they had done with a soldierly cordiality which was worthy of them both. The marshal, observing Lamoricière in the group of officers under his command, had advanced to him, and, offering him his hand, had said, "I hope, my dear lieutenant, that we have left our differences in Africa, and that here we have only mutual esteem, and our common devotion of our duty as soldièrs." Lamoricière, well qualified to understand such language, was moved by it to tears. The tears of the soldier are but the tears of courage. Moved to the heart, Lamoricière had surrendered his whole being to the inspiration of the marshal.

The two columns had set off at daybreak. Every moment staff officers, disguised as civilians or as artisans, reported their progress, and other intelligence, to the commander-in-chief. These columns encountered no resistance till they arrived at the approaches of the Hôtel de Ville; they made their way through the crowd, which opened before them, with cries of "The army for ever!" "Reform for ever!" Unresisted they cleared away the commencement of barricades, which seemed to vanish beneath their feet. Fresh armed but inoffensive masses of the people presented themselves in their way at all the great termini of the streets. With no pretext for fighting them, the two generals did not dare to disperse them by the bayonet or the cannon. The troops and the people having been thus brought together, conversations took place, and false intelligence was circulated. The peaceful instincts which stir in the breasts of citizens of the same country, whose interests are identical; the horror of useless bloodshed at the Hôtel de Ville, when, perhaps, at the same moment a reconciliation had been effected at the Tuileries by political negotiation, or by the abdication of the king, paralyzed their orders in the hearts of the generals, and the weapons in the hands of the soldiers.

The marshal, compelled by repeated commands from the king, had sent orders to his lieutenants to return. General Bédéan had made his battalions fall back; some of the soldiers, it is said, reversed their muskets in the presence of the populace, as a token of fraternal disarmament. Their return thus through Paris had the appearance of defection, or of the vanguard of the revolution itself marching to the Tuileries. The troops, already conquered by this one movement, had returned, uninjured, indeed, but powerless, to resume their posts on the
HISTORY
or
THE REVOLUTION OF 1848.

BOOK I.

The revolutions of the human mind are gradual like the periods in the progress of nations. They resemble the process of vegetation, which enlarges the plant, though the eye is unable to measure that increase while it is being effected.

In all beings God has proportioned this period of growth to the length of existence which he destines to them. Man, who is to live for a century, grows for five and twenty years, or even longer. Nations, which are to live through two or three thousand years, have revolutions of development—of childhood, youth, manhood, and at length old age, which last not less than two or three centuries. The difficulty with the vulgar is, amid those convulsive phenomena which mark the revolutions of a nation, to distinguish the crises of growth from those of decay, youth from old age, and life from death.

Superficial philosophers deceive themselves in this: they imagine a nation in decline, because her ancient institutions are giving way. In their eyes she is about to expire, when in fact she is renewing her youth. This was said of France when, at the commencement of the first revolution, her absolute monarchy perished. It was said at the dissolution of the feudal system; it was said at the fall of theocracy; it is repeated this day on the extinction of constitutional monarchy.

But they are deceived. France is young. She may exhaust many modes of rule before she will have exhausted
the vigorous intellectual life with which God has endowed her race.

There is one sure means of avoiding error respecting the character of such crises; it is to mark well the governing element in a revolution. Revolutions produced by a vice, by an individual, by the crimes or the isolated greatness of a man, by ambition, whether personal or national, by rivalry between two dynasties, by thirst of conquest or of blood, by unjust ideas of national glory, above all, by hatred between different classes of citizens; such revolutions are the preludes of decay, the signs of decomposition and death, in a nation or a race. But if revolutions are the product of a moral principle, of an idea, of a logical process, of conviction, of sentiment; of an aspiration, undefined and vague though it be, towards an improved order of government and society, of a desire to develop and perfect the relations between citizen and citizen, between people and people; if they embody a lofty ideal, instead of an abject passion, such revolutions attest, even in their catastrophes and temporary aberrations, a youth and vitality which promises long and glorious seasons of growth.

Such was the character of the French revolution of 1789; and such is the character of the second French revolution of 1848.

The revolution of 1848 is nothing more than a continuation of the former, with fewer elements of disorder, and greater elements of progress. In both it was a moral idea which exploded on the world. This idea, this principle, is the people;—the people who, in 1789, relieved themselves from the pressure of servitude and ignorance, from privileged classes and an absolute monarchy; the people which, in 1848, freed themselves from the oligarchy of the few, and a too stringent and exclusive constitutional monarchy;—the germination in the government of the rights and interests of the masses.

This principle or idea of the people, this accession of the masses to political power, whatever difficulties a democratic phenomenon so novel presents to statesmen, is a moral truth equally palpable to the understanding and the heart of the philosopher. The revolution which bears in its bosom such an idea is a vital not a mortal revolution. With God's help,
the nation shall come forth from it fortified in right, in might, and in virtue.

Its course may be impeded by the ignorance of the masses, by the impatience of the nation, by the factions or sophisms of men who desire to substitute their individualities for the people. But it will end in the removal of such men; it will fathom their sophisms, and will develop those germs of reason, justice, and virtue, which God has implanted in the blood of the French race.

In this second crisis of the French revolution I have borne my part. I am about to attempt to detail its history, so as to be useful to my country, by showing her her own image at one of the greatest epochs of her existence, and to illustrate our own times before the eyes of posterity.

I shall devote very few words to explain the causes of the present revolution; other writers will devote to it more of space and leisure. I hasten to my narrative.

The revolution which was enacted during the years between 1789 and 1800, had wearied France and the world by its debates, its convulsions, its magnificence, and its crimes. France, by a reaction equally melancholy and natural, became enamoured of despotism—the despotism of a soldier of genius. I have said genius—let me explain myself; I speak only of the genius of victory, and the genius of absolutism.

Napoleon, who possessed the genius of the camp, was far from joining with it the genius of society. Had he been so endowed, the revolution itself would have marched in array beneath his eagles. On the contrary, he made it recoil, and thrust it back to the middle ages. He either betrayed his times, or he did not comprehend them. His reign was but a severe discipline imposed upon a nation. He was to France what fatalism is to free-will—a degradation, adored and sublime, but a degradation still. A people can only be great in and by itself; never in or by the grandeur of him who crushes whilst he rules it. The greater Napoleon became, the more attenuated were philosophy and freedom.

After the fall of Napoleon, the exiled brothers of Louis XVI. returned, somewhat impressed with the ideas of 1789, and acclimatized to liberty by their long sojourn among a free people in England.

Strange it is, but true, that the counter revolution fell from
the imperial throne in the person of Napoleon, and by the hands of foreigners. With her ancient dynasty, the proscribed race of the Bourbons, the revolution of 1789 re-entered France.

It was with the constitutional charter in hand that they were accepted by France. With their return to power, she recognized the doctrines of Mirabeau, and the testament bequeathed to her by her constituent assembly. Louis XVIII. observed it faithfully, and died in peace overshadowed by the idea of 1789. Charles X. had too keen reminiscences of his descent. He thought he might sport with the charter, which secured to France all that she retained of her revolution. He grew grey and died in exile, and dragged thither his grandson, punished in the very cradle for his ancestor's antiquated ideas and frivolity of character.

Louis Philippe d'Orléans was called to the throne as the living and crowned revolution of 1789. That prince is still living, but as the distance between the throne and exile is scarcely less than that between life and death, I shall speak of him with the same freedom as if he had ceased to exist. Living, I never flattered him; I held myself at a respectful distance from his sovereignty and from his favours; exiled and dead to our empire, I will not offend him. Exile and old age demand from the heart of man even more respect than does the tomb. France had the right to dismiss him from the throne; history, as I think, will neither have the right to hate or to despise him. The man, of himself, holds a conspicuous place in the reign, and his reign will also fill a conspicuous place in history. Nothing is so little as to vilify an enemy; the people which has succeeded Louis Philippe needs not to employ the royal subterfuge of loading its predecessors with opprobrium. The people is high enough to measure itself against a dethroned monarch, and can afford to allow his full stature to the sovereign whom it has superseded.

Louis Philippe d'Orléans, although a prince of the blood, was of a revolutionary race. His father had stained himself with some of the most melancholy excesses of the Convention. He was associated rather with the crimes than with the glory of the epoch. In the eyes of the revolution of 1830, the faults of the father were pledges for the son.
Louis Philippe, however, was too honest and too wise to fulfill the revolution which raised him to the throne the sanguinary promises implied by his name. Nature had made him a man of probity and moderation; exile and experience had made him a politician. The difficulty which in early life he had found in playing his part as a prince amongst democrats, and as a democrat amongst princes, had made him supple to circumstances, patient of events, and temporizing with fortune. He had a presentiment that destiny decreed him a throne. Meantime he reposed in the quiet enjoyment of domestic life, characterized by all the amenities and virtues by which it can be graced. He at the same time preserved deference for the reigning sovereign, and had a smile of intelligence for opposing parties, without however at any time encouraging them by a criminal complicity.

Studious, reflective, enlightened, profoundly versed in all matters which concerned the internal regulation of empires, a diplomatist equal to Mazarin or Talleyrand, possessed of easy fluency of expression which resembled eloquence as far as conversation can resemble dissertation, a model as a husband and father, to a nation which loves to see domestic virtue upon the throne, gentle, humane, pacific, born brave, but with a horror of bloodshed, it may be said that nature and circumstances had furnished him with all the qualities, one only excepted, which make a king beloved. That exception was greatness.

For the greatness that he wanted, he substituted that secondary quality which men of mediocrity admire and great men disdain—cleverness. He used it, and he abused it. In some of the manifestations of this political dexterity, he descended from his character to tricks which would have been condemned in a private individual. What were they, then, in a king?

Such was the dishonour which he permitted his ministers to cast upon a princess of his house. The duchess of Berry, his niece, disputed the throne with him. He suffered the veil of her private life to be lifted. If this act, the most immoral of his reign, was done to avoid bloodshed, he must be pitied; if it was permitted by personal ambition, it should be stigmatized.

Three parties were struggling around the throne: the
republican party, from whom the timid indecision of Lafayette suffered the republic to be wrested in 1830; the legitimatists, who adored the eldest branch of the Bourbons as a dogma, and abhorred the younger as a profanation of monarchy; and the liberal and constitutional party, composing the great majority of the nation. This party recognized in Louis Philippe the living union between royalty and a republic, the last embodiment of an hereditary dynasty, the last hope of monarchy.

It does not fall within our plan to show how the king baffled the republicans, who never ceased to conspire against his reign, whilst particular fanatics plotted against his life; how he circumvented the legitimatists, who for eighteen years maintained towards his government a hostile neutrality; how he manœuvred between the different shades of the constitutional party, obtaining sometimes a compliance, sometimes permission, until he finally surrounded himself by a contracted oligarchy, either blindly devoted to him, or corrupt; by shortsighted courtiers; by public functionaries supple and acquiescent; and by electors sold to his fortunes.

Master of all parties within his dominions, inoffensive or obsequious to foreign states, to whom he sacrificed everything to obtain their tolerance of his dynasty; happy in his family, surrounded by sons who would have been eminent citizens if they had not been princes; seeing his race perpetuated to the third generation, in grandsons whom he complacently nursed for the throne, surrounded by princesses equally pious, lovely, and accomplished—respected or admired—the future appeared to him to be secured to his family by his happy star, and history seemed conquered to his name by his success. He could bequeath to France a monarchy restored and reinvigorated, to the world peace, and to his race three European thrones. His green old age, whose powers he had economized by the purity of his ripening years, formed the anticipated triumph of prudence over the trials of life and the fickleness of fortune.

Such was Louis Philippe at the commencement of the year 1848. All this perspective was a reality. His enemies acknowledged themselves vanquished. All parties deferred their hopes until the day of his death. Reflection was lost in the contemplation of sagacity so remarkable, and fortune
so constant. He wanted but the base on which that wisdom and fortune should have stood—the people.

Louis Philippe had never comprehended democracy in its entire character. Served by clever and eloquent ministers, who were, however, rather parliamentary men than statesmen, he had narrowed democracy to the measure of an elected dynasty, two chambers, and three hundred thousand electors; the rest of the nation he had left without the pale of political right and action. He had made the sign and title of sovereignty to consist in a sort of quit-rent, instead of recognizing and basing that sovereignty on the divine rights of man as a being capable of discernment and of will. In a word, he and his short-sighted ministers had placed their faith in an oligarchy, instead of establishing it on unanimity. If Frenchmen were no longer slaves, they were at least condemned to see themselves governed by a handful of electoral dignitaries, those electors only being law-makers; while the masses were only masses, supporting a government in which they had no share. Such a government could not but become selfish. Such masses could not but become disaffected.

Other faults of the king, the natural effects of that intoxication of spirit which attends upon uninterrupted success, had contributed insensibly to alienate the masses from royalty. The people, ignorant of the science of politics, but imbued with a vague political sentiment, were quick to perceive that the nation was sacrificed to the interests, the security, and the aggrandizement of a dynasty; that the relations of France with foreign states were established with these objects; that Louis Philippe's peace was humiliation; that his alliance with England, bought at any price, caused him sometimes to wear before Europe the attitude of a British viceroy upon the continent; that the treaties of 1815, the natural but transient reaction of the unjust conquests of the empire, would finder his dynasty become the habitual conditions of the continent with respect to France; that whilst Britain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, would from year to year extend their power on the seas, in the East, in Poland, in Italy, in Germany, on the Lower Danube, beyond the Caucasus, and on the side of Turkey; France, interdicted from aggrandizement, whether maritime, territorial, or political, was proportionally sinking in the scale of nations, and would find her-
self insensibly and gradually reduced to the condition of a secondary power.

Opinion, silently or openly declared by the entire masses, began to pronounce that Louis Philippe had betrayed the revolution, that he was adopting, one by one, the notions of the ancient monarchy, and of the right divine of kings, instead of conforming to the democratic spirit of the elective monarchy of 1830.

A parliamentary oligarchy appeared to be the ruling idea of this prince, trained in the school of the British government.

The oligarchy itself was frustrated by the construction of the government. A chamber of peers, without power of its own, and without the independence given by an hereditary constitution, was but the shadow of a senate, whose majority could be at an instant controlled or modified by the monarch, in the creation of new senators at will. A chamber of deputies composed of public functionaries, chosen or rejected by the ministry, reflected back the image of the king, under the name of public opinion.

Undisguised corruption had become a working power of the state. Finally, peace, which had until now been the blessing and the merit of this reign, was suddenly compromised by the ambitious and impolitic marriage of the king's son, the duke of Montpensier, with the eventual heiress of the crown of Spain.

The alliance, made simply to promote the interests of a dynasty, interrupted the concord of France with England, which the nation had maintained somewhat impatiently, but which it tolerated for the sake of the interests of commerce and industry, and the liberty of the sea. When she saw this alliance suddenly given to the winds for the sake of family aggrandisement, France became conscious that in the complaisant tone, heretofore adopted by her king towards England, there was nothing genuine but ambition; that on the first opportunity her blood, her industrial interests, her commerce, her marine, would be postponed to the establishment of a prince of the house of Orleans at Madrid. She became convinced that the pacific policy itself was but political hypocrisy—a form of dynastic selfishness.

From that day forward the sovereign, rendered unpopular
with the republicans on account of the throne which he filled, and with the legitimatists by his usurpation, became obnoxious to the peace party, which had hitherto rallied around his government, because he had by the Spanish marriage hung over France the menace of war.

The king still possessed an eloquent ministry, powerful in parliament, and agreeable to the court, with strong majorities in both the chambers. He thought himself invincible with this organization of power at his command; but in truth he had in his hands but the mechanism, or, so to speak, the vestment of the country; upon the nation he had no hold; opinion had passed from him.

Those politicians of the opposition who were attached to the monarchical system, but impatient adversaries of the ministry, had spent their strength and energies for seven years in severe struggles at the tribune to restore themselves to power.

M. Thiers was the soul, the head, and the mouthpiece of this opposition; nature had formed him rather for the internal agitator of an assembly, than for the tribune of a nation. There was more of Fox or of Pitt about him than of Mirabeau. His orations, which had done so much to consolidate the monarchy of July during its first years of feebleness, now served to root it out from the esteem and the heart of the nation. The republican party, too small in the chamber to make itself heard there, applauded with secret complaisance the cutting and spirited attacks directed by this orator against the crown.

The audacious assaults, and the personal criticism of the opposition, had indeed acquired an accession of moral force most ruinous to royalty, by borrowing the eloquence of one of its old ministers and friends. In the mouth of a worshipper of the throne the opposition assumed somewhat of the character of sacrilege.

The constant, moderate, and even liberal opposition of M. Odillon Barrot, which never descended to personality, daily nursed in the country the honest and healthy notion of liberty, without proportionately degrading the respectability and authority of the throne. The legitimatists laying aside their principles, and confining themselves to the hostility of disaffection and aspersion, found in M. Berryer one of those
powerful orators whom God reserves as the consolation of a
noble but lost cause.

Guizot, an author, an orator, and a philosopher, was the
statesman of a stationary monarchy. His character, his wit,
his talent, his very errors and his sophisms, were marked by
antiquated proportions.

All these men are still living—some of them in active life,
others thrown aside, or in exile. It would be rash or
cowardly to pass judgment upon them. Time has not placed
them in such a position of remoteness from ourselves that we
may view them with impartiality. Truth lies only in the
distance. In characterizing them at this moment, we might
risk, on the one hand, failing to yield the respect which their
characters demand, and on the other, the tenderness due to
fallen fortunes. It suffices for the present to have named
them.

