

despair in the minds of the evicted which have so often and so unhappily stimulated these victims to a recourse to the wild justice of revenge. In doing so, you will assist in preserving for our movement that peaceable character which has enabled it to win its most recent and almost crowning triumph, while you will strengthen it to bear oppression and encourage our people until the final goal of legislative independence has been won.—Of the success of this appeal I have no doubt, and notwithstanding the terrible dangers of the future, I am confident that Ireland will emerge from this final struggle with her honour untarnished and her cause triumphant.

J. E. REDMOND.

FALSE FREEDOM.

A TALE OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

(From the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.)

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"Ah," cried a harmonious and sonorous voice, "so they have come to trying corpses, and condemning the dead to the guillotine!"

The president turned in a fury to the side of the amphitheatre whence the voice had issued. Bernard-Emile rose, and made him a low bow.

"As for you," said Dumas, "I shall talk to you by-and-by. Take away that carrion, and bring it to life by some means or other—by hot iron—do you hear? To-morrow his case shall be disposed of. And now, let me see. Here, you, girl, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Citizen President," began Lise—

"Enough, enough; you are the daughter of this scoundrel, whose guilt, if it were not quite certain already, would be proved by his terror. You are his beloved daughter, then you are his accomplice. What answer have you to make to this? None. Sit down. The matter is heard."

"Citizen President," said Lise, "I swear to you that my virtuous father is calumniated. There has never been a citizen more devoted to the Republic, to the democracy—"

"They all say that, poor fool! You are not cunning, at least. Tush! When the Republic was not strong they threw mud at her. Now they tremble, and, like vile hypocrites as they are, they embrace that they may stifle her. And you, citizen, who have such a glib tongue, who are you? Eh?"

Bernard-Emile rose, and at the same moment a pellet of chewed and sticky paper, flung by Vlate, one of the jury, and accompanied by a roar of laughter, hit him in the face. This pleasantry was imitated by some of Vlate's colleagues, while the others frowned at the proceeding. The fact was that Dubarran had succeeded in getting the ear of a certain number of the jury, and reckoned upon the acquittal of his son.

"I am named Bernard-Emile La Raison, Chef de Bataillon in the Army in the North. I was sent to Paris on a mission to the National Convention, to relate to the fathers of the country the exploits of those brave men who have shed their blood in its defence."

"Ah, indeed! That is all very fine, but we are not to be taken in by it. You are not accused of cowardice; your accomplice, Dubois, has secured all of that commodity there is going to his own share. As for bravery, that proves nothing. We have condemned hundreds of aristocrats who were quite as brave as you. It is civism that the Republic requires, and not bravery."

"Courage is indeed useless to the Republic," answered Bernard, quietly. "I thought as much just now, looking at you and these citizens."

He pointed to Vlate and his neighbours. Dumas was fraictic with rage.

"At least tell me, Citizen President, of what crime I am accused."

"Of every crime, you villain! and notably of having endeavoured to vilify the National Convention. What do you say to that, brigand?"

"Nothing, except that you do not believe a word of it. But I am glad to leave a world that is governed by such fellows as you, and in which rascals like your jury represent justice."

"The guillotine is not punishment enough for such wretches; the torture must be restored."

It was the gentle, kindly Piget, who uttered this sentiment. The gentle Piget, slightly compromised by his friendship for the virtuous Dubois.

"All right," said the president, with a ghastly grin, "you may sit down. In a few hours you will have you wish; you shall quit this world in which rascals reign."

"But in which they are not eternal!" cried Bernard, in a voice that rang through the assembly. "It is Justice, not iniquity that is immortal. You know what is going on as well as I know it. Listen, President of Murder, listen"—he waved his arm with a solemn gesture in the direction of the Tuilleries—"perhaps your own condemnation is now being signed."

Dumas turned deadly pale, and shrieked out:

"Gendarmes, gag this miserable counter-revolutionist."

Then he went on with his vile task. Bernard, Lise, and twenty-four out of twenty-five of those who were accused with them, were condemned to death, as convicted of "having rendered themselves the enemies of the people," without any other explanation.

They were taken back to the Conciergerie, and there they underwent the terrible ceremony known as "the toilet of the condemned."

At three o'clock, according to the usual custom, tumbrils were brought to the foot of the staircase by which the condemned prisoners left the Conciergerie. The court where the tumbrils were stationed was separated from the street by an iron gate which was kept shut. For some time, indeed, the Comite de Sûreté Générale had grudged

the condemned the farewell looks that they had exchanged with such of their friends as had the courage to approach the funeral equipages, and accordingly the public had been deprived of access to this court. The crowd pressed against the gate, awaiting the coming out of the tumbrils.

