

## WITH HER.

With her I've wandered off,  
Breathing the fragrance soft  
Which gently steals aloft  
At morn.

With her I've sought the shade  
By gentle foliage made  
In some sweet fairy glade  
At noon.

With her, in bliss complete,  
On some old arbour seat  
I've watched the shadows meet  
At eve.

With her I stood and wept  
When from my gaze she stept,  
And like an angel slept  
At night.

With her in sweetest thought,  
Though now no longer sought,  
I'll linger as she taught  
For aye.

## NINETY-THREE.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

## PART THE SECOND.

## IN PARIS.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

Below, in the horse-shoe at the foot of the tribune, the usher had their places.

On one side of the tribune, a placard nine feet in length was fastened to the wall in a black wooden frame, bearing on two leaves, separated by a sort of sceptre, the "Declaration of the Rights of Man"; on the other side was a vacant place, at a later period occupied by a similar frame, containing the Constitution of Year II., with the leaves divided by a sword. Above the tribune, over the head of the orator, from a deep *loge* with double compartments always filled with people, floated three immense tri-coloured flags, almost horizontal, resting on an altar upon which could be read the word—*LAW*. Behind this altar there arose, tall as a column, an enormous Roman fasces like the sentinel of free speech. Colossal statues, erect against the wall, faced the representatives. The President had Lycurgus on his right hand and Solon on his left; Plato towered above the Mountain.

These statues had plain blocks of wood for pedestals, resting on a long cornice which encircled the hall, and separated the people from the assembly. The spectators could lean their elbows on this cornice.

The black wooden frame of the proclamation of the Rights of Man reached to the cornice and broke the regularity of the entablature, an infraction of the straight line which caused Chabot to murmur. "It is ugly," he said to Vadier.

On the heads of the statues alternated crowns of oak-leaves and laurel. A green drapery, on which similar crowns were painted in deeper green, fell in heavy folds straight down from the cornice of circumference and covered the whole wall of the ground-floor occupied by the assembly. Above this drapery the wall was white and naked. In it, as if hollowed out by a gigantic axe, without moulding or foliage, were two stories of public tribunes, the lower ones square, the upper ones round. According to rule, the archivists were superimposed upon the architraves. There were ten tribunes on each side of the hall, and two huge boxes at either end; in all, twenty-four. There the crowds gathered thickly.

The spectators in the lower tribunes, overflowing their borders, grouped themselves along the reliefs of the cornice. A long iron bar, firmly fixed at the point of support, served as a rail to the upper tribunes and guarded the spectators against the pressure of the throngs mounting the stairs. Nevertheless, a man was once thrown headlong into the assembly; he fell partly upon Massieu, Bishop of Beauvais, and thus was not killed; he said: "Hullo! Why a bishop is really good for something!"

The hall of the Convention could hold two thousand persons comfortably—on the days of insurrection it held three.

The Convention held two sittings, one in the daytime and one in the evening.

The back of the President's chair was curved, and studded with gilt nails. The table was upheld by four winged monsters, with a single foot—one might have thought they had come out of the Apocalypse to assist at the Revolution. They seemed to have been unharnessed from Ezekiel's chariot to drag the dung-cart of Samson.

On the president's table was a huge hand-bell, almost large enough to have served for a church; a great copper inkstand, and a parchment folio, which was the book of official reports.

Many times freshly severed heads, borne aloft on the tops of pikes, sprinkled their blood-drops over this table.

The tribune was reached by a staircase of nine steps. These steps were high, steep, and hard to mount; one day Genoné stumbled as he was going up. "It is a scaffold-ladder," said he. "Serve your apprenticeship," Carrier cried out to him.

In the angles of the hall, where the wall had looked too naked, the architect had put Roman fasces for decorations, with the axe turned to the people.

At the right and left of the tribune were square blocks supporting two candelabra twelve feet in height, having each four pairs of lamps. There was a similar candelabrum in each public box. On the pedestals were carved circles, which the people called "guillotine-collars."

The benches of the assembly reached almost to the cornice of the tribunes; so that the representatives and the spectators could talk together.

The outlets from the tribunes led into a labyrinth of sombre corridors, often filled with a savage din.

