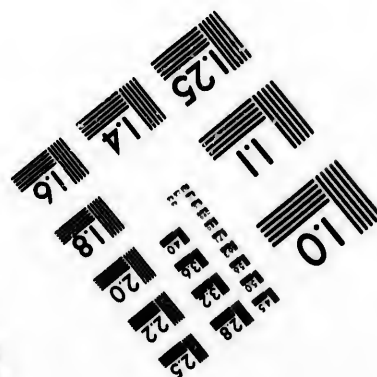
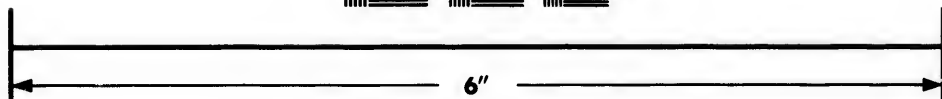
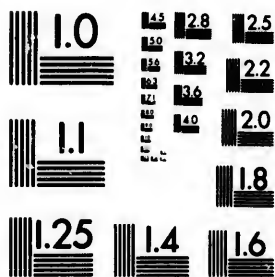


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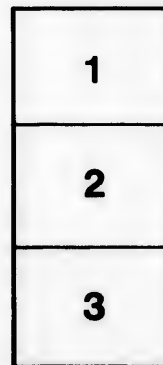
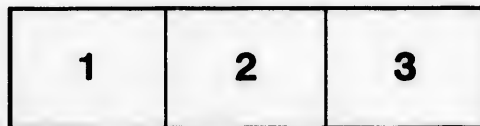
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# A REVIEW

OF

*H. J. Roberts*

SOME LATE PUBLICATIONS

*1864*

RESPECTING THE

## FRENCH REVOLUTION

OF

1848.

*J. J. J. J. J.*  
*25/1/84*

---

France hath twice too well been taught,  
The "moral lesson" dearly bought,  
Her safety sits not on the throne,  
With Capet or Napoleon !  
But in equal rights and laws,  
Hearts and hands in one great cause.

BYRON.

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MONTREAL :  
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## P R E F A C E.

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IN the moral economy of Europe, France is the disturbing element. It is the centre of the divergent, as England seems to be of the converging forces. It is the Etna, whose primal violence now ravages a venerable alluvion and now elevates a new continent rich in the spoils of uncultivated time.

As the centre of Europe, France is always its most commanding object. Its central position with an extensive maritime and strong landward frontier ; its vast, cohesive, and homogeneous population, differing less than that of any nation of like grandeur on the earth, in law, and language, and traditions ; all united by a national spirit as intense as the world ever witnessed, and a centralisation, since the time of Richelieu and Mazarine, more complete than any which has been known since the fall of the Western Roman Empire ; all these, united with a warlike spirit and a noble literature, make France, on the continent, the pivot of the politics of Europe ; as England is, wherever the ocean flows beyond it. It was not without reason that the great Frederic of Prussia said that, if he was the King of France, not a gun should be fired in Europe without his permission.

Of the first French Revolution we have now ample details, and secret memoirs have developed much that was strange, vindicated many fair fames, extenuated some crimes, and illustrated some virtues. Men are not



altogether so bad as calumny makes them appear. We are now beginning to discern dimly the truth of the last French Revolution, through the mists of the causing and attendant passions. We have had the statements of ardent partisans, of interested advocates. Louis Blanc, M. Lamartine ---all who raised the whirl-wind or who strived successfully or unsuccessfully to direct the storm, have been heard. Every petty mover of sedition has had his *feuillé-ton*, and the mutual destruction which followed the flight of the governing power, has left those but the sole memorials of their reign.

The work which follows, however unpretending in length, is of a different order. It is a contribution to history, not to party, nor to personal extenuation. It is understood to be from the pen of an eminent critic and historian, who has for years filled a large space in the public eye, Mr. John W. Croker, and that he has been aided by the ex-King Louis Philippe, and other members of the illustrious House of Orleans in the particular facts. To that house no attempt has ever yet been made to do justice, though several members of it exhibited personal qualities of a very high order, and history scarcely records an instance of more intrepid courage, and devotion to the interests of her child, than was displayed in the conduct of the mother of the Count of Paris.

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# A REVIEW

OF

SOME LATE PUBLICATIONS

RESPECTING THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

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A REVIEW  
OF  
SOME LATE PUBLICATIONS  
RESPECTING THE  
FRENCH REVOLUTION.

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- ART. XI.---1. *Pourquoi la Révolution d'Angleterre a-t-elle réussi? Discours sur l'Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre.* Par M. Guizot. Paris. 1850.
2. *Histoire de la Révolution de 1848.* Par Alphonse de Lamartine. 2 vols. Paris. 1849.
3. *Pages d'Histoire de la Révolution, de Février 1848.* Par Louis Blanc. Bruxelles. 1850.
4. *Mémoires du Citoyen Caussidière, Ex-Préfet de Police et Représentant du Peuple.* 2 vols. London. 1848.
5. *Les Conspirateurs.* Par Adolphe Chenu. Ex-Capitaine des Gardes du Cit. Caussidière. Pp. 223. Paris. 1850.
6. *La Naissance de la République en Février 1848.* Par Lucien De la Hodde. Pp. 110. Paris. 1850.
7. *A Review of the French Revolution of 1848, from the 24th of February to the Election of the First President.* By Capt. Chamier, R.N. 2 vols. London. 1849.---From the *London Quarterly Review.*

It may seem at first sight strange that we should bring into the same view M. Guizot's grave, eloquent, and high-toned lucubrations on English History, with works of so opposite a character as the spawn of the late French Revolution ; but in truth there is a real, and by no means obscure, relation between them. M. Guizot's work, though its proper and more prominent merit is the masterly view that he takes of the Grand Rebellion, the Restoration, and the Revolution in England, all of which are treated in language that must be universally admired, and a spirit that will be pretty generally approved,---M. Guizot's work, we say, has obviously the *arrière pensée*---if, indeed, it was not the first motive---of contributing to the instruction of his own countrymen ; and his theme of ' Why the English Revolution has succeeded,' is but a contrasted exposition of why the French Revolution has failed, and a very significant lesson as to how it may be made ultimately to succeed :---

' Sixty years ago France entered on the path of revolution, formerly opened by England ; and Europe lately rushed headlong in the same direction. It is my purpose to show what are the causes which have crowned constitutional monarchy in England, and republican government in the United States, with that solid and lasting success

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which France and the rest of Europe are still vainly pursuing, through those mysterious trials and revolutionary struggles, which, according as they are well or ill passed through, elevate or pervert a nation for ages. Two centuries have elapsed since the English Republic put to death King Charles I., and, in a few short years, crumbled to dust on the soil still wet with the blood it had shed. The French Republic has since exhibited the same spectacle. And we still hear it said that these great crimes were acts of a great policy; that they were enjoined by the necessity of founding those Republics which hardly survived them a day!"---*Guizot*, p. 1.

The English Revolution succeeded because it was made by the intelligent classes of society, under a pressing necessity, going no farther than the removal of the specific danger, and doing so by the least possible deviation from the existing system---or, to use a shorter formula, our Revolution succeeded because it was as little as could be of a revolution. The French Revolution has failed in all its various stages because it was blind, wanton, and sweeping---made by the wildest heads, the most depraved hearts, and the dirtiest hands that the intoxicated country could supply, and on no principle but that of overturning and departing from, as far as possible, every thing that existed.

And assuredly nothing could come more opportunely for the elucidation of M. Guizot's general views than the publication of these revolutionary Memoirs---they are, as it were the *pièces justificatives* of his didactic conclusions. It is as if we had the pregnant brevity of Tacitus, illustrated by the confessions of Vinius and Laco and the mutual delations of Crispus and Faustus. If we were to consider M. Guizot's work abstractedly and as a mere historical essay, we should have to suggest some doubts, and to make some reserves, in our general concurrence with his statements and opinions: for instance, we must have insisted on a most important consideration, which (strangely enough) M. Guizot does not allude to, which is, that about the time when our Revolution gave such permanent weight to the principle of popular representation, there began almost simultaneously that countervailing system by which the House of Commons itself was made indirectly sensible of the influence of the aristocracy and the Crown; and Gatton, Old Sarum, and their fellows helped to maintain the practical balance of the constitution against what would otherwise have become a single absorbing and irresistible power. The Reform Bill deranged, and in a great measure destroyed, that moderating influence, which, however, was and is so vitally

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necessary to the co-ordination of monarchy with popular representation, that the monarchy is now existing only on its remnants ; and we must, therefore, confess that we by no means take the flattering view which M. Guizot does of the stability of our constitutional system. Gratefully acknowledging that the Revolution of 1688 was followed by upwards of a century and a half of unprecedented order, freedom, and prosperity---we have the strongest apprehensions that the democratic tendencies of all our recent measures are preparing a certain---not slow, and yet we hope not violent---passage to a different state of things. We fear that M. Guizot may be the last that will have to congratulate us on the wise stability of our political and religious institutions.

The first thing that strikes us in the memoirs of these heroes of the February Revolution is that they should prove themselves and their colleagues to have all been such poor creatures. Some of them we know have individual talents. One is a poet, another an astronomer---this a sharp lawyer, that a lively journalist, and so forth ; but for the duties into which they were hoisted on the 24th of February they were all ridiculously, or rather as France has found it deplorably, incapable. They had begun they knew not what, and to go on with it, they



knew not how. Terrible to everybody, they were most so to each other ; and now that they have fallen into general contempt, each of them is ready to confess that all, except himself, deserve it. The sentimental Robespierre, Marat the *friend of the people*, Danton the bold, and Chaumette the brutal, had a kind of maniacal faith in their revolutionary vocation---they were in earnest---they were enthusiasts, and reached the sublime of guilt and terror. Their pale shadows in the last Revolution---the Lamartines, Louis Blancs, Ledru Rollins. and Caussidières---have neither the sincerity, the energy, nor the ferocity of the old Jacobins. Their hearts were neither bad enough nor heads good enough to rival the ancient masters---they could get no nearer to them than the *lapels of their waistcoats* ; and were, in truth, no better than the accidental authors and very indifferent actors of a kind of *Tom Thumb* parody of the great tragedy. But their farce has had awful consequences. In their rashness, inexperience, and incapacity these mountebanks set fire to the theatre, and though they have escaped with their own lives, thousands of other more valuable lives and millions of property have been lost in the conflagration ; and what is still worse, though they are *out*---the *fire is not*.

The next most striking feature of these

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memoirs is, that three such prominent actors in the revolution as Lamartine, Louis Blanc, and Caussidière should have added so little to its real and so much to its fabulous history. What is new in their works is not true---what is true is not new. It is evident that they write, not to lay open the real springs of the affair, but to conceal them. The works themselves are marked, of course, with the individual characters of the men. Lamartine's is *eau sucrée*, Louis Blanc's *aigre-doux*, while Caussidière's savours more strongly of the ardent spirit; but however different their styles, they are all pervaded by one common characteristic, an extravagance---we had almost said impudence---of personal vanity, which neither a miraculous elevation could satisfy, nor an abject and ridiculous discomfiture abate; they are all three as much astonished at their fall as the rest of mankind were at their rise. What Pascal says of the general disregard of truth is peculiarly applicable to them: 'Il y a différens degrés dans cette *aversion pour la vérité*; mais on peut dire qu'elle est dans tous, parcequ'elle est inséparable de leur *amour propre*.' We are not so absurd as to complain of egotism in memoirs, and especially in apologetical memoirs. It is their essence. We therefore opened the volumes, expecting that these gentlemen

were to talk largely and favourably of themselves ; but we were not prepared for so entire a lack of new matter, such a deluge of garrulous *amour propre*---so inordinate and so blind a profusion of self-glorification. We say blind, because, in fact, any man of sense must see that all this self-applause, which turns---in the cases of Lamartine and Caussidière altogether, and in that of Louis Blanc mainly---on their wonderful, their superhuman exertions to preserve society from the extremities of plunder and massacre, involves also a heavy weight of self-condemnation on themselves, who had evoked and let loose the elements of massacre and plunder. It is as if a crew of mutineers, having set fire to a ship, should make a merit of having endeavoured to put out the flames when they menaced their own destruction. The praise of having worked hard---sometimes by speeches and puppet-shows, sometimes by force and terror, and still oftener by deception and intrigue---to maintain themselves in their sovereign dignities, we willingly concede to them ; but beyond that motive, in which *self* had so large a share---their own power, *their own lives* depending on the restoration of some kind of public order---we confess we find nothing that a man of sense or even courage ought to be proud of. And this we say, supposing the

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story that they are pleased to tell us were indisputably true ; but, on the contrary, we have abundant proof, from their own confessions and that of their accomplices, that many, we believe we might say most, of their statements are essentially false. It would occupy our whole article to give a tithe of the inconsistencies---the impossibilities that might be selected from their volumes. We shall content ourselves with one or two specimens from the very first pages of their several productions.

We shall by-and-by have to notice many of M. Lamartine's inaccuracies, but here we must allow his colleague M. Louis Blanc to speak first. He begins his tale with the '*Berceau de la République*'---the *véritable* berceau he calls it, with a sneer at M. Lamartine's *veracity* :---

'I have no right to contradict the narrative given by M. Lamartine of what passed on the 24th of February at the Palais Bourbon ; I was not there ; but that which I have a right to assert is, that in placing the birthplace of the Republic in the Palais Bourbon [the Chamber of Deputies], M. Lamartine *has committed an inconceivable error.*'---p. 15.

And he proves it. A few pages after he says---

'M. Lamartine transports us into his

own *world of delusions*, and instead of writing history, he unintentionally (*sans le vouloir et le savoir*), suppresses it.'---p. 22.

And again, more generally---

'*Nothing more inexact* than the colour M. Lamartine gives to all these events, and 'tis a pity he did not look at the *Moniteur* to correct his recollections.'---p. 24.

And again---

'It must be confessed that M. Lamartine writes the Journal of his reminiscences under the empire of that *inventive imagination* which, in perfect sincerity, *peoples history with phantoms*.'---p. 46.

Such is the general trustworthiness of M. Lamartine, as vouched, in the least offensive terms he could use, by that near and sharp observer, Louis Blanc. Now let us give a specimen of M. Louis Blanc's own style of writing history. We take the first important one we meet---*his rival account of the 'Birth of the Republic.'* Our readers will see that substantially nothing is added to the general evidence we collected in our article of March, 1848; but they will be amused at the *naïveté* with which the author confesses so low and illegitimate an origin for his Revolution, and at the vanity and grandiloquence with which the facts are, when not totally altered, so richly embroidered that they are hardly to be recognized.

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When we wrote that article, we knew no more of the personal history of M. Louis Blanc than that he was a journalist attached to the *Réforme*, and had published his *Histoire de Dix Ans* and his *Organisation du Travail*; we have since learned from his article by a friendly pen in the *Biographie de l'Assemblée Nationale*, that he was born in 1813; that, at the age of seventeen, he came to Paris very poor, to seek his fortune; that he became first a clerk (*petit-clerc*) to an attorney, then usher in a school, then tutor in a private family, and, finally, a journalist. How he became one of the Dictators of France, he himself shall tell.

After stating that the *National* and the *Réforme* had a strong shade of difference---the *National* taking part with the *gauche dynastique*, that is Odillon Barrot & Co.---the *Réforme* adopting the extreme *so-c-democ* Republic of Louis Blanc---he tells us that these differences had excited antipathies between the two journals; but on the morning of the 24th of February they forgot their differences in presence of the com-

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\* The revolution, which has economised nothing else, has become sparing of syllables. An *aristo* and a *reac* are what the old Jacobins used to call *aristocrate* and *reactionnaire*; while the partisans of *la République Démocratique et Sociale* have abridged themselves into *democ-sacs*.

mon enemy, and, at an early hour, not precisely specified, but stated as 'long prior' to the scenes of the Chamber, Martin 'de Strasburg,' one of the *Nationalists*, came to the office of the *Réforme* to agree, '*pour s'entendre avec nous*,' as to preparing a list of a Provisional Government, whose advent both cliques foresaw. The rest of the birth of the Republic, starting armed from the head of these new *Jupiter-Scapins*, we give in his own words :---

" Martin engaged that the *National* should accept the Government that *He* and *We* of the *Réforme* should agree on. Our deliberation was calm and solemn, but short and decisive. The name of M. Odillon Barrot was suggested by one voice (probably the *National* plenipotentiary Martin), but it was rejected with a mixture of anger and contempt. The names accepted were Dupont, Arago, Ledru Rollin, Flocon, Marie, Marrast, Crémieux, Garnier-Pagès, de Lamartine, and Louis Blanc. This list was settled long before (*bien avant*) there was any thing of the kind proposed at the Chamber; and that which was subsequently formed there was the same as ours, *minus the names of those who were not members of the Chamber*. Two copies were made of this list; one was taken by Martin to the *National*---I took the other to read to the people, who at that

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moment were returning victorious from the Tuileries, and were crowding from all sides to the office of the *Réforme*."

