## THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Reflecting, he passed down the Hall to the remaining members of the former Gironde.

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"It is to you, pure men," said he beseechingly, " virtuous men, it is to you I address myself, and not to those brigands." He sat down on an empty seat in their ranks.

"Wretch !" they exclaimed. "This was the seat of Vergniaud." " Vergniaud, whom you have assassinated." In horror the outlawed sprang up, and walked towards

the tribune.

" President of assassins !" he screeched, shaking his fist at him. "For the last time I demand a hearing."

"As soon as it is your turn, calmly replied the president.

But the whole convention protested.

"No! no!" was shouted. No one would hear Robespierre, and the tumult drowned the words he uttered. He gesticulated, threatened, entreated; his voice grew hoarse, he could produce only guttural sounds.

"The blood of Danton stifles you," exclaimed one of the deputies, and this dreadful penetrating word overpowered the man who had caused Danton's accusation. Robespierre staggered.

"I demand the arrest of Robespierre," soon after called a voice from the group round Tallien, who was continually encouraging and leading on his combatants; and terrified by this demand which, the previous day, even the boldest had not thought possible, the furious tumult suddenly stopped. Robespierre appeared yet in the eyes of many as representing the majesty of the people, of virtue and incorruptibility, and as if it were high treason to attack him. They hesitatedthere was once more a moment of irresolution.

"Applaud, friends," said Tallien. "Carry away with you those who hesitate !"

Then he cried in a loud and commanding voice :

"The arrest ! The impeachment against him."

The conspirators first agreed loudly and impassively to this call, and with thundering acclamations the whole convention followed.

But the friends of Robespierre were not less active; they protested, demanded to speak, threatened to speak. In vain Tallien gave the assembly no time to consider, and they felt that they could not stop half-way. He abused the traitors, and his friends stamped their feet, hissed, mocked, allowed not a word that might intimidate and perhaps influence the convention. Thus the drums drown the last words of a condemned man who is feared till he is dead.

"President !" resumed Tallien, "Is this man any longer to be master of the convention ?"

"He has been it too long," was should by the Montagne. "Oh," continued Tallien, " is it then so hard to beat down a tyrant?"

"Question! Question !" exclaimed most of the deputies. " The arrest !"

The arrest was put to the vote, and decreed in the midst of a fearful tumult. On all sides the deputies rose, shouting :

" Long live the republic !"

"The republic ?" replied Robespierre sareastically, when the excitement had for a moment subsided. "It is lost, for the brigands triumph."

And proudly, with a look of contempt, his arms crossed, he descended from the tribune.

While the decree of the arrest was being drawn up by a secretary, Tallien went on inciting his friends to strike the

hot iron still farther. "He is the head," said he; "now let us get hold of the tail,"

"Citizens!" exclaimed Fréron. "Now the country and liberty have arisen from their ruins. These triumvirs, Robespierre, Couthon and St. Just, intended to step over our bodies to ascend the throne."

"Bah!" said Couthou, showing his crippled feet. "Do I look like aspiring to the throne ?"

"Citizens," ejaculated Collot d'Herbois; "you have saved just now the country, and the appeal has not been made in vain. A new proscription against you was said to be renewed on the 31st of May."

"It is a lie!" cried Robespierre furiously.

He was answered by such a fearful tumult of the conspirators that he staggered back. The execution of the arrest was energetically demanded, but the attendants summoned by the president hesitated; they stood yet in too much awe of the powerful man. Gendarines were called from the corridors, who seized Robespierre by the arm, and led him with his associates away. Robespierre was furious, St. Just calm and scornful, and Couthon was carried in his chair by the gendarmes, amidst the sneers and laughter of the convention. Some friends who remained faithful to their unfortunate brethren, followed to share their fate.