The Convention overcrowded the palace and flowed into the neighbouring mansions—the Hôtel de Longueville and the Hôtel de Coigny. It was to the Hôtel de Coigny, if one may believe a letter of Lord Bradford's, that the royal furniture was carried after the 10th of August. It took two months to empty the Tuilleries.

The committees were lodged in the neighbourhood of the hall; in the Pavillon-Egalité were those of Legislation, Agriculture, and Commerce; in the Pavillon of Liberty were the Marine, the Colonies, Finance, Assignats, and Public Safety; the War Department was at the Pavillon of Unity.

The Committee of General Security communicated directly with that of the Public Safety by an obscure passage, lighted day and night with a reflector lamp, where the spies of all parties came and went. People spoke there in whispers.

The bar of the Convention was several times displaced. Generally it was at the right of the president.

At the far ends of the hall the vertical partitions which closed the concentric semicircles of the amphitheatre left between them and the wall a couple of narrow, deep passages, from which opened two dark square doors.

The representatives entered directly into the hall by a door opening on the Terrace des Feuillants.

This hall, dimly lighted during the day by deep-set windows took a strange nocturnal aspect, when, with the approach of twilight, it was badly illuminated by lamps. Their pale glare intensified the evening shadows and the lamplight sessions were lugubrious.

It was impossible to see clearly; from the opposite ends of the hall, to the right and to the left, indistinct groups of faces insulted each other. People met without recognising one another. One day Laiguelot, hurrying toward the tribune, hit against some person in the sloping passage between the benches. "Pardon, Robespierre," said he. "For whom do you take me?" replied a hoarse voice. "Pardon, Marat," said Laiguelot.

At the bottom, to the right and left of the president, were two reserved tribunes, for, strange to say, the Convention had its privileged spectators. These tribunes were the only ones that had draperies. In the middle of the architrave two gold tassels held up the curtains. The tribunes of the people were bare. The whole surroundings were peculiar and savage, yet correct. Regularity in barbarism is rather a type of revolution. The hall of the Convention offered the most complete specimen of what artists have since called "architecture Mésidor;" it was massive, and yet frail. The builders of that time mistook symmetry for beauty. The last word of the Renaissance had been uttered under Louis XV., and a reaction followed. The noble was pushed to insipidity and the pure to absurdity. Prudery may exist in architecture. After the dazzling orgies of form and colour of the eighteenth century, Art took to fasting and only allowed herself the straight line. This species of progress ends in ugliness, and art reduced to a skeleton is the phenomenon which results. The fault of this sort of wisdom and abstinence is that the style is so severe that it becomes meagre.

Outside of all political emotion, there was something in the very architecture of this hall which made one shiver. One recalled confusedly the ancient theatre with its garlanded boxes, its blue and crimson ceiling, its prismatic lustres, its girandoles with diamond reflections, its brilliant hangings, its profusion of Cupids and Nymphs on the curtain and draperies, the whole royal and amorous idyl, painted, sculptured, gilded, which had brightened this sombre spot with its smile, where now one saw on every side hard rectilinear angles, cold and sharp as steel; it was something like Boucher guillotined by David.

## IV.

But when one saw the Assembly, the hall was forgotten. Whoever looked at the drama no longer remembered the theatre. Nothing more chaotic and more sublime. A crowd of heroes; a mob of cowards. Fallow deer on a mountain; reptiles in a marsh. Therein swarmed, elbowed one another, provoked one another, threatened, struggled, and lived, all those combatants who are phantoms to-day.

A convocation of Titans.

