

night was calm, and the air was a delicious substitute for the hot and reeking atmosphere of this populous quarter in the day. I saw no gathering of the populace, no hurrying torches. I heard no clash of arms, or tramp of armed men; all lay beneath the young moon, which, near her setting, touched the whole scene with a look of soft and almost melancholy quietude. The character of my Israelite friend began to fall rapidly in the scale, and I had made up my mind that insurrection had gone to its chambers that night; when, as I was returning by the Place de Bastille, and was passing under the shadow of one of the huge old houses that then surrounded that scene of hereditary terror, two men, who had been loitering beside the parapet of the fosse, suddenly started forward, and planted themselves in my way. I flung one of them aside, but the other grasped my arm, and drawing a dagger, told me that my life was at his mercy. His companion giving the signal, a group of fierce looking fellows started from their lurking places; and of course further resistance was out of the question. I was ordered to follow them, and regarding myself as having nothing to fear, yet uneasy at the idea of compulsion, I remonstrated, but in vain; and was finally led through a labyrinth of horrid alleys, to what I now found to be the head quarters of the insurrection. It was an immense building, which had probably been a manufactory, but was now filled with the leaders of the mob. The few torches which were its only light, and which scarcely showed the roof of the building, were, however, enough to show heaps of weapons of every kind—muskets, sabres, pikes, and even pitchforks and scythes, thrown on the floor. On one side, raised on a sort of desk, was a ruffianly figure flinging placards to the crowd below, and often adding some savage comment on their meaning, which produced a general laugh. Flags inscribed with "Liberty—Bread or Blood—Down with the Tyrant,"—and that comprehensive and peculiarly favorite motto of the mob—"May the last of the kings be strangled with the entrails of the last of the Priests," were hung from the walls in all quarters; and in the centre of the floor were ranged three pieces of artillery surrounded by their gunners. I now fully acknowledged the exactness of Mendoza's information—and began to feel considerable uncertainty about my own fate in the midst of a horde of armed ruffians, who came pouring in every moment, and seemed continually more ferocious. At length I was ordered by the men to go forward to a sort of platform at the head of the hall, where some candles were still burning, and the remains of a supper, gave signs that there had been gathered the chief persons of that tremendous assemblage. A brief interrogatory from one of them armed to the teeth, and with a red cap so low down on his bushy brows as almost wholly to disguise his physiognomy, enquired my name, my business in Paris, and especially what I had to allege against my being shot as a spy in the pay of the Tuilleries. My answers were drowned in the roar of the multitude. Still, I protested firmly against this summary trial, and at length threatened them with the vengeance of my country. Patriotism is a fiery affair, and a circle of pistols and daggers ready prepared for action, and roused by the word to execute popular justice on me, waited but the signal from the platform. Their leader rose with some solemnity, and taking off his cap, to give the ceremonial a more authentic aspect declared me to have forfeited the right to live, by acting the part of an *espion*, and ordered me to be shot in "front of the leading battalion of the army of vengeance." The decree was so unexpected, that for the instant I felt absolutely paralyzed. The sight left my eyes, my ears tingled with strange sounds, and I almost felt as if I had received the shots of the ruffians, who now, uncontrollable in their first triumph, were firing their pistols in all directions in the air. But at the moment, so formidable to my future career, I heard the sound of the clock of Notre Dame. I felt a sudden return of my powers and recollections, but the hands of my assassins were already upon me. The sound of the general signal for their march produced a rush of the crowd towards the gate, I took advantage of the confusion, struck down one of my captors, shook off the other, and plunged into the living torrent that was now pouring out before me.

But even when I reached the open air—and never did I feel its freshness with a stronger sense of revival—I was still in the midst of the multitude, and any attempt to make my way alone would have obviously been death. Thus I was carried on along the Boulevard, in the heart of a column of a hundred thousand men, trampled, driven, bruised by the rabble, and deafened with shouts, yells, and cries of vengeance, until my frame was a fever, and my brain scarcely less than a frenzy.

That terrible morning gave the deathblow to the mighty monarchy of the Bourbons. The throne was so shaken by the popular arm, that though it preserved a semblance of its original shape, a breath was sufficient to cast it to the ground. I have no heart for the recital. Even now I can scarcely think of that tremendous passage of popular fantasy, fary, and the very heart of crime; or bring to my mind's eye that column, which seemed then to be boundless and endless, with the glare of its torches, the rattle of its drums, the grinding of its cannon wheels, as we rushed along the causeway, from time to time stopping to fire, as a summons to the other districts, and as a note of exultation; or the perpetual sullen, and deep roar of the populace—without a thrilling sense of perplexity and pain.