Outside, the insurrection was in full activity; the Jacobins

sounded, the national guards had collected, the cannons were planted against the Tuileries to shoot down the conventionthis man who required but to beckon, to make the armed force at his command fall upon his almost defenceless enemies, was functive and irresolute. Was it despondency, or was if the self-will of virtue to obey necessity and end as a martyr? Robespierre could or would not accomplish the necessary deed for which he seemed made. His resignation paralyzed all others, and caused immediately the descrition of many from his own ranks. Thus the deeds of many die away, if they are not directed by one; men succumb to weakness, while energy teaches them implicit obedience.

The convention met again in the evening. Collot, being president, was determined not to forsake Tallien and his friends in this hour of danger, and throwing himself into his chair, opened the meeting with these words :

"Citizens, this is the moment to die at our posts."

" Let us then die," answered the whole assembly.

The citizens in the galleries, awed by the heroic demeanour of the representatives, burst forth in shouts of applause, calling out of the windows :

" Down with the conspirators ! Down with Henriot !" No one knew whether the cannons would answer to this call with grape or not. But they were prepared for the worst, and resolved to do to the last moment the duties imposed on them by circumstances. Resolutions were adopted, annulling the old government and instituting the new one. Henriot was declared outlawed, and deputies were sent to inform the national guards of it; Barras, being nominated commandant of Paris, hastened out of the hall, mounted his horse, and collected the national guards in the streets. Before an hour was over, he had surrounded the Hôtel de Ville, Henriot's army was

dispersed, and the artillerymen at the convention had deserted their posts, taking their cannons to the seat of the Jacobins in the Hôtel de Ville. The three men who had been already designated the trium-

virs of France, and had, in fact, exercised their power as such, witnessed, amidst their faithful friends, how the tide was suddenly rolling back to destroy them.

" Take courage, Robespierre, and we may yet conquer," said Coutbon to his immovable friend.

" No, I cannot," replied he.

"Then we can but die?

" You say it," replied Robespierre indifferently.

" Then it is you who kills us,' said St. Just reproachfully.

No answer was given. Suddenly Lebas exclaimed :

"The enemy are coming to seize us."

A wild tumult and clatter of arms in the corridors and anterooms now struck their ears.

"Yes, they are coming," said Coffinhal angrily ; " it is the stupidity of Henriot that has ruined us." At the same time he gave a kick to Henriot, who was cowering down like an idiot, and who, after the desertion of the artillerymen, though intoxicated, had made his escape hither.

"Friends, let us die before falling into the hands of these ruffians," cried Lebas in the greatest excitement, handing one of his pistois to Robespierre.

The butt-end of a gun thundered against the locked door. "Adien, my friends !" exclaimed Lebas, and shooting him-

self through the heart, he fell back dead.

Coffinhal in his rage now rushed upon Henriot, and seizing him round the body, threw him out of the window on a heap of rubbish. "Go, wretched drunkard, you are not worthy of the scaffold."

Now the soldiers of the convention, the gendarmes of Barras, broke open the door, and penetrated into the hall.

" Death to the tyrants !" they cried.

"Who is the tyrant ?" exclaimed Coffinhal,

"It is he," furiously said a gendarme, at the same time firing his pistol at Robespierre, who, in the same moment, discharged his own upon himself. The bullet, however, only fore away his jaw, and inflicted a wound of no danger. His bleeding face being dressed, he was laid on a litter, and carried away by four gendarines; after him followed St. Just in fetters, his head uncovered, and his eyes cast down in resignation : the lame Couthon, supported by his guardians : Robespierre's brother, dragged away in a swoon ; the body of Lebas, covered with a blood-stained table-cover ; Coffinhal ; Henriot, picked-up half dead, and several other members of the commune.

The prisoners were taken to the convention in the Tuileries. Robespierre was laid in the ante-room on a table, and a chair turned over given him for a pillow. Thus he remained expo ed to the curiosity and outrages of hosts of people who poured into the ante-room ; the attendants who, some hours ago, had trembled before him, now showed him off like a ferocious animal in a menagerie. To bear this insult, Robespierre feigned death. An attendant was so impertinent as to untie the garters of Robespierre, pull down his stockings, and

people who had trembled before him, or applauded him, would gape and rail at him on the cart, and gather on the Place of the Revolution to witness and applaud his execution. Sic transit aloria mundi.

