

### An Incident of the French Revolution

By MARTHA V. MONROE

Antoine le Beouf was a leader of one of the arrondissements into which Paris is divided, and when the great revolution came on so far as his way extended it was absolute. Jean Millet was a leader, too, but a Conservative. The revolution was like a roaring stream, that gathered power as it sped on. Time came when those who had been instrumental in starting it lost their heads by trying to control it. Millet went into it hoping to reorganize the existing government. Before it finished its mad course its object was to get rid of the existing government and set the class that supported it by means of the guillotine.

When order was restored under the directory, Le Beouf, who had made bitter enemies during the period of blood running from having sent so many persons to the guillotine, found himself exposed to plots hatched against him for purposes of revenge. One who had lost a near and dear relative spent a long time in manufacturing a case of murder against him, had him arrested and tried. Millet presided as judge, and it was in his power so to instruct the jury that they must bring in a verdict of guilty or not guilty, as he chose. When it became his duty to do this, instead of at once addressing the jury he addressed the prisoner.

"Citizen Antoine le Beouf, stand up!" Le Beouf, who was much broken by his troubles, could only stand by leaning on his daughter, a young woman perhaps twenty-three or twenty-four years old.

"Citizen le Beouf, do you remember during the reign of terror one who at the time the Girondists were executed protested against their execution?" There was no reply.

"Do you remember that you sent out an order for the arrest of that person, that he was brought before you and adjudged an enemy of the revolution? He was confined in a room in your house—the prisons were too full to admit him—till he could be sent to the guillotine. He escaped and strove as before to keep the French people from committing political suicide by their murderous course. Tell me, Le Beouf, do you remember that man?"

"Yes," moaned the prisoner, "I remember him."

All who heard the judge speak believed his words to be preliminary to a vengeance upon the accused. They supposed that he would in the end ask Le Beouf if he thought that one who had sent so many to the guillotine should be spared from the guillotine, then instruct the jury that it was their duty under the law to bring in a verdict of guilty. The girl who sustained her father kept her eyes on the judge in a frightened, reproachful look, like the rest dreading his final words.

"This man Millet, who was trying to stem the butchery of yourself and others, kept himself out of your way. You tried to get your hands on him by open means, but, failing, tried treachery. You sent for him on the ground that you wished to form a union between the Conservatives and the Radicals and desired him as a representative man of the Conservatives to join with you to make the revolution less bloody. Suspecting your design, he sent a man to meet you in a dark court, where you would not recognize him. He was seized and hurried away. But when the light shone on him you saw that it was you instead of I who had been tricked." The prisoner trembled, but said nothing.

"And now, Antoine le Beouf, who you on the bench—not the judicial bench, the bench of the revolution—sent so many innocent persons to the guillotine, what do you think that I, a judge regularly appointed by the state, should do in your case?"

The prisoner bowed his head without reply, but his daughter in a trembling voice said, "You should be merciful, M. le Judge."

"No, mademoiselle, not merciful. Your father does not deserve mercy. But first I should be just. It has not been proved that the prisoner committed this murder with which he has been charged. But this is not my ruling motive. Gratitude is today stronger than justice—gratitude to you, who, when I was confined in the rear of your father's house while he was in the front sending men and women to the guillotine, came and at the risk of yourself dying to save me opened my door and conducted me to the street. It is my duty to instruct the jury in this case to bring in a verdict of not guilty, and it is my pleasure to give you your father's life."

When the judge was speaking the hat words an impressive silence reigned in the courtroom. Millet, le Beouf and the judge and, kneeling before him, seized his hand and kissed it, raising her, he turned to the jury and gave them his formal instructions that read the prisoner. Then Le Beouf tried to thank the judge; but, being unable to speak, he waved his hand to him and was led away by his daughter.

A part of the throng followed the released prisoner, and a part remained with the judge to express their interest in his conduct and their admiration for him. He became one of the prominent men under the directory. Such was a trial during a period of law and order. How different from those trials which were mere prefaces to murder!

### Gems In Verse

WITH A SONG IN HIS BREAST.

He tells when the sky is overclouded, And he strives when the weather is bright. Where the weak by the stronger are crowded.

He bravely keeps up the good fight, He's not roused by relentless conditions, With words that will give him no rest, He clings to the fairest ambitions, And toils with a song in his breast.

He strives and is free from resentment For others whose ventures have paid, And are searching for splendid contentment.

Away from the channels of trade, His task as he puts his hand to it, Is never begun in dismay, But he gladly endeavors to do it, A little bit better each day.

