

# THE MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, AND MORALITY.

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1851.

VOLUME VIII, NUMBER 18.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE DEAD CHILD AND THE ANGEL.

As soon as a good child dies, one of God's angels descends upon the earth takes the child in his arms, spreads out his large white wings, and flies over all the places that were dear to the child, and plucks a handful of flowers, which he then carries to Heaven, in order that they may bloom still more beautifully there than they did here on earth. The loving God preseth all these flowers to his bosom; and then it receives a voice, and can sing and join in the universal bliss.

An angel of God related this as he bore a dead child to heaven; and the child heard as in a dream; and they flew over all the spots around the houses where the little one had played, and they passed through the gardens with the loveliest flowers.

"Which one shall we take with you and plant in Heaven?" asked the angel.

And a beautiful slender rose-tree was standing there; a wanton hand had broken the stem so that all the branches full of large half open rose buds hung down quite withered.

"The poor tree," said the child, "take it so that it may bloom again on high with the loving God.

And the angel took it and kissed the child; and the little one half opened his eyes; they gathered some of the despised daisy and wild a-ny too.

"Now we have flowers," said the child, and the angel nodded, but they did not yet fly up to Heaven.

It was night, it was quite still. They stray in the great city; they floated to and fro in one of the narrow streets, where great heaps of straw, of ashes, and rubbish lay about; there had been a removal. There lay broken pots and plates, plaster figures, rags, the crowns of old hats; nothing that was not displeasing to the sight.

And amid the devastation the angel pointed to the fragments of a flower pot, and to a clod of earth that had fallen out of it, and which was only held together by the roots of a great withered flower; but it was good for nothing now; and was therefore thrown out into the street.

"We will take that one with us," said the angel, "and I will tell you about it while we are flying."

And now they flew on, and the angel related.

"Down yonder, in the narrow street, in the low eaves, lived once a poor sickly boy. He had been bedridden from his very infancy. When he was very well indeed, he could just go a few times up and down the little room on his crutches; that was all.

One day in spring his neighbor's son brought him some flowers, and among them was, by chance one with a root, it was therefore planted in a flowerpot and placed in the window close by his bedside. It thrived, put forth new shoots and every year had flowers. To the sick boy it was the most beautiful garden his little treasure upon earth; he watered, and tended it, and took good care that it got every sunbeam to the very last that glided by on the lower pane. And the flower grew up in his very dreams with its color and fragrance; to it he turned when dying, when the loving God called him to himself. He has now been a year with God; a year has the flower stood in the window, withered and forgotten, and now, at the removal it has been thrown among other rubbish in the street. And that is the flower which we have taken into our nosegay; for this flower has caused more joy than the rarest flower, in the garden of a queen."

"But how do you know all this?" asked the child which the angel was carrying up to Heaven.

"I know it," said the angel; "I was myself the little sick boy that went on crutches; it must surely know my flower again."

And the child opened his eyes and looked in the beautiful, calm face of the angel; and at the same moment they were in heaven, where was only joy and blessedness.

### MUSIC OF WINTER.

BY N. P. WELLS.

I love to listen to the falling of the snow. It is unobtrusive and sweet music. You may temper your heart to the serenest mood by its low murmur. It is that kind of music that only intrudes upon your ear when your thoughts come languidly. You need not hear it if your mind is not idle. It realizes my dream of an other world, where music is intuitive like a thought, and comes only when it is remembered.

And the frost too, has a melodious "minstrelsy" you will hear its crystal shoot in the dead of a clear night, as if the moon-beams were splintering arrows on the ground; and you listen to it more earnestly that it is the going on of one of the most of nature's deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a crystal. Heaven has hid its principle as yet from the inquisitive eye of the philosopher, and we must be content to gaze on its exquisite beauty, and listen in mute wonder to the noise of its invisible workmanship. It is to find a knowledge of us. We shall comprehend it when we know how the morning stars sang together."