The nation was calm at the surface, but agitated below.
There was something like remorse in its prosperity which
destroyed its peace. France felt that in her sleep she was
being robbed one by one of all the philosophic truths of
the revolution of 1789; that her governors were materializing
her, in order to deprive her of the memory and the passion
of that moral and popular progress, by which, fifty years
before, she had moved the world. Her happiness seemed
the price of an apostasy. Again she felt herself humiliated,
and her national existence threatened, by a policy which re-
quired her to bend too much to Europe. She did not wish
for war, but she desired to hold her fair place in the
rank of nations, to exert her due influence in the world, to
possess liberty of action, of alliance, and of principle. She
had lost the dignity of her external aspect. She felt herself
virtually betrayed by the dynasty which she had imposed
upon herself in 1830. The king lived too much for his
family, too little for his people.

The journals, the daily symptom of the state of the
country, expressed, almost unanimously, the general discon-
tent. They constitute the universal tribune. In them men
of immense and varied talents spoke to the public with ex-
haustless perseverance, and with unswerving boldness. Law
can but take cognizance of the words, it cannot arrest the
spirit of oppositions or of factions.

Writers of deep sagacity and transcendant controversial
ability have adorned the corps of the journals, from André Chenier to the writers of our own day. Camille Desmoulins, Mirabeau, Bonald, Benjamin Constant, Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Thiers, Carrel, and Guizot, Bertin, Sacy, Girardin, Marrast, Chambolle, and a circle of authors, of thinkers, economists, and socialists, a new political generation, at least equal in talent, and superior in diversity of powers, to that which preceded it. They disputed the empire of the intellectual world.

The Journal des Débats, which, as being the necessary expression of the most essential and permanent interests of society, supports successive governments by turns, was edited by men matured beneath the influence of authority. It was marked by the gravity, the elevation of tone, the disdainful sarcasm, and sometimes also by the pungent provocation which indicate the sense of power. It appeared to share the monarchy, and to live amidst the recollections of the empire. The names of all those great official writers who had combined in conducting it, from the time of M. de Fontanes to that of M. Vilmorin, gave it a prestige of superiority over a periodical press younger in years and passions. The copiousness and the impartiality of its parliamentary reports, its foreign correspondence, and the accuracy and universality of its information, gained for it the lead in all the courts and diplomatic circles of Europe. It was the daily note-book of the cabinet of the Tuileries. Science, literature, the arts, the theatre, philosophy, criticism, were analyzed, reported, and reviewed in its columns, whose gravity was never dull, and whose very trifling was racy, with the salience of Aristophanes, and of Sterne. It was by no trifling literary effort that it was enabled to maintain itself for upwards of fifty years, and to form, as it may be said to have done, an integral part of the history of France.

Le Constitutionnel and Le Courrier Français had each taken a leading part in the struggle of public opinion against the restoration. They had popularized among the masses the philosophy of the eighteenth century. Under the younger branch they no longer contended against dynasty, and confined themselves to attacks upon the ministry and the majorities in the chambers.

La Presse, more recently established, had in a few years gained to itself a wide territory of public opinion. Its spirit
was that of eclecticism applied to the times; of liberalism without revolutionary prejudices; and of constitutional monarchy without ministerial servility. A man of a mind and style alike daring, hazarded all his thoughts in this journal. At one time supporting, at another undermining, but always standing alone. His fearlessness first astonished, and then subjugated opinion. The public, even while it censured, was attracted by the boldness of his pen. A lady, already illustrious by her poetry, added her grace to his strength. Her letters on politics, manners, and customs, appeared weekly under a fictitious signature. All France was in the secret, and read beneath the disguise an already celebrated name. She only varied the charm of that name by making over to the public her intellectual grace, her eloquence, and her good sense.

_La Siècle_, less elevated in its tone and ideas, was circulated amongst the people engaged in business, as well in the country as in the cities. Its rectitude and impartiality gained for it success. It did much good, without making great noise, by seeking to familiarize to the people the spirit rather than the forms of a republic, and undertaking the education of that laborious country class, who need a coinage of ready-struck ideas as their daily circulating medium. M. Cambolle stamped it with the impress of his own honesty, and his courageous, persevering moderation. The _Siècle_, in his hands, became the embodiment of a healthy democratic opinion. It was more than a journal; it was the catechism of the constitution.

_La Gazette de France_ less represented a party than a man. M. de Genoude, with a spirit at once supple and imperious, bowed to the times, in the delusive belief that he would at length succeed in bending the times to himself. Born to the political world with the restoration, a priest and a citizen; a pupil and friend of Bonald, Sommenais, Chateaubriand, and Villèle, he held the legitimacy of hereditary power as a dogma of conscience. States were but families in his eyes. He deceived himself: states are nations; and nations, once beyond infancy, are only destined to the tutelage of reason and morality. The family is the human race. The father is not the king, but God.

M. de Genoude, however, and his school, with persistive artifice, accommodated their dogma to the spirit of the times.
Legitimist as he was, he was more liberal than the republicans. All that activity, address, courage, and fertility of resource could bring to aid a cause he enlisted in his journal. He sapped successive administrations; but whilst he undermined them, he was left alone in his dogma and his individuality. It was the opposition of the right divine to every human attempt at government independently. He exulted over every disaster. He prophesied every fall. His every denunciation of men and systems was stamped with infallibility.

Numbers of disaffected spirits, left behind by the times, enjoyed his continual reproaches of government, whom he charged with impotence, and his constant defiance of the supporters of the reigning dynasty. Oppositions holding views diametrically diverse, all alike attacked the common enemy. M. de Genoude was no more an individual; he became a system. The Gazette de France was no longer a mere journal; it was the anathema of the dynasty.

Le National was the journal of republican opinion, the cornerstone of the coming revolution. The republic being, however, to the masses nothing more than a remote sentiment, that journal had not very wide circulation in the country. It was read with a certain curiosity of mind which desired to penetrate into the possible or probable events of the future. It was the prophetic satire rather than the philosophy of the republican party which found embodiment in its columns. It maintained a sort of neutral and undecided ground between the acceptance of the monarchical government and the absolute profession of republican faith. Sometimes it appeared too closely allied with the mere dynastic opposition. The journal lost few occasions of supporting the opinions, tactics, and political views of M. Thiers. It was suspected of a secret understanding with that statesman touching the reversion of the dynasty, or at least of complacence for his party.

Marrast was its editor. He was the moderate Camille Desmoulins of the future republic. Never did ease, flexibility, startling effect, colouring, French or Attic saliency, adorn with more artful graces the weapon of a polemic in the band of a gay Aristophanes. His wit resembled the lightning, which dazzles and menaces at the same moment, whilst it exhibits its flashes at once in every point of the horizon. So capricious and so
skilful was it, that it amused and dazzled even those whom it was about to strike. But malicious archness rather than hatred was the genius of his style. His pages were unsealed by a sanguinary picture, an ill-omened recollection, or an un-called-for provocation. Beneath his brilliance a spirit of impartiality, possibly of scepticism, might be discerned. His was the voluptuousness of the political artist, rather than the grim fanaticism of the sectary. Horror of the vulgar, disgust at Jacobinism, hatred of proscription, taste for letters, eloquence, tolerance, exultation in liberty—these formed the republican ideal of Marrast. His revolution was the creation of an imaginative mind, and of a heart of feminine tenderness.

Another journal gained a place in public opinion, which in some degree rivalled the National. It was the Ré-formes. That paper represented the extreme left, the uncompromising republic—democratic revolution at all hazards. It was supposed to embody the political inspirations of M. Ledru Rollin, and of three or four important deputies of the chamber. It was a revival of the voice of the Convention fifty years after its struggles and its terrors. It was the Mountain with its fury and its thunder, in the midst of a time of peace and serenity; it spoke the accents of Danton in a political academy; of Jacobinism exhumed from the souls of those who perished in 1794. It was antagonistic to the forthcoming republic, by seeking to constitute it on the model of the former one, amidst totally dissimilar circumstances.

La Ré-forme, in order to stir the people more deeply, and to gain the adherence of practical men, whom it desired to lead on to the accomplishment of its objects, now and then bordered on what is termed socialism. Without joining itself with any of the sects devoted to the radical subversion and reconstruction of the social system, such as those of St. Simon, or Fourrier, that for the organization of labour, or for the promotion of communism, the Ré-formes hurled anathemas against the existing order of things. Beneath the surface of the political revolution it allowed a glimpse of another, which consisted in the equalization of property and labour. More habitually, however, this journal, repudiating chimerical theories, confined its political opposition to direct and mortal attacks upon royalty.

It was edited for the most part by M. Flocon, a man of in-
trepid action, of resolute mind, and even of loyal character in the war of opinion waged with his opponents. M. Flocon was one of those republicans of the former generation who had petrified their creed in secret societies, conspiracies, and dungeons. Cold in manner, rough in physiognomy and language, though with an exquisite smile, simple and sober in his general expression, he had in his person, in his will, and in his style, something of Roman rusticity. Under this rude exterior he possessed a soul incapable of bending to fear, but always to be influenced by pity. He had one administrative quality rarely found in men bred in the habits of the opposition. He knew what he desired, and he desired it at any price. He aimed at an end; that attained, he desired no more. In a word, he knew how to content himself with what appeared to him just, practicable, and reasonable, and he could turn and defend the boundaries of his scheme against his own partisans. In M. Flocon the practical man lay beneath the conspirator.

A sort of tacit coalition between all the parties represented by these journals, and by other eminent public organs of various shades of difference, such as Le Courrier Français, La Démocratique Pacifique, and Le Commerce, was formed against the ministry of M. Guizot.

At the close of the session of 1847, the leaders had concerted together a plan of general agitation of Paris and the provinces under the form of political banquets. The opposers of the reigning dynasty had taken the initiative in this agitation; their impatience was more keen than that of simple republicans, in proportion as their ambition was greater.

M. Thiers, however, held, at least in his own person, in some degree aloof from the concerted plan. Perhaps his prescience as a statesman and historian admonished him from afar of its dangers. Perhaps his hope in perspective of ministerial functions, after his friends should have triumphed, imposed upon him a prudent reserve which he dared courageously to maintain against his party.

M. Duvergier de Hauranne, a former friend of Guizot and a recent friend of Thiers, eager in a struggle, disinterested after a victory, of qualities eminently parliamentary, more proud to sway than to reign, with no other passion than that of influence, a sincere and courageous patriot, sober in his views of glory, and proof against the more vulgar forms of ambition, drew the
friends of M. Thiers, those of M. Barrot, and M. Barrot himself, into the movement, the watchword of which became—electoral reform.

The parties attached to the National and to the Réforme, perceived with the foresight of zeal, and with proportionate exultation and pleasure, the tendency and bearing of this proposition for the banquets—a desperate and revolutionary measure adopted by the dynastic opposition. The republicans, too feeble in numbers, and too much the objects of suspicion, to dare or to act alone, were about to have as auxiliaries the very friends of the dynasty, the founders of the throne of July, the authors of the repressive laws, and constituting the half at least of the national guard and the electors. The conspiracy once in movement, where would it stop? Would it be at a simple change of ministry? Would it be at a slight addition of privileged electors to the two hundred thousand who by themselves represented the sovereignty of the people? Would it be at the abdication of the king? Would it be at the regency of a woman or a prince during the minority of the child? Any of these contingencies must benefit their cause. They hastened to subscribe their influence to the Paris banquet. The men opposed to the dynasty did not dare to repulse the republicans, since in them they would have alienated all the number, all the noise and turbulence, and all the menace of their demonstrations. The people would have lost their interest in them when they no longer saw among them their friends and their tribunes. Their cause was in appearance identical; their cry was the same— "Reform!"

A somewhat Carthaginian coalition had been formed in 1839 by the repugnant components of the opposition chamber; and in the press, between M. Guizot and M. Thiers; M. Barrot and M. Berryer; M. Dufaure and M. Garnier Pagès; the republicans and the royalists. This coalition had done violence to the constitutional king, borne M. Thiers to power, discouraged the sincere opposition, ruined our foreign affairs in 1840, and demoralized the representative government.

The same parties, with the exception of Messrs. Berryer and Dufaure, committed the same error in opposing the ministry of M. Guizot in 1848. They united to overturn
the existing order of things, but wanted the union which would have enabled them to reconstruct. Such coalitions cannot but engender ruin by necessary consequence. Coalitions, impotent to effect good, are necessarily immoral. Revolutions alone can turn them to profit, and they do profit by them in effect. The existing republic is the involuntary work of the coalition in parliament of 1840, and of the coalition for agitation in 1848. Guizot and Thiers formed the first junction; Duvergier de Hauranne and Barrot, in forming the second, were, though unconsciously, the real authors of the republic.

The Parisian banquet was the signal for a series of opposition banquets in the principal towns of the kingdom. In some of them the republicans were united with those men whose animosity was chiefly directed against the reigning dynasty; and the coalescing parties covered the incongruity and diversity of their objects by vague, elastic phrases. In others, as at Lille, Dijon, Châlons, and Autun, they openly separated. Odillon Barrot and his friends, Ledru Rollin and his, refused to lend themselves to a hypocritical alliance. They aimed each at his own ends; the one at a moderate and monarchical reform of the electoral law, the other at the radical reform of the government, that is to say, at a republic.

This schism first developed itself at the banquet of Lille. M. Barrot refused to sanction it, unless it were consented that the token of adhesion to the monarchy should be given, by a toast to the king.

At Dijon and Châlons, M. Flocon and M. Ledru Rollin more distinctly marked it, by speeches which were regarded as preludes to a revolution already accomplished in the determination of their partisans.

Some members of the parliamentary opposition, of various shades of opinion, such as Thiers, Dufaure, and Lamartine, abstained from appearing at these banquets. Such turbulent demonstrations appeared to them either not to reach, or else to exceed, the limits of their opposition; they feared by their presence and sanction to associate the one party in a struggle for revolution, or the other in an ambitious and purely ministerial opposition. They, therefore, with many other members of the chamber, maintained their conscience and their individuality, and held aloof.

Another banquet excited much attention in France at this
time; it was that given to M. de Lamartine on his return from the chamber, by his compatriots of Mâcon. This had no political design. M. de Lamartine had refused to share in the reform banquets, which, in his opinion, were too vague and indefinite in their object. Having been adverse to the parliamentary coalition from 1838 to 1840, he could not, as he thought, consistently with himself, join the aggressive parliamentary coalition of 1847. He advanced alone to a purpose determined and defined in his own mind. It would have been repugnant to his nature to throw himself into a mixed opposition without a common cause, to walk in company with his opponents to some unknown goal. He had openly avowed these sentiments in the Bien Public of Mâcon, a little journal, widely echoed and quoted by the entire press of Paris and the departments.

The object of the banquet of Mâcon was to congratulate Lamartine, who was exceedingly beloved by his fellow-citizens, on the success of his History of the Girondists, then recently published.

The book had already been read not only in France, but throughout Europe. In Germany, Italy, and Spain, translations of it had multiplied, as though it formed the daily food for men’s spirits. By it hearts were moved and intellects excited to activity. It led imagination and thought back to that great epoch, and those mighty principles, which the eighteenth century, pregnant with futurity, had bequeathed to the world as it expired, to deliver it from prejudice and tyranny. Its pages mourned the blood guiltily shed in anger, ambition, or cowardice, by the actors in the drama of the republic. They flattered nothing in the demagogue, excused nothing in the executioner, and sympathized with the victims. But he was not warped by his sympathy for the vanquished. Whilst he had pity for men and tears for women, he still adored philosophy and liberty. The vapour that rose from the bloody scaffold did not hide from him the sacred truths which loomed in the future through the steam of the horrid sacrifice; he boldly dissipated that cloud, punished the murderers with the scourge of history, but restored to the new idea its proper rightfulness and innocence, avenging it from the crimes which had sullied it under the pretence of advancing it. He covered the demagogue with opprobrium, and restored true glory to the revolution.
In reply to a speech of the mayor of Mâcon, M. Roland, a young man who had compromised his office by his political opinions and alliances, M. de Lamartine took occasion once more to explain his sentiments to the country. He spoke as a man devoted both in mind and heart to the cause of the liberty of the human mind and the progress of organized democracy.

"Citizens and friends," he said, "before I comment on the impatience which you are at present disposed to exhibit, allow me to thank you for the endurance and constancy which led you to brave with vigorous and imperturbable energy the severity of the storm, the blaze of lightning, and the peals of thunder beneath this crumbling roof and these tattered tents. You have shown that you are truly the children of those Gauls, who, in more solemn circumstances, cried, 'If the heavens fall, we will bear them up on the points of our lances.'

"But, my friends, let us go at once to the bottom of this demonstration. My recent book wanted a conclusion; you have supplied it. That conclusion is, that France now needs to study the spirit of her own revolution; to imbue herself anew in her own principles, purified and severed from the excesses which disgraced and the blood which stained them; and to draw from her past, lessons for her present, and her future.

"Yes, to seek again, after the lapse of half a century, beneath the still glowing embers of events, under the still disturbed dust of the dead, the original, and, as I trust, the immortal spark which kindled in the soul of a great people that ardent flame by which the whole world was lighted up, then fired, and then in part consumed. To rekindle, I say, in the heart of succeeding generations, that flame too nearly extinct, to feed it lest it should die out for ever, and leave France and Europe plunged a second time into the gloom of the dark ages. To watch over and purify it, lest its very compression should cause explosion, conflagration, and ruin. This is the sentiment of my book; this is the sentiment of the times; shall I, my friends, err, if I say this is your sentiment? (Cries of 'No, no.')

"From the earliest age of political reason, that is, from the age at which we form our opinions, after having lisped as
children the opinions and prejudices of our nurses, I have asked myself. What, then, is the French revolution?

"Was it, as the worshippers of the past represent, a great sedition of the people, who agitated they knew not why, and who, in their mad convulsions, destroyed their church, their monarchy, their ranks, their institutions, and their nationality, and tore up the very map of Europe? No, the French revolution was not a paltry insurrection of the French; for sedition subsides as it arose, and leaves behind it only ruins and corpses. The revolution has left its ruins and scaffolds, it is true; that is, its remorse and its curse; but it has left also a doctrine, it has left a spirit which will endure and perpetuate itself as long as human reason shall exist.

