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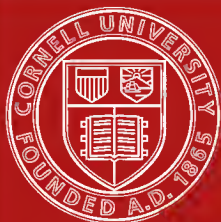
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PARIS IN '48



Baroness Bonde
Circa 1850.

PARIS IN '48

LETTERS FROM A RESIDENT DESCRIBING THE EVENTS OF THE REVOLUTION

BY BARONESS BONDE (*NÉE* ROBINSON)

EDITED BY C. E. WARR

WITH A PORTRAIT

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PREFACE.

IN 1900 my friend, the late Baroness Bonde, entrusted to me the pleasant task of editing her letters, and at the end of the same year she died. This little volume thus becomes a memorial of one of the accomplished and charming women of the last century. The letters, which were written in Paris during the time of the Revolution of 1848 which she witnessed from day to day, are doubly interesting from her intimate acquaintance with the diplomatic circle, and her power of fresh and vivid description combined with shrewd appreciation of character. The notes which I have appended are designed to furnish historical details sufficient to explain her allusions to the men and the incidents of the time, and I have added a short connected sketch of the events which preceded and led up to the political crisis. Where subsequent history has thrown more light on some of the leading actors, I have indicated the fact, and here and there I have

substituted English for the French phraseology which the writer borrowed from her associations, along with much of the lightness and verve of the French style.

Here is the short autobiographical sketch which Madame Bonde gave me :—

“ The following letters, written more than fifty years ago, were never intended for publication, as will easily be seen by any one who may be tempted to read them. They were a daily almost hourly correspondence with my friend Mrs. Ashburnham, whose husband was officially employed in London. They had lived for some years in Paris, and both had been much in French society and took the deepest interest in that most extraordinary revolution.

“ In those days, when electricity was in its infancy, when mails were stopped and letters opened, newspaper correspondents were often unable to convey intelligence, but I had a constant opportunity of sending my letters direct by private hand to Mr. and Mrs. Ashburnham, and they were eagerly devoured by them and their friends. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Palmerston were said to have clamoured for them, as did also many others, so that Mrs. Ashburnham had them copied as she feared they would be worn out, and she thought they ought to be kept in the family.

“ I had many requests to allow them to be published,

but they were too personal, and would have required more weeding than I then had time for ; but now, after the lapse of half a century they can no longer give offence, and a very dear friend has offered to take the matter in hand.

“It may interest some to know how I happened as an Irishwoman to be so much in France, and how I was intimately acquainted with so many celebrities and men in office of that day, so I shall add a very brief biographical sketch.

“My father Sir Richard Robinson of Rokeby in Ireland, with my mother a daughter of Lord Mountcashel, settled in Paris in 1819, and for more than thirty years it was our real home, varied by a few, very few, trips to England. The first revolutionary epoch in my life was when the Bourbons made way for the Orleanists under Louis Philippe, and I saw the barricades of July, 1830, when, returning from the country with my father, we assisted at the storming of the barracks of the Rue de la Pépinière and when, after seeing two men shot, I was dragged into a porter’s lodge, with the exclamation : *‘Il n’y a pas de bon sens de laisser un enfant dans la rue sous un feu croisé.’* The fact was that all communications were cut off, and my father had been so anxious for my mother and the younger children, that he returned to Paris and, not knowing what to do with me, took me with him, on my promising not to cry—a promise that I need not say I faithfully fulfilled ; and I fancy

my taste for tumultuous times dates from this period, when I received 'le baptême du feu.'

"After this, my mother's salon became very Orleanist, though we still saw many relics of the past. I remember, among others, going to see 'le beau Dillon' in his dotage, and M. de Vaudreuil much in the same state; their wives were much younger, and gave graphic accounts of the Court of Marie Antoinette where their husbands were the Queen's favourites. I also saw the Princesse de Vaudremont, of the House of Lorraine, who managed the escape of Lavalette, and heard both Count Löwenhielm and Lord Aboyne (afterwards Lord Huntly) relate how they had danced at Versailles with the unfortunate Queen. Among the salons I frequented in my youth was that of the Princesse de Chimay, the once famous Madame Tallien, then called 'Notre dame de Thermidor.' Later on I became better acquainted with other celebrities;—Prince Talleyrand, whom I remember playing at whist, while the young friends of his great-niece curtsied to him as they passed through to the ball-room; Count Pozzo di Borgo and Baron de Vitrolles, who always boasted that they brought back the Bourbons. I once sat next Marshal Soult (the Duc de Dalmatie) at a dinner given to him by the Duchesse Decazes on his return from the coronation in London. He was extremely disagreeable, and evidently thought me unworthy of the place I occupied, nor can I remember why I was there. Marshal Marmont (the

Duc de Raguse) whom I met in exile some years after, was a daily visitor at my house in Hamburg.

“All the beauties of the Empire—Madame de Vicence, Madame Augeraud (became Madame de Ste. Aldegonde), and Madame de St. Jean d’Angely, —frequented our Tuesday evenings, where I also saw the three Sheridan beauties, the two Bulwers, Lord Brougham, Monckton Milnes, Lord Alvanley, the then Lord Granville and his most agreeable son, Cousin, Montalembert, the painter Gudin, and a number of others since become celebrated. Whilst for a short time in England and at the Miss Berrys’, whose interesting conversation went back to the days of Walpole, I met Macaulay, Sydney Smith, old Lady Holland, and an agreeable Dr. Allen, whom she called ‘her Atheist.’ I forget whether I took any part in the table talk, but I enjoyed it greatly and I shall never forget the great kindness shown to the young girl by these social stars.

“After the 17th of August, 1848, Mrs. Ashburnham’s departure to Constantinople and my own removal to Sweden necessarily slackened our correspondence, and my subsequent letters were not returned, but before I left Paris my last experience of revolutions was at the time of Louis Napoléon’s *coup d’état*. I then had husband and children, and was no longer allowed, nor even anxious, to visit more barricades or assist at more popular meetings.

“My grandchildren and my great-grandchildren

now occupy most of my thoughts, to the exclusion of much that is interesting in public affairs of the day ; to them these letters have value as concerning very, very ancient history, bordering on the legendary ; to me, however, they are the realities of yesterday which, from my daily experience during a long life, has much in common with to-day and to-morrow.

“ FLORENCE BONDE,
“ Stockholm, 1900.”

I may add a little by way of supplement to this simple memoir.

Madame Bonde's grandfather the Rev. John Friend took the name of Robinson on the death of his uncle Lord Rokeby, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, whose heir he became ; her father served in the Peninsular War. He married, in 1813, Lady Helena Moore, daughter of the Earl of Mountcashel and of Lady Margaret King. Their daughter was born at Florence on the 18th of October, 1817 ; her parents' residence was in Paris till 1843, and that city again was her mother's home from 1847, when her father died, till 1859.

Baron Knut Bonde whom Miss Robinson married in 1849, belonged to an old Swedish family. He was an intimate friend of King Oscar I., and was

employed by him in many private diplomatic missions, especially during the Crimean War. His influence assisted to maintain friendly relations between England and Sweden during the critical period from the beginning of 1854, when Sweden announced her neutrality.

The Baroness herself was constantly at the palace as a confidential adviser, and she was likewise an influential correspondent of the *Times* and the *Débats*. Her view at the time of her death remained that of fifty years ago, namely, that the best security for the country of her adoption is in England's strength: without it, as she wrote me in one of her last letters, "Russia would not hesitate to annex Norway and become a naval power."

CONSTANCE E. WARR.

PARIS IN '48.



INTRODUCTION.

“It is not with impunity that a nation learns such a lesson of blood and crime as that of '93. The virus must work in her for long after, ready to burst out at any time of disturbance.”

This comment of M. P. de Coubertin, in his lucid presentation of the course of events in France since 1814, may serve as a preface to Madame Bonde's graphic and searching description of the crisis in 1848. By way of introduction to her letters, it is sufficient to trace very briefly the steps by which the French nation, after sweeping away the 'ancien régime,' began slowly to build up its civil and political liberties.

France, up to 1789, had only the semblance of a constitution. The King's will was everywhere paramount, there being no great Barons of the Realm, as in England, to hold him in check. France, as another writer observes,¹ “has had nobles, but never an Aristocracy.” When some extraordinary tax was to be

¹ André Lebon, “France as it is,” 1888.

levied, the King convoked the States-General, regarding which it was said "The nobles fight, the clergy pray, the rest pay." The Parliament or High Court of Justice was summoned to register royal edicts, and might refuse its assent; but the edict was ratified notwithstanding, through the formalities of a 'Lit de Justice,' or 'Audience.' In the administrative sphere all the local representative bodies had been superseded by the Intendants, the King's officials, who (except in a few provinces) levied taxes and carried out the royal mandates without the consent of the community, and without appeal.

In 1789 Louis XVI. found himself obliged, for lack of funds, to convoke the States-General which had not met since 1614. He was then disposed to go so far as to abolish the feudal dues and privileges of the nobility and clergy; but the demand for the redress of such economic grievances went with, and of necessity entailed, the claim for political reform—in other words, for equality of civil rights, and a constitution which should enfranchise at least the higher bourgeoisie, removing the artificial distinction of the 'Third Estate,' and setting limits to the royal power.

The Revolution of '93 having swept away with the Monarchy and the privileges in question the whole governmental organisation, France sought in vain in her past for any political tradition or precedent, and was driven from one constitutional experiment to another. After four years of contentions within and wars without, she welcomed a firm hand at the helm and submitted to Bonaparte, first as Consul, then as Emperor. His two successive Constitutions were abortive, so that in 1814, though the civic equality

gained by the levelling of the Revolution remained, the necessary political readjustment was arrested.