He is pitted sometimes by his brethren Whom Fortune has deigned to make glad, But he wastes no time envying others Because of the luck they have had.

With faith in the Master above him, And hope that never falters nor swerves, He is cheered by their gladness who love him, And is loyal to those whom he serves.

Let others whom luck has attended, Look down with contempt if they will, Ambitions unyielding and splendid, Are ceaselessly urging him still.

With joy in the strength he is given, To daily accomplish his best, He lags not with those who are driven, But toils with a song in his breast. —S. E. Kiser.

#### A MEMORY.

Oh, what has become of the old-fashioned lover Who called for his sweetheart when evening was fine, And took her out riding, by gum, in the cutter, And drove with one arm draped around her waist line?

He's got a new fangled self starting as buggy, And riding has lost at least one of its charms, Because, don't you see, when he's steering the auto, He has to keep driving with both of his arms. —Selected.

I WONDER IS THERE LAUGHTER? I WONDER up in heaven is there laughter For her who loved it so, If, parting past, the joy that followed after, Made her less loath to go, I wonder if above the stars' strange singing, The high angelic praise, She hears those notes of vagrant laughter ringing, That gladdened earthly days.

I WONDER if, this little life behind her, Eternity before, Some tender thought of love and mirth might find her, From one who laughs no more, If matters not, my loneliness, my sorrow, So she be glad and gay, But if I thought she would not laugh to-morrow, My heart would break today! —Ethel M. Colson.

"KILLED IN ACTION." (Things have come out against us—Captain Scott's Diary.) THINGS came out against us—The legions of the night, The blind hosts of the blunder god, Impossible to fight, Cruel things, monstrous things, Walking all in white.

They were less than we were, These things beyond control, But they came out against us, In the deserts round the pole, Where things may crush our mortal clay, Yet never touch the soul.

From white, unheard of mountains They swept down like a wind, Challenging us to save ourselves, And leave the lost behind, Then—against them, too—things came out, And we stayed—with the doom assigned.

Conquered, we shall conquer! They have not hurt the soul, For there is another Captain, Whose legions round us roll, Battling across the wastes of death, To conquer a darker pole.

The things that bludgeoned us in the dark— We have proved they are less than he, So we can await his trumpets Through all the years to be, Secure in the honor of England, Secure of victory. —Alfred Noyes.

#### "LIFE."

A CRUST of bread and a corner to sleep in; A minute to smile and an hour to weep in; A pint of joy to a peck of trouble, And never a laugh, but moans come double.

And that is life. A crust and a corner that love makes precious, With the smiles to warm and the tears to refresh us, And joy seems sweeter when cares come after, And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter, And that is life. —P. L. Dunbar.

ANACREONTIC. WHAT is a kiss? A herald fair That marshaleth the way to love; A fleeting breath of balmy air Which o'er the lips doth rove; An evanescent touch that thrills The ardent lover's trembling frame; A dew which on the heart distills And kindles into flame.

What is a kiss? A hissing sound Of language all unknown before; The accent of one rapture found, The whispered hope of more; The bending of the boy's bow, What time the string and arrow part; The blissful signet to the vow That yieldeth up the heart. —James Rose Calvert.

"PERCHANCE TO DREAM." I AM so weary, yet I fear to sleep, How hard it seems to lose myself to go To that strange world where tyrant Dreams hold rule, Where I may kill my friend or wed my foe! —Margaret Gilman George.

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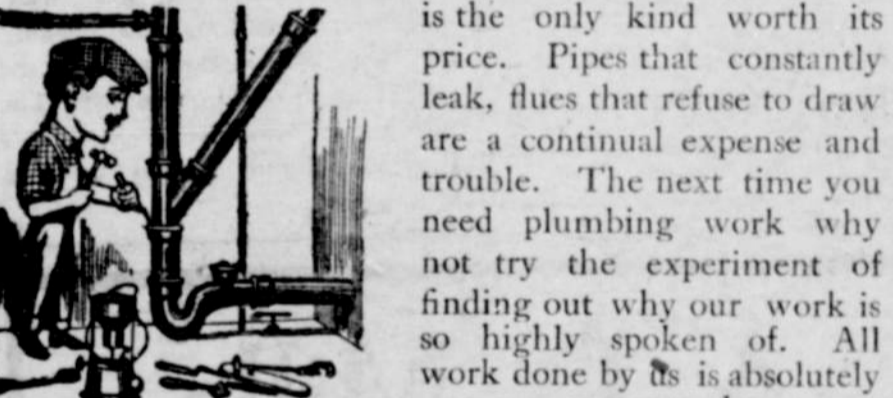
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