

the unfortunates, who were animated by hope that a miracle might yet save them from death. They implored their aid, already exulting secretly, or aloud: "Let the headsman be disappointed; the guillotine must have once a day of rest; not once, but often, for ever. We are tired with the headsman's performance."

But Henriot was not bribed by such sentimentalities. He would not violate his duty, and felt not inclined to interest himself in the safety of one single head.

"Away," he cried, drawing his sword. "Make room for the condemned."

His gendarmes rode amidst the crowd, threatening to strike down by force any resistance. They were answered with cries, with threats. There was a strange, variable excitement among the crowd, which with a low murmur fell back.

The thoughts of the people had not arrived yet at that energy which turned them into deeds; but the thoughts existed that the reign of blood must be stopped. The street was free again; heavily and slowly the carts moved on, the crowd looking after them till they had disappeared round the corner.

The meeting of the Assembly had now closed; the members of the convention were coming through the large gates of the Tuileries, singly and in groups, but all in the greatest excitement. Some were silently hurrying away, while others, with violent gesticulations, quarrelling and inciting each other, were crossing the court-yard of the castle to reach the street—the countenances of some depicting anger, rage, or fear, while the eyes of others beamed with joy and triumph.

The crowd surrounding the castle made timidly and respectfully room for a number of deputies who, pale and occupied with gloomy thoughts, were silently approaching. It was Robespierre with his friends. It could be distinctly perceived that he was beaten. But he still appeared in the eyes of the people as the power which could carry destruction. Until such giants are lying on the ground, their fall is not credited. And truly, even those who had worked his first defeat, and who had sworn to vanquish him, had their doubts if they would succeed in completely carrying out their intentions. The decisive battle was now to come, and both parties were preparing for it.

After the meeting was over, Tallien and his friends went to the national palace to dine at one of the restaurants. They deliberated what steps to take, to keep up the victory of this day, and to win the main battle the next day. At all events, Robespierre required strength and reinforcement to avenge his defeat; he must know that "to be or not to be" was for him the question of which the conspirators, on their part, were fully convinced. They must not be idle; they must stir to deal with all force the powerful blow; they must watch, listen, look around, lest the enemy might unawares surprise them. He who was at once the most courageous, cautious and prudent, would gain over night the advantage of carrying the decision for the next day.

"Let us follow him close on his heels," said Tallien, glowing with passion and a desire for action; "let us like the furies persecute him till he is prostrate. Collot, are you going with me to the Jacobin club?"

"To the Jacobins?" replied he. "Yes, there we are sure to meet Robespierre. There is his parliament, his guard, his people; there he will seek consolation for to-day and aid for to-morrow. But I have still some influence with the club; I am listened to, and known as a good patriot."

"For this very reason, friend, I, too, have friends and followers there. We must try to check-mate Robespierre also in the club. The Jacobins, likewise, are tired of his tyranny. If we incite them against him, we hit him in his most vital part."

"It will be difficult," argued Fréron. "He has flattered the Jacobins by telling them that they are more respected than the convention, and they, in fact, imagine themselves to be no more a club, but a court of censure for all authorities, a kind of upper-convention."

"Let us, nevertheless, make a trial," said Collot d'Herbois resolutely. "If we achieve nothing better, we attain by watching Robespierre that we hear and see what he is doing, and how he will endeavour to save himself. Afterwards we can act, friends. We must be at our post during the whole night."

"Under any circumstances," affirmed Barras, "Tallien's residence must be our head-quarters."

"After the sitting of the Jacobins I will meet you at my house," replied Tallien. "Let the friends in the mean time not be idle. Ask them, and make them swear, to remain firm, and not to be alarmed to-morrow at the fall of Robespierre. He must fall; the convention, we have learned, is no more on his side. But now we must act with all energy, and strike the iron while it is hot."

"Provided that the partisans of Robespierre will not outdo us with a coup de main!" remarked Billaud anxiously. "I am almost afraid there will be no more meetings of the convention."