Long before daybreak we had swept every minor resistance before us, plundered the arsenal of its arms, and taken possession of the

Hotel de Ville. The few troops who had kept guard at the different posts on our way, had been captured without an effort, or joined the insurgents. But intelligence now came that the palace was roused at last, that troops were ordered from the country for its defence, and that the noblesse remaining in the capital were crowding to the Tuilleries. I stood beside Danton when these tidings were brought to him. He flung up his cap in the air, with a burst of laughter. "So much the better!" he exclaimed, "the closer the preserve, the thicker the game." I had now a complete view of this hero of democracy. His figure was herculean; his countenance, which possibly, in his younger days, might have been handsome, was now marked with the lines of every passion and profligacy, but it was still commanding. His costume was that which he had chosen for himself, and which was worn by his peculiar troop; a short brown mantle, an under-robe, with the arms naked to the shoulder, a broad leather belt loaded with pistols; a huge sabre in hand, rusted from hilt to point, which he declared to have been stained with the blood of aristocrats, and the republican red cap, which he frequently waved in the air, or lifted on the point of his sabre as a standard. Yet, in the midst of all this savage disorder of costume I observed every hair of his enormous whiskers to be curled with the care of a Parisian mercenary. It was the most curious specimen of the ruling passion that I remember to have seen.

At the Hotel de Ville Danton entered the hall with several of the insurgents; and the crowd, unwilling to waste time, began to fire at the little statues and insignia of the French kings, which ornamented this old building. When this amusement palled—the French are easily enuied—they formed circles, and danced the Carmagnole. Rum and brandy, largely introduced among them, gave them animation after their night's watching, and they were fit for any atrocity. But the beating of drums; and a rush to the balconies of the Hotel de Ville, told as that something was at hand; and in the midst of a group of municipal officers, Petion, the Mayor of Paris arrived. No man in France wore a milder visage, or hid a blacker heart under it. He was received by the rabble with shouts, and after a show of resistance, just sufficient to confirm his character for hypocrisy, suffered himself to be led to the front of the grand balcony, bowing as the man of the people. Another followed, a prodigious patriot, who had been placed at the head of the National Guard for his popular sycophancy, but who, on being called on by the mob to swear "death to the King," and hesitating, felt the penalty of being unprepared to go all lengths on the spot. I saw his throat cut, and his body flung from the balcony. A cannon shot gave the signal for the march, and we advanced to the grand prize of the day. I can describe but little more of the assault on the Tuilleries than that it was a scene of desperate confusion on both sides. The front of the Palace continually covered with the smoke of fire arms of all kinds, from all the casements; and the front of the mob a similar cloud of smoke, under which men fired, fled, got drunk, and danced. Nothing could be more ferocious, or more feeble. Some of the Sections utterly ran away on the first fire; but as they were unpursued, they returned by degrees, and joined the fray. It may be presumed that I made many an effort to escape; but I was in the midst of a battalion of the Faubourg St. Antoine. I had already dropped several muskets in succession, which had been thrust into my hands by the zeal of my begrimed comrades; and a sabre cut, which I had received from one of our mounted ruffians as he saw me stepping back to the rear, warned me that my time was not yet come to get rid of the scene of revolt and bloodshed.

At length the struggle drew to a close. A rumour had spread that the King had left the palace, and gone to the Assembly. The cry was now on all sides—"Advance, the day is our own!" The whole multitude rushed forward, clashing their pikes and muskets, and firing their cannon, which were worked by deserters from the royal troops; the Marseillais, a band of the most desperate looking ruffians that eye was ever set upon, chiefly galley slaves and the most profligate banditti of a sea port, led the column of assault; and the sudden and extraordinary cessation of fire from the palace windows, seemed to promise a sure conquest. But as the smoke subsided, I saw a long line of troops, three deep, drawn up in front of the chief entrance. Their scarlet uniforms showed that they were the Swiss. The gendarmerie, the National Guard, the regular battalions, had abandoned them, and their fate seemed inevitable. But there they stood, firm as iron. Their assailants evidently recoiled; but the discharge of some cannon shots, which told upon the ranks of these brave and unfortunate men, gave them new courage, and they poured onward. The voice of the Swiss commandant giving the word to fire was heard, and it was followed by a rolling discharge, from flank to flank, of the whole battalion. It was my first experience of the effect of fire; and I was astonished at its precision, rapidity, and deadly power. In an instant, almost the whole troop of Marseillais, in our front, were stretched upon the ground, and every third man in the first line of the Sections were killed or wounded. Before the shock could be recovered, we heard the word "fire" again from the Swiss officer, and a second shower of bullets burst upon our ranks. The Sections turned and fled in all directions, some by the Point Neuf, some by the Place Carrousel. The route was complete; the terror, the confusion, and the yelling of the wounded were horrible. The havoc was increased by a party of the defenders of the palace, who descended into the court and fell with desperation on the fugitives. I felt that

now was my time to escape, and darted behind one of the buttresses of a royal porte cachere, to let the crowd pass me. The skirmishing continued at intervals, and an officer in the uniform of the Royal Guard was struck down close to my feet. As he rolled over, I recognized his features. He was my young friend Lafontaine? With an inconceivable shudder I looked on his pale countenance, and with the thought of the misery which the tidings would bring to fond ears in England. But as I drew the body within the shelter of the gate, I found that he still breathed; he opened his eyes and I had the happiness, after waiting in suspense till the dusk covered our movements, of conveying him to my hotel.

