

of whom he spoke, they galled to the quick the high pontiff, who had so lately conducted the new and singular system of worship which his influence had been employed to engraft upon the genuine atheism natural to jacobinism.

Robespierre felt he could not remain long in this situation—that there were no means of securing himself where he stood—that he must climb higher, or fall—and that every moment in which he supported insults and endured menaces without making his vengeance felt, brought with it a diminution of his power. He seems to have hesitated between combat and flight. Among his papers, according to the report of Courtois, who examined them, was found an obscure intimation, that he had acquired a competent property, and entertained thoughts of retiring, at the close of his horrible career, after the example of the celebrated Sylla. It was a letter from some unknown confidant, unsigned and undated, containing the following singular passage:—"You must employ all your dexterity to escape from the scene on which you are now once more to appear, in order to leave it for ever. Your having attained the president's chair will be but one step to the guillotine through a rabble who will spit upon you as you pass, as they did upon Egalité. Since you have collected a treasure sufficient to maintain you for a long time, as well as those for whom you have made provision, I will expect you with anxiety, that we may enjoy a hearty laugh together at the expense of a nation as credulous as it is greedy of novelty." If, however, he had really formed such a plan, which would not have been inconsistent with his base spirit, the means of accomplishing it were probably never perfected.

At length, his fate urged him on to the encounter. Robespierre descended to the convention, where he had of late but rarely appeared, like the far nobler dictator of Rome; and in his case also, a band of senators was ready to poniard the tyrant on the spot, had they not been afraid of the popularity he was supposed to enjoy, and which they feared might render them instant victims to the revenge of the jacobins. The speech which Robespierre addressed to the convention was as menacing as the first distant rustle of the hurricane, and dark and lurid as the eclipse which announces its approach. Anxious murmurs had been heard among the populace who filled the tribunes, or crowded the entrances of the hall of the convention, indicating that a second 31st of May (being the day on which the jacobins proscribed the Girondists) was about to witness a similar operation.

The first theme of the gloomy orator was the display of his own virtues and his services as a patriot, distinguishing as enemies to their country all whose opinions were contrary to his own. He then reviewed successively the various departments of the government, and loaded them in turn with censure and contempt. He declaimed against the supineness of the committees of public safety and public security, as if the guillotine had never been in exercise; and he accused the committee of finance of having *counter-revolutionized* the revenues of the republic. He enlarged with no less bitterness on withdrawing the artillerymen (always violent jacobins) from Paris, and on the mode of management adopted in the conquered countries of Belgium. It seemed as if he wished to collect within the same lists all the functionaries of the state, and in the same breath to utter defiance to them all.

The usual honorary motion was made to print the discourse; but then the storm of opposition broke forth, and many speakers vociferously demanded, that before so far adopting the grave inculpations which it contained, the discourse should be referred to the two committees. Robespierre in his turn exclaimed, that this was subjecting his speech to the partial criticism and revision of the very parties whom he had accused. Exculpations and defences were heard on all sides against the charges which had been thus sweepingly brought forward; and there were many deputies who complained in no obscure terms of individual tyranny, and of a conspiracy on foot to outlaw and murder such part of the convention as might be disposed to offer resistance. Robespierre was but feebly supported, except by Saint Just, Couthon, and by his own brother. After a stormy debate, in which the convention were alternately swayed by their fear and their hatred of Robes-

pierre, the discourse was finally referred to the committees, instead of being printed; and the haughty and sullen dictator saw, in the open slight thus put on his measures and opinions, the sure mark of his approaching fall.

He carried his complaints to the jacobin club, to repose, as he expressed it, his patriotic sorrows in their virtuous bosoms, where alone he hoped to find succour and sympathy. To this partial audience he renewed, in a tone of yet greater audacity, the complaints with which he had loaded every branch of the government, and the representative body itself. He reminded those around him of various heroic eras, when their presence and their pikes had decided the votes of the trembling deputies. He reminded them of their pristine actions of revolutionary vigour—asked them if they had forgotten the road to the convention, and concluded by pathetically assuring them, that if they forsook him, "he stood resigned to his fate; and they should behold with what courage he would drink the fatal hemlock." The artist David, caught him by the hand as he closed, exclaiming, in rapture at his elocution, "I will drink it with thee."

The distinguished painter has been reproached, as having, on the subsequent day, declined the pledge which he seemed so eagerly to embrace. But there were many of his original opinion, at the time he expressed it so boldly; and had Robespierre possessed either military talents, or even decided courage, there was nothing to have prevented him from placing himself that very night at the head of a desperate insurrection of the jacobins and their followers.