The charter granted by Louis XVIII. in 1814 created an Upper House of 140 life peers appointed by the King, and a Chamber of Deputies. Trial by jury, civil and religious freedom, and the liberty of the press were established, together with a moderate franchise, which made a bourgeois electorate of about 100,000, excluding all who paid less than 300 francs in direct taxes. But, although the motto of his minister, the Duc Decazes, was "Royaliser la France et nationaliser la Royauté," the King, in his own belief, was such by Divine right, and he was swayed by the old nobility who were firmly bent on the restoration of their privileges. Within the Chamber the aristocratic Right was strongly entrenched and became aggressive under the influence of the King's brother, the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.), and the Society of the Congrégation, which had been formed during the anti-Catholic tyranny of '93, and was now mainly a political propaganda. A federation of the Royalist 'irréconciliables' was directed from the Pavillon Marsan, the Count's residence, and the meeting-place of a private council which he held on his own authority as Colonel-Général of the National Guard. Opposed to the 'Ultras' was a revolutionary Left, chiefly Bonapartist, and active within as well as outside the Chamber, its intrigues leading more than once to insurrections. Nevertheless, the compromise on which the Government rested gave hopes of a true *via media*, encouraging and encouraged by an intellectual revival, in which the 'doctrinaire' leaders of the moderate party in the Legislature were most conspicuous. Under the enlightened

guidance of Lamartine, Thiers, and Guizot, the Revolution began to justify itself in practice as in theory, and the reign of Louis XVIII. was a period of commercial prosperity; the first Exhibition was held in Paris, and a general Council of Commerce and a free School of Arts and Crafts were founded.

The retrograde policy was in the ascendant from 1820, when the murder of the Duc de Berry, the heir presumptive, was made an excuse for driving Decazes from office. The repressive measures which followed issued, after the accession of Charles X. in 1824, in a violent crusade against the press, which the talent of the 'doctrinaires' had made an organ of liberal thought strong enough to combat the Catholic reaction, and support the new political principles against the theocratic ideal of De Maistre and Lamennais. The restoration of the old social order was threatened in restrictions of the franchise and a proposal to re-establish the 'droit d'aînesse' (the entail of property on the eldest son). Hostile majorities in the Chamber brought the conflict to a climax, and the 'thorough' ministry of Polignac, with the illegal ordinances of July, 1830, led to the downfall of the Elder Bourbon dynasty, and the succession of the Younger Branch in the person of the Duc d'Orléans (Louis Philippe), son of Philippe the cousin of Louis XVI., who earned his sobriquet 'Egalité' by casting in his lot with the Revolutionists in '93.

Louis Philippe, though he affected a certain bourgeois simplicity, yet insisted on 'legitimising' his position among the hereditary sovereigns, and claimed for himself a personal authority or even autocracy, which was to be supported by ministers of his choice,

and secured from popular interference by official control over the electorate. Guizot, his minister, was tenacious of his own office and distrustful of any concessions which might, by weakening the bureaucracy or enlarging the electoral area, make personal government impracticable. He upheld for long the vicious system which made State officials eligible to the Chamber ; it contained in 1846 no less than two hundred such functionaries. His command of great majorities was used to stifle the investigation of abuses, to resist every proposal of electoral reform, and ultimately to curtail the citizens' rights and liberties. A heavy hand laid on the press and the platform brought about an opposition which ended in catastrophe. "Reform to prevent revolution," was the watchword of this Opposition, and the agitation took the shape of Reform banquets, which were started to test the right of public meeting. No less than seventy took place in different towns during the latter half of 1847, and were attended by about 170,000 guests. The crisis was reached the following year, when, in spite of Lamartine's rally to the cause of liberty, Guizot carried an address declaring against the freedom of the press, and prohibited a banquet organised in Paris for February 22nd.

An 'émeute' on the next day, in which some fifty persons were shot by the troops in the streets, led quickly to an insurrection, which was not arrested by the dismissal of Guizot. The King abdicated, and a Provisional Government took the place of the Monarchy.

The letters open with an account of this 'émeute,' the first being dated February 24th.

LETTER I.

Paris, Thursday, Feb. 24th, 1848.

MY DEAR MRS. ASHBURNHAM,

We are in the midst of a revolution more fearful than that of 1830, because the mob are beginning to pillage. I am just returned from a visit to Mons. de Tracy, where the Lafayettes live, and where I hoped to hear some news. On our road we found two barricades, and the troops returning with lowered muskets. Though there are a hundred thousand regular troops in Paris, and two hundred pieces of cannon, the King has given way, and we are wholly and solely defended by the National Guard some of whom are disaffected, at least to the dynasty. The twelve colonels of the twelve legions went to the Tuileries yesterday, and said that unless electoral reform were granted and a change of Ministry, they could not answer for their men. His Majesty gave way, and sent for Molé.¹

¹ It is interesting to see how this action of the King appeared to a

This, however, was only one step in the fatal course of concession, and, after some fighting on the boulevard, in which about fifty persons were killed, Odilon Barrot was entrusted with the formation of the Ministry.¹ He is trying to form a cabinet with Dufaure, Thiers, Rémusat, and Lamoricière, but perhaps it is already too late even for this extreme *parti*. The Chamber is dissolved, the town in a state of siege, and Bugeaud military governor. Perhaps even now Ledru Rollin, a Liberal to the verge of Communism, is invested with the dictatorship.²

Mons. de Courcelles, who had just seen Mons. Dufaure, says that the consternation is fearful. Universal suffrage will probably be the result of the many mistakes committed by the Ministry. The King's abdication is called for at every barricade, and his extreme cowardice has greatly damped the ardour of his partisans. A fortnight ago this movement might

contemporary ; in itself it was rather reactionary, for Molé, who had been minister under Napoleon, was a great upholder of the royal prerogative, belonged to the old order of things, and was entirely out of sympathy with the forward movements of the time.

¹ Barrot had withstood Louis Philippe's personal policy, and was leader of the dynastic Opposition.

² Ledru Rollin represented Socialism in the Chamber, and supported the demand for universal suffrage. He was not made dictator, but became Minister of the Interior in the Provisional Government, and subsequently stood for the Presidency.

have been prevented ; now, no one knows what he is driving at. E. is in a dreadful state, as her husband was on duty all Tuesday, and is just returned to the barricade. He arrested three men himself, and as yet has escaped unhurt, but you may imagine how anxious we are. Some say we are at the end of the movement, but I suspect that is more because we hope in the magic number three than for any positive results.¹ The Rue Basse du Rempart was running with blood this morning, and some people say they still hear a fusillade. The *rappel* and the *générale* are beating everywhere, and one cannot but feel nervous when one thinks of the spirit of anarchy and rapine that is abroad. All the shops are shut, even in our own peaceful *quartier*, and as we were going down the Rue d'Astorg, we saw a band of marauders who were attempting to force Madame de Noailles' house, repulsed by the National Guard. Bakers, wine-merchants, and *charcutiers* have been pillaged. Most of the houses with railings have been attacked, and the iron or wooden palings turned into weapons of offence. An American living in the Rue de Ponthieu has been pillaged, and his pictures cut to pieces with swords. I saw a National Guard disarmed

¹ Probably in allusion to its being the third day of rioting.

by some boys under twenty, and I assure you it is a service of no small danger to join the patrols. I spend most of the day with E., who is already worn out with anxiety, and quite ill. M. is well and so calm that I can leave her without scruple. I must, of course, send this per post, as the Embassy is inaccessible ; besides, I am sure that in this case you will not mind. I shall write again to-morrow if there is anything settled. Of course I cannot execute your commission immediately. The Rue de la Paix is in military occupation, and not a shop open. I have no time for more details ; I am just in time for post. If quiet is restored, there must be a war in three months for Italy. I have just heard there has been a fusillade on the Place de la Concorde—a few killed, many wounded. How will all this end ?

P.S.—I open my letter to say that the King has abdicated, and is off. The Comte de Paris is proclaimed, and the Duchesse d'Orléans Regent. It is a frightful state of things. War is to be declared against Austria and Russia, as Poland is one of the cries of the mob. The vociferations are fearful.¹

¹ In July, 1847, ostensibly to suppress a local rising, Austria had occupied Ferrara ; the Pope protested, and England and France sent their squadrons to the Bay of Naples. This action strengthened the national party, and in January '48 Ferdinand II. was forced to grant a Constitution.

II.

Feb. 24th, 11 at night.

It is impossible to sleep after such a day, so I shall begin to chronicle the events that have succeeded each other with fabulous rapidity since my incoherent letter this morning. An aide-de-camp of the Minister of War, who was in the King's cabinet when he abdicated, gave me a detailed account of this most signal piece of cowardice. He had reviewed the troops in the Carrousel on horseback, highly rouged, when a cry was raised, "Voici les Faubourgs!"¹

No one had any orders, no one gave any. The mob rushed forward, shouting "Vive la Garde Nationale!" "Vivent les troupes!" and shook hands with the outposts. The King retreated precipitately with his sons, and a sub-lieutenant of the National Guard rushed alone into the Palace, asking to see him. He was admitted, and in the greatest agitation said, "Your Majesty must abdicate—nous sommes débordés."² "Very well," says the King, "in favour of my Jealousy of Austria prompted France in the desire to support at this juncture Charles Albert of Piedmont, who had decided to champion the national cause throughout Italy.

¹ The poorer districts, such as the Faubourg St. Antoine and the Faubourg du Temple, had always been centres of revolutionary movements, and their inhabitants were foremost in every popular demonstration.