Of the remaining events of this most calamitous day, I know but what all the world knows. It broke down the monarchy. It was the last struggle in which a possibility existed of saving the throne. The gentlest of the Bourbons was within sight of the scaffold. He had now only to retrieve his character for personal virtue by laying his head patiently under the blade of the guillotine. His royal character was gone beyond hope, and all henceforth was to be the trial of the Legislature and the nation. Even that trial was to be immediate, comprehensive and condign. No people in the history of rebellion ever suffered, so keenly or so rapidly, the vengeance which belongs to national crimes. The saturnalia was followed by massacre. A new and darker spirit of ferocity displayed itself, in a darker and more degraded form, from hour to hour, until the democracy was extinguished. Like the Scripture miracle of the demoniac—the spirits which had once exhibited the shape of man, were transmitted into the shape of the brute; and even the swine ran down by instinct, and perished in the waters.

From the St. John New Brunswick.

MR. PERLEY'S SEVENTH LECTURE ON THE RIVERS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Last Friday, Mr Perley resumed his subject at Bathurst Harbour, and proceeded thence along the coast of the Bay of Chaleur toward Dalhousie.—The distance between Bathurst and Dalhousie was stated to be about sixty miles, and although there were only two or three considerable rivers intersecting the great road in that distance, yet there was an infinity of brooks and streams, and perhaps on no road in the Province of similar length, where there were so many bridges.

The coast between the two points mentioned, was described as quite low and very level; and this level land extended back from the shore for five or six miles, when a hilly and broken tract of wilderness country commenced. The streams took their rise amid these hills, and their sources were frequently very close to each other, although they took widely different courses. The little Nepisiguit was the first stream mentioned; it was said to rise near the Tettagouche, and to be but of small size. The Nigadoue came next, a pretty stream, 15 or 20 miles long, flowing over a clear bottom, and the settlement of *Petit Rocher*, lying near it, was described. The settlers at *Petit Rocher* were said to be Acadian French, who neglected their farms to follow fishing and lime burning, and were miserably poor. The limestone was of good quality and abundant; the people burned it in badly constructed kilns, with great waste of time and labour, and then carried it down the Bay, and even as far as Prince Edward Island, for sale. The Elm Tree and Bell Dune rivers, both small streams, were next in order. They are four miles apart, and between them is the flourishing settlement of Belle Dune. The houses are neat and there is a pretty Chapel; the settlers are Irish Catholics, who came to this country exceedingly poor, but by their own industry and prudence have raised themselves to comfort and independence. Nine miles from Belle Dune is the Jaquet River, a large stream, forty five miles long, rising in the hilly country, near the sources of the Upsalquitch and Nepisiguit. The borders of this river furnish quantities of large white pine, which can be driven for 30 miles. Mr Wightman carried the barometrical survey of the Boundary Commissioners, from Grand Falls to Bay of Chaleur, by the Jaquet river, and the hills on the upper part of the river were found by him to be from 800 to 1400 feet high. There is a good harbour at the mouth of this river, in 4 and 5 fathoms water, sheltered by Heron Island. This island was described as a long narrow slip of land, lying parallel with the main, at a short distance from it, and having good water and fine fishing all round it.

A promising settlement at Nash's creek was mentioned, as also the river Benjamin and the river Charlo, all small streams, and the Eel river settlement was pointed out, and stated to have been first formed by settlers from the Isle of Arran, who had succeeded very well. The mouth of Eel river was shown on the map, and described as having a bar of sand across it a mile long, thrown up by easterly gales, and along this sea wall of sand and gravel the great road to Dalhousie passed. The bar formed within a wide basin of shallow water, with a soft muddy bottom, that peculiar sort of black mud, in which the eels delight to bury themselves during winter. The basin of Eel river is the best eel ground in the Province, and one of the best spots for wild fowl shooting in all New Brunswick, wild fowl of every description, but more particularly brant and geese, being abundant beyond all belief. The eels were stated to be the principal food of the Micmacs at all times, and the various modes of spearing them, both in summer and winter, were clearly described, and the several spears used by the Indians were shown.

The Lecturer here mentioned, that all the coast from Bathurst to Dalhousie abounded in

fish of every description, and that small fish were so abundant at times, as to be spread on the land for manure—lobsters also were used for the same purpose, as at Carraquet, where every hill of potatoes had on it one or more lobster shells.

