Marc, which had long been extinct. A man named Pin, well known at Avignon for his skill in forging titles, made him a genealogy, by means of which he found himself grafted on that illustrious house, and took the title of Marquis de Fonville, and soon obtained the hand of a Mademoiselle de Claret, a rich heiress, whose fortune he afterwards dissipated. In 1791 Rovère figured under

Jourdan at the head of the army of ruffians of Avignon. In 1793 he voted for the King's death, and became one of the persecutors of the Girondins. In the ensuing year he declared against Robespierre. In 1795 he presided in the Convention; but, having afterwards rendered himself obnoxious to the ruling powers, was transported to Cayenne, where he died in the year 1798.—*Biographie Moderne*.

ST. CYR, GOUVION, was born at Toul, April 13, 1764. In his youth he was designed for a painter, and he even travelled through Italy to perfect himself in his art. But his predilection for the profession of arms was irresistible; so that when the Revolution broke out he entered into a company of volunteers, and was soon sent to join the French armies on the Rhine. In 1795 he commanded a division, and fought under Pichegru, Moreau, and Massena, by all of whom he was esteemed, not only for his extensive knowledge of tactics, but for his virtues. With Bonaparte, however, he was never a favorite. There was, in fact, a downright simplicity about him, and as for flattery, he knew not what it meant. The Legion of Honor was open to him, and he was appointed colonel-general of the cuirassiers, but, though one of the ablest officers in the army, he was not for many years made a marshal. He expected that dignity as a reward for reducing some fortresses in Spain, but he was soon afterwards superseded by Augereau, and punished with two years' exile from the imperial presence. At the close of the Russian campaign, St. Cyr, at length marshal, commanded the corps of Oudinot, who had been severely wounded. He fought at the battle of Dresden, and was left in that city when Napoleon fell back on Leipsic. On the restoration, Louis received him favorably, and raised him to the chamber of peers.—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte*.

ST. JUST, ANTOINE, was born in the Nivernais in 1768. He, with Robespierre and Couthon, formed the triumvirate in May, 1793. He was guillotined, July 28, 1794. A cold and austere fanatic, who at the age of twenty was devising a perfectly ideal state of society, in which absolute equality, simplicity, austerity, and an indestructible force should reign. Long before August 10th, he had brooded in the recesses of his gloomy mind over this supernatural society, and he had arrived through fanaticism at that extremity of human opinions, to which Robespierre had arrived solely by dint of hatred. New to the Revolution, upon which he had scarcely entered, as yet a stranger to all its struggles, to all its wrongs, to all its crimes, ranged in the party of the Mountain by the violence of his opinions, delighting the Jacobins by the boldness of his sentiments, captivating the Convention by his talents, still he had not yet acquired popular reputation. His ideas, always favorably received, but not always comprehended, had not their full effect till they had become, through the plagiarisms of Robespierre, more common, more clear, and more declamatory.—*Thiers' French Revolution*.

St. Just was austere in manners, like Robespierre, but more enthusi-





ST. JUST.



astic; and the image of a thousand religious or political fanatics, who, being of a gloomy temperament, and full of visionary aspirations, think that good is always to be worked out of evil, and are ready to sacrifice themselves and the whole world to any scheme they have set their minds upon. St. Just was nicknamed the Apocalyptic.—*Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon.*

St. Just exhibited the true features of gloomy fanaticism; a regular visage, dark and lank hair, a penetrating and severe look, a melancholy expression of countenance, revived the image of those desperate Scottish enthusiasts of whom modern genius has drawn so graphic a picture. Simple and unostentatious in his habits, austere in private, and indefatigable in public, St. Just was the most resolute, because the most sincere, of the Decemvirs. Enthusiastic in his passion for the multitude, he disdained to imitate its vices, or pander to its desires. Steeled against every sentiment of pity, he demanded the execution of victims in the same manner as the supply of armies.—*Alison.*

SAMSON. Two brothers of this name officiated at the death of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Hebert, Danton, Robespierre, etc.; they were the official executioners.

Mercier speaks of the elder brother in his *Nouveau Tableau de Paris*: "What a man is that Samson! Insensible to suffering, he has always been identified with the axe of execution. He has beheaded the most powerful monarch in Europe, his queen, Couthon, Brissot, Robespierre, —and all this with a composed countenance! He cuts off the head that is brought to him, no matter whose. What does he say? What does he think? I should like to know what passes in his head, and whether he considers his terrible functions only as a trade. The more I meditate on this man, the president of the great massacre of the human species, overthrowing crowned heads like that of the purest republican, without moving a muscle, the more my ideas are confounded. How did he sleep, after receiving the last words, the last looks, of all those several heads? I really would give a trifle to be in the soul of this man for a few hours. He sleeps, it is said, and very likely his conscience may be at perfect rest. The guillotine has respected him, as making one body with itself. He is sometimes present at the Vaudeville. He laughs—looks at me—my head has escaped him—he knows nothing about it; and as that is very indifferent to him, I never grow weary of contemplating in him the indifference with which he has sent a crowd of men to the other world."

SANTERRE, ANTONIO JOSEPH, was born at Paris in 1752. He became a brewer in the faubourg St. Antoine, at Paris. He possessed a boldness and energy which gave him great weight in his own neighborhood. Though ignorant, he knew well how to address a mob, which made him courted by the Orleanists. On the taking of the Bastille he distinguished himself at the head of the forces of his faubourg, and when the national guard was formed, he was appointed commander



of a battalion. In 1792 he began to obtain decided influence with the people, and on August 10th, becoming commander of the national guard, he conducted the King to the Temple. Yet, notwithstanding his democratic zeal, he was not considered fit to direct the massacres in the prisons. Marat said of him, that he was a man without any decided character. On December 11th he conducted the King to the bar of the National Convention, on the occasion of his trial; and in January, 1793, commanded the troops who superintended his execution. It was Santerre who interrupted the unfortunate monarch when he attempted to address the people, by ordering the drums to be beat. Wishing to figure as a warrior, Santerre departed, with 14,000 men, to fight the royalists in La Vendée; he was, however, continually unsuccessful; and on one occasion, it having been reported that he was killed, this epitaph was made on him: "Here lies General Santerre, who had nothing of Mars but his beer." Santerre survived the troubles of the Revolution, and died at Paris, February 6, 1809.—*Biographie Moderne*.

SIEYES, EMANUEL JOSEPH, COUNT, was born at Fréjus, May 3, 1748, deputy to the States-General, president of the National Assembly, member of the Convention, and of the council of Five Hundred, was elected a Director, May 16, 1799, and was Consul from November 9 to December 24, 1799. He died in Paris, June 20, 1836.

Sieyes, observed Napoleon, before the Revolution was almoner to one of the princesses. One day, when he was performing mass in the chapel before herself, her attendants, and a large congregation, something occurred which made the princess get up and retire. Her example was followed by her ladies-in-waiting, and by the whole of the nobility, officers, and others, who attended more out of complaisance to her than from any true sense of religion. Sieyes was very busy reading his breviary, and for some time did not perceive the general desertion. Lifting up his eyes, however, from his book, lo! he observed that the princess, nobles, and all their retainers, had disappeared. With an air of contempt, displeasure, and haughtiness, he shut the book, hastily descended from the pulpit, exclaiming, "I do not say mass for the *canaille*," and went out of the chapel, leaving the service half-finished.—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

The Abbé Sieyes rendered himself remarkable on the occasion of the King's trial. When his turn came to ascend the tribune, he pronounced the words "Death, *sans phrase*." This expression was afterwards parodied in a cutting manner by a minister of the King of Prussia, whom Caillard, the French minister, had requested to pay some attention to Sieyes, who was going as ambassador to Berlin. "No," replied he; "and *sans phrase*."—*Memoirs of a Peer of France*.