² "We are outflanked."

grandson." "No, unconditionally," says the young and self-elected mouthpiece of public opinion. Would you believe it? of all who were congregated round the Royal Person, Piscatory alone said, "Go down and head your troops; fight for your crown and your dynasty." He was overruled, and they all marched out of the Palace, except the Duchesse d'Orléans, her children, and the Duc de Nemours. The papers will tell you the dreadful scene the unfortunate woman underwent in the Chamber of Deputies. The Convention was nothing to this day's scenes; shots were fired over the head of Mons. Sauzet into the King's picture, and in the tumult the little Princes were separated from their mother. The Duc de Nemours' epaulets were torn off, and he escaped with great difficulty. The Royal Family are gone to Havre to be ready to embark for America. Many houses have been entered in the search for arms, but I cannot hear of pillage, except at the Tuileries. Here all the furniture was tossed out of the windows, the clothes paraded on sticks, the looking-glasses smashed, the portraits hacked with swords, and the carriages burned. The same scenes took place at the Palais Royal, which was set on fire. Report says the Opera is burnt: all the Corps de Garde decidedly are there. I was startled by

hearing two shots fired, and of course I have been half an hour at the window, where, however, I have seen nothing but two patrols of National Guard, who will, I trust, maintain as much order as is consistent with the Sovereignty of the People and the total absence of all police and regular force. Upwards of five hundred Municipal Guards have been massacred, and some of the civic guard have been wounded; but we hope all is settled now, and that the people, having got everything, have nothing left to cry for. A mob with lighted torches has been parading the streets, forcing us all to light up our windows, under penalty of seeing them broken. We are very pacific, and complied, so they cried "Bravo!" but we are heartily ashamed of our submission to the Republic proclaimed at four, and which has perhaps already ceased to exist. I say this, but I do not hope it; I am more inclined to think we shall have a despotic democracy with Ledru Rollin for a dictator. You cannot imagine the intense anxiety of this very long day; we have been running from house to house all day, then rushing to the Mairie to hear about Adolphe.¹ At times news reached us of perfect quiet, then of renewed tumults; the cannon discharged *for fun* by the people kept us in perpetual

¹ The writer's brother-in-law.

uncertainty. An officer on horseback proclaimed the Comte de Paris just as I was closing my letter to you this morning, and at five a friend came to tell us of the Republic and the Provisional Government.¹

Some say that Lamartine & Co. have taken an *ouvrier* into their counsels, and I hope it may be so, for some of them are far more peaceable than the so-called enlightened Left. [I have not words to express the contempt I feel for the Monarch who by his obstinacy brought on the crisis, and by his cowardice lost the day.] On Wednesday it was possible to *mitrailer*, and he made concessions; this morning liberal measures and promises were his only chance, and he ran for it. I fully believe in the re-establishment of public order; I trust we shall soon be individually safe, but it is horrible to think that this vast city is in the hands of an armed mob, drunk with excitement and with the wine which they drank from the barrels in the royal cellar. Isolated houses are most dangerous at such moments, for many lawless individuals will take advantage of the moment to

¹ In this Government there were two policies, represented respectively by Lamartine and by Louis Blanc. Lamartine, a Royalist by birth and personal sympathy, foresaw by this time that the Monarchy would be impossible; he threw the influence of his genius, which had just culminated with the publication of his "Histoire des Girondins," into the growing Republican movement, and was instantly carried to power.

pillage. The Koerneritz family have left their house, Madame de Magnoncour has taken refuge at her sister's in this street, Madame d'Osmond is gone to the country; in fact, there is a great *sauve-qui-peut* among the very rich. Some small traits of character give me confidence in the people and hope for the future. The Duchesse d'Orléans' apartments have not been pillaged, and she is, I am told, gone back to them. All those going out of the Palace are severely searched to prevent theft, and a gold crucifix that was at the head of the Queen's bed was carried to St. Roch and deposited on the altar. It is decidedly not '93; but the spirit of '91 is abroad, and we are nearing it. Ministers are put to flight, and Guizot has escaped in disguise. I am happy to say Adolphe is gone home, so now I shall go to bed, and if we are all safe and sound to-morrow, I will continue my narrative.¹

III.

Friday, Feb. 25th.

I was woke by the *rappel*, and of course went over to my sister's as soon as I was dressed. From

¹ Guizot, who had been in power since 1840, was much disliked by the masses. He appealed only to the bourgeois electorate, and paid no heed to the growing discontent of the unenfranchised millions.

her windows I saw four hundred men come to the neighbouring barracks and demand arms. They were distributed from the windows, and the whole regiment¹ marched out with their knapsacks on, and two days' rations tied up on the top of their great-coats. They shook hands with the people and with the shopkeepers, and walked away singing very merrily, and saying they were going home to their families and provinces. In the mean time the armed men formed into a tolerably regular battalion, headed by a cadet of the *École Polytechnique*, who addressed them under our window, and promised to take them to the *Hôtel de Ville* to take the orders of the Provisional Government, after which the rallying point was to be the *Place de la République*, formerly *Concorde*. The proclamation of the Government contains some necessary reforms, but many Utopian notions, impossible in the midst of the luxuries and vices of a great capital. Lamartine is the only gentleman among the new Directory, and of course he won't last. I have not an idea who Mons. Flocon may be,² but Recurt is the *ne plus ultra* of Communism. Louis Blanc is clever and educated; so are Arago and Marrast, the editor of the *National*, but I do not know much of the rest.³

¹ Of regulars.

² Editor of *La Réforme*.

³ Of this group Louis Blanc was the member destined to have most

I find the post did not go yesterday, so you will get my two letters at once, and you will see by the short interval between them the giant strides of the Liberal movement. I can tell you nothing beyond our own *quartier*, as we have not ventured far; but this morning the National Guard was called by sections, not legions, and to the Commune, not to the Mairie. The Chamber of Peers is abolished, and Boissy made his last speech yesterday. I hope you subscribe to some French newspaper, for it is well worth while to read the organs of this most singular Revolution. Every one has put on a uniform, and the pickets are very numerous to prevent pillage, which as yet has only consisted in the combatants applying for food, wine, tobacco, and snuff, without the slightest attempt to pay. In fact, no one dare ask for it. Occasionally, in sign

lasting influence. He was born in 1813, at Madrid, where his father was inspector-general of finance to Joseph Bonaparte; his mother was related to Pozzo di Borgo, the Corsican patriot. Recurt, a doctor by profession, was very popular in the democratic Faubourg St. Antoine, on account of his fearlessness and personal disinterestedness. He was successively Minister of the Interior and of Public Works in the Provisional Government. Emmanuel Arago was a son of the famous astronomer, and was called to the Bar in 1837; in '48 he was appointed Commissary-General to the Republic, and was sent to Lyons to levy the unpopular tax for the National Workshops. Marrast, the Mayor of Paris under both the Provisional Government and the Assembly, was editor of the *National*; unlike the *Réforme*, which obtained a much stronger hold on the democratic party, it was opposed to Socialism.

of rejoicing, a gun is fired in the air, which rather startles one, but, on the whole, it is wonderful how little emotion we feel. I cannot tell you how civil the mob is ; I do not think it prudent to take a servant, and the groups give me the inside of the pavement, saying, "Vive la République, madame !" I bow and pass on. Of course I don't go far, but if I did, and saw any row, I should not hesitate to ask the protection of a *blouse*. The advance of civilisation will serve to prevent bloodshed, but I am glad that I am very obscure. The shops are half open, and the itinerant vendors of apples, potatoes, etc., plying as usual. This morning I saw two men carrying a piano on a hand-cart, and the workmen cleaning the gas-lamps as usual. It is wonderful, but I say again where are we to be driven to ?

IV.

Feb. 28th.

We are doing very well, and the Provisional Government is getting on splendidly. Shops were reopened yesterday, carriages appeared, Legitimists have inscribed themselves with their titles on the roll of the National Guard, and Armand de Polignac joined

on Saturday in maintaining order in the Republic. Lamartine's energy and courage are beyond all praise ; in the midst of the infuriated mob calling for the red flag and Communism, he maintained the tricolour and the doctrine of public order. Muskets were levelled at him, swords brandished, but he did not stir, and he carried the day. One half, one tenth part of the energy would, if not have saved the dynasty, at least have left some regrets ; but as it is, "Lâche comme un Bourbon," is more than ever a common saying. The Duc de Montpensier, with tears in his eyes, would hardly give his father time to sign the abdication, which he snatched from the table and handed to Mons. Roche, the sub-lieutenant, who had asked for it. The Queen implored her husband to head the troops, and die in the Carrousel, saying, "Je vous bénirai du haut du balcon," but he would not. The Duc de Nemours accompanied the Duchesse d'Orléans to the Chamber, and there *fainted*. The Prince de Chalais dragged him out, and a deputy gave him his great-coat ; no one knows where he is, but he is safe, for the first act of the Republic was to proclaim the abolition of the death-penalty for political offences. I have no time to tell you one half of the anecdotes going about respecting the cowardice of the Royal Family

and the falling off of their creatures. Messrs. d'Hou-
detot and de Berthois, King's aides-de-camp, applied
on Saturday for employment under the Provisional
Government; Mons. de Cabrères also sent to ask
of the Republic the sword taken from him by the
Monarchy. What blindness to suppose that his trial
gives him any claim on a revolution which professes to
be made against corruption! There is no pillage; all
those who have been found stealing have been shot by
their comrades, and many bodies have been left in the
roadway with the label 'Voleur' on their breasts.
To-day everything is going on as usual, but years will
not repair the mischief done in a night; there is hardly
a tree left on the Boulevards, the Champs Elysées are
devastated, the Palais Royal much injured by fire, the
Tuileries gutted, the streets pulled up. Rambuteau
has fled, so has Mons. Delessert. The Decazes,
Chabannes, Dumas, and many others that we know,
are ruined; the Blounts have lost incalculably, as the
mischief to the railroads is more than any one dare
avow. All the coachmen and draymen who were
ruined by the competition have taken advantage of the
confusion to burn the magazines and break down the
bridges; Mrs. Blount told me that their first rough
guess at their losses was £60,000! but they only knew

of disasters as far as Rouen, and perhaps it is worse beyond. I have seen many people in high authority, many in positions of great responsibility, and all seem sanguine for the future. I do my best to keep up poor E.'s spirits; she will have it that the children are ruined, but I think that the depreciation of property is only momentary; I have not felt one instant's uneasiness, nor do I think that as yet there has been any cause for it. The Ministers are safe, the troops reorganised, the National Guard unanimous, and as yet there is no one to head any party, consequently we have nothing but Republicans. I hope neither Bourbons nor Buonapartes will attempt anything; the struggle would be unavailing, and the consequences impossible to foresee. This has been far more fearful, far more wonderful than July, 1830; there, there was a party, an organisation; here we have the spirit of the people, and it has blown Royalty to the winds. It is curious to see the total want of foundation there was to the bourgeois throne, and the want of sympathy felt for the Citizen King. The sous-préfet of Dreux,¹ who was here yesterday, says Louis Philippe is in his dotage, and I almost hope so, for I cannot bear

¹ A favourite *piéd-à-terre* of Louis Philippe, and the burial-place of the Orléans family.

such a total want of spirit and resolution ; if his crown was worth having, it was worth fighting for, and his sons should have died by his side. I am sure the *Times* will give you more news than I could, but I knew you would like to hear of us. M. is very calm, and has no intention of moving unless she is obliged. I saw yesterday a diplomatist who told me that Guizot was by no means the courageous man we thought. He was bold at the tribune, and inspired by having an audience, but in a *tête-à-tête* he was easily bullied ; he meant to retire three years ago, but Princess Lieven prevented him ; much good she has done by it ! On the boulevards, a few minutes before the attack that decided the fate of the nation, a man was vociferating for him, when some one called out in the crowd, “Il n’y est pas ; vous savez bien qu’il couche toujours chez sa princesse Russe.” If they had added her address, the Hôtel Talleyrand would have fared as badly as the Tuileries. I believe she fled with Lady Sandwich, but no one seems to know much about it. All the English are writing to Lady Normanby for advice ; how silly, for what can she know, or how protect any one ?¹ We see many croakers, of

¹ She was the wife of Lord Normanby, Ambassador to France since 1846.

course, but some hopeful persons, and these I join ; for misfortunes are only doubled by anticipation, and we have enough as it is. I have written this most infamously, for I am over-run with inquiries from England, and am dreadfully hurried.

