

M. GUIZOT ON WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The following is the speech of M. Guizot on the occasion of the inauguration, very lately, of an equestrian statue of William the Conqueror, at his native town of Falaise, in the department of Calvadies, in France. The statue is a fine piece of sculpture, by a Parisian artist, which was lately exhibited in the Champse Elysee, in Paris. The extract will not disappoint the expectations of those readers who may be invited to its perusal by the fame of its distinguished author:—

You present, gentlemen, to-day, a rare example—the example of a long and faithful memory after the lapse of ages. Nearly eight centuries have passed since King William died neglected in Normandy, which he had rendered so illustrious. It was with difficulty that there were found a few servants at Rouen—the scene of his death—to watch his remains. A few feet of earth were hardly obtained at Caen wherein to deposit his remains. On the present occasion you repair that indifference of his contemporaries by your persevering care; and, owing to the talent of an eminent artist, King William is again beheld in his native town. Falaise repays him, after eight centuries, the glory which is received from him. It is a glorious deed to render justice to a great man. Great men, however, must not be flattered neither after their death nor yet during their life. Their errors, their faults, their vices, their crimes, when they have committed any, ought not to be kept a secret, but ought rather to be judged with severity. It is the right, as it becomes the duty, of impartial history. But this just severity once exercised, the evil once recognized and treated as it deserves, a truly great man still remains—great in the midst of all the imperfections his history discloses; and then it is our duty to admire and pay signal honor to his memory, inasmuch as great men are the glory of a nation, even where their despotism has been rude and dearly purchased.

William was indeed a great man; and if the greatness of princes be estimated, as it ought to be, by the difficulties of their deeds and the importance of their results, there are few who have been superior to him. You will not have forgotten, gentlemen, a deed which was accomplished in our time—the expedition of 1830 to Algiers—the attempt to embark and transport to the other shore of the Mediterranean an army of 30,000 men to obtain from a barbarian the satisfaction due to us. What immense preparations were then made! What mighty efforts, what powerful means were employed by the aid of our advanced state of civilization! And all that was deemed absolutely necessary, because the undertaking was difficult. You have now the proof that none of these precautions were unnecessary, because the undertaking was difficult. You have now the proof that none of these precautions were unnecessary for a view to their success; and the success of that enterprise has become the glory of its leaders.

In the 11th century, scarcely issuing from a barbarous condition, without any of the resources now furnished by civilization and science, Duke William assembled together, embarked, conveyed to the other side of the Manches, and landed on the enemy's territory, more than 30,000 men: and scarcely had he landed when he won battles, and conquered for himself a kingdom. So much for the difficulty of the enterprise. Now for the greatness of the results. William not only traversed the sea in small and fragile barques, with a mighty army—not only did he conquer a kingdom—he did still more; he founded a State—he strongly and solidly established his power on a foreign soil—his race and a new language and new institutions. And his work has lasted for ages, and it still endures. And it is in the tongue that King William spoke that the English Parliament still addresses its noble Queen, and in it she replies.

We have seen gentlemen, conquests more vast, more dazzling, than those of King William. They disappeared as rapidly as they were made. The phenomenon is indeed rare of invasion founding a State; yet William accomplished such a deed. William was in harmony with the spirit and the permanent interests of his age: he was as deeply imbued with a conservative spirit as he was gifted with the genius of a conqueror.

We are right in rendering him this justice, as his glory has cost us dearly. It was the origin of that national struggle, which lasted more than three centuries, between France and England. It was William who, by establishing between two nations partial and precarious ties, began between them that epoch of terrible hostility,

and all the wars which lasted until they terminated in a complete separation of the two countries. We were the conquerors in that mighty struggle. We successively won back all the parts of our territory, and ended gloriously by securing our national independence. We definitively drove the Norman invaders to the soil conquered by them, and whither we had sent them. The glorious creature—without parallel in the history of the world—with a nature half angelic, half heroic—Joan of Arc, forever destroyed what the successors of William the Conqueror labored to effect in France; and it was on the same spot of earth, in this very city of Rouen, (where King William met his death,) that the Virgin Warrior sealed with her martyrdom the deliverance of her country.

Yet I care not to dwell on those glorious but saddening memoirs of the past. I rather love to contemplate ourselves and the history of our own days. In our times, also, ships without number crowd our coasts, and convey thousands upon thousands of voyagers to the shores of England. But is it for another war that they thus depart? No, no. It is benign peace that beckons and guides them to a foreign land and leads them back again. Their desire is not for chivalrous adventure, nor is their ambition that of conquest. They crowd thither to offer or bring back the pledges of reciprocal prosperity. The intercourse between the two nations is now as pacific as it is frequent and animated. A Crystal Palace, where they congregate in thousands—an invisible thread—a flash of lightning shooting beneath the wave, which conveys from one to the other the message of their mutual wants and their mutual services—such, gentlemen, are the bonds which now replace those that William the Conqueror wished to establish.

Which of the two periods, gentlemen, is the happier? Which spectacle is the nobler, the more glorious? In the midst of the troubles and disquietudes which weigh upon us in our present agitated and precarious condition, we yet have a right to be proud of, and have full hope in, our own age, provided our hope and our pride do not impel us into the pride of madness. We may justly speak of the benefits and the marvels of our civilization, provided that our civilization be not itself like a crystal palace which all men admire, but which all at once disappears, and that it cannot be said of it, in the language of the great poet, "that Normandy has given to France with its brilliancy the brittleness of glass."

I wish not, gentlemen, to throw a gloom over this festivity by words of sadness; but you will pardon me the expression of a sentiment which is certainly that of all men of sense and of honor. When men who traverse the wide ocean are overtaken by the tempest, it is not sufficient to have a noble ship, well equipped, and well furnished with an intelligent, brave, and hardy crew; that crew must be united, and the whole ship must have stout anchors—for on these the salvation of all depends. Let us, gentlemen, be firmly united—let us know how to possess ourselves of the strong anchors of society—let us trust to them together. Yes! Heaven will deign to grant us salvation, if we act so as to deserve it.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR MECHANICS.—GOVERNORS OF STATES.—We believe there have been one or two instances, but we cannot now remember them, where two brothers have been Governors of States at one and the same time, but there is no instance on record where brothers have been so far apart, and under such peculiar circumstances, as is now the case with the Biglers of Pennsylvania. William Bigler is the Governor elect of Pennsylvania, and his brother John Bigler is the Governor of the State of California. One will have charge of the keystone of the arch, the other over the Eureka of the confederacy. One will govern on the Pacific, the other on the Atlantic. One will be chief magistrate of the State of vast mineral fields of iron, copper and lead; the other, chief magistrate of untold deposits of gold, silver, platina, and mountains of cinabar.

"THE EDUCATION OF OUR CHILDREN is never out of my mind. Train them to virtue, habituate them to industry, activity and spirit. Make them consider every vice as shameful and unmanly. Fire them with ambition to be useful. Make them disdain to be destitute of any useful knowledge."—*John Adams to his Wife.*

The intellectual superiority of one man above another consists in his power of judging of the future from the past.—*Stewart's Moral Philosophy* p. ii., ch. ii., Sec. 4, Div. ii.