**project-plan-d**

his study. There a dialogue ensued. The Representatives summoned the President to put himself at their head, and to re-enter the Hall, he, the man of the Assembly, with them, the men of the Nation. M. Dupin refused point-blank, maintained his ground, was very firm, and clung bravely to his nonentity. "What do you want me to do?" said he, mingling with his alarmed protests many law maxims and Latin quotations, an instinct of chattering jays, who pour forth all their vocabulary when they are frightened. "What do you want me to do? Who am |? What can | do? | am nothing. No one is any longer anything. Ubi nihil, nihil. Might is there. Where there is Might the people lose their Rights. Novus nascitur ordo. Shape your course accordingly. | am obliged to submit. Dura lex, sed lex. A law of necessity we admit, but not a law of right. But what is to be done? | ask to be let alone. | can do nothing. | do what I can. | am not wanting in good will. If | had a corporal and four men, | would have them killed." "This man only recognizes force," said the Representatives. "Very well, let us employ force." They used violence towards him, they girded him with a scarf like a