V.

March 2nd.

I am so glad I wrote, as I trust my letters will have removed your anxiety with regard to life and property. For the present we are all as safe here as anywhere, and I am sure we have suffered far less than those who were in uncertainty. The Provisional Government is doing wonders ; the labours of Hercules are nothing to those of the nine who now govern us.¹

Many workmen have returned to their work, and the greatest activity is displayed in drilling the Garde Nationale Mobile. Never was Paris better guarded, there are twenty rounds of patrols every night, and we have now about 225,000 men under arms. The Legitimists, Bonapartists, etc., have all rallied round

¹ These were Lamartine, Dupont de l'Eure (President of the Council), Ledru Rollin, the barrister Marie, Garnier-Pagès (leader of the extreme Left), Crémieux (Minister of Justice), Marrast (Mayor of Paris), the journalists Flocon and Arago : to these were immediately added Louis Blanc and the mechanic Albert.

the new tricolour, and all are unanimous in defence of public order. It is now publicly confessed that the late outbreak is the result of a vast conspiracy that has been going on for seven years, and was to have culminated at the death of the King. The leaders had no hopes during his lifetime ; they thought that the wily Monarch would have made so many concessions that he would at least have died on the throne ; but the obstinacy of Guizot, the apathy of Duchâtel, and the gross ignorance of Delessert hastened matters to a crisis. On Wednesday the forty-eight Republican sections were called out, for they thought the hour was come ; but the change of Ministry announced in the evening seemed to foil their endeavours. It was at that moment that they drew lots as to who should fire the first shot, for after such a demonstration they could no longer conceal their existence, and they resolved to fight. A shot was aimed at the Colonel's horse from the Rue Basse, and then the insurgents pressed upon the soldiers *without* firing ; the Colonel thought this was an attack, and ordered a volley. Fifty-two bodies were stretched on the boulevards, and then borne about the streets with the cries of "Vengeance ! Vengeance !" I think this account is plausible and probable ; it is indeed the only one that

explains the stray shot that upset the Monarchy. The man who saved Madame de Mountjoie told her he came from Lille for the Revolution, which shows the ramifications of the plot; and one of the writers in the *National* told a man I know that they had been accumulating arms and ammunition at the bottom of the Rue d'Amsterdam for years.

I walked all down the boulevards on Monday, and never saw such fearful havoc. From the Rue de la Paix to Montmartre there is not a tree, not a column, not a lamp-post, nor even a railing left standing. Even the wooden shelters of the coach inspectors are lying in the middle of the roadway, charred and smouldering ruins. Armourers' shops are the picture of desolation, and almost every man is armed! Guns, swords, pistols, are hung in wild confusion round the men in blouses, and gentlemen, too, are most ridiculous figures, with cockades on their hats, and sword-belts over wadded over-coats. The *Marseillaise*, the *Parisienne*, and the *Chant des Girondins* are sung in nightly chorus in every street. Small industries have sprung up as if by magic: "La cocarde nationale, je la vends un sou." "Les Républicaines, chansons supprimées par l'ex-tyran, 15 centimes," etc. Everywhere collections for the

wounded, whom I believe to be very few in number. I afterwards went to the Tuileries, and there, indeed, the devastation was most melancholy; not a window left, the stone piers of the gates pulled down, and plumbers busy in many places replacing the bent and broken railings. Bands of *Défenseurs de la Patrie* and hideous women were found in the salons of the Palace, and the Carrousel was full of most ludicrously armed ruffians. One, about sixteen, was mounting guard with the greatest gravity, having on his head one of Madame Adelaïde's bonnets, and on his back a blanket; his pistols were fastened with curtain loops, and his sword was without a scabbard.¹ Others were half in uniform, all grave, civil and orderly. In the midst of this rabble, the cadets of St. Cyr and the Polytechnic were superintending the packing of the vans, which they afterwards drove themselves to the Treasury. Even at the height of the scrimmage on Friday, the mob who had possession of the Palace, hit upon an expedient to save some things of great value; they were put on a stretcher covered with a blanket, and carried by men who said: "Place aux blessés." Of course it is nonsense to say nothing

¹ Madame Adelaïde, whose head-gear was thus misappropriated, had been throughout her life the close confidante of her brother the King; her death, in 1847, was a great blow to him.

has been lost, but really there has been less than could have been expected by the most sanguine. I cannot tell you the number of letters I have been obliged to write during the last few days ; I fear that in consequence I may have repeated myself to you, but I know you will excuse this. There certainly is something in the French atmosphere that renders us more brave in the hour of danger, for I give you my word we have never had an instant's perturbation except about Adolphe. We used to walk to the Mairie, hear he was safe, and return to discuss the probabilities of the future. To-day is the grand demonstration in honour of Armand Carrel. I am told E. de Girardin, who shot him, is to speechify and gush on the occasion, which, I was told, was in the best of taste.¹

I hope you may not set out till you see a little more of the prospects of our world, so dark, so gloomy everywhere. I am sanguine, but then I have no reason to fear, and that makes me hope. How thankful

¹ Armand Carrel had helped Thiers and Mignet to found the *National*. He was a chivalrous Republican, who, out of misguided enthusiasm, fought against France in the war with Spain in 1824. Emile de Girardin, who killed him in a duel, was also a journalist, his best-known paper being *La Presse*. He was for many years a deputy, but was too unstable in his politics (his nickname was 'La Girouette') to have much influence ; he was, however, a brilliant polemical debater, and led several attacks on Guizot's corrupt Ministry.

I am that — was spared this dreadful sight ; I remember his despair in 1830, and that was child's play compared to this. Louis Philippe has not left an adherent in France, and so far he saves trouble ; but other parties must form as soon as order is restored, and then war alone will prevent the French devouring each other. I have been suffering acutely from toothache, and as my dentist was on guard and there was a barricade at his door, I have had no remedy but patience ; in telling you this, I feel I am quite as ridiculous as the man who, having escaped from the catastrophe of the 8th of May on the Versailles railway, ever after called himself *une victime*, because he had lost his umbrella. But you may laugh at me, and I don't care. Titles were abolished yesterday, and all the ministers impeached, but not till they were all safe. Pray excuse this abominable scrawl ; I have not time to write, nor could I go slowly if I would, with such scenes before my eyes. We cannot read ; history and romance contain nothing equal to what we see from our windows.

VI.

March 5th.

You will make me quite conceited by praising me so much for what is a real gratification to me ; I always liked writing, and now that events crowd so upon each other that the history of a day is more remarkable than that of years, I literally can do nothing else. Then *you* understand, and feel, and enter into the spirit of the nation, and that is really great and good. I do not say we shall carry out all Lamartine's noble theories, nor make his splendid language the voice of the people ; but, believe me, much will be done. In the Provisional Government there are some honest men : I need not mention Lamartine, he is well known, but Carnot, Marrast, and Louis Blanc have also much merit. The last named has the confidence of the working classes ; Marrast belongs to the Liberal press, and has not, like Emile de Girardin (who aims at notoriety), *des antécédens de cour d'assises*.¹ Mons. Goudchaux,

¹ This is, no doubt, in allusion to the fact that E. de Girardin, who was the natural son of General Alexandre de Girardin, had been legitimised by his father in 1828. Carnot, son of the member of the Comité de Salut public in 1793, was a disciple of St. Simon, and an educational reformer. He was made Minister of Public Worship and Instruction in the Provisional Government, and attempted in vain to conciliate the clergy, who were hostile to him as a free-thinker. He initiated various measures which paved the way

the Minister of Finance, is a very able man, and a good practical administrator ; he, Crémieux, and Lamartine, have kept almost all the staff of the late Ministry, which is wise and saves time. Not so Ledru Rollin and Subervie. The Ministry of the Interior is the vast field in which small ambitions are opposing their new and most unfounded claims to those in possession. General Subervie is eighty-three, and quite incapable of organising an army ; this however is most necessary, for the late movement has been fatal to the spirit of the troops. What can you expect from men whose orders were : “ You will advance on the people ; if they charge, you will retreat ; if they push on, return to your guard-houses, but on no account fire ” ? The consequence is, numbers of officers broke their swords, and have since entered the National Guard, on which the Provisional Government has conferred the privilege of distinguishing between an *émeute* and a *révolution légitime*.¹ An article in the *Presse*, supposed to

towards free education, but his errors of judgment deprived him of the credit of his work. Mons. Goudchaux, here mentioned, was of Jewish origin, and head of a well-known bank ; he did not long retain his portfolio, as he resigned on the 5th of March. Crémieux, Minister of Justice (also a Jew), was a distinguished advocate, free-trader, and reformer.