You would hardly look for music in the dreariness of early winter. But before the keener frosts set in, and while the warm winds are yet stealing back occasionally, like regrets of the departed summer, there will come a soft rain or a heavy mist; and when the north wind returns, there will be drops suspended like

earing jewels between the filaments of the silver tassels; and in the feathery edges of the dark green hemlock, and if the clearing up is not followed by a heavy wind they will all be frozen in their places like well set gems. The next morning the warm sun comes out, and by the middle of a calm, dazzling forenoon, they are all loosened from the close touch which sustained them, and will drop at the slightest motion. If you go along upon the south side of the wood at that hour you will hear music. The dry foliage of the summer's shedding is scattered over the ground, and the hard round drops ring out clearly and distinctly as they are shaken down with the stirring of the breeze. It is something like the running of deep and rapid water, only more full and merry; but to one who goes in nature with his heart open, it is a pleasant music, and in contrast with the stern character of the season, delightful. Winter has many other sounds that give pleasure to the seeker for hidden sweetness; but they are too rare and accidental to be described distinctly. The brooks have a sullen and muffled murmur under the frozen surface; the ice in the distant river heaves up with a swell of the current and falls back again to the bank with a prolonged echo; and the woodman's axe rings cheerfully out from the bosom of the unrobed forest. These are, at best however, but melancholy sounds, and like that cheerless season, they but drive in the heart upon itself. I believe it is so ordained in heaven's wisdom. We forget ourselves in the enticement of sweet summer—its music and its loveliness win away to the scenes that link up the affections, and need a hand to turn us back tenderly, and hide from us the outward idols in whose worship we are forgetting the higher and more spiritual altars.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—I cannot believe that the earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float for a moment on its waves and sink to nothingness! Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that we leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festivals around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties for ever mocking us with their unapproaching glory?

And finally why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon the heart? We are born for a higher world than that of earth; there is a realm where rainbows never fade, where they will be out before us like islets that slumber on the ocean; and where the beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.

GOOD TASTE.—You see the lady of good taste (turning a cold ear to the assurance of shopmen and the recommendation of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be if it be awkward. Whatever law fashion dictates she follows laws of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things, which people generally supposed to be brought from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner, but which so often are brought from the nearest town, and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is either rich or new; on the contrary she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty, and many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colors; nor does she affect a studied sobriety; but she is sure to refresh you with a judicious harmony. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears, buttons or twisted cordons. She is quite aware, however that garish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh, and should any thing peep out which is not intended to be seen, it is quite as much so that which is. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions, or in material. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points—and no woman can dress well who does not. We need not say that whoever is attracted by such a costume will not be disappointed in the wear. She may not be handsome or accomplished; but we will answer for her being well informed thoroughly sensible and possessed of a refined taste, which is of much more importance.

BREVITY IN WOMEN.—We find in a California diary the following glorification of a quality we should like. "A man of few words" is a very well, but a woman of few words" is a matter open to argument.

I encountered, to day in a ravine, some three miles distant, among the gold washers, a woman from San Jose. She was at work with a large wooden bowl by the side of the stream. I asked her how long she had been there, and how much gold she averaged a day. She replied, "Three weeks and an ounce." Her reply reminded me of an anecdote of the late Judge Agin, who was a girl returning from market, and asked her, "how deep did you find the stream? what did you get for your butter?" "Up to the knee and ninepence," was the reply. "Ah!" said the judge to himself—"she is the girl for me: no words lost there." turned back, proposed, was accepted, and married the next week; and a more happy couple the conjugal bonds never united; the nuptial lamp never waned; its ray was steady and clear to the last. We who paddle off and on for seven years, and are at last perhaps expelled, take a lesson of the judge. That "up to the knee and ninepence" is worth all the rose letters and melancholy rhymes ever penned.

### VERGNAUD.

Of the many factions and parties into which France was divided during her revolution, the greatest interest has clustered around that of the Girondists. Its members were not confined to the deputies representing the district whence its name originated, nor even to the legislature. It enrolled in its ranks some of the most distinguished persons in the country, dwelling on both sides of the Loire. That it embraced names that posterity will willingly let die, we have only to mention in proof those of Vergnaud, Condorcet, Guadet, Brissot, Bailly, Gensoune, Petion, Barbaroux, Languinois, and Madame Roland. The splendid talents of its leaders, their brilliant eloquence, their attachment to republicanism, their heroic struggles with the Jacobins, and their final overthrow and fabled fate, have invested their career with the dignity of history, the charms of romance, and the virtue of martyrdom.

