

figure rush by the lodge. He ran after her, vainly demanding her business, but she flew up the narrow stone staircase and did not stop until she had reached the apartment of Marat, where a hurried knock at the door brought Albertine, Marat's supposed wife, who, seeing the beautiful stranger that had called to see her husband, refused to admit her. Marat, hearing the altercation from within, called out to his wife to admit the stranger at once. Albertine sulkily conducted Charlotte to a narrow closet where Marat was taking a bath. When he saw who his visitor was he ordered Albertine to leave them.

Charlotte shrank when she saw the repulsive creature before her. Marat's appearance, always hideous and repulsive in the extreme, was intensified by a soiled handkerchief which he had tied about his head. A coarse covering was thrown across the bath, and a board placed transversely across it, supported his papers. Putting down his pen, Marat gazed at Charlotte and asked her what she desired of him. Scarcely disguising her horror and loathing she answered: 'I have come from Caen to bring you correct intelligence concerning the Girondists there,' Marat became at once interested. Taking down the names of the Girondists excitedly, he exclaimed with a smile of triumph: 'Before a week they shall have perished on the guillotine.'

'These words,' said Charlotte afterward, 'sealed his fate.' Drawing her knife from under her shawl she plunged it to the hilt in the monster's heart. With one low, expiring cry, Marat, the horror of the Revolution, fell over and was no more. Albertine heard the cry, and Charlotte was soon surrounded by the people, who, when they found that their friend had been killed, were struck dumb between the horror of the dreadful deed and the beautiful creature who did it. Charlotte stood before them, the avenging Nemesis. When asked by the commissary why she had done so dreadful a thing, she replied simply and calmly: 'To prevent a civil war.'

Later on, at the Abbaye, the nearest prison, she answered all questions with firmness and pride, ending with the words:—'I have done my duty, let others do theirs.'

So beautiful and calm was she, so dignified in demeanor, that the judges before whom she appeared on the morning of the 17th, seemed rather to be arraigned before her than she before them.

She declared that on the morning of that awful 31st of May, she had determined to rid the world of the tyrant Marat—that she had killed him in order that one hundred thousand might be saved. 'I was a Republican long before the Revolution,' said she, 'and have never failed in energy.'

'Energy' she described as 'the feeling that induces one to cast aside selfish considerations and sacrifice oneself for one's country.' Charlotte was thankful to her lawyer for neither attributing her act to insanity nor yet excusing it. He simply pleaded for the fervor of her conviction, which he had the courage to call sublime. Charlotte feared that he might seek to save her life at the expense of honor. Cheveau de la Guerde was her defender. She thanked him gracefully, after the trial, for his kindness toward her, and thus ended the remarkable trial of Charlotte Corday, the most beautiful prisoner ever brought before a tribunal. But her beauty could not save her. She was condemned to die. Her last days were passed at the Conciergerie. A young artist had begun a picture of her at the tribunal. He begged to be allowed

to finish it in the Conciergerie. She gave him permission, and seemed quite gay, conversing freely and happily with him, until the executioner appeared with the big shears, to cut off her beautiful locks, and the red chemise that was worn by all assassins. Charlotte presented Mr. Hauer, the artist, with a lock of her hair. It was all that she had to give. Then she committed herself to the rough hands of the executioner, who bound her hands, cut off her luxuriant tresses, and then threw the red chemise over her head. 'This toilette of death, though performed by rude hands, leads to immortality,' said Charlotte with a smile. It is said that Charlotte's beauty was enhanced by the red hue of the chemise, which imparted an unearthly loveliness to the young girl.

The crowds that had assembled to hoot and jeer at her as the car which bore her passed through the streets, were struck dumb with admiration, her face and form seemed sculptured, so perfect were they in their outlines. A young German, named Adam Luz, was among the spectators. He followed her to the scaffold and vowed that he would die for her. Her beauty elicited much sympathy, but it could not save her from the guillotine. She died the same brave girl that she was through the trial.