"The first doctrines of the beneficent revolution, which this philosophy desired to promote in the world, was 'peace;' the extinction of hatred between people and people; the recognition of fraternity between nations. To that we are advancing: we enjoy peace. I am not one of those who throw back upon the governments they condemn even the benefits they confer. Peace will be, as I think, at some future day, the expiation held to countervail the faults of this government. Whether with the government or against it, whether as an historian or as a deputy, as a man or as a philosopher, I will ever support the doctrine of peace. War is but wholesale murder; wholesale murder is not progress. (Long-continued applause.)

"If we continue for some years to come to abandon with weak inconsistency all that the French mind won in the late struggle, we shall abandon not only all the progress, all the intelligence, all the conquests, that modern mind has gained; not only our name, our honour, our intellectual rank, our guiding influence over nations, but the memory and the blood of those millions of men, combatants or victims, who died to secure our conquests.

"The wild people of America say to the Europeans who come to drive them from their soil, 'If you require us to quit our land, suffer us at least to carry with us the bones of our fathers.' And we too will have the bones of our fathers. They consist in the truths, the intellectual light, won by them for the world, and which a continually-increasing reaction of opinion, but one which must eventually be arrested, would fain compel us to repudiate.
"But shall we succeed? Here let us examine; for history teaches all things, even the future. Experience is the only prophetic inspiration of the wise.

"Let us not be too much alarmed by reactions. They constitute the natural movement—the flux and reflux of the human mind. Allow me to avail myself of an image borrowed from the implements of war that many of you have handled by land or by sea in the conflict for our rights. When cannon has given forth its explosion and its charge upon the field of battle, the shock of the detonation gives an impulse, which forces the piece back. This is what artillery-men call the recoil of the cannon. Political reactions are like the recoil of the cannon; they are the recoil of ideas. The human mind, affrighted by the new truths which the revolutions wrought in her name have thrown out before the world, shrinks back before her own discoveries, and weakly abandons the territory she had gained. But, gentlemen, the recoil is only temporary; other hands step forward and re-charge the pacific artillery of human thought, and new explosions, not of ball, but of light, restore their empire to the truths which seemed surrendered or vanquished.

"Let us not, however, dwell too long on the duration of these reactions; let us consider rather what will take place when they shall have achieved their exceptional retrograde movements. In my opinion, it will be this:

"If that royalty, monarchical in name, democratic in fact, adopted by France in 1830, comprehends that it is nothing more than the sovereignty of the people, reposing above electoral storms, and with a crowned head to represent the apex of the state—the unity and perpetuity of national power; if modern royalty, the delegated authority of the people, so different from ancient royalty, the proprietorship of the throne, considers itself as a magistracy decorated by a title which has changed its meaning in the minds of men; if it confines itself to be a respected regulator of the mechanism of government, marking and moderating the movements of the general will, without thwarting or falsifying them, without changing or corrupting their legitimate source—public opinion; if it contents itself with being in its own eyes like the frontispiece of some old temple, rebuilt by moderns, who place it in a conspicuous part of their new construction, in order to impose on the superstitious respect of the crowd, and to
bestow on the new edifice some of the traditions and associations of the old one, it may subsist, as representative royalty, during a sufficient length of time to enable it to achieve its work of preparation and transfer; but the duration of its uses will, with our children, be the exact measure of the duration of its existence. (Cries of 'Hear, hear.')

"Let us hope better things from the wisdom of governments which have been enlightened late indeed, yet early enough, let us trust, for the preservation of their own interests! Let us hope well of the probity and energy of the public mind, which has recently been agitated by sentiments of fear for the public safety. May the sentiments which we entertain and avow be for the ruling powers as warnings, not as threats. They are not inspired by the spirit of faction! There is nothing of faction in our thoughts! We are not faction, we are opinion, which is more dignified, stronger, and more invincible than faction. (‘Hear, hear.’)

"Well, my friends, symptoms of amelioration in opinion strike me, and perhaps will strike you, too; between the two parties who shall decide? Who shall be judge? Shall the deciding power be vested, as in our first struggles, in violence, oppression, and death? No, my friends, thanks to our fathers, it shall be in liberty, the liberty which they have bequeathed to us; liberty, which can now wield its own pacific arms for its defence and its development, without passion or excess. (Applause.)

"Rest assured that by these means we shall triumph.

"If you ask what is the moral force which shall bend the government to the national will, I reply to you, it is the sovereignty of ideas, the monarchy of mind, the republic, the true republic, the republic of intellect. In a word, our republic is opinion, that modern power whose very name was unknown to antiquity. My friends, opinion as a power was born on the day when Gutenberg, whom I have designated the author of a new world, produced in the invention of printing, the reproduction and indefinite communication of human thought and reason. The irrepressible power of opinion does not need, for the maintenance of its sovereignty, either the dagger of revenge, the sword of justice, or the scaffold of terror. It preserves the
equilibrium between ideas and institutions; it holds the balance of the human mind.

"Into one of the scales of this balance, mark you well, men will long continue to throw credulity, prejudices (self-styled useful), the right divine of kings, distinction of rights between divers ranks, hatred between nations, the desire of conquest, simoniacal compact between the church and the empire, censorship of opinion, the compelled silence of the tribunes, the indolence and degradation of the masses!

"Into the other scale, gentlemen, we will throw that thing the most impalpable, the most imponderable of all the creations of God. We will throw in light!—a ray of that light which the French revolution shot forth at the close of the last century from a volcano indeed, but from a volcano of truths." (Long-continued applause.)

This oration, printed on the following day by the entire press, expressed in fact the sentiments of the country;—smothered discontent with the system pursued by the king, which sacrificed the real and foreign interests of France to the aggrandizement of the Orléans family, and philosophic and rational love of democratic principles, unshackled by a narrow oligarchy of two or three hundred thousand electors easily gained over or debauched by the ministry; and, lastly, an unaffected fear, shared by almost all, of a revolution which would abandon the country to unknown contingencies;—the desire of seeing the measures of democracy successively carried by a representative government extended and strengthened—an appeal to moderation, joined with energy in the people, and to prudence and reflection on the part of government. The harangue contained no sentiments out of harmony with the honest political conscience of the speaker; it pointed to the fruits promised by the first revolution, as those which were to be reaped, if possible, without a new one; but to the spirit of the revolution as preserved and embodied in institutions, under pain of disgrace to France, and oblivion to the ideas which constitute the greatness and sacredness of the human mind. It was the faithful expression of the public sentiment, the prophetic cry of the soul of the country. All that went beyond that language went beyond the spirit of the times.

M. de Lamartine, fearless of losing the popularity which
he enjoyed, not only in his own department, but throughout France, boldly combated, a few days after, the doctrines expressed by M. Ledru Rollin and his friends at the revolutionary banquet of Dijon; exposed to shame the symbols of 1793, exhibited, it was said, by the same party at the banquet of Châlons; and denounced the antisocial doctrines which, from the lips of a young orator, had been applauded at the communist banquet of Autun.

"The banquets," he said, speaking of those of Dijon and of Châlons, "are the tocsin of opinion. Sometimes they strike correctly; sometimes they break the metal. During these manifestations, language has been held which might well make the soil to tremble beneath us, and associations revived which the present character of democracy might enable us to forget. Why call back from a past period what ought to be buried with the occasion? Why these imitations, or rather parodies, of 1793? Do we now wish to deliver ourselves from liberty as our fathers then wished to deliver themselves from courts? I assert that it is not only a folly, but an absurdity. It gives to the rational and orderly democracy of the future the character and complexion of the past reign of demagogues. It caricatures the public feeling, and thus causes it to be misconceived. It cruelly recalls to some the terrors under which their fathers died, to others their confiscated property, or of their temples profaned; to all, those days of sadness, mourning, and terror, which have left their gloom upon the country. Each epoch should be consistent with itself. We are not in 1793, we are in 1847; we are the tribes who have crossed the Red Sea, and will not retrace our march; who have planted their feet on the other shore, and desire still to advance, but to advance in peaceful order, towards democratic institutions. We see our government self-deceived. and we will warn it; but in raising our voice to do so, we will neither alarm peaceful citizens, nor endanger honest opinions or just interests.

"Let us watch over ourselves. If we, as leaders of the orderly democracy, suffer ourselves to be confounded with demagogues, we are ruined in public opinion. It will be said of us, 'They have their complexion—no doubt they are bitten with their insanity.'"

Speaking on the 14th of November, in reference to the com
munist banquet of Autun, M. de Lamartine expressed himself with the same freedom.

"Each sentiment has its due limits," he observed, "which it cannot pass without being misunderstood and suffering the just punishment, assuming the guise of other opinions by incurring the discredit which attaches to them. Are you honest, moderate, patient, in your democracy and your opposition to the government? Come then with us. Are you a faction? Go and conspire in the dark. Are you communists? Go and support your brethren of the banquet of Autun. Until these things are explained, we stand aloof. We desire to reinvestigate our country's political existence, to give to public opinion the consciousness of its power, to create a democracy capable of acting by its own intelligence, restrained by its sense of dignity; we desire to combine without awakening alarm, without injuring the rich or the poor, the aristocracy or the bourgeoisie, the people or religion, the family bond or the rights of property. We wish to give to France senates worthy of her great national assemblies, senates worthy of old Athens or of Rome; but we do not wish to reopen the Jacobin club!"

During these controversies between men who desired to ameliorate, and men who desired to destroy, other demonstrations, inspired and directed by opposition to the reigning family, were multiplied in the north of the kingdom.

In these M. Odillon Barrot assisted, and gave utterance to grave, considerate sentiments, honest and reserved, like his character. He and his friends stimulated the parliamentary opposition. His orations raised more indignation against the government, notwithstanding their reserve, than a banquetting-hall could contain. The people listened at the doors, applauded the orator and other speakers of kindred sentiments, and escorted them on their entrance or departure from a town. The people were becoming accustomed to intervene between the ministers and the tribunes.

At the close of the autumn, the original promoters of these anti-ministerial movements tried in vain to moderate them. They had been commenced with the idea of recruiting forces for Messrs. Thiers and Barrot, and for the opposition; they had in fact recruited for a revolution.

Public impulsion always exceeds the limits designed by politicians. Reason or ambition makes the calculation. Pau-
sion overleaps it, and of this passion the people are the embodiment. The wishes of the leaders had been limited to a change of ministry, effected by the pressure of the masses, the people already contemplated a change of government; then behind the main body of the people were sects and factions who dreamed of the entire overthrow of the social compact.

BOOK II.

Such was the state of feeling in France at the close of 1847, when the king convoked the chambers. The ministry and the monarch, astonished but not alarmed by these demonstrations of opinion, regarded them as purely factitious indications, as the wordy parade of sentiments and discontents which did not exist in men's minds; they trusted in the immense majority that the government possessed in the chambers; in the fidelity of the army, commanded by the princes; and in the interests of property, industry, and commerce, all repugnant to change.

A government essentially material in character despised the merely intellectual elements of opposition. In their eyes M. Odillon Barrot was but an eloquent man without a purpose; M. Ledru Rollin they regarded as a noisy and popular man, throwing down the magnificent challenge of a republic, without believing in it, in order to mislead and get rid of the opposition. The press and the banquets they regarded as the organs by which impatient ambition appealed to the populace under a mortifying sense of its impotence in the national representation.

Guizot fortified himself in his own self-trust, and in disdain of the vulgar,—a fundamental part of his nature. Duchâtel sought strength in the skilful management of the different parties in the senate, and in the regulation of votes which he held under his control. The king comforted himself by the recollection that he had been necessary to the people in 1830; by the belief that the firmness of his throne was important to Europe at large, and that the continuance of the continental relations with France depended on its stability; and lastly,
by that smile of fortune, which, having long attended and
dazzled him, ended by blinding him. These three personages,
who in themselves constituted the prestige, the strength, and
the vigour of the cabinet, waited, in undoubting confidence that
all this movement and noisy opposition would expire at the
foot of the throne and of the tribune, under the eloquence of
Guizot, the tactics of Duchâtel, and the old authority of the
king.

They counted not but that the majorities in the two cham-
bers would emphatically belie the agitation and menaces of
parties. In order to elicit this contradiction, which they
desired to be given in the most marked and solemn manner,
they agreed that the king's speech to the chambers should
comment on the conduct of those deputies and peers who had
assisted in the reform banquets.

This speech of the king to the chambers characterized the
men who had associated themselves with the reform banquets
as being hostile to himself, and blind to results. Many of
the deputies in the lower chamber, and a few of the peers, had
been so associated. These imprudent expressions served as the
principal text in the discussion on the address. That debate
was animated, hot, and angry. M. Thiers condemned the
foreign policy which had surrendered Switzerland and Italy;
M. de Lamartine, from his own particular point of view, charac-
terized this exclusively dynastic policy;—Austrian at Rome,
sacerdotal at Berne, Russian at Cracow, counter-revolutionary
everywhere. On the question of the banquets, M. Odillon
Barrot spoke with the authority of a leader of the constitu-
tional opposition; M. de Lamartine, although he had abstained
from personally attending them, yet maintained that the
ministry ought to regulate and not suppress by brute force
the exercise of the right of meeting.

"Gentlemen," he said, addressing the ministers, "do not
deceive yourselves; this is not, as you imagine, an artificial
agitation. This fire has not been fanned with the breath of
man. Were it so, it would not by its universality present a
character which justly alarms you this day.

"Whence this phenomenon in a country which has remained
for seventeen years patient and tranquil? It is that France
has at length aroused to perceive the obstinacy which has so
long sacrificed her true policy, her dignity, her very security?
Yes, after having maturely reflected, she has formed a right estimate of that obstinate system of legal restriction which cripples her internal resources; she marks a narrow oligarchy fixing itself permanently in the place of that great organized and orderly democracy promised to her in 1830; she observes the system changing hands, without a change of measures, exhibiting the same results under different administrators; she beholds this very year corruption rising like an impure wave to the very feet of the ruling powers, and the sum of the most sordid vices rising to the surface of political society, instead of lying, as elsewhere, in the sink of nations; she sees the foreign policy of the last seventeen years, the policy with which your names have been actively and gloriously coupled, the policy of peace, suddenly sapped by your own hands, in order to promote the personal interests of a family, and the glory of a dynasty, by the Spanish marriages; she finds her natural and constitutional alliances sacrificed, and opposite alliances formed with the oppressors of Switzerland and Italy; she sees France, as it were, systematically surrounded by you with a frontier of counter-revolutions, and seeing all this, she is deeply moved, proving by that emotion, that she is a wise and prudent country.

"What would you have thought and said, if, instead of exhibiting disquietude and carrying on constitutional agitation in open day, a pernicious silence had been observed, until the germs of disaffection sown by you for so many years had grown up in the mind of the people, and at length, at some period, instead of constitutional agitation, instead of public dissatisfaction muttering like thunder in the sky above you, you would have had mines exploding in all directions beneath the feet of government? Then you would have lavished your accusations; you would have said to your opponents, 'Your agitation is factious; you agitate after the manner of conspirators; you have deceived the government by imposing pernicious silence on public discontent.' Yet it is because this course is not pursued, that you now accuse the people, and threaten to use, for the repression of their demonstrations, not the recognized laws, to which every good citizen bow, but arbitrary power, unsupported by law at all; you menace the representatives of the nation, that you will place the hand of the police on the mouth of the country.
"Government is armed by the power of law; but supposing that no law existed which met the present case, and could regulate the demonstrations so simultaneously exhibited, its course should be to digest and propose a protective, liberal, uniform law, establishing rights, not abridging them; a law which we might first discuss without restraint, and, when carried, might obey as becomes good citizens."

The great majority of the chamber applauded these words, and demanded the proposition of a law on the right of assembly. The supporters of the existing order of things themselves felt the danger of a ministerial challenge to the representation of the country.

"Remember that you are about to create an imminent peril,"—Lamartine said to the ministers as he closed his discourse,—"remember the Tennis-court and its consequences. Now, what was the Tennis-court of Versailles in 1789? It was only the place of a political meeting of the states-general, closed by the ministers, but forced open by the hand of the nation, for the entrance of its outraged representatives."

M. Guizot maintained, in opposition to M. Duvergier de Hauranne and M. Barrot, the right of government and the chamber to attack in the senate those deputies who had insulted them by attendance at the banquets, and to brand such agitators as blind or malicious.

M. Hébert, keeper of the seals, exposed in a talented speech the danger of assemblies of the kind in question, unsubjected to any legal restraint. He deemed it expedient to revive the law of 1791. He "embroiled the fray" by carrying the arbitrary doctrine to its utmost limits.

M. Lodru Rollin replied with a brilliance and force, which placed him thenceforth in the first rank of the orators of the opposition.

Anger was excited on both sides. A diversion that might cool the passion of the chamber was much to be desired to aid towards an honourable issue of the conflict. This diversion would have been found in the proposition of a reasonable law to determine the extent and the limitations of the right of public meeting. The Conservative party desired such a law in common with Messrs. Duvergier de Hauranne and Lamartine. It was refused. The knot which prudence neglected to untie was about to be summarily cut by a revolution.
The twelfth arrondissement of Paris had organized a banquet. The opposition had promised to maintain its political rights by assisting in the celebration. The banquet was to take place on the 20th of February.

The ministry declined to adopt force in opposing it, determining rather to establish the offence by a commissary of police, and then to bring it for judgment to the tribunals. The opposition was unanimous in accepting the contest on that ground. 'All was in preparation for this pacific demonstration.'

The evening preceding the day appointed for the banquet, the ministry, alarmed at an invitation given by the impatient republicans to the unarmed national guards, declared at the tribune, that it retracted its concessions, and would put down the demonstration by force.

