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## TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, February 2, 1850.

### SIDE YOUR TIME.

Blue your time—the morn is breaking,  
Bright with Freedom's blessed ray—  
Millions from their trance awaking,  
Soon shall stand in stern array.  
Man shall fetter man no longer,  
Liberty shall march sublime!  
Every moment makes you stronger—  
Firm, unshrinking, bide your time.  
Bide your time—no false step taken,  
Perils all you yet have done!  
Undismayed—erect—unshaken—  
Watch, and wait, and all is won.  
Tis not by rash endeavour,  
Men of States to greatness climb—  
World you wish your rights for ever,  
Calm and thoughtful, bide your time!  
Bide your time—your worst transgression  
Were to strike, and strike in vain!  
He whose arm would smite Oppression,  
Must not need to smite again!  
Denger makes the brave man steady—  
Richness is the coward's crime—  
For Freedom's battle ready,  
When it comes—but, bide your time!

## THE PRISONER OF LA FORCE.

A LEAF FROM THE ANNALS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE SALOON OF MADAME ROLAND.

The elegant apartments of Necker, lighted up by lamps past with the genius and wit of his gifted daughter, Madame de Staël, around whom had gathered the best intellect of the French metropolis, were now occupied by the republican minister of the Interior. He was a man somewhat advanced in years, with a countenance on which the lines of age were deeply traced, but every lineament of his countenance bore the stamp of a stern integrity of character and a constancy of soul. The minister was a tall, slender man in appearance, dressed in the simple, almost homely republican attire. He was seated at a table in the ante-chamber apart, with a book before him and his eyes fixed on the floor, as though in deep meditation. In another apartment a table was spread with a cloth of blue and white, and on it were ranged with the richest and most beautiful flowers, and the wine blushed as it sparkled in the glasses beneath the soft rays of the light which gilded the room. Around the table were seated several members of the National Assembly. There were the grave and serious Brissot, the calm, meditative Condorcet, with his high pale forehead, and the thin fixed lips—the sprightly and lively Lavoisier, his diminutive figure clad in negligence. The handsome Barbaroux was there, and two or three of the youngest deputies sat near him at the lower end of the board. Among these was a young man, apparently about thirty-three years of age, of a vigorous and compact frame, with a grave and melancholy cast of countenance, which, though not striking at first glance, was yet lighted up by a spark of intellect and soul. This guest was mingled in the conversation and never, save when directly addressed. But when he did speak, the hum of voices ceased, and every ear was bent upon him. For the most part of the time he sat talking with a bouquet of flowers, neglected of all around him, apparently wrapped in his own dreamy thoughts, and lost even to the conversation of the only female present at the scene, who presided at the head of the board.

And—the peerless woman—the wife of Roland! Who shall now save with a poet's enthusiasm, undertake to speak of that unrivalled beauty, whose wondrously fascinated gaze of the beholder, or of that matchless intellect and heroic woman's soul, which added new lustre to her charms! She had passed the first bloom of youth, and ripened into the full development of mature womanhood—Madame Roland was thirty-eight. Something pre-eminently there was either in the contour of her high, exquisitely chiselled features and finely developed form, or in the sprightly freedom and originality of her conversation, which might strike the mind as of a too bold and masculine character, to be well with that feminine delicacy which is one of the chief ornaments of woman. But this it did not seem to young Barbaroux, whose eyes appeared to wander from the fair speaker, save when it was for a moment to meet her gaze, then it was, like a blush, faint as the rosy tint of the dawn, mounted to his temples.

It was Saturday evening the first of September, 1792. Lovet gave a toast:  
“Victory to Dumouriez and the patriotic army. May we hope that genius, courage and patriotism, will be able to baffle the legions of the tyrant!”

A smile lighted up the features of Madame Roland, and she replied:  
“The thanks of the Roman Senate were decreed to a defeated general, because he did not despair of the Republic in an fearful crisis as this—France do not owe thanks to Lovet, who does not still despair of liberty and France!”

Then spoke young Barbaroux, his eye kindling with enthusiasm:  
“France will not fail in this struggle. The fire of liberty cannot be trampled out beneath the feet of German invaders. What if Brunswick shall capture Dumouriez's army! What though he captures and lays desolate the capital, and even retreats to the throne the prisoner in the Temple—yet defeated upon the Seine will retire behind the Loire; it cannot be conquered.”