The office of the *Réforme* was in a portion of what was formerly the *Hôtel de Bullion*, in the busy, narrow, and dirty street, originally called *Rue Plâtrière*, or Plaster-street, afterwards honoured by the name of *Jean Jacques Rousseau*, who once had lodgings there ; but now more memorably ennobled by being the august stage on which citizens Martin and Louis Blanc created the Republic and elected the Provisional Government. In any fresh nomenclature of the streets of Paris, the *berceau* of that *Gouvernement plâtré* might, we think, recover its old name. M. Louis Blanc proceeds :---

"Terrible and *imposing* spectacle ! The *great court* of the *Hôtel de Bullion* was crowded with *phalanxes* of enthusiastic citizens, brandishing their victorious muskets, displaying on their belts and blouses the glorious marks of blood, and darting from their eyes the lightning flashes of triumph. I read the list. It was accepted with acclamations ; but one name was wanting :--- 'Albert ! Albert !' exclaimed with passionate transport some thousands (*des milliers*) of voices. *Most of us knew nothing of Albert ; as for me, I had never seen him.*



But what title could *we* have equal to those of this representative of the Faubourgs, whose name, thus suddenly become historical, was in so many mouths, prompted the feelings of so many hearts? The emotion that seized me was the strongest that I have ever felt. *Albert was a poor working mechanic: he had never figured amongst the democratic leaders.* Lost in the crowd of humble soldiers and devotees to the cause, he had never asked of the Republic more than the honour of dying in their holy cause. At this very *time where was he? No doubt at some barricade!* Was there not in this single fact the birth of a new world? It was Labour, rising to vindicate its share in the direction of human affairs. It was the sovereignty of the people, electing as its representative a man of the people. It was the blouse of the workman effacing the purple which kings had dishonoured. Yes, *I call Heaven to witness, that it was with an invincible emotion, and eyes wet with tears, that I inscribed on the list of the future dictators of France these two words, Albert, ouvrier.*"---p. 21.

As to M. Louis Blanc's taste and eloquence, our readers will judge for themselves; but we are sorry to be obliged to say, on the evidence of many witnesses, that M. Louis Blanc seems to be subject to the same kind

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of "delusions," and the same bad habit "of peopling history with phantoms," with which he so justly reproaches his poetical friend M. Lamartine.

This celebrated *ouvrier's* name was no more *Albert* than it was *Victoria*. It appeared on his subsequent trial at Bourges to have really been *Martin*, exchanged for the more aristocratic *pseudonyme* of *Albert*. M. Louis Blanc says that most of those who assembled at the *Réforme* knew nothing of Albert---other witnesses describe, and admitted facts which seem to confirm, that Albert was the best known and most influential of the whole gang. Blanc repeats that he himself had never seen Albert till he met him some hours after this popular election in the council-chamber of the Provisional Government. All this is very strange, for Albert seems to have been a great link in the chain between the secret republican societies and the committee of the *Réforme*, to which they both belonged. If they had never met before that day, there must have been some extraordinary motive for such a reserve, and we shall see presently that there was abundant cause for mutual caution between individuals of the party; but it certainly cannot be true, if we are to believe other witnesses, that Louis Blanc could suppose that Albert was, at the moment of his

election, fighting on some distant barricade ; for in two lists that we have of the persons assembled in the parlour of the *Réforme*, where the election was made, we find the names of both *Louis Blanc* and *Albert*. We cannot reconcile these discrepancies, but there is assuredly what M. Louis Blanc roundly calls a "*mensonge*" (p. 54) on one side or the other.

The scene of the birth of the Republic, so enthusiastically described as "terrible and imposing," is *imposing*, we admit, but the "terrible" was only in its consequences. The office of the *Réforme* is a very moderate, almost mean, old house in, as we have said, a narrow, dark, and dirty street ; and the *grande cour*, in which so many *thousands* as representatives of the whole French people, decreed a republic and appointed a provisional government, is a small court-yard, into which we are told that three hundred persons could hardly be crowded to see Citizen Blanc or even Citizen Punch himself. But it seems that the farce was played even before a much more select audience. Two other eye-witnesses and colleagues in the council---Chenu and De la Hodde---declare that the choice of the government was made in a *room* on the left hand as you entered the office---that there the name of Albert, *who was present*, was added to the

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list by one Baune the president of the meeting, and that Louis Blanc neither proclaimed Albert *ni souffla mot à la proclamation de l'ouvrier*; and as to his shedding tears---as the Greek proverb says---it may be true, but nobody saw it.

M. Caussidière's Memoirs have so bold and reckless an air, and make such strange admissions as to his own *rough-and-ready* proceedings, both in seizing and handling the important office of Prefect of Police, as to create at first sight an impression of sincerity---a quality to which it turns out they have as little claim as those we have just mentioned, A Parisian critic, M. Eugène Pelletan, in a review of Caussidière's work, describes him emphatically and truly---*il conspire contre la vérité*. The boldness of some of his accusations against other parties, and the frankness of some of his confessions about himself, were, it seems, only an adroit attempt to break the force of charges too notorious to be concealed and too gross to be defended. Hence a controversy with some of his former accomplices that has produced the revelations of Chenu and De la Hodde, which, though they do not create any surprise to those who knew any thing of the personal character of Caussidière or the political police of France, have disclosed scenes of turpitude and horror of which the

public in general were ignorant, and of which those who must have suspected them were extremely unwilling to be certified. It must be admitted that the French Republic, though less austere than that of Sparta, has this much in common with it, that she also inculcates her lessons of prudence and morality by the disgusting exhibition of her drunken Helots.

Marc Caussidière, we are told by an admiring biographer, is "the son and brother of conspirators---a great name" in his party, though originally only "*tour à tour fabricant, commis-voyageur, négociant, et puis conspirateur,*" which latter seems in truth to have been the chief employment of his adventurous life. He is described as a man of large stature, coarse manners, intemperate and sensual habits, vulgar gaiety, and reckless spirit, but possessing what seem to have been rare qualities amongst his brother conspirators, fidelity to his party and sense and courage in occasions of difficulty and danger. He belonged to the *Réforme* in the capacity of travelling clerk only; but his zeal and activity in spreading sedition while obtaining subscriptions for that very languishing paper, as well, no doubt, as his many political imprisonments and the decision and apparent *bon-homme* of his character, gave him more influence among the

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managers of the journal and the party in general than his rank in life and his humble employment could have naturally commanded.

Intimately connected with him in the secret societies and conspiracies, as well as in the office of the *Réforme*, were two persons, Adolphe Chenu, a young shoemaker, and Lucien de la Hodde, we presume a man of letters---for he was a contributor of articles not only to the *Réforme*, but also to the *Charivari*, the Parisian "*Punch*"---far inferior to our own in its letter-press, immeasurably so in its caricatures. De la Hodde, it has since appeared, was in the pay of the police, and Caussidière now asserts that Chenu was also a traitor. De la Hodde was convicted, as we shall see by and by, of the fact, and now defends it, as having been not only useful to society at large, but kind towards the individuals he betrayed, as by his intelligence he enabled the police to prevent mischief, and so saved his friends from risking their lives in hopeless *émeutes*. The intercourse of Chenu with the police is roundly asserted by Caussidière, and not quite so roundly denied by Chenu: for our own parts we suspect that, though there may have been no proofs, there were good grounds of suspicion against him---for we can hardly otherwise account for the submission with

which, at Caussidiere's nod, he quitted a comparatively high position which the Revolution had given him in Paris, to go as a common soldier to be worried and wounded in the marauding invasions of Belgium and Baden; and we remember also the friendly warning of a former Prefect of Police to some conspirators whom he was lecturing, that "*among every three of them there was at least---mind,*" said he, "*I say at least---one spy.*"

There seems no doubt that both Chenu and De la Hodde had entered into these republican conspiracies very young, and probably very sincerely, and that although induced to listen to the siren sound of the Prefect's *écus*, they were in heart, as well as in appearance, hostile to the Government. Which of our own reformers was it that, when taxed with some similar corruption, alleged that he served the people by draining the resources of their enemies? Certain it is that De la Hodde and Chenu took a most conspicuously forward part in the fight on the morning of the 24th of February, and particularly at the *Place du Palais Royal*, where the insurgents, unable to force the guard-house, set fire to it and *burned alive* the troops and police that defended it. It was after this exploit that Caussidiere, Emmanuel Arago, Albert. De la Hodde, Chenu,

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and the rest adjourned to the office of the *Réforme*, where, with Flocon, Louis Blanc, &c., they elected the Provisional Government---which being done, E. Arago was appointed Postmaster-General, and Chenu proposed Caussidière for Prefect of Police---‘ a most important trust,’ the president of the meeting said, ‘ as they should then discover the traitors who had betrayed them for so many years.’ Chenu caught, he says, an uneasy expression in De la Hodde’s countenance. *Set a thief to catch a thief.* Caussidière seems to have been dissatisfied with this subordinate, though important place ; he thought that he had claims to be of the Provisional Government at least as strong as those of Flocon, Louis Blanc, or Albert ; but at last he accepted it and set off to take possession. Arago had gone on a like errand to the Post Office close at hand, but returned to report that he had been repulsed by the sentinels. Chenu with a body of some fifty republicans, whom he had somehow attached to his person, escorted back and installed him in his office. Chenu then followed his friend and nominee Caussidière to the Prefecture of Police, and there his band of republicans were established as the *Guard* of the Prefecture---he, Chenu, being named its Captain ; while De la Hodde---self-appointed, says Caussidière---became Secretary-General of the Police !



Then follows a description of M. Causidière and his proceedings every line of which is exceedingly curious. We can only find room for a few of the more characteristic passages.

The first care of the new Prefect on taking possession was to open the drawers of the late Prefect's desk---they were empty. 'Zéro à la caisse!' he exclaimed, '*pas un monaco!*' The next was to look for the *secret registers* of political offences---here, however, he could light only on some reports concerning a certain class of the female population. But in his third concern he was not disappointed; he ordered the dinner intended for his predecessor to be served to him and his friends, whom he hospitably invited to partake of it.

After dinner the butler of the late Prefect, by name John, took occasion, while serving M. Chenu a glass of superlative brandy, to ask him to recommend him to the new Prefect to be continued in his place. 'I promise you, Mr. John,' said Chenu, 'that you can have no better recommendation than this admirable stuff. Take care to keep him well supplied with it, and you need not fear being dismissed.' 'Do you think so, Sir?' said John. 'Certain!' answered Chenu; 'I know his tastes' (p. 89).

'Next day,' says Chenu, 'John whisper-

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ed me with a sly air, "I say, Sir, I left a bottle of that same old brandy on his table last night.---Ah ! you gave me famous advice---he drank every drop of it, and seemed pleased to observe this morning that I had replaced it with another." '---*Chenu*, p. 98.

The use or abuse of John's complaisance subjected the Prefect to some nocturnal adventures in the streets of Paris, of which he himself confesses enough to accredit the broader details of M. Chenu. The temper and manners of this wonderful magistrate, as well as his respect for law and liberty, may be appreciated by what *he himself* tells us of the first audience which he gave to the chief clerks and principal officers of his department, whom he dismissed from his gracious presence with this compliment :---

' If any one of you should be guilty of infidelity (*trahison*), I shall have him *shot instantly* in the court yard of the *Prefecture*.'  
---*Causs.*, i. 74.

Caussidière, with more gratitude and prudence than decency surrounded himself with his old friends and confidants, and organized a military force of the most *exaltés* of the lower classes of the secret societies. One Pornin, a political *détenu* with a wooden leg, was nominated Governor of the *Prefecture* and Commandant of its motley garrison, which afterwards made so much noise and

gave so much trouble to the Provisional Government under the name of the *Montagnards*.

“ Pornin (in consequence of a drunken accident which had befallen Caussidière) took it into his head to be alarmed for the life of his friend, whom he delighted to call the ‘*Sun of the Republic*,’ and established himself in an anteroom, or rather a large waiting-room opposite to the door of the Prefect’s Cabinet. Hither he brought a bed, in which he slept with his daughter and her husband, placing two sentinels at his own door and two others at the Prefect’s. This apartment became a real den of thieves. Like the Prefect, he kept an open table [at the public expense]; and as he was charged with the recruiting and organization of the *Montagnards* and the new Republican police, his room was always filled with candidates, with whom, when he had expended all the wine allowed him, he would go down to drink in the neighbouring street, and would even give a fellow the badge of a policeman for a glass of brandy. The favourite theme of his table conversation was the best manner of despatching 300,000 aristocrats, whom it was necessary to immolate to the consolidation of the Republic. . . . Pornin also converted his apartments at the Prefecture of Police into a

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theatre of the foulest debauchery ; and unhappily, the Prefect not only did not oppose his doing so, but even consented to sanction by his presence the scandalous excesses organized by his subordinate.'---*Chenu*, p. 111, &c.

For instance, this Pornin thought proper one morning to make an unauthorized inspection of the female penitentiary of St. Lazare, under the guidance of the keeper of a public house, who was, no doubt, very competent to give him an insight into the personal history of the inmates.

' On his way home the host of the public house invited the Governor to take a glass of wine in his establishment [which seems to have been of a somewhat equivocal character], *Rue de la Vieille-Place-aux-Veaux*. One glass brought on another, till at last they all got so merry that the Governor invited the whole party---including the *ladies* of the establishment (*les dames composant le personnel de l'établissement*)---to supper at the Prefecture. Pornin went forward to prepare properly this little family party---this supper *a la Régence*---which he wished to give to his friends. His daughter, *la Citoyenne* Chatouillard, assisted him cleverly in those preparations, and at nightfall the guests stole into the Prefecture and installed themselves in the apartments of the Citizen-

Governor. A severe order was issued to the two sentries to allow no one to enter. But such orders are more easily given than executed. It was Liberty-hall, and the Montagnards thought they had a right to indulge their curiosity to see the very singular guests the Governor had collected. These visitors were so pertinacious that it was only at a late hour of the evening that the company was free from their interruption, and at liberty to abandon itself to all the excesses of indecency of which such a set of people are capable. But they then gave free scope to them; and all that the foul imagination of the Marquis de Sade ever fancied of the most hideous depravity was practised by this shameless and disgusting troop. Champagne was in abundance, and the lurid flame that issued from immense bowls of punch disclosed scenes of the most revolting kind---scenes such as even an abandoned pen would scruple to commit to paper. Pornin, mad with wine and debauchery, was the life and soul of this disgusting *bacchanale*, and he declared that such a family party should not terminate without the presence of his friend the illustrious Prefect of Police. Caussidiere soon made his appearance, joined the filthy herd, and participated with enthusiasm in their debauchery. The *orgie* lasted till daylight,

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Though well aware of the aptitude of people of this class, when suddenly unbridled, to fall into the extremes of sensual indulgence, we should have supposed these scenes to have been greatly exaggerated or even wholly misrepresented but that there followed one incident infinitely more incredible, which, however, M. Caussidière is forced to acknowledge to the whole extent of its horror. But for his confession we could not have ventured to relate it.

We have seen that Chenu and De la Hodde were the dearest friends of Caussidière. One was his captain of the guard, the latter his secretary-general. We have seen that one of Caussidière's earliest impulses was to get hold of the registers of political *espionnage*. He soon possessed them all; and Chenu asserts that he (Caussidière) removed his own *dossier* (the portofolio in which all the papers that concern an individual are kept) just as Louis Napoleon endeavoured to get hold of his *dossier* when he got into power. It is suspected that some of the old *employés* in the office, jealous at seeing De la Hodde lording it over them, suggested to Caussidière that he De la Hodde, had long been in the pay of the police, and that in

*his dossier* would be found his ample and continuous revelations of all the secrets of the party. So it turned out---the letter in which De la Hodde offered himself for sale, and one hundred and fifty subsequent reports, under the signature of *Pierre*, of all the the movements of the anti-monarchical conspiracy, were found. It must be confessed that here was enough to have exasperated a more patient man than Caussidière, and one would not have been surprised if he had openly denounced and invoked public justice on such a traitor. Why he did not do so we cannot explain except by recurring to the saying of the old Prefect, that wherever there were three conspirators one *at least* was in his pay, and we conceive that Caussidière, who confesses that the archives contained very awkward secrets and that he took pains to prevent scandalous revelations, may have had very sufficient reasons for not giving much publicity to the affair ; but the mode which he adopted in dealing with it was adventurous and terrible beyond what an ordinary man would have conceived---he planned the *murder of De la Hodde by De la Hodde*, and the burying in his grave, as of a *suicide*, all the secrets as well of De la Hodde's own infamy as of any others that might perhaps be exposed by a public trial of that citizen. For this purpose Caussi-

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dière, who, with all his violence, seems to have had a certain reserve of caution and management, and who would not or perhaps thought that he could not, alone force De la Hodde to this self-murder, convoked in Albert's apartment at the Luxembourg a secret tribunal for the trial and (which was not doubtful) condemnation of the unhappy De la Hodde. He, accordingly, as well as Chenu and the rest of Caussidière's coterie, was summoned to a meeting, the object of which was not stated, nor, by De la Hodde at least, suspected. Chenu it seems, had some misgivings that *he* himself was in some danger of *arrest*---perhaps his thought went further---and he had the precaution to come to the meeting with between fifty and sixty of his guards, well armed, commanded by a near relation, and with orders to disperse themselves in the vestibules and corridors round Albert's apartment, and on hearing a pistol-shot---which Chenu was to fire if he found himself in danger---they were to break in to his rescue, and to take vengeance on his assailants. This counter-plot came to nothing; but it was very near causing a melodramatic tragedy even more awful than the scene that was really in preparation.