Payan, the successor of Hébert, actually proposed that the jacobins should instantly march against the two committees, which Robespierre charged with being the focus of the anti-revolutionary machinations, surprise their handful of guards, and stifle the evil with which the state was menaced, even in the very cradle. This plan was deemed too hazardous to be adopted, although it was one of those sudden and master-strokes of policy which Machiavel would have recommended. The fire of the jacobins spent itself in tumult and threatening, and in expelling from the bosom of their society Collot d'Herbois, Tallien, and about thirty other deputies of the Mountain party, whom they considered as specially leagued to effect the downfall of Robespierre, and whom they drove from their society with execrations, and even blows.

Collot d'Herbois, thus outraged, went straight from the meeting of the jacobins to the place where the committee of public safety was still sitting, in consultation on the report which they had to make to the convention the next day upon the speech of Robespierre. Saint Just, one of their number, though warmly attached to the dictator, had been intrusted by the committee with the delicate task of drawing up that report. It was a step towards reconciliation; but the entrance of Collot d'Herbois, frantic with the insults he had received, broke off all hope of accommodation between the friends of Danton and those of Robespierre. D'Herbois exhausted himself in threats against Saint Just, Couthon, and their master, Robespierre, and they parted on terms of mortal and avowed enmity. Every exertion was now used by the associated conspirators against the power of Robespierre, to collect and combine against him the whole forces of the convention, to alarm the deputies of the Plain with fears for themselves, and to awaken the rage of the Mountaineers, against whose throat the dictator now waved the sword, which their short-sighted policy had placed in his hands. Lists of proscribed deputies were handed around, said to have been copied from the tablets of the dictator: genuine or false, they obtained universal credit and currency; and those whose names stood on the fatal scrolls, engaged themselves for protection in the league against their enemy. The opinion that his fall could not be delayed now became general.

This sentiment was so commonly entertained in Paris on the 9th Thermidor, or 27th of July, that a herd of about eighty victims, who were in the act of being dragged to the guillotine, were nearly saved by means of it. The people, in a generous burst of compassion, began to gather in crowds, and

precautions for appealing for protection to the large mass of citizens, who, wearied out by the reign of terror, were desirous to close it at all hazards. They quickly had deputations from several of the neighbouring sections, declaring their adherence to the national representatives, in whose defence they were arming, and many (undoubtedly prepared beforehand) were marching in all haste to the protection of the convention. But they heard also the less pleasing tidings, that Henriot, having effected the dispersion of those citizens who had obstructed, as elsewhere mentioned, the execution of the eighty condemned persons, and consummated that final act of murder, was approaching the Tuileries, where they had held their sitting, with a numerous staff, and such of the jacobinical forces as could hastily be collected.

Happily for the convention, this commandant of the national guards, on whose presence of mind and courage the fate of France perhaps for the moment depended, was as stupid and cowardly as he was brutally ferocious. He suffered himself, without resistance, to be arrested by a few gens-d'armes, the immediate guards of the convention, headed by two of its members, who behaved in the emergency with equal prudence and spirit.

But fortune, or the demon whom he had served, afforded Robespierre another chance for safety, perhaps even for empire; for moments which a man of self-possession might have employed for escape, one of desperate courage might have used for victory, which, considering the divided and extremely unsettled state of the capital, was likely to be gained by the boldest competitor.

The arrested deputies had been carried from one prison to another, all the jailers refusing to receive under their official charge Robespierre, and those who had aided him in supplying their dark habitations with such a tide of successive inhabitants. At length, the prisoners were secured in the office of the committee of public safety. But by this time all was in alarm among the commune of Paris, where Fleuriot the mayor, and Payan, the successor of Hébert, convoked the civic body, despatched municipal officers to raise the city and the Faubourgs in their name, and caused the tocsin to be rung. Payan speedily assembled a force sufficient to liberate Henriot, Robespierre, and the other arrested deputies, and to carry them to the Hotel-de-Ville, where about two thousand men were congregated, consisting chiefly of artillerymen, and of insurgents from the suburbs of Saint Antoine, who already expressed their resolution of marching against the convention. But the selfish and cowardly character of Robespierre was unfit for such a crisis. He appeared altogether confounded and overwhelmed with what had passed and was passing around him; and not one of all the victims of the reign of terror felt its disabling influence so completely as he, the despot who had so long directed its sway. He had not, even though the means must have been in his power, the presence of mind to disperse money in considerable sums, which of itself would not have failed to ensure the support of the revolutionary rabble.