The eye of Madame Roland sparkled as it caught the enthusiastic glance of the speaker—she picked a rose bud from a bunch of flowers in a vase before her, and her hand slightly trembled as she gently threw it towards Barbaroux.

“Messieurs,” said Condorcet, in his calm, quiet

way, “it is idle to delude ourselves. Do we not see that liberty is already in its death struggle—Dumouriez has courage, genius and military skill, but he has only an army of 25,000 men, and what can these avail against 80,000 of the finest soldiers of Prussia and Austria? Longroy has fallen—Verdun, our last fortress, is invested, perhaps captured. Unless some unforeseen accident shall intervene, Brunswick will in three days be master of the capital. Paris taken, the revolution is overwhelmed, and the Republic strangled in its birth. Messieurs, we can but die beneath the ruins of the capital; the liberties of France will die with us; such is the portion of those who dare to dream of the freedom of the world!”

All the soul of that queenly woman rushed to her lips, as looking round the little group of enthusiasts, she exclaimed:  
“No, Monsieur, you mistake, there is hope—hope while Paris has men to send forth to battle—Let the voice of eloquence go forth from the tribune, and come up from the corners of the streets, rousing all Paris to arms. If the men will not answer it, the women will arm themselves with pikes and march forth to meet the invaders—What say you friends, is there no voice here potent enough in the tribune to marshal a hundred thousand bayonets under the walls of Paris? What say you, M. de President? France, with a million of arms, has but one tongue like yours?”

She turned her eye as she spoke full upon the pensive countenance of the young deputy, who sat by the side of Barbaroux. Rousing himself with something of an effort, as though different to the marked compliment, that coming from those lips, would have thrilled upon the hearts of others there, he answered in the full, deep, and melodious tones of a voice that once heard is never forgotten:  
“Ah, Madame, the eloquence of which you speak will be of little avail now in the will popular commotion. It is but the flourish of the trumpet which is drowned in the blasts of the whirlwind. Yet, my friends, there is a spell more potent abroad to rouse the people to arms and save liberty and France. It is a fearful spell—the spell of terror. The wizard hand of the enchanter of the populace, Danion, has spread it abroad over the city. It is he who wields the popular thunderbolts.”

A slight emotion of something like displeasure, for a moment, clouded the brow of Madame Roland. Was it that the name of Danion, an occasional, though never a general guest in her salon, grieved harshly at that moment on her ear, or was it the calm indifference of the speaker which moved her? He continued:  
“The prisons are filled with thousands of the suspect; it is the work of Danion. The royalists are struck with terror; it is the work of Danion. The people are blind with the fury of despair, and to-morrow they will respond to the call of Danion, and crowd the Champ-de-Mars, eager to be led against the enemy. The revolution has passed into Danion's hands. Should Brunswick scatter the army of Dumouriez, he will meet Danion at the head of the people under the walls of Paris.”

His friends in silence listened to the words of the speaker. The color paled in the fair cheek of the wife of Roland, and a slight tremulous emotion, rapid as an electric thrill, agitated her frame. She said no more, but, waving an adieu to her friends, arose and joined her husband in the other apartment.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE TRIBUNE.

Bright and unclouded arose the sun, on the 2d of September, 1792, upon Paris. It was a Sabbath morning, but it dawned upon a scene of wild and tumultuous confusion. Every element of popular wrath and of popular despair was at work lashing into madness the unchained passions of a frantic people. The friends of the late monarchy—and they numbered their thousands in the city—were skulking in hiding places, tortured between the fear of arrest by the Commune, and the hope of safety in the triumph of the Prussians, or mingling with the populace, were striving to pass themselves off as good citizens, by showing with feigned zeal from pallid lips—*Vive la République!* The patriots were filled with consternation. The better portion of the masses seemed unken in the lethargy of despair; the worst appeared ripe for deeds of rapine and blood. Some were crowding the Champ-de-Mars—and some were passing toward the Assembly—and others were filling up the old convent of the Jacobins. The worst part of the Parisian populace began to appear, mingling with the masses which thronged the streets. Vice, with its haggard eyes and tattered garment, crawled not from the kennel and the gutter. Crime, with stealthy face, having crept from its lurking place, now mingled boldly among the crowd. Abject misery and pauperism, in their most hideous forms, swarmed through the Palais Royal, begging not for the preservation of liberty or life, but for bread!