If Chenu had been a spy of the police, he was at least a most strenuous and unflinching *émeutier*; and so far from having been



reclaimed by his misfortunes in Belgium and Baden, he was made prisoner fighting on the barricades of June, 1848. Thus captured, he was examined before one of Cavaignac's courts-martial. There he gave evidence of the principal facts, since reproduced in more detail in his *Memoirs*. We extract from his *deposition* of the 10th of August, 1848, his account of the trial and attempted immolation of De la Hodde. It is told in the *Memoirs* with more detail and effect, but at too great length to be extracted, and the summary of the deposition, with a few words from the *Memoirs*, will give a sufficient sketch of the scene :---

“ One evening I received notice to attend a meeting at the Luxembourg at 10 that night. I arrived a few minutes after the time. De la Hodde was sitting in a corner of Albert's drawing-room. There were also present Caussidière, Mercier, Sobrier, Monnier, Bocquet, Pille [Pilhes?], Albert himself, and Grandmesnil, who became president of the meeting; there were some others whose names I do not recollect. After my arrival Caussidière took a large portfolio, and accused *De la Hodde*---who jumped (*bondit*) at the mention of his name ---of having betrayed them all to the late Government; producing as he went along the written proofs, and placing in the hands

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of the several persons present the reports that De la Hodde had made against each of them. [There were above twenty, and very bitter, against Chenu himself.] He then told him with great solemnity that *he must die, and die by his own hand*---either by a pistol or by poison, both of which he placed on the table. Caussidière showed great *sang froid*, and seemed rather prompted by the fear of future revelations on the part of De la Hodde than by a mere spirit of vengeance, for De la Hodde had incautiously cried "Ah! it's so, is it? You shall pay for it!" But de la Hodde soon saw and felt the imprudence and idleness of such a threat, and fell into the extreme of terror and contrition. The wretched man refused to kill himself. The party were about to massacre him, and already had laid hands on him. Bocquet seized the pistol, cocked it, and was about to blow his brains out, but Albert objected to have a murder committed *in his apartment*. Monnier and I asked for mercy, and the execution in Albert's salon was given up. It was then proposed that he should be forced to kill himself in a hackney-coach. De la Hodde still resisted---imploring mercy and promising silence; but Caussidière said determinedly that after what had passed they could not permit him to live. He was, however, spared for the

moment---forced with great violence into a hackney coach, well guarded, and taken back to the Prefecture, whence Caussidière removed him into close confinement in the Conciergerie, and I know not what is become of him."---*Enquête*, i. 188.

This wonderful scene, the cool ferocity of the executioner-judges, and the desperate agony of the victim, are detailed, we have no doubt, with great truth and certainly great effect in the Memoirs; as is also the singular contingency, that if De la Hodde had been driven to shoot himself, or if he had been shot, which was very near happening, by the hands of Bocquet, Chenu's guards in ambush would have thought it *his* signal, and would have burst in, and perhaps exterminated, as Chenu thinks, all but their Captain.

It was evidently in consequence of this deposition, in which there were several other matters seriously affecting Caussidière, that (having fled from justice in France) he published these Memoirs in London, in which, while he admits the affair of De la Hodde, of which there were too many witnesses to admit of denial, he attempts a vindication on other points, and especially endeavours to disparage Chenu. Chenu, who had before only given evidence when interrogated by the court-martial, finding himself thus per-

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sonally assailed, turns round on Caussidière, and produces this pamphlet of the "*Conspirators*," which, besides the revelations of the turpitudes of the Revolution of February, contains a very valuable insight into the proceedings of the various secret societies of Republicans and *émeutiers* which harassed the whole reign of Louis Philippe, and at last terminated it at a moment when they were least expecting it. Terrible as the results of these conspiracies have been in assassination, insurrection, and finally revolution, nothing can be more contemptible than the number and character of the parties. There was nothing higher amongst them than some hangers-on of the seditious journals, and it seems that their numbers in all Paris did not exceed at any time 3000 ---but that was a nucleus round which all the idle and "ragged vagabonds" of that at once turbulent and cowardly city grouped themselves. We need add but one trait to this picture---that if the June insurrection had succeeded, the intended Dictator was **MARC CAUSSIDIÈRE.**

It seems that De la Hodde was buried in the dungeons of the Conciergerie till the reign of Caussidière was over, when he was probably allowed to escape to England: but having now returned to Paris, and Chenu's pamphlet having made him notorious, he has

published his account of the "*Birth of the Republic*," in which he shows by what mere accidents, and chiefly by the atrocious trick, fixed by a recent trial upon Lagrange, of provoking what is called the massacre of the Capucines, the insurrection was revived when all the men of the journals and of the secret societies who raised it had given it up in despair. That De la Hodde should be listened to with great distrust on personal points is obvious: but making allowance for his very natural animosity to those whom he had betrayed and who in return had subjected him to such an agony, we really see no reason to doubt that his detail of the events in the midst of which he was, is substantially correct. He does not come lower down than the proclamation of the Republic, to which he was a prominent party in the parlour of the *Réforme*, and, of course, says nothing of his short apparition as Secretary-General of Police, nor of the scene at the Luxembourg; but he promises a larger volume, in which, we suppose, these transactions will be related *à sa manière*. He complains, in a letter to the journals, that M. Chenu has represented him as unduly terrified at the prospect of the strange death with which he was menaced. On this point we confess we rather credit M. Chenu's account, who must have been a calmer ob-

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server---nor, in truth, can we think it any imputation on De la Hodde to say that he had shown a great horror of the proposition made to him, and expressed a fixed resolution not to die after that fashion. On the other details he most remarkably corroborates Chenu ; and *their* memoirs, exposing so graphically, so naturally, and (bating somewhat of their personal spleen against Caussidière) so truly, the weakness, folly, turpitude, and, above all, falsehood, of the revolutionary party, are the best answer to the self-panegyrics of Lamartine and Louis Blanc ; and will, we trust, increase and extend in France the feeling that she is in most need of---humiliation at having been made the dupe and the victim of such despicable men and such fortuitous circumstances.

It is in vain that M. Lamartine defends his copartnership with these men, and particularly Caussidière, in poetical flourishes and metaphors---as that "it was with his help that he created order out of disorder," and that "if he had conspired with him, it was as the paratonnere conspires with a thunder-cloud to draw off the lightning." We ask him, who created the disorder? who collected the explosive element? and for what justifiable purpose, and with what extenuating results? When the ex-Dictator exhibits with such extravagant self-applause

his struggles at the Hôtel de Ville, he obliges us to retort that they were mainly in his own defence---if he worked hard to save the boat, it was because he would have sunk in her. And when he echoes the ex-Prefect's own boast of how soon and how completely order had been restored and maintained, how the streets were repaved, how clean they were kept, how well lighted, how gambling-houses were suppressed, and how rare street robberies had become, they forget that these are things which the summary and omnipotent power of a reckless and irresponsible despotism can do, and has every motive for doing. A reign of terror admits of no disorders but its own. The Prefect, whose first and last salutation to the heads of his department was, that if they misbehaved he would "*shoot them in the courtyard,*" might be pretty sure that he could make people sweep before their doors; and the Government that enlisted all the most daring and disorderly of the population into the garrison of the Prefecture, and conceived the sublime idea---as M. Lamartine thinks it, and a lucky one we admit it was---of drawing off 24,000 of the worst thieves and rioters into the *Garde Mobile*, might well say that they had diminished the number of prowling malefactors and petty offences.

But to do M. Lamartine justice, the pre-

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cious ointment of his panegyric is poured out not on his own head only, though that is transcendentally the first object---nor even exclusively on his friends and associates---Flocon, Caussidière, and *tutti quanti*---he has an inexhaustible stock of sugar plums, which, like the promenaders at the Carnival at Rome, he flings into the faces of everybody---except, as Louis Blanc bitterly complains, Louis Blanc. The truth as to this complaint seems to be, that, excessive as M. Lamartine's estimate of Louis Blanc's talents and services seems to *us*, it falls vastly short of his own appreciation, and we strongly suspect that there is no pen in the world, however favourable or flattering, that could satisfy either of these two gentlemen's opinions of their own merit, except each his own. Panegyric is a draught which they only can sweeten to their own taste. We abridge Louis Blanc's description of this prominent feature in M. Lamartine's character and book :---

“ M. Lamartine's whole policy was comprised in two words---*être applaudi*. His ear was ever on the stretch for the praise of his own name, and in agony least he should hear a discordant sound. He was greedy of every one's praise---he delighted to admire himself in the most opposite looking-glasses. For his own *amour propre* he would endea-



vour to conciliate Lord Normanby and to tame Sobrier---he offered LaRochejacquelin an embassy, and had secret conferences with Blanqui. . . Flattery, squandered without measure or discretion to every body, is the common artifice of men who are very anxious about their own reputation. . . They flatter that they may be flattered in return ; and they gratify the vanity of other people to the profit of their own.”---p. 29.

M. Lamartine's book is a portrait-gallery of such " faultless monsters as the world ne'er saw"---till presented by him. Never was there such a galaxy of every species of public and private virtue, and even of personal beauty. Indeed we think that, in the some hundred names he mentions, there are but two which he does not load with elaborate compliments more or less gross, and, as our readers will suppose, more or less undeserved. The two persons who have the good fortune to attract the least share of M. Lamartine's promiscuous panegyric are MM. Guizot and Thiers ! M. Thiers very little, M. Guizot not at all. *Prefulgebant ---eo ipso quod effigies eorum non visebantur.* Louis Blanc sees nothing in this blind profusion of panegyric beyond the obvious calculation of usurious vanity.

“ *Incense*, like interest, is but a loan

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and Lamartine hardly, we suppose, expected much responsive adulation from MM. Thiers and Guizot.

But we suspect another auxiliary motive for this almost indiscriminate panegyric. M. Lamartine has not, perhaps, seriously given up the game of revolutionary politics; he has had a deep plunge, but he may hope to come to the surface again; he may expect that another turn or two of fortune's wheel may restore the Count of Paris to the Tuileries, or Louis Blanc to the Luxembourg---Marrast to the Palais Bourbon, and Marc Caussidière with Commander Pornin to the Prefecture. M. Lamartine's statesmanship, though not very profound, has obviously reached the celebrated maxim---"Live with your friends as if they were one day to become your enemies, and with your enemies as if they were to be one day your friends." Brydone, in his "Travels," tells us of a whimsical Englishman who took off his hat to a statue of Jupiter at Rome, and when asked "why?" answered that his godship might one day be reinstated in his temple, and would perhaps remember those who were civil to him in his adversity. So M. Lamartine takes off his hat, not only to Jupiter, but to Pasquin and Marforio, and even to Silenus.

The natural consequence of all this is,

that his work is equally worthless for information or amusement. He just reverses Cicero's historical maxim, *ne quid veri audeat, ne quid falsi non audeat*. Three-fourths of his pages are filled with a compilation from the *Moniteur* of all the admirable speeches *he* uttered and all the statesmanlike papers *he* issued during his ephemeral reign, accompanied by a running commentary of the most profuse encomiums on his own genius, eloquence, courage, and even of his personal advantages, the Agamemnonian eminence of that lofty figure, and the Demosthenic energy of that fine countenance that gave weight to the flowers of rhetoric and grace to the dictates of wisdom. These are not his precise words, which, particularly in his own praise, are too diffuse to be so concentrated, but they convey his meaning and exemplify his style. In short, the whole is so disfigured by what Louis Blanc calls a *puissance d'illusion prodigieuse* (p. 28), that it is equally useless as a history and wearisome as a romance.

The portion of it that has the most claim to novelty is that devoted to the escape of the royal family, and especially of the King and Queen, from the Tuileries to England. But the account is erroneous in several particulars---neither malevolently nor intentionally, we believe---for he still takes off his

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hat to *Jupiter* and *Juno*---but from that want of accuracy of inquiry and precision of narration which characterise all his details, as far as we have had an opportunity of testing them. Now, whether such personal episodes are introduced as being of any historical value, or only to increase the general interest of the narrative, the value or the interest depends essentially on their accuracy. If worth telling, they ought to be told truly; and as M. Lamartine has thought fit to give this episode so prominent a place in his History of the Revolution, we have taken some pains to enable ourselves to relate the series of events with circumstantial correctness, and we have done so the rather because Captain Chamier, and other writers of a less romantic turn than M. Lamartine, had been led by the rumours of the day into similar ———.

Our readers will be aware that the circumstantial details we are about to give could only have been autentically obtained from those who were actors in or witnesses of these interesting and, we may say, dramatic episodes: So far as the *facts* themselves are concerned, we have scrupulously followed the notes and reminiscences kindly communicated to us; but on their causes, bearings, or what may be their probable or possible consequences, the opinions and judg-

ments which we may incidentally express are all our own.

From the moment that MM. Theirs and Barrot withdrew the command from Marshal Bugeaud, and sent orders to the troops not to resist the mob, the monarchy was lost: their factious banquet-agitation had provoked the insurrection; this pusillanimous submission made it a revolution. The intrusion into the King's private apartment---into his very closet indeed---of a motley crowd of people---'generals, deputies, journalist, inferior officers and even privates of the National Guard---besieging him with information and opinions interrupted by fresh information and contradictory suggestions' (*Lam.* p. 73), was already a practical proof---even before the word *abdication* had been pronounced---that Louis-Philippe was no longer King. In this *cohue* which too well typified the irresistible tumult that was accumulating out of doors, the King signed his abication as the only chance of preserving even a shred of the monarchy, or, what was at that moment more urgent, of saving the lives of his family and friends---blockaded in two or three rooms of the defenceless---we might, say, already captured---palace.

M. Lamartine describes with considerable detail the spirit and energy with which the gallant veteran Marshal Bugeaud endea-

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voured to persuade and encourage the King against the abdication; but all these fine scenes are mere inventions, for which there is not even a colour. The Marshal not only did not oppose the abdication, but he never saw the King after the review in the morning, when nobody so much as thought of an abdication. To one of those imaginary remonstrances against the abdication as not yet necessary, the King, M. Lamartine asserts, replied :---

‘“ *I know it, Marshal, but I am unwilling that any more blood should flow for my sake.*” The King was a man of personal courage. This remark was, therefore, not a pretext to cover his retreat or his cowardice. This one expression ought to form the *consolation of exile* and to *mitigate the verdict of history*. What God approves, men should not condemn.’---p. 84.

We have no doubt that such was the King’s feeling; but we repeat no such conversation could have taken place. We cannot, however, pass unnoticed the hypocritical verbiage with which M. Lamartine winds up his fable---as if *this* expression were the only “consolation of the King’s exile”---the only one that can even “*mitigate*” the verdict which this Rhadamanthine Judge thus records before it is pronounced! ---as if this sentiment had not been already

expressed by many words and *acts* of mercy and humanity throughout his whole reign! Does M. Lamartine hope that these sentimental *amendes*, towards the King, will *mitigate the verdict*, either of the present time or of posterity, on the guilt and folly of which he himself has been the accomplice, if not the main cause? It certainly will be no consolation to the King's exile to find himself daubed by the same brush that varnishes Flocon and Caussidière.

When the King had made up his mind on his abdication, and sat down to write it at his *bureau*, he was immediately surrounded by a crowd of gazers, the greater part of whom were totally unknown to him, and who followed with eagerness every motion of his pen. Some cried out brutally, "*Mais dépêchez-vous donc. Vous le faites trop long. Vous n'en finissez pas!*" Others exclaimed, when they saw that the name of the Duchess of Orleans was not inserted, and that the King made no mention of the Regency, "*Ah, mais cela ne peut pas aller comme cela. Il faut que vous déclariez la Duchesse d'Orléans Régente.*"\*

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\* M. Crémieux, the Jew lawyer, was undoubtedly in the royal closet at that moment, as M. Lamartine states; but he is mistaken when he adds that Crémieux made those interpellations to the King. It appears, on the contrary, that he took no share in them.

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“*D'autres le feront s'ils le croient nécessaire,*” answered the King, sternly ; “*mais moi, je ne le ferai pas ; c'est contraire a la loi ; et comme, grâce a Dieu, je n'en ai encore violé aucune, je ne commencerai pas dans un tel moment.*”

The confusion was so great that the act of abdication was snatched from the King's hands before he could make a copy of it---and it is not certainly known what has become of it. It has been said that it found its way into the hands of Lagrange, the hero of the *Cupucines* massacre, now a member of the National Assëmçly : M. Lamartine adopts this version, and has embellished it with some of his usual picturesque inaccuracy ; but we see good reason to suspect---indeed, to be pretty confident---that the paper possessed by Lagrange, and given by him to Antony Touret, one of his colleagues in the *Réforme*, and now in the National Assembly, was but a *copy*, and a clumsy and inaccurate one, of the original paper.†

The first thought that then occurred to the King was to disentangle the Duchess of Orleans from the inconvenience of his presence near her, and to give her, by his immediate departure and *éloignement*, the best

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† See Lamartine, 78 ; *La Réforme* of the 11th, 12th, 17th, and 19th April, 1848.



chance of allaying the personal suspicion and animosity which existed against himself, and of giving as much strength as possible to the establishment of the Regency.

The Queen looked upon this scene with alarm, but dignity; and when the abdication was thus extorted from the King. M. Lamartine says that "she turned to M. Thiers, and exclaimed, "Oh, Sir, you did not deserve so good a king, whose only revenge is to retire before his enemies." (p. 85.) The words, as they struck the ear of our informant, were only "*Vous l'avez---vous vous en repentirez,*" and they seemed to be addressed to those who had pressed the abdication, but not to M. Thiers in particular.