Meantime, the convention continued to maintain the bold and commanding front which they had so suddenly and critically assumed. Upon learning the escape of the arrested deputies, and hearing of the insurrection at the Hotel-de-Ville, they instantly passed a decree outlawing Robespierre and his associates, inflicting a similar doom upon the mayor of Paris, the procureur and other members of the commune, and charging twelve of their members, the boldest who could be selected, to proceed with the armed force to the execution of the sentence. The drums of the national guards now beat to arms in all the sections under authority of the convention, while the tocsin continued to summon assistance with its iron voice to Robespierre and the civic magistrates. Every thing appeared to threaten a violent catastrophe, until it was seen clearly that the public voice, and especially among the national guards, was declaring itself generally against the Terrorists.

The Hotel-de-Ville was surrounded by about fifteen hundred men, and cannon turned upon the doors. The force of the assailants was weakest in

point of number, but their leaders were men of spirit, and might concealed their inferiority of force.

The deputies commissioned for the purpose read the decree of the assembly to those whom they found assembled in front of the city-hall, and they shrunk from the attempt of defending it, some joining the assailants, others laying down their arms and dispersing. Meantime, the deserted group of Terrorists within conducted themselves like scorpions, which, when surrounded by a circle of fire, are said to turn their stings on each other, and on themselves. Mutual and ferocious upbraiding took place among these miserable men. "Wretch, were these the means you promised to furnish?" said Payan to Henriot, whom he found intoxicated and incapable of resolution or exertion; and seizing on him as he spoke, he precipitated the revolutionary general from a window. Henriot survived the fall only to drag himself into a drain, in which he was afterward discovered and brought out to execution. The younger Robespierre threw himself from the window, but had not the good fortune to perish on the spot. It seemed as if even the melancholy fate of suicide, the last refuge of guilt and despair, was denied to men who had so long refused every species of mercy to their fellow-creatures. Le Bas alone had calmness enough to despatch himself with a pistol-shot. Saint Just, after imploring his comrades to kill him, attempted his own life with an irresolute hand, and failed. Couthon lay beneath the table brandishing a knife, with which he repeatedly wounded his bosom, without daring to add force enough to reach his heart. Their chief, Robespierre, in an unsuccessful attempt to shoot himself, had only inflicted a horrible fracture on his under jaw.

In this situation they were found like wolves in their lair, foul with blood, mutilated, despairing, and yet not able to die. Robespierre lay on a table in an ante-room, his head supported by a deal-box, and his hideous countenance half-hidden by a bloody and dirty cloth bound round the shattered chin.

The captives were carried in triumph to the convention, who, without admitting them to the bar, ordered them, as outlaws, for instant execution. As the fatal cars passed to the guillotine, those who filled them, but especially Robespierre, were overwhelmed with execrations from the friends and relatives of victims whom he had sent on the same melancholy road. The nature of his previous wound, from which the cloth had never been removed till the executioner tore it off, added to the torture of the sufferer. The shattered jaw dropped, and the wretch yelled aloud, to the horror of the spectators. A mask taken from that dreadful head was long exhibited in different nations of Europe, and appalled the spectator by its ugliness, and the mixture of fiendish expression with that of bodily agony.

Thus fell Maximilian Robespierre, after having been the first person in the French republic for nearly two years, during which time he governed it upon the principles of Nero or Caligula. His elevation to the situation which he held involved more contradictions than perhaps attach to any similar event in history. A low-born and low-minded tyrant was permitted to rule with the rod of the most frightful despotism a people whose anxiety for liberty had shortly before rendered them unable to endure the rule of a humane and lawful sovereign. A dastardly coward arose to the command of one of the bravest nations in the world; and it was under the auspices of a man who dared scarce fire a pistol that the greatest generals in France began their careers of conquest. He had neither eloquence nor imagination; but substituted in their stead a miserable, affected, bombastic style, which, until other circumstances gave him consequence, drew on him general ridicule. Yet, against so poor an orator, all the eloquence of the philosophical Girondists, all the terrible powers of his associate Danton, employed in a popular assembly, could not enable them to make an effectual resistance. It may seem trifling to mention, that in a nation where a good deal of prepossession is excited by amiable manners and beauty of external appearance, the person who ascended to the highest power was not only ill-looking, but singularly

mean in person, awkward and constrained in his address, ignorant how to set about pleasing, even when he most desired to give pleasure, and as tiresome nearly as he was odious and heartless.