M. Barrot immediately convoked the constitutional opposition at his own house for deliberation. It was there proposed to yield before the violent resolution of the government; M. Barrot and his friends fell in with this proposal.

The following day a second conference was summoned at the house of a restaurateur in the Place de la Madeleine. M. de Lamartine, M. Berryer, and M. de Larochejacquelin were invited to it, and accepted the invitation. About two hundred deputies, holding the various shades of opinion which marked the moderate opposition, were present. The course to be pursued was the subject of discussion, which was protracted, full of variance, embarrassed, and without the issue of a dignified conclusion worthy of any party.

Should the opposition recoil and fall backwards at such a moment, it would almost annihilate itself, it would dishonour its name, and lose its moral authority in the country; it would be enclosed in the Furca Caudina of the ministry. Should it persist, it would run the risk of gaining too much, and of giving the victory which it might achieve to a party who desired that from which it shrank. A revolution would be the consequence; but the risk attending a revolution in favour of progress appeared to some minds preferable to the shame of a revolution of a retrograde character. The debate was prolonged.

M. Lamartine, though, like M. Thiers and M. Dufaure, inclined to disapprove the system of agitation pursued in the
banquets, could not tolerate the humiliation of a submission dishonourable to liberal opinion. He rose suddenly to reply to M. Berryer, who had made a moving speech, in which, however, without pointing at any conclusion, he had merely protested.

"In listening to M. Berryer," he said, "who has so frankly and so eloquently opened to you his great mind, I have deeply sympathized in his hesitations as a good man, his patriotic anxiety, the efforts of his mind to discover right, truth, and light, at the terrible crisis in which the folly of an aggressive ministry has placed good citizens, whatever shade of political opinions they may hold. I recognize my own thoughts and the sentiment of my heart in his.

"I also, like him, and like yourselves, have meditated upon the most honourable and patriotic, the most prudent and dignified course we can take, under the cruel alternative to which we are as it were shut up by circumstances. I also have perceived, with him and with you, the combination of opposite parties complicating our difficulties both present and future. Moreover, I observe that since the approach of the crisis, our ranks have been thinned, but I do not therefore pause irresolute.

"In crises like the present, our business is not with the absent. It is not the time for me to ask, where are such and such persons? It is the moment when I am to inquire, what are the rights of my country?

"We are told, the crisis is imminent; traps are set; the responsibility and the danger of those firm-spirited men who, in the name of their country, now take the lead of events, will be great. Gentlemen, I know all this; I am more deeply sensible of it than those who have already declared it. Not to see it would be blind indeed; to attempt to dissemble it, would be a weakness.

"A multitude is always a peril, even when it is gathered together by the just and legitimate sentiment of its duties and its rights. We know this, and acknowledge it; we feel the truth of that axiom of antiquity, 'He who draws the people together moves them by the very act of assembling them.'

"Yes, gentlemen, the political horizon, the near horizon, the horizon of this week, is charged with anxieties and contingencies, which my mind, like yours, contemplates with
awe. I have reflected, and I ponder still, in cruel perplexity, on the path which lies before us. In a case so important, in which we are responsible for acting as men of moral worth and men of heart, I consult not my intellect alone. I descend into the deeper parts of my nature; I strike upon my breast, and, as in the presence of the Supreme Judge, ask my conscience to render account of its intentions and its acts; and thus I state the question on which we have to deliberate.

(Sensation.)

"What is our situation?

"We are placed by the provocation of government between danger and disgrace. (Assent.)

"This is the true description of our circumstances. I feel it so; and your assent strengthens my conviction. Yes, we are placed between danger and disgrace.

"Perhaps, gentlemen, we might be generous enough, great enough, devoted enough, to incur disgrace for ourselves, were we alone concerned; for my own part, I feel that I could accept it; I could accept my millionth or my hundred millionth portion of shame; I should suffer it with bushes indeed, but yet with satisfaction, to prevent at that price an accidental commotion from shaking the foundations of my country, and to insure that no drop of the generous blood of a French citizen should stain the pavement of Paris!

"I feel myself capable, you all feel yourselves capable, of this sacrifice! Yes, we would accept personal shame rather than a drop of blood of the people or the military should flow on our responsibility!

"But disgrace to our country, disgrace to the cause of constitutional liberty, disgrace to the character, and outrage to the rights of the nation, this we cannot, we ought not, in honour and conscience to permit. The character, the rights, and the honour of the nation belong not to us but to the French people. We may not traffic with that which is not our own!

"And if we did so, what should we say on returning to our departments, to those who confided to us the defence of their rights and the care of their dignity as a free people? What attitude could we assume, what part could we play in their presence?

"On the faith of the right to assemble established by cus-
tom amongst every free people, on the faith of the restoration, even on the faith of the ministers of the revolution of July, who themselves exercised the legal right of assembly, and gave us our example, we have held political meetings; we have authorized, by our presence, or, like myself, if not by our presence, at least by our consent, those pacific meetings through which opinion, constitutionally expressed, reaches the ears of deputies and authorities; we have encouraged our fellow-citizens wisely, constitutionally, and moderately, to act upon this right of public agitation; we have said to them, 'If this right is attacked in your persons, we will defend and preserve it for you. We will restore it to you inviolate, or at least invested with the guarantees and the rules which the law alone can impose for the regulation of its exercise.'

"This has been our language to them in time past; but now pusillanimously yielding not to a law which I have myself invited from the chamber—but to the capricious and arrogant order of a minister from the elevation of the tribune, shall we take his prohibition for law? Shall we surrender to him, without even a legitimate demonstration of our resistance to coercion? Shall we lay at the feet of his absolutism our constitutional weapons? Shall we betray the trust reposed in us, and resign what we believe to be a fundamental security for the liberty of the nation? Shall we allow France to be despoiled of one of her liberties, the guarantee for all the rest, the liberty of opinion, and that without even a verbal protest against the spoliation? Shall we return to our towns and to our departments, and say to our constituents, 'Behold the trophies we bring you back from the political arena to which you sent us to fight your battles, the wrecks of your constitution, the ruins of your freedom of opinion, ministerial absolutism in exchange for national right!'

"We have placed the neck of France under the feet of a minister. (Acclamation.)

"No, no; it is impossible; we should no longer be men; France would no longer be a nation. We ought rather instantly to give in our resignations, to disappear, and become annihilated in public disesteem. (Renewed acclamations.)

"Do not suspect that my words conceal a miserable sentiment of personal pride. I repeat, that to degrade and anni-
hilate ourselves is a small matter; but to degrade and destroy our country would be a disgrace—a crime and an infamy which we could not sustain!

"Gentlemen, let me speak coolly, the occasion demands it; the struggle between the government and ourselves is momentous. Let us fully understand what we desire should be done by France on Tuesday. Do we wish for a sedition? No. Do we desire a revolution? No. May God defear for the longest possible time the necessity of a revolution in our country! What, then, do we desire? An act of the national will and of the national faith in the omnipotence of the legal rights of a great country.

"France has often, alas! during the last fifty years, too often, and perhaps too impetuously, rushed upon revolutionary acts; she has not yet performed a great national and civil act. It is such an act of her citizens that we now desire from her, an act of legal resistance to those absolutists against whom she has not hitherto known how to defend herself by constitutional means, and with no other arms than her attitude and her will. (Applause.)

"It is an act of her citizens that we propose, and of which France will be witness by the eyes of the people of Paris! Let us learn, for once, to guard, to defend, and to establish by such an act, by a firm attitude calmly maintained, by an appeal to the justice and not to the violence of the country, to guard and keep that which we have before been able to conquer, but never to defend. (Applause.)

"This act will be dangerous in the execution; we do not deny it; but the renunciation of her rights by the nation, the submission to ministerial absolutism, the encouragement of attempts at ministerial usurpation, the humiliation of the national character, before all governments, would be no less dangerous.

"There is danger on both sides. Cease, however, to speak of danger, lest you deprive us of the coolness necessary to avert it; lest you present to us the temptation needlessly to brave it!

"It will not be in our power, gentlemen, by all the moderation, reserve, and prudence of word and action recommended to us by our committees, to avoid danger. It exists. Well, that is in God’s hand, not in ours. He alone
can inspire the spirit of peace and order into the hearts of those crowds who will flock to assist in the pacific demonstration intended to preserve our institutions. Let us beseech him to grant us that token of his protecting favour to the cause of liberty and progress, and to avert all fearful collision between our citizens who bear arms, and our citizens who bear them not. Let us hope and let us conjure all citizens that it may be so. Then let us leave issues to Providence, and to the responsibility of the government, which has, by its acts alone, provoked and brought on this dangerous manifestation.

"I cannot tell whether the arms confided to our brave soldiers will be all managed by prudent hands. I would hope this; I would believe it; but should it happen that their bayonets transgress the law, that their muskets should be loaded, one thing I know, gentlemen, that we shall defend, first with our voices and then with our breasts, the institutions and future liberties of our people, and that those bullets must penetrate our hearts to wrest from thence the rights of our country. Let us now no longer deliberate! Let us act!"

Such were Lamartine's words. Enthusiasm rather than reflection drew them from him. Until that moment, he had carried his scruples so far as to object, and to avow his objection, to the agitation of the political banquets, as an allurement to revolution. At the last moment he appeared to change his tone. It was no longer the question of a reform banquet, but of the legal right of assemblage, forcibly contested with the deputies by the ministry.

The struggle between the opposition of every shade and this government was embodied in this political duel. Lamartine thought he saw the honour of the opposition lost, if it should recede, after having advanced thus far. The opposition of the left centre was losing its strength, and thereby enfeebling those other parties which it had involved in its manoeuvres or its manifestations. Lamartine had not been associated with this branch of the opposition; he deemed it more personal than national, more ambitious than political. The secret satisfaction of finding it now in undisguised weakness, the glory which would attend gaining a march upon it, and convicting it of impotence and inconsistency, might perchance,
unconsciously to himself, lend warmth to his words. Any such resentful feeling, however, evaporated in his speech.

The opposition of the left centre once more melted away. That party abandoned the banquet. The consequences which Lamartine's harangue might have produced were thus prevented, and it went for nothing in the issue of events, which took another course.

But if these considerations excuse Lamartine's fault, they do not absolve it. The incitement which he gave to the opposition might have resulted in a conflict; it was no less calculated to have such result, than was the blindness and obstinacy of government.

Lamartine left something to chance; virtue leaves everything to prudence, when the repose of states and the lives of men are in question. He tempted God and the people. His self-reproaches for this fault have since been extremely severe; it is the only one which weighs upon his conscience in the whole course of his political career; he does not wish to extenuate it either to himself or to others. It is a serious crime to throw back upon God that which he has been pleased to impose upon statesmen—responsibility. By this speech Lamartine threw down a challenge to Providence. The wise man will never tempt fortune, but always anticipate and conciliate it.

In the evening of the day, some few deputies and peers, about seven or eight in number, repaired spontaneously to Lamartine's house. They had come to the resolution to accept, though alone, the challenge which government offered, and which had been declined by the left centre; they were determined to repair to the banquet, in order to protest, by their presence there, against the arbitrary interdict of the ministry. They agreed, on the morrow, to re-assemble at the house of the duke d'Harcourt. A few moments later they learned that no banquet would take place, and dispersed.

The government, however, foreseeing the events which might arise from such an agitation and tension of the public mind, had drawn a large number of troops into Paris or around it. They were rated at fifty-five thousand men. The artillery of Vincennes had orders to present itself on the first summons at the Faubourg St. Antoine. By dispositions carefully studied, and made as far back as 1830, in anticipa-
tion of insurrection, posts had been assigned to different bodies in the various quarters of the city. Each body of insurgents, hemmed in, or intercepted by these posts, would be withheld from joining others; the fort of Mount Valerian was to be occupied by a strong garrison, mounted on the road between Paris and Saint Cloud. Thirty-seven battalions of infantry, one battalion of Chasseurs d’Orléans, three companies of engineers, twenty squadrons, four thousand veterans of the municipal guard, and five batteries of artillery, formed the garrison of the capital.

The night was passed in silence,—the silence of a city reflecting before action. The morning did not prognosticate a day of fate. There were no arms concealed under the garments; no rage was painted upon men’s countenances; curious and inoffensive crowds continually moved along the boulevards, gathering numbers as they went; other crowds streamed from the suburbs of Paris; they appeared, however, rather to observe what was passing than to meditate any act. The event seems to have been engendered by the curiosity which awaited it.

The youths of the schools, even the vanguard in revolutions, assembled in groups from various quarters of the city, and gathering numbers and courage as they rolled along chanting the Marseillaise, directed their course to the Place de la Madeleine. The electrified people responded to the hymn. The column increased, crossed the Place de la Concorde, passed the Pont Royal, forced the palisades of the deserted Chamber of Deputies, and spread without a leader or a specific object into the gardens of the palace and upon the quays. A regiment of dragoons advanced, and easily, and unresisted, dispersed the youths. The infantry next arrived; the artillery took its position in the street de Bourgogne; the bridge was defended by the military.

The deputies, saddened but not disquieted, assembled in their hall without being subjected to insult; they ascended the steps of the portico which faces the bridge, and from thence contemplated the increasing force at the disposal of government, and the advanced waves of the multitude which the cavalry were pushing back in the Rue Royale. No cries were heard, not a single shot. The band of a regiment of chasseurs played its pacific notes before the palisades of the
The contrast between these festive airs and the preparation for combat upon the quay chilled the souls and produced strange dissonance between the ears and the eyes of the citizens.

Within the hall, M. Barrot placed upon the table of the president an act of accusation against the ministry. M. Guizot quitted his place, went up to the desk, perused the accusation, and smiled disdainfully. He had read and written history largely. His bold and lofty spirit loved its magnificent scenes; his eloquence sought opportunities for displays, which would be perpetuated to future times; his eye welcomed the strife. He braved an accusation, against which he was defended within the chamber, by the large majority which he commanded, and without it, by a monarchy and an army.

The distracted chamber, meantime, was engaged in the discussion of the laws of administration.

The day, short and gloomy as one of winter, beheld the wandering crowds augment, and some barricades arise, staking out the field of this revolutionary conflict.

Committees of insurrection sat constantly in the secret societies, and in the offices of the republican journals. We are ignorant of what passed there. They were probably rather engaged in observation than in action. The limited power of a conspirator, who has but scanty numbers at his disposal, only possesses influence as it ministers to a sentiment generally entertained, or a pre-existing passion.

The governments, tyrannies, or despotisms of old days might perish by a plot. Under liberal governments conspiracy evaporates. The only all-powerful conspirator of modern states is opinion.

Night fell, and no blood had been spilt. That night was silent, like the day, but restless, as is the eve of a great event. The rumour of a probable change of the ministry, who were relaxing their hold of power, reassured the citizens in some degree. The troops bivouacked in the streets and open spaces. Some wooden chairs and benches belonging to the Champs-Elysées, which had been set on fire by boys, illuminated the horizon, and disclosed the disorder of the scene. The government was everywhere in possession of the streets of Paris, except in a kind of citadel fortified by the nature of the
buildings, and the narrow tortuosity of the streets, around the cloisters of St. Méry, in the centre of Paris.

These some indefatigable and intrepid republicans, who had eyes for every circumstance and despaired of nothing, had concentrated themselves, either by preconcerted plan, or by that revolutionary instinct which is spontaneous and common in its operation. Their very leaders disapproved their obstinacy and temerity, as they were at most not more than four or five hundred in number. Another detachment of republicans, altogether without leaders, disarmed the national guards of the Batignolles during the night, burned the station at the barrier, and fortified themselves in a neighbouring quarter, where they awaited the event. No attempt was made to dislodge them.

At break of day, the roads which led to the several gates of Paris were covered with columns of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, summoned by the orders of government. These troops presented an imposing effect; they were obedient and in perfect discipline, but silent and dejected. They carried in their countenances their grief at being called to act in a civil war. They successively took up positions in the quarters where the multitude of Paris chiefly reside. The mob did not combat in mass on any point. Scattered groups attacked and disarmed isolated posts, forced their entrance into armourers' shops, and from concealed situations fired random shots at the troops.

Barricades, commencing with, and radiating from, the centre, formed by the church of St. Méry, were raised from distance to distance, and built and multiplied almost before the very faces of the soldiers: they were no sooner erected than abandoned. The troops had only stones to oppose. The battle was a silent one,—its progress was felt; its sound unheard.

The national guard, summoned by the call to arms, was assembling legion by legion. It preserved a neutrality, or limited its manifestations to an interference between the troops and the people, whilst it loudly demanded the dismissal of the ministry, and reform. Thus the national guard became the shield of the revolution.

Such, on the dawn of the 24th of February, was the state
of Paris. The troops, wearied by seeing no enemy, whilst they were the objects of universal hostility, remained at their various posts, unwavering but dejected. The generals and officers conversed in low tones upon the inexplicable indecision of events. At the exit of the principal streets, groups of cavalry, enveloped in their grey cloaks, and holding the naked sabre in hand, might be seen. They had been in the same spot, and maintained the same position, for thirty-six hours; their horses slept under them, and they themselves shivered from cold and hunger. Officers were passing at hard gallop up and down the streets at every second, carrying orders and counter-orders, from one part of Paris to another.

In the distance, borne from the quarter of the Hôtel de Ville, and the deep and intricate labyrinths of the surrounding streets, occasional firing might be heard from the platoons; but as the day drew on, the sounds slackened, and at length ceased.

Few people were in the streets. They seemed to leave their battle to be fought by the invisible spirit of the revolution, and by that small number of obstinate combatants who were dying for the cause in the heart of Paris. Between the great masses of the people, and the small group of republicans who actively fought, there seemed to be a watchword or a secret intelligence which said to the one party, "Resist yet a few hours longer;" and to the other, "Forbear to mix in the struggle, and to shed French blood; the genius of the revolution fights for all; the monarchy is upon the decline; it suffices to give it a gentle thrust, and before the sun sets the republic will have triumphed."