¹ General Subervie was the first Minister of War in the Provisional Government ; he was from the outset ignored by the Commission of Defence, of which the best-known generals were members, and his appointment was almost immediately cancelled.

be inspired by Lamartine, gives much good advice, reprobates the abuses already springing up, and ends with the warning: "Prenez garde que la République ne périsse par le ridicule!" This is more true than appears at first sight, for every great action has had its parody. Lamartine gloriously proclaimed the abolition of the death-penalty for political offences, in the presence of an armed mob demanding the heads of the Ministers, and, a few days after, Emile de Girardin goes to Le Mandé, to the tomb of Armand Carrel whom he killed in a duel, and "avec des larmes dans la voix (style commandé)" makes a speech, a literal extract from Dupin's *réquisitoire*, begging the abolition of duelling. Then the illustrious poet gained immortal honour by his adherence to the old flag of the Republic, and yesterday, Courtais, the unknown deputy of the Left who now heads the National Guard, thundered against a red flag held by some *gamin*, and instantly went to the expense of a new one. Newspapers are not half quick enough in giving information; every decree is posted, and sometimes ten succeed each other in an hour. Then the independent, the disinterested, choose also to be represented, and as they are forbidden the use of white paper, they print without ceasing on all manner of flaming colours. I

read the rights of women in yellow, those of old men in blue, the regulations of the *octroi* in pale lilac, and the opinion of an ill-used patriot in bright pink. The first of these placards I did not well understand, but the upshot is the establishment of clubs, where the privileges of washerwomen and their remedy against the ironers will be clearly defined: of course each industry will have its club, and we shall come down to *tricoteuses*. I did see one woman in a Phrygian cap, but I must say she was hissed. The old men propose (in blue) to have 500 francs a year secured to them at fifty-five years, 700 francs at sixty-five, and 1100 francs at seventy-five; if they marry or get out of health, there is to be a scale of years adapted to either emergency. The lilac placard is evidently a butcher who wishes to encourage the consumption of meat, for he says: "À quoi devons-nous attribuer les libertés de l'Angleterre? à leur force; et leur force d'où vient elle? d'une nourriture saine et abondante dont la viande fait la base, et dont la salaison est exclue." Much they know about England if they suppose the working classes don't eat bacon. The pink petition is signed "Sobrier," who for three days was joined to Caussidière in the administration of police. He invites all who want nothing but the glory

of France to join him in the Rue de la Rochefoucauld, and stem the stream of public corruption which is beginning to sully the pure stream of Republican France. I passed at the bottom of his street yesterday, and cannot say I perceived any symptoms of the crowd for whom he was prepared.¹

I forgot to mention a vermilion placard from *Les Travailleurs*; it is too long to repeat, but the end is: "Mes amis, nous apporterons aux manufactures nos sueurs, les maîtres y porteront leurs fortunes; capitalisons le tout et faisons un partage loyal!" What do you say to the "capitalisation de la sueur"? is Laputha so far from us? I went yesterday to see the funeral ceremonies on the boulevard, and never was in so dense a crowd. It was a strange sight, a little solemn and very absurd; there were no cries, no

¹ Sobrier was a political enthusiast who devoted himself and his considerable fortune to Republican propaganda; he used his house as a secret club, and there stored arms which were supplied to him by the Prefecture of Police on the authority of a letter from Lamartine. Caussidière was connected with the paper *La Réforme*. On the formation of the Provisional Government, he marched straight from the barricades to, and installed himself in, the Prefecture of Police, whence it was impossible to dislodge him. He was a man of immense energy, and soon organised a rough and ready force of 2000 *Gardes du Peuple*, or *Montagnards*, by means of whom he kept order. On the 13th of March he was confirmed in his office, on the 15th May he resigned, having been accused of lack of energy in the attempt to prevent the populace from invading the Assembly. He appealed to the electors, and was returned by 147,000 votes.

enthusiasm, except for the Polish children and for a few workmen who bore the banner with ‘A bas les incendiaires.’ The car was a failure, and so shaky that the figure of Liberty reached the Bastille with the greatest difficulty. As most workmen are busy talking about their rights, all work is done by amateurs, and badly enough in all conscience ; Heaven preserve you and your carriage springs from amateur pavement ! The *Presse* said : “Que chaque Garde National replace un pavé et la circulation sera rétablie sur tous les points ;” so it is, but imagine the jolts ! The finest thing in the whole procession was the Garde Nationale Mobile, the enrolled of yesterday, as soldier-like, as martial as the veterans of the regular army ; it is quite true that every man is born a soldier here, and though a revolution may find them unfit for street warfare, be assured that the veriest *gamin* will be a lion against the enemy. You can have no idea of the ludicrous means of escape to which terror has driven many women of society ; Madame de Valin and Madame de St. Priest were so frightened that they dressed as peasants, got a barrowful of eggs and left Paris, shouting the *Marseillaise* out of tune ; if I had done anything of the sort, I never could see an egg again without blushing. Many Englishwomen have exercised their vast

pedestrian powers during the last momentous events, and have reached unheard of distances with hordes of children and no clean clothes ; they have braved their usual bugbear—wet feet, and have been mostly laid up with coughs and colds within a radius of twenty miles.

Mrs. Hope's house on the Quai d'Orsay was entered for arms by twelve men, one of whom left traces of his wounds on the carpet ; they looked at her dressing-case and many valuable things about the room, but said they only wanted arms, and begged to have those she inherited from her father, General Rapp. The servant begged they would at least leave the sword presented to the General by the town of Dantzic, and they agreed, and left the house crying, "Vive le Général Rapp !"

I believe I told you Louis Philippe had not left a partisan in France, but I had not then seen Mrs. —, and as she has requested me to give publicity to her opinions, I hope you will say from her that the King was on horseback all the morning, and that the Princes fought like lions, but the crowd was so great that no one found it out ; she says that the truth being told on this subject, may be of use to them when they come back. Mr. — is equally lucid, but on

different lines ; his confidence is unbounded, and he would go through ten such revolutions, “ sans crainte du lendemain,” as Chénier says.

VII.

March 6th.

I heard a great deal about the National Assembly yesterday, and hasten to communicate my intelligence : the elections are fixed for the 9th of April, and the meeting for the 20th ; every Frenchman of twenty-one is an elector, every Frenchman of twenty-five is eligible ; you may vote where you please, and there will be one representative to every 40,000, that is about 900 members in all. It is fully expected that the elections will be very moderate, in which case we shall have more *émeutes* ; the Sovereign People will decidedly attempt fighting, and as certainly be defeated by the National Guard who are, to a man, conservative. The very important point is to get over the next six weeks, and meet the Assembly with so many great and important decrees of the Provisional Government that Lamartine may be named President for five years. This will give the Republic time to wear itself out, and we shall return to something absolute, whether

military or legitimate I do not pretend to say. Unfortunately parties are already beginning to appear ; now that every one is convinced that we have jumped from '89 to '95 over the Reign of Terror and proscription, and done the work of six years in as many days, they wish to hurry on the *dénouement* most unwisely. In the corps de gardes and the cafés, the Regency is openly talked of and pressed on the civic guard ; in other places the Duc de Bordeaux is praised and called "l'homme de l'avenir."¹ Neither of these disturbing factors has a party, but they are troublesome and dangerous considering the very slight foundation on which public order now rests. To my mind a reaction (if any) would be Legitimist : "On revient sur la haine, jamais sur le mépris." The partisans of the elder branch have shown themselves everywhere in the ranks of the people since the 24th ; they assist in the maintenance of order, and are in general loudly cheered ; for somehow there is a prestige about great names, to which even the vulgar are accessible. They say that when the Tuileries were first opened to the public, a young man sat down to one of the Royal pianos and began

¹ The Duc de Bordeaux, better known as the Comte de Chambord, son of Charles X.

playing the Marseillaise with such spirit that he soon collected a crowd of the heroes around him. In their enthusiasm they all called out—

“ Qui es-tu, que nous te fassions nommer officier ? ”

His answer was : “ Si je vous dis mon nom, vous me jeterez par la fenêtre.”

“ Mais non, que tu sois le diable lui-même nous te porterons en triomphe.”

It was Alphonse de Polignac, the son of the minister who overthrew Charles X., who was proclaiming the triumph of the popular cause ; is it not a strange *rapprochement* ? To finish this long story, I must add the Garde Mobile have unanimously named him their captain.¹

Mons. Guizot did not leave this till Wednesday the 1st, and his last words were : “ The King dispensed with my services on Wednesday, and on Thursday he was hurled from his throne.” What do you say to such infatuation ? I know nothing of diplomatic appointments, but I will certainly let you

¹ Jules de Polignac had been one of the most unpopular of the ministers of Charles X., for he it was who in 1830 promulgated the reactionary ‘ Four Ordinances ’ which dissolved the Chambers, called together a new Parliament, suspended the liberty of the press, and altered the franchise. He was with difficulty rescued from the populace who clamoured for his head.

hear as soon as any are made. I cannot tell you how many persons have written to me imploring, some a line out of interest for my safety, others a slight sketch of the times ; this I cannot supply : each day is so full that I hardly remember the previous one. However, it is possible I may have told you the same thing twice over, but you will, I am sure, excuse me, and remember that even the newspapers get bewildered in the movement.

I think — ought not to come till May, as the National Assembly will then be sitting.¹

VIII.

March 10th.

I am sure you expect a letter from me, but I really have nothing of any importance to relate. After the tremendous excitement of the late events, all that is now going on seems most monotonous, though it is in reality very serious. What was hailed with transport when we thought pillage and massacre were at our doors, is now thought insufficient and useless. Every

¹ On the 28th of April the National Assembly, consisting of nine hundred members, was elected by universal suffrage, eight millions being qualified to vote. The electorate under Louis Philippe comprised only two hundred thousand.

one now asks who made the Provisional Government, and the answer is: "Fifteen deputies in fear of their lives." Then what right have they to remove taxes, particularly such as are optional? The tax on newspapers produced 20,000,000 francs, and how is this deficiency to be made up without adopting some other means of filling the coffers of the State? Mons. Goudchaux resigned in consequence, saying: "Je ne veux pas mener l'état à une banqueroute." Public credit is at the lowest ebb, and most people are falling into the deplorable system of keeping large sums by them, either for flight or for speculation. The greatest confusion prevails in all public services; that of the National Guard beats all, as most of them, gentlemen and tradespeople, are on duty one night out of three. The Garde Mobile, which is to take the service as soon as it is organised, is most dangerous; their desperate ignorance makes them tools of any party, and I have no doubt that a million francs might establish Russian despotism here with as much ease as that with which was brought about the singular liberty now existing. Mons. de Lamartine is very well meaning, but his circular has had a bad effect. The moderate party thinks it dangerous, the *exaltés* say it means nothing. The most dangerous members of the

Government are Ledru Rollin, who is so much in debt that a universal bankruptcy would be most acceptable to him, and Louis Blanc, who, never having the faintest notion of being in power, had published a number of high-sounding theories to which his brothers the workmen wish to pin him down. To get out of his difficulties, he is turning towards the Communists, that most insidious of all parties.¹