The most attractive and commanding figure in this group of remarkable men, was Vergnaud. Condorcet was widely known throughout Europe, as a profound philosopher, a ripe scholar, and an able writer of natural science and social economy. Brissot was distinguished for attainments in various departments of learning, was familiar with the constitutions and politics of modern states, and claimed to be the civilian and statesman of his party. Bailly was an eminent member of the French Academy, had presided over the first National Assembly, was the friend of Fox, Jefferson and Franklin, and was esteemed for his stern integrity and spotless virtue. Petion enjoyed great popularity with the people of Paris, was mayor of the metropolis, had rendered essential aid to the populace in the early struggles of the revolution, and possessed executive talents of the first order. Guadet was a ready, versatile and fiery orator. In every conflict between parties in the convention, he promptly ascended the tribune, where he poured forth a current of bold, dashing eloquence, sparkling with antithesis, and rippling with wit and repartee.

He rarely declined the conflict which the Jacobins tendered to the Girondists, and they as seldom found occasion to congratulate themselves on the result of the encounter. His acknowledged ability, his unquestionable powers, and his fondness for displaying his courage, gave him the leadership of his colleagues on the floor of the convention. Louvet, a vigorous writer, a splendid declaimer, and knowing neither fear nor fatigue, kept his eye steadily fixed on the chiefs of the Mountain, and hurled his shafts at Marat and Robespierre with unerring precision and telling power. When the latter ventured to say, "No one will dare accuse me to my face," Louvet rose, and stretching his hand towards him, said, "I am here; he who dare accuse you; yes, Robespierre, I accuse!" Barbaroux, he who first brought the Marseillais to Paris, and caused his streets with unerring precision and telling power. When the latter ventured to say, "No one will dare accuse me to my face," Louvet rose, and stretching his hand towards him, said, "I am here; he who dare accuse you; yes, Robespierre, I accuse!" Barbaroux, he who first brought the Marseillais to Paris, and caused his streets with unerring precision and telling power.

No doubt this stereotyped portrait of the Girondists bears some resemblance to the original. But, to render it a perfect likeness, would require essential modification. They endeavored to seize upon the revolution, and guide its forces towards the consummation of their cherished wishes—the establishment of republican institutions. In this they wholly, lamentably failed. The failure is attributable in a large measure, to their haste to obliterate all the realities and semblances of the monarchy; to their too favorable estimate of the existing capacity of the French people, to maintain a republican system of government; and to their erroneous measurement of the momentum towards anarchy, which three years of revolutionary license had given to the masses of the nation.

At the opening of the legislative assembly in 1791, the times required that a curb be put in the mouths of the populace, rather than a looser rein in the hands of the demagogues who guided them; that such dark conspirators as Marat be hunted from their dens; and driven into the open field of exposure; that such guiltless families as Robespierre he stripped of their guises, and exhibited to the eye of virtue in their naked deformity. Yet during the entire sittings of the Assembly, the Girondists were continually, though unintentionally, plunging weapons in the hands of these factionists; and it was not until they were sheathed in their own bosoms that they discovered their fatal error. Had they, at the outset of their career, and before the guillotine became the arbiter of the national destiny, moved cautiously forward on the middle line between the extremes of ultraism and conservatism, their knowledge, attachment to republican principles would have drawn to their support all the rational progress and reform. The false step they made in the Assembly, was not received in the Convention. During the first weeks of its sittings, (and weeks are centuries in revolutions,) they more frequently combated the antagonists of the Mountain; than accepted the battle which it tendered to the moderate friends of liberty.

Vergnaud adopted the line of policy pursued by his party, with some modifications. His humane heart revolted at the cruelties of the revolution. His sense of justice condemned

### DEMOGRAPHY.

Vergnaud was a native of the south of France. He was educated for the church. At the last moment, he shrunk from taking orders, and commenced the study of law in the city of Bordeaux. Admitted to the bar, his efforts in that arena were early crowned with success. He was practicing his profession, when he was elected a deputy from Bordeaux to the Legislative Assembly of 1791, being then in the vigor of manhood. When he repaired to Paris, to take his seat in that body, he was a stranger in the metropolis. His oratorical powers were then unknown; even to himself. Obscure, poor, and modest, he had no presentiment of his future greatness. His private letters to his sister and friends, written at this period, show that he was living in strained circumstances in Paris, and evince the tenderest affection and anxious longing for the delights of home. Says J. M. La Harpe, "This young man, who, with a gesture, crushed a throne, scarce knew where to lay his head in the empire which he was shaking."