Bonaparte said to me one day, "That fool Sieyes is as credulous as a Cassandra." In the intercourse, not very frequent certainly, which I had with him, he appeared to be far beneath the reputation which he had acquired. He reposed a blind confidence in a multitude of

agents, whom he had sent into all parts of France. Sieyes had written in his countenance, "Give me money." I recollect that I one day alluded to this expression in the anxious face of Sieyes to the First Consul. "You are right," observed he to me, smiling, "when money is in question, Sieyes is quite a matter-of-fact man. He sends his ideology to the right about, and thus becomes easily manageable. He readily abandons his constitutional dreams for a good round sum, and that is very convenient." M. de Talleyrand, who is so capable of estimating men, and whose admirable sayings well deserve to occupy a place in history, had long entertained an indifferent opinion of Sieyes. One day, when he was conversing with the second consul concerning him, Cambacérès said, "Sieyes, however, is a very profound man." "Profound!" said Talleyrand, "yes, he is a cavity, a perfect cavity, as you would say."—*Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon.*

Sieyes had acquired a high reputation, not only by the acuteness of his metaphysical talent, but by a species of mystery in which he involved himself and his opinions. He was certainly possessed of great knowledge and experience in the affairs of France, was an adept in the composition of new constitutions of all kinds; and had got a high character, as possessed of secrets peculiarly his own, for conducting the vessel of the state amid the storms of revolution. He managed, in fact, his reputation, as a prudent trader does his stock. A temper less daring in action than bold in metaphysical speculation, and a considerable regard for his own personal safety, accorded well with his affected air of mystery and reserve.—*Scott's Life of Napoleon.*

SOULT, NICOLAS JEAN DE DIEU, was born at St. Amans, March 29, 1769, and entered the army in his sixteenth year. Under Hoche, and then under Jourdan, he distinguished himself by his skill and bravery; and at the battle of Fleurus, in particular, he exhibited talents of the highest order. In 1794 he was made general of brigade, and, four years afterwards, of division. The First Consul knew Soutl by report, and one day inquired of Massena whether he deserved his reputation. "Both for judgment and courage," replied the veteran, "I can recommend him as one who, in my opinion, has scarcely a superior." In consequence of this praise Soutl was intrusted with the command of the chasseurs of the consular guard. When the invasion of England was resolved on, he was placed over the army encamped from Boulogne to Calais, where he established the severest discipline. In 1804 he was presented with the marshal's truncheon. When his generals surrounded Napoleon to receive his final instructions at Austerlitz, all that he said to Soutl was, "To you, marshal, I have only to observe—act as you always do." In the heat of this celebrated battle an aide-de-camp arrived with an order that he should instantly take the heights of Pratzen. "I will obey the Emperor's commands as soon as I can," replied the marshal; "but this is not the proper time." This kindled the Emperor's rage, who despatched another aide-de-camp with a more peremptory mandate. He arrived just as Soutl

was putting his column in motion. The manœuvre had been delayed only because the Russians were extending their line to the left, and so weakening their centre, which was in possession of the heights. Complete success attended the marshal's attack. Napoleon from his eminence perceived at once the reason of the delay and the brilliancy of the movement. He rode up to Soult, and, in presence of the whole staff, told him that he accounted him the ablest tactician in the empire. For his behavior at Eylau he was created Duke of Dalmatia, and soon afterwards sent to Spain, where he was defeated by Sir John Moore at Corunna, to whose memory he erected a statue near the spot where he had fallen. He next invaded Portugal, where he met with no better success. After remaining two years in the Peninsula, defeated in every action he fought with Wellington, Soult was called to Germany, and was present at the battle of Bautzen. While at Dresden, news arrived of the defeat of the French at Vittoria, on which he was again hurried off to Spain to check the advance of Wellington. But he was as unsuccessful as on the former occasion, and received his final defeat under the walls of Toulouse. On the restoration of the Bourbons he received the portfolio of the ministry of war, but on the escape of Napoleon from Elba he sided with him, and fought at Waterloo. In 1816 he was banished from France, but in three years he received permission to return, and in 1821 his marshal's staff was restored to him.—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte.*

Soult, by a show of superior piety, had the art to ingratiate himself with Charles X. and his priestly advisers. On the downfall of that dynasty in 1830, Louis Philippe appointed him to a place in the ministry, which he held for some time, and then resigned. The marshal, a shrewd, worldly man, a skilful soldier, and a consummate courtier, was appointed ambassador to England in 1838. He died at Soultberg, November 26, 1851.

STAEL-HOLSTEIN, BARONESS DE, born at Paris, April 22, 1786, was the daughter of the well-known Necker. Her birth, her tastes, her principles, the reputation of her father, and above all, her conduct in the Revolution, brought her prominently before the world; and the political factions, and the literary circles with which she has been connected, have by turns disputed with each other for her fame. After the death of Robespierre, she returned to Paris, and became an admirer of Bonaparte, with whom she afterwards quarrelled, and who banished her from France. She went to live at Coppet, where she received the last sighs of her father, and where she herself died. She published many works, the best of which is her novel of *Corinne*. When in England, in 1812, she was much courted by the higher classes.—*Biographie Moderne.*

Madame de Staël, said Napoleon, was a woman of considerable talent and great ambition; but so extremely intriguing and restless, as to give rise to the observation that she would throw her friends into the sea, that, at the moment of drowning, she might have an opportunity of saving them. Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy, I was



accosted by her in a large company, though at that time I avoided going out much in public. She followed me everywhere, and stuck so close that I could not shake her off. At last she asked me, "Who is at this moment the first woman in the world?" intending to pay a compliment to me, and thinking that I would return it. I looked at her, and coldly replied, "She who has borne the greatest number of children—an answer which greatly confused her." The Emperor concluded by observing that he could not call her a wicked woman, but that she was a restless intrigante, possessed of considerable talent and influence.—*A Voice from St. Helena.*

STOFFLET, one of the Vendean generals, was at the head of the parishes on the side of Maulevrier. He was from Alsace, and had served in a Swiss regiment. He was a large and muscular man, forty years of age. The soldiers did not like him, as he was harsh and absolutely brutal; but they obeyed him better than any other officer, which rendered him extremely useful. He was active, intelligent, and brave, and the generals had great confidence in him.—*Memoirs of the Marchioness de Larochejaquelein.*

That intrepid Vendean chief, Stofflet, pressed by the forces of the republic, after braving and escaping a thousand dangers, was, at length, betrayed by one of his own followers, at the farm of Pegrimaud, where he was seized, gagged, conducted to Angers, and executed.—*Jomini.*

SUCHET, LOUIS GABRIEL, born at Lyons, March 2, 1770, fought in Italy, and rose by 1798 to be general of brigade. He added to his reputation in Egypt and again in Italy, served as general of division under Joubert in 1799, and in 1800 was second in command to Massena. He checked an Austrian invasion of the south of France (1800), took part in the campaigns against Austria (1805) and Prussia (1806), and as generalissimo of the French army in Aragon reduced the province to submission, securing a marshal's baton. In 1812 he destroyed Blake's army at Sagunto, and by his capture of Valencia earned the title of Duke of Albufera. He was created a peer of France by Louis XVIII., but joined Napoleon on his return from Elba. Deprived of his peerage after Waterloo, it was restored to him in 1822. He died at Marseilles, January 3, 1826.

TALLEYRAND-PERIGORD, CHARLES MAURICE, minister for foreign affairs, ci-devant bishop of Autun, Abbe of Celles and St. Denis, was born at Paris, January 13, 1754, and as deputy from the clergy of the bailiwick of Autun, joined the meeting of the commons on the opening of the States-General. He combined with natural ability a great facility of labor and application. His name, his dignities, and his example, operated on a great number of deputies, who were wholly guided by his counsels. On August 20, 1789, Talleyrand procured the adoption of an article concerning the admission of all citizens, without distinction, to all offices. Three days afterwards, he opposed the mention of divine worship in the declaration of the rights of man, and maintained that it was in the constitutional act that the holy name of the

Catholic religion ought to be pronounced. In August, October, and November, he made speeches on the finances, in one of which he recommended the sale of church property. In February, 1790, he composed the famous address to the French, to remind them of what the National Assembly had already done for them, and still intended to do; and on July 14th he celebrated the mass of the Federation. On December 29th, he published an address to the clergy, giving an account of the motives which had induced him to take the constitutional oath, and exhorting them to follow his example. In March and November, 1791, he joined the Abbe Sieyes in defending the non-juring priests. Having been very intimate with Mirabeau, he, in the tribune in March, 1791, read a long discourse on Inheritances, which that great statesman had intrusted to him on his death-bed, in order that he should communicate it to the Assembly. Assisted by the Bishops of Lydia and Babylon, Talleyrand consecrated the first bishops who were called constitutional, an act which drew upon him the displeasure of the court of Rome. After the session he was sent to England as private negotiator, in order to conclude a treaty of peace between the two nations, but failed in his negotiation. Terrified at the blood which was so lavishly poured forth in France, and informed also that after August 10, 1792, papers had been found at the Tuilleries which might compromise him, he retired to the United States. After the 9th Thermidor, 1794, he returned to Paris, became a member of the National Institute, and in 1797 he entered on the administration of foreign affairs. From that time he began to acquire great influence in the government, and was one of those who contrived the events of the 18th Brumaire. In 1802, after the re-establishment of Catholic worship in France, the First Consul obtained for Talleyrand a brief from the Pope, which restored him to a secular and lay life, and authorized his marriage with Mrs. Grant.—*Biographie Moderne*.