“Yonder goes an aristocrat,” said a squallid, bare-headed man to his companion, pointing to a decently dressed citizen, as he hurried along the Rue St. Honoré.  
“Look you, neighbor, there is plenty of room left for such as he at la Force, and the Bicêtre.”  
“La Force and the Bicêtre are too good for him; he should go to the lantern.”  
The well dressed citizen saw himself observed and disappeared hastily among the crowd.  
“Down with the aristocrats!” shouted a rag picker.  
“They conspire with the forestallers while the people are starving!”  
“Neighbor,” answered a voice from a group of squallid women, “there will be plenty of bread when the Duke of Brunswick comes to Paris, for he will cut all our throats and leave sewer mouths to eat it.”  
A wild laugh followed this coarse rally, and the group swept on toward the Conciergerie.  
“Whither so fast, Citizen Duplain?” said a man to his neighbor, who was hurrying past him armed with an old rusty pike.

“To the Champ-de-Mars” was the reply.  
“Go to-morrow with the recruits to Dumouriez's army.”  
“And leave the royalists behind to murder our wives and our children?” inquired the first speaker.  
“No fear of that now, Pierre,” said Citizen Duplain. “The committee of surveillance takes care of the aristocrats. It's hard breaking through the walls of la Force and the Conciergerie; and if they try it, why we have only to run our pikes through them—that's all,” and the patriotic citizen passed on.

“Vive Danion,” arose from the crowd, and the stately form of the great revolutionist swept by on his way to the Assembly. Many of the populace thronged around him, but his head towered above all, like Saul's among the children of Israel—There was an air of proud defiance, of calm courage, and self confidence, of calm courage, and self confidence in his carriage. No shrinking, no hesitation, no doubt even could be traced upon those harsh and rugged, though bold and striking features. Men took new courage as they looked upon the dauntless front of the fierce demagogue, and felt themselves in presence of the King of the People. He chatted and laughed familiarly with his friends as he strode rapidly along.

In the tribune of the National Assembly, stood the young deputy, with the pensive melancholy features, who had sat by the side of Barbaroux at Madame Roland's repast. One would scarcely have recognized him now, roused from the dreary indifference of his last night's conversation, in the orator, who, with outstretched arms and flashing eye, and with a countenance irradiated with the inspiration of genius, was rousing the people to battle for their country. Such eloquence as this had never been heard in that Assembly—never in France since Mirabeau had been carried dying from the Tribune. Nay, did Mirabeau himself ever speak such burning words in such melodious accents to the people? Did he possess a power to charm equal with that wonderful voice, destined, alas! while Mirabeau, the betrayer of the popular cause, still slept in the Pantheon, to be stifled by the axe of the guillotine. It was the voice of VERGNAUD!

“Citizens, you manifested the ardor of Frenchmen for festivities at the Federation, will you now show less for battle! You have sung, you have celebrated liberty, will you now defend it? You have no longer kings of bronze to overthrow, but living kings armed with all their power. Let us go and wield the spade with our hands in throwing up entrenchments to resist the enemy!”

It was not a shout merely which went up as Vergnaud took his seat, but a frenzied tumult of applause. Danion had entered the Assembly, and was himself carried away with the enthusiasm of Vergnaud's eloquence. He sprang into the Tribune, and addressed the people in one of his own impressive harangues, which though of tremendous energy and effect, contrasted strongly with that of his colleague. Vergnaud's voice was the clear and melodious call of the trumpet to battle; that of Danion was the harsh muttering of the thunder; but the thunder did not roll harmless over the heads of the people; it was accompanied by the electric flash, which scattered the fire bolts on every side around him. He urged that only all Paris, but all France should be forthwith summoned to arms—that couriers should be sent forth, and every citizen, capable of bearing arms, be enrolled to serve his country in battle.