The exciting events by which he was surrounded, and in which he was summoned to play a part, sufficed to overcome his natural indolence and love of ease, and he early rose, not only to be the first orator of the Girondists, but the most eloquent man in the Assembly. Until his party was overborne, and finally prostrated by the Jacobins, he occupied a still more commanding position in the Convention than he had attained in the Assembly.

It is impossible to trace intelligibly the public career of Vergnaud, without estimating the character of the party of which he was confessedly the most powerful champion, and with which his whole political life was identified. Much of eulogy has been bestowed upon the Girondists. The purity of their motives has generally been conceded. Their services in the cause of republicanism have received the warmest encomiums. Liberal minds have glowed with admiration, when reviewing their heroic contest with the Jacobins. Generous hearts have throbbled with sympathy; and indignation, at the sanguinary drama to which they were consigned by the Mountain and allies. Yet history has not done them full justice. They have usually been represented as visionary enthusiasts, whose theories of government and social progress were beautiful in the abstract, but utterly incapable of being reduced to practical uses; more splendid declaimers, rich in talents for dazzling a highly imaginative and profoundly excited people, but wholly destitute of those solid, statesman-like qualities, which their times demanded; and, though possessing a firmness of purpose that riveted them to the post of danger, and an intrepidity of soul that led them to the scaffold with unflinching step, they were devoid of the sagacity to devise, or the nerve to execute, measures essential to curb an infuriated populace, and crush the leaders of anarchical factions. In a word, such writers as Scott and Alison, (from whose prejudiced pages American readers are too apt to draw their opinions concerning the French revolution,) have described them as ideal theorists, endowed with many captivating gifts, but having little breadth of comprehension and energy of action for the crisis in which their lot was cast.

On the opening of the legislative assembly in 1791, the times required that a curb be put in the mouths of the populace, rather than a looser rein in the hands of the demagogues who guided them; that such dark conspirators as Marat be hunted from their dens; and driven into the open field of exposure; that such guiltless families as Robespierre he stripped of their guises, and exhibited to the eye of virtue in their naked deformity. Yet during the entire sittings of the Assembly, the Girondists were continually, though unintentionally, plunging weapons in the hands of these factionists; and it was not until they were sheathed in their own bosoms that they discovered their fatal error. Had they, at the outset of their career, and before the guillotine became the arbiter of the national destiny, moved cautiously forward on the middle line between the extremes of ultraism and conservatism, their knowledge, attachment to republican principles would have drawn to their support all the rational progress and reform. The false step they made in the Assembly, was not received in the Convention. During the first weeks of its sittings, (and weeks are centuries in revolutions,) they more frequently combated the antagonists of the Mountain; than accepted the battle which it tendered to the moderate friends of liberty.

Vergnaud adopted the line of policy pursued by his party, with some modifications. His humane heart revolted at the cruelties of the revolution. His sense of justice condemned

ed its crimes. His manly soul, despised the demagogues, who befouled each other with mire and blood. Yet he was penetrated with a conviction of its paramount necessity; longed for the complete overthrow of the monarchy; and had full faith in the ability of the nation to maintain republican institutions, provided the confidence of the populace could be wrested from the violent men who wielded the power of the masses for the overthrow of the present government. He occupied a median position between the two classes of liberals represented in the principles and persons of J. A. Fayette and Robespierre. Less conservative than the former, he had none of the ultraism of the latter. Agreeing sometimes with the party of the one, and sometimes with the party of the other, and frequently with neither, he not only lost the support of both, but was fitted to endure the distrust of the virtuous patriot, while encouraging the hatred of the unscrupulous Jacobin. He and his associates were crushed; between the upper and nether millstones of the timid friends and implacable foes of liberty and law.

