

'And thou, the servant of the shah, how likest thou the slipper thyself, man? O hard of hear! learn to be merciful while dutiful.—Our right hand hath spoiled thy beauty in the matter of thy teeth, and we will not forget we rest thy debtor.'

Zaul Zemshir bent to the very ground, and to the day of his death ceased not to inflict six times a year upon his family and friends, in a story of some two hours duration, the extraordinary and familiar condescension of the heir apparent upon the present occasion.

'The faces of all who look upon this scene of my joy, should be whitened by the shah's graciousness,' continued Nourjehan; 'the only woman Miriam is an outcast from the throne of mercy. Put that she-devil forth from Ispahan. O Ali Mohammed, and, on peril of her life, never let her again enter the city of delights, or she shall verily become a fresh by-word in Persia, and the fate of the abominable shall be likened to the fate of Miriam, who sold her master's house for a price, and was therefore burned with the fires of earth and of hell. For thee, Ali Mohammed, be thyself henceforth captain of a thousand men, and if thou must die, and drink of the unlawful, do it, good fellow, in the privacy of thy camp, and not in the public streets.'

'My house is enlarged!—my head reaches the skies! May the prince live forever!' responded Ali Mohammed, as he led forth Miriam from thy presence.

Then Nourjehan tenderly took the hand of Ali-Suli. 'Thy dwelling, O father of Zelia, be henceforth in the royal palace beneath the shadow of the king of kings and many be our battles on the chess-field. Wonderful was the star of destiny which led me first into the presence of this my beautiful bride.'

And Nourjehan pressed Zelia to his bosom, while joyous shouts of loud acclaim again rent the air. 'Take me now unto the realms of light, O Allah, when thy will, audibly prayed the shah, 'My line will leave heirs to the throne of Persia.'

Nourjehan and Zelia were wedded with fitting pomp, and forty days Ispahan rang with the public rejoicing upon this happy occasion. Even Ismael Khan was restored to favor and the past was washed with the waters of oblivion.

And the Shah Jehan was gathered to his fathers, and Nourjehan his son reigned in his stead over Persia, ruling his people many years in mercy and in justice, as we find written in the chronicles of his kingdom. His union with Zelia, the fair chess player, was bright and uninterrupted until a late period of life, when, as our Persian original manuscript phrase it, 'they were separated by the stern divider of delights and breaker of friendships.'

From the French Revolution. By T. Carlyle.  
**DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE.**

TALLIEN'S eyes beamed bright on the morrow, Ninth of Thermidor, about nine o'clock, to see that the convention had actually met.—Paris is in rumour: but at least we are met, in legal convention here; we have not been snatched seriatim: treated with a 'Pride's purge' at the door. 'Allons, brave men of the plain,' late frogs of the marsh! cried Tallien, with a squeeze of the hand, as he passed in; Saint Just's sonorous voice being now audible from the tribune, and the game of games begun. Saint Just is verily reading that report of his; green vengeance, in the shape of Robespierre, watching nigh. Behold, however, Saint Just has read but few sentences, when interruption rises, rapid *bislando*; when Tallien starts to his feet, and *bislando*, and this man starts and that, and Tallien, a second time with his 'Citoyens,' at the Jacobins last night. I trembled for the republic. I said to myself, if the convention dare not strike the tyrant, then I myself dare; and with this I will do it, if need be, said he, whisking out a clear-gleaming dagger, and brandishing it there: the steel of Brutus, as we call it. Whereat we all bellow, and brandish, impetuous acclaim. 'Ty-ranny! dictatorship! triumvirate!' And the safety committee men accuse, and all men accuse, and uproar, and impetuously acclaim.—And Saint Just is standing motionless, pale of face; and Counton ejaculating, 'Triumvir? with a look at his paralytic legs. And Robespierre is struggling to speak, but President Thuriot is jingling the bell against him, but the hall is sounding against him like an *Æolus-hall*: and Robespierre is mounting the tribune steps and descending again, going and coming, like to choke with rage, terror, desperation—and mutiny is the order of the day. O President Thuriot, thou that wert Elector Thuriot, and from the Bastille battlements sawest Saint Antoine rising like the ocean tide, and hast seen much since, sawest thou ever the like of this? Jingle of bell, which thou jingled against Robespierre, is hardly audible amid the *Bedlam* storm; and men rage for life. 'President of assassins!' shrieks Robespierre. 'I demand speech of thee for the last time!' It cannot be had. 'To you, O virtuous men of the plain,' cries he, finding audience one moment. I appeal to you! The virtuous men of the plain sat silent as stones. And Thuriot's bell jingles, and the hall sounds like *Æolus's Hall*. Robespierre's frothing lips are grown blue, his tongue dry,

