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girded with their scarves of office. They entered the Hall meditatively. There, M. de Rességuier, undoubtedly with a good purpose, and in order to form a more compact group, urged that they should all install themselves on the Right side. "No," said Marc Dufraisse, "every one to his bench." They scattered themselves about the Hall, each in his usual place. M. Monet, who sat on one of the lower benches of the Left Centre, held in his hand a copy of the Constitution. Several minutes elapsed. No one spoke. It was the silence of expectation which precedes decisive deeds and final crises, and during which every one seems respectfully to listen to the last instructions of his conscience. Suddenly the soldiers of the Gendarmerie Mobile, headed by a captain with his sword drawn, appeared on the threshold. The Hall of Assembly was violated. The Representatives rose from their seats simultaneously, shouting "Vive la République!" The Representative Monet alone remained standing, and in a loud and indignant voice, which resounded through the empty hall like a trumpet, ordered the soldiers to halt. The soldiers halted, looking at the