To compensate all these deficiencies, Robespierre had but an insatiable ambition, founded on a vanity which made him think himself capable of filling the highest situation; and therefore gave him daring, when to dare is frequently to achieve. He mixed a false and overstrained, but rather fluent, species of bombastic composition, with the grossest flattery to the lowest classes of the people; in consideration of which, they could not but receive as genuine the praises which he always bestowed on himself. His prudent resolution to be satisfied with possessing the essence of power, without seeming to desire its rank and trappings, formed another art of cajoling the multitude. His watchful envy, his long-protracted but sure revenge, his craft, which to vulgar minds supplies the place of wisdom, were his only means of competing with his distinguished antagonists. And it seems to have been a merited punishment of the extravagances and abuses of the French revolution, that it engaged the country in a state of anarchy which permitted a wretch such as we have described, to be for a long period master of her destiny. Blood was his element, like that of the other Terrorists, and he never fastened with so much pleasure on a new victim, as when he was at the same time an ancient associate. In an epitaph, of which the following couplet may serve as a translation, his life was represented as incompatible with the existence of the human race:—

“Here lies Robespierre—let no tear be shed:
Reader, if he had lived, thou hadst been dead.”

LETTER XXVI.

Affairs of Republican France.—Napoleon Buonaparte, his Birth and early Habits—appointed Lieutenant of Artillery—promoted to the Rank of Captain—Siege of Toulon—Buonaparte compels the allied Troops to evacuate it—is appointed Chief of Battalion in the Army of Italy—superseded in Command—goes to Paris in May 1795 to solicit Employment, but is unsuccessful—at length succeeds Menou in the Command of the Troops of the Convention, and is made second in Command of the Interior—afterward General-in-Chief—marries Madame Beauharnois—joins the Army of Italy. A. D. 1793—1796.

WE are now, my son, arrived at that eventful epoch in the history of Modern Europe, when an individual appeared upon its theatre, who was formed by nature and destined by Providence to act a most conspicuous part, and by an unexampled career of successful warfare to draw upon himself the admiration of the universe: this individual was Napoleon Buonaparte, of whose origin and early history you will of course be desirous to obtain some little information.

This extraordinary man was a native of the island of Corsica, and, according to the best accounts, born on the 15th of August, 1769, at his father's home in Ajaccio. His family was noble, though not of much distinction, and at that time rather reduced in their circumstances. He was the second of thirteen children, eight of whom survived their father, namely, Joseph, the eldest, *some time* king of Spain—Napoleon himself—Lucien, who was scarcely inferior to his brother in ambition and talent—Louis, who renounced a crown rather than consent to the oppression of his subjects—Jerome, who was said to be addicted to habits of dissipation—and three sisters, viz., Maria Anne, afterward grand-dutchess of Tuscany—Pauline, princess of Borghese—and Carlotta, or Caroline, wife of Murat and queen of Naples.

The young Napoleon had, of course, the simple and hardy education proper to the natives of the mountainous island of his birth, and in his infancy was not remarkable for more than that animation of temper, and impatience of

inactivity, by which children of quick parts and lively sensibility are usually distinguished. On quitting school, he succeeded in obtaining an appointment to the royal military academy at Brienne, an institution maintained at the royal expense, having for its immediate object to train up youths for the engineer and artillery service. Nothing could be more suitable to the nature of young Buonaparte's genius, than the line of study which was thus fortunately opened before him. His ardour for the abstract sciences amounted to a passion, and was combined with a singular aptitude for applying them to the purposes of war, while his attention to pursuits so interesting and exhaustless in themselves was stimulated by his natural ambition and desire of distinction.

It is said, that an early disposition to the popular side distinguished Buonaparte even when at Brienne. Pichegru, afterward so celebrated, who acted as his monitor in the military school, bore witness to his early principles, and to the peculiar energy and tenacity of his temper. He was long afterward consulted whether means might not be found to engage the commander of the Italian armies in the royal interest. “It will be but lost time to attempt it,” said Pichegru. “I knew him in his youth—his character is inflexible—he has taken his side, and he will not change it.”