cleaving to the roof of his mouth. 'The blood of Danton chokes him,' cry they. 'Accusation!' decree of accusation! Thuriot swiftly puts that question. Accusation passed; the incorruptible Maximilien is decreed accused. 'I demand to share my brother's fate, as I have striven to share his virtues,' cries Augustine, the younger Robespierre: Augustine is also decreed. And Conthon, Saint Just, and Lebas, they are all decreed, and packed forth—not without difficulty, the ushers almost trembling to obey. Triumvirate and Company are packed forth into Safety committee-room, their tongue cleaving to the roof of their mouth. You have but to summon the municipality; to cashier commandant Henriot, and launch arrest at him; to regulate formalities; and hand Tinville his victims.

It is noon; the *Æolus Hall* has delivered itself; blows now victorious, harmonious, as one irresistible wind. And so the work is finished. One thinks so, and yet it is not so. Alas, there is yet but the first act finished; three or four other acts still to come; and an uncertain catastrophe! A huge city holds in it so many confusions, seven hundred thousand human heads: not one of which knows what his neighbour is doing, nay not what itself is doing. See, accordingly, about three in the afternoon, Commandant Henriot, now, instead of sitting cashiered, arrested, he gallops along the Quais, followed by municipal gendarmes, trampling down several persons! For the Town-hall sits deliberating, openly insurgent; barriers to be shut, no gaoler to admit any prisoner this day;—and Henriot is galloping towards the Tuilleries, to deliver Robespierre. On the Quai de la Ferrallerie, a young citizen, walking with his wife, says aloud, 'Gendarmes, that man is not your commandant, he is under arrest.' The gendarmes strike down the young citizen with the flat of their swords. Representatives themselves (as Merlin the Thionviller) who accost him, this puissant Henriot flings into guard-houses. He bursts towards the Tuilleries committee-room, 'to speak with Robespierre;' with difficulty, the ushers and Tuilleries gendarmes, earnestly pleading and drawing sabre, seize this Henriot; get the Henriot gendarmes, persuaded not to fight; get Robespierre and Company packed into hackney-coaches, sent off under escort to the Luxembourg, and other prisons. This then is the end? May not an exhausted convention adjourn now, for a little repose and sustenance, at five o'clock. An exhausted convention did it, and repented it.—The end was not come, only the end of the second act. Hark, while exhausted representatives sit at victuals, tocsin bursting from all steeples, drums rolling, in the summer evening; Judge Coffinhal is galloping with new gendarmes, to deliver Henriot from Tuilleries committee-room, and does deliver him. Puissant Henriot vaults on horseback, sets to haranguing the Tuilleries gendarmes, corrupts the Tuilleries gendarmes too; trots off with them to Town-hall. Alas! and Robespierre is not in prison; the gaoler showed his municipal order, durst not, on pain of his life, admit any prisoner; the Robespierre hackney-coaches, in this confused jangle and whirl of uncertain gendarmes, have fallen safe—into the Town-hall. There sits Robespierre and Company, embraced by municipals and Jacobins, in sacred right of insurrection; redacting proclamations, sounding tocsins, corresponding with sections and mother society. Is not here a pretty enough third act of a natural Greek drama; catastrophe more uncertain than ever. The hasty convention rushes together again, in the ominous nightfall; President Colliot, for the chair is his, enters with long strides, paleness on his face; claps on kishat, says with solemn tone, 'Citoyens, armed villains have beset the committee-rooms, and got possession of them. The hour is come, to die at our post!' 'Oui, answer one and all; we swear it! It is no rodemontade this time, but a sad fact and necessity; unless we die at our posts, we must verily die. Swift, therefore, Robespierre, Henriot, the municipality, are declared rebels; put *hors la loi* out of law. Better still, we appoint Barras commandant of what armed force is to be had; send missionary representatives to all sections and quarters, to preach and raise force; will die at least with harness on our back. What a distracted city, men riding and running, reporting and hearsaying; the hour clearly in travail,—child not to be named till born. The poor prisoners in Luxembourg hear the rumour; tremble for a new September. They see men making signals to them, on skylights and roofs, apparently signals of hope, cannot in the least make out what it is. We observe, however in the eventide, as usual, the death tumbrils faring south-eastward, through Saint Antoine, towards their Barrier du Trone. Saint Antoine's tough bowels melt; Saint Antoine surrounds the tumbrils, says, it shall not be. O heavens, why should it! Henriot and gendarmes, scouring the streets that way, bellow, with waved sabres, that it must. Quit hope, ye poor doomed! The tumbrils move on.—But in this set of tumbrils there are two other things notable: one notable person, and one want of a notable person. The notable person is Lieutenant-General Loiserolles, a nobleman by birth and by nature, laying down his life here for his son. In the prison of Saint Lazare, the night before last, hurrying to the grate to hear the death-list read, he caught the name of his son. The son was asleep at that moment.