Talleyrand remained in the administration of foreign affairs, up to the period of the disastrous Russian campaign, when he began to make secret overtures—at least so it is reported of him by Napoleon's biographers—to the Bourbons. On the Emperor's downfall, he held office for a time under Louis XVIII. as minister of foreign affairs, 1814; assisted at the Congress of Vienna, 1814-15; made grand chamberlain September 28, 1815, and on the expulsion of Charles X. was appointed ambassador to England by Louis Philippe, serving from September 5, 1830, to January 7, 1835. He died at Paris, May 17, 1838.

TALLIEN, JEAN LAMBERT, born at Paris in 1769, son to the porter of a nobleman, became afterwards an attorney's clerk, and, lastly, corrector of the press in the *Moniteur* office. On August 10, 1792, he was named secretary-general for the commune, and, from that time, began to play a conspicuous part in the Revolution. He warmly urged the trial of Louis XVI., and opposed the granting him counsel. During the year 1793 he was out on missions, and everywhere conducted himself like a zealous partisan of revolutionary measures. Love, however, ap-

peared all at once to change his character. Madame de Fontenai, whose maiden name was Cabarrus, had come to Bordeaux in order to embark for Spain, whither she was going to join her husband; she was imprisoned, and, fearing to increase the number of victims, she, in order to save her life, flattered the violent passion with which she had inspired Tallien, who, from that time, entirely given up to luxury and pleasure, not only ceased to persecute, but, in 1794, dissolved the military and revolutionary tribunals in Bordeaux. In the same year he was one of those who materially assisted in bringing Robespierre to the scaffold. In 1806 Tallien was commissioner of the board of trade at Alicant. He died at Paris in 1820.—*Biographie Moderne*.

TALLIEN, MADAME, was above the middle height, but a perfect harmony in her whole person took away all appearance of the awkwardness of too lofty a stature. It was the Venus of the Capitol, but still more beautiful than the work of Phidias; for you perceived in her the same perfection of features, the same symmetry in arms, hands, and feet; and the whole animated by a benevolent expression—a reflection of the magic mirror of the soul, which indicated all that there was in that soul, and this was kindness. She might have become the French Aspasia, with whom her wit, her beauty, and her political influence, may serve to establish a comparison, though neither of her husbands was a Pericles. Madame Tallien was born in Spain, where her father, M. de Cabarrus, a French banker, settled, and had acquired a great reputation. At twelve years of age, Theresa Cabarrus was the loveliest of all the beauties of Cadiz. Her father sent her from home at an early age, because he was still too young to take upon himself the superintendence of so lovely a daughter. She was seen about this time by her uncle, Jalabert, who could not escape the fascination which the lovely Theresa, with a look and a smile, exercised upon every man who beheld her. He wished to marry her, but she gave the preference to M. de Fontenai, to whom she was united some time after. With a cultivated mind and intellectual powers of a high order, Madame Tallien would have possessed, even without her beauty, more than an ordinary share of attractions. She was always remarkably kind and obliging, but such is the effect on the multitude, of a name that bears a stain, that her cause was never separated from that of her second husband.—*Duchess d'Abrantes*.

VADIER, a lawyer, was an ardent Jacobin, but without abilities, and ridiculous on account of his accent. In 1792 he was appointed deputy to the Convention, where he voted for the King's death. In 1794 he successively defended and abandoned the party of Hebert and Danton. After the fall of Robespierre, whom he denounced with severity, Vadier was condemned to transportation, but contrived to make his escape. In 1799 the consular government restored him to his rights as a citizen.—*Biographie Moderne*.

VANDAMME, DOMINIQUE JOSEPH, born at Cassel, November 5, 1771, was one of the bravest men in the world, but fiery and passionate.



A nobler figure than he possessed cannot well be imagined. He had a finely formed head, regular features, beautiful curly hair, glistening eyes which, when angry, seemed to flash fire, and an exquisitely turned hand.—*Duchess d'Abrantes.*

The Emperor related the following anecdote, as highly characteristic of General Vandamme: When made prisoner by the Russians, he was brought before the Emperor Alexander, who reproached him in bitter terms with being a robber, a plunderer, and a murderer; adding that no favor could be granted to such an execrable character. This was followed by an order that he should be sent to Siberia, while the other prisoners were sent to a much less northern destination. Vandamme replied with great *sang-froid*, "It may be, sire, that I am a robber and a plunderer; but at least I have not to reproach myself with having soiled my hands with the blood of a father."—*A Voice from St. Helena.*

VERGNIAUD, PIERRE VICTORIEN, born at Limoges, May 31, 1759 (guillotined October 31, 1793), was the most eloquent speaker of the Gironde, but he had not the vigor requisite for the leader of a party in troubled times. Passion, in general, had little influence over his mind. He was humane, gentle, and benevolent; difficult to rouse to exertion, and still more to be convinced of the wickedness, either of his adversaries or a large part of his supporters. But when great occasions arose, he poured forth his generous thoughts in streams of eloquence which never have been equalled in the French Assembly. It was not like that of Mirabeau, broken and emphatic, but uniformly elegant, sonorous, and flowing, swelling at times into the highest strains of impassioned oratory.—*Alison.*

In Parliamentary eloquence no Frenchman of that time can be considered equal to Vergniaud. No man, we are inclined to believe, ever rose so rapidly to such a height of oratorical excellence. His whole public life lasted barely two years. In a foreign country, and after the lapse of half a century, some parts of his speeches are still read with mournful admiration.—*Macaulay.*

Vergniaud was an indolent man, and required to be stimulated; but when once fairly excited, his eloquence was true, forcible, penetrating, and sincere.—*Dumont.*

I do not like Vergniaud, because he disdains men, does not put any restraint on himself in his intercourse with them, and has not employed his talents with the ardor of a soul devoted by the love of the public good, and with the tenacity of a diligent mind.—*Madame Roland's Memoirs.*

Vergniaud projected the decree which pronounced the suspension of the King, and the formation of the National Convention. He filled the chair on the day of Louis's sentence, and voted for his death. He was condemned to death as a Girondist, in 1793, and spent the night before his execution in discoursing with his friends upon revolutions and governments. His speeches were always carefully prepared beforehand.

VEYGOUX, LOUIS CHARLES ANTOINE DESAIX DE, was born at St. Hilaire, August 17, 1768, of a noble family, and entered the regiment of Bretagne in 1784 as sub-lieutenant. He contributed in 1793 to the capture of the Haguenau lines, which the left wing, where he was stationed, first broke through. In the year 1795 he served in the army of the North under Pichegru, and repeatedly distinguished himself. In 1798 he accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt; and, on his return to France, hastened to join the First Consul in Italy, where he contributed to the victory of Marengo, in which battle he was mortally wounded.—*Encyclopædia Americana*.

Desaix, said Bonaparte, was wholly wrapped up in war and glory. To him riches and pleasure were valueless. He was a little, black-looking man, about an inch shorter than I am, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and despising comfort and convenience. Wrapped up in his cloak, he would throw himself under a gun, and sleep as contentedly as if he were in a palace. Upright and honest in all his proceedings, he was called by the Arabs the Just Sultan. Desaix was intended by nature for a great general.—*A Voice from St. Helena*.