“The gun which you will presently hear,” he shouted at the top of his mighty voice, “is not the alarm gun. It is the charges against the enemies of the country. What need we, in order to conquer, to annihilate the enemy! Boldness—more boldness—and boldness forever!”

Did Danion mean to point out the royalists of Paris as the enemy who were to be annihilated? Did his eye rest upon the prisons filled with the suspected, and did he then meditate or had he knowledge of that gigantic crime, the “September massacre,” which cast its horrid stain upon the annals of the Revolution? These questions must remain unanswered.

Certain it is, toward evening of that same day, the populace on a sudden impulse commenced battering the priests at the Abbaye. The massacre continued at intervals several days. Roland and other ministers spoke boldly against it, though in vain, but Danion, the Minister of justice, did not speak.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE ENIGMA'S DAUGHTER.

A slight and tremulous knock was heard at the door of the Minister Roland. The wife of the minister was alone, and a visitor was ushered into her boudoir. She was a young and beautiful woman, with that winning takable air of dignity and grace which proclaimed her at a glance one of the ancient nobles of the capital. Her countenance was the picture of sorrow and despair, and the traces of tears were still visible on her cheeks.

The girl timidly advanced, threw back a thick veil which veiled her features, sank at the feet of Madame Roland, and seizing one of her hands, covered with tears.

“Madame,” she sobbed, “they say you are good—they say you are kind—pity the misery of one of your own sex, and save my poor Antoine!”

The wife of the minister gently raised the kneeling girl from the floor, and in a kind tone said to her:  
“Sit down my child—nay, don't clasp my hand so tightly—sit down and tell me all. Who are you—who is Antoine—and how can I serve him?”

“I am the daughter of an emigre, Madame—My name is Louise de Courval. Antoine is my lover; we were to be married on Tuesday,” said the girl, with innocent naïveté.

The lady smiled and motioned her visitor to proceed.

“Madame must know that Antoine was an officer of the National Guards, with Mandat, at the

Palace, on the 10th of August, and refused to fight against the king, or to join the people when they massacred the Swiss. Last night they entered his house under pretence of searching for arms; they arrested him as a royalist and carried him to la Force. Ah, Madame, they tell me the prison is not safe. The people have just killed the priest at the Abbaye, and are now on their way to the Carmelites. They mean to kill all the prisoners, and poor Antoine will die. He is no conspirator, Madame—he would fight with Dumouriez against the Prussians, but not against the Swiss. He is a patriot, Madame; I am sure they would not have put him in prison, only on my account. They know he was to be married to me, and I the daughter of an emigre!”

Here the girl gave way to a burst of passionate grief. Madame Roland shuddered; she had not yet heard of the massacre. Facilitating the girl as well as she was able, she asked:  
“And how can I assist Antoine, my child?”  
“Are you not the wife of the Minister Roland?” inquired the girl artlessly.

“Yes; but Roland is not here, and if he were I fear his word would not go far with the keeper of la Force, who holds his prisoners by warrant of the Commune. Were he not Danion?”  
“And you cannot save him, Madame?” sobbed the poor girl. “He is no conspirator, Madame, but he will die because he is my lover, and I the daughter of an emigre.”

“Do not despair my child,” said Madame Roland tenderly, “Antoine shall not die if Roland can save him. But in these times, who can answer for another's life, even of his dearest friend, ay, or of his own, amid the fury of the people, goaded to madness by the wrongs of their oppressors? I do not say your lover shall be released—that I cannot promise—but I will do what can be done to save him.”

The hope which began to beam in the eye of the young girl died away as the wife of the minister ceased speaking, but suddenly starting up, she eagerly inquired:  
“Did Madame say Citizen Danion would save Antoine?”

“I did not say he would,” answered the lady, “but perhaps, he has the power fit to choose to exert it. He has great influence at the Commune and over the committee of surveillance. His word will open the doors of any prison in Paris. Nay, it is not improbable that Danion will do it could the wife of Roland so far humble herself as to request it as a boon. Violent and terrible as he is at times, Danion is generous and has a heart open to the feelings of compassion. Roland may fail to procure your lover's release, my child, but a word from Danion will effect it, and trust me that word shall not fail to be spoken through any dainty scruple of mine.”