The tide flows four miles up Eel river, above which there is a large tract of level land, of good quality, surrounded and sheltered by the lofty hills of the Restigouche. The Colebrooke settlement is forming on this tract, and is said to offer peculiar advantages to settlers. There is a high ridge of trap rock, separating Eel river from Dalhousie, called Charlefort's hill, which is very abrupt on the eel river side, and sloping toward the Restigouche; at the base of the slope is the town of Dalhousie.

The entrance of the Restigouche is three miles wide, with nine fathoms of water—a noble entrance to a noble river. The Bay of Chaleur terminates here; it is 85 miles long, varying from 25 to 30 miles in width, and in the whole of its length and breadth, the Lecturer said, there was neither rock, reef, or shoal!

The Restigouche was described as being 220 miles long; its Indian name implied "the river which divides like the hand," in allusion to its separation above the tide, into five principal streams or branches. Dalhousie at its entrance was described as a very neat town, containing about 130 houses, and 1000 inhabitants; the streets were said to be broad and clean. In front of the town there are some excellent wharves, with large and well sheltered timber ponds; a crescent shaped basin, and an island, form an excellent harbour, where ships of any size can load in perfect safety. The present extensive trade of Restigouche was said to have sprung up about 1825, since which Dalhousie and Campbellton have been built; the whole trade of this river is carried on from the New Brunswick side; and this was the only case, the Lecturer said, in which the people of New Brunswick had not allowed their neighbours to secure all the advantages of position, which was owing however in a great measure to the utter neglect of the district of Gaspe by the Canadian Government, which appeared altogether ignorant of its value.

A very fine transparent map, of exceeding large size, was shown, exhibiting the river Restigouche from Dalhousie to Campbellton, and all the principal places of interest on both sides of the river, with the ship channel, clearly defined. This map was prepared by Mr Slader, under the direction of the Lecturer, from a survey made by Mr McDonald, of Gaspe, and had an excellent effect. Campbellton was pointed out, and said to contain 50 or 60 houses, and about 400 inhabitants. The Sugar Loaf hill, a high conical eminence, standing isolated from the other hills, has been measured trigonometrically by captain Baddely, of the Royal Engineers, and found to be 1230 feet high. The summit is only accessible at one part, and even there it is considered rather perilous.

The establishment of Robert Ferguson, Esq., called Athol House, was shown on the map, and Mr Ferguson was stated to be one of the first English settlers on the Restigouche. He has a large and excellent farm, and for many years has carried on an extensive Salmon fishery in front of his residence. He has formerly packed and shipped 1200 tierces of salmon in a season, but the quantity has decreased of late, owing in a great measure to the fish being taken up the stream, out of season.—The salmon fishery is still extensive however.

Opposite Athol House, on the Canadian side of the river, is Mission Point, a Micmac settlement, of about 400 souls. A transparency was shown exhibiting a view of this point, with the old Chapel and the Priest's house, and *Pointe au Bourdo*, and some lofty hills in the distance, which gave a good idea of the boldness of the scenery.

The scene of an action in 1760, between some French men of war and a French fleet of four sail and twenty transports, was shown, and a detailed and spirited account was given of the manner in which the English vessels under Captain Byron and Sir Andrew Hamilton, had forced their way up the river, silencing the guns at Point a la Garde, and Battery Point, finally sinking the vessels of war and capturing the transports off Point au Bourdo. This point received its name from the circumstance of Captain Bourdo, the commander of the French fleet who fell during the action, being buried there. When the action was fought there was a town at this point, containing 200 houses, built by the French, and called *Petite Rochelle*—this town was razed to the ground by Capt. Byron, and only a few remains of the foundations of houses were now to be seen. The French fleet destroyed here was intended to relieve Montreal, and endeavour to re-establish the French in Canada; but here was the closing scene and final end of French power in North America.

The tide was said to flow six miles, or more, above Mission point, where the river contracted suddenly, and there were a number of alluvial islands, on which maple sugar was manufactured to some extent every spring. Above these islands were the Flat Lands, consisting of several hundred acres of rich terraced intervals, similar to that described by the Lecturer last season, on the Upper St. John, of which diagrams were then shown.—The Flat lands are well settled, but above there are but few settlers, scattered along the river as far as the Upsalquitch, all beyond being wilderness, only imperfectly explored and but partially known. A brief but comprehensive description of the Matapechae, the Upsalquitch, the Quotawamkedgwick, and other principal tributaries of the Restigouche, was given, and the portages connecting them with the head waters of several tributaries of the St. John, were pointed out, and the Lecturer having exceeded the usual period, said he had concluded his task for that evening. Before closing, however, he wished to remark that Dalhousie was the northernmost