Adam Luz, true to his vow, published a pamphlet only a few days after Charlotte's death, in which he praised the noble deed of the girl, adding that a statue should be erected to her memory upon the spot where she fell, and that upon it should be inscribed the words, 'Greater than Brutus.' Luz was immediately arrested. He entered the Abbaye triumphantly exclaiming: 'I am going to die for her,' and he did. He gave up his life for a love inspired by Charlotte Corday when upon the guillotine—a love of whose existence she was not even conscious.

'Charlotte' was invoked as a saint by many people after her death, among others, by a beautiful Royalist lady, while Mme. Roland, the Republican, called her a heroine worthy of a better age.

Poor Charlotte, it was well that she did not live to see the sorrow that she brought upon her beloved people. To propitiate the death of Marat many innocent victims were sent to the gallows, while the partisans against the Girondists were more fanatical than ever, and divine honors, almost, were paid to the memory of Marat, from whose ashes arose that greater flame, Robespierre, who gave new impetus to 'The Reign of Terror.'—Ledger Monthly.

This story is told of an officer in the army. He sat down to weigh the principle of total abstinence and deliberately decide whether it was in duty to adopt it. He took a sheet of paper, and on one side wrote down all the reasons why he thought he ought not to practice it. The list was long and imposing, and he felt sure that he would be safe in refusing to abstain from the use of ardent spirit; but when he undertook to write down on the opposite page the arguments on the other side, they appeared so weighty and numerous that they quickly overbalanced their opponents. He discovered that he had put down several reasons against total abstinence which belonged to the other side. These were transferred, and so overwhelming was the weight of evidence that his judgment was carried as if by storm, and he never afterwards doubted concerning the path of duty in this matter. If men would set about the examination of this question in this deliberate, business-like way, and honestly consent to be controlled by the preponderating evidence, few drinkers would be left.—New York 'Advocate.'

Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic.

(By Adele E. Thompson, in 'Forward.')

It is nearly fifty years since an outgoing steamer from Boston numbered among its passengers one bound on an undertaking, the completion of which was almost to mark an epoch in history writing. The man was John Lothrop Motley, and his work, that matchless piece of historic word-painting, 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic.'

'What is a man's fitness for his chosen work?' is one of the first questions we ask. Motley displayed an early and remarkable gift for languages, an interest from boyhood in historical subjects; his education at Harvard College was followed by two years at the universities of Germany and a period as secretary of legation at Saint Petersburg. With this went an impulse toward authorship, which had already found expression in two unsuccessful novels and several essays; and still more, the nature of the man himself, his ardent patriotism, his high principle, his passionate love of liberty, truth, and right, all contributed to his fitness for his chosen work.

Motley also furnishes an instance, one of many, of sturdy young manhood turning voluntarily from a life of ease and pleasant self-indulgence to be numbered among the world's strenuous workers; and his is only another example of the determination that make failures but the stepping stones to success. It is related that a friend, hearing him express deep chagrin at the ill success of his historic novel 'Merry Mount,' advised and encouraged him to turn his attention to history. Whatever influence this may have had, not long after he was found at work with a Dutch folio and a dictionary of that language; the quest that was to end only with his life-strength, had begun.

With his temperament, the traditions of his Puritan ancestry, and his innate love of freedom, it was not strange that he should have been drawn to the study of a country, whose very existence was a conquest of the sea, and whose national story was a great historic drama; a nation that had held liberty and truth and right at such a price that it had fought for them against overwhelming odds, and counted cheap the blood of its best and noblest, and invited even the terrors of famine and the sea. 'Brave little Holland,' as we all say to-day; but a country and people little known and less appreciated, till Motley's hand drew them in true and living colors.

For four years he had been studying with reference to this work when a rumor reached him that Prescott, then in the forefront as a popular historian, was contemplating a work, Philip the Second of Spain, which would of necessity touch on somewhat the same ground. Motley's first feeling on learning this was one of keen disappointment. As he said later: 'It seemed to me that I had nothing to do but to abandon at once a cherished dream, and probably to renounce authorship. For had I not first made up my mind to write a history, and then cast about to take up a subject. My subject had taken me up, drawn me on, and absorbed me into itself. It was necessary for me, it seemed, to write the book I had been thinking much of, even if it were destined to fall dead from the press, and I had no inclination or interest to write any other.'

Many, under the circumstances, would have said, 'I have an equal, if not better,