Desaix was a man for whom the First Consul had a high esteem, and whose talents and character afforded the fairest promise of what might one day be expected from him. Napoleon was jealous of some generals, but Desaix gave him no uneasiness; equally remarkable for his unassuming disposition, his talent, and his information, he proved by his conduct that he loved glory for its own sake. Bonaparte's friendship for him was enthusiastic. The tomb of Desaix, said Napoleon, shall have the Alps for its pedestal, and the monks of St. Bernard for its guardians.—*Bourrienne*.

VICTOR, PERRIN, was born at Marche, in 1766. In his fifteenth year he entered the army as a private soldier, and by his good conduct at Toulon obtained the rank of general of brigade. From the breaking out of the Revolution to the battle of Friedland he was almost constantly in the field, and his gallantry in that great action procured him his marshal's baton. On the peace of Tilsit, Victor was appointed governor of Berlin, but he had been only fifteen months there when he was sent to Spain, where he remained from 1808 to 1812, while his troops on more than one occasion disgraced themselves by shameful excesses. At the battle of Talavera, Victor was defeated by Sir Arthur Wellesley with the loss of about ten thousand men. After an unsuccessful siege of Cadiz, the marshal, whom the Emperor had now created Duke of Belluno, was summoned to the Russian campaign. At the Beresina, Dresden, Leipsic, and Hanau, Victor fought nobly, and equally so on the invasion of France by the allies in 1814. After incredible efforts at Nangis and Villeneuve, and seeing his son-in-law killed before his face, he took a few hours' rest at Salins. This greatly enraged Napoleon, who had commanded him to pursue the allies to Montereau without intermission, and he told him that his command was given to another, and that he might

go about his business. The tears streamed down the marshal's cheeks as he replied, "No, sire, I will not leave the service. Victor was once a grenadier, and has not forgotten how to use the musket. I will take my place in the ranks with the soldiers of the guard." The Emperor, affected by this proof of fidelity, stretched out his hand to the marshal, and said, "I cannot return you your command, since another has it, but you may head two brigades of my guard." The veteran did so, and throughout the remainder of the campaign, fought with the most determined bravery. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, Victor followed Louis to Ghent, and on the second restoration was made a French peer, and minister of war in 1821. At a subsequent period, he was sent as ambassador to Vienna.—*Court and Camp of Bonaparte.*

WESTERMANN, FRANCOIS JOSEPH, born at Molsheim, in Alsace, September 5, 1751, was an officer under the monarchy, but embraced the revolutionary party with ardor. On August 10th, he was the first who forced the Tuileries at the head of the Brest battalions. In 1792, and the following year, he distinguished himself by his bravery at the head of the Legion du Nord, of which he had obtained the command. He was afterwards transferred, with the rank of general of brigade, to the army which Biron then commanded in La Vendée. At Chatillon, however, he was completely defeated; his infantry was cut to pieces; and he himself escaped with difficulty. Being attached to the party of the Cordeliers, he was denounced with them, and executed in 1794, in the fortieth year of his age.—*Biographie Moderne.*

Westermann ran from massacre to massacre, sparing neither adversaries taken in arms, nor even the peaceful inhabitants of the country.—*Prudhomme.*

General Westermann entered Parthenay with about ten thousand men. From thence he went to Amaillou, and set fire to the village. This was the beginning of the republican burnings. Westermann then marched on Clisson; he knew that it was the château of M. de Lescure, and, imagining that he must there find a numerous garrison, and experience an obstinate resistance, he advanced with all his men, and not without great precautions, to attack this chief of the brigands. He arrived at nine o'clock at night. Some concealed peasants fired a few shots from the wood and garden, which frightened the republicans very much; but they seized some women, and learned that there was nobody at Clisson. Westermann then entered, and wrote from thence a triumphant letter to the Convention, which was published in the newspapers, sending the will and the picture of M. de Lescure, and relating that, after having crossed many ravines, ditches, and covered ways, he had at last reached the den of that monster "vomited from hell," and was going to set fire to it. In fact, he had straw and fagots brought into the rooms, the garrets, the stables, and the farm, and took all his measures that nothing should escape the fire. The furniture was consumed, immense quantities of corn and hay were not spared; it was the same everywhere. After-



wards, the republican armies burned even provisions, though the rest of France was suffering from famine.—*Memoirs of the Marchioness de Larochejaquelein.*

Westermann delighted in carnage. M. Beauchamp says that he would throw off his coat, tuck up his sleeves, and then, with his sabre, rush into the crowd, and hew about him to the right and left! He boasted that he had himself destroyed the last of the Vendéans—that chiefs, officers, soldiers, priests, and nobles, had all perished by the sword, the fire, or water. But when his own fate was decided, then his eyes were purged; from the moment that he apprehended death, his dreams were of the horrors which he had perpetrated; he fancied himself beset by the spirits of the murdered, and his hell began on earth!—*Quarterly Review.*

VOL. II.—Q



# THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY CALENDAR.

THIS CALENDAR (DECREED NOVEMBER 24, 1793) COMMENCES FROM  
SEPTEMBER 22, 1792, THE FOUNDATION OF THE REPUBLIC.

The following Table will be found serviceable for approximate purposes, but the dates do not absolutely correspond, as shown below, on account of the Gregorian leap year not coinciding with that of the Revolutionary Calendar.

<i>Autumn Months.</i>		<i>Extending</i>		THE YEAR OF THE REPUBLIC	A.D.
	DAYS	FROM	TO		
VENDEMIAIRE (Vintage)	30	September 22	October 21	I.	1792-1793
BRUMAIRE (Foggy) . .	30	October 22	November 20	II.	1793-1794
FRIMAIRE (Sleety) . .	30	November 21	December 20	III.	1794-1795
<i>Winter Months.</i>				IV.	1795-1796
NIVOSE (Snowy) . .	30	December 21	January 19	V.	1796-1797
PLUVIOSE (Rainy) . .	30	January 20	February 18	VI.	1797-1798
VENTOSE (Windy) . .	30	February 19	March 20	VII.	1798-1799
<i>Spring Months.</i>				VIII.	1799-1800
GERMINAL (Budding) .	30	March 21	April 19	IX.	1800-1801
FLOREAL (Blooming) .	30	April 20	May 19	X.	1801-1802
PRAIRIAL (Pastoral) .	30	May 20	June 18	XI.	1802-1803
<i>Summer Months.</i>				XII.	1803-1804
MESSIDOR (Harvest) .	30	June 19	July 18	XIII.	1804-1805
THERMIDOR (Heat) . .	30	July 19	August 17	XIV.	1805-
FRUCTIDOR (Fruit) . .	30	August 18	September 16		

In 1806 the old Gregorian Calendar was reverted to.

The five days over ("sansculottides") were appropriated as follows:—

Sept. 17 The Festival of LE GENIE.  
 " 18 " LE TRAVAIL.  
 " 19 " LES BELLES ACTIONS.  
 " 20 " LES RECOMPENSES.  
 " 21 " L'OPINION.

Every fourth year ("every *Franciade*") a sixth festival was added, that of the Revolution.