Ere Madame Roland ceased speaking, the girl had glided from the room, and the next moment her retreating footsteps were heard in the street.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE WIFE OF DANION.

In a handsomely furnished room in a small house in the Cour de Commerce, sat the still beautiful and youthful wife of Danion. The night wearing late, but the streets were noisy and unquiet, and the lady ever and anon, stepped anxiously to the window and cast a glance without into the street—Two infants lay slumbering upon a pallet in an adjoining room. The lady glided through the half opening door, and bent down her head to listen to the breathing of the sleepers. There were upon the infantile features of the tiny slumberers distinctly to be traced, amid their childlike beauty and innocence, the bold striking peculiarities of visage, the high cheek bones and prominent forehead, which bespoke them at once the sons of Danion.

As the lady turned from the pallet and reentered her room, she suddenly found herself in the presence of a female, veiled in a thick veil, whose entrance in the house had been so quiet as to have been entirely unnoticed.

Madame Danion started, but the low, sweet tones of the woman's voice reassured her.

“I seek the Minister of Justice,” said she, at the same time drawing back the veil and revealing the sorrow-stricken, though beautiful features of Louise de Courval.

“Citizen Danion has been from home since morning,” was the answer. “If your business with him be of a public nature and urgent, you can enquire for him at the Council of Ministers. If not entrust it to me and he shall know it before he sleeps to night.”

“Alas, Madame,” said Louise, as she turned from her eyes, “I had hoped to meet him here—where else can you be granted if not here—under the roof of Danion—kneeling at his feet and in your presence! At the Council, or among his comrades, he will not design to listen to the daughter of an emigre.”

Something there was in the look or accents of the suppliant, or in the hopeless grief that agitated her delicate frame, that touched the kind heart of Madame Danion. She took the girl by the hand, led her to a seat, and listened with a moistened eye as Louise related her simple story.

“And so Antoine is your lover,” she said, after a pause, “and you were to be married on Tuesday—and he is in prison! Ah, me! and you came to Danion to save him. Men call my husband blood-thirsty and pitiless: do you think he will save your friend Antoine?”  
“And why should he not, Madame?” answered Louise.  
“Why should Citizen Danion wish poor Antoine to be murdered? Antoine never injured him, and besides he is no conspirator; he is a patriot, and if let out of prison would march with Dumouriez to help kill the Prussians.”

The wife of the minister smiled through the tears which were fast falling from her eyes. Gently pressing the girl's hand, and drawing closer to her side, she spoke to her with all the confidential gossip of a friend, and yet with a child-like feeling of pride:  
“Look you now, the aristocrats call my husband

cruel and relentless; so he may be to the enemies of the country, for Danion is a good patriot; but he has no personal enemies, and if your Antoine had done him fifty wrongs, he would just as soon open his prison doors, especially for one word of mine. Do you see, Mademoiselle, it was but yesterday he set Monsieur Barnave free, who used to strike bitterly against him at the Jacobins, and Dupont, and Launette, too, and others—he told me so himself this morning—and when was Danion ever known to be caught babbling and true to his friends. Ah, Mademoiselle, if Antoine had only been Danion's friend, it would not have been the committee of surveillance, nor the whole Commune together, with Mandat at the head of it, that would have torn him away, even from the daughter of an emigre—But Antoine shall be released. Be comforted my dear, Danion shall set him free; he shall receive no injury.”

The poor girl wept with joy as she kissed the hand of her kind benefactor.

“Ah, Madame, how good you are! how can I thank you?”

“We shall see when Antoine is released. And now my dear, you are tired. Rest here to night, and to-morrow Danion himself shall tell you that your friend is true.”

Louise slept soundly that night, notwithstanding her grief and anxiety, and dreamed of Antoine. The rays of the sun were streaming full in at the window before she awoke.