Vergnaud and his party made many strenuous efforts to arrest the downward course of events. These were frequently nullified by the assent they were forced to give to violent measures, in order to clear themselves from the charge of sympathizing with "monarchists," "aristocrats," and "federalists." Having made a false step at the commencement of their career, they were driven afterwards to assent to what they should have denied, and to yield when they should have resisted. Their adversaries were not slow in taking advantage of these errors.

An illustration of our assertion, that the Girondists were often placing weapons in the hands of the Mountain, which the latter subsequently turned against them with terrible effect, we quote a passage from Vergnaud's attack on the king, in the Legislative Assembly. The first continental coalition against France had just been formed. Louis was supposed to be in secret treaty with the allied powers; they declared themselves his friends. At the close of a long discussion, Vergnaud ascended the tribune. He said, (we cite only a paragraph.) "If, while France was swimming in blood, the king were to say to you, 'It is true that your enemies pretend to be acting for me, for my dignity, for my rights; but I have proved that I am not their accomplice. I have sent armies into the field; they were too weak, but the constitution does not fix the degree of their force. I have assembled them too late, but the constitution does not limit the time for collecting them. I have stopped the general who was on the point of conquering, but the constitution does not order victories.' I have had ministers who deceived the Assembly and disorganized the government, but their selection belonged to me. The Assembly has passed useful decrees which I have not sanctioned, but I had a right so to do. I have done all that the constitution enjoined me. It is, therefore, impossible to doubt my fidelity to it." "If," continued the orator, "the king were to hold this language, would you not have a right to reply, 'O king, who like Lysander, the tyrant, have believed that truth was not worth more than falsehood—who have flogged a love for the laws, merely to preserve the power which enabled you to defy them—was it defending us to oppose to foreign armies, forces whose inferiority insured the certain of defeat? Was it defending us, not to check a general who violated the constitution, while enchainning the courage of those who were serving it? Did the constitution make you the head of the army, for our glory, or our disgrace? Did it leave you the choice of the ministers for our prosperity, or our ruin?' Did it confer on you the right of sanctioning a civil list, and so many prerogatives, in order that you might constitutionally destroy the constitution of the empire? No! no! man, in whom the generosity of the French has excited no corresponding feeling, insensitive to everything but the love of despotism, you are hereafter nothing to that constitution which you have so unworthily violated—nothing to that people whom you have so basely betrayed!"

This able, elaborate, and vehement speech, sealed the fate of Louis. Six months from the day of its delivery, he was sent to the guillotine. And the offences of the king against the constitution, enumerated in this speech, were thrown in the teeth of the Girondists by the Mountain, when the former, on his trial, endeavored to save his life.

When the Jacobins proposed to bring Louis to the bar of the Convention for trial, Vergnaud and his friends were aroused to look at the awful spectacle down which the nation was hurrying. Having been the most able in exposing and denouncing his follies and crimes, the Girondists could make but feeble resistance to the proposal. They desired his de-thronement, but sincerely wished to avoid shedding his blood. The sensitive heart of Vergnaud shrunk with horror from the thought. During the protracted proceedings, the deputies of the Girondist were compelled to pass through a terrible ordeal. They saw their way to the destruction of the king, from promises which they had proclaimed and maintained. Vergnaud heard the words he had pronounced in the Assembly, quoted with bitter emphasis by Robespierre and St. Just, and he was filled with anguish. He made a generous effort to preserve the life of Louis. His speech in favor of the appeal to the nation, (and had the motion been successful, it would have spared the king's head,) is one of the most splen-

did specimens of continental eloquence on record. It became his duty, as President of the Convention, to announce the awful sentence of death against the fallen monarch. He spent the whole of the following night in speech at hand; we cannot forbear giving a single passage from the one before us. He is all orderly government. He occupied a median position between the two classes of liberals represented in the principles and persons of J. A. Fayette and Robespierre. Less conservative than the former, he had none of the ultraism of the latter. Agreeing sometimes with the party of the one, and sometimes with the party of the other, and frequently with neither, he not only lost the support of both, but was fitted to endure the distrust of the virtuous patriot, while encouraging the hatred of the unscrupulous Jacobin. He and his associates were crushed; between the upper and nether millstones of the timid friends and implacable foes of liberty and law.