Each month was divided into three decades of ten days each, which repeated themselves as follows:—

1 Primédi.	6 Sextidi.
2 Duodi.	7 Septidi.
3 Tridi.	8 Octidi.
4 Quartidi.	9 Nonidi.
5 Quintidi.	10 Decadi.

*The day of  
rest.*

*Each day was to have been divided into ten hours, and each hour again into ten parts; but it was found inconvenient to carry this out.*





## FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY DATES.

IN contemporary Memoirs on the French Revolution, the reader of modern days is often puzzled by the French habit of referring to occurrences by date only, especially when the date is that of the Republican Calendar. The following table will give some assistance in identifying the references :

- 20 BRUMAIRE AN II.—November 10, 1793.—The Feast of Reason. (The Worship of Reason was almost immediately abolished.)
- 4 GERMINAL AN II.—March 23, 1794.—The “Hébertistes” or extreme revolutionary party; Hébert (editor of the *Père Duchesne* paper), Ronsin (general of the revolutionary army), Vincent, etc., are executed by the Comité de Salut Public.
- 10 GERMINAL AN II.—March 31, 1794.—The Moderés or Indulgents; Danton, Camille Desmoulins (writer of *le Vieux Cordelier* paper), Lacroix, Philippeaux, Héault de Séchelles, etc., are arrested by the Comité de Salut Public, and are executed 16 Germinal—April 5, 1794. The Cordelier party and club are practically broken up.
- 22 PRAIRIAL AN II.—June 10, 1794.—Law of, increases the rapidity of proceeding of the revolutionary tribunal.
- 9 THERMIDOR AN II.—July 27, 1794.—Overthrow of the Terrorists; Robespierre, Saint Just, Couthon, Henriot, etc., are arrested and executed next day by their colleagues of the Comité de Salut Public (Collot d’Herbois, Billaud-Varennnes, and Barère), assisted by Tallien, Barras, Legendre, Fréron, Merlin de Thionville, Thuriot, Bourdon de l’Oise, Dubois de Crancé, Lecointre de Versailles.
- 12 GERMINAL AN III.—April 1, 1795.—The Jacobins invade the Assembly, but are dispersed without bloodshed by General Pichegru. Remainder of old Comité de Salut Public, Barère, Collot d’Herbois, Billaud-Varennnes, are deported; other deputies of the Mountain sent to Ham, etc.
- 1 PRAIRIAL AN III.—May 20, 1795.—The last insurrection of the Jacobins against Moderate party or Thermidoriens. The Jacobins seize the hall of the representatives, kill the deputy Feraud, and present his head to the president, Boissy d’Anglas, who, unmoved, salutes it; but they are driven out.

- 4 PRAIRIAL AN III.—May 23, 1795.—The Jacobins are disarmed by General Menou. Almost all the members of the old Comité de Salut Public, and of the Mountain, except Carnot, are arrested; and the Mountain and the Jacobin party are completely broken up. Power falls into the hands of the Thermidoriens, Tallien, and the Girondists.
- 5 FRUCTIDOR AN III.—August 22, 1795.—Convention decrees that instead of entirely free elections for the new Corps Législatif, two-thirds of both councils of the Ancients and of the Five Hundred must, the first year, be members of the then Convention. This and the following decree are intended to preserve the ascendancy of the republican party, it being feared that the Royalist party may obtain a majority in the elections.
- 13 FRUCTIDOR AN III.—August 30, 1795.—The convention decrees that two-thirds of the members of the old convention to serve in the new assembly, are to be selected by the electoral assemblies. These decrees of Fructidor drive the Royalist party to arms.
- 13 VENDEMAIRE AN IV.—October 4, 1795.—“*Jour des sections.*” The Royalists, anxious to get a majority in the new assembly about to be elected, and stopped by the decrees of 5 and 13 Fructidor (see above), revolt; they are put down by the forces of the Convention directed by General Bonaparte, nominally under Barras.
- 3 BRUMAIRE AN IV.—October 24, 1795.—Law of, exclusion of all *émigrés* and of their relations from all civil, municipal, and military functions, till the general peace. Permission granted to all who do not wish to live under the Republic to leave France, taking with them their property. Dismissal of all officers who have not served during the revolutionary period—*i.e.*, since August 10, 1792 (sack of Tuileries); many of whom had been restored by Aubry, a reactionary in charge of the War Office. This is gradually allowed to drop till 18 Fructidor—September 4, 1797, (see on). Several decrees, actually passed on 4 Brumaire, are generally taken as part of those of 3 Brumaire (see next date).
- 4 BRUMAIRE AN IV.—October 25, 1795.—Decrees of punishment of death to be abolished after the general peace. The Place de la Revolution renamed Place de la Concorde. Amnesty for all acts connected with the Revolution, except for the 13 Vendémiaire—October 4, 1795 (see above); this exception is repealed on 14 Frimaire—December 4, 1796 (see below).
- 5 BRUMAIRE AN IV.—October 27, 1795.—Constitution of An III. put in force.
- 20 FLOREAL AN IV.—May 9, 1796.—The conspiracy of Babœuf (a Communistic and Jacobin one) is detected, and Babœuf, Vadier, Armar, etc., are arrested.
- 12 FRUCTIDOR AN IV.—August 29, 1796.—Attempted rising of Jacobins and of the Babœuf party.



- 22 FRUCTIDOR AN IV.—September 8, 1796.—Rising of the Jacobins and of the Babœuf party, which is easily put down.
- 14 FRIMAIRE AN V.—December 4, 1796.—The amnesty of 3 Brumaire (October, 1795), which excepted the acts of Vendémiaire, is now made complete.
- 18 FRUCTIDOR AN V.—September 4, 1797.—“Second Emigration.”—A strong Royalist party having been returned at the recent elections of one-third of the Councils, the majority (Barras, La Réveillère Lepeaux, and Rewbell) of the directors, supported by the Jacobins, place Augereau (hence called “Fructidor General”) at the head of their forces, occupy the halls of the Councils, accuse many of the deputies, Pichegru, etc., of a Royalist conspiracy, get the Councils to vote the deportation, to Guiana, of Barthélemy, Pichegru, Willot, etc. (Carnot escapes to Switzerland); and to cancel the elections made by forty-eight departments. The law of 3 Brumaire is put in full force, and even extended, the *émigrés* who have returned having again to leave. The power of the directors over journals, priests, etc., is made fuller, and the staff of forty-two journals are sentenced to be deported.
- 22 FLOREAL AN VI.—May 11, 1798.—The directors annul many of the elections of the “Patriotes” to the Councils.
- 30 PRAIRIAL AN VII.—June 18, 1799.—The “Patriotes,” or extreme party, discontented with the directorate, which has been discredited by the defeat of the Trebbia, etc., change by agitation the majority of the directors. Siéyes and Barras remain. The election of Le Tourneur is annulled; La Réveillère Lepeaux and Merlin de Douai are induced to resign; and Gohier, Roger-Ducos, and General Moulins replace them. A more vigorous prosecution of the war is intended, and more violent measures are adopted, such as the law of hostages, by which, on any disturbance in any district, the authorities may imprison relations of *émigrés* as hostages for order. This law was repealed in November, 1799.
- 18 and 19 BRUMAIRE AN VIII.—November 8 and 9, 1799.—Napoleon returned from Egypt, finding the country disgusted with the weakness and ill-success of the Directorial Government which has lost Italy, and, being supported by the party desiring a stronger and less democratic government, overthrows the directorate and the Constitution of An III. Of the five directors, Siéyes and Roger-Ducos support him; Barras resigns; Gohier and Moulins only formally resist. Almost all the generals, except Augereau, Bernadotte, and Jourdan, support him, Moreau even guarding Gohier and Moulins. A “Consulat Provisoire” formed of Napoleon, Siéyes, and Roger-Ducos, which lasts till December 25, 1799, when the Constitution of An VIII. is in force, and the Consulate is composed of Napoleon, Cambacérès, and Lebrun.

- 28 **PLUVIOSE AN III.**—February 16, 1800.—Law of, settling interior organization of France. Prefet over each department, sous-prefet over each arrondissement or group of from sixty to a hundred communes, each with a council; while the prefet has a small legal tribunal, replacing the former smaller divisions.
- 27 **VENTOSE AN VIII.**—March 17, 1800.—Law of, reforming the judicial organization. Tribunal of first instance for each arrondissement and twenty-nine courts of appeal. The court of cassation, above all, to determine the sense of the law, not to re-try the cases.
- 18 **VENDEMAIRE AN IX.**—October 10, 1800.—Plot of Jacobins—Joseph Arena, Cerrachi, Demerville, and Topino Lebrun—to assassinate Napoleon in his opera-box. Betrayed by Harrel.
- 3 **NIVOSE AN IX.**—December 24, 1800.—Infernal machine, or plot of Rue St. Nicaise; plot of Royalists—St. Réjant, Carbon, and Lamoëlan—to assassinate Napoleon on his way to the opera in his carriage. Machine explodes too late.
- 6 **FLOREAL AN X.**—April 26, 1802.—Amnesty of emigrants by Napoleon.