The fate of the day was at the disposal of the national guard. Hitherto the government had forborne to sound the doubtful allegiance of this body by requiring it to take an active part in the event, and fire upon the Parisian people.

General Jacqueminot, commander-in-chief of the force, intrepid and adventurous, but at that moment ill, doubted not but that his officers and soldiers shared with him the devoted martial resolution which he found in himself.

The king, who during eighteen years had pressed the hands of the greater number of individuals forming the civic guard of Paris, and who knew better than any other man how closely their interests and his own were welded together, believed himself sure of their hearts and their bayonets.
The prefect of Paris, Count de Rambuteau, a man sincerely attached to the royal family, but incapable of flattering into a catastrophe those he loved, no longer shared this confidence. His daily intercourse with the mercantile class of Paris, which furnished, almost exclusively, the colonels and officers of this corps, had long since discovered to him as existing within it, a smothered discontent, a disaffection which, however ungrateful it might be, was real, and which, though it had not as yet grown into sedition, might manifest itself in desertion at the hour of danger. He had warned the king of this, and the king had rejected the warning with a smile and motion of incredulity,—"Go," Louis Philippe had said to him,—"go, and take you care of Paris; I will answer for the rest of the empire."

The faithful magistrate had withdrawn distressed, because alarmed by the profound security of his master.

The national guard, called to arms on the morning of the 24th, and ordered to interpose between the people and the troops of the line, obeyed the summons slowly and with indigision.

In the prolonged movement of the people, the guard saw an anti-ministerial manifestation, an armed petition in favour of electoral reform, which it was far from disapproving, and which it secretly favoured.

The name of Guizot was become hateful to this body; his long-continued power was burdensome to it. If it approved his general principles of government, it bore personal dislike to the man. His policy with regard to England had never been satisfactory to it; that policy appeared in its eyes to have been in time past too complacent, and more recently vexatious and imprudent. In Portugal he had bought peace at the price of political servility; and at Madrid war had been rashly risked for the aggrandizement of the Orleans family. It would rejoice, therefore, in the humiliation of a minister equally unpopular in peace and war.

Nor was the guard alarmed to see the people vote with fire-arms against the worn-out system of the king. Louis Philippe had declined in its affections as he had declined in years. His wisdom appeared to the Parisians petrified into obstinacy; and that this obstinacy should be shaken or conquered by the insurrection, appeared to the
bourgeoisie in general, and to the guard, but a just compensation for his long and uninterrupted good fortune.

In the judgment of the national guard, the consequences of the rising would be confined to a change of ministry forced upon the king by the attitude of the people, which would admit the present opposition, in the persons of M. Thiers and M. Odillon Barrot, to the conduct of affairs; to a moderate reform of the electoral law; and to a Chamber of Deputies, which should be regenerated and conformed to the spirit of the nation. The most far-sighted only saw in it a possible abdication of the sovereign, and a regency. In fine, the national guard imagined itself introducing the opposition to power, when in fact it was introducing a revolution to France.

Further, the guard felt confident that during the past night events or persons would have counselled concession to the king, and that a new ministry would be announced during the morning; whereupon it conceived that, the object of the popular demonstration attained, the insurrection would terminate in cries of joy and a general illumination.

The Chamber of Deputies had been assembled since eight o'clock in the morning, in order to await the communications that the king might have to address to it by his ministers. It was as full of security as the monarch; the majority of the deputies, confiding in their own strength and in the number and fidelity of the troops, were quietly talking on their benches of the various ministerial combinations which the next hour was about to disclose to the chamber. All parties saw an approaching transference of power from the hands of the ministry; none as yet anticipated a change of government.

The adherents of ministers, however, were amazed and appalled; ambitious spirits exulted in the glimpse of coming fortune. Men of independent character contemplated with sadness the struggle of two embittered parties, which might issue in the total ruin of the country.

Painful anxiety weighed upon the assembly, though it was not characterized by despondency. Whenever an important person entered the hall, deputies flocked around him, as if eager to learn from his lips the secrets of the future.

One of these men, and one to whom Providence had
Early History of Lamartine.

decreed an important part in the event, had as yet no pre-
sentiment of the catastrophe, which but a few hours later
was to overwhelm and entomb the monarchy; that man was
Lamartine.

Lamartine was the son of a country gentleman on the
banks of the Saône. His early life had been obscure; he had
passed it in study, in travel, and in retreat. His inter-
course had been with nature, with letters, and with his own
thoughts. He had been educated in hatred to the empire;
he felt that that slavery was only glorious in its external
aspect, that it was gloomy and sad within. The study of
Tacitus had inspired his heart against the tyranny of a
modern Caesar.

The scion of a race characterized by its religion, its mili-
tary ardour, and its attachment to the royal house, Lamar-
tine, in common with many other sons of the old nobility,
had entered the king's guards on the restoration of the Bour-
bons. Impatience and disgust of that service in time of
peace had induced him to quit it; he had resumed his inde-
pendence, and occupied himself in extensive travels. His
poems, written almost involuntarily, had introduced him to
fame, and had led the politicians of the day to pay him
court prematurely.

Under the auspices of M. de Talleyrand, M. Pasquier,
M. Mounier, M. Royar-Collard, M. de Broglie, M. de
Bonald, and especially of M. Lainé, he was introduced to
diplomacy.

His opinions, and those of his family, growingly liberal,
were not pleasing to the court. His independence retarded
his advancement. It was only in 1830 that he was ap-
pointed minister plenipotentia ry in Greece.

After the revolution of July, he resigned his appointment
from feeling of respect for the tottering royal house which he
had served, and from some sentiments of reserve towards the
ascendant fortune of the new line. He had passed two years
in Eastern travel. The horizon of the world had given ex-
pansion to his thoughts; the spectacle of the ruins of empires,
while it strengthens philosophy, tinges it with melancholy. He
had, as it were from a geographical elevation, seen races,
ideas, religions, and empires spring up, attain maturity, and
perish. Peoples had disappeared, and while nations passed
from the stage, the great family of man bore on its course, now halting, now advancing on an infinite career. At the close of such a train of national histories, God is more clearly seen. Men seek to estimate the divine design in human civilization. They catch glimpses of it, and take as an article of faith the unlimited progress of man. Local and temporary political interests dwindle and vanish. A universal and eternal policy comes in view. The traveller sets out a man and returns a philosopher. Henceforth he belongs to no party but that of God. Opinion becomes philosophy, and politics religion.

Such is the effect of long wanderings and profound meditation in the East.

It is only after the ocean is dried up that the secrets of its bed can be discovered. Thus it is with the ocean-bed of nations. History does not comprehend them until they have ceased to exist.

During his Eastern travels Lamartine had been chosen deputy for the department of the Nord.

For twelve years he had kept himself isolated from parties, seeking the path of truth and the light of philosophy; speaking sometimes for, sometimes against, the acts of government. Equally without animosity against the new dynasty, and without affection for it. He witnessed its reign. He was ready to aid and support it, if it would support the growth of democratic power and right; to resist it, if it manifested disposition to fall back upon the past.

The political principles of Lamartine were those of that eternal truth, of which the Gospel is but one page,—the equality of men before God, to be realized on earth by laws and forms of government, giving to the largest number, and in time to all citizens, the right of personal intervention in government, and thereby the means of promoting the moral and material welfare of human society.

Lamartine, however, recognized the rule and government of reason as superior to the brutal sovereignty of numbers; for in his eyes reason was the reflection of the deity in man; the sovereignty of reason was the sovereignty of God. He never pushed his aspirations for equality to the chimera of a violent attempt to produce that which cannot by possibility exist—the actual social equalization of all classes and conditions. He held no society as civilized, unless it was founded on three
bases, which seem laid down by instinct itself, that great Revealer of eternal truths—the state, the family compact, and property.

Communism of goods, which leads, as a necessary consequence, to communism in wives, children, and parents, and to the brutalization of the species, be held in horror. Socialism in its different forms, or styled by its varied names of Saint Simonism, Fourrierism, and Expropriation of capital, under pretext of multiplying produce, and relieving it from restriction, inspired him with pity.

It appeared to him, indeed, that property, in common with all else that appertains to man, may be ameliorated by institutions calculated to develop, not to destroy it. But protected wages appeared to him as the most free and perfect form of association between capital and labour; because wages, fairly competed for, is the exact proportion between the value of labour and the requirements of capital; a proportion expressed in every free country by what is called competition.

Nevertheless, as the labourer, pressed by hunger, has not always, and on the instant, complete liberty to weigh his right, and to proportion thus the price of his labour to the service which it renders to capital, Lamartine admitted that the state might be, to a certain measure, the umpire or go-between of the two contracting parties.

He further wished that the state, which should take the oversight alike of the strong and the weak, should, in certain extreme cases, determined by the administration, furnish assistant labour (travail d'assistance) to those operatives who could by no means procure bread for their families. He proposed a tax for the poor.

He could not endure that a highly civilized society should say to its workmen without food or shelter, "Go and die;" he desired that it should rather offer him labour and bread.

Finally, deeply impressed with the advantages of property, he earnestly wished to destroy the levelling policy by making the possession of property accessible to the greater portion, and finally to the entire mass of the citizens. But the first condition necessary to this distribution of property, to its gradual spread and diffusion, must be, he strongly asserted, respect for property; that is, respect for its inviolability and
sacredness in the hands of its actual holders, be they landowners, merchants, or members of the industrial class, raised by personal labour or inheritance to a share of the dignity and ease attaching to proprietors.

To dispossess some, in order to enrich others, he asserted was not progress, but spoliation, ruinous to all.

Such were the ideas entertained by Lamartine with respect to the character of any social revolution, or rather of any changes in government intended to result in benefit for the masses.

With regard to the form of government desirable to a nation, he had, in his History of the Girondins, given his ideas fully. There he had written largely, as well on the monarchical, as on the republican form of government.

As the character of the man is much displayed in those pages, we shall reprint them at the close of this volume.

From that extract it will appear that, in Lamartine's view, the question as to form of government was rather one of circumstances than of principles. If the constitutional government of Louis Philippe had sincerely devoted its will and energies to the gradual advance and amelioration which the times demanded, whether moral or material, he would have supported it; for in his appreciation, after having calmly and rationally pondered on the happiness of nations or individuals, stability and order appeared the grand conditions of repose. Repose is good; but Lamartine knew that settled powers ("pouvoirs assis"), to borrow the experience of which he has availed himself in the History of the Girondins, obstinately resist those measures of a transforming or progressive character, which necessarily shake the existing state of things.

Whilst his conscience forbade him to excite a revolution, yet should circumstances produce one, he would gladly accept it. He was resolved to brave its storms and its perils in order to make it tend to the realization of principles which he considered had been sufficiently matured, whilst he would seek to restrain it, so far as he was able, within the bounds of justice, prudence, and humanity.

The two grand ends that he believed sacred enough to be worth the struggle of a revolution in no way touched upon his own personal interests. They only served the cause of
God and of mankind, and in no degree his own individual passions, or if at all, the passions of his philosophy, and not of his ambition.

In a revolution he had nothing to gain; but there was much that he might lose. He asked nothing from it, but permission to consecrate to its service his heart, his intellect, and perhaps his life.

The objects which he deemed worthy of such a sacrifice were:

1st. The accession of the masses to political rights as a preparation for their progressive, inoffensive, and gradual accession to justice, to equality of intelligence, and of relative well-being in society.

2nd. The true emancipation of the conscience of mankind, not by the destruction, but by the entire freedom of religious opinion. The means to this was, in his view, the complete separation of the church from the state. So long as the state and the church should be linked to one another by simoniacal contracts, by wages received and investitures conferred, the state appeared to him to be an interposing object between God and the human conscience; whilst, on the other hand, religious institutions appeared to him adulterated and profaned in descending from the dignity of independent belief to the servile condition of political offices.

"The revolution of 1789," he had said at the tribune, "has won liberty for all except for God. Religious truth is the captive of the law, or is enslaved by the salaries and partial favour of government. It is our duty to restore to it its independence, and to leave it to radiate itself by its own laws over the human mind. In becoming more free, it will become more genuine; and in becoming more genuine, it will become more holy; in becoming more holy and more free, its efficacy will be increased. That which is now mere law, will then be faith; that which is now dead letter, will then be spirit; that which is now barren form, will then be action."

Lamartine was created religious as the air was created transparent. The sentiment of the deity was so inseparable from his soul, that his politics could not be distinguished from his religion. All progress which failed to conduct man to clearer knowledge and more devoted adoration of the Creator, the
source and end of his being, appeared to him an aimless, groping movement nowhither.

But whilst his aspirations and his acts invoked progress in faith and greater depth in adoration, he only desired this progress through the action of the general reason on all, and of individual reason on each. He held in horror the persecution, the violence, and even the seduction of conscience. He sincerely respected in others that faculty, the most inviolable of all with which man is endowed—FAITH.

He venerated faith and piety under whatever sacred form they might animate, enlighten, and console his brethren. He took deep note of the many holy virtues of which Catholicism, understood otherwise than he understood it, is the divine parent, in the heart of believers.

He would have died to secure the inviolability of his sincere and conscientious worship to the humblest of believers. Whilst he wished that religions would lay aside the antiquated dress in which they were disguised, he did not wish that they should be violently or irreverently despoiled.

His sole apostle was liberty, the only worthy minister of God in the mind of men. He respected the priesthood, provided this priesthood was the voluntary magistracy of the soul, armed with faith and not with law. His system of liberty of worship on the principle of voluntary association was rational, pious, and anti-revolutionary, in the bad sense of that word.

These two principles formed the secret springs which induced Lamartine not to bring about a revolution, but to accept one, or rather the completion of one. He did not close his eyes to the difficulties, dangers, and catastrophes that every revolution brings with it. He loved democracy as justice. He abhorred demagoguism as the tyranny of the many. Humanity in the gross, as each man in particular, is composed of a good and an evil element. Virtue and vice are mingled in the multitude as in the individual. The vicious parts of human nature are stirred and developed by revolution.

All that tends to bring the vicious elements into play appears to multiply and increase them for the passing time; when calm is restored, these elements sink again to the depths of society. It is the strife of the foam against the ocean. The
ocean as it subsides, over triumphs over and engulfs the foam, but it does not escape its defilement. Lamartine knew that. He trembled in anticipation of the excesses of demagoguism. He was determined to resist it, and to die, if necessary, to preserve the pure portion of the people from its delirium and its fury, and to protect the calm majesty of a revolution.

While he was listening to and observing without fully understanding it, a movement, resembling rather an époule than a revolution, which was in progress in a few streets of the centre of Paris, the course of events was as follows. On the evening of the 23rd, shortly after the decline of day, the populace, assured of a change of ministry, rolled along the boulevards and the streets, hailing with applause the illuminations which lighted up the façades of the houses.

A feeling of peaceful joy filled the breasts of the citizens. There was a sort of tacit proclamation of reconciliation between king and people, after an outburst of anger. It was known that the king, shaken but not subdued, had successively summoned to the Tuileries M. Molé, M. Thiers, and M. Barrot.

M. Molé, a man of political temperament, of ability for a crisis, agreeable to the court, honoured by conservatives, and loved by the superior bourgeoisie, was one of those natural aristocrats whose character accords with their birth, and whose native superiority wins for them honour and affection, even from the most jealous democracy.

M. Thiers, the leader of the personal opposition to the king, with talents fitted for anything, and capable of the most unexpected combinations, could equally amaze the conservatives, govern the king, or fascinate the people.

M. Barrot, hitherto unsuited to office, on account of the inflexibility and democratic character of his principles, but whom the extremity of the danger now rendered necessary, and whose very name promised the people an administration as nearly republican as was possible under a monarchy.

M. Barrot was, indeed, placed by his opinions on the utmost limits of monarchy. He was the Lafayette of 1848. His eloquence was such as to bring strength and brilliancy to a ministry. His character, above reproach, and though some-
times warped by kindly feeling or mental indecision, yet never by any defect of principle, rendered him the cherished idol of the people. He was the opposition personified, but an opposition unbiassed by any ambition except that of honest glory. Such a man might seem to have been kept in reserve for eighteen years in order at the last hour to save the monarch who threw himself into his arms.

The ministerial negotiations had not closed on the evening of the 23rd, the king obstinately refusing to listen to the conditions proposed to him by M. Molé.

A change of men appeared to Louis Philippe a sufficient sacrifice to the exigence of the moment. A change of measures seemed to involve a renunciation of his own sagacity. The names of Thiers and Barrot were repugnant to him as the visible and palpable signs of his personal defeat. He reserved those names in his mind, as a last spell in a last emergency. He could not bring himself to believe that he was destined to avail himself of it. The night was left him to ponder; he would decide according to the more or less menacing appearances of the following morning. Nothing indicated that the evening commencing amidst the splendours of illumination was the last of the monarchy.

A small number of combatants concentrated in that quarter of Paris, which forms by its obliquity and by the narrowness and crookedness of its streets the natural citadel of insurrection, preserved a hostile attitude and impregnable position. These men were almost all the veterans of the republic, formed to voluntary discipline in the secret societies of the two monarchies, inured to conflict, and even to martyrdom, in those days which had inundated Paris with blood, and witnessed a contest for the establishment of the monarchy. None knew by whom they were commanded. Their invisible chief had neither name nor rank. It was the inarticulate whisper of the revolution, the spirit of secte, the soul of democracy, enduring the present, but yearning to give birth to the future. It was that disinterested fanaticism, and that cold courage, which delights to die, if in that death posterity may find the germ of amelioration and of life. To men like these, two other species of combatants gave their adherence; classes who ever throw themselves into the tumultuous movements of sedition; savage natures, who luxuriate in blood and
delight in death, and frivolous natures, whom storm attracts and rivets, the genuine children of Paris. But this nucleus did not enlarge. It kept watch in silence, musket in hand. It was satisfied thus to give time for the general rise.