Vergnaud and his party made many strenuous efforts to arrest the downward course of events. These were frequently nullified by the assent they were forced to give to violent measures, in order to clear themselves from the charge of sympathizing with "monarchists," "aristocrats," and "federalists." Having made a false step at the commencement of their career, they were driven afterwards to assent to what they should have denied, and to yield when they should have resisted. Their adversaries were not slow in taking advantage of these errors.

An illustration of our assertion, that the Girondists were often placing weapons in the hands of the Mountain, which the latter subsequently turned against them with terrible effect, we quote a passage from Vergnaud's attack on the king, in the Legislative Assembly. The first continental coalition against France had just been formed. Louis was supposed to be in secret treaty with the allied powers; they declared themselves his friends. At the close of a long discussion, Vergnaud ascended the tribune. He said, (we cite only a paragraph.) "If, while France was swimming in blood, the king were to say to you, 'It is true that your enemies pretend to be acting for me, for my dignity, for my rights; but I have proved that I am not their accomplice. I have sent armies into the field; they were too weak, but the constitution does not fix the degree of their force. I have assembled them too late, but the constitution does not limit the time for collecting them. I have stopped the general who was on the point of conquering, but the constitution does not order victories.' I have had ministers who deceived the Assembly and disorganized the government, but their selection belonged to me. The Assembly has passed useful decrees which I have not sanctioned, but I had a right so to do. I have done all that the constitution enjoined me. It is, therefore, impossible to doubt my fidelity to it." "If," continued the orator, "the king were to hold this language, would you not have a right to reply, 'O king, who like Lysander, the tyrant, have believed that truth was not worth more than falsehood—who have flogged a love for the laws, merely to preserve the power which enabled you to defy them—was it defending us to oppose to foreign armies, forces whose inferiority insured the certain of defeat? Was it defending us, not to check a general who violated the constitution, while enchainning the courage of those who were serving it? Did the constitution make you the head of the army, for our glory, or our disgrace? Did it leave you the choice of the ministers for our prosperity, or our ruin?' Did it confer on you the right of sanctioning a civil list, and so many prerogatives, in order that you might constitutionally destroy the constitution of the empire? No! no! man, in whom the generosity of the French has excited no corresponding feeling, insensitive to everything but the love of despotism, you are hereafter nothing to that constitution which you have so unworthily violated—nothing to that people whom you have so basely betrayed!"

This able, elaborate, and vehement speech, sealed the fate of Louis. Six months from the day of its delivery, he was sent to the guillotine. And the offences of the king against the constitution, enumerated in this speech, were thrown in the teeth of the Girondists by the Mountain, when the former, on his trial, endeavored to save his life.

When the Jacobins proposed to bring Louis to the bar of the Convention for trial, Vergnaud and his friends were aroused to look at the awful spectacle down which the nation was hurrying. Having been the most able in exposing and denouncing his follies and crimes, the Girondists could make but feeble resistance to the proposal. They desired his de-thronement, but sincerely wished to avoid shedding his blood. The sensitive heart of Vergnaud shrunk with horror from the thought. During the protracted proceedings, the deputies of the Girondist were compelled to pass through a terrible ordeal. They saw their way to the destruction of the king, from promises which they had proclaimed and maintained. Vergnaud heard the words he had pronounced in the Assembly, quoted with bitter emphasis by Robespierre and St. Just, and he was filled with anguish. He made a generous effort to preserve the life of Louis. His speech in favor of the appeal to the nation, (and had the motion been successful, it would have spared the king's head,) is one of the most splen-

ed specimens of continental eloquence on record. It became his duty, as President of the Convention, to announce the awful sentence of death against the fallen monarch. He spent the whole of the following night in speech at hand; we cannot forbear giving a single passage from the one before us. He is all orderly government. He occupied a median position between the two classes of liberals represented in the principles and persons of J. A. Fayette and Robespierre. Less conservative than the former, he had none of the ultraism of the latter. Agreeing sometimes with the party of the one, and sometimes with the party of the other, and frequently with neither, he not only lost the support of both, but was fitted to endure the distrust of the virtuous patriot, while encouraging the hatred of the unscrupulous Jacobin. He and his associates were crushed; between the upper and nether millstones of the timid friends and implacable foes of liberty and law.