## THE REVOLUTIONARY CLUBS AND JOURNALS.

These clubs were at first private meetings, where people of similar political views met together to talk over the events of the nation.

The first and most celebrated was that of the Breton deputies, held at the ancient convent of the Jacobins, and hence called the Jacobin Club. It acquired, in a short time, an amazing influence, and established affiliated clubs in every province of France. Its moral power was so great in the palmy days of the Revolution, that the people, the magistracy, and even the National Assembly, were swayed by it.

Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that the Jacobins were Royalists at first. They wished to depose Louis XVI., but they would have placed the Duke of Orleans on the throne, with abridged powers and prerogatives. As the Revolution advanced, their political views became more and more democratic, till, at last, the word Jacobin became synonymous with red-republican.

To the Jacobins belonged Chénier, the author of "*Charles IX.*," the poets Cubières and Chamfort, Laharpe—as violent as Diderot in his hatred of the Supreme Being—Sedaine, and the good Andrieux. David the painter was one of the same clique, Vernet, Larive, and Talma the great actor. Laïs, the famous vocalist, and Louis-Philippe, the future King, were the door-keepers of the Paris club.

Such were the leading members; but, from first to last, Robespierre was its living unity; and this man, simply by the force of circumstances, without genius, oratorical power, or even a daring spirit, rose to be master, not only of the Jacobins, but of Paris and all France. The Jacobin clubs were finally closed on November 11, 1794.

A branch of the Jacobins, first called the Club of '89, and then the Journalists' Club, held its meetings in a part of the Palais Royal. Lafayette, Bailly the mayor, the Abbé Siéyes, and Mirabeau were members of this club. Though called "the Club of '89," it was not founded till 1790.

Another branch society was the Feuillant's Club, held in the convent of the Feuillantes near the Tuileries, and composed of the most moderate of the republicans.

When Barnave was sent to Varennes to convey the King and royal family to Paris after their flight, he was so touched by their misfortunes that he resolved to befriend them; and when he found the Assembly bent



on death, induced Dupont, Lameth, and others, to separate from the Jacobins, by way of protest against their regicidal intentions.

The Cordeliers, so called from the convent of the Cordeliers where their meetings were held, was another very important club, but its influence was limited to Paris.

Its leading members were Danton; Camille Desmoulins, who gave the signal for the attack on the Bastille; Hébert, a check-taker at one of the theatres, and editor of the infamous journal called "*Père Duchesne*," and Marat.

The Cordeliers were generally opposed to the Jacobins. It was this club that plotted the insurrection, which marked the close of the Reign of Terror. It was this club also which first demanded the abolition of royalty, and the institution of a free republic.

The Cordeliers affected extreme poverty and meanness. Their room of meeting was miserably lighted with a few wretched candles; and all the members dressed in the most squalid attire. This club was nicknamed the Pandemonium, and Danton the arch fiend.

At first, the Cordeliers went further than the Jacobins in their republican principles; but, after a time, they were left so far behind, that they were looked upon as lukewarm, and even traitors to the popular cause. The Cordeliers lost all their influence when Danton was led to execution; and the club was finally closed by the Convention.

JOURNALS. Akin to the clubs were the journals of the day, the enormous increase of which was one of the most striking features of the Revolution. Some of them were published daily, and others weekly or more often. Some of the more violent of the weekly journals appeared in *red* wrappers.

In 1777, there was but one daily paper in all France; some twenty-three years later, there were as many as 900. The following list gives the names of the most prominent:

The Acts des Apotres.  
 Ami du Peuple.  
 Annales Patriotiques, by Mercier and Carra.  
 Annales Politiques et Littéraires, by Linguet.  
 Babillard.  
 Bonnet Rouge.  
 Chronique de Paris, by Condorcet, the best written of all.  
 Communes de Paris.  
 Courrier National.  
 „ „ Provence.  
 „ de Paris à Versailles.

The Journal de la Republique.  
 „ des Revolutions de Paris, the most extensively read of all.  
 Journal Universe.  
 „ des Versailles.  
 London Journal of the Lyceum, published in London, by Brissot.  
 Mercure Politique.  
 Moniteur, first published November 24, 1789.  
 Observateur.  
 Patriot.  
 Patriot Français, by Brissot.

Courrier de Versailles à Paris.

Esprit des Gazettes.

„ des Journaux.

etc., etc., etc.

Gazette de Paris.

Général Journal d'Europe.

Héraut de la Nation.

Journal de la Cour et da la Ville.

Journal des Débats and des Décrets.

Journal Ecclesiastique.

„ des Etats Generaux, by Mirabeau, which existed only one week, when it was suppressed by the King for a most intemperate attack upon Necker. It afterwards appeared as Le Courrier de Provence.

Journal Général de France.

Père Duchesne, by Hébert, containing the most exaggerated republican sentiments, and circulating the most horrible innuendoes against the Queen.

Point de Jour.

Publiciste Parisien, by the bloodthirsty Marat. This was one of the most formidable of all the journals. Its name was twice changed, first into L'Ami du Peuple, and then into Le Journal de la République.

Révolutions de Paris, by Prudhomme and Tournon.

Sappeur dans le Bataillon de Carmes.

Sentinelle du Peuple.

Spectateur.

Vieux Cordelier.

etc., etc., etc.





# GOVERNMENTS, CONSTITUTIONS AND PARLIAMENTS OF FRANCE.

## GOVERNMENTS OF FRANCE.

The following forms of government have been tried in France:

- (1.) The ANCIENT MONARCHY, with the King absolute.
- (2.) A LIMITED MONARCHY, under Louis XVI. and the first National Assembly (May 5, 1789).
- (3.) A REPUBLIC governed by the Convention (September 21, 1792).
- (4.) An OLIGARCHY of five Directors (October 5, 1795).
- (5.) A CONSULATE with the office limited to a term of years (December 24, 1799).
- (6.) The same, with the office held for life (August 2, 1802).
- (7.) A MILITARY EMPIRE (May 18, 1804).
- (8.) A CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY, represented by King, lords, and commons (April 24, 1814).
- (9.) The EMPIRE restored for a hundred days (March 27, 1815).
- (10.) The CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY restored for fifteen years (July 8, 1815).
- (11.) A ROYAL REPUBLIC, with an elective King, called the King of the French people and not the King of France. This is called the Government of JULY (August 9, 1830, to February 24, 1848).
- (12.) A DEMOCRACY governed by a National Assembly (February 26, 1848).
- (13.) A DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENCY, with the office of President limited to four years (December 11, 1848).
- (14.) A MONARCHICAL PRESIDENCY, under a President holding office for ten years, a Senate, a Corps Legislatif, and a Council of State (December 2, 1851).
- (15.) AN ELECTIVE EMPIRE, with the Emperor absolute, and the crown hereditary in the male line (December 2, 1852).
- (16.) The GOVERNMENT OF THE NATIONAL DEFENCE (September 2, 1870).
- (17.) A PRESIDENTIAL REPUBLIC with a National Assembly (February 13, 1871).
- (18.) The REPUBLICAN CONSTITUTION (March, 1875).

## CONSTITUTIONS OF FRANCE.

- (1.) The Ancient régime.
- (2.) The Constitution Française decreed by the National or Constituent Assembly, and accepted by Louis XVI. This constitution was monarchical and representative (September 30, 1791).
- (3.) The Acte Constitutionnel presented to the nation by the Convention, and based on the sovereignty of the people and indivisibility of the Republic (June 24, 1793).
- (4.) The Constitution of Year III., which created an executive Director and two councils (June 24, 1795).
- (5.) The Constitution of Year VIII., naming three Consuls, a Conservative Senate, a Legislative Assembly, and a Tribunate (December 24, 1799).
- (6.) The Sénatus-consulte organique de la Constitution (Year X.), modifying the preceding, and appointing Napoleon Consul for life (August 2, 1802).
- (7.) The Sénatus-consulte organique de l'empire Française (Year XII.), conferring on Napoleon I. the title of Emperor (May 18, 1804).
- (8.) The Charter Constitutionnelle granted by Louis XVIII., and abolished in 1830 (June 4, 1814).
- (9.) The Ordinance of September 5th, reducing the number of deputies from 459 to 260, and declaring that no article of the charter should be revised (September 5, 1815).
- (10.) The Constitution de la République (February 26, 1848).
- (11.) The Constitution put forth by the President (January 14, 1852).
- (12.) The same modified by a Sénatus-consultum (November 7, 1852).
- (13.) The Plebiscit of January 21, 22, 1852.
- (14.) The Second Empire (December 2, 1852).
- (15.) The Constitution de la République, 1871 and 1875.