Late that night the heavy tread of Danion was heard entering his dwelling. There was an air of wild and fierce excitement visible upon his features, which he in vain strove to conceal under an assumed gaiety. His wife flew to meet him. He clasped her tenderly in his arms, gently parted back her raven hair from her forehead with his large hand, and thrice kissed her brow with the passionate ardor of a young lover. Madame Danion related her story of Louvet de Courval, and her husband, looking with fond tenderness upon her, smiled the while, as though he had forgotten that at that very moment, Mandat and his hellish crew were sacking the prison and murdering their inmates. She saw in his countenance that her request was granted before it was made. Madame Danion handed her husband a letter which the courier, in haste had left at the door late that evening. He broke the seal, and read as follows:

“CITIZEN MINISTER,—  
A young officer in the National Guards, called Antoine—his other name is not known to me—is confined in la Force. The only crime of which he seems to be accused is that he is to be married to the daughter of an emigre. The wife of Roland entreats Citizen Danion, as the first boon she has ever asked at his hands, that he will aid in effecting the young man's release. Roland joins with me heartily in the request.”

Danton cast the letter negligently upon the table. Profuse, prodigal, even careless in his generosity, he hesitated not for a moment.

“It needs not this,” he remarked pointing to the letter, “though I would cheerfully gratify the caprice of our lady minister in a graver matter. Your request, sweet,” addressing his wife, “shall be obeyed. Antoine must be set at liberty though he were a fugitive emigre himself; Mandat's judgment tribunal will have victims enough without him.”

Thus speaking, he turned to the pallet where lay his sleeping children, and bending over them a moment, he kissed them tenderly. What a scene was that! Danion, the revolutionist, the man of terror, bending with a father's affection over the couch of the sleeping innocence! With a hasty step he left the dwelling and his wife heard his retreating footsteps died away in the distance. In about an hour he again returned, and throwing himself upon his couch Danion slept.

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE HOTEL DE LA FORCE.

The night of the 24th of September, 1792, was long remembered in Paris as a night of terror and crime. Such a scene had never before been witnessed in France. A group of furious monsters, in toxicated with wine furnished by the Commune, and frantic as bloodhounds with the taste of blood, were murdering the captives in the prison.

At the Hotel de la Force a young officer of the National Guards, amid a crowd of other captives, was watching out the weary hours of the night. It was Antoine Boudry. Sleep had been a stranger to the prisoner. The noise of the frightful tumult in the street had dinned in the ears of the prisoners of la Force incessantly since nightfall, and full well they knew what frightful scenes were then enacting in set like a pall over the inmates of la Force. It was, perhaps strange that Antoine Boudry, amid the general panic, felt for his own personal safety little alarm, at that fearful moment, or rather felt within his bosom the confidence of some unforeseen deliverance. Antoine himself did not perhaps ascribe this lightness of heart to the right cause. Late that night the jailer had whispered his name, and calling him to the wicket, placed a slip of paper in his hand: “Take this,” said he, “it comes from one who wishes to befriend you—but resort to it only in the last emergency.”

An universal, death-like chill of terror seemed to set like a pall over the inmates of la Force. It was, perhaps strange that Antoine Boudry, amid the general panic, felt for his own personal safety little alarm, at that fearful moment, or rather felt within his bosom the confidence of some unforeseen deliverance. Antoine himself did not perhaps ascribe this lightness of heart to the right cause. Late that night the jailer had whispered his name, and calling him to the wicket, placed a slip of paper in his hand: “Take this,” said he, “it comes from one who wishes to befriend you—but resort to it only in the last emergency.”

The jailer disappeared before he could ask him a question, and Antoine had in vain attempted by the dim and flickering light, which struggled with the darkness of his dungeon, to decipher the contents of the paper, or even the signature attached to it.

At length, just as the first dawn of morning was about to break upon Paris, a loud shout from a group rapidly marching upon the prison attracted the attention of the national Guard. He clambered up to the gated window, and could just discover a company of some fifty or sixty murderous blood-thirsty looking ruffians entering the courtyard. At their head marched a man with a drawn sword, who seemed to be, reeking with anticipation—his shirt sleeves rolled up above his elbows, like a butcher, and his arms were stained with blood. Lights danced among the eyes—who shouted and altogether the scene resembled what it has been fully styled, the “*Bataille de Hell!*”

A loud voice was heard calling upon the keeper of the prison—and the bustle of hasty preparation followed. A table was provided, at the head of which the leader of the gang, Maillard, seated himself as judge, his elbows resting upon it, and a list of the prisoners, furnished by the keeper, spread before him. One by one he called out the names of the prisoners, who were hurried instantly before him and in a moment after the captives within could either hear the death groans of the victims in the court yard, as they sank beneath the pikes of the ruffians, or the loud shout of *vive la nation*, which announced their acquittal. Antoine's turn came at last. With a bold countenance he met the steady gaze of Maillard, and the dozen or twenty savage faces which thronged the table.