'I am Loiserolles,' cried the old man; at Tinville's bar an error in the christian name is little, small objection was made. The want of the notable person, again, is that of Deputy Thomas Paine. Paine has sat in the Luxembourg since January, and seemed forgotten; but Fouquier had pricked him at last. The turnkey, list in hand, is marking with chalk the outer doors of to-morrow's death list. Paine's outer door happened to be opened, turned back on the wall; the turnkey marked it on the side next came and shut it on; and another turnkey now visible, the batch went without Paine. Paine's life lay not there. Our fifth act of this natural Greek drama, with its national unities, can only be painted in gross; somewhat as that antique painter, driven desperate, did the foam. For through this blessed July night there is clangour, confusion very great, of marching troops; of sections going this way, sections going that; of missionary representatives reading proclamations by torchlight; of missionary legends who has raised force somewhere, emptying out the Jacobins, and flinging their key on the convention table. 'I have locked their door; it shall be Virtue that opens it.' Paris, we say, is set against itself, rushing confused, as ocean currents do; a huge maelstrom, sounding there under cloud of night. Convention sits permanent on this hand; Municipality most permanent on that. The poor prisoners hear tocsin and rumour; strive to bethink them of the signals apparently of hope. Meek continual twilight streaming up, which will be dawn and a to-morrow, silvers the northern hem of night; it wends and wends there, that meek brightness like a silent prophecy, along the great ring-dial of the heaven. So still, eternal! and on earth all is confused shadow and confict; and dissonance, tumultuous gloom and glare; and 'Destiny as yet sits wavering, and shakes her doubtful urn.' About three in the morning, the dissident armed forces have met. Henriot's armed force stood ranked in the Place de Greve; and now Barras's which he has recruited, arrives there, and they front each other, cannon bristling against cannon. Citoyens! cries the voice of Discretion loudly enough, before coming to bloodshed, to endless civil warfare, hear the convention decree read:—'Robespierre and all rebels out of law! Out of law! There is terror in the sound. Unarmed citoyens disperse rapidly home. Municipal cannoneers, in sudden whirl, anxiously unanimous, range themselves on the convention side, with shouting. At which shout Henriot descends from his upper room, far gone in drink, as some say; finds his Place de Greve empty; the cannons' mouth turned towards him, and, on the whole, that it is now the catastrophe! Stumbling in again, the wretched drunk-sobered Henriot announces, 'All is lost!' 'Miserable, it is thou that hast lost it!' cry they; and fling him, or else he flings himself, out of the window; far enough down, into masenwork and horror of cesspool; not into death but worse. Augustine Robespierre follows him, with the like fate. Saint-Just, they say, called on Lebas to kill him, who would not. Couthon crept under a table, attempting to kill himself; not doing it. On entering that Sanhedrim of insurrection, we find all as good as extinct; undone, ready for seizure. Robespierre was sitting on a chair, with pistol shot blown through, not his head, but his under jaw; the suicidal hand had failed. With prompt zeal, not without trouble, we gather these wrecked conspirators; fish up even Henriot and Augustine, bleeding and foul; pack them all, rudely enough, into carts, and shall before sunrise, have them sate under lock and key. Amid shoutings and embracings. Robespierre lay in an anteroom of the convention hall, while his prison escort was getting ready, the mangled jaw bound up with bloody linen, a spectacle to men.—He lies stretched on a table, a deal box his pillow; the sheath of the pistol is still clenched convulsively in his hand.—Men bully him, insult him. His eyes still indicate intelligence: he speaks no word. 'He had on the sky-blue coat he had got made for the Feast of the Supreme Being.' O reader, can thy hard heart hold out against that? His trousers were nankeen; the stockings had fallen down over the ankles. He spoke no word more in this world. And so, at six in the morning, a victorious convention adjourns.—Report flies over Paris as on golden wings, penetrates the prisons, irradiates the faces of those that were ready to perish; turnkeys and moutons, fallen from their high estate, look mute and blue. It is the 28th of July, called 10th of Thermidor, year 1794. Fouquier had but to identify, his prisoners being already out of law. At four in the afternoon, never before were the streets of Paris seen so crowded.—From the Palais de Justice to the Place de la Revolution, for thither again to the tumbrils this time, it is one dense stirring mass. All windows crammed the very roofs and ridge-tiles budding forth human curiosity, in strange sadness. The death-tumbrils, with their motley batch of outlaws, some twenty-three or so, from Maximilien to Mayor Fleuriot and Simon the Cordwainer, roll on. All eyes are on Robespierre's tumbril, where he, his jaw bound in dirty linen, with his half-dead brother, and half-dead Henriot, lie shattered, their seventeen hours of agony about to end. The gendarmes point their swords at him, to show the people which is he. A woman springs on the tumbril