No symptoms of this rise appeared; a war-cry was necessary to excite it—a cry of horror to sow fury and vengeance in that floating mass of population who are equally ready to retire to their dwellings, or to sally from them for the subversion of the government. A few silent groups alone assembled here and there at the extremity of the faubourgs of the Temple and of Saint-Antoine. Other groups, composed of few individuals, appeared at the mouth of the streets which lead from the Chausée d'Antin on to the boulevards.

These two classes of groups exhibited characteristic difference of air and costume. The one was composed of young men belonging to the rich and refined mercantile classes, to the schools, to trade, to the national guard, to literature, and more particularly to the periodical press. These harangued the people, inflamed popular indignation against the king, the minister, and the chambers; spoke of the humiliation of France before the foreigner, of the diplomatic treasons of the court, and the insolent corruption and servility of deputies, who had sold themselves to the sovereign will of Louis Philippe; they openly gave out the names of popular ministers whom insurrection was to thrust upon the Tuileries. The numerous promenaders and bystanders, whose curiosity was excited by whatever was new, crowded around these orators, and applauded their expressions. The other class was composed of the lower orders, summoned within the last two days, from their shops, by the sound of firing; clad in their working dresses, with their blue shirts open, and their hands still blackened with the smoke of the forge. These came down in silence, in little knots, skirting the walls of those streets which open upon Clichy la Villette and the Canal de l'Ouèque. One or two workmen, better dressed than the rest, with long skirted cloth coats, walked before them, addressed them in a low tone, and seemed to be giving them the word of command. These were the heads of the sections of the Rights of Man and of Families.

The Society of the Rights of Man and of Families constituted a sort of democratic freemasonry, established by some
active republicans in 1830. These societies preserved under
different names, from the destruction of the first republic by
Buonaparte, the galling sense of liberty betrayed, and some
traditional features of Jacobinism, handed down from Babeuf
to Buonarroti, and from Buonarroti to the young republicans
of that school. The members of these purely political societies were almost entirely recruited from the principal mecha-
nics, smiths, cabinet-makers, printers, joiners, and carpenters
of Paris.

Coincidently with these permanent conspiracies against
royalty, as the key-stone of the arch of privilege, diverse
philosophical societies were organized, composed, for the most
part, of the same elements, under the auspices of St. Simon,
others of Fourrier, some of Cabet, others of Raspail, Pierre
Leroux, and Louis Blanc. These were overt conspiracies
organized by the sole propagandist influence of harangues,
association, and the public press. These heretofore pacific
societies now discussed, and promoted the freest discussion of,
their principles.

The essence of these was a chimerical fraternity to be
realized on earth, and tending consentaneously to the sup-
pression of individual property. By a direct consequence,
they also tended to the suppression of the family compact.
That compact is the trinity of the father, the mother, and of
the child. The father, the mother, and the child which per-
petuates their being, unceasingly reproduce that trinity,
which of itself completes and continues the race. Without
personal and hereditary property, that compact, the source,
the charm, and the perpetuating cause of human nature,
has no root whence to germinate and maintain its earthly
existence. The man is the male, the woman the female parent,
and the child the epitome of the human flock. The soil
without a master ceases to be fertile; the civilization pro-
duced by wealth, by leisure, and by competition, vanishes
and disappears; the annihilation of the family compact is the
suicide of the human race.

These elementary truths were consigned to the category
of prejudices, and insulted with the epithets of tyranny by
the ruling spirits of these schools. Philosophers or sophists,
ideal adventurers, men for the most part honest, acting on
conviction, the fanatics of their own chimerical speculations,
soared in their fancy beyond the point to which the real and social world guides the feet of man. In their eloquence they lost their way in the chaos of systems. Unhappily, with their own bewilderment they caused simple-minded, suffering, and credulous persons to lose their way, in like manner, amidst narrow views, corrupt intentions, and theories deranged by adversity and dissatisfaction with real life. These systems were the poetry of communism, intoxicating with utopian aspirations, and avenging the cause of men dissatisfied with social order.

The nomadic population of the workshop, evicted from its native soil and from the principles of home, threw itself into the system without perceiving its emptiness, and grieved over the long delay which postponed the realization of the prospects in which they had been taught to confide. Every shock to the government appeared to the members of these anti-social societies as the approaching fulfilment of their dreams. Without in any degree entertaining the purely republican and levelling doctrine of the Society of the Rights of Man, and of the Society of Families, the Socialists joined heart and hand in the strife, hoping to find their treasure beneath the ruin. The difference between these revolutionary classes was, that the first was inspired by the hatred of royalty, the second by the progress of the species. Republicanism and equality were the object of the one; social renovation and fraternity of the other. They had nothing in common but impatience of the existing order of things, and the hope of what they despised looming through an approaching revolution.

About six o'clock in the evening, a little column of republicans, of the younger trading population, issued from the Rue Lepelletier, and formed a silent group before the door of the National newspaper, as though it were the appointed place of rendezvous. In all our revolutions, counsel is kept, the word of command is given, and the impulse is directed to the office of a journal. These are the comitia of public opinion, the moveable tribunes of the people. A long conference took place between the republicans within and the republicans without. Expressions, brief but energetic, were exchanged through the low and barred window of the porter's lodge. The group, inspired with the flame they were about to spread, advanced with cries of "Reform! Down with the ministers! To the boulevard!"
Scarcely had it quitted the office of the *National* when another column—the workmen and popular partisans—presented itself at the same place and halted at the command of their leader. They seemed to have been expected; a clapping of hands is heard within the house; a young man, of slight stature, with a fiery eye, with lips agitated by enthusiasm, and hair dishevelled by the breath of inspiration, mounted the inner wall of the window, and harangued the assembly. The spectators saw but gestures and heard but the sound of a voice and some thrilling expressions, emphasized by lips of a southern contour. The tenor of his eloquence was popular, but that cultivated and imaginative popularity of style had nothing about it frivolous; it exalted the streets of Paris to the loftiness of the Roman forum; it was modern passion expressed by the lips of a man nursed in antiquity. By the light of a lamp they discerned a man of high qualifications, but unadvanced to the tribune. It was Marrast, the editor, who by turns delighted as a wit and hurled in thunder the sarcasms and the indignation of the republic opposition.

A feeling correspondent to this address soon showed itself in the impatient expression, the attitudes, and inarticulate murmurs of this martial group; they retired and united with the former body which seemed to direct their movements. Two other bodies, in similar silence, advanced at the same instant, like a detached corps, towards a position which had been previously resolved on. The one seemed to come from the populous and ever-disturbed region of the boulevard de la Bastille. The other came from the centre of Paris, having formed its nucleus in the office of the *Réforme* journal. Imbued with the spirit of the most undaunted conspirators against royalty, at whose head marched men of action rather than of words, these had arms beneath their clothes. They marched like a troop inured to war and grown old amidst firing, every soldier in which leaned with careless confidence on the well-tried arm of his comrade.

The column of the boulevard de la Bastille was more numerous, but less compact and less adult; it brought to recollection those revolutionary processions of the same class, which made a descent into Paris in those days that decided our civil commotions. There were seen a number of women and ragged children, the migrating refuse of our faubourgs, who come from time to time to startle the affluent
and voluptuous centre of our capitals with the sight of the
indigence and the manly power of our primitive population.
To rally these more popular groups, some visible and striking
symbols are required; they belong to the herd, and they need
the leader; they belong to the army, and they need the flag,
the drum, the colours, and the tumult. They carry two or
three ensigns, torn in the struggles of yesterday and to-day,
and on these might be read some familiar anathemas printed
on the white stripes of the tricolor.

A man of about forty years of age, tall, thin, with hair curled
and falling upon his shoulders, dressed in a white frock, well
worn and stained with dirt, marched with a military step at
their head. His arms were folded over his chest, his head
slightly bent forward, with the air of one who was about to
face bullets deliberately, and to brave death with exultation.
In the eyes of this man, well known by the multitude, was
concentrated all the fire of the revolution; his physiognomy
was the living expression of the defiance of opposing force;
his lips, incessantly agitated as if by a mental harangue, were
pale and trembling. Still his perfectly martial figure betrayed,
as at the bottom of his soul, somewhat of pensive and of com-
passionate reflection, which amidst his courage excluded all
idea of cruelty. There was, moreover, in his carriage and his
expression a devoted fanaticism, a bewilderment combined with
heroism, which might suggest the idea of the Delphic of the
East, who get drunk with opium before they plunge into death.
We are told that his name was Lagrange.

In the neighbourhood of the café Tortoni, the rendezvous
of idlers, these bodies united their momentum. They
cleared a way through the inquisitive and idle throng, which
undulated with the natural wave of multitudes to the great
thoroughfare of the boulevards. A crowd of inoffensive
people followed mechanically in the train of this silent
column. A small detachment, composed of workmen armed
with sabres and pikes, separated from the principal body at
the top of the Rue de Choiseul, and silently took possession of
that street. The object of this detachment appeared to be
to flank the Hotel of Foreign Affairs, which was occupied
by troops, while the head of the column presented itself in
front. An unknown system of operation evidently com-
bined and controlled these movements. The unanimous
whisper of a revolution raises the masses. None but conspira-
tors can with such precision govern its chances and guide its evolutions.

In the midst of the smoke of torches a red flag waved over the first rank of this multitude. They advanced, multiplying in their progress. A misgiving curiosity attached to this cloud of men, who seemed to carry in their midst the mystery of the day. In front of the Hotel of Foreign Affairs a battalion of the line, drawn up in battle array, with loaded arms and their commander at their head, obstructed the boulevard. Before this hedge of bayonets the column suddenly halts. The flapping of the flag and the flash of the torches frighten the horse of the commander; recoiling in terror on his haunches, he plunged into the battalion, which opened to receive its chief. In the confusion of the moment the report of a musket was heard. Did it come, as was said, from some concealed and disaffected hand, fired on the people by one of their own agitators, to revive by the sight of blood the ardour of a struggle which was subsiding? Did it come from the hand of one of the insurgents directed against the troops? or rather, which is more probable, did it accidentally arise from the motion of a loaded musket, or from the hand of one of the soldiers who supposed that his commander was wounded when he saw his horse take fright? This no man knows. Whether by crime or accident, this explosion created a revolution.

The soldiers, considering themselves attacked, presented their guns; the whole line instantaneously fired. The discharge, reverberated by lofty houses and by the enclosed streets of the centre of Paris, throws the whole boulevard into excitement. The column of the people of the faubourg falls decimated by the balls. The cries of mortal agony and the groans of the wounded mingle with the affrighted shouts of those who had followed from curiosity, and of flying women and children. They rush into the adjoining houses, into the lower streets, and beneath the archways. By the light of torches, half-extinguished in the blood upon the pavement, heaps of dead bodies are perceived strewing the thoroughfare in all directions. The terrified multitude, supposing themselves pursued, fly with cries of vengeance to the Rue Laffitte, leaving between themselves and the battalions an empty space in silence and darkness.

The multitude supposed that they had been treacherously fired upon in the midst of a demonstration of joy and of
harmony, occasioned by a change of ministry. They turned
their rage against ministers, who were so perfidious as to
avenge their fall by torrents of blood, and against a king
obstinate enough to fire on that very people who had crowned
him at the sacrifice of their lives in 1830. The soldiers, on
their part, were thrown into consternation by this undesigned
massacre. No one had given orders to fire; nothing had
been heard but the word of command to fix bayonets, to resist
the fire expected from this sudden movement of the people.
Darkness, confusion, chance, and precipitation had done the
deed. The foot of the soldiery was deluged with blood;
the wounded dragged themselves along to die at the feet of
their murderers. Tears of despair flowed from the eyes of the
general. The officers dropped the point of their swords upon
the pavement, deploring this unintentional crime. They
foresaw the necessary effect of this involuntary murder of the
people, upon the mind of the population of Paris. The com-
manding officer hastened to prevent this misunderstanding by
entering into an explanation with the people. He ordered
a lieutenant to convey to the crowd assembled at the corner
of the Rue Laffitte expressions of sorrow and explanation.

The officer presents himself at the café Tortoni, which
occupies the angle formed by this street and the boulevard.
He attempts to address them. The multitude crowd around
him and listen. But scarcely has he uttered a few words when
a man, armed with a musket, thrust the bystanders aside
and put an end to his address. The national guards present
themselves under arms, and the murderer is driven away and
sent back to his corps.

Meanwhile the news of this event spread, with a rapidity
equal to that of the firing, through the whole line of the bou-
levard and through the one-half of Paris. The body which
had marched from the faubourg, scattered and thrown in con-
fusion for a moment, soon regained their order and began to
collect their dead. Large waggons, perfectly prepared, were
found at hand, even at this advanced hour of the night, as
if they had been previously obtained in order to exhibit through
Paris those lifeless bodies, the mere sight of which was
destined to rekindle the fury of the people. They collect the
corpses and arrange them on the waggons, with their arms
hanging over the side, with their wounds exposed and their
blood dripping on the wheels. They carry them by torch-
light before the office of the *National*, as the symbol of approaching vengeance exhibited on the cradle of the republic.

After a mournful pause, the procession takes its way to the Rue Montmartre, and halts before the office of the *Réforme* paper—a new appeal to the irreconcilable hatred subsisting between the monarchy and the republic. Deep and confused cries, as if smothered by indignation and by the sobs of the procession, rise to the windows of the houses. A man, standing upon the carriage with his feet bathed in blood, raises from time to time, from the lifeless heap, the corpse of a woman, exhibits it to the multitude, and lays it again in its bloody bed. At this sight the pity of the bystanders assumes the character of fury, and they rushed to their houses to arm. The streets become empty. A close array of men, armed with muskets, parades around, and enters the gloomy lanes of the densely-populated centre of Paris. In the direction of the square of St. Martin, the Mount Aventine of the populace, they rapped at every door in succession to summon new combatants to vengeance. At the spectacle of these victims, exhibited to the reproach of royalty, these districts arise, rush where they are summoned by the bells, sound the tocsin, unpave the streets, and raise and multiply barricades. From time to time the noise of firing echoes, and forbids sleep to assuage the anxiety and the indignation of the capital. Peals from church to church carry even to the ears of the king, at the Tuileries, those sounds which were the feverish precursors of to-morrow’s insurrection.

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BOOk III.

Whilst the insurrection, roused by vengeance and favoured by the darkness of the night, was extending through Paris, the king was meditating, amidst the sounds of the tocsin, on the means of quieting the people, and of putting down the revolution, which he still persisted in regarding as a mere émeute. The abandonment of his system of foreign politics, embodied in M. Guizot, M. Duchatel, and the majority of the chambers, who were entirely devoted to his interest, must have been a greater sacrifice than a resignation of his crown. It was the abdication of his theory, of his sagacity, of his
halo of infallibility, before the eyes of Europe, of his family, and of his people. To a great mind it is a small matter to surrender a throne to adverse fortune; but to yield one's renown and moral influence to triumphant opinion and inexorable history, this is the most painful struggle which can agitate the heart of man, for it is one which humbles and which breaks it.

But the king was not one of those rash and blood-thirsty natures which coolly stake the life of a people against the gratification of their pride. He had deeply read history, abundantly traced in his own experience events and their consequences, and much reflected. He did not conceal from himself that a dynasty which should have reconquered Paris by cannon-balls and grape-shot would be perpetually besieged in it by the detestation of the people. Public opinion had ever been his field of battle, it was upon it that he wished to act, and he was desirous of promptly reconciling himself by concessions; but, as an accomplished and a careful statesman, he bargained with himself and with public opinion to obtain this reconciliation at the smallest possible sacrifice of his system and his dignity; he thought that he had many gradations of popularity to descend before descending the steps of the throne. The remainder of the night seemed to him a sufficient interval in which to escape from the exigencies of the situation with which he was threatened by the approaching day.

In this state of mind the king awaited the arrival of M. Molé, with whom he had already had an interview in the course of the day. The events of the evening had inclined him to some important measures. M. Molé, whose nature was prudence and carefulness itself, would, doubtless, three days sooner, have meted out with precision what was required by the preservation of the monarchical principle, to which he had through life been attached, and by the demands imposed by the irritation of parliamentary opposition. But M. Molé, discouraged by the conversation of the preceding morning, kept away.

The king then sent for M. Thiers. This minister, born with the monarchy of July, loaded with the favours of the crown, endeared to parliament by his eloquence, often querulous, and sometimes an agitator at the tribune, but never unforgiving, had pledged his heart and his word to the ser-
vice of the dynasty which had adopted him. The leader of opposition for seven years, M. Thiers could bring over to the king and to monarchy, all that section of the country whose republicanism was only a whim. The name of M. Thiers imported the victory of the opposition over the personal obstinacy of the king; but it did not import victory over royalty itself. Obtruded upon the king in 1840, by an almost factions coalition of different parties in the chamber, M. Thiers had shown that he was not the man to misuse his victory. Master of the king at that time, he had suffered himself in his turn to be honourably conquered by the monarch. He had resigned office into the hands of M. Guizot and of the conservative party, at the very moment when he might have compelled the king to retain him, and have thrown Europe into confusion for the gratification of his ambition. But he did not choose to be the Neck of the Orleans dynasty, though the imprudence of the fused party of the opposition had assigned to him the part of a minister who was master of his sovereign.