## FRENCH PARLIAMENTS.

The Legislative bodies of France, their numbers, powers, and qualifications, have been frequently changed.

(1.) Before the Revolution were the Provincial States, the Notables, and the States-General.

The ASSEMBLY OF NOTABLES was purely consultative, and consisted of the royal princes, nobles, chief magistrates, and upper clergy. It was convoked by the King; and the two most celebrated were those held at Versailles, between November 6 and December 17, 1780, and between February 22 and May 25, 1787.

The STATES-GENERAL was a deliberative assembly, consisting of deputies from the nobility, clergy, and commonalty. The first was convoked by Philippe IV., in 1302, and the last by Louis XVI., in 1789, the number of deputies being 1145.

(2.) The NATIONAL ASSEMBLY. The clergy and nobles having refused to sit in the same chamber with the commonalty, the deputies of the *tiers-état* withdrew, constituted themselves into a deliberative body, and assumed the name of the National Assembly (June 17, 1789).

The CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY was another name given to the first National Assembly, because it took an oath never to separate till it had given France a constitution.

(3.) The LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY succeeded the Constituent Assembly, and contained 745 representatives, who were delegated to conform the laws to the new constitution (October 1, 1791).

(4.) The NATIONAL CONVENTION was the governing body at the suppression of royalty. It consisted of 721 members (September 21, 1792). The number was reduced to 500 in Year III., and to 300 in Year VIII.

(5.) The Two COUNCILS, one called the *Conseil des Anciens* and the other the *Conseil des Cinq-cents*. The former, consisting of 250 members, ratified or rejected the resolutions of the latter, which consisted of 500 members (September 23, 1795).

(6.) The CORPS LEGISLATIF and TRIBUNAL were substituted by Napoleon for the Two Councils of the Directory. The former was composed of 300 deputies, and the latter of 50. The Tribunal was a legislative Grand Jury, whose duty was to decide what laws and bills were to be laid before the Deliberative body (December 24, 1799).

(7.) The CORPS LEGISLATIF and CONSEIL D'ETAT, (1807).



(8.) The CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES and CHAMBER OF PEERS, like the English Commons and Lords. The former consisted at first of 430 members; it was increased in "the monarchy of July" to 459 deputies, but on September 5th, the number was reduced to 260 (June 4, 1814).

(9.) Another NATIONAL ASSEMBLY of 900 members; every Frenchman in France who had attained the age of twenty-one was an elector, and every one who was twenty-five years old was eligible for a deputy. This was the most democratic form of government ever devised. There was but one single electoral assembly and that by universal suffrage (May 4, 1848).

(10.) Another CORPS LEGISLATIF of 750 deputies (1849).

(11.) The legislature of the Second Empire consisted of an EMPEROR, a SENATE, and a LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER. The Senate consisted of 150 members chosen by the Emperor; each member had a stipend of \$6000 a year. The deputies of the Corps Legislatif were elected for six years by universal suffrage, and received a salary of \$500 a month during the time of session. In case of a dissolution of the assembly, it was necessary to convoke a new one within six months. The number of members fluctuated with the population, each department had one representative for every 35,000 inhabitants. In 1869-70 the deputies numbered 283, and the number of electors 10,104,023. There was besides a COUNCIL OF STATE composed of the Emperor, all members of the Imperial family, a president, vice-president, and about 150 councillors. This was not a legislative body, but partly justiciary and partly executive, acting as a high court of appeal. In 1870 the Emperor resigned the right of proposing the laws and made himself a constitutional emperor (January 14, 1852).

(12.) Another NATIONAL ASSEMBLY with M. Thiers President. It consisted nominally of 700 members, but as one member might represent more than one constituency, the number did not exceed 670. After the battle of Sedan (September 2, 1870) certain persons arrogated to themselves the offices of government under the title of THE GOVERNMENT OF THE NATIONAL DEFENCE, but they resigned their office to the National Assembly, February 13, 1871.

The Government of Defence was succeeded by a REPUBLIC, with M. Thiers as President and minister of war. In March, 1875, the Republican Constitution was created, consisting of a President, a Senate, and a Chamber of Deputies. The Senate and Chamber of Deputies, both elective, meet in National Assembly for two purposes, either to elect a new President septennially, or to introduce any new changes in the Constitution, agreed on by both Chambers. The President is elected for seven years. He appoints and dismisses ministers. The President may dissolve the Chamber with the Senate's consent. The Senate is elected for nine years; one-third of its members retire every three years, but are eligible for re-election by the vote of an electorate in the chief town of each department. The Deputies to the Chamber are elected for four

years by universal suffrage. Parliament sits from the second Tuesday in January, for at least five months in every year; it may be summoned to an extraordinary session by the chief of the state. The Parliament and President together initiate all laws. No treaties of commerce or declarations of war can be carried without consent of Parliament.

VOL. II.—R





# THE RULERS OF FRANCE.

## FIRST RACE OF KINGS. The Merovingians.

Name.	Relationship.	Kingdom.	Date.	Sole King.	Age at Death.
1 Pharamond?					
2 Clodion?					
3 MEROVEE	Founder	Tournay	448-458		50
4 Childéric I.	Son of Mérovée	Tournay	458-481		44
5 Clovis I.	Son of Childéric I.	Tournay	481-508	508-511	45
6 Childebert I.	Son of Clovis I.	Paris	511-558		60
Clodomir	ditto	Orléans	511-524		28
Thierry	ditto	Metz	511-534		39
Théodebert I.	Son of Thierry	Metz	534-548		
Théodebald	Son of Théodebert	Metz	548-555		
7 Clotaire	Son of Clovis	Soissons	511-558	558-561	64
8 Caribert	Son of Clotaire	Paris	561-567		48
Gontran	ditto	Orléans and Burgundy	561-593		70
Sigebert	ditto	Austrasia	561-575		51
Childebert	Son of Sigebert	Austrasia	575-593		26
		Burgundy also	593-596		26
Théodebert II.	Son of Childebert	Austrasia	596-612		27
Thierry II.	ditto	Orléans and Burgundy	596-612		26
		Austrasia also	612-613		26
9 Chilpéric I.	Son of Clotaire I.	Soissons	561-567		
		Paris also	567-584		47
10 Clotaire II.	Son of Chilpéric I.	Soissons	584-613	613-628	45
11 Dagobert I.	Son of Clotaire II.	Austrasia	622-628	628-638	36
		Soissons also	628-638	628-638	36
Arihert	ditto	Aquitaine	628-631		
<i>Les Rois Fainéants</i>					
12 Clovis II.	Son of Dagobert	Neustria and Burgundy	638-656		23
Sigebert II.	ditto	Austrasia	638-656		
13 Clotaire III.	Son of Clovis II.	Neustria and Burgundy	656-670		18
14 Childéric II.	ditto	Austrasia	656-670	670-673	20
Dagobert II.	Son of Sigebert II.	Austrasia	673-679		
15 Thierry III.	Son of Clovis II.	Neustria	673-679	679-691	39
16 Clovis III.	Son of Thierry III.			691-695	15
17 Childebert III.	ditto			695-711	28
18 Dagobert III.	Son of Childebert III.			711-715	15
19 Chilpéric II.	Son of Childéric II.			715-717	
20 Clotaire IV.	ditto			717-719	20
Chilperic rest'd.				719-720	12
21 Thierry IV.	Son of Dagobert III.			720-737	25
<i>Interregnum</i>				737-742	
22 Childéric III.	Son of Chilpéric II.			742-752	