To the right, the Gironde, a legion of thinkers; to the left, the Mountain, a group of athletes. On one side Brissot, who had received the keys of the Bastille; Barbaroux, whom the Marseilles troops obeyed; Kervélégan, who had under his hand the battalion of Brest, garrisoned in the Faubourg Saint-Marceau; Genoué, who had established the supremacy of the representatives over the generals; the fatal Gaudet, to whom the Queen one night, at the Tuilleries, showed the sleeping Dauphin; Gaudet kissed the forehead of the child and caused the head of the fither to fall. Salles, the crack-brained denouncer of the intimacy between the Mountain and Austria. Sillery, the cripple of the Right, as Couthon was the paralytic of the Left. Laue Duperret, who having been called scoundrel by a journalist, invited him to dinner, saying, "I know that by scoundrel you simply mean a man who does not think like yourself." Rabaut Saint-Etienne, who commenced his Almanac for 1790 with this saying—"The revolution is ended." Quinette, one of those who overthrew Louis XVI.; the Jansenist Camus, who drew up the civil constitution of the clergy, believed in the miracles of the Deacon Paris, and prostrated himself each night before a figure of Christ seven feet high, which was nailed to the wall of his chamber. Fouchet, a priest, who, with Camille Desmoulins, brought about the 14th of July; Isnard, who committed the crime of saying, "Paris will be destroyed," at the same moment when Brunswick was saying, "Paris shall be burnt." Jacob Dupont, the first who cried, "I am an Atheist," and to whom Robespierre replied, "Atheism is aristocratic." Lanjuinais, stern, sagacious, and valiant Breton; Ducos, the Euryales of Boyerfréde; Rebecqui, the Pylades of Barbaroux; Rebecqui gave in his resignation because Robespierre had not yet been guillotined. Richaud, who combatted the permanency of the Sections. Lasource, who had given utterance to the murderous apophthegm: "Woe to grateful nations!" and who was afterwards to contradict himself at the foot of the scaffold by this haughty sarcasm flung at the Mountainists; "We die because the people sleep; you will die because the people awake." Biroteau, who caused the abolition of inviolability to be decreed, who was also, without knowing it, the forger of the axe, and raised the scaffold for himself. Charles Villatte, who sheltered his conscience behind this protest, "I will not vote under the hatchet." Louvet, the author of *Faustas*, who was to end as a bookseller in the Palais Royal with Lodoiska behind the counter. Mercier, author of the *Picture of Paris*, who exclaimed—"On the 21st of

January, all kings felt for the backs of their necks!" Marie, whose anxiety was "the faction of the ancient limits." The journalist Carra, who said to the headman at the foot of the scaffold, "It bores me to die. I would have liked to see the continuation." Vigée, who called himself a grenadier in the second battalion of Mayenne and Loire, and who, when menaced by the public tribunals, cried, "I demand that at the first murmur of the tribunals we all withdraw and march on Versailles, sabre in hand?" Buzot, reserved for death by famine; Valazé, destined to die by his own dagger; Condorcet, who was to perish at Bourg-la-Reine (become Bourg-Egalité), betrayed by the Horace which he had in his pocket; Pétion, whose destiny was to be adored by the crowd in 1792—and devoured by wolves in 1794, twenty others still,—Pontecoulant, Marboz, Lidon, Saint-Martin, Dussaulx, the translator of Juvenal, who had been in the Hanover campaign; Boileau, Bertrand, Lesterp Beauvais, Lesage, Gomaire, Gardieu, Mainville, Duplentur, Lacaze, Antiboul, and at their head a Barnave, who was styled Vergniaud.

On the other side, Antoine Louis Léon Florelle de Saint-Just, pale, with a low forehead, a regular profile, eye mysterious, a profound sadness, aged twenty-three. Merlin de Thionville, whom the Germans called *Feuertoufel*—"the fire-devil." Merlin de Douai, the culpable author of the *Law of the Suspected*. Soubranz, whom the people of Paris at the first Prairial demanded for general. The ancient priest Lebon, holding a sabre in the hand which had sprinkled holy water; Billaud Varennes, who foresaw the magistracy of the future, without judges or arbiters; Fabre d'Eglantine, who fell upon a delightful God-send—the republican calendar, just as Rouget de Lisle had a single sublime inspiration—the Marseillaise; neither one nor the other ever produced a second. Manuel, the attorney of the Commune, who had said, "A dead king is not a man the less." Goujon, who had entered Tripstadt, Neustadt, and Spire, and had seen the Prussian army flee. Lacroix, a lawyer turned into a general, named Chevalier of Saint Louis six days before the 10th of August. Freron Thersite, the son of Freron Zoilus. Ruth, the inexorable of the iron press, predestined to a great republican suicide—he was to kill himself the day the Republic died. Fouché, with the soul of a demon, and the face of a corpse. Camboulas, the friend of Father Duchesne, who said to Guillotin, "Thou belongest to the Club of the Feuillants, but thy daughter belongs to the Jacobin Club." Jagot, who to such as complained to him of the nudity of the prisoners replied by this savage saying. "A prison is a dress of stone." Javogues, the terrible desecrator of the tombs of Saint-Denis. Osselin, a proscriber, who hid one of the proscribed (Madame Charry) in his house. Bentabole, who, when he was in the chair, made signs to the tribunes to applaud or hoot. The journalist Robert, the husband of Made-moiselle Kéralio, who wrote, "Neither Robespierre nor Marat come to my house. Robespierre may come when he wishes—Marat, never." Garan Coulon, who, when Spain interfered in the trial of Louis XVI., haughtily demanded that the Assembly should not deign to read the letter of a king in behalf of a king. Grégoire, a bishop, at first worthy of the Primitive Church, but who afterwards, under the Empire, effaced Grégoire the republican beneath the Count Grégoire. Amar, who said, "The whole earth condemns Louis XVI. To whom then appeal for judgment? To the planets?" Rouger, who, on the 21st of January, opposed the firing of the cannon of Pont Neuf, saying, "A king's head ought to make no more noise in falling than the head of another man."