He had confined himself to serving the king with the false notion of placing royalty in a citadel by the fortification of the capital, and of agitating Europe by his diplomacy to the very verge of war, in order to attach to his cause a degree of martial popularity in his negotiations with relation to the East. This unfortunate conception of the French cabinet must have issued in the retirement of the ministry, or in plunging France, without allies, into a universal war. M. Thiers, who at a distance had resolutely advanced towards the precipice, had stopped when he saw it at his feet. He did not add a guilty obstinacy to his error; his personal considerations were obliterated before the danger which threatened his country. He would not illustrate his name by the bloodshed of a European war, and this repentance invests his fall with dignity in the eyes of the good. He retired, humbled in the opinion of statesmen, unpopular with extreme and reckless factions, but raised in the esteem of impartial men. Such, at all events, is our conception of his rash accession, his troubled administration, and his honourable retirement. In the estimate of such a statesman, conscience should be admitted to the counsels of history.

M. Thiers, summoned at midnight, did not hesitate to obey the invitation. Providence seemed to have predestined him
to attend at the birth and the obsequies of this monarchy. At
the moment when M. Thiers entered the Tuileries, Guizot
was again with the king. Deception as to the nature of the
movement, and mistaken confidence in the power of his
will and in the infallibility of his designs, forbid us to sup-
pose that any retracing of his steps, that any self-reproach,
caused the mind of the minister to hesitate at this critical
moment. His last act was a defiance of public opinion; by
retiring, he provoked it still further. The king and the
minister, dissatisfied with the military arrangement intrusted
to General Jacqueminot and General Sebastiani, had just
signed the nomination of Marshal Bugeaud to the military
command of Paris. Marshal Bugeaud, while he possessed
the confidence of the army, was at that time most unpopular
at Paris; the very mention of his name was the declaration of
an uncompromising struggle.

A simple colonel in 1830, and rendered illustrious in that
rank by heroic bravery and an intuitive knowledge in the art
of war, Marshal Bugeaud had devoted himself without reser-
vation to the new dynasty. As commander of the fortress of
Blaye, he had had the Duchess de Berri as his prisoner. The
unfortunate captive had quitted her place of confinement,
respected as a princess for her heroism, but stained in her
honour as a woman. This exhibition of frailty had served
the political interests of the Orleans dynasty, but it had
given pain to natural feelings. Marshal Bugeaud had un-
doubtedly neither counselled nor approved that political course
which trampled on the ties of relationship, but he had had
the misfortune to be placed in embarrassment between his
duty as a soldier and his feelings as a man. His position
had been constituted a crime. A deep-seated resentment
existed towards him from this period in the opinion of the
royalists. Since then, he had, as was said, treated some
quarters of Paris like a besieged town rather than a capital,
in those insurrections which constituted the latest efforts of
the republican party. That party, in its curses pronounced
against the rigours of the throne, never forgot the name of
the marshal. But the general command in Algeria, combining
the functions of the civil magistrate, during a period of five
years, the subjugation and pacification of Africa, indefatigable
campaigns, a battle illustrated by the name of Isly, the
government of a province at once supreme and minute, the
solicitude of a father as much as a general for the army, and the attachment of the troops;—all this had reconciled France with the name of Marshal Bugeaud. His intellect appeared to have risen and enlarged with his honours. There was in his exterior, in his style, in his laconic mode of expression, which cut without giving pain, a rough good sense, a military frankness, and an authoritative air, which, while it attracted the attention of the masses, and inspired confidence in his troops, struck terror into his foes. Such a man, placed but the night before at the head of 60,000 men, the army of Paris, would have rendered the victory of the people either impossible or bloody. Summoned at the moment when the minister was giving way, his very name contradicted the proposals of concession; he rendered them suspected on the part of the throne, and unacceptable on that of the people.

Messrs. Thiers and Guizot met at the door of the king's apartment, the one entering and the other leaving it. Both seemed summoned in vain to the aid of a throne, which the politics of both had equally damaged. M. Thiers took upon himself the formation of a ministry, on the condition that Odillon Barrot, the head of the oldest and most powerful opposition, should be a member of it. In order to settle monarchical power, it was necessary entirely to change its position. Parliamentary revolution could alone arrest a popular revolution. The mere instinct of preservation dictated this measure, and the king acceded to it. The new minister perceived at once that the appointment of Marshal Bugeaud to the general command of the troops would be regarded as an additional provocation, and would still more "embroil the fray." He wished for a suspension of hostilities, in order to make terms with public opinion. This suspension he ordered for the following day, and drew up a proclamation to the people. The proclamation, having been intrusted to the police, was placarded before daylight; and satisfied with these pacific measures, of whose efficacy he entertained no doubt, M. Thiers withdrew. Guizot, who had not left the palace, returned to the royal closet, where he remained another hour, in close conversation with the king. The object of this last interview between the monarch and his minister is unknown. It doubtless embraced provisions for the future rather than retrospections of the past. Power-
ful wills are the subjects of delusion, but never of repentance. Such a will was the grand characteristic of Guizot. That will might be broken, but the hand of God himself could not bend it.

At this moment Paris seemed lulled in silence and fatigue. The tocsin had ceased to sound; a silent host, concentrated in the heart of the ancient city, around the square of St. Martin, had broken up the streets, and piled up the pavements, those fortifications of the campaigns of the people; numberless barricades arose in all directions, and the reports of fire-arms reverberated far and wide at the earliest dawn of day. The Tuileries was aroused by the firing. The tardy proclamation, placarded with difficulty in the insurrectionary districts, was not even signed. The people regard it as an anonymous snare, designed to trip them up in the struggle. Instead of disarming, they arm, recruit, rally, and group themselves, here in tumultuary bodies, there in close column. M. Thiers returns to the Tuileries to complete his ministerial arrangements.

The principal members of the constitutional opposition, attacked by principle to liberty, and to the throne by devotedness, are joined there by several generals, who offer the aid of their swords in the perils of the day. There were seen arriving in succession, the Marshal Gerard, a veteran of the empire, bound by affection to the royal person, the counsellor and friend of the monarch in his days of difficulty; General Lamoricière, adorned with the lustre which his name had won in Africa, and now the commander of a brigade in the army of Paris; M. Duvergier de Hauranne, whose ambition is rather to be the invisible director than the ostensible possessor of power; M. de Remusat, a minister under M. Thiers; M. Crémieux, M. de Lasteyrie, and several other members of both chambers. The common danger seems to recall to the Tuileries men who for a long period had never crossed its threshold; an honourable but ineffectual attempt to prop up what was destined to fall; a tumultuous assembly, interrupted every minute by fresh arrivals, and incessantly influenced by contradictory reports from without, touching the dispositions of the capital and the success of the insurrection, holds its sittings in the antechambers of the royal closet. The king, worn out with
anxieties, with watching, and with the disturbances of the night, was reposing, dressed as he was, upon a sofa, amidst the hum of conversations, of which the subjects were his triumph, his defeat, or his abdication.

During the brief interval of the king’s repose, every hour brought accessions of strength to the insurrection. The rumour of a massacre of the people in the boulevards had spread throughout the night, and produced a universal influence. The tocsin had spread to the very suburbs that feverish spasm which makes man incapable either of sleep or of quiet. The whole population was on foot, armed, and prepared for extreme measures. The students of Paris, that embodied intelligence of the populace, which naturally assumes the guidance of the blind force of the masses, were in agitation within the walls of their colleges. They forced the gates, sallied forth in companies from the Polytechnic School, fraternized with the company of workmen, and singing the Marseillaise and the Girondins, descended from their elevated region into the centre of Paris. A general inspiration pervading the mind of the people seemed spontaneously to direct them to those military positions which could most embarrass the troops and control the fortune of the day. Every minute narrowed the circle of iron and stone with which the barricades enclosed the palace and approaches of the Tuileries. It seemed as if the paving of the streets had risen of its own accord, to bury royalty beneath its heaps.

Between ten and eleven o’clock in the morning, on the Place du Palais Royal, on the Place de la Concorde, and on the two wings of the Louvre, the troops who had been concentrated there were passively listening to the shouts, and gazing at the attacks of the multitude which thronged around the palace of the Tuileries and the principal hotels of the government. The men wore an air of astonishment, languor, and dulness. The soldier who is not acting loses all the impulse and enthusiasm of the charge: so much easier is it to brave death than to await it. The rational guard, evidently divided, showed themselves in small numbers, endeavoured by exhortation to pacify the crowd and check the violence of the insurgents; but yielding to the pressure from without, to the infection of example, and to their own normal habits of discontent, they formed a line to let the insurrection pass, and cheered it on by
their gestures and their cries of "Vive la réforme," sometimes swelling its numbers by their defection, sanctioning it with their uniforms, and even arming it with their bayonets.

The Place du Palais Royal had just been taken by the people. That ancient and stately residence of the house of Orleans was being sacked by the conquerors. The same people which had so often issued from its precincts in 1789 as from the cradle of the French revolution, which had repaired to it to seek their king in 1630, returned thither after half a century as the Nemesis of a fatal popularity. The furniture, pictures, and statues were being destroyed, in the spirit rather of rage than of plunder. A battalion of infantry, which had evacuated the court and crossed the square under a fire from the windows, had retired to the station at the Château d'Eu, which was already filled with wounded municipal guards. A capitulation was presently entered into, and they were suffered to withdraw, while the edifice was ravaged by flames, in which not a few wounded men, unable to effect their escape, are said to have perished.

All this passed within a few paces of large bodies of troops, motionless, and stunned as it were to insensibility, under the orders of commanding officers, whom the king and his new ministry had forbidden to fight.

The Place du Carrousel and the court of the Tuileries were occupied by horse, foot, and artillery. Within the palace they seemed to be expecting, in a state of unconcern, that the news of the change of ministry and the promised concessions would of themselves cause the insurrection to subside. M. Odillon Barrot rode through the boulevard, surrounded by a few popular officers of the national guards. He hoped that his name, his presence, his verbal assurance, and his accession to power, would be the visible and sufficient pledge of victory and concession to public opinion. But the lengthened agitation of the people, excited at the banquets of his party, went beyond that honourable and courageous democratic feeling. He was sacrificing himself to the danger of the dynasty. M. Barrot, though universally respected as a man, had been rejected as a peacemaker. He returned in mortification to his residence. He made preparation for assuming, by an appeal to the king, to the ministry of the interior, a power which had already, by anticipation, been broken in his hands. At the same instant a brave
officer, M. de Prebois, inflamed with a desire of stopping the effusion of blood, threw himself, on the spontaneous impulse of his own feelings, before the armed multitude which was inundating the Place du Palais-Royal, to attack the Carrousel. "What do you want?" said he; "what is necessary to induce you to lay down these fratricidal arms? Royalty concedes to public opinion all that you can possibly demand. Do you want reform? It is already promised you. Do you stipulate for the dismissal of ministers? They have already retired. Who, then, are the men of your choice and confidence, in whose hands you would consider your liberties secure and your wishes met? The king has just summoned M. Thiers! Does that satisfy you?" "No," shouted the multitude. "What, if he appoints M. Barrot?" "No, no," was again the cry. "Would you, then," rejoined the peacemaker, "lay down your arms, if the king would send for M. de Lamartine?" "Yes, yes," cried the multitude, "Lamartine for ever! That is the man we want. Let the king give us Lamartine, and everything may be presently settled. He is the man of our confidence." To such a degree did the isolation of Lamartine in a confined Chamber of Deputies cause his popularity to burst forth within the deep and settled sentiments of the people.

But neither the king, nor the chamber, nor the opposition party of M. Thiers, nor that of Barrot, nor even the republican party of the National or the Réforme, ever dreamed of putting forward Lamartine before the people, either as their minister, their peacemaker, or their tribune. He was neither the man of the Tuileries, nor of the opposition journals, nor of the reform banquets, nor of the plots against royalty. He was powerless and unsupported, and did not doubt that he was named by the people in a moment of unpremeditated confidence. M. de Prebois made his escape from the armed groups which surrounded him, and with difficulty regained the Tuileries, where he detailed to some of the courtiers what he had just seen and heard. But the time had passed when it was possible to discuss the choice of one or another who was absent from the court. The king was compelled to avail himself with precipitation of whomsoever happened to be at hand; and, besides, Lamartine was the last man whom the
king would have summoned to power at a moment of emergency. He liked Lamartine little, and he understood him less. Herein lay the real cause of the estrangement.

The family of M. de Lamartine, on his mother's side, had under the old régime been adherents of the house of Orleans; from it they had received both honours and favours, and Lamartine himself had been educated in sentiments of grateful respect for that branch of the royal family. He had never forgotten those affectionate recollections of that royal house which had been instilled into his mind by his mother. But his father's family were constitutional royalists, and consequently opposed to those revolutionary opinions and pretensions which had placed a usurped crown on the head of the duke of Orleans. Nevertheless, at the return of the Bourbons in 1815, the father of M. de Lamartine had presented his youthful son to the duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, and had requested for him the office of aide-de-camp or staff-officer about his person. The prince, thinking M. de Lamartine too young, or wishing rather to attach to himself some families who had been devoted to the empire, had refused. Subsequently M. de Lamartine had seen the prince from time to time, but without in any degree entertaining the hope of power or sharing the confidential position of those who were worshipping the rising sun. Having been at a later period elected to the chamber, he maintained, with respect to the new monarch, a perfect independence and a respectful reserve.

The king doubtless concluded that M. de Lamartine was either an enemy of his dynasty, or that he was an insulated political theorist, who preferred chimeras to the substantial realities of power. From this time the prince, although the member sometimes did homage to him, and not unfrequently good service at the tribune, had always spoken of Lamartine as a dreamer, always hovering above the world and never alighting; a man whose vision was incapable of distinguishing shadows from realities. In this respect the king entertained the views of the middle and commercial class. There are certain men whom these can never forgive for not holding the platitudes of the vulgar, or sharing in the vices of the times. The name of Lamartine was the last which the lips of the king could pronounce. The people alone could think of him:
and even they only repeated his name by chance, and as an echo returns an expression which has been uttered.

At the moment when that name was resounding for the first time amidst the reports of musketry on the Place du Carrousel, and in the vestibule of the palace, Guizot, who had kept in an inner apartment of the king to the last minute, as if watching for a symptom of the returning fortunes of royalty, secretly escaped from the Tuileries, in order to fly from a revolution which had been provoked by his name. Being recognized as he issued from a wicket which communicates with the Carrousel, he was compelled by some shots fired at him to retrace his steps, and took sanctuary in a part of the Louvre which was occupied by the staff officers. There he remained in concealment until the darkness of night allowed of his seeking a safer asylum at the house of a female artist whom pity induced to receive him. He could descry through the open windows of the Louvre the occupation of the Carrousel by the populace, the defection of the national guards, the passiveness of the troops, the ineffectual efforts of the generals, the last retrospective effort of the king, the flight of the whole royal family on foot, and the short and mortal struggle of that dynasty to which he had consecrated so much of effort, so much earnestness, so much of character, and such ruinous pertinacity of devotion. What a spectacle for a statesman! What a recapitulation of a life condensed into an hour! How many errors might not be expiated; how much of revenge might not have been satisfied, and even melted into pity, by that crash before the eyes of a man, or all the purposes of a life. These purposes, however, of the statesman, whether right or wrong, all tended directly to these disasters and to this pitiable result. There often remains after a while to statesmen, wrecked by such storms, only the consciousness of having been misled with right intentions.

Meanwhile, what was occurring at the palace amidst the ever rising deluge of the insurrection? The king had given orders that the troops should cease firing, and only maintain their position. The Marshal Bugeaud, who had already mounted his horse to fight, was recalled by the announcement of the cessation of his functions as commander-in-chief of Paris. M. Thiers imagined that in thus putting a stop to resistance, he had also disarmed aggression. The duke de
Nemours repeated in all directions the order to stop hostilities. The duchess of Orleans, in her own apartments, had abandoned herself to the anxieties of her mind and the perils of her position. The queen, in whose veins was the blood of Maria Theresa, of Marie-Antoinette, and of the queen of Naples, exhibited that masculine courage which neglects political considerations. "Go," said she, to the king, "and show yourself to the disheartened troops, and to the irresolute national guard. I will place myself in the balcony, with my grandchildren and my princess daughters, and I will see you die in a manner worthy of yourself, of your throne, and of our common misfortunes." The countenance of this beloved wife, and of this so long happy mother, was animated for the first time with the energy of her twofold concern for her husband and for her children. In her anxiety for their honour, all her tenderness for them became concentrated and impassioned. Their life came but second in her love. Her grey locks, contrasting with the fire of her eyes and the animated flush of her cheek, impressed upon her countenance something at once tragical and sacred,—the combination of the Athalia and the Niobe. The king soothed her with expressions of confidence in his own experience and wisdom, which had never yet deceived him. At eleven o'clock he felt so sure of controlling the insurrection, and of reducing the crisis to such a change of ministry as would be acceptable to the people, that he came down with a smiling countenance, and in a negligent dress, to the dining-room, to partake of the family breakfast.

Scarcely had the meal commenced when the door opened, and two intimate and trusty counsellors of the crown hastily entered, intended, it was said, by M. Thiers, for ministerial office. These were Messrs. de Rémuwast and Duvergier de Hauranne. They requested a private audience of the duke de Montpensier. The prince rose, made a gesture of unconcern to the king and queen, and ran to the two messengers; but their majesties, unable to restrain their impatience, rose at the same moment, and interrogated Rémuwast by their looks. "Sire," said he, "your majesty must know the truth; to conceal it at such a moment would be to render one's-self an accomplice in the result. Your unconcern proves that you are under a delusion. Three hundred paces from your palace the dragoons are surrendering their swords
and the soldiers their muskets to the people." "Impossible!" cried the king, drawing back with astonishment. A staff officer, M. de l'Aubépin, respectfully replied to the king, "I saw it."