Captain Chamier, with an inaccuracy not pardonable on so important a point, on which even M. Lamartine might have set him right, states that the Duchess of Orleans was *forgotten* or *neglected* in her apartments in a distant part of the palace, and was only apprised of the King's flight *after he was gone*. (v. i. p. 63.) This statement, with some others founded on it, is altogether a mistake, and is inconsistent with some other passages of Captain Chamier's work. The Duchess and her children were the whole morning with the rest of the family in the King's closet: when she heard her name

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thus proposed as regent, and saw that the King was about to depart without her, she threw herself into his arms, exclaiming, ' Ah, Sir, do not abandon me. I am but a poor weak woman ; what should I do without your advice and protection ?' " My dearest, dearest child," said the King, embracing her, " you owe yourself to your children and to France, and you must remain." And forcing himself with some difficulty from her arms, he left her astounded with the unexpected burden of power with which the motley crowd seemed for the moment disposed to invest her. The truth, however, is, that the advice of abdication, and the proposal of proclaiming the Duchess Regent and her son King, was no more than a scheme of the revolutionists to accelerate Louis-Philippe's departure. We now know that a *Provisional Government* had been already prepared in the newspaper offices.

At that moment the King and Queen had all their children, grandchildren, sons and daughters in law, then in Paris, in the King's apartment, except the Duke of Nemours, who was at the head of the troops in the court of the palace, endeavouring by a steady attitude and countenance to prevent the irruption of the mob from the Carrousel. The only other of the King's sons at hand was the Duke of Montpensier, whom M.

Lamartine describes as very forward in urging the abdication, and who was, we have no doubt, strongly impressed with the personal danger in which the royal family were placed, and thought---as it certainly was---his first duty to attend the King and Queen ; but the Duchess of Montpensier being great with child, it would have been dangerous to expose her to all the risks of the intended walk down the long avenue of the Tuileries. The Duke, therefore, committed her to the care of a trusty friend who happened to be at hand, and who conducted her to his own house in the neighbourhood, whence she proceeded by Eu to Boulogne, and so, on Monday the 28th, to England. Captain Chamier is still under the surprise that *we* were at first at this apparent *délaissement* of the Duchesse de Montpensier ; but her personal condition and the duty of the prince---the only prince present---to protect the retreat of the King and Queen and the rest of the family---and the suddenness, the *momentaneity* of the whole *débâcle*, subsequently explained this apparent neglect.

The young Duchess arrived safely at Eu, where the whole family expected to meet ; but on her arrival there, General Thierry, the Duke's aide-de-camp, who attended her, and M. d'Estancelin---a gentleman of that neighbourhood and an old schoolfellow and

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particular friend of the Duke's, now a member of the National Assembly, who had come to wait on her---were so seriously alarmed by an account that the mob were marching to attack the château, that they hurried her royal highness away towards Boulogne. They arrived at Abbeville late in the evening ; but the populace, though not knowing exactly who she was, guessed that the party were political fugitives, and stopped the carriage in so menacing a manner that the Princess and the General were forced to abandon it and escape on foot, in the dark, through the town, and at length out of it by a side door luckily left open for the use of some workmen employed in repairing one of the great gates. Hence they had great difficulty in groping their way through deep and miry back ways to the high road, where, after having been two or three hours exposed to cold and wet, the carriage (which was released by the exertions of M. d'Estancelin) overtook her, and conveyed her to Boulogne. The courage and even gaiety of the young Princess throughout this nocturnal adventure were very remarkable. M. Lamartine *more suo* embroiders it with some circumstances which we believe to be not more accurate than his final ascertainment that the Duchess proceeded to "Belgium and Brussels, where her husband awaited her"

(*Lamartine*, 314); but we may accept his general evidence as to the danger to which the royal family seems to have been *everywhere* exposed, and to the peculiar cowardice and inhumanity with which a leading *patriot* to whom MM. d'Estancelin and Thierry applied, refused this poor young woman, whose personal condition they urged on his pity, a refuge for the night.

Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg and his little boy Philippe, the orphan of the accomplished Princess Mary, who were also in the King's closet at the moment of departure, took a different route and reached Germany in safety. M. Lamartine professes to have felt a great anxiety to facilitate and protect the retreat of all the royal family, and he especially glorifies himself for having given passports to this German prince, who was in no danger whatsoever, and who obtained, in the usual course, a passport through the minister of his own court; but we do not find that M. Lamartine gave a passport to any human being---royal, gentle, or simple---that really stood in need of it. Perhaps it may be that he had no opportunity. We know not how that might be, but we know, and shall prove as we proceed, that neither the fugitives themselves, nor the subordinate agents of the new government, had any reason to be-

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lieve that M. Lamartine was desirous of favouring their escape.

The rest of the royal party now left the palace, not (as was at first reported, and as M. Lamartine and Captain Chamier have erroneously repeated) through a subterranean passage under the river terrace, but through the great vestibule and down the centre avenue of the garden to the Place Louis XV.---the six infant grandchildren being carried in the arms of persons of the suite. At the garden front of the palace they found a strong detachment of cavalry of the National Guard, which General Dumas, aide-de-camp of the King, had prudently brought up to protect their passage. At the sight of the Royal family on foot amongst them, these troops expressed their loyalty and sympathy by cries of "*Vive le Roi!*"--- "*Vive la Famille Royale!*"

The King had evidently no expectation of being forced to leave France. His retirement from Paris and its neighbourhood was all that was contemplated; a new government it was supposed would have appeased the disturbance; and it was thought indispensable to the success of that government that his absence should remove any suspicion of the Regent's being a tool in his hands. The ultimate object of his journey was no doubt the old château of Eu in Nor-

mandy, a favourite residence which he had repaired and embellished; and to which he now looked as a retreat for his old age; but it was evident that it was on the St. Cloud side of Paris that he could make the easiest exit; and accordingly it appears that as soon as the resolution of abdicating was taken, the royal carriages were ordered to proceed to the *grille*, or iron gate, of the Tuileries gardens, opening into the Place Louis XV. ---still called, from a draw-bridge that was formerly the passage over a sunk fence, the *Pont Tournant*. M. Lamartine boasts, and has a thousand echoes, that his revolution was made without violence or the shedding a drop of blood---an audacious untruth, as we have already shown; but here we have one instance which, though only of a single murder, might have produced a stupendous massacre. As the royal carriages were crossing the Carrousel in order to proceed through the *guichet*---the archway under the great gallery---and so along the quay to the *Pont Tournant*, they were arrested by the mob in the Carrousel, the outrider that was directing them was wantonly and brutally murdered, the horses were killed, while the other servants fled for their lives, and the carriages themselves were set fire to and burned. This remarkable fact it suits M. Lamartine to conceal entirely, and

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to misrepresent some of the events which depended on it.

The Duke of Nemours---who was, as we have said, stationed in the front court of the Tuileries, separated from the Carrousel by the high and massive *grille*, in nominal command of troops forbidden to use their arms, and, in fact, blockaded by the insurgents---could do nothing either to prevent this outrage, or (as it at first seemed) to avert the disappointment and danger of the royal family from the absence of the carriages. There happened, however, to be standing within the front court and therefore out of the reach of the mob, two of those little one-horse carriages called *Broughams* and a two-wheeled cabriolet, all belonging to the King's establishment, and ordinarily employed for driving about town, by the aide-de-camps and messengers-in-waiting. With a fortunate presence of mind the Duke saw that, inadequate as these little vehicles were (each of them being constructed for *two* persons only), they might at least receive some of the royal party, and would be better than none; and he therefore directed them to hasten by the *guichet* of the court and the quay, which were as yet free, to the spot where the travelling carriages had been previously ordered. \* The royal family, how-

\* Captain Chamier relates a story of a single car-



ever, had arrived before them, and were of course painfully surprised and disappointed at not seeing the carriages, and at finding themselves enveloped by a crowd, through which they made their way to the Obélisque in the centre of the Place---a spot full as we have before stated (vol. lxxxii. p. 566), of terrible recollections, and now of very alarming appearances.

The assertions of all the revolutionary publications, and of some well-intentioned writers who have, for want of better information, copied them, would lead us to suppose that the King's departure and subsequent flight had more of alarm than was reasonable, and that the magnanimous people would not have touched a hair of his head. The truth is, as we shall see, that not the King alone, but everybody else, even the least interested spectators, were convinced of the imminence of the danger ; and all the facts subsequently developed confirm that opinion. Throughout the whole crisis numerous, and some very cowardly, murders had been com-

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riage being stationed on the Place Louis XIV. at an earlier hour for the same purpose, and argues upon it as proving an anticipation of what happened. That is a total mistake---the fact was exactly as we state it, and is so far important as it corroborates the suddenness and *imprévu* of the whole transaction.

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mitted; and if the little vehicles so opportunely sent by the Duke of Nemours had not arrived to the rescue of the royal family, it is terrible to think what new disasters might have occurred: at the very *Pont Tournant* three persons had been massacred in the morning---one a deputy T. Jollivet. Of this the King and every one about him, were aware---though it was not till some days after that the discovery of the bodies under a heap of rubbish revealed to the public at large both that atrocity, and the dangers that the royal family had run while delayed and exposed on that very spot by the absence of the proper carriages. We may here add also, though it anticipates by a few moments the chronological order of events, that M. Lamartine fully admits the peril of the moment by a statement that, after the King had got into the little carriages, some "shots were fired at him, and that two troop horses of the escort were killed under his eyes" (*Lam.* p. 86). This, however, fortunately escaped the notice of the royal party. When, also, a little after, M. Lamartine wishes to exalt his own personal courage in facing his own *friendly* mob at the other end of the bridge, he says---

"The pavement was slippery with mud and blood; here and there the dead bodies of men and horses strewed the quays, so as

even to impede the march of the Provisional Government from the Chamber to the Hôtel de Ville."---p. 132.

All this blood had been shed, and these people killed either before or during the escape of the King, who was separated from this bloody scene only by the Pont de la Concorde and the body of troops that occupied it. Of the aspect of that mob, even after it had been in some degree pacified by the departure of the King and the rejection of the regency, M. Lamartine gives us this amongst several other similar descriptions :---

" The march of the members of the Provisional Government had to struggle through the convulsive and irritable movement of the crowd, under a canopy of pikes, rusty muskets, swords, bayonets fixed on poles, cutlasses, and daggers, brandished by bare arms, scorched with powder, stained with blood, and still shaking with the fever of three days' fighting. Their costumes were hideous; *their countenances livid and excited to madness; their lips quivered with cold and excitement; their eyes looked like insanity.*"---*Lam.*, p. 134.

Our readers will judge whether, in such a state of things, there was not abundant cause of alarm for the safety of the royal family, but above all of the King---so often the in-

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tended victim of assassins,\* and so obnoxious to the thousands of conspirators and *émeutiers*---now in a state of convulsive and triumphant insanity that they terrified even their own leader and idol. Nor have we any great reason to suppose that the Provisional Government would have been very solicitous to punish an attack on the King, when we find the haste that they made to reward former assassins. Bergeron, the first person who had fired on the King on his way to the Chamber in 1832, was immediately appointed *Commissaire* of the Provisional Government in two departments; and the widow of Pepin, executed as the accomplice of Fieschi, was recommended for

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\*It is worth while to enumerate the *known* attempts on his life---several did not become public:—

Bergeron, on the Pont Royal, December, 1832.

Fleschi, on the Boulevard, July, 1835.

Alibaud, in the court of the Tuileries, June, 1836.

Meunier, on the Quai des Tuileries, December, 1836.

Champion, an abortive *Machinè Infernale*, Quai de la Conférence, 1837.

Darmés, near the Pont de la Concorde, October, 1840.

Quenisset, who shot at the three Princes, September, 1841.

Lecomte, Fontainebleau, August, 1846.

Henry, on the balcony of the Tuileries, July, 1847.

a pension by the Commission of National Recompences.

But even if the appearances of the revolutionary mob had been less ferocious, one cannot contemplate without a retrospective feeling of terror the position of a man of 75 and a dozen women and infants hustled in a crowd where the slightest accident might have been followed by the most deplorable catastrophe ; and such a catastrophe must in all human probability have happened in the Palace if the King had remained there, or on the Place Louis XV., but for the escort of cavalry so opportunely brought up by General Dumas, and a still larger body of troops, which, happening to be stationed on the quay and bridge, was now providentially at hand to protect the unexpected retreat of the King. It was under their protection that the three little carriages were brought through the crowd to where the royal fugitives were waiting in a state in which nothing as certain but their personal danger.

Into these carriages---constructed, we repeat, to carry *six* persons in the whole---*fifteen* were now crowded---we can hardly imagine how. In one were the King and Queen and the two young Princes of Coburg, sons of the Princess Clementine, and the little Duke d'Alençon (son of the Duke of Nemours), who was thrown like a bundle

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into the carriage after them. In the second were packed the Duchess of Nemours (the peculiar 'grace and beauty,' as M. Lamartine calls her, of that family which has so large a share of both), with her eldest son and her daughter, the daughter of Princess Clementine, and three female attendants. The Duke of Montpensier, General Dumas, and one of the Queen's women occupied the cabriolet; and besides all these, two or three other attendants hung on or sat with the drivers. The Princess Clementine, too happy to have seen her children removed from immediate danger, took her husband's arm, and, mingling themselves in the crowd, they escaped to the house of a friend, and thence by the Versailles railroad to Trianon, where they rejoined the King.

This rapid accumulation of events---all crowded into fifteen or twenty minutes, was enough to unnerve the bravest and confound the wisest, but no one of that whole family seems to have lost for a moment his or her self-possession. The Queen did not, as Captain Chamier relates, faint, nor was she carried senseless in the King's arms to the carriage; on the contrary, she herself lifted her grandchildren into it, taking indiscriminately from the knot of little ones those that first came to her hand. The King preserved his calm, yet vigilant *sang froid* throughout,

and by his few short words addressed to each of those from whom he was forced to separate, contributed to the good fortune that, *per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*, eventually reunited the whole family in a place of safety.

General Berthois, the King's aid-de-camp in waiting, obtained a troop horse, and endeavoured to accompany the carriages, but he was seized, unhorsed, and maltreated by the mob, and he was only saved by the exertions of some energetic and well-disposed individuals in the crowd. General Rumigny, another of the King's aide-de-camps, and Captain de Pauligne, *officier d'ordonnance*---more fortunate than M. de Berthois---were enabled to reach St. Cloud---M. de Rumigny in a diligence, and M. de Pauligne on a trooper's horse mixed up with the escort.

Captain Chamier's account of this departure is the least satisfactory part of his work. He seems to have trusted too implicitly to the gossip of some Parisian acquaintance, inclined, right or wrong, to depreciate and *dénigrer* the House of Orleans. We ourselves, we need hardly say, are what are called *Legitimists*; but that makes us the more anxious to do justice to the personal qualities of the Orleans family, not only as justice---of itself an all-sufficient motive---

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but because also the great principle of hereditary right, the only one as we think that can tranquillize France, seems destined eventually to belong to them; and above all, we think it our duty to re-establish whenever we can the integrity of historical truth. We have seen that Captain Chamier was misinformed on so important and so notorious a point as the supposed neglect and abandonment of the Duchess of Orleans; he is equally so on several others. While doing justice to the active fidelity of Messrs. Rumigny\* and Pauligne, he hints sarcastically at some other persons who were, he supposes, found wanting in gratitude to their fallen benefactors; and then, on the other hand, he intimates that some faithful servants were unkindly forgotten in the master's hurry to escape. All this is mistake and injustice. We are far from being such optimists as to controvert the advice of the Psalmist that mankind should not "put their trust in princes," or still less the converse of that proposition so strongly inculcated by modern experience, that "princes should not put their trust in mankind;" but on this particular occasion there was, we are confident, neither ingratitude nor neglect of the kind

\* Captain Chamier states that General Rumigny died in England—another mistake—the General is still living.



imputed. Let us take as an instance the only case that Captain Chamier *specifies*, though he hints at many. He complains that

“ Madame de Dolomieu, the *old tried friend and companion* of the Queen, *was left* to make her own way from the scene of disorder; she was found crying bitterly as she walked to St. Cloud by a gentleman who offered her shelter, but she only knew that the Queen was gone to St. Cloud, and thither she was resolved to go also; a washer-woman’s cart happened to pass, she was placed in that, and reached her destination!”---p. 40.

