

of trial, and with them some innocent.' 'These,' he adds, 'I deplore as much as anybody, and shall deplore some of them to the day of my death. But I deplore them as I should have done had they fallen in battle. It was necessary to use the arm of the people, a machine not so blind as balls and bombs, but blind to a certain degree. . . My own affections have been deeply wounded by some of the martyrs to this cause; but rather than it should have failed I would have seen half the earth desolated; were there but an Adam and Eve left in every country and left free, it would be better than it is now.' We see here in full perfection the Jacobin belief that everybody could be made happy, and not only happy but virtuous, by butchering kings and aristocrats, without the trouble of self-improvement. The admirers of Jefferson must rejoice that the scene of his beneficence was not Paris; had it been, he might have played a part in the September massacres, though the part which he would have played would have been that of a contriver rather than an actor. He somewhat resembled Robespierre in his feline nature, his malignant egotism, and his intense suspiciousness, as well as in his bloody-minded, yet possibly sincere, philanthropy; though, unlike Maximilian, he could ride. In his union of visionary speculation on politics with practical astuteness as a politician and capacity for intrigue, Jefferson reminds us of Sieyès. Whether he was entirely sincere in his religion of anarchy or not, he very distinctly saw the great fact that, beyond the leaders of worth and intelligence with whom he found it not easy to cope, there lay what he and other demagogues are pleased to call the people—that is, the masses; in other words, the people minus its leading intelligence—and that to this force, by playing on popular jealousy of intellect and social grade, he might hopefully appeal. Thus he became the founder and the highly successful leader of the democratic party; not its stump-orator, for he had not the gift of speech, but its oracle, its guide, philosopher, and friend. No man ever understood party management more thoroughly or knew better when to loosen and when to tighten the rein; how to take advantage of passion and at the same time to shun frenzy, and come out wiser and more trusted than ever when the tornado was over. He also saw the value of a suborned press. At Monticello he was a Virginian gentleman and a scholar, always, however, in his letters affecting the Cincinnatus; but before his public he condescended to the extreme of demagogic simplicity. When he was inaugurated as president, instead of riding in state to the capitol, he hitched his horse to the fence, and he received a British envoy dressed in an old coat and pantaloons, with slippers down at the heel. He succeeded thoroughly in making himself a popular idol. 'No personal influence of a civilian,' says his biographer, 'not nourished in any degree by successful war, has ever been so great and so permanent over our people.' In what respect