But Tallien, his vanquisher, would not be there; he was avenged when his victim lay prostrate. Swelled with triumph, he aided in planning the structure of the new government, in which he received the place he so well deserved; for with his energy he had inspired all others to action; with his dauntlessness he had persuaded the most timid, and relentlessly subdued the fear of the convention, and by it the great power of Robespierre. He deserved the honour of the victory-the richest reward. However, he accepted, almost indifferently, the distinctions that were offered to him. When he saw Robespierre bleeding in the ante-room his thoughts turned to his beloved in the Luxembourg, for whom he had longed for so many months. It was she who had animated him to action; his love for her had given the impulse to all his energy. Snatching from the convention the decree ordering the revision of the prisons, he hurried, in the brightness of the early morning sun, to the Luxembourg to deliver Thérèse Cabarrus from her prison, and all the prisoners from their anxiety; for the liberty of Thermidor should also be extended to them. With this greeting Tallien approached the jailer of the Luxembourg when he opened the gate for him, and presented the warrant and decree of the convention :

"Here, citizen," said he, "I come as a messenger of peace. You conceal behind these walls a woman to whom I will myself announce her liberty."

"Who is it?" asked the jarler. "Madame de Fontenay—Thérèse Cabarrus"

"Ah! Thérèse Cabarrus," replied the jailer. "Shall I call

her, citizen ?"

"Where is she at present?"

"In the court-yard, citizen. Or do you prefer looking for her yourself among the five hundred prisoners? Command, you are the master."

"Conduct me to them, friend," answered Tallien impetuously. "I shall find her among millions."

The jailer, who had been already informed of the events that had taken place, and which gave him great pleasure, hastily accompanied the young, passionately excited deputy, who was now again a commissioner of the convention, to the court-yard of the Luxembourg prison. All the inmates were, as usual, in the open air, and the great excitement in which they moved about and talked to each other, proved that they were already apprized of what had occurred during the night. After the inexpressible anxiety that had fortured them the previous day, reaching its height when in the afternoon the violent knocks at the gate were heard, a not less painful excitement had seized them on learning that Robespierre was a prisoner, and was to be removed to the Luxembourg. The night had set in, a dreadful long night, with the distant roaring in the streets of Paris, with the uncertainty and the many contradictory reports. What had occurred, and what it signified, was, for the prisoners, more matter for conjecture than certainty.

Tallien's eyes surveyed the motley crowd which was just thronging in a huge knot in the court-yard. The commissioner of the convention, whose red scarf ought to have attracted the attention of those he met, noticed, to his surprise, that their eyes were directed to a window opposite the Luxembourg, the upper half of which could be seen across the wall of the courtyard. He and the jailer were not observed. A profound quiet reigned. They were all staring at that window, out of which a man was leaning making signs to them. It was Benoit's friend, who, like him, had experienced the bitter disappointment of that night, and who was now hopefully endeavouring to communicate in this way to his wife and her companions in affliction the overthrow of the reign of terror.

He was holding a woman's dress out of the window, at the same time taking a large stone, then laying both articles aside, made on himself the sign of beheading. A unanimous shouting burst forth among the prisoners, who had understood the telegraphing. The dress being Robe, the stone, Pierre, the third sign indicated that Robespierre was, or would be guillotined,

"Robespierre is dead," they exclaimed, while each one cmbraced his neighbour in the intoxication of this exceeding joy, "This is a turn for the better. Now we shall become free. Terror is at an end

"Yes, citizens!" broke forth Tallien's powerful voice. "You unfortunates have rightly guessed, Robespierre is annihilated. Terror has come to an end."

To be continued.

## POPULAR SIMILES.

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were cheering Robespierre and cursing the convention. But they lacked a leader to advise them in their helplessness and inspire them to action. The outlawed were conducted in common coaches through the streets to the prisons, while the people made not the least attempt to liberate them; they followed the cortège without stopping it. Robespierre was taken to the Luxembourg; the noisy manner in which the gendarmes asked admittance had been the cause of so much anxiety and fear in the interior of the prison.