We believe that the facts are true, but the impressions which they seem to have made on Captain Chamier are certainly wrong. Madame de Dolomieu quitted the palace precipitately, and on foot---so did everybody; she had no carriage---nobody had; she was in tears---no doubt,---tears, not of personal vexation, but of surprise and anxiety about her royal friends. Nor was she absolutely alone---she was accompanied by Madame Angelet, another of the Queen’s ladies; and we can confidently say that it is not true that “no one thought or inquired about her; but who in that *mêlée* could guess where she, or many other ladies, had been scattered, or how they were to be

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retrieved? If it had happened that Madame de Dolomieu had not been separated from the Queen, would Captain Chamier (clever as gentlemen of his profession are at *stowing people away*) have placed her as the *sixth* passenger in one, or as the *eighth* in another, of the little vehicles made to carry *two*? Captain Chamier, more heedlessly than is consistent with his usual good sense and knowledge of mankind, repeats that the King's flight need not have been so hasty "when no one was thinking about him." Certainly, the drunken *brigands* who were plundering his palaces, or the ruffians that were terrifying even the Provisional Government on the Place de Grève, were not *just then* thinking of the King's person, happily out of their reach: but would it not have been very different if *they* could have laid hold of him---or indeed if he had fallen into the hands of any mob anywhere? Captain Chamier seems not to have known, at least he does not mention, either the murders at the *Pont Tournant* in the morning, nor the attack on General Berthois, nor the umbrage which M. Lamartine confesses the leaders of the revolution took at the mere possibility of the King's remaining even at St. Cloud, We dwell with some earnestness on this point, because Captian Chamier's book is in general the

most accurate and judicious, as well as amusing history of the Revolution which we have yet seen, and that with the exception of this (as we suppose) *Faubourg-St.-Germain* impression against Louis-Philippe personally, we cordially concur in all his views and appreciation of both events and men. If, as we have little doubt, he shall be called on for another edition, we earnestly recommend the points we have touched upon to his impartial reconsideration.\*

The three little carriages with their wonderful and illustrious cargoes were soon got away. General Regnault, who was at the head of a brigade of cavalry which happened to be concentrated in this spot, took the command of the King's escort, which consisted of the 2nd regiment of cuirassiers, commanded by Colonel Reibel, and a detachment of the cavalry of the National Guard. This strong escort completely enveloped and concealed the carriages, and had proceeded but a few hundred yards

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\* We should also venture to suggest a minor improvement—the substitution in his narrative of *I* for *We*—his personal identity of the plural form ; which, though proper in reviews and newspapers, which represent a certain community of opinion, is awkward in the mouth of a single witness giving his own individual testimony. It throws a kind of doubt and obscurity over some passages of the work.

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when the necessity of this display of force for the King's safety became apparent. Opposite the Pont des Invalides they found a great mob that were sacking and burning the guard-house, and who seemed for a moment disposed to stop the carriages, but the impulse and aspect of so formidable a body of cavalry intimidated and repulsed them without a shot being fired. The guard at the barrier of Passy, a very motley group, presented arms in silence. The escort proceeded no farther than St. Cloud; and when the King, before leaving that palace, went down into the courtyard to take leave of the troops, they exhibited an enthusiasm of loyalty very different from the feeling shown by the National Guard at the review at the Tuileries in the morning.

The same consideration, which from a far different cause had suggested itself to M. Lamartine---that at St. Cloud he would be too near Paris---had also occurred to the King. Lamartine thought it might threaten the Republic---the King had not yet heard the word *Republic*, but he thought that it might embarrass the Regency, and that it would be better in every point of view that he should proceed at once to his ultimate destination---the Château d'Eu. But how to reach it---without equipages---without money? For, as we stated in our former

article, the departure had been so precipitate that that which in lower life would have been the first care was never thought of at all ; and there was amongst the whole party no money but the trifling sum usually carried in one's pocket. The Queen's purse, habitually prepared for occasional charities, was the heaviest, and contained a few pounds. But, besides these *material* difficulties, there were others still more serious. All posting was deranged · the railroads were interrupted ; nor indeed would it have been possible to have reached either of the lines, Rouen or Abbeville, that ran towards Eu, without passing through places all under the influence of the hostile spirit of Paris. The King in this difficulty, and seeing that he could hardly remain at St. Cloud undisturbed by the Parisian mobs, might have thrown himself into the new fortress of Mont Valérien, close by, the strongest of the celebrated detached forts, where he would be safe as long as he might choose to remain there. But this plan, if it crossed his mind at all, would naturally be rejected as having too hostile and provocative an aspect. It was therefore resolved to proceed to Trianon--- a retired and beautiful dependency on the gigantic magnificence of Versailles---a step farther from offence to, or danger from, the volcanic metropolis. Thither the party

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proceeded in two omnibuses hired by General Dumas in the town of St. Cloud, to go as far as Trianon.

But Trianon was still too near Paris, and it was almost in Versailles, where there were no troops---the whole garrison having been removed to Paris ; and it afforded no facilities for effecting the transit to Eu. General Dumas was therefore dispatched to Versailles, where he hired two *berlines* for their farther use. He also borrowed from a private friend 1200 francs (*fifty pounds!*) These resources, poor as they seem, were most acceptable at the moment, though they did little towards the immediate object of reaching Eu.

It was clear that, if the whole party were to proceed together, they not only could not preserve their *incognito*, but would be stopped on the cross-roads for want of horses. It became, therefore, absolutely necessary to separate the party and divide the risks, and it was hoped that there could be no personal danger for any one but the King---that ladies and infants at least would, even if intercepted, be still safe. One of the *berlins* was therefore assigned to the Princess Clementine and her husband. Prince Augustus of Coburg, with their three children, and the Duke de Nemours' little daughter Marguerite, accompanied by Doc-

tor Pigache and Madame Angelet. M. Aubernon, Prefect of Versailles, undertook the charge of this detachment, and managed so well that they got without difficulty to Eu, and thence to Boulogne, where, on board the packet, they met the Duke of Nemours just arrived direct from Paris, and they landed at Folkestone on Sunday, the 27th of February.

The rest of the party proceeded in the remaining berlin and one of the omnibuses to Dreux, where the King possesses a very ancient dungeon-tower, older, some antiquarians pretend, than the Roman invasion of Gaul, and the remains of the old château of the Comtes de Dreux, which he had partly repaired and arranged as an occasional, indeed we may say devotional residence close to the chapel which he has built within the precincts of those ruins, to replace the one destroyed in the revolution, which was the burial-place of his maternal ancestors, and latterly of his own family. There he had recently laid his sister, the early companion and constant friend of his adventurous life ---there his beloved son, the heir and hope ---and there his accomplished daughter, the artistic illustration of his house ; and to that half-furnished, desolate, and at best melancholy residence, he now came in a hired carriage in a dark winter's night---' *menant,*'

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as Mirabeau said on his death bed---' *le deuil de la monarchie.*' Do the annals of the world afford any parallel to the vicissitudes of that day---from the royal breakfast in the gay Tuileries to the humble supper in the funeral mansion of Dreux---from the caparisoned charger at the review on the Carrousel to the omnibus of St. Cloud---from being thought the richest sovereign in Europe to borrowing *fifty pounds*---to fly for his life from the palace of his ancestors to the grave of his children?\*

“Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt!”

and all this owing---even then notoriously, now indisputably---to nothing but the King's reluctance, as M. Lamartine says, *that any more blood should be shed on his account*; and his being too humane and too constitutional for the factious and unscrupulous politicians with whom he had to deal, and the turbulent, perverted, and above all ungrate-

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\* The officers who attended the King suggested the expediency of pushing forward towards Eu directly, without going to Dreux, but they met with a reluctance to adopt that course which they did not exactly understand; they afterwards saw reason to conjecture that it was because the Queen had a pious desire to kneel that night on the graves of the children she had lost, and to pray for the safety of those that remained.



ful and giddy people which he had to govern.

Our readers need hardly be reminded how much we lamented---and chiefly for his own sake---that he had been induced to accept the crown in July, 1830. That step, it was thought at the moment, afforded the only chance of preserving even the semblance of the monarchy in the House of Bourbon---but as we always said and everybody now sees, it only postponed and in fact aggravated the evil. It gave a sanction to one revolution which inevitably led to another. Some incidents also in his administration were, as we thought, very liable to question; but on some of the most questionable measures of his policy, the revolutionary plunder of his cabinet and the publication of his secret papers have even in our judgment vindicated his character. His whole political and private life, and that of his family, have been as it were eviscerated by the rude hand of the revolution, and thrown down as garbage to public criticism, and the result has been to prove Louis-Philippe to have been, to a degree that even his friends and servants hardly ventured to assert, a good husband, a good father, a good king---a man of very great abilities combined with an unusual degree of good nature and good temper. His fall, more sudden than that of Napoleon, was also more honourable, more undeserved,

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and in every point of view more humiliating and more calamitous to France who thus sacrificed the *King of her own choice*, and adopted the despotism of a few dozen of madmen and ruffians---on most of whom she has since inflicted disgraceful punishment, but has neither the moral nor physical courage to retrace her steps and endeavour to repair the disgrace and misery which she is suffering.

Early in the morning of the 25th of February, before the King was yet risen from his melancholy bed at Dreux, accounts arrived from Paris that the Regency had failed----that the Republic was proclaimed---that the young King, his little brother, and the two Regents, had been all swept away in the popular tumult, and that no one knew what had become of any of them.

And here we are glad to do justice to the high and magnanimous discharge of a public duty, which for a time subjected the Duke of Nemours to the reproach of having abandoned not only his wife and children, but his parents. The truth is, no man ever made a nobler sacrifice of all personal feeling than the Duke of Nemours on this occasion. He had been, by a law passed on the untimely death of his brother the Duke of Orleans, nominated as prospective Regent. He was also at the crisis of the abdication

charged with the command of the troops, whose *countenance* was, as we before said, the only protection of the palace from storm. That post he maintained with equal temper and resolution till the King and his party had left the palace, and till the Duchess of Orleans, with the new king and her new ministers, were about to proceed to the Chamber to obtain the recognition of these extemporized authorities---then the Duke of Nemours saw that his duties as a soldier ceased, and those with which the law still invested him as Regent of the kingdom and guardian of his nephew, began. Anxious, as was evident, to be relieved by the legislative authority from his irksome and anomalous position, he was resolved, as a man of honour and a high public functionary, to do that duty while it was imposed on him, and to give to the young King and his mother whatever protection and support he might be able to afford.

Of the trying scenes to which the Duchess of Orleans and the Duke of Nemours were exposed in the Chamber we already had abundant descriptions. M. Lamartine reproduces them in his usual tedious and turgid, but for once, we dare say, not exaggerated style. To one or two points of his narrative recent circumstances have given a revived interest. On the late anniversary

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of those days---the 23rd of February, 1850---M. Thiers, from the tribune of the National Assembly, with rather questionable consistency, but with great eloquence, courage, and truth, pronounced on those "*Journées*" of February, 1848, the *flétrissure* of having been "*terribles et funestes.*" These bold and honest words---the first bold and honest words that had been uttered in France for two years---express, we are satisfied, the real sentiment of all that is valuable in the public opinion of France, and they will, probably, have important results. They had the immediate and not insignificant one of provoking the re-appearance of M. Lamartine, after an eclipse of twenty months, to vindicate for those days their *ci-devant* title of "*glorious.*" If he had said, in reference to his own share in them, that they had been *vain-glorious*, it would have been true ; but that they were not only "*terribles et funestes,*" but disgraceful, it becomes worth while to remind our readers by a few short extracts from M. Lamartine's own account of the birth of the Republic---of which, under his characteristic delusion, he fancies himself the father, when in fact he was only the man-midwife.

The Chamber has been invaded, and its area is occupied by what M. Lamartine confesses to be "*a rabble of ragged and*

*grotesquely armed vagabonds.*" The Duchess of Orleans, her children, and the Duke of Nemours occupy a back seat opposite the President. Lamartine is in the tribune rejecting the regency (*which he had formerly and just as factiously advocated*), and proposing a *provisional government* in an incendiary speech, hotly applauded by the "ragged vagabonds" about him :---

"Yes, yes! cried the combatants, waving their flags, brandishing their arms, and exhibiting the marks of blood and gunpowder on their hands."---p. 120.

Second---if second---to Lamartine himself amongst the *conscript fathers* of this strangely metamorphosed senate was "a butcher's boy, with his tray and his clothes stained with blood, and brandishing a long knife." This fellow, who had placed himself just under the tribune---looking like the "*Seide*" of Lamartine, though we acquit the orator of all intentional connexion with the butcher---made more than one rush with his knife at the Duchess of Orleans, "*pour en finer*," as he growled through his hard-set teeth. These attempts were repelled by a body of deputies that gathered round the royal party.

M. Lamartine, with the most astonishing folly and vanity, goes on to assert that, if *he* had said only one word---if *he* had pointed

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with his authoritative finger to the Duchess, and apostrophized her as *Regent*, all the revolution would have bowed before her. If M. Lamartine thought that he had any such power, then all the guilt and misery that ensued is, by his own confession, on his own head. We therefore, on his own showing, must admit his guilty responsibility, but we exceedingly doubt the pretended power. He might, indeed, have saved himself from the disgrace of having helped to spread the conflagration, but it was too late to stop or even turn it; for while he was yet spouting this harangue---which he imagines might have turned as he pleased the fate of France ---the doors of the Assembly were burst open by a new invasion. This, he says, was the real army of insurgents, of which the butcher's boy and the rest of the "ragged vagabonds" had been only the advanced guard. These latter 'had issued from the Tuileries after the sacking of the palace, all flushed with the three days' fighting, and some *drunk* with the fumes of powder and the excitement of the march [and the plunder of the *cellars!*]. They had just crossed the Palace de la Concorde under the eyes of the generals, who had opened them a passage through the bayonets of the troops. Arrived at the outward gates of the Chamber, their comrades within had admitted them on a signal given

by M. Marrast. [Marrast, since so notorious, was then nothing but a factious journalist and an obscure insurgent.] Their torn clothes, their shirts open, their arms bare, their clenched fists, looking like muscular bludgeons, their hair wildly dishevelled and singed with cartridges, their eyes swollen, their countenances maddened with the delirium of the revolution, all showed them to be desperadoes coming to make the last assault on the last refuge of royalty. They climbed over the benches, they pressed against and beat down (*ecrasaient*) the officers of the Chamber, they brandished their arms, pikes, bayonets, sabres, crowbars, with cries of "Down with the Regency!" "The Republic for ever!" The very roof shook with their cries.'---pp. 121, 122.

And yet the man who writes this description has the vanity to suppose that a few words of his sentimental *bavardage*, declaimed to the deputies a quarter of an hour before, could have arrested the Revolution and established the Regency. He would, we have no doubt, have had the assembly with him, because the assembly were, almost to a man, with him already; but his fine phrases would not have reversed the triumphs of the mob, nor satisfied the insurrectionary journalists, who, some hours before, had proclaimed the Republic, and named their provisional government.

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And now all was anarchy and on the verge of being a massacre. New insurgents break their way into the body of the house ' as if into the breach of a city that had been taken by storm. Their arms, their gestures, their passionate cries indicate the *last and most guilty purpose*---" Where is *she*? Where is *she*?" '---p. 122.

In short, they meant to murder the Princess. Such cries and the gestures of some pointing to the place where the royal party sat surrounded and concealed by a few deputies still alive to the feelings of humanity and honour, left no doubt that nothing but an immediate retreat could save them from a frightful calamity. Yet the retreat was hardly less perilous. We collect here some of the chief points of M. Lamartine's narrative, who, during the tumult, seems to have stood in the centre of the tribune, as if making only a pause in his harangue, with all that calm dignity with which men of less nerve than Lamartine can contemplate the danger of other people, and especially when it happens to be a contrivance and a triumph of their own :---

' The Duchess, with her feeble suite and children, fell into the midst of another invading mob ; with difficulty she escaped *suffocation and death*, thanks to her sex---to her *veil*, which prevented her being recognized



---[that is, if she had been known she would have been massacred in spite of her sex]--- and to the exertions of a few courageous deputies, amongst whom M. de Mornay, Marshal Soult's son-in-law, was conspicuous. She was soon separated, however, by the undulations of the crowd from her children and the Duke de Nemours. Surrounded and overwhelmed by fresh torrents of the populace, she was tossed about like a wreck in a storm; and at last dashed, half-stifled and almost swooning, against a glass-door, which broke with the shock. On recovering her consciousness she misses her children; she calls them; her attendants promise to find them, and hasten to look for them under *the very feet of the crowd*. Meanwhile a few friends succeeded in forming a circle round her; they got her into the President's garden, and thence into his residence, there to abide her fate and await the recovery of her children.

'The Count de Paris, separated from his mother by the crowd, and pointed out to the mob as the future King, had been brutally seized by the throat by a man of colossal stature. The huge and bony hand of this *madman* had nearly strangled the poor child *in a jocose pretence*. A soldier of the National Guard witnessed this detestable outrage, and with one vigorous blow of his

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list beat down the arm of this unfeeling wretch.'---pp. 123, 124.

This passage affords a characteristic instance of the style in which throughout his work, M. Lamartine endeavours to reconcile his own fine sentiments with the brutal excesses of his auxiliaries. Here, after displaying his generous feeling by reprobating "a detestable outrage,"---in intention a murder---he quite gratuitously and inconsistently chooses to suppose that it was only "a jocose pretence."