"What faint-heartedness!" scolded Tallien, alarmed at these words.

"It is not faint-heartedness, Tallien. Ah, truly, if there is yet a convention to-morrow, I will show you that I will hunt Robespierre, like a hound does the deer, and not let him loose till he is caught. But imagine only his position: most in the convention, which was his slave, are against him; there is every possibility that he will be ejected, and lose all his offices in the committees of the public and general safety, losing by expected, his liberty and life. What would each of us do in such a position? He would use desperate means, and I think Robespierre is capable of doing it. His creatures are members of the commune, and one of them is Henriot, commanding the troops. If the Jacobin club should make a revolution in favour of Robespierre, what can we do? Henriot, with his gendarmes, will ride over us, and the artillery of the national guards will shoot the convention down, if it does not submit to the ambition of Robespierre. Or he will make himself dictator, and command the gendarmes to arrest us in our beds, or to-morrow on our road to the Tuileries, which he will have garrisoned with pikemen."

The conspirators silently listened to this recital of the coming events according to Billaud's fancy. They had to confess that this fancy could become reality, and that they could not call forth the physical power of preventing such a coup d'état, or of opposing it successfully.

"Let us run the risk," at last exclaimed Tallien. "Such conquests of a whole empire cannot be so quickly achieved by a single man who has no claim to it, no moral cause. What

you say, Robespierre may think, intend, even attempt to carry out; but I do not believe that the people, even the Jacobin club, will agree to acts of violence against the convention. Robespierre would break the laws, betray the country—by such means he would not inspire the *Sans-culottes*, still less the troops."

"At all events, we must prevent such acts of violence by doing our duty," added Collot. "In one hour I, as president of the convention, can call a meeting; five minutes later Robespierre could be declared outlawed. But let us occupy ourselves not with what is possible, but what is in our power to do. Let us think of counterming all plans which Robespierre with his faction may project, and to-morrow we shall achieve that he will be accused by the convention, and that we purge the legislative body of the nation of men who will degrade us to becoming their slaves."

"Yes, yes!" cried Tallien in feverish excitement; "he must be vanquished! I have to defend my head and love against him! I know what I have to do."

With these words he rose, and drawing a dagger, brandished it with a threatening gesture and then quickly concealed it again. They then separated, and Tallien with Collot repaired to the Jacobin club. It had now become dark; the suffocating, dusty July air was now more tolerable. In the streets there was still more excitement than at noon; there were groups of curious and excited people everywhere. In the church, where the powerful Jacobin club, the mother society of many formidable daughters in the departments, held every evening its regular meetings, there was a throng of wildly gesticulating Jacobins. The rows of seats forming a semicircle, each slightly elevated above the other, were densely packed with Jacobins; the passages were no less so—with the exception of the centre, round the tribune, where there was a small space unoccupied. Thither a few lamps threw their reddish light, darkened by dust and tobacco-smoke; the upper rows being almost in the dark, while the Jacobin caps reflected a red glare.

When Tallien and Collot had entered and advanced a few steps, a bell was heard powerfully tinkling in the centre of the church, in which the convention of the Parisian Jacobins, the guards of the government of blood and terror, were administering justice. The bell rang again, and a gasping, unmelodious voice was heard. The noise had subsided; the voice became more violent, creaking and ugly. Now it sank into a low plaintive tone, then it sprang forth penetrating with its alarming sounds to the entrance of the church.

"Hearken," whispered Collot to Tallien. "The good, noble and irreparable Robespierre exhibits his sorrow, his uncommon virtues! Ah, how they are affected!"

"How he complains of the bad treatment, of the ingratitude which has befallen him to-day!" replied Tallien in the same low tone. "Eh, he produces his discourse from this morning!"

"Which failed. Thus we must listen to it a second time." Furious cries and shouts of applause suddenly filled the building. The Jacobins were applauding their master, expressing to him their sympathy on account of the treatment he had received in the convention.