Chénier, the brother of André; Vadier, one of those who laid a pistol on the tribune; Panis, who said to Momoro, "I wish Marat and Robespierre to embrace at my table"—"Where dost thou live?"—"At Charenton."—"Anywhere else would have astonished me," replied Momoro. Legendre, who was the butcher of the French Revolution, as Pridge has been of the English. "Come, that I may knock you down," he cried to Lanjuinais. "First have it decreed that I am a bullock," replied Lanjuinais. Collet d'Herbois, that lugubrious comedian who had the face of the antique mask with two mouths which said yes and no, approving with one while he blamed with the other; branding Carrier at Nantes and defying Châlier at Lyons; sending Robespierre to the scaffold and Marat to the Pantheon. Gémisieux, who demanded the penalty of death against whomever should have upon him a medallion of "Louis XVI., martyred." Léonard Bourdon, the schoolmaster, who had offered his house to the old men of Mont Jura. Topsent, sailor; Goupilleau, lawyer; Laurent Lecointre, merchant; Duhem, physician; Sergeant, sculptor; David, painter; Joseph Egalité, prince.

Others still: Lecointe Puiraveau, who asked that a decree should be passed declaring Marat mad. Robert Lindet, the disquieting creator of that devil-fish whose head was the Committee of General Surety, and which covered France with its one-and-twenty thousand arms called revolutionary committees. Lebon, upon whom Girez-Dupré, in his *Christmas of False Patriot*, had made this epigram: "*Lebon vit Legendre et beugla*."

Thomas Payne, the gentle American; † Anacharsis Cloots, German, baron, millionaire, atheist; Hébertist, out-spoken. The upright Lebas, the friend of the Duplays. Rovère, one of those strange men who are wicked for wickedness' sake; for the art, from love of the art, exists more frequently than people believe. Charlier, who wished that "you" should be employed in addressing aristocrats. Tallion, elegiac and ferocious, who will bring about the 9th Thermidor from love. Cambacérés, a lawyer, who will be a prince later. Carrier, an attorney, who will become a tiger. Laplanche, who will one day cry, "I demand priority for the alarm-gun." Thuriot, who desired the vote of the Revolutionary Tribunal to be given aloud. Bourdon de l'Oise, who challenged Chambon to a duel, denounced Payne, and was himself denounced by Hébert. Fayau, who proposed the sending of "an army of incendiaries" into the Vendée. Tavaux, who, on the 13th of April, was almost a mediator between the Gironde and the

\* Boswell, the laird, father of Johnson's biographer, had said the same some years before of Cromwell.

† Thomas Payne, American et élément—"Thomas Payne, an American and merciful." M. Hugo here means Tom Paine, the stay-maker and revolutionary Englishman, the author of the *Age of Reason*, and Mr. Carlyle's "rebellious needlemaster." Paine voted against the death of Louis XVI., was himself denounced, and escaped the guillotine as by miracle, his door, marked for his execution, being turned back. So far from being an American he had returned thence and had lived for years in England; he was born at Thetford, in Norfolk, and was an English busybody, intruding in an assembly which should have been entirely French. He died in America, and William Cobbett brought his bones to England. They excited no attention.