The other little boy, the Duke of Chartres, had fallen in the corridor of the Chamber, and was immediately lost under the feet of the crowd. Those that attended the Duchess thought that an attempt to stop to recover him would have only endangered the lives of herself and the elder boy, and they forced the agonized mother forward (p. 309); indeed the torrent overpowered all resistance. The child escaped miraculously with a few cuts and bruises; he was picked up by one of the messengers of the Chamber, who carried him home, and, after disguising him like a child of the lower class, conveyed him through two or three hands to M. and Madame de Mornay, who placed him for concealment in the house of a poor woman in their neighbourhood; not venturing, it seems, to keep the poor little fellow

in their own house. There the child remained two days, his mother not knowing what had become of him. M. de Mornay had no means of acquainting her that he was safe, for *she too was in concealment.*

Though the Duchess and the Comte de Paris had fortunately reached the President's house in safety, it was thought dangerous that she should remain there even long enough to seek for the missing boy, and she was hurried away to the apartments of the Governor of the Hôtel des Invalides. Here, one would have supposed that a widow, only known, as M. Lamartine often repeats, for her rank, her beauty, her misfortunes, and her virtues, and an innocent orphan might have found refuge for a night. But alas! no. The following is M. Lamartine's account of this incident, which seems to us intentionally vague and mysterious :---

“ Marshal Molitor received the Princess, her son, and the Duke de Nemours, and lodged them in his apartment. But the veteran Marshal who was suffering from illness, *began to be alarmed* at the responsibility he was incurring. *Some doubts which he expressed* respecting the disposition of the Invalides themselves, and also relative to the *security of the Hôtel itself* as a place of refuge, *very much shook the confidence* of the Princess and her friends.

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“ While the Marshal was ordering dinner for his guests, the Princess, in whose mind the recollection of the captivity of the Temple was ever present, and who imagined she should see her son consigned to the care of another Simon, resolved not to remain an hour longer in the Invalides.”

There is, we are satisfied, no ground whatsoever for supposing, as M. Lamartine says, that the gallant old Marshal was alarmed or gave his guest any hint to retire. The Duchess's sudden retreat was occasioned by the urgent advice of M. Odillon Barrot, who came at six o'clock in the evening to say that the increasing irritation of the populace and a knowledge that she was in the *Invalides* rendered her immediate escape indispensable. In consequence of this advice, “ she departed with her son, under the safeguard of M. Anatole de Montesquiou, for the château of Ligny, some leagues from Paris.” (p. 125.)

Here she remained concealed for some days, and here, after two days of agony, the Duke of Chartres was restored to her; but at length she “ *left that château in disguise,*” and, taking the rail-road at Amiens, arrived at Lille. At Lille M. Lamartine says that the Duchess had a passing idea of throwing herself into the arms of the garrison and proclaiming her son; and he ap-

plauds her for having renounced that idea rather than incur the "crime of civil war." ---M. Lamartine conveniently forgetting that he himself had incurred all "the crime of civil war," which was imminent at the moment, and actually broke out under his own administration four months later. We believe the Duchess of Orleans never for a moment entertained any such projects. She hastened to place herself and her two interesting boys beyond the tender mercies of M. Lamartine, the real and immediate author of all the personal insult and danger which she and they had undergone.

Even after the story he has been telling, M. Lamartine does not hesitate to add, that "men of all parties associated the name of the Duchess of Orleans with sentiments of admiration, affection, and respect" (p. 311). No doubt every rational and honest man will concur in the expression thus extorted from M. Lamartine; but we have seen how his disciples in the Chamber treated this illustrious lady, he (Lamartine) being in the tribune and affecting to

*Ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm.*

And he neglects to tell us that next morning, while the Duchess was supposed to be still at the *Invalides*, a warrant for her arrest was issued by Caussidière, counter-

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*signed by De la Hodde.* The Duchess trembled, adds M. Lamartine, lest "her children might be doomed to share the fate of the children of Marie-Antoinette ; but France was no longer devoid of justice and humanity. It had ceased to be the France of prisons and scaffolds." What ! Had ceased to be the France of prisons, when a warrant for *her* arrest had been actually issued---when within four months there were twelve thousand prisoners in Paris alone, some thousands of whom were subsequently transported without trial ---and where there are to this hour hundreds of victims of M. Lamartine's revolution still languishing in irons ; and if the terrors of the scaffold were abolished, it was only by those who grew humane at the consciousness of having deserved it. We are lost between wonder and disgust at such an extravagant complication of inconsistency and impudence.

The Duchess, however, crosséd the French frontier in safety, and resided for a few weeks with her two sons at Ems, a watering-place on the right bank of the Rhine. She afterwards repaired to the château of Eisenach, which her maternal uncle, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Wiemar, had placed at her disposal. In the course of last summer the Duchess came over to England and brought her children to visit their grandfather and

grandmother at Claremont. We learn with satisfaction that this visit will soon be repeated, and, we hope, prolonged---the *hopes* of a family---whatever be its rank or destiny, should not, if possible, be separated from its *head*.

It is not without a slight degree of nausea that we quote M. Lamartine's praise of any one for whom we have any respect or regard, but we cannot complete this part of our story without quoting his account of the departure of the Duke de Nemours :---

“ The Duke de Nemours quitted France without any impediment, as soon as he had discharged his duty to his father, sister-in-law, and nephew. This prince proved himself more worthy of his popularity [a few pages before he had said that he had none at all] in adversity than in prosperity. He had evinced at once courage and disinterestedness for the sake of preserving the crown to his brother's son. He had neither bargained to save his own life [it was in danger then ?] nor set up his claim to the regency. History will render him the justice which contemporary opinion has denied him.”---p. 311.

With this arrogant style of pronouncing on the merit of a man in every respect---except poetry and what M. Lamartine and Lord Clarendon consider as a statesmanlike

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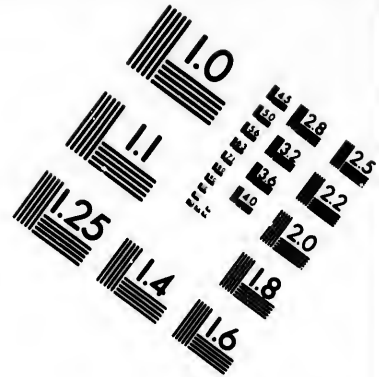
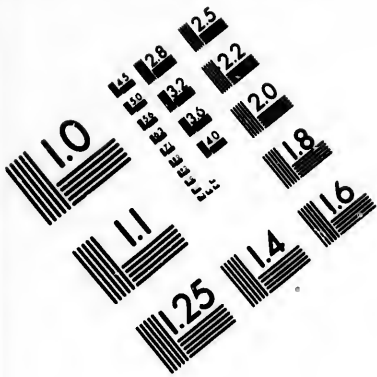
quality, *prestige*\*---his superior, M. Lamartine has mixed a strong flavour of his habitual inaccuracy. He says M. de Nemours *quitted France without impediment*: true in appearance, quite false in substance. M. de Nemours accompanied the Duchess of Orleans to the *Invalides*, and left that establishment, when she did, to conceal himself in the house of a private friend, whence, under an English passport, he escaped in a disguise so complete that his relatives, who met him at Boulogne, did not recognize him; and so far was he from being "free from impediment," that at the barrier, the *employé*, in the uniform of a National Guard, who examined the passports rather suspiciously, would not at first permit the carriage to pass, but seeing a person so unlike the description of the Duke, permitted him to proceed, saying, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I am looking out for the Duke de Nemours." The Duke smiled at the blundering zeal of the *employé*; and, pursuing his journey, joined the railroad at a station near Abbeville, and reached England on the 27th of February.

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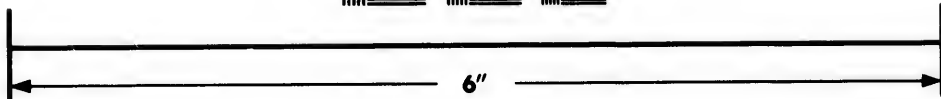
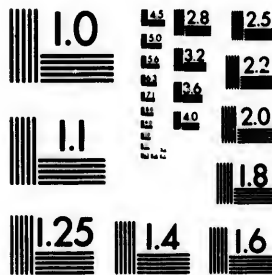
\* See *ante*, p. 490.—We could hardly give a stronger instance of a vitiated taste than the modern use of *prestige* as a statesmanlike quality. We find in our latest French Dictionary: **PRESTIGE**—*illusion—apparence trompeuse—pensée chimérique—songes—fantomes*. And in the English: **PRESTIGE**—*delusion—imposture—deceit*.







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The foregoing details we have given not merely as in themselves interesting, but to answer, by the evidence of M. Lamartine himself, the criticisms before mentioned on "the needless precipitancy" of the King's flight. If the widow, if the orphan, were obliged, under the advice of such men as MM. de Montesquiou and De Mornay, to conceal and disguise themselves---if it was thought by M. Odillon Barrot that Marshal Molitor could not protect for a few hours in the Invalides those innocent and interesting victims---if General Thierry and M. d'Estancelin could not find a night's shelter for a young pregnant woman in the city of Abbeville---if they all suffered personal injuries, and almost miraculously escaped with their lives---what might have been the fate of the King, who had been for eighteen years the mark of a hundred assassins, and whom the ferocious populace had been taught to look upon as a public enemy ?

We left him passing the night of the 24th in the mortuary mansion of Dreux.

It was, as we have said, on the morning of the 25th that Louis-Philippe learned the abortion of the regency, the dissolution of the Chamber, and the overthrow of the monarchy ; that the courage of the Duchess of Orleans and the devotion of the Duke de Nemours had been in vain, and that it was

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not even known what had become of them or the children---in short, that anarchy reigned in Paris, and doubt and terror everywhere. This unexpected turn of events upset all previous arrangements. It was now plain that the idea of attaining and still more of residing at Eu must be abandoned, and that nothing remained but to reach some point of the coast of Normandy, and embark for England. General Dumas's daughter had married the son of M. de Perthuis, one of the King's former *officiers d'ordonnance*; and the General knew that M. de Perthuis had a small villa---in fact, a garden-house of two rooms---on the hill over Honfleur, within half a mile of the coast, in which a little furniture was kept for an occasional summer excursion. Thither it was proposed that the King and the Queen, who would not be separated from him, should endeavour to make their way; to this plan there was no other objection than that it necessitated another separation and dispersion of what remained of the family. The King, who had estates in the neighbourhood, and a steward at Dreux, received there a small supply of money---under, we have heard, 200*l*. M. Lamartine says it was derived from a subscription of the loyal inhabitants, and there is no doubt they would have made such a contribution, had it been necessary; but the money that the King got here was his own.

The arrangement now made was that the Duke of Montpensier with the Duchess of Nemours and her two sons should proceed in a carriage hired in the town (the St. Cloud omnibus had been dismissed the night before), with two of the King's servants on the box, to Granville, to take the packet for Jersey with passports under feigned names procured at Dreux.

General Dumas and Capt. de Pauligne were dispatched in a little country carriage to join the Rouen railroad at St. Pierre de Louviers, and so on to Havre, to provide a vessel to embark their Majesties from M. de Perthuis' villa.

The second berlin hired at St. Cloud was to convey the King and Queen, under the names of *M.* and *Mde. Lebrun*, and General Rumigny, under that of *Dubrevil*, with the King's valet and Queen's maid, to Honfleur. M. Maréchal, the sous-préfet of Dreux, when the news from Paris had announced the whole extent of the misfortune, redoubled his attentions, and now mounted the box of the berlin (with the king's valet-de-chambre) to protect the travellers, if necessary, by his official authority. On departing from Dreux it was still given out that Eu was the object, and so they took the high road to Verneuil; but when clear of the town they turned to the right and

took the road to Anet and Pacy-sur-Eure through the forest of Dreux, part of the patrimony of the House of Orleans ; so that the King was not only a fugitive from his kingdom, but through his own private estate ---where, however, it is due to him to say that he was deservedly popular---so much so that at Anet the travellers were surprised to find the whole population assembled in the streets, who received them with general sympathy and cries of *Vive le Roi!*

This rather alarming loyalty was occasioned by the indircreet zeal of the Postmaster of Dreux, who not aware of the whole state of the affair, had, without M. Maréchal's knowledge, sent forward to order horses. As the same well-meaning mischief had probably been done at Pacy-sur-Eure, the next relay, where the temper of the population might not be so favourable, M. Maréchal thought it best on leaving Anet to direct the postillions to take a short turn by a cross road which runs through the forest of Ivry---again the private property of the King, and near the scene of the celebrated victory of his great ancestor Henry IV.---to a stage on the high road to Evreux called La Roche St. André.

They had now to cross the river Eure near a manufactory, where a mob of workmen, probably apprised of the royal visit by

the indiscretion of the Postmaster of Dreux, and agitated by the incendiary reports of the three days' insurrection at Paris, had assembled in a formidable body on the road the King was to take. But when they found that he had gone by the other road, then some of these ill-disposed people, taking advantage of the hill which the carriage had to ascend after crossing the river, pursued it with evidently hostile intentions, crying *Vive la Réforme!* and *à bas Louis-Philippe!*---but two or three only were able to overtake the carriage, and there was no interruption.

At La Roche St. André it was market-day, and the *poste* was in a narrow street; and, though the King's face was muffled up and disguised with spectacles, a man of somewhat remarkable appearance looked into the carriage, and muttering between his teeth *C'est lui*, hurried away to summon the gendarmes, who immediately came, and were about to be troublesome, but M. Maréchal interposed his authority, and they retired. The fresh horses were soon put to, and the postillions went off full gallop, affecting not to hear some cries of "Stop, stop!" which rose up behind them.

On approaching Evreux, the passage through which (being a large town) was a matter of some anxiety, M. Maréchal ob-



served a small château, called Melleville, on the left of the road, where he thought it might be prudent the party should pass the night. It turned out that the owner was a M. Dorvilliers, the King's agent for the forest of Breteul ; but the house was empty. The farmer of the estate, by name Renard, however, informed that they were friends of M. Dorvilliers, received them into his own cottage ; and some expressions falling from him that inspired confidence in his loyalty, he was told who his guesus were. He was very much affected at the news, and immediately offered whatever services he could supply. M. Dorvilliers was sent for to Evreux, the St. André post-horses were discharged, and M. Maréchal, who was now beyond his own bounds, and could be of no more use, took his leave ; the farmer, a man of courage and intelligence, undertaking for the rest of the journey. M. Dorvilliers arrived, and the King again received a small advance from his own revenues---about 40%. we believe.

The unusual sight of a berlin in the farm-yard had attracted some notice in the neighbourhood. Four young men in particular, well dressed, but whom the farmer knew to be of *opinions exaltées*, made a minute inspection of it, and proceeded back to Evreux, with an intention, the travellers feared, of

gratifying their curiosity as to the occupiers of the carriage more fully when it should reach the town. It was clear that either from St. André or from Pacy the news of the King's journey had reached Evreux. The intelligent and active Renard, however, defeated any schemes of interruption that might have been made. He obtained a cabriolet, in which he undertook to drive the King and his valet all the way, twenty-four leagues, to Honfleur; while his farm-servant was to take the berlin, with two stout farm-horses, to *La Commanderie*, the next posting stage on the high road to Honfleur beyond Evreux; both parties thus avoiding the necessity of taking post-horses at Evreux, through which town they passed by hack-streets and by-ways. After the King had departed, the Secretary of the Prefect of Evreux, apprised by M. Maréchal, came to Melleville to offer his services, and was useful in piloting the farm-servant, who was not quite familiar with the back way through the town of Evreux. This gentleman left the Queen when clear of the town.

The farmer's horses took the cabriolet the whole twenty-four leagues (not less than sixty miles) with no other stoppage or refreshment than a few feeds of oats or beans at some way-side *cabarets*. The King must

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have suffered considerably during this long journey, for, besides the inconvenience of three not slender persons in a common cabriolet convenient only for two, the weather had grown very bad---a strong, cold wind had set in---the commencement of a heavy gale which lasted several days, and added, as we shall see, to the difficulties of the escape.

When the berlin with the Queen reached the posthouse of *La Commanderie* and ordered horses for Pont Audemer, the postmaster approached M. de Rumigny and whispered---“ A berlin arriving with farm-horses and taking post-horses ! ’Tis odd ! But, sir, in these times one neither asks questions, nor looks into carriages.” Then, raising his voice, he called aloud to the postillions to make the best of their way to Pont Audemer. Here again it was evident that the travellers were recognized and respected---at least as political fugitives.

A curious incident of the King’s journey hereabouts may be noticed. One of the *cabarets* at which the horses were fed is called the *Malbrouck*. It is near the limits of the Department, in a central position, where, about fifteen years before, the King had been received under a triumphal arch by the magistrates and National Guards of the neighbouring districts, and had made an

answer to their address in which there was a phrase that made some noise at the time ---“ That in our days flattery had changed sides, and that the flatterers of the people were now become quite as dangerous to society and good government as the flatterers of kings used to be.” We wonder whether the King, shivering with cold in the corner of that wretched cabriolet, remembered, as he now passed by the *Malbrouck*, that great and loyal assemblage, that triumphal arch, and that prophetic warning against popular delusions.

The cabriolet passed through Pont Aude-mer, a large town, at half-past three in the morning of the 26th. A little beyond this, while feeding the horses at the door of a *cabaret*, the berlin arrived---the royal couple exchanged a few words, and pursued and soon after completed this portion of their journey---the berlin arriving about day-light at M. de Perthuis' villa, and the cabriolet soon after.

Every one who has sailed in front of Honfleur must have remarked a little chapel situated on the top of the wooded hill that overhangs the town. It was dedicated by the piety of the sailors of ancient days to *Notre Dame de Grace*, as was a similar one on the opposite shore, and both probably had originally some relation to the name of

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the estuary called *Havre de Grace* and of the great town which has grown up on the north shore of the river. From it M. Perthuis' house is commonly called *La Grace*, and we can easily imagine the satisfaction of the royal guests at finding themselves under the shelter of a friendly roof with a name of such good omen.