"What do you say to it?" anxiously asked Tallien to his friend.

"I almost tremble," he replied. "If Billaud was right!" New stormy acclamations followed. Robespierre was scarcely able to speak. But he beckoned, and the multitude became silent, while he continued delivering the discourse which had lost its effect in the convention. All eyes were rivetted on his lips, and now and then he was interrupted by expressions of adoration, by exclamations of rage against his enemies.

"If we are observed, our lives will be in danger," said Collot, stepping further into the shade.

"Never mind. It is well for us to notice how dangerous it would be to temporize. We are lost if we are not beforehand."

Again thundering applause. Robespierre had finished his discourse, and with happy looks faced the assembly. He then added in a tone of sorrow:

"Brethren! The discourse which you have heard is my dying will."

They were beside themselves when they heard these words and noticed this look of a martyr.

"No! no!" they shouted. "You shall live, or we will die with you!"

They extended to him their hands, expressing their impetuosity to follow him; that he had only to command, and they were ready to destroy his enemies. But Robespierre shook his head.

"Yes," he continued, "it is my dying will. I saw it to day, the league of the wicked is so strong that I cannot hope to escape it. I fall without regret. I leave to you my memory; it will be dear to you, and you will defend it."

The Jacobins rose, their passions were at their height. They rushed towards the tribune on which Robespierre yet stood, as if he was pleased to act the part of an adored, a martyr enjoying before-hand how after his death sorrow and mourning would honour his memory.

"Do you hear?" whispered Tallien. "He has given up all hope; he surrenders."

"It is hypocrisy!" replied Collot.

"It may be; but evidently he does not think of an act of violence."

The tumult was increasing. A crowd of men was thronging round Robespierre, shouting, threatening, cursing, asking and imploring.

"We will force the convention to dissent!" cried Henriot, madly gesticulating. "I will have every one massacred!"

"The ruffians! we will turn them out!"

"The insurrection is a holy duty. Robespierre is the father of the country. If he falls, the republic, liberty will fall!"

"Speak! speak!" they cried. "Tell us what to do!"

Robespierre's eyes sparkled, and he said in a sharp, irritated tone, betraying his suppressed anger:

"Be it so, brethren! Separate the wicked from the weak! Deliver the convention from the wretches who oppress it. March and save the country! If, in spite of all these efforts, we must fall, well, my friends, you will see me drink the hemlock calmly."

"We all will fall with you," shouted a thousand lips. "He who falls with you falls for the country."

"You shall not die!"

"Robespierre," exclaimed a Jacobin, the painter David, "I will drink the hemlock with you."

The two conspirators had become pale with fright at this threatening turn of the public opinion. They felt that these

fanatics required but a sign to rush wildly into the street and attempt the assassination of all the enemies of Robespierre.

"Let us now go," said Tallien, and both pressed forward to the entrance in the midst of the furious mass which was streaming forth into the street.

"To the Hôtel de Ville!" they cried. "Down with the convention. Long live Robespierre!"

"Dictature! dictature! Death to all bad patriots! Death to the enemies of Robespierre!"

"Here are two of these ruffians!" suddenly called a rough voice near the entrance, just as Tallien and Collot tried to pass through the narrow door. They saw the Jacobin point at them, and the men that surrounded them stop.

"Who?" was wildly asked. "Who are they?"

"Do you not know Tallien? Do you not know Collot d'Herbois, who, some weeks ago, escaped the dagger? They are traitors!"

"A dreadful tumult arose; sticks were lifted in the air; knives glittered; Collot was seized by the collar. He was in imminent danger.

"Stop!" cried Tallien with great energy, and his angry countenance intimidated the mass. "If you know us, you must be aware that we have proved our patriotism. What does this wretch here want?"

"Ho, ho!" replied this man; "I know that you were grumbling to-day in the convention when Robespierre was speaking. It is you who are conspiring."

