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NEVER DESPAIR. A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The period of my narrative is in the city of Paris. The parties in the French Directory were at daggers' points; and notwithstanding the efforts of Madame de Stael to bring about a reconciliation, the Constitutionalists refused to acknowledge a power formed exclusively from the most sanguinary faction of the Revolution.

been instrumental in consigning the unfortunate Louis—and the army was triumphant. But Pierre Marchaud knew nothing of all this; and the next morning, after a most tender parting with his lovely wife, he repaired to the hall of sitting, was apprehended on his entrance, and sent to join his companions in the very apartments which had been occupied by the royal victim and his devoted queen.

army than the triumphant cheers of conquering victors. She listened with an indefinable sensation that she could not account for; never had any sounds which she had heard produced such strange and appalling effects. They evidently grew louder, and indicated a nearer approach to her dwelling.

miles distant. At first she was standing towards the republican, but the superior sailing of the latter plainly evidenced that there was no chance of nearing the French ship but by running on a parallel line, and occasionally hauling up, for the Englishman was to leeward.

spairing countenances of those unhappy creatures, whose hollow cheeks soon betrayed the wants of nature, and whose wolfish eyes glared wildly upon each other as unbidden longings arose that made them sick to shuddering.