We cannot part from Renard---another Pendrell---without adding that he resolutely declined the proposition which was pressed upon him of some remuneration for his time, trouble, and expenses. "Don't talk to me of that," he said to General Rumigny; "these affairs of the heart are not to be paid for by money."

The pavillion of *La Grace* consists, as we have said, of two small rooms with two lofts in the roof. It is separated from a high road but by a path and a hedge. M. Larmatine says that so great was the mystery maintained, that the shutters were never opened nor a fire lighted, lest the smoke should betray that the pavillion was inhabited. This was not so. The Queen had arrived, publicly with post-horses, as the *aunt* of M. de Perthuis, and some of the neighbours had even called to pay their respects to her in that character. Some of those visits seemed to have more of curiosity than kindness, and were civilly declined by

M. de Rumigny in the name of the sick lady, who had but one room, and that her bedroom. These visits, however meant, had at least one good effect---they prevented any suspicion of the presence of the King, and M. de Perthius' *aunt* was suffered to occupy her pavillion for five days without disturbance from strangers.

The difficulties the King and Queen would have found in getting along by the railway, even if they should not have been recognized, may be conjectured by those that Messrs. Dumàs and Pauligne found in reaching Honfleur. They had parted, as we have said, with the King at Dreux, and had reached Rouen by the railroad; but at the station there they found so great a tumult and confusion, arising from political agitation and the burning of the railroad bridges, that they were forcibly separated, and never met again till they reached *La Grace*. M. de Pauligne was forced to cross the Seine at Rouen, and got to Honfleur by the left bank of the river on Saturday evening, the 26th. General Dumas succeeded in getting to Havre, but found the storm so violent that even the steamboat to Honfleur could not ply, and though within sight of *La Grace*, found it impossible to reach it. It happened that a young officer, M. Edmond de Perthuis, a son of the owner of the pavillion and

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brother of the General's son-in-law, was at that moment in command of *Le Rôdeur*, a small vessel of war, lying in the harbour. To him M. Dumas applied for advice and assistance, not only as to crossing the water, but as to subsequent measures for the escape of the King. On this latter point they were unable to make any arrangement; and as to getting across to Honfleur M. de Perthuis advised the General to return about half way to Rouen, and to cross where the river begins to narrow, between Tancarville and Quillebœuf, offering to accompany him. Even there the boatmen refused to attempt the passage, till, observing the anxiety of M. de Perthuis---an officer in the navy, and who had served in the *Belle Poule* with the Prince de Joinville---to get his friend across, fancied that General Dumas was the Prince, and under that idea made an effort that, as they told M. Dumas after they had landed him, they would not otherwise have done. We mention these circumstances to mark the natural difficulties which increased the personal embarrassments of the King's position.

MM. Dumas and de Perthuis arrived at La Grace on the morning of Sunday, the 27th. They had, at Havre, entrusted a M. Besson, an ex-officer of the navy and a friend of M. de Perthuis, with the object of

their mission ; and though he zealously undertook to follow it up, he had so little hope of success, that the King was obliged to adopt some immediate measures on his own side of the river. The gardener of *La Grace*, by name Racine---not, as M. Lamartine says,\* previously entrusted with the secret, but having recognised the King from a lithograph print which hung in his kitchen---was not only loyal, but active and intelligent, and obtained the King's consent to consult an intimate friend of his own, a sailor of the town, of the name of Hallot, who had served with the Prince de Joinville in the *Belle Poule* as coxswain of his gig, and on whom it had happened that the King had conferred the cross of the Legion of Honour.

This man Hallot, whom Captain Chamier miscalls *Halley*, and misrepresents as having afterwards betrayed the King, was, on the contrary, devoted heart and soul to the royal family, and set himself zealously to contrive their escape. He thought that

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\* M. Lamartine and Captain Chamier have got the names, and some of the circumstances, of this portion of the story, but very inaccurately. This is not surprising in Captain Chamier ; but it seems strange that the head of the Government of the day, who professes to give a minute and accurate detail of a transaction into which it is to be presumed he had made official inquiry, should have so completely misstated almost every circumstance.

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they could not embark unobserved from Honfleur, but that if the King would consent to venture in a fishing boat, one might be had at Trouville, a little town on the main sea, about fifteen miles west of Honfleur. M. de Perthuis concurring in this advice, there was no other objection than the separation of the royal couple. It was impossible that the Queen should attempt the passage in such a boat in such weather, and it was equally certain that the idea of a separation would be alike repugnant to both her and the King. The Queen, however, after what evidently was a severe struggle with her feelings, decided with her usual good sense that the first and most pressing object was to put the King in safety, and she joined her influence to that of de Perthuis and Hallot to overcome his Majesty's, reluctance. The result was that Hallot was dispatched on the evening of the 27th to hire a boat at Trouville. In the course of that day the storm had so far abated as to allow the usual steam-packet to ply between Havre and Honfleur, and it brought M. Besson, who reported that he had not been able to find a vessel at Havre, and that, though he knew the passage in a fishing-boat to be very dangerous, he had nothing better to propose, except that he thought that the *Express*, an English packet steamer,

then about to sail for Southampton, might run to meet the fishing-boat off Trouville and take the King on board. The King authorized him to make a guarded and confidential proposition to the English Captain to this effect, which M. Besson hastened to do ; but the Captain at once declined such a deviation from his orders. M. Lamar-tine, besides many other more important mistakes, makes here a minor one, which we wish to set right. He says that the Captain, Paul, who rejected M. Besson's overture, was *an officer of the Royal Navy*. He was in fact, we believe, a Master in the Navy on half-pay, but he was now only in the command of one of the Southampton passage-boats, and may have been more dubious as to the approbation of his owners and underwriters than the commander of one of the Queen's ships would have been of that of the Government. He may have also thought, as we do, that the proposed plan was an imprudent one. On his arrival at Southampton next day, Mr. Paul, we understand, apprised the Admiralty of the semi-confidence he received from M. Besson ; but our Government had previously, we believe as early as Sunday the 27th, dispatched several steam-vessels to various parts of the French coast to look out for all the royal fugitives ; Lord Palmerston had

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also sent orders to our consuls at the various ports of the Channel to afford them all possible attention and assistance. The *Express* was hastened back to be at the King's disposal, and it was on board her that the King eventually escaped.

At first sight the refusal of the English Captain might appear somewhat churlish, but it was in fact justifiable, and probably fortunate: it seems very unlikely that the proposed scheme should have succeeded; there was not sufficient time to combine the corresponding movements from Havre and Trouville---the same difficulty that eventually prevented the embarkation at Trouville would have occurred---the unusual proceedings of the packet would have excited suspicion, and there would have been, after all, the disagreeable risks of the meeting of the vessels and the transhipment of the passengers in a heavy sea.

However that might have been, there seemed now no other resource than the attempt to cross the Channel in the fishing-boat which Hallot might be able to hire at Trouville. The King's position was very painful---he was in entire ignorance of what had happened to the various members of his family, his children and grand-children, since he had parted from them. The last he had heard of the Duchess of Orleans and her

boys was that they were enveloped in the perilous tumult of the Chamber. He was equally ignorant of the state of affairs at Paris, and the riots at Rouen were alarming indications of a general commotion ; but the greatest of his anxieties seemed to be the separation from the Queen. There appeared, however, no alternative.

Hallot returned from Trouville before M. Besson had gone back to Havre, and brought an account of his having procured a boat for England for 3000 francs (120*l.*), which was to be ready to sail next night, Monday the 28th. All the King's advisers, three distinguished military and two experienced naval officers, concurring in recommending this course, it was so arranged ; and on the Monday morning MM. Rumigny and De Perthuis on foot, under the guidance of Hallot, took a short cut across the country to Trouville. M. de Pauligne went in a diligence, and the King and his valet were driven by Racine in a rickety cabriolet, with a single horse, so starved and restive that his Majesty would have reached Trouville probably quicker, and certainly more comfortably, if he had, as M. Lamartine says he did, gone on foot. The Queen remained with her maid and General Dumas, with the intention of passing---as it was expected she would do unobserved---by the

ordinary packet boats, as soon as she should hear of the King's embarkation.

It was arranged that the gentlemen who had preceded the King should meet him at the entrance of Trouville, and accompany him on foot along the quay of that town, which is of considerable length, to the boat which was to be in waiting at the other end. The King did not reach the rendezvous till after the appointed hour, but that was of no importance; for on his arrival there he was met by the unwelcome intelligence that the wind and sea were too high to admit of their sailing that night, and what was still more decisive---that the boat was not afloat, and as they were in the neap-tides, would not be for twenty-four or perhaps even forty-eight hours. It seems strange that Hallot had not foreseen this difficulty, but there was no remedy. M. de Rumigny, however, who arrived some hours before the King, had already made an arrangement for concealing him at Trouville till the moment of embarkation. In this emergency he had ventured to take into his confidence the Captain of the Port, a M. Henri Barbet (on whom also the King had formerly conferred the Cross of the Legion of Honour), who entered warmly into his views, and procured for the King a lodging in the house of his brother Victor Barbet---an old sailor---which

happened to be in a little garden-court behind the street. Here the King, with Thuret and M. de Pauligne, was sheltered accordingly. Victor Barbet's house was kept by his daughter, a young widow, whose husband, the master of a fishing boat, had been recently washed overboard in a gale of wind. She was extremely pious, and had a kind of religious veneration for the Queen, before whose picture she had taught her children to pray for the royal family. It was a strange astonishment and happiness to this simple and affectionate devotee to receive the King in her house, and to prepare and serve with her own hands his very modest meals. Here he remained the 29th February, and till the evening of the 1st March. The other gentlemen were at a tavern hard by.

The anxiety of all parties, already sufficiently great, was seriously aggravated by M. de Rumigny's having discovered (probably from Henri Barbet) that orders had come down that evening from the Provisional Government to the Custom-house and Coast-guards to *exert the utmost vigilance to prevent the escape of political fugitives*. M. Lamartine makes no allusion to this remarkable order, but states that---

“ Although *Louis-Philippe* and his friends were not aware of it, the Govern-

ment had authorised M. de Lamartine himself to *provide the means of escape*, with all the prudence which the *peril* of the case demanded, and with all the consideration due to misfortune."---p. 305.

Very well ; but why was it not communicated to " Louis-Philippe and his friends ?" A well-intentioned message might surely have found him, in the eight days of the royal pilgrimage---what had been ostentatiously done for Charles X. might have been quietly done for him ; and M. Lamartine, who tells us that he was authorised to *provide* the means of escape, does not appear to have taken the smallest step towards providing, or even *affording* them. The royal family consisted of about twenty persons, who escaped, literally, north, east, south, and west, in five or six different batches, and not one of them saw any trace of M. Lamartine's protection, but, on the contrary, underwent a variety of persecutions and dangers, and particularly the ladies, unexampled except in the history of the Reign of *Terror the First*.---But only two pages later he gives a somewhat different version of the generous proceedings of the Government :---

" *No order for opposing the departure of the King had been issued by any one, and instructions perfectly adverse to any*

attempt against his safety or liberty were in the hands of the Government agents."--- p. 307.

The variance between this and the former statement is remarkable. To be authorized to *provide the means of escape* is one thing, but the merely not *issuing an order to oppose the escape* is quite another; the first means active assistance, the last means only neglect or neutrality; both cannot be true. But then comes this special order, of which *M. Lamartine makes no mention*---to exert the utmost vigilance along the whole coast to intercept fugitives---an extraordinary order, which must have been equally effective against the ex-King as against the ex-ministers. We can easily believe that M. Lamartine, and indeed all his colleagues, would have been very sorry if the King had been seized, and very much embarrassed what to do with a captive who might very possibly find himself in a condition to capture his captors. But we do not believe that they had courage to give effect to their feelings either of prudence or generosity. Why, if this order was not meant to apply to the royal fugitives, was there not a distinct proviso that the royal personages were not to be molested?---why were all these generous sentiments locked up in M. Lamartine's breast or desk at the crisis when they might

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have been useful to the parties, and only revealed when they could serve no other purpose but his own vanity? But after all, those secret instructions, even if really sent to the Government agents, would have been of no value. There was no real danger either to the King or the ex-ministers from the hands of any *legal* authority---the danger was tumultuous insult, perhaps massacre---in the King's individual case, almost certain assassination; and the whole public conduct of the Government---this circular to the ports, and the simultaneous warrants against the Duchess of Orleans and the ex-ministers issued in Paris---had all a tendency to excite the populace to such violences if any of those whom Citizen Caussidière, in recording the issue of these warrants, calls "the oppressors of the people," had fallen into their hands.

The practical result was that this circular was a great increase of the King's personal difficulties---all the sentinels on the coast were doubled, and the inland passes leading to the port were additionally watched. All this so alarmed Captain Barbet, that he, heedlessly and without consulting the King, thought of breaking off the bargain with the boat first hired, which was aground and likely to be so for a day or two, and to hire one which was either afloat

or likely to be so sooner ; and he proposed to divide the 3000 francs (which the King had brought in a bag, and the weight of which had almost broken down Racine's old cabriolet), 1000 to the first boatman, and the rest to the second. The first fellow, dissatisfied with this proposal, immediately denounced that there was a stranger concealed at Victor Barbet's, whom he had been requested to convey to England. This caused great rumour in the little town, and dispositions, according to people's political opinions, to prevent or to favour the escape of the stranger. His friends were both more numerous and more active. At about eight o'clock in the evening of the 1st March, Captain Barbet rushed into the little room where the King was---told him that they were betrayed---that the authorities were about to make a domiciliary visit to the house, and that there was barely a moment to escape---he hurried, almost dragged, the King into a little dark back court, where he delivered him into the hands of a stranger who was waiting---Barbet hastening back into the house to arrange for the reception of the threatened visit. The stranger whispered the King---" Sir, a faithful and devoted servant is about to conduct you to a place of safety ;" and then, taking out a large bunch of keys which opened a succession of

doors, passed through several courtyards and little streets to a house which they entered by a back door. It turned out that the stranger was M. Guestier, a gentleman in easy circumstances, who had lately retired from the office of Mayor of Trouville. M. Lamartine and Captain Chamier both misstate the names of the parties and all the details of the affair. Not, we again say, surprising in Captain Chamier, who had no access to official information, but very unbecoming in a person talking *ex cathedrâ*, like M. Lamartine.

At M. Guestier's the King found that gentleman's family and some friends whom there had been no time to get rid of; nor was it necessary: for they were all zealous for the King's service. They indeed assured his Majesty that such was the unanimous feeling of the town---for that, of above 3000 inhabitants, there were but five or six of the contrary opinion; but "it must be confessed," they added, "these five or six intimidate all the rest."

Here the King was soon rejoined by his suite, who had prudently dispersed themselves at the first alarm, and it was obvious that nothing now was to be done but to retreat from Trouville as soon as the advance of night should have emptied the streets. M. Guestier had a cabriolet, and the master of

the neighbouring hotel, who was also of royalist opinions, and was therefore applied to, had char-à-banc, which he willingly offered---both he and M. Guestier making it a *sine quâ non* of their assistance that they should themselves have the honour of driving the carriages. Here, however, occurred one of those little incidents that sometimes have serious consequences. The pad of M. Guestier's cabriolet-harness had been damaged and sent to be mended. There was no moving without it, and as it would take a considerable time to borrow another the whole party, to save time, set out on foot, leaving the carriages to follow. They had to pass three guard-houses before they were out of the town ; but, in spite of the order of the Provisional Government for doubling the sentinels, two of the guardhouses showed no sentinel, and the one at the third did not observe the passengers. It probably was lucky that they had not waited for the carriages, which no doubt the sentinel saw, but saw empty. It was not till they had walked as far as the village of Touques that the carriages overtook them, and it was between four and five in the morning when they set them down within a short distance of La Grace---M. Guestier proceeding forward in the cabriolet towards Quillebœuf to find a safe retreat for the King, as there seemed so

little chance of his getting off from Honfleur. It had been settled that if the King had got off from Trouville, M. de Perthuis, on his way back to rejoin his vessel, should have announced it to the Queen; and now, to prevent her being painfully surprised at the King's return, M. de Perthuis went forward to break it to her. Her Majesty was very much agitated at this failure, and the short interval till morning was spent, sadly enough, in relating the vexations past and planning for the gloomy future.

On Thursday the 2nd of March, just at daybreak, the inmates of La Grace were startled by the arrival of a stranger, who however turned out to be Mr. Jones, the English Vice-Consul at Havre, with a message from the Consul, Mr. Featherstonhaugh, announcing that the *Express* steam-packet had returned and was placed entirely at the King's disposal, and that Mr. Jones would concert with his Majesty the means of embarkation. He also brought news, if possible, more welcome---a letter from M. Besson, announcing that the Duke of Nemours, his little daughter Princess Marguerite, and the Princess Clementine with her husband and children, were safe in England. This double good news reanimated the whole party, who were just before very much exhausted both in body and mind. But the

main difficulty still remained how they were to get to the *Express*.