There is, however, one resolute man at his elbow, and that is Pagnerre, the editor of Opposition pamphlets during the late reign, now Secretary to the Government, who has warned the author of the 'Histoire de Dix Ans' that he has a pistol always ready to shoot him on the first Communist demonstration. This may keep him in order for some time, but

¹ Of all the men who came to the front in the Revolution of '48 there is none of whom it was more difficult for his contemporaries to judge than Louis Blanc. He linked with the Republican idea a revolutionary theory of property which inspired the indictment of the bourgeoisie contained in his 'Histoire de Dix Ans' (1830-40). It was a scheme, moderate in itself, for the 'organisation of labour' by means of co-operative societies. The State was to advance the capital for this purpose; the associations were to elect their own officers, to pay equal wages, and to compete with the individual producer. This was the first definite experiment in State Socialism, a slight and superficial attempt to reorganise industry after the breakdown of the guilds and the removal of the restrictions on trade which were abolished by the first Revolution. This attempt was soon merged, against his will, in a crude socialist campaign against 'capital' which led to outbreaks and the invasion of the Chamber by mobs of workmen clamouring for the 'right to labour.'

of course the first change will be to remove Pagnerre to other duties—that is, beyond pistol shot. Carnot's circular to the electors of France is most absurd; you will have seen what the *Debats* says on the subject, and that is the opinion of all. The organisation of work, about which such a fuss is made, is really ludicrous: all men who work get 2.50 fr., all who don't 1.50 fr.; *gamins*, whether they work or not, 1 fr. Armorial bearings generally are being rubbed off carriages, consequently a large class of workmen are turned adrift, and heraldic painters may now make trenches, or pave the streets. Trade is at the lowest ebb, and the exasperation of the shopkeepers almost as much to be dreaded as the brute force of the mob. Some think this movement was Legitimist, and really it begins to look like it; in the corps-de-gardes and the cabarets, Henri V. is publicly spoken of, and in general his party is the only one that does not look nonplussed. Then the nominations made are very curious: Bedeau, who succeeds Sebastiani, always was a Legitimist;¹ Lamoricière's tendency is also that way, and many more such appointments are expected. The first person who entered the Tuileries with the mob

¹ General Bedeau served with distinction in Africa, and was in high favour with the Duc d'Aumale.

was Colonel Sala, aide-de-camp to the Duc de Bordeaux, and one of the commanders in La Vendée. I am very far from thinking a return to the old Bourbons possible, at least till the Republic has worn itself out, either in external war or in internal dissensions, but I mean that it is the only Restoration that is even hinted at. It is really incredible to see the utter change that the dictatorship of the last fortnight has brought about in the minds of most people; Republicans are becoming quite scarce, and the descendants of the 'Hero of the two Worlds,' whose very name was synonymous with democratic institutions, are now tearing their hair and sighing for a well-organised Monarchy.¹ For a long time I tried to laugh, and to see the bright side of things, but I cannot now; how can one hope for better days when a national bankruptcy is almost inevitable, when an army is perfectly demoralised, and when there is not even one great man to lead the nation out of this inextricable confusion. I had hopes of the National Assembly, but Carnot's circular and the general aspect of affairs is too unfavourable; some one to whom I was speaking on the subject said: "Savez-vous

¹ Lafayette was called the Hero of the two Worlds on account of his having taken part in the Revolution in North America.

comment se passera cette fameuse Assemblée Nationale ? Eh bien, ceux qui n'auront pas trop peur seront seuls sur les bancs, couchés en joue par quelques gamins, et ceux qui auront bien peur, c'est à dire la très grande majorité, galopperont dans les corridors." I cannot help thinking this is not exaggerated, for the very nature of France seems changed ; where all their bravery came from I cannot conceive, for it is gone, and they are not ashamed of owning it. I was asking a National Guard, who was *not* a coward, what would be the probable result of a conflict with the people, and he answered : " Those who show fight, about a dozen, will be killed, and the remainder will distribute provisions to the heroes." I am sorry to say this feeling pervades all classes ; this long peace has fostered bourgeois sentiments, and we do not know whether some Napoleon, or Murat, or Ney may be found in the Polytechnic School. There is hardly pity felt for the Exiles, and yet no one is satisfied with the present state of things ; every one fully expects bloodshed before three months. The National Assembly is to be defended by 30,000 men, in order that those who are elected from and by the people may be free ! What a mockery ! The truth is not told about the departments ; the adhesion of many has been very unwilling,

and the standard of revolt might be planted anywhere, for any one, with a reasonable chance of at least temporary success. Lyons is most positively in the hands of patriots of '93—people who, to the old device 'Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité,' add 'ou la mort.' General Bourjolly is to set vigorously to work, but, when he has reduced them to order and brought the ringleaders to summary punishment, he will be disowned. They are giving orders innumerable about minutiae, with the worst possible effect; thus, they have suppressed the words 'ordre public' on the colours of the National Guard, and yet it is the only thing they will really fight for; then, all the officers who have received the cross of the Legion of Honour for their vigour in maintaining the late Government through the troubles of '31, '32, '34, '38, etc., are to be degraded because they did not discern that the heroes of those barricades would be one day proclaimed their brothers. This will drive many back to their homes, where they will be ready to head any movement that will restore the Army to its proper place in the social hierarchy. Civil crosses are also to be carefully revised, and taken from all who have received them for services to the dynasty, not to the country. What an opening for the satisfaction of small passions!

how many, envious of court favours, will bring denunciations against worthy individuals who never had and never were ambitious of political distinction ! I have no idea how they will organise the diplomatic appointments, but they will be so miserably paid that no one of any importance will accept them. You will see Mons. de Mornay's name among the 'revoked,' but my firm conviction is that those have all *resigned*, not been deprived of their posts. This I think because one or two whom I know, and who always cry "Vive moi !" through all public changes, are not yet on the list. I will let you know anything of importance that occurs, but I do not suppose you will care to get any more letters like this, showing the truth of Emile de Girardin's attack upon the Powers that Be : "Vous avez beaucoup désorganisé, mais qu'avez-vous organisé ?"

IX.

March 14th.

Everything is going on from bad to worse ; how we are to get through the next five weeks is more than any one knows. The Provisional Government are not upon speaking terms, consequently each

member acts for himself, and issues proclamations which make the hair of the rest stand on end. Such has been the effect of Ledru Rollin's circular concerning the elections; it completes that of Carnot: the one eschews education, the other, business. The Minister of Public Instruction favours the illiterate, and the Minister of the Interior expressly says, "Let the elections be, not republican, but revolutionary." How are we to go on in this state of doubt, of uncertainty, of bankruptcy? Garnier Pagès, whose *compte rendu* of the finances was manly but terrific, cannot hope to establish public credit when his colleagues are preaching a reign of moral terror more dire than the scaffolds of '93.¹ Not only is it impossible to get change for a 500-franc note, except at the Bank of France, but people are actually beginning to buy bars of gold and to get plate melted down. Every day some great failure adds to the general consternation; the Caisse Gouin was the first, then Lafitte and Blount, yesterday Baudon, and to-morrow

¹ Garnier Pagès, leader of the extreme Left, succeeded Goudchaux as Finance Minister. After trying various expedients to raise money, he imposed the tax of 45 centimes on every franc, which was calculated to produce one hundred and ninety millions. This did more to discredit the Republic among the rural population than any other act of the Provisional Government.

Ganneron. I am hit rather hard at the Blounts', but I hope I may recover something in time. The army to a man is opposed to the present system, and if any general had the courage to raise any standard, military despotism might immediately be substituted for that under which we are now groaning. The last measure proposed is to reduce the pay of the officers—lieutenant-generals one-half, colonels, captains, etc., one-third, and even lieutenants one-fifth; now, the latter had only 1200 fr., and as they are mostly *à l'ancienneté*—many of them are near forty, and have a wife and children to support—you may imagine the discontent and the real misery this will entail upon a very large and powerful class. The Garde Mobile is as dangerous as it is useless, and yesterday expelled the regular National Guards from one of the barracks which they occupied in common. Louis Blanc is the most wicked of the *ultra* half of the Government, and his great influence over the working classes renders him perfectly irremovable. In my last I told you Pagnerre would be removed, and so he was on Saturday; his new avocation keeps him at the Hôtel de Ville, while Louis Blanc rules it at the Luxembourg. He (Louis Blanc) is said to be a son of Pozzo di Borgo, and as his certificate of birth runs thus, 'Louis ——,' he called

himself Louis Blanc. Bethmont, Marie, Carnot, Lamartine, Garnier Pagès, and even Marrast, are not mischievous; they are called the 'Républicains en gants jaunes;' but Flocon, the disappointed doctor, who rules at Vincennes, Louis Blanc, the natural son, whose position has always been most galling, and Arago, half-mad with political exultation, will do any and everything to keep themselves in power, and to revenge on society their fancied ills.¹ They are headed by Ledru Rollin, who for years has been under the pressure of overwhelming debt; his first act was the abolition of imprisonment for debt, his second, pillaging the Treasury, and now he is accused of selling places. Mons. Goudchaux would not allow his financial extravagances, and retired; Garnier Pagès opposes them, and will also be sacrificed. Even the most sanguine do not expect the Funds to pay next September, and yet they want a loan which of course will only be obtained by intimidation. Rothschild himself is in despair, and says: "Rien ne vaut plus rien—que faire?" No man's signature is accepted, bank-notes are viewed with suspicion, and nothing goes

¹ Bethmont was a distinguished barrister, and a zealous agitator for reform in opposition to Guizot's cabinet. As Minister of Commerce and Agriculture he appointed various commissions to collect statistics, and he inaugurated nine agricultural colleges between February and May, 1848.