In 1783, Napoleon Buonaparte, then only fourteen years of age, was selected by the inspector of the twelve military schools, with a view to his being sent to have his education completed in the general school of Paris. It was a compliment paid to the precocity of his extraordinary mathematical talent, and the steadiness of his application. While at Paris he attracted the same notice as at Brienne, and among other society frequented that of the celebrated abbé Raynal, to whose literary parties he was also admitted. His appetite for study in every department of science and literature was thus greatly enlarged; and, notwithstanding the quantity which he daily read, his memory was sufficiently retentive to retain, and his judgment mature enough to arrange and digest the knowledge which he then acquired; so that he had it at his command during all the rest of his busy life. Plutarch was his favourite author; upon the study of whom he had so modelled his opinions and habits of thought, that general Paoli, the famous Corsican chief, afterward pronounced him “a young man of an antique cast, and resembling one of the classical heroes.”

In his seventeenth year Napoleon Buonaparte received his first commission as second lieutenant in a regiment of artillery, and was almost immediately afterward promoted to the rank of first lieutenant in the corps quartered at Valence. He mingled with society when he joined his regiment, more than he had been accustomed to do; mixed in public amusements, and exhibited the powers of pleasing, which he possessed in an uncommon degree, when he chose to exert them. His handsome and intelligent features, with his active and neat, though slight figure, gave him additional advantages. His manners could scarcely be called elegant, but he made up in vivacity and variety of expression, and frequently in great spirit and energy, what was deficient in grace and polish.

Napoleon has himself recorded that he was a warm patriot during the whole sitting of the national assembly; but that on the appointment of the legislative assembly, he became shaken in his opinions. If so, his original sentiments regained their force; for we shortly afterward find him entertaining such as went to the extreme heights of the revolution.

Early in the year 1792, Buonaparte became a captain in the artillery by seniority; and in the same year, being at Paris, he witnessed the two insurrections of the 20th of June and 10th of August, and was accustomed to speak of the insurgents as the most despicable banditti imaginable, and to express with what ease a determined officer could have checked these apparently formidable, but dastardly and unwieldy masses.

The siege of Toulon was the first incident of importance which enabled Buonaparte to distinguish himself in the eyes of the French government, and of the world at large. A general diffidence and dread of the proceedings

interrupted the melancholy procession, as if the power which presided over these hideous exhibitions had already been deprived of energy. But the hour was not come. The vile Henriot, commandant of the national guards, came up with fresh forces, and on the day destined to be the last of his own life, proved the means of carrying to execution this crowd of unhappy and doubtless innocent persons.

On this eventful day Robespierre arrived in the convention, and beheld the Mountain in close array and completely manned, while, as in the case of Catiline, the bench on which he himself was accustomed to sit seemed purposely deserted. Saint Just, Couthon, Le Bas (his brother-in-law), and the younger Robespierre, were the only deputies of name who stood prepared to support him. But could he make an effectual struggle, he might depend upon the aid of the servile Barrère, a sort of Belial in the convention, the meanest, yet not the least able, among those fallen spirits, who, with great adroitness and ingenuity, as well as wit and eloquence, caught opportunities as they arose, and was eminently dexterous in being always strong upon the strongest, and safe upon the safest side. There was a tolerably numerous party ready, in times so dangerous, to attach themselves to Barrère, as a leader who professed to guide them to safety if not to honour; and it was the existence of this vacillating and uncertain body, whose ultimate motions could never be calculated upon, which rendered it impossible to presage with assurance the event of any debate in the convention during this dangerous period.

Saint Just arose, in the name of the committee of public safety, to make, after his own manner, not theirs, a report on the discourse of Robespierre on the previous evening. He had begun an harangue in the tone of his patron, declaring that, were the tribune which he occupied the Tarpeian rock itself, he would not the less, placed as he stood there, discharge the duties of a patriot.—“I am about,” he said, “to lift the veil.”—“I tear it asunder,” said Tallien, interrupting him. “The public interest is sacrificed by individuals, who come hither to speak exclusively in their own name, and conduct themselves as superior to the whole convention.” He forced Saint Just from the tribune, and a violent debate ensued.

Billaud Varennes called the attention of the assembly to the sitting of the jacobin club on the preceding evening. He declared the military force of Paris was placed under the command of Henriot, a traitor and a parricide, who was ready to march the soldiers whom he commanded against the convention. He denounced Robespierre himself as a second Catiline, artful as well as ambitious, whose system it had been to nurse jealousies and inflame dissensions in the convention, so as to disunite parties, and even individuals, from each other, attack them in detail, and thus destroy those antagonists separately, upon whose combined and united strength he dared not have looked.