Escape became urgent ; for not only had the *Procureur de la République* of the district hastened to Trouville with his gend'armes to seize the stranger (who luckily had left it some hours), but, having there ascertained that the stranger was the King, and that M. de Perthuis was in his company, that functionary concluded that his Majesty was at La Grace, and a domiciliary visit to the Pavillion was subsequently made. It is clear that this *Procureur de la République* was not one of those 'agents' whom the Provisional Government had directed to protect and facilitate the King's escape. Mr. Jones returned to Havre by the packet-boat by which he had come, with the King's grateful acknowledgment to the Consul, and a request that he and M. Besson would decide on the best course to be taken, which the King would implicitly follow.

At the same time General Dumas went down to Honfleur to see what could be done on that side, if no practicable proposition should arrive from Havre. But the evening packet brought back M. Besson and Mr. Jones, with the result of the council held at the other side of the water---which was, that the whole party should instantly quit La Grace, and, taking advantage of the dusk of

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the evening, embark, in the same packet by which these gentlemen had arrived, for a passage to Havre, where there were but a few steps to be walked between leaving the Honfleur boat and getting on board the *Express*. The Queen was to be still *Madame Lebrun*; but the King with an English passport, had become *Mr. William Smith*. Not a moment was to be lost. The King, disguised as before, with the addition of a coarse great-coat, passed, with M. de Rumigny and Thuret, through one line of streets; *Madame Lebrun*, leaning on her nephew's arm, by another. There was a great crowd on the quay of Honfleur and several gend'armes; but *Mr. Smith* soon recognized Mr. Jones, the vice-consul, and, after a pretty loud salutation in *English* (which few Smiths speak better), took his arm and stepped on board the packet, where he sat down immediately on one of the passengers' benches. *Madame Lebrun* took a seat on the other side. The vessel, the "Courier," happened to be one that the King had employed the summer before at Treport, during his residence at Eu. M. Lamartine, who mistakes even the place and all the circumstances of this embarkation, embroiders it with a statement that the King was recognized by the crew, who, with the honour and generosity inherent in all French-

men, would not betray him. We are satisfied that there were very few seamen who would have betrayed him; but the fact is, that he was not recognized; and when the steward went about to collect the fares and some gratuity for the band, *Mr. Smith* shook his head, as understanding no French, and his friend *Mr. Jones* paid for both. On landing on the quay of Havre, amidst a crowd of people and the *crieurs* of several hotels, was *Mr. Featherstonhaugh*, who, addressing *Mr. Smith*, as his *uncle*,\* whom he was delighted to see, conducted him a few paces further on into the *Express*, lying at the quay with her steam up; *Madame Lebrun* following. When they had got down into the cabin, *Mr. Featherstonhaugh* exclaimed, "Thank God, Sir, you are safe!" The King repeated the exclamation, in which the Queen devoutly joined; and with the more gratitude, as *Mr. Featherstonhaugh* informed them that the Duchess

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\* *Mr. Featherstonhaugh*—the representative (we are told) of the once powerful family of that name in the North of England (whose ancient castle was so skilfully repaired and embellished by the late Lord Wallace)—is well known as, we believe we may say, the founder—certainly the first successful teacher and active promoter—of geology in the United States. His travels in that part of the world, still more extensive than those of his royal *uncle*, have been narrated in pages of singular liveliness.



of Montpensier had arrived in London; that the Duke of Montpensier, and the Duchess de Nemours with her two sons, were safe at Jersey; but of the Duchess of Orleans and her children there were still no news.

While the royal couple were thus congratulating themselves on their escape neither they nor Mr. Featherstonhaugh were aware that the greatest danger they had yet run was barely, if indeed really, over. There is, as every one who happened to land at Havre must know, a certain female *commissionnaire*, who is always to be seen at the arrival of the packet-boats very active in recommending lodgings and hotels, and offering her services to ladies, and even gentlemen, who may have any desire to escape the too-close inspection of the Customhouse officers. Now, this good woman---generally so civil, and occasionally so useful---was near occasioning a great misfortune. Either by the help of her dark-lantern, which she generally carries, or by the light of one of the gas-lamps, she immediately recognized the King, and ran in her giddy surprise to communicate the discovery to an officer who was in some kind of command of the port. This man hastened to the *Express*, and just caught a glimpse of *Mr. Smith* as he entered the vessel. He saw that the woman was right,

and he immediately began a kind of expostulation with Capt. Paul about his evident preparations for sailing. Paul answered, that he was proceeding with dispatches. The officer thought it very strange, and expressed a curiosity to see his cabins; Capt. Paul hastily said, it must be at his next trip, and, the vessel beginning to move, this personage had barely time to get on shore, as the Consul had just done. "Pray," said he to Mr. Featherstonhaugh, "who was that whom you put on board the *Express*?" "My uncle," said Mr. Featherstonhaugh. "Your uncle?" said the functionary incredulously, "Ah! Monsieur le Consul!" and he retired, shaking his head. He immediately dispatched, as it afterwards appeared, a report to M. Deschamps, one of the *Commissaires* of the Provisional Government at Rouen.

The wind was violent and there was a heavy sea, but the *Express* made a tolerable passage, and the fugitives were landed, early on the morning of the 3rd, on the shore close to Newhaven; and on the 4th they arrived at Claremont.

The last incident on the quay of Havre is almost the only one correctly told by M. Lamartine: the cause of which unusual accuracy is easily explained. He had seen the report of the officer, whoever he was, to

Ledru Rollin's *Commissaire* ; and *that* little circumstance is further noticeable, as it seems to show that *this* "Government agent" at least had received no instructions to protect and facilitate the King's escape. M. Lamartine, though in possession no doubt of the official reports, concludes the narrative with a couple of inaccuracies which are worth producing as specimens of his habitual laxity. He says, the King came to Havre in a steamboat *from Rouen*, and that he landed "à Southampton, où l'attendait l'hospitalité de son gendre le Roi des Belges dans leur château royal de Claremont" (i. 53). These are trifles ; but it is strange that the Dictator who expelled and replaced (*Dieu sait comment*) the King, and affects to give such minute details of his flight, should have been ignorant of his embarkation at Honfleur---of where he landed on our shores ; and that---affectionate and dutiful as the King of the Belgians would undoubtedly have been if his orders could have been taken---Louis-Philippe's reception at Claremont was not, and could not have been, prepared or foreseen by him.

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It was thus that the French nation, or rather the fifty conspirators and a couple of thousand ruffians who usurped its name and authority, expelled Louis-Philippe and his

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family---a man remarkable for his personal talents and private virtues, and who, as king, had no other defect than the having originally accepted the sovereignty from such giddy heads and lawless hands, and the having undertaken the hopeless task of governing by law a people that we believe can never be governed but by some near approach to arbitrary power. And what have that people got in exchange? A succession of abortive ministries changing with the moons, three successive dictators---a coxcomb---a Jacobin---and a puppet---all governing not by law, but by force---two of them already ostracised, and the third awaiting with a mixed air of apprehension and bravado the next turn of the wheel. They have got that system of election by faction, trick, and terror, denominated *universal suffrage*, which, even before it has had time to develop its ultimate and inevitable mischief, has already shown that it is no safeguard to liberty, and that it only affords an excuse and protection for a system of arbitrary government which is only to be matched in history by the Convention and Buonaparte. We need not remind our readers of the mingled foolery, robbery, jobbery, and confusion of Lamartine's melodrama, nor of the 10,000 killed and 12,000 prisoners of Cavaignac's Austerlitz, nor that there are

at this hour more *state prisoners* in that land of *liberty, equality, and fraternity* than the Bastille had received altogether during the 400 years of its existence. But the *details* of the despotism which the government of universal suffrage has imposed on France are even more wonderful. Even while we write two circumstances present themselves to us, which are looked upon as trivial and even ridiculous in Paris, but seem to us so remarkably characteristic of the revolutionary system of law and government as to be worth our readers' notice.

We find in the *Journal des Débats* of the 27th of February, 1850, an account of a debate the day before in the Assembly on the two following points. A law was passed in April, 1848, for controlling the publication of handbills, placards, and the like; but it contained a proviso that for the forty-five days previous to a general election, the addresses, &c., of candidates were to be unrestrained. There were then about thirty vacancies created by the exile and expulsion of Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, &c.,---and the Government, pretending that these were not *general* elections, decided that the addresses of the candidates for these vacancies were not protected by the proviso---which doctrine was subsequently ratified by the Court of Cassation. The other side con-

tended that the very first principles of freedom of election required a contrary construction, and that it was absurd to say that at a *general* election a candidate shall have a licence that is denied to him when it is most needed for the support of his individual claims ; they added also that the whole course and spirit of the law showed that by the words *general* elections were meant all elections of members *to the National Assembly* in contradistinction to the various local and particular elections for the departmental councils and administrative offices. This was undoubtedly the common sense of the case ; and if it had been doubtful, one would have expected that a National Assembly sprung from universal suffrage would have hastened to remove so absurd a restriction on the liberty of the candidates and the freedom of election. Not at all. A complaint having been made that the Préfet of one of the departments had suppressed the address of a candidate, the Ministers avowed that it was done by their orders, and the Assembly, almost without discussion, acquiesced in their view. Nay, there has since been introduced a law to abolish the privilege even in general elections. They have also proposed new and severe restrictions on the press, more strict and repressive than Charles X.'s *Ordonnances* or than

Louis-Philippe's Laws of September. On these measures and the clamours they occasion, the *Journal des Débats*, much the soberest and most judicious journal in France, says---

“ We have unfortunately learned that in revolutions it is always Liberty that suffers, and those who complain of the restrictive measures to-day---MM. Pascal, Duprat, and Crémieux---were the promoters of the state of siege and other violent proceedings of the Dictators. M. Crémieux will tell you that “ *Never, no never, had the monarchy proposed laws so severe as those now introduced.*” Well ; we do not deny it. ’Tis true ; but *whose fault is it ?*”---*Débats*, 22 Mars.

“ O Liberty !” said Madame Roland, “ what atrocities are committed in thy name.”

In a later part of the evening before mentioned---the 26th of February---occurred a still more strange exemplification of the new species of liberty which France enjoys. If there be anything more characteristic than another of that country in its better days, it was the festive good humour and gaiety of her population, and especially in the provinces. Their *danses et chansons* were a happy contrast to the less temperate enjoyments of the more northern nations ; and every Englishman has read, with something

of envy, the charming picture that Sterne has left us of the festive manners of that happy district "from the banks of the Rhône to those of the Garonne," where the sun-burnt children of labour tempted him to join in their dance, to the sound of the pipe and tabor and of their own roundelay---"*Viva la joia! Fidon la tristessa!*"\* Now in this very region---between these two rivers ---lies the modern department of the *Ardèche*, of which one of the principal towns still retains the pretty and *hitherto* characteristic name of *Joyeuse*. But the *Ardèche* is to be *joyeuse* no longer. Towards the close of last autumn the Prefect of the *Ardèche* thought proper to issue the following proclamation :---

" Art. I. Songs, dances, promenades, and *farandoles*† in any public places (*voies publiques*), with or without colours or music, are prohibited, by day or by night, throughout the whole department of the *Ardèche*.

" Art. II. Are equally prohibited songs, declamations, shows, and concerts, whether in taverns, coffee-houses, eating-houses, drinking-shops, or any other public establishment."

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\* *Tristram Shandy*, vol. vii. ch. 42 *et seq.*

† "Danse particulière aux Provençaux; c'est une espèce de cours mesurée."—*Dict. Fran.*



Of this extraordinary law thus imposed on a great province by the will and pleasure of the Prefect, the representatives of the department complained in the first instance prudently and privately to the Minister of the Interior, but, obtaining no redress from that quarter, one of them, M. Chabert, brought the matter before the National Assembly; and how, will our readers believe, was this complaint received?

When M. Chabert read the first article, there followed "*rire général!*" When he read the second, "*longue explosion d'hilarité!*" M. Chabert proceeded to state that

"The department was perfectly tranquil---no disturbances---no state of siege---I ask, then, by what law, by what right, can the Prefect prohibit these things? (*On rit*---and a member exclaims 'Rights to the *farandole!*') And observe"---continues M. Chabert---"that there is here no question of tumultuous assemblies, of licentious or seditious songs---nothing of the kind, but inoffensive songs, promenades, concerts---

"The Minister of the interior interrupting.---And *farandoles*-----

(*On rit aux éclats.*)"---*Débats*, 27 Feb.

The minister thought the very word *farandole* ridiculous, but he did not see that the interdiction of the *farandole* was at once ridiculous and odious? And the *Dé-*

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*bats*, in its leading article, specially applauds this treatment of M. Chabert's complaint, and wonders that the Assembly should have even tolerated as far as it did such "ridiculous gossip." Thus it is that the new French republic understands civil liberty !

Our readers will ask, are the editors---the minister---the National Assembly lost to all sense of right, law, or liberty? No: the Journal is one of the most respectable in Paris, the Minister of the Interior\* is a sensible and worthy man, and the majority of the Chamber mean well; they see, as we do, the unconstitutionality of such proceedings, but they are, as every sober-minded man in France is, so alarmed at the volcanic danger of their position---they see all around them such accumulating masses of inflammable materials, and such a number of wild and wicked incendiaries, that they are forced to tolerate, and even to perpetrate, under an affected contempt and assumed levity, outrages on law and common sense and liberty, that in other circumstances would excite the indignation and vengeance of a civilized people.

Much less monstrous were the disorders that M. Guizot describes as "odious and

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\* M. F. Barrot---already no longer minister :---  
"they come like shadows---so depart."

intolerable" at the close of our Grand Rebellion :---

" These violent oppressions in the midst of anarchy seemed more odious and intolerable coming from *men who had demanded so much of the King*, and promised so largely for themselves, in the way of liberty; from men most of whom were till then obscure, and had risen from ranks and conditions in which the people were not accustomed to look for rulers."---*Guizot*, p. 40.

And where is this to end. All that seems certain is, that the present state cannot last. Great surprise and alarm have been created throughout France by the success of the Socialist candidates at the late elections. We feel the greatest alarm at the ultimate and certain results of universal suffrage---the predominance of brute numbers over intelligence and property---but no surprise. An analysis of the votes on the last and former elections satisfies us that there is no real change in the state of parties, and that they are all awaiting in a trembling balance the preponderance of the sword. But even if there were no danger from the Socialists, it is clear that the existing Constitution cannot work, that its component powers are irreconcilably discordant, and that the Assembly must either get rid of the President and become *Convention the Second*, or the Presi-

dent must get rid of the Assembly and become *Napoléon the Third* ; either is possible for a season, but neither could last. As to the *Prince-President*, as they affect to call him, with his *Idées Napoléoniennes* and his imperial visions, we adhere to our opinion that he is a mere stop-gap---a fly on the wheel ! He has hitherto played his part in the interlude with decency, gravity, and (generally) apparent good sense ; but it is but an interlude. If France is to be a Republic, the President must be a Republican ; but if a Monarchy, it can be no other than legitimate hereditary monarchy. They have already tried a *quasi legitimacy*, under its most favourable circumstances, and it has failed. Can any one hope that an infant king and a female regent would be stronger or more durable than the experience, the talents, the kingcraft of Louis-Philippe ? If individual ability and the impulses of national choice could guarantee stability, neither Napoleon nor he would have fallen ; but what the people give, they can, and if they can, they will take away. If they can crown, they can uncrown ; and, like Drawcansir, " Will do it all, because they dare." The hereditary principle has been adopted, not for the sake of any of the royal races who happen to be its objects, but for the sake of the people themselves---to repress

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individual ambitions---to avert the greatest  
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*Forbid to wade through slaughter to a  
 throne,*

*And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.*

They talk in Paris about a “fusion of  
 parties,” meaning Legitimists and Orleanists.

This seems to us no better than mischievous  
 nonsense. No professed union of these  
 parties could remove, though it might rather  
 increase, the difficulties of the situation.

Whatever is to be done must be the act of  
 the nation at large, guided not by the feel-  
 ings of individuals, but by the experience of  
 all---by the effect, in short, on *public opi-  
 nion---regina del mondo*---of the grand  
 experiment in which France has been so  
 unfortunately involved, but which she must  
 work out. Time and events will teach the  
 French people whether a republic suits their  
 tastes, their temper, or their interests. If  
 it should, we wish they may find a Wash-  
 ington ; but we rather expect a Cromwell.  
 If it should not, they have our example to  
 guide them, and M. Guizot, in his account  
 of England in 1660, plainly indicates the  
 analogy of the cases and the identity of the  
 remedy :--

“Some solution of the existing state of  
 things was absolutely necessary. All the  
 men of rank or influence who had brought

about the revolution, or whom the revolution had raised into notice, had been repeatedly put to the proof. Though their attempts to govern the country had not been thwarted or obstructed by any external obstacle or national resistance, none of them had succeeded. They had destroyed each other. They had all exhausted in these fruitless conflicts whatever reputation or whatever strength they might otherwise have preserved. Their nullity was completely laid bare. Nevertheless, *England* was still at their mercy. The nation had lost, in these long and melancholy alternations of anarchy and despotism, the habit of ruling, and the courage to rule, its own destinies.

“During this interregnum of twenty months, and in the midst of this ridiculous outbreak of chimerical pretensions, the only competitor who did not appear was HE upon whom the thoughts, hopes, and fears of all England were fixed---the only one whose claims were serious.

“The long reverses of the royalist party had taught them good sense. They had learned not to take their wishes for the measure of their powers; and to understand that, if *Charles Stewart* was to regain the crown, it could only be by the general will and act of *England*, not by an insurrection of cavaliers.”---*Guizot*, pp. 74, 75.

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