At these words the whole family arose from the table. The king retired to his chamber to put on his uniform, and mounted his horse. His two sons, the dukes of Nemours and Montpensier, and a body of faithful generals, accompanied him. He rode slowly past the line of troops, and before the scanty battalion of national guards who occupied the Place du Carrousel and the court of the Tuileries. The air of the king was downcast; that of the troops cold; that of the national guard irresolute. A few cries of "Vive le roi," mingled with shouts of "Vive la réforme," issued from the ranks. The queen and the princesses, standing at a balcony of the palace, like Marie-Antoinette, on the morning of the 10th of August, followed the king and the princes with their eyes and with their hearts. They saw the military salute of the soldiery as they presented arms along the front of the line, and heard the confused echo of cries, the words of which they were unable to distinguish. They thought it a return of loyal enthusiasm, and withdrew in exultation to their apartments.

But the king could not mistake the coldness of his reception. He had marked the restless and the hostile glances; he had heard the cries of "Vive la réforme" bursting, like the shell of revolt, at the very foot of his horse, and reverberating to the gates of his palace. He returned dispirited and perplexed, fearing alike to provoke or to await the struggle—in that state of compelled passiveness which seizes on men who are encompassed on all sides by equal difficulties—situations in which action alone can save, but in which action itself is impossible. Despair is the presiding genius of desperate circumstances. The misfortune of the king was, that he had not felt it sooner. He had been habituated to good fortune, and the last hour of his reign was beguiled by the prosperity of a long life.

M. Thiers, a witness of this accelerated catastrophe, waited upon the king to give back the power which was escaping from his hand ere he had grasped and exercised it. He saw the fugitive popularity of a single night glide away from his name to that of another. To the king he recommended M. Barrot alone. It was impossible to go to a greater length
of opposition without the surrender of the monarchy. M. Bar
rot had already experienced before the people of the Boulevard
the powerlessness and the frailty of a name. He devoted him-
self, nevertheless, to the king, and to the task of pacification,
without considering that he was about to throw away in a
few hours a popularity of eighteen years. This devotedness to
the monarch at the moment when fortune deserted him shows a
generosity of character and of courage which must exalt any man
in the opinion of future times. It may be the theme of raillery
for the frivolous creatures of the day, but it will be his title to
esteem with an impartial posterity. Informed in a few mo-
ments of his nomination by the king, he did not hesitate to
go and take possession of the ministry of the home depart-
ment, and to grasp the shattered helm of the state.

At that moment the king himself constituted the whole of
the council at the Tuileries. Three administrations had melted
away in his hands in a few hours,—that of Guizot, of Molé, and
of Thiers. The queen, the princes, the deputies, the generals,
the subordinate officers of the army and of the national
ward, pressed around him. They besieged him with inform-
ation and opinions, interrupted by fresh information and
contrary suggestions. There was paleness on the cheeks and
tears in the eyes of the ladies. The children of the royal
family affected the hearts of all by the careless unconscious-
ness expressed in their countenances. All betrayed in their air
and gestures, their agitation and their language, that oscilla-
tion of thought and resolution which gives time to misfortune
and discourages fidelity. The doors and windows of the lower
apartments opening upon the court made the soldiers and the
national guard almost present in eye and ear at this scene
of distress, by which their dispositions might well have been
shaken.

It was necessary to cast a veil over the disordered thoughts
of the monarch and the confused state of his family, lest a
contagious despondency should enervate the military. A
citizen of the national guard, who was on duty beneath the
portico of the royal apartment, was melted to tears at the
spectacle. Belonging to the opposition, and almost a re-
publican, but a man of sensibility, and above all of loyalty,
he desired progress without aspiring to destruction. Least
of all did he desire that the cause of liberty should owe its
triumph to a cowardly desertion of an old man, his wife, and
his children, on the part of those who were charged with
t heir protection. He accosted a lieutenant-general who had
command of the troops. "General," said he, in a low
voice, and with an emotion which gave to entreaty the tone
of command, "draw off your soldiers out of sight of these
mournful scenes; it is not desirable that the military should
witness the agony of kings." The general understood the
meaning of these words, and ordered the battalions to draw
back.

The king, returning to his cabinet, was listening again to
the alternate suggestions of Thiers, Lamoricière, of Rémusat,
and of the duke de Montpensier, his youngest son, when a
prolonged firing burst forth at the extremity of the Carrousel,
in the direction of the Place du Palais Royal. At this moment
the door of the cabinet opened, and M. de Girardin rushed in
to the king. M. de Girardin, who had not long since been
a deputy, and was still a journalist, less a member of opposi-
tion than a man of settled principles, and less a revolutionist
than the hero of a crisis, had thrown himself into the current
where danger, rapid changes of fortune, and great events at-
ttracted him. He was one of the few characters who ever seek
an opportunity of coming upon the stage in the moment of
danger, from that restlessness which belongs to their activity,
their energy, and their talent, and from the consciousness of
being equal to great occasions. M. de Girardin entertained
neither a fanatical predilection for royalty nor an antipathy to
republicanism; all he loved in politics was action. Ambitious
of intellectual supremacy rather than of position, of playing a
part rather than of possessing power, he had hastened to
the palace with no other summons than that of his own im-
pulse. As editor of the Presse he had obtained a European
notoriety and publicity in Paris, which placed him in constant
intercourse with public opinion. He was one of those men
who think aloud among the people, and whose every thought
constitutes the event or controversy of the day. Antiquity
only boasted the orators of the forum—journalism has
created these orators of the hearth.

M. de Girardin, in that brief and abrupt style, which econo-
mizes moments and cuts off reply, informed the king, in a tone
of respectful sadness, that the time for groping after names
for a cabinet was passed; that the crisis was sweeping away
the throne and its counsels together, and that there was only one word which corresponded to the urgency of the occasion, and that word was "ABDICATION."

The king was in one of those momentary moods in which truths can strike without offending; nevertheless, he let fall from his hand the pen with which he was arranging on paper the names of the ministry. He would fain have discussed the subject, but Girardin, hasty as the crisis, and unpitying as the evidence, allowed of no discussion. "Sire," said he, "the abdication of the king, or the abdication of the monarchy. Such is the dilemma. The crisis does not permit you a single instant to seek a third alternative."

With these words M. de Girardin presented to the king a copy of a proclamation which he had written beforehand, and had already sent to the press. This proclamation, with the conciseness of a fact, contained only four lines, with which it was necessary to strike the eye of the people instantly and in every direction:

Abdication of the king.
Regency of the duchess of Orleans.
Dissolution of the chamber.
General amnesty.

The king hesitated; the duke de Montpensier, his son, carried away, doubtless, by the energetic countenance, gesture, and language of Girardin, pressed his father with more precipitation, perhaps, than consisted with the respect due from a son to royalty, age, and misfortune. The pen was presented, and the king was deprived of his sovereignty with an impatience which did not wait for his own full and free conviction. The harshness of fortune towards the king ought not to be recognized in the precipitation of the council. On the other hand, blood was flowing, the throne was rocking, the very life of the king and his family was in danger. The anxiety and kind consideration of his counsellors of itself explains all. History should always take that view which is least humiliating and afflicting to the human heart.

At the sound of the firing, Marshal Bugeaud mounted his horse and went to interpose between the combatants. A thousand cries entreat him not to show himself, as his presence and his name would only be the signal for redoubled carnage. He insists and advances, braves the infuriated looks
and arms of the multitude, and returns without having gained anything but admiration for his bravery. He dismounts in the court of the Tuileries, but already the command had passed from his hands; the duke de Nemours had been invested with it. The young General Lamoricière, to whose name belonged as yet only the prestige of his valour in Africa, galloped across the Carrousel; he gained the outposts amidst a shower of bullets; he faced the first ranks of the combatants. Whilst he harangued them, he was stormed with shots, his horse rolled under him, and his sword was snapped in the fall. The general, who was wounded in the hand, and dressed in a neighbouring house, remounted his horse and crossed the Carrousel in silence to announce to the king that the troops were worn out, and that the multitude was inaccessible to counsel. On the heels of Lamoricière the people rushed from the Rue de Rohan, and overspread the Carrousel. They hold a parley with the soldiers. The latter retire in disorder, and throw themselves into the court of the Tuileries. Amidst the turmoil of the rising insurrection, the king wrote these words:—“I abdicate in favour of my grandson, the count de Paris, and I trust that he will be more fortunate than I.”

To the subject of the regency the king made no reference. Was it out of respect to the law which he caused to be passed in favour of the regency of his son, the duke de Nemours? or was it in order still to leave a last concession to be debated between the people and the ministry for the purpose of gaining time? or was it for the purpose of retaining to his family after him a jealous power over the mother of the count de Paris, his grandchild, which, in spite of the feelings of nature and the dictates of true policy, he himself had never been disposed to resign? This no one knows. M. Thiers had gone with the wishes of the king, when he joined a party of the opposition in deprecating the regency of the duchess of Orleans. M. de Lamartine had vigorously maintained the right of mothers. “There is no sound policy,” cried he, “that is opposed to nature.” He had been conquered by a small majority through the combined influence of the court and of its adherents in the opposition. The event sadly confirmed the justice of his views. The duke de Nemours, the proposed regent, though young, brave, well educated, and laborious,
was not a favourite of the people. Nature, while she gave him intelligence and the precocious sagacity and courage of his family, had denied him that expansion of feeling which attracts the hearts of others. Distance was not favourable to such qualities as his; they required a near point of view. This may not be a disadvantage in a private individual, but it is a misfortune for a prince. *Prestige* is necessary to every one who would take a position at the head of the people, whereas the duke de Nemours only possessed esteem. They saw in him a continuation of the virtues and the defects of his father, and under him they would have had no change of the reign, but only of the monarch. On that change, however, the people were resolved.

This error, which the king and M. Thiers committed in wresting the regency from the young mother of an infant king, weighed fatally on this last hour of the reign. Louis Philippe and his minister perished under the unforeseen consequences of this act. If instead of laying before the people that ambiguous abdication which made no provision for the regency, and which suffered contending parties to catch sight of the duke de Nemours behind the formal abdication, M. de Girardin, the bearer of the intelligence, had represented before the imagination and the heart of the nation, a young widow and a young mother reigning by popular favour in the name of her son; if this beloved princess, untainted with the shadow of a charge, had herself appeared in the court of the palace, and presented her child to the adoption of the country, there is no doubt that nature would have triumphed over the people. Natural feeling would have found an accessory in the heart and in the countenance of every combatant. So true it is, that the faults of kings and of statesmen lie dormant for a time, but rise unexpectedly to crush them at a time when they are supposed to have been forgotten.

But the duchess of Orleans, even at this last hour, was, as it were, in exile, with her children, in the apartments of the palace which were assigned to her. The king feared the influence of this young, beautiful, and thoughtful lady; clad in her widow's dress, irreproachable in her conduct, a voluntary exile from the world, lest the involuntary radiation of her loyalty, her gracefulness, and her talents, should attract to her the attention of the country, and make her the object
of the jealousy of the court. This princess lived in retirement, with her maternal affections and her sorrows. She could not, however, but perceive the last faults of the reign, and become alarmed for the future prospects of her children. She must, too, have painfully felt the dynastic harshness of that regency bill, which had been proposed and carried against her, and which, together with the political instruction of her son, took from her the opportunity of exhibiting to the world the high qualities with which she was endowed. But these sorrows brooded in her heart, without transpiring in outward expression. Not a single complaint had ever escaped her lips. She showed her pride by her resignation, and her merit by her silence. M. de Lamartine, the defender, without her knowledge, of her natural rights in the discussion on the regency bill, had never had any intercourse with this princess. He had never even received from her any token of satisfaction or of gratitude for the disinterested homage he had rendered to her at the tribune. It was thought that, for some time, M. Thiers, dissatisfied with the court, and repenting perhaps of the part he had taken in favour of the regency of the duke de Nemours, turned his thoughts towards this princess. It is possible, that his growing disaffection towards the princes had brought this statesman to reflection, and that he hoped eventually to rekindle the monarchical feeling through popular sympathy with the woman and the child. This cannot be affirmed: but nature herself seems sufficiently to suggest the idea that a well-regulated mind would return to her influence after having strayed from it.

As for Girardin, he had sustained with great force and perseverance, in his journal, the system which at the tribune Lamartine had supported with his oratory. Since then he had once seen the duchess of Orleans, but from that brief and single interview he had brought away his conviction still further confirmed by admiration for this princess. Not a word, however, from her had indicated a mortified ambition or a concealed sorrow. Her griefs were unmingled, not only with all political intrigue, but even with the feelings of ambition. She had exhibited the calmness and disinterestedness of a mother who entirely forgets herself amidst her recollections of her husband and her hopes for her son. Still it is
supposable, that in extorting so precipitately from the king that vague abdication which made no transfer to a successor, Girardin, and Thiers with him, had an involuntary reference to the regency of the young widow, and expected to hear her proclaimed by the voice of the people.

If such an idea was ever conceived, it died before its birth; it was dissipated by the effect of a mistake. Through forgetfulness, occasioned by the hurry natural at such a moment, no signature had been appended to that proclamation, which M. de Girardin threw to the crowd on the Carrousel and Place du Palais Royal. In vain did he brave fire and bayonets to regain possession of this proposal of terms. The crowd, after having read it, seeing a mere manuscript promise of abdication, unaccompanied by any sanction, took it for a stratagem and advanced as before. The son of Admiral Baudin, who had left the palace with Girardin to distribute the proclamation on the Place de la Concorde, was met by the same incredulity and the same dangers. The king was burning with impatience. The arrival of an aged servant, who had become a friend of the king without ceasing to be the friend of the Parisian people, afforded him a last ray of hope. It was the Marshal Gerard, a man of simple and even antiquated style, who had passed from the battlefields of the empire to this court, without having lost in it the recollection of freedom. Heartily devoted to the king for a long time, his principles had lost nothing of their complexion or of their independence. Brave as a soldier, popular as a leader, Marshal Gerard was just the man for the last hour. "Go before these multitudes," said the king, "and acquaint them with my abdication."

The marshal, in a morning dress of rustic cut and faded colour, and wearing a round hat, mounted the horse that Marshal Bugeaud had just left in the court. General Duchant, a brilliant officer of the empire, celebrated for his martial beauty and for his bravery, accompanies Marshal Gerard. They emerge from the gateway and are received with cheering and cries of "Vivent les braves!" The aged marshal recognizes in the crowd Colonel Dumoulin, an old officer of the emperor, an adventurous man, whom the giddy din of firing attracted and whom action intoxicated. He called him by his name. "Come," said he, "my dear Dumoulin; here is
the abdication of the king and the appointment of the duchess of Orleans as regent, of which I am the bearer to the people. Assist me in inducing them to accept it." Saying this, the marshal held out a paper to Colonel Dumoulin; but the republican Lagrange, more agile than Dumoulin, snatched the proclamation from the general's hand and disappeared without communicating its purport to the people. That single movement deprived the dynasty of Orleans at once of the throne and of the regency. Before the name of a woman the advancing republic might perhaps have paused.

Meanwhile, the king, who had promised M. de Girardin, his son, and his ministers, who surrounded him with panic, to abdicate the throne, had not yet formally executed that abdication; he seemed to be waiting for another council more in sympathy with his temporizing habit, and still to be parleying with necessity. One circumstance failed to favour his delay, and to rescat him and his family on the throne. Marshal Bugeaud, riding again across the Tuileries at a rapid pace, returning from a fresh observation, threw himself from his horse, and entered almost by force the cabinet of the king, which was in the utmost disorder, filled with de-funct ministers, and with those who were for the time in office, congregated around the monarch. He made his way through these groups, and approached the king.

Let us go back a single night, and see what part Marshal Bugeaud had acted up to this time. The marshal, as we have already seen, had held for a short time the general command of the national guard and the troops. At two o'clock in the morning he had been waited upon with the intelligence of this appointment. Immediately he mounted his horse, and rode to his staff at head-quarters, to arrange his plan and give his orders. The staff officers' quarters were empty. Generals, officers, and soldiers were all reposing from the fatigues of the two preceding days, asleep in their cloaks, on the Place du Louvre, or in the apartments, and on the roofs of that immense building. The marshal had lost a great deal of time before he could summon to him a few generals and staff officers, and acquaint himself with the number and position of the troops under his command. The number of these troops, which was supposed to be at least 50,000 men, did not exceed an effective body of 35,000.
Deducting the number of soldiers appointed to guard the forts and barracks, and those who were not in active service, from whatever causes, not more than 25,000 fighting men of all arms were found available;—a sufficient corps against scattered and confused masses, not consolidated by any discipline, and which melt away as fast as they form; but troops already worn out by forty-eight hours of standing in the mud, numbed with cold, and exhausted with hunger, harassed by doubt, uncertain where lay the right, ashamed of deserting the king, horrified at making war upon the people, and looking for their guidance to the attitude of the national guard, which itself vacillated between the two armies.

The marshal, with his intuitive military knowledge, ripened by reflection, and confirmed by experience in the management of troops, knew that inaction is the great bane of the morale of armies; he had instantaneously changed the plan, if plan it could be called, which had till then been followed. He had summoned to him the two generals who commanded these forces. The one was Tiburce Sabastiani, brother of the marshal of that name, a cool and resolute officer; the other was General Bedeau, who had obtained distinction in Africa, and whose name was greatly respected by his companions in arms at Paris. He had ordered them to form two columns of 3,500 each, and to advance to the centre of Paris, the one by the streets which skirt the boulevards and issue at the Hôtel de Ville, the other by the streets which skirt the quays. Each of these columns was furnished with artillery. The generals were to carry all the barricades which they encountered in their progress, to demolish these insurrectionary fortresses, to sweep the multitude before them, and to concentrate on the Hôtel de Ville the decisive position of the day. General Lamoricière was to command the reserve of about 9,000 men in the immediate vicinity of the palace.

The king and M. Thiers had already sent for and appointed Lamoricière, as a man of distinction, young and ardent, and impatient to signalize himself, before the arrival of the marshal at head-quarters. This young general and Marshal Bugeaud had had some serious disagreements in Africa, and the association of the chief and of the lieutenant might have occasioned some collisions and dangers, had they not both subordinated their resentments to their devotion to the king.