The convention echoed with applause every violent expression of the orator, and when Robespierre sprang to the tribune, his voice was drowned by a general shout of “Down with the tyrant!” Tallien moved the denunciation of Robespierre, with the arrest of Henriot, his staff-officers, and of others connected with the meditated violence on the convention. He had undertaken to lead the attack upon the tyrant, he said, and to poniard him in the convention itself, if the members did not show courage enough to enforce the law against him. With these words he brandished an unsheathed poniard as if about to make his purpose good. Robespierre still struggled hard to obtain audience, but the tribune was adjudged to Barrère; and the part taken against the fallen dictator by that versatile and self-interested statesman, was the most absolute sign that his overthrow was irrevocable. Torrents of invective were now uttered from every quarter of the hall, against him whose single word was wont to hush it into silence.

The scene was dreadful; yet not without its use to those who may be disposed to look at it as an extraordinary crisis, in which human passions were brought so singularly into collision. While the vaults of the hall echoed

with exclamations from those who had hitherto been the accomplices, the flatterers, the followers, at least the timid and overawed assentators to the dethroned demagogue—he himself, breathless, foaming, exhausted, like the hunter of classical antiquity when on the point of being overpowered and torn to pieces by his own hounds, tried in vain to raise those screech-owl notes, by which the convention had formerly been terrified and put to silence. He appealed for a hearing from the president of the assembly, to the various parties of which it was composed. Rejected by the Mountaineers, his former associates, who now headed the clamour against him, he applied to the Girondists, few and feeble as they were, and to the more numerous but equally helpless deputies of the Plain, with whom they sheltered. The former shook him from them with disgust, the last with horror. It was in vain he reminded individuals that he had spared their lives, while at his mercy. This might have been applied to every member in the house; to every man in France; for who was it during two years that had lived on other terms than under Robespierre's permission? and deeply must he internally have regretted the clemency, as he might term it, which had left so many with ungnashed throats to bay at him. But his agitated and repeated appeals were repulsed by some with indignation, by others with sullen or embarrassed and timid silence.

A British historian must say, that even Robespierre ought to have been heard in his defence: and that such calmness would have done honour to the convention, and dignified their final sentence of condemnation. As it was, they no doubt treated the guilty individual according to his deserts; but they fell short of that regularity and manly staidness of conduct which was due to themselves and to the law, and which would have given to the punishment of the demagogue the effect and weight of a solemn and deliberate sentence, in place of its seeming the result of the hasty and precipitate seizure of a temporary advantage.

Haste was, however, necessary, and must have appeared more so at such a crisis than perhaps it really was. Much must be pardoned to the terrors of the moment, the horrid character of the culprit, and the necessity of hurrying to a decisive conclusion. We have been told that his last audible words, contending against the exclamations of hundreds, and the bell which the president was ringing incessantly, and uttered in the highest tones which despair could give to a voice naturally shrill and discordant, dwelt long on the memory, and haunted the dreams of many who heard him:—“President of assassins,” he screamed, “for the last time I demanded privilege of speech!”—After this exertion his breath became short and faint; and while he still uttered broken murmurs, and hoarse ejaculations, the members of the Mountain called out, that the blood of Danton choked his voice.

The tumult was closed by a decree of arrest against Robespierre, his brother, Couthon, and Saint Just; Le Bas was included on his own motion, and indeed could scarce have escaped the fate of his brother-in-law, though his conduct, then and subsequently, showed more energy than that of the others. Couthon, hugging in his bosom the spaniel upon which he was wont to exhaust the overflowing of his affected sensibility, appealed to his decrepitude, and asked whether, maimed of proportion and activity as he was, he could be suspected of nourishing plans of violence or ambition.—“Wretch,” said Legendre, “thou hast the strength of Hercules for the perpetration of crime.” Dumas, president of the revolutionary tribunal, with Henriot, commandant of the national guards, and other satellites of Robespierre, were included in the doom of arrest.

The officers of the legislative body were ordered to lay hands on Robespierre; but such was the terror of his name, that they hesitated for some time to obey, and the reluctance of their own immediate satellites afforded the convention an indifferent omen of the respect which was likely to be paid without doors to their decree against this powerful demagogue. Subsequent events seemed for a while to confirm the apprehensions thus excited.

The convention had declared their sitting permanent, and had taken all
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