"What?" recommenced Tallien. "Is Collot not a member of the committee of the public safety?"

The crowd which had been kept back by this episode at the entrance of the church, without knowing the reason, now pressed impetuously forward, carrying those who had stopped the passage before them.

"Out with them!" furiously cried several voices round Tallien and Collot. "Hang these ruffians at the lamp-post!"

They struck and railed at Collot. But he had, leaning on Tallien's arm, already reached the street, and had an opportunity to disappear among the crowd. Darkness did the rest to free him from danger.

Tallien's dwelling, whither both were hastening, looked like head-quarters. People came to report, went away to reconnoitre the enemy, and to make new preparations for the decisive struggle.

Both friends, who were still much excited by the danger they had escaped, were received with the greatest anxiety, and inquisitively asked what had passed at the meeting of the Jacobins.

"Nothing but uproar and disturbance prevailed," uttered Collot in the greatest rage, showing the disorder in his toilette made by the violent attacks upon him. "They attempt to take our lives, but they shall not succeed."

"Yes, friends," added Tallien, "we must be prepared to defend ourselves. The Jacobins are conducting Robespierre to the Hôtel de Ville to make him dictator. There will be a rebellion, and they will try to assassinate us; I dread this night."

"St. Just is sent to all the prisons with the order that no one shall enter nor leave the prisons within twenty-four hours, upon pain of death!" reported Billaud.

Barras came rushing in, exclaiming:

"It is said that Henriot is collecting the national guards."

"Let us wait and see what they are going to do," said Tallien encouragingly. "The enemy is assembling; our care must be to receive him resolutely. Let us away, friends, to the street to reconnoitre. At three in the morning we will meet here again. Perhaps we shall then be better informed."

Every one went his way to observe the preparations of the enemy. Morning was dawning, yet the streets of Paris were not deserted by people. Quick messengers were flying past the gloomy looking groups of men who with their pikes were stamping the pavement, waiting for further orders from the Hôtel de Ville.

To be continued

CONDENSED HISTORY OF STEAM.

About two hundred and eighty years B. C., Hies, of Alexandria, formed a toy which exhibited some of the powers of steam, and was moved by its power.

A. D. 450, Anthemius, an architect, arranged several caldrons of water, each covered with the wide bottom of the leather tube, which rose to a narrow top, from which pipes extended to the rafters of the adjoining building. A fire was kindled beneath the caldrons, and the house was shaken by the efforts of the steam ascending the tubes. This is the first notice of the power of steam recorded.

In 1543, June 17, Blasco D. Garoy tried a steamboat of 200 tons with tolerable success at Barcelona, Spain. It consisted of a caldron of boiling water under a moveable wheel on each side of the ship. It was laid aside as impracticable. A present, however, was made to Garoy.

In 1690, the first railroad was constructed at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The first idea of a steam-engine in England, was in the Marquis of Winchester's "History of Inventions," A. D. 1663.

In 1710, Newcomer made the first steam-engine in England.

In 1718, patents were granted to Savery for the first application of the steam-engine.

In 1764, James Watt made the first perfect steam-engine in England.

In 1736, Jonathan Hulls set forth the idea of steam navigation.

In 1773, Thomas Paine at first proposed this application in America.

In 1781, Marquis Jouffroy constructed one on the Saone.

In 1785, two Americans published a work about it.

In 1789, William Tymington made a voyage in one on the Forth of Clyde Canal.

In 1802 this experiment was repeated.

In 1782, Ramsey propelled a boat by steam to New York.

In 1788, John Fitch, of Philadelphia, navigated a boat by a steam-engine on the Delaware.

In 1793, Robert Fulton first began to apply his attention to steam.

In 1793, Oliver Evans, a native of Philadelphia, constructed a locomotive steam-engine to travel on a turnpike road.

The first steam vessel that crossed the Atlantic, was the "Savannah," June, 1817, from Charleston to Liverpool.