

OUR TABLE.

THE RISE AND FALL OF LOUIS PHILIPPE—BY
B. FERLEY MOORE.

THE occurrences of the present year in Europe in general, and in France in particular, have created a natural curiosity with reference to the history of the Continental Sovereigns. The ex-King of France has occupied the largest space in the eyes of men, and the popular desires have been gratified by memoirs, histories, and letters beyond computation. Among the rest, Mr. B. Ferley Moore has given us a book which will be read with much pleasure.

The character of Louis Philippe is one of no common interest. There is much in it which we cannot fail to admire—much that must be unequivocally condemned. His rise to eminence was won by the better qualities of his nature—his fall is attributable to the worst and weakest. The Crown he had won was for a time ably swayed, but of later years he has gradually fallen in the estimation, not of his own subjects only, but of the world, and in his expulsion from his country, he has not even the consolation which sympathy might afford.

We give a short extract from the book, as a specimen of the style of the author, who is, however, tolerably familiar to a large class of readers, as the Parisian letter writer of the Boston Atlas:

With the execution of the Duke (Egalité) ended the connection between the House of Orleans and French politics, until the Bourbons were restored to the throne,—so it would be out of place here to take more than a passing glance at the various governments which rapidly succeeded each other,—as in a temple in ancient Rome, where the murderer of the priest became his successor. Years of warfare, that evil school, had engendered a frightful indifference to the Divine command, "Thou shalt not kill," and so lowered the standard of morality, that the social bond was easily broken, and full sway was given to individual passions. The struggle developed the abilities of many competent to govern, but after blazing in their orbits for a while, they were invariably jolted from the political firmament by the envy which genius ever attracts, or fell beneath the axe which they had so unsparingly wielded, until the temple of French Liberty, like that of Juggernaut, was known by the immolated victims with which the road leading to it was

overlaid. And each successive set of rulers encouraged the war spirit!

Faction after Faction rose—struggled—and fell. The Constituents were succeeded by the Girondins—the Girondins by the Terrorists—the Terrorists by the Thermidorians—the Thermidorians by the Directory—the Directory by the Consulate—the Consulate by the Empire; and all these governments declared to France that war—war with some power, or any power—was necessary to its political existence. The tri-coloured flag, which had floated above the scaffold when Louis XVI. fell beneath the axe of the guillotine, and to protect which, Marat had called for the heads of "three hundred thousand aristocrats," was to be borne in glory abroad, in order to prevent anarchy at home.

Brilliant, to those who worship before the shrine of military glory, was its flaunting career. Coalition after coalition—there were not less than seven of them—was formed among the principal continental powers; but still the tricolor was triumphant, amid all changes, and against all opposition. Napoleon bore it as a conqueror throughout Italy, Pichegru throughout Holland, and Moreau throughout the banks of the Rhine. To put down this detested banner, which threatened to make the tour of Europe, and which had already revolutionized Switzerland and Naples, annihilated Venice, and been borne in the van of Macdonald's army to the gates of sacred Rome herself, the Czar dispatched the victorious Suvarrow from the snows of Russia to the Alps, there to sustain a crushing defeat at the hands of Joubert and Massena—and England, from first to last, was engaged in a bloody war of twenty years, during which she added upwards of six hundred millions of pounds sterling to her national debt! Still the tri-colour was triumphant. It crushed Austrian Lombardy at Marengo—annihilated Prussia at Jena—and broke the heart of Pitt by its signal success at Austerlitz. At length came the period of its humiliation. In Spain—in Portugal—in Russia—at Leipsic—in the heart of France itself—and finally at Waterloo—it was only raised to be lowered again, in token of abject defeat. Then, after having been furled for upwards of a quarter of a century, the white flag of the Bourbons, with its golden lilies, was again waving from the Tuileries.

The book is very well got up, and contains some fair wood-cuts and several fac-similes of autographs. We can safely recommend it to the notice of our readers.