“Your name,” growled one of these men in a rough voice.

“No matter for that, citizen,” ejaculated Maillard. “He is a conspirator, else why is he here at la Force?”

“I know him,” said another, “he was with the villain Mandat, on the 10th of August, at the palace. He refused to turn against the king when the Swiss fired against the people—and besides he is to marry the daughter of the emigre and traitor, Monsieur de Courval.”

“Let him go forth to meet justice from the people,” said Maillard.

“Hold, Messieurs,” said Antoine, struggling between two of the ruffians who were hurrying him from the room, and suddenly recollecting the paper in his pocket—“read this”—and he handed his paper to Maillard.

The president glanced at it a moment—Antoine Boudry,” he muttered, “pardieu—but I had forgotten! This from Citizen Danion—and I have in my pocket a charge, too, to look to this young man. This must not be. Stay citizens, not so hasty!”

And Maillard drew a paper from his pocket while the men let their hold upon Antoine.

“Citizen Boudry is no traitor, Messieurs, here is a good voucher.” And Maillard read—

“Set Citizen Antoine Boudry free. He is faithful and true to the nation and not one of the conspirators.”

DANTON.

A shout of *Vive la Nation! Vive Danton!* went up from the lips of those who thronged that fearful judgment seat. The men who had seized Antoine for the purpose of thrusting him out to meet the vengeance of the people, now threw their arms around him in a transport of joy, and even shed tears, as they conducted him through the bloody pikes and uplifted axes of the ruffians who thronged the gates of la Force. Antoine shuddered as he beheld the mangled corpses of the victims who were the fruit of the deed, and as he turned from the frightful scene, while terror lent wings to his footsteps—right there—full before him—upon an upturned pike—he met the bloody head of the beautiful Princess de Lambelle!

### CHAPTER VI.

#### ANTOINE.

Paris was saved. The genius and skill of Dumouriez baffled the Prussians. That great soldier seized upon the pass of the forest of Argonne—the Thermopylae of France—and with the aid of the levee which Danion sent for from Paris, succeeded in rolling back the tide of war over the frontier.

In the brilliant cannonade of Valmy, under Kellermann, a young *chef de battalion* distinguished himself at the head of his column for his conduct and daring intrepidity. Kellermann made him a colonel on the field of battle. Under Dumouriez, at the splendid victory of Samarques, this same young officer charging at the head of a republican squadron routed a regiment of the enemy, and was carried, desperately wounded, from the field of battle.

Antoine Boudry, the young hero of Valmy and Samarques, (disabled from active service in the field) returned in Paris. He found Fouison de Courval an inmate of the hospitable mansion of Danion—But the days of terror were fast stealing over the capital of France. Antoine, with his young bride, the emigre's daughter, retired to the provinces, and it was not until the war of Napoleon had risen that he again returned to Paris to meet with his wife around the board of the once proscribed, but now restored Emigre de Courval.

On Serme's entering a coffee room at York, a M. A., staring him full in the face, said: “He hated a person.” Upon which Serme rejoined: “And so, sir, does my dog, for, as soon as I put on my gown and cocked, he falls a barking.” “Indeed,” replied A., “how long has he done so?” “Ever since he was a puppy, sir,” answered S., “and I still look upon him as one.”

“Sonny, I don't see anything growing about here, what does your father care on this land?”  
“Wall, he raises backstuck, grasshoppers, hop-tods, tumble-bugs, and some other vegetables.—Yesterday he raised a double-breasted pig pen right under the window, and mother raised Cain.”  
“Miss, will you take my arm?”  
“La, yes, and you too.”  
“Can't spare her the arm, Miss,” hastily replied the old bachelor.  
“Then,” said Miss, “I can't take it, as my mother is to go to the school hog or noor.”