## SECOND RACE OF KINGS. The Carolingians.

Name.	Relationship.	Began to Reign.	Length of Reign.	Age at Death.
Pepin of Héristal, duke of Austrasia . . . . . 678-714				
Théodoald. . . . . 714, 715	Grandson of Pepin...			
Charles Martel . . . . . 715-741	Natural son of Pepin			
Carloman ( <i>abdicates</i> ) . . . . . 741-746	Son of Chas. Martel..			
23 Pepin the Short ( <i>le Bref</i> ). . . . . 746-752	ditto . . . . .	752	16	53
Carloman and Charlemagne. . . . .		768	3	
24 Charlemagne alone. . . . .	Son of Pepin le Bref..	771	43	74
25 Louis I. the Bland ( <i>le Débonnaire</i> )	Son of Charlemagne .	814	26	62
26 Charles II. ( <i>le Chauve</i> ) . . . . .	Son of Louis I. . . . .	840	37	54
27 Louis II. ( <i>le Bègue</i> ) . . . . .	Son of Charles II. . .	877	2	33
28 Louis III. and Carloman II. . . . .	Son of Louis II. . . . .	879	3	22
29 Carloman II. alone. . . . .		882	2	20
Charles le Gros (Regent) . . . . .	Grandson of Louis I..	884	4	
30 Eudes or Odo ( <i>1st Capetian King</i> )	Usurper . . . . .	888	10	40
31 Charles III. ( <i>le Simple</i> ). . . . .	Son of Louis II. . . . .	898	25	48
32 Robert (2d Capetian King) . . . . .		922-923		
33 Raoul (Father of the Capetians)		923	13	43
34 Louis IV. (d'Outre-Mer). . . . .	Son of Charles II. . .	936	18	38
35 Lothaire . . . . .	Son of Louis IV. . . .	954	32	45
36 Louis V. ( <i>le Fainéant</i> ). . . . .	Son of Lothaire . . .	986	1	20

## THIRD RACE OF KINGS. The Capetians.

1 HUGUES CAPET. . . . .	Founder. . . . .	987	9	54
2 Robert ( <i>le Pieux</i> ). . . . .	Son of Hugues . . . .	996	35	61
3 Henri I. . . . .	Son of Robert . . . .	1031	29	55
4 Philippe I. ( <i>l'Amoureux</i> ) . . . . .	Son of Henri I. . . . .	1060	48	55
5 Louis VI. ( <i>le Gros</i> ). . . . .	Son of Philippe I. . .	1108	29	60
6 Louis VII. ( <i>le Jeune</i> ). . . . .	Son of Louis VI. . . .	1137	43	60
7 Philippe II. ( <i>Auguste</i> ). . . . .	Son of Louis VII. . .	1180	43	58
8 Louis VIII. ( <i>le Lion</i> ). . . . .	Son of Philippe II. . .	1223	3	39
9 Louis IX. ( <i>St. Louis</i> ) . . . . .	Son of Louis VIII. . .	1226	44	55

## I. FROM THE OLDEST SURVIVING SON OF ST. LOUIS.

10 Philippe III. ( <i>le Hardi</i> ). . . . .	Eldest Son. . . . .	1270	15	40
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## ELDER BRANCH OF PHILIPPE III.

11 Philippe IV. ( <i>le Bel</i> ) . . . . .	Eld. Son of Louis IX.	1285	29	46
12 Louis X. ( <i>le Hutin</i> ) . . . . .	Son of Philippe IV. . .	1314	2	27
13 Philippe V. ( <i>le Long</i> ). . . . .	ditto . . . . .	1316	6	26
14 Charles IV. ( <i>le Bel</i> ) . . . . .	ditto . . . . .	1322	6	33

## ELDER BRANCH OF PHILIPPE III., CHARLES DE VALOIS.

## VALOIS.

15 Philippe VI. ( <i>de Valois</i> ) . . . . .	Cousin of Charles IV.	1328	22	57
16 Jean ( <i>le Bon</i> ) . . . . .	Son of Philippe VI. . .	1350	14	45
17 Charles V. ( <i>le Sage</i> ). . . . .	Son of Jean . . . . .	1364	16	43

## (1) ELDER BRANCH OF CHARLES V. (Valois-line)

18 Charles VI. ( <i>le Bien aimé</i> ). . . . .	Eldest son of Chas. V.	1380	42	54
19 Charles VII. ( <i>le Victorieux</i> ) . . . .	Son of Charles VI. . .	1422	39	58
20 Louis XI. . . . .	Son of Charles VII. . .	1461	22	60
21 Charles VIII. ( <i>l'Affable</i> ). . . . .	Son of Louis XI. . . .	1483	15	28

## (2) CADET BRANCH OF CHARLES V. (Elder Stock).

(That is, by Louis duc d'Orléans, second son of Charles V.)

## VALOIS-ORLEANS.

22 Louis XII. (*le Père du Peuple*). . | Gt. gds. of Chas. V. . . | 1498 | 17 |

## (3) CADET BRANCH OF CHARLES V. (Cadet Stock).

(That is, from Jean Comte d'Angoulême.)

## VALOIS-ANGOULEME.

Name.	Relationship.	Began to Reign.	Length of Reign.	Age at Death.
23 François I. ....	{ Second cousin of } { Louis XII. .... }	1515	32	53
24 Henri II. ( <i>le Belliqueux</i> ).....	Son of François I. . .	1549	12	40
25 François II. ....	Son of Henri II. ....	1559	1	16
26 Charles IX. ....	ditto .....	1560	14	24
27 Henri III. ( <i>le Mignon</i> ) .....	ditto .....	1574	15	38

## II. FROM ROBERT DE BOURBON, FOURTH SON OF ST. LOUIS.\*

## BOURBONS.

28 Henri IV. ( <i>le Grand</i> ) .....	Founder. ....	1589	21	57
29 Louis XIII. ( <i>le Juste</i> ) .....	Son of Henri IV. ....	1610	33	42

## ELDER BRANCH OF LOUIS XIII.

30 Louis XIV. ( <i>le Grand Monarque</i> )	Son of Louis XIII. . .	1643	72	77
31 Louis XV. ( <i>le Bien aimé</i> ) .....	G.gds. of Louis XIV. .	1715	59	64
32 Louis XVI. ( <i>le Martyr</i> ). ....	G'dson of Louis XV..	1774	19	39
33 Louis XVII. ( <i>never reigned</i> ) .....	Son of Louis XVI....	....	..	10

## REPUBLIC.

Republic proclaimed, September 21st.....	1792	12	
Convention .....	1792	2	
Directoire.....	1794	5	
Consulate .....	1799	5	

## EMPIRE.

34 NAPOLEON I .....	1804	10	52
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## BOURBONS.

35 Louis XVIII. ( <i>le Désiré</i> ) brother of Louis XVI. ....	1814	10	69
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## EMPIRE.

Empire Restored, from March 20th to June 24th.....	1815	100	days
Napoleon II. ( <i>never reigned</i> ) . . . . .	....	..	..

## BOURBONS.

36 Charles X., brother of Louis XVIII. and Louis XVI. ....	1824	6	73
Bourbon Revolution of 1830.			

## CADET BRANCH OF LOUIS XIII.

(That is, from Philippe duc d'Orléans, younger brother of Louis XIV.)

37 Louis-Philippe, King of the Barricades ( <i>le Roi Citoyen</i> )..	1830	18	77
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## EMPIRE RESTORED

38 NAPOLEON III., Nephew of Napoleon I., born 1808, died 1873..	1852	18	64
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\* Antoine de Bourbon, a lineal descendant of Robert, married Marguerite, a sister of François I.



## REPUBLIC RESTORED.

Name.	Began to Reign.	Length of Reign.	Age at Death.
Adolphe Thiers, president, born 1797. ....	1871	2	80
Marshal MacMahon, president, born 1808 .....	1873	5	85
Jules Grévy, president, born 1813. ....	1879	8	78
M. Carnot, president, born 1837 (assassinated).....	1887	7	50
Casimir-Perier .....	1894	1	
Felix Faure. ....	1895	4	
Emile Loubet. ....	1899		

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