down but our hard, cumbersome 5-franc pieces. As to gold, you may get 20 louis for 240 francs, but not more, were you ever so much inclined to pay 'la taxe du dixième.' A Communist row was announced for Sunday, but it did not take place; another, of a Legitimist tendency, is expected on Saturday, but I believe this too will go off in smoke. It is impossible to picture to one's self such utter despondency; no one has energy to oppose a system which every one execrates with heart and soul; the shop-keepers believe the word 'provisional' applies to the Republic, and that a King will be nominated by the National Assembly, and then, when they find out how they have been deceived, I fully expect to see the bourgeoisie fall upon the mob. When this happens there will be an end to the so much vaunted bloodless victory of the people; it will be war to the death, an extermination of the weak by the strong; but who will be the strong? I hope I may be mistaken, but I have most gloomy forebodings. Every one who can go off is on the wing; the Cowleys will, I believe, go next week. M. told me that she would like to give up her life to Louis Philippe, and was quite angry because I thought him the most uninteresting of all the exiles, past and present. I feel more for Florestan II., Duke of Monaco, and his

expulsion, than for the dastardly bourgeois who has brought us to our present pass. I find Mons. Delessert was not so much to blame as I had at first supposed ; he warned Guizot who called him an alarmist, Duchâtel who assured him he knew better, and the King who turned his back upon him. The first act of the Republicans was to go to the registers of the police, and there they found their names, their residences, their actions all inscribed, and Caussidière exclaimed in astonishment : “ Nous y sommes tous, il n'en manque pas un.” The King's conduct to Thiers was most injudicious ; at the hour when he wanted him most he sent for him, and said without preamble : “ J'ai besoin de votre nom ; formez un cabinet.” At every suggestion he went into the next room, consulted Guizot, whom Thiers could see writing at the royal bureau, and came back to negative all he proposed. The household accuse the diminutive author of ‘ L'Histoire de la Révolution ’ of treachery, for it was he who forbade firing ; but I imagine he miscalculated his influence, and really thought his name was a sufficient guarantee to the Liberal party. Be that as it may, all are unanimous in blaming the late order of things, but still more vociferous in condemning the present dictatorship. I am told that it is highly

imprudent to write the truth, and that letters are opened in the post; but I do not care. If I could scream my sentiments from the housetop, and make all Europe sensible of the horrors of revolution and the tyranny of democracy, I should be delighted. I always doubted the practicability of a Republic, but I did not expect to see it wear itself out in three weeks.

X.

March 18th.

Now for politics, or rather for a gloomy croak on the sad prospects of France. It is quite fearful to see the increased agitation, the daily departures, and the lamentable loss of property of all whom one cares for. The last edict of Garnier Pagès, increasing the taxes by one half, is a death-blow to all small landed proprietors: the Revolution of July, which promised cheap government, augmented the taxation 30 per cent.; this, purer and cheaper, augments it at once 50, thus making an augmentation of 80 on what were called the hard times of the Restoration. The worst of it is, it is only a palliative which may avert the evil hour of bankruptcy, but which cannot create any permanent resources. The Provisional Government have undertaken what no one

could perform, and this they have promised with empty coffers and the largest standing army in Europe. They have already solemnly decreed that none shall want, and to carry out this Utopia they at first gave 30 sous to all who had no work ; this they yesterday reduced to 20 ; we don't as yet know the result. To those who were fools enough to wait for employment they promised unlimited occupation, and lo ! now they only secure three days in the week at 2 fr., thus putting the hard-working artisan on a level with the lazy *faubourien*, who sings ' Mourir pour la patrie ' or the Marseillaise from morning to night. As to the Army, you saw how useless it was in the hour of danger, and now it is still more so, as the Sovereign People have decreed that none but the citizens of Paris shall defend their hearths. A regiment of chasseurs came in on Tuesday, but 60,000 men went to the Hôtel de Ville to beg they might be dismissed, and Lamartine waved a flag, Dupont de l'Eure hobbled down and showed them how very grey and bald he had grown in their service,¹ Ledru Rollin vociferated, Louis Blanc called out " Mes frères " and turned on all the ordinary *blague*, and, at one o'clock in the morning, the Colonel, who was sleeping in peace, was requested to be out of the way before daybreak.

¹ He was born in 1767.

The demonstration of the National Guard was not so well received: they wished to remain in companies so as to elect their officers among their friends; but this would have made the electors moderate, and Ledru Rollin would not hear of it. By dispersing them individual influence will be lost, and the candidates of the Radical papers be assured of success. The workmen opposed their passing on the Quai, and their own General, Courtais, called them *émeutiers*, and ordered them to disperse. This they refused to do, and a grenadier of the 1st Legion (some say Mons. de la Redoete) dragged him from his horse, tore off his epaulets, and broke his sword. How is all this to end? I am afraid in disbanding the 1st Legion, and then this whole *quartier*, certainly the richest in Paris, will be entirely in the hands of the mob. I suppose something is apprehended shortly, as cartridges are being distributed to the National Guard, who, till now, were merely considered as a moral force. Three white flags were hoisted on Thursday, but decidedly without any real object; it was, as it were, to feel public opinion, and was not done by persons of note. Some people even think it is a device of Caussidière, who loves rapine and bloodshed, to cause a rush on the Faubourg St. Germain. Be that as it may, it certainly had that

effect, for the street cry yesterday was "A bas les aristocrates." There are many strange features in the mob, and not the least strange is the vast concourse of priests who join in every demonstration. I think they are wrong, for the day is not far distant when the retrenchments meditated by the Government will reach the clergy, and then they will attempt to upset their own idol, and perhaps religion will again go over in the struggle. The Duc de Bordeaux has written to Madame Lévis, requesting that his name may not even be pronounced, but the Legitimists, like every other party, are not unanimous, and the Abbé de Genoude is carrying on a most useless agitation a great deal too soon.¹

Nothing can be attempted with any chance of success unless by the National Assembly, and I greatly fear this will not meet until late in May. Lamartine has promised to adhere to the original intention of the

¹ De Genoude, who was at first a Voltairian, became a Churchman and took up politics. At the advice of Madame de Staël he offered his services to the Prince de Polignac, who employed him as aide-de-camp and sent him to collect the reinforcements promised by Switzerland to the Comte d'Artois. After Waterloo he became a journalist, and translated the Bible, for which work he received a pension from Louis Philippe. In 1830 he joined the Opposition to Louis Philippe. He edited the important *Gazette de France*, and supported universal suffrage. He became a priest on the death of his wife in 1834; he died in 1849, after being thrown over by the Royalist party which he had helped to divide.

20th of April, but Ledru Rollin, backed by the workmen with whom he can do anything, intends to put it off a month. This is merely to prolong his own dictatorship, which will be impossible if there is any sense or dignity left in the 'Constituante.' In the meantime he is paying his debts, and, for the purpose, he has seized on the money subscribed for the wounded, thus destroying Mademoiselle Ozy's last hope. After the Revolution, she said: "Il n'y a plus de Russes, plus d'Anglais, plus de banquiers; il faut se faire entretenir par un blessé." Besides these 500,000 fr., he got 400,000 from the treasury, which caused Goudchaux who is an honest man, to resign.

The greatest confusion prevails in all departments. The delegates of the Republic are, many of them, very ill-chosen, and meet with very bad receptions in the provinces. The one sent to Amiens turned out to be a convict; the delegate of Le Mans was mad, and would dance the polka in the market place with the mayor; and at Agen two arrived at the same time, with the same credentials, and had to fight it out. The diplomatic appointments are as yet few in number: Mons. d'Arcourt goes to Berlin, Mons. Delacour to Vienna, Mons. de Lurde to the Hague, Mons. de Reculot to Constantinople. I don't fancy you will like him, for I

think him very disagreeable and *sans gêne* ; but then I was some days with him in a country house, which is very different from 'des rapports internationaux.' It seems strange that an ambassador should remain here to balance Mons. Cotter's importance in London. Every one is going ; Lady Cowley, the Grahams and Saloos went yesterday, so did the Villars, Standishes, and every one who could disclaim French nationality. All the foreign ministers are sending their wives and children away, so we shall be all alone this summer. I cannot tell you how much Guizot is blamed by all parties, and how thoroughly *inconvenant* his going about in London is thought. I saw a very well-informed person yesterday, who told me that the late movement was in a great measure to be attributed to the Duchesse d'Orléans. At first this seemed most strange, but many circumstances lead me to think that this opinion is not without foundation. Her constant associates were Thiers, Rémusat, and Duvergier de Hauranne, the great promoters of the banquet ; their wives were the most frequent visitors at the Pavillon Marsan, and the King had the greatest dread of her and her coterie.¹

¹ Duvergier de Hauranne may be characterised by his toast "à la Souveraineté Nationale et au Roi Constitutionnel ;" he was a moderate constitutional reformer under the Monarchy, but after its fall he adopted a more conservative attitude.

If the Regency as appointed by law had been proclaimed, then the Duc de Nemours was the person, but how was *she* substituted at the last moment, and why was his unpopularity taken for granted by his own family? Then she was prepared, and had a written speech which she meant to read at the Chamber, and it is impossible she should have composed this in the dire confusion of that last hour, when ministries, and thrones, and dynasties were disappearing every minute. Another curious circumstance is her going to Germany and separating herself from her people. If this is true, she certainly is very ambitious and *intrigante*, and of course we shall have conspiracies innumerable. Madame Adélaïde, whose sagacity and shrewdness are undeniable, never liked her, and perhaps she was right.¹

I tell you all rumours, as I think some may tend to throw light on the late events, by far the most extraordinary of modern times. Just at present nothing is doing, so I have nothing to relate; I can only tell you that there is a slow current of dissatisfaction pervading all classes, that commerce and society are at an end, that the streets swarm with beggars, that the last

¹ The Duchesse d'Orléans was Princess Hélène of Mecklenburg; she was the widow of the eldest son of Louis Philippe; he was killed in a carriage accident in '42.

demonstration of operatives caused fifteen thousand passports to be taken out yesterday. The price of gold is raised to 150 fr. a thousand—that is, 3 fr. on every napoleon, and the late law obliges no one to give more than 100 fr. in silver. Such facts speak volumes, and the lower classes are already declaring that they will not take the 100-franc notes, which they compare to the assignats of which their fathers still speak with a shudder. To every one who says France is quiet, say it is not; it is true that blood does not flow in the streets, and that life is not menaced, but what Emile de Girardin calls “la corruption de la peur” is everywhere. There are fifty-two clubs in Paris, some Communist, others clamouring for another ‘Comité de Salut public;’ at one of these, two hundred heads were asked for, but an orator of some weight prevented all deliberation by crying out: “Un instant, je suis chapelier.” A *bon-mot* may do for once, but there always was a great contempt for life in France, and now that all enjoyment is at an end, I think it will only increase.¹ Ledru

¹ At this period there were in Paris no less than 276 clubs. Blanqui founded the first, which was named after him and was Communistic; its meetings were held at the Conservatoire. The Government thought it safer to countenance the clubs, and the Mayor of Paris placed rooms in various public buildings at their disposal.

