

"ACTIONS ARE VISIBLE, AND MOTIVES NOT ALWAYS SECRET."

never ceased to address the people, hoping to interest them in his favour. 'Generous people, unhappy people,' he exclaimed, 'they misled you; save me! I am Camille Desmoulins, the first apostle of freedom! It was I who gave you the national cockade; I called you to arms on the 14th July.' It was all in vain; the invectives of the mob redoubled as they passed under the windows of Robespierre, who grew pale at the noise. The indignation of Camille Desmoulins at this proof of their mutability was so excessive that he tore his shirt; and though his hands were tied behind his back; his coat came off in venting his feelings on the people. At the Palais Royal he said—'It is here that, four years ago, I called the people to arms for the Revolution. Had Marat lived, he would have been beside us.' Danton held his head erect, and cast a calm and intrepid look around him. 'Do not disquiet yourself,' said he, 'with that vile mob.' At the foot of the scaffold he advanced to embrace Héroult de Séchelles, who held out his arms to receive him. The executioner interposed. 'What!' said he, with a bitter smile, 'are you more cruel than death itself? Begone! you cannot at least prevent our lips from soon meeting in that bloody basket.' For a moment after, he was softened, and said—'O my beloved! O my wife! O my children! shall I never see you more?' But immediately checking himself, he exclaimed—'Danton, recollect yourself; no weakness!' Héroult de Séchelles ascended first, and died firmly. Camille Desmoulins regained his firmness in the last hour. His fingers, with convulsive grasp, held a lock of Lucile's hair, the last relic of this world which he took to the edge of the next. He approached the fatal spot, looked calmly at the axe, yet red with the blood of his friend, and said, 'The monsters who assassinate me will not long survive my fall. Convey my hair to my mother-in-law.'

"Danton ascended with a firm step, and said to the executioner—'You will show my head to the people, after my death; it is worth the pains.' These were his last words. The executioner obeyed the injunction after the axe had fallen, and carried the head around the scaffold. The people clapped their hands!

"The wife of Camille Desmoulins, a young woman of twenty-three, to whom he was passionately attached, wandered round the prison of the Luxembourg, in which her husband was confined, night and day during his detention. The gardens where she now gave vent to her grief had been the scene of their first loves; from his cell windows her husband could see the spot where they had met in the days of their happiness. Her distracted appearance, with some hints dropped in the jails by the prisoners as to their hopes of being delivered by the aid of the people, during the excitement produced by the trial of Danton and his friends, led to a fresh prosecution for a 'conspiracy in the prisons,' which was made the means of sweeping off twenty-five persons of wholly different principles and parties at one fell swoop. The apostate bishop Gobel, Chaumette, the well-known and once formidable prosecutor of the municipality, the widow of Hébert, the widow of Camille Desmoulins, Arthur Dillon, a remnant of the Dantonists, and twenty others of inferior note, were indicted together for the crimes of having 'conspired together against the liberty and security of the French people, endeavoured to trouble the state by civil war, to arm the citizens against each other, and against the lawful authority; in virtue of which they proposed, in the present month, to dissolve the national representation, assassinate its members, destroy the republican government, gain possession of the sovereignty of the people, and give a tyrant to the state.' . . . They were all condemned, after a long trial, and the vital difference between them appeared in their last moments. The infamous Gobel wept from weakness; the atrocious Chaumette was almost lifeless from terror; but the widow of Desmoulins exhibited on the scaffold the heroism of Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday, and died rejoicing in the hope of rejoining her lost husband. She did not appear with the undaunted air of those heroines, but she showed equal firmness. She died not for her country, but for her husband; love, not patriotism, inspired her last moments. Her beauty, her innocence, the knowledge that she was the victim of her humanity, produced universal commiseration."

"Eight thousand prisoners were soon accumulated in the different places of confinement in Paris; the number throughout France exceeded two hundred

thousand. The condition of such a multitude of captives was necessarily miserable in the extreme; the prisons of the Conciergerie, of the Force, and the Mairie, were more horrible than any in Europe. All the comforts which, during the first months of the Reign of Terror, were allowed to the captives of fortune, had of late been withdrawn. Such luxuries, it was said, were an insupportable indulgence to the rich aristocrats, while, without the prison walls, the poor were starving for want. In consequence they established refectories, where the whole prisoners, of whatever rank or sex, were allowed only the coarsest and most unwholesome fare. None were permitted to purchase better provisions for themselves; and, to prevent the possibility of their doing so, a rigorous search was made for money of every description, which was all taken from the captives. Some were even denied the sad consolation of hearing their misfortunes together, and to the terrors of solitary confinement were added those of death, which daily became more urgent and inevitable. The prodigious numbers who were thrust into the prisons, far exceeding all possible accommodation, produced the most frightful filth in some places, the most insupportable crowding in all: and, as the ineffable result of these, joined to the scanty fare and deep depression of these gloomy abodes, contagion made rapid progress, and mercifully relieved many from their sufferings. But this only aggravated the sufferings of the survivors; the bodies were overlooked or forgotten, and often not removed for days together. Not content with the real terrors which they presented, the ingenuity of the jailers was exerted to produce imaginary anxiety; the long nights were frequently interrupted by visits from the executioners, solely intended to excite alarm; the few hours of sleep allowed to the victims were broken by the rattling of chains and unbaring of doors, to induce the belief that their fellow-prisoners were about to be led to the scaffold; and the warrants for death against eighty persons in one place of confinement, were made the means of keeping six hundred in agony."

"From the farthest extremities of France crowds of prisoners daily arrived at the gates of the Conciergerie, which successively sent forth its bands of victims to the scaffold. Grey hairs and youthful forms; countenances blooming with health, and faces worn with suffering; beauty and talent, rank and virtue, were indiscriminately rolled together to the fatal doors. . . . Sixty persons often arrived in a day, and as many were on the following morning sent out to execution. Night and day the cars incessantly discharged victims into the prisons: weeping mothers and trembling orphans, grey-haired sires and youthful innocents, were thrust in without mercy with the brave and the powerful: the young, the beautiful, the unfortunate, seemed in a peculiar manner the prey of the assassins. Nor were the means of emptying the prisons augmented in a less fearful progression. Fifteen only were at first placed on the chariot, but the number was soon augmented to thirty, and gradually rose to seventy or eighty persons, who daily were sent forth to the place of execution; when the fall of Robespierre put a stop to the murders, arrangements had been made for increasing the daily number to one hundred and fifty. An immense aqueduct, to remove the gore, had been dug from the Seine as far as the Place St. Antoine, where latterly the executions took place; and four men were daily employed in emptying the blood of the victims into that reservoir."

"The female prisoners, on entering the jails, and frequently during the course of their detention, were subjected to indignities so shocking that they were often worse than death itself. Under the pretence of searching for concealed articles, money, or jewels, they were obliged to undress in presence of their brutal jailers, who, if they were young or handsome, subjected them to searches of the most rigorous and revolting description. . . . A bed of straw alone awaited the prisoners when they arrived in their wretched cells: the heat was such, from the multitudes thrust into them, that they were to be seen crowding to the windows, with pale and cadaverous countenances, striving through the bars to inhale the fresh air. Fathers and mothers, surrounded by their weeping children, long remained locked in each other's arms, in agonies of grief, when the fatal hour of separation arrived. The parents were in general absorbed in the solemn reflections which the near approach of death seldom fails