The throng was less numerous than usual on this particular day, and for the following reason:

There existed at that time in Paris a class of citizens who devoted themselves entirely to the common weal. They were both men and women, base and sordid successors of the enthusiasts of '89, supreme and typical representatives of civism, the sole Republican virtue. The greatest of the duties which the love of the Revolution had imposed on them, was that of escorting the tumbrils, with dancing, singing, and filthy insults to the condemned. They attended all the executions, stood with their feet in the blood with which the Place de la Revolution was inundated, and applauded every time that the knife fell. On special days they formed rings, danced round the scaffold, and then went their way, praising the grandeur and the beneficence of the Republic. But these, although the gravest, were not the only duties which the first-born of the Revolution had to fulfil. They represented the Sovereign People at manifestations, and in the galleries of the Convention and the Committees. On a day like the 9th Thermidor, when the sitting of the Convention was a solemn one, when the Commune had been calling the people to arms since eight o'clock in the morning, and the assemblies of the Sections began to be disturbed, these men and women had a great deal of business on hand; their curiosity was attracted to many sides at once, they had to figure as the People in several places at the same time.

Thus it came about that a smaller number than usual was gathered about the purlieu of the Palais de Justice. On the other hand, faces were to be seen among the crowd which were not familiar there. By the side of the two caretakers and old Merluchon, regular attendants, were Piget and Ballière, whose occupation did not admit of their assisting at the noble spectacle so punctually as they would have wished, and at a little distance were La Busière, Paul Crassus, and Domingo. Quite close to the iron gate, and supporting herself on the arm of Bequan, probably without knowing what she was doing, stood Emilie Crassus, with wild eyes, disordered countenance, and a livid complexion.

There were six tumbrils; hence it was concluded that there would be more than forty victims, for each vehicle usually contained eight condemned persons. This was a good "batch," and the public had nothing to complain of on the score of numbers. Nevertheless they howled, because the condemned did not make their appearance.

The "moving coffins," as the playful populace called the tumbrils, had been drawn up in the court for nearly an hour; but the doors which opened on the staircase leading to the court remained shut, nothing came out of the Conciergerie. The clamor, abuse, and imprecations of the crowd increased in violence. A sinister rumour that there would be no execution at all that day began to circulate. It was said—and this was the case—that Robespierre had been arrested and was to be accused by the Convention. Didier, one of Maximilian's own body-guard, had just spread this report, and he was now calling the people to arms to avenge so great a crime.

At the Commune, Payan, the National Agent, had been seized and sent to La Force. At length it became known that Dumas, the President of the Revolutionary Tribunal, had been arrested, while actually sitting, before the close of the audience. Certain friends of the condemned had gone to Fouquier-Tinville, and laid all these circumstances before him, saying that no one could tell how things would turn out, and that it might be the wisest thing he could do to defer the execution for one day.

Fouquier was acquainted with the resources of the Commune, with its fixed intention, to resist the Convention, and the chances of its doing so successfully. He had already compromised himself sufficiently by refusing to speak against Bernard. He therefore answered, roughly, that all this was nothing to him; that these rascals, having been condemned, ought, according to the law, to be executed within twenty-four hours. Moreover, he added, let who would be the victor in the pending conflict, that victor would be a revolutionist; that is to say, a man, or a party, who would not pardon the sparing of the lives of forty-five enemies of the Revolution. After all, the Committees were the masters, and it was for them to give him a contrary order; all he could do was to wait a little before despatching the aristocrats.

Thereupon the unhappy Dubarran strove, like a desperate man, to obtain this reprieve from his colleagues. But all the commissaries despised or detested each other, and Dubarran, who was held to be only moderately bloodthirsty, had no authority. The general situation was sufficiently dangerous to reduce the lives of forty-five individuals to no importance whatsoever. But the great argument was, that if humanity were now shown, the Moderates would take advantage of it to raise their heads once more, while the men of the Commune would demonstrate that the Committees were composed of indulgents, inspired by anti-revolutionary ideas.

During this time a portion of the curious crowd waiting in the street grew tired of watching for what did not come. The heat was stifling, the atmosphere was overpoweringly heavy, although sullen gray clouds veiled the rays of the sun. The growling of thunder was heard in the distance, and it was evident that a great storm was about to break upon Paris.

About 4 o'clock, after a whole hour of expectation, and just as some of the expectants were moving away from the place, a woman's cry, a sharp and joyous cry, like that of a wild beast at sight of its prey, was heard, and followed by applause. Emilie had given the signal, and the democratic crowd thanked the Genius of Liberty for granting it the customary feast of massacre.

(To be Continued.)

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