lutching the side of it with one hand, waving the other sibyllike, and exclaims, 'The death of thee gladdens my very opened, makes me drunk with joy!' Robespierre heaved his eyes. *Scelerati*, go down to hell with the curses of all wives and mothers! At the foot of the scaffold they stretched him on the ground till his turn came. Lifted aloft, his eyes again opened, caught the bloody axe. Sampson wrenched the coat off him, the dirty linen from his jaw; the jaw fell powerless, there burst from him a cry hideous to hear and see. Sampson, thou canst not be too quick. Sampson's work done, there bursts forth shout on shout of applause. Shout which prolongs itself not only over Paris but over France, but over Europe, and down to this generation. Deservedly, and also undeservedly. O unhappiest advocate of Arras! Robespierre, wert thou worse than other advocates? Stricter man, according to his formula, to his credo, and his cant, of probities, benevolences, pleasures of virtues, and such like, lived not in that age. A man fitted, in some luckier settled age, to have become one of those incorruptible barren pattern figures, and have had marble tablets and funereal sermons.—His poor landlord, the cabinet-maker in the Rue St. Honore, loved him; his brother died for him. May God be merciful to him, and to us! This is the end of the Reign of Terror; new glorious Revolution named of Thermidor; of Thermidor 9th, year 2; which, being interpreted into old slave style, means 27th of July, 1794. Terror is ended; and death in the Place de la Revolution, were the 'Tail of Robespierre' once executed; which service Fouquier in large batches is swiftly managing.

#### THE BIRD AND THE EGG.

LET us take the egg in our hands. What is it? and what is destined to issue from it? I know not, but she knows well—she who with expanded wings tremulously embraces and matures it by her own warmth,—she who, till now free, and Queen of the air, lived according to her own will and caprice, becomes suddenly captive and immovable upon this dumb object, which might almost pass for a stone, which nothing as yet reveals to us. Talk not of blind instinct. We shall see by the results how this clear-sighted instinct becomes modified according to circumstances; in other words, how little this dawning reason differs in its nature from the reason of man himself. Yes, this mother, by the penetration—the clairvoyance—of affection, knows, sees distinctly. Through the thick calcareous shell, where your rude hand distinguishes nothing, she is cognizant by a delicate perception of the mysterious being which is therein nourished and formed. It is this knowledge which supports her during the tedious labour of incubation, during so protracted a captivity. She sees that being, delicate and lovely in its downy covering of infancy, and she foresees, by hope, what it will hereafter be, strong and bold, when, with outstretched wings it will gaze at the sun, and wing its flight against the storms.—*Michelet's Birds.*

#### AN INCIDENT IN A BULL FIGHT.

THE next thing in the programme was riding the bull, and this was the most amusing scene of all. One of the horsemen lassoes him over the horns, and the other, securing him in his lasso by the hind leg, trips him up, and throws him without the least difficulty. By keeping the lassoes taut, he is helpless. He is then girthed with a rope, and one of the performers holding on by this, gets astride of the prostrate bull in such a way as to secure his seat when the animal rises. The lassoes are then cast off, when the bull immediately gets up, and, furious at finding a man on his back, plunges and kicks most desperately, jumping from side to side, and jerking himself violently in every way, as he vainly endeavours to bring his horns round so as to reach his rider. I never saw such horsemanship, if horsemanship it could be called; nor did I ever see a horse go through such contortions, or make such spasmodic bounds and leaps; but the fellow never lost his seat, he stuck to the bull as firm as a rock, though thrown about so violently that it seemed enough to jerk the head off his body. During this singular exhibition, the spectators cheered and shouted most uproariously, and the bull was maddened to greater fury than ever by the footman shaking their flags in his face, and putting more squibs on his neck. It seemed to be the grand climax; they had exhausted all means to infuriate to the bull the very utmost, and they were now braving him more audaciously than ever. Had any of them made a slip of the foot, or misjudged his distance but a hair-breath, there would have been a speedy end of him; but, fortunately, no such mishap occurred, for the blind rage of the bull was impotent against their coolness and precision. When the man riding the bull thought he had had enough of it, he took an opportunity when the bull came near the outside of the arena, and hopped off his back on the top of the barrier. A door was then opened, and the bull was allowed to depart in peace.—*Three Years in California.*

'My dear sir,' said a candidate, accosting a sturdy wag on the day of election, 'I'm very glad to see you.' 'You needn't be I've voted.'