The jailer, prepared for death, had opened the outer gate. With astonishment he saw, instead of a blood-thirsty mob, the gendarmes and Robespierre as their prisoner, and in great alarm staggered back. The terror this great man inspired awed him in such a degree that he did not dare to lay hold on the fallen despot. He appealed to his order not to admit any one; this order being still in force, the gendarmes had to respect it, and turned away with their prisoner. But every impediment given to the acts of an unpopular government in times like those encourages the people, awakening in them a desire of enterprize; Robespierre being looked upon as a demigod by the great mass, the Jacobins who before had followed their master to prison without venturing to rescue him, now undertook his liberation as soon as they saw that the gendarmes were unable to execute at once their commission. They were not resisted, and in triumph they conducted Robespierre to the Hôtel de Ville, where the members of the commune, devoted adherents of Robespierre, were assembled to organize the in-surrection. The associates of Robespierre had likewise been refused at the prisons, and had also been liberated and con-ducted to the libtel de Ville. The victory was, therefore, very uncertain; the more so as the convention had suspended its sitting till evening, and the armed force was commanded by Henriot, who was fanatically devoted to Robespierre. But the him; the same headsman to whom he had sent thousands,

place his hand on the bare leg, to feel the pulse, ings betrayed the fulness of life?

" Look how he can feign I" called he to the multitude.

His clothes were searched, and two pistols in their case were found in his coat-pocket. The arms of France were on them.

"Ha, look at this ruffian!" they sneered. "Here is sufficient proof that he aspired to the throne."

A member of the convention came from the hall, exclaim-

"Ho there, tyrant ! you for whom the republic was yesterday not large enough, have to-day to be content with this small table !"

Robespierre saw and heard everything. Each one that arrived from the Assembly told him what had been decreed : his accusation and impendment to take place as soon as possible.

Tallien, Frécon, and Collot were now decreeing instead of him, of Couthon and St. Just. He was in great agony, not only from these humiliations which were so cruelly heaped upon him, but also from the pain of his frightful wound, from which the blood was pouring. Sometimes he moistened his lips with a sponge soaked in vinegar, which had been laid beside him, while he was shaken by fever, and the perspiration ran from his burning forehead.

At last he was brought before the committee of public safety, where he had to undergo his first trial, thence to the hospital, where he received medical attendance. His brother, Couthon and Henriot came with him. After his wound was dressed, they were all taken to the Conciergerie, whither St. Just had been conducted before. A few hours more, and the same Fouquier-Tinville whom he had made the public accuser, would accuse man who was the cause of the revolt, for whose sake the tocsin | would behead him with his associates. Finally, the same

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone. As live as a bird-as dead as a stone ; As plump as a partridge-as poor as a rat, As strong as a horse-as weak as a cat; As hard as a flint-as soft as a mole, As white as a lily-as black as a coal ; As plain as a pike-staff-as rough as a bear. As tight as a drum—as free as the air ; As heavy as lead-as light as a feather, As steady as time-uncertain as weather : As hot as an oven-as cold as a frog, As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog : As slow as a tortoise-as swift as the wind, As true as the Gospel-as false as mankind : As thin as a herring-as fat as a pig, As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a grig : As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove, As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove ; As blind as a bat-as deaf as a post, As cool as a cucumber-as warm as a toast ; As flat as a flounder-as round as a ball, As blunt as a hammer-as sharp as an awl : As red as a ferret-as safe as the stocks, As bold as a thief-as sly as a fox ; As straight as an arrow—as bent as a bow. As yellow as saffron-as black as a sloe ; As brittle as glass—as tough as a gristle, As neat as my nail—as clean as a whistle : As good as a feast-as bad as a witch. As light as is day—as dark as is pitch ; As brisk as a bee-as dull as an ass, As full as a tick-as solid as brass; As poor as a church-mouse-as rich as a Jew, And ten thousand similes equally new.