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JEAN PAUL MARAT'S LIFE

DR. RIDPATH'S ESTIMATE OF THE UNDERGROUND REVOLUTIONIST.

The Private and Public Life of The Friend of the People—A Cross Between Fatalist and Assassin—Subterranean Journalism—The Knife of Charlotte Corday.

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HERE are two Paris— one above ground, the other under. Without knowing this fact no one can understand a French revolution, much less the great revolution which rose and broke a hundred years ago.

Paris, a town ground has sunshine, boulevards, cafes, salons, men, women, mobility, enthusiasm. Paris underground has cellars, vaults, sewers, Plutonian haunts, darkness, squalor and death.

At the bottom Marat spoke the truth with his lips and from the heart. He believed absolutely in the things which he wrote and published. He would join himself with nobody. He fought the king, and he fought the Girondists, and he fought everything and everybody which seemed to him to be a relic of the ancient order in France.

Marat had for his mother Louise Cabrol, a Genevese Calvinist, which accounts for one part of him, but he had for his father Jean Paul Mara, of Cagliari, on the southern coast of Sardinia, and this accounts for another part.

At the period of his life he absorbed his social and philosophical opinions, which he carried with him, first to Paris, then into Holland and afterward to London. In his thirtieth year he began as an author, and in '74 published his first political treatise, under the significant name of the "Chains of Slavery."

With the beginning of the conflict proper behind Marat in Paris! He became a journalist, the most audacious that has ever yet appeared among men. First he founded The Moniteur Patriotique, then The Publiciste Parisien, and then, on the 16th of September, 1789, The Ami du Peuple, or Friend of the People, a journal which from that day became the vent of the Faubourgs, the very mouth and soul of the sans-culottes.

In this paper Marat began to pour out without measure the very essence of radicalism and audacity. His attack was on everything—on the monarchy, on the king, on the royal family, on the aristocracy, on feudal France, on everything that was above the earth.

It was not long until the authorities pounced upon Marat and his dangerous engine, but he eluded and fled to London. The pygmy with the monstrous head had now become an unquenchable volcano.

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able that the atrocious scheme for the massacre of the loyalist prisoners was hatched in the brain of Marat, and that he inoculated the giant Danton with his malignant purpose.

Notes well that Marat was never a partisan. His general policy was to oppose power in every form. He also croaked and prophesied and caviled. He had in him something of the gifts of Cassandra and all of the malignity of Thersites.

Marat, however, was not destined to go much further in this world. The summer of 1793 found him in a desperate condition from his diseases. He was withered almost to a skeleton, and the burning of his skin could only be appeased by sitting for the greater part of the time in a bath of hot water.

Thus was the bathing goblin occupied on the evening of the 13th of July, 1793. It was on the eve of the fourth anniversary of the storming of the Bastille. There is a rap at the door outside. The sweet voice of a woman is heard, evidently the voice of a maiden, who says that she would "do France a service."

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Washerwoman, and the message is delivered. But the girl persists, and is presently admitted to the spectacle.

"Citizen Marat," says she, "I come from Caen and wish to speak with you." "Sit down, my child," says he, "what are the traitors doing down at Caen? And who are the deputies from your country?"

David, the artist, shall soon paint the scene for posterity. The convention shall rush together, and all Paris—subterranean Paris—shall howl and groan. A decree shall be passed by which the body, or dust, of Mirabeau in the Pantheon shall make room for the ashes of this Marat.

As for Charlotte, the beautiful creature is hated to the tribunal. Witnesses are called. "They are not needed!" cries she in sublime indignation. "It is I that killed Marat. I killed one man to save a hundred thousand, a villain to save innocents, a savage wild beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution, and I never repented a single day."

Learning of Their Own Country. In the public schools of Brandenburg the German emperor's educational reform projects are being tested.

I WOULD THAT MY LOVE. (VOCAL DUET.)

Words by H. HEINE. Music by MENDELSSOHN.

Musical score for 'I Would That My Love' featuring 1st Soprano and 2d Soprano parts with lyrics in English and musical notation.