Rollin and Caussidière are both bloodthirsty, but as yet they are greatly outnumbered. If the National Assembly is firm and not overruled by the masses, things may right a little ; but no one, no not even the members of the Government, has the slightest data to go upon with an electoral system so entirely new. If you have the last number of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, read Michel Chevalier's article on the organisation of labour ; it contains a curious *aperçu* of the result Communism would have in France.

P.S.—If any one says I write broken English, do explain my antecedents ; my life in English is one continued translation.

XI.

March 25th.

. . . Will you, however, be so kind as to send money for her journey ? I would most willingly advance it, but even crowns are at a ruinous rate, and English money is *hors de prix*. As much as 28 fr. is given for a sovereign ; and French paper, notwithstanding its being made legal tender, is at such a discount that the loss would be very great. A 500-franc note cannot be changed under 20 fr. ; add to this

the premium on English, and you will see that the difference is most absurd. If you have an opportunity, send sovereigns, if not, a note cut in halves, and she shall account to you for the balance. No banker, not even Rothschild, will give money on a letter of credit ; and any other through whom you might transmit this small sum, has every chance of failing in the interval between our letters. Even the Bank of France must end by a partial bankruptcy ; it is hoped this will fall only on the Treasury bonds and the floating debt, but everything goes so fast that the whole may go over literally any day. There is a childish aversion to paper money, and an idiotic fondness for glittering crowns or napoleons that would be really comical if it were not the forerunner of utter ruin. It is very evident that when notes are discredited they are slowly coming down to the standard of the old assignats, and all the plate that the timid, or rather the large majority of the nation, are pouring into the Mint, will only add to the hoards, and by no means increase the circulation. It is a very sad state of things, and I fear a very hopeless one ; the expenses of the present Government are enormous, their resources very inferior to those of the Monarchy, and these were inadequate but greatly eked out by confidence and ignorance. Now every one

has read the financial report, every one sees what is wanted, and no one on earth knows where to look for it; the additional tax of 45 centimes is found so insufficient that they are going to add 55 more per cent., thus doubling the actual heavy charges on property. Another contribution is also required for establishing something similar to the London police, and we all know a mob here will murder or drown an unarmed constable, but never obey him, therefore this is a most useless burden.

All these charges amount almost to confiscation, and all those who have a mortgage on their property will assuredly not be able to live upon it; the provinces are decidedly hostile, not only to these additional taxes, but to the whole system; they are beginning to doubt the advantages of centralisation, and to resist vehemently the establishment of the National Assembly at Paris. Many candidates have been distinctly told that the suffrages of their compatriots will be conditional on their refusing to sit in the capital. Bourges or Orléans is talked of, but I still think that for this once it will be here. We shall see how 900 men can deliberate under the control of 4000 armed spectators, backed by an outdoor mob of 200,000 more. I went last night to a sitting of the

Club des Prévoyans, where the merits of the candidates for Paris were discussed, and it was a most curious sight. The meeting was held in an *école communale*, and presided over, like the Deputies, by a bureau and president, with a bell but no *eau sucrée*. I asked if I might come in, and was told : "Comment donc, nous sommes bien heureux quand il nous vient des dames." The place was crowded to excess with workmen and some tolerably well-dressed men ; the former were far more civil than gentlemen would have been ; they made room for me on a bench, and cried "Chapeau bas" to those who prevented me from seeing the speakers by keeping their hats on. The candidates proposed were Mons. Dégousée, Mons. Coquerel (of the Oratoire), and a saddler of the name of Fortune. The latter was called upon to expound his opinions, but he was not eloquent, and got sorely puzzled when asked to explain the organisation of labour. A barrister named Mons. Baud made a very brilliant speech, full of compliments to the candidate but knocking his candidature to pieces. It is curious to see the strong sense that pervades the masses, and the quick intelligence they have of noble sentiments. Mons. Baud's homage to intellectual capacity, couched in high-flown language, was received

with the greatest enthusiasm, and when he asked whether Fortune was a Communist, the deprecation of the very word from all parts of the Assembly was most deafening. A white *blouse* next me said: "Le communisme c'est la morale des fainéans; un brave travailleur ne voudra jamais ni partager ce qu'il gagne, ni manger ce qu'il ne gagne pas." The sense of the ridiculous is very strong, and the poor saddler was tremendously laughed at. Educated men have by far the best chances, and many workmen are animated by the sincerest wish to restore peace and order. One man only was violent, but he was not well received; the question put was: "If the National Assembly adopts some form of government not Republican, what is to be done?" This man answered: "Si l'Assemblée n'est pas Républicaine, il faudra la purger avec des balles. J'en ai trois cents, et je la purgerai." I am told the *Prévoyans* is one of the mildest clubs, and I am most anxious to see another, but I don't know whether I can get Adolphe to take me, and I have no other person enterprising and respectable enough to go with. In these times of universal calamity, one feels a sort of vague apprehension, as if one's turn was at hand. I cannot tell you how much I wish M. was not here; she has a good deal of passive courage, but

she has not physical powers equal to any sudden move, and if there were a rush of the mob, I should hardly know what to do with her. For my own part, I fear nothing, and though I have not the pretension to stem the tide of panic, I think a few more calm persons might really do good. At all events, I know my poor sister is so harassed with anxiety about her husband, so alarmed at the ruin she foresees for her children, that if I were not here to cheer and comfort her, I don't know what would become of her. One gets accustomed to everything in time, and since we have got on so far without any government, or rather without a plan, and without laws, I hope we may get on until the meeting of this gigantic Assembly. We are told that the nine have agreed that they shall remain equal, consequently a president is not to be thought of, and we are to have this governing council imposed upon us in spite of the will of the Nation, should the said Nation be wise enough to object to the multitude of tyrants. The papers found, both at the Tuileries and at the Ministries, have compromised so many persons, that I believe the men in power can rule every one by a mere show of their own handwriting. Thiers is so frightened at the revelations about himself, that he rather deprecates being called to

the Assembly. Mons. Génie, Guizot's chef de cabinet is implicated in an affair of bribery for 800,000 fr., and half the employés having *bought* their places, are to be turned out. The indictment of Libri, for theft in the library of which he was keeper, is signed Hébert, and bears the memorandum, "Ne pas poursuivre pour motif politique.—GUIZOT." This shielding of a common thief is really incredible, as well as many other things that have come to light. The Duc de Montpensier's correspondence with Spain to bring about an abdication and get his wife proclaimed, was actually in the hands of a doctor named Cérise, and it is said it was communicated to England.¹ Others affirm that it was forwarded to Madrid, and that the Prince will be very ill received there; an outbreak is apprehended in Spain as well as in Portugal, and in fact I believe that the Sublime Porte will indeed shortly be the Asylum of the Universe. The King's daily instructions to Guizot have been found, and all the obnoxious expressions of "passions ennemies, manifestations haineuses," etc., are suggested to the minister by his wily master.² All

¹ The Duc de Montpensier had married the Infanta Luisa, sister of the young Queen Isabella.

² These words were used by Louis Philippe in his address from the Throne on the 27th of December, 1847; taken in conjunction with his

this about the letters is true, for the man who gave me these details has been himself a minister, and was sent for on the night of the 23rd to form part of the new Cabinet.

Everything that seemed impossible has happened, so let us hope that something improbable will occur to save the country ; even my spirits are failing, and the very aspect of the desolate streets and of the bands of idle workmen in the Tuileries and on the boulevards, destroys all one's enjoyment. I am so often interrupted during the day, that I am scribbling this third instalment about one in the morning, and I am very sleepy and stupid.

XII.

March 31st.

. . . It will be the greatest use to me to have gold, as it is almost impossible to get change of any kind, and in the event of a sudden move (which many think may be necessary) it would be excessively difficult to collect funds. . . . I can give you but a gloomy account of politics, and what is worse finance. I believe we are much nearer bankruptcy than we were

determined opposition to the most pressing reforms, they roused strong popular indignation.

last week, and the most arbitrary measures cannot even put off the evil day. The Bank of France has had six thousand bills refused this last week, and the rest of its acceptances are probably not worth more; the few bankers who still hold on, do no business; a friend of mine at Rome cannot get a farthing, and a man I know tried in vain to send 500 fr. to England yesterday. Mons. Cabarrus spoke to Lamartine about the financial crisis and he answered: "Quand donc cessera-t-on d'avoir ces ignobles préoccupations matérielles; quand donc les peuples comprendront-ils la grande loi de la fraternité sans arrière pensée ignoble? Dieu merci, je n'entends rien aux finances, je n'y songe même pas!" Meanwhile, as though there were not ways enough to squander 'le fond du sac,' we have got trees of Liberty planting every day, and each mayor gives 20 fr. a tree, which, added to the sums extorted from the timid, enables the idle to get immoderately drunk, and to fire off quantities of guns every evening. Eight hundred trees have been planted this week, and some one in the street who was grumbling (as every one is now), said yesterday: "Paris est une vraie forêt, pis que la forêt de Bondy," whose bad reputation is, you know, proverbial. After these trees are planted, two *braves ouvriers*, fully armed,

beg vigorously, striking the pavement with their muskets, and they actually go into the houses that are left open, to frighten even misers into generosity. Towards evening, about a dozen or perhaps twenty boys under twelve rush about screaming: "Des lampions ou je pillons," or, "gare la cour de cassation," and every one, to save their windows, sticks candles into bottles and illuminates vigorously. I am proud to say we did not illuminate, and though the collectors for the nearest tree almost dropped their muskets on my feet, I did not give them anything. Louis Blanc is beginning to lose ground with his brothers; he has even been nicknamed 'Chou Blanc,' and you know 'faire chou blanc' is a slang expression equivalent to the 'far fiasco' of the Italians. I suppose we shall soon hear of his suicide, as he has sworn to blow his brains out if he fails in organising labour, and that neither he nor any one else can hope to do. There was a Communist conspiracy against the Provisional Government last week, but it was discovered and frustrated. The intention was to take all the members at once, and finish them off without a scaffold, so as to leave the reins of Government to Cabet and his friend Blanqui.¹

¹ Cabet was an idealist who wrote the "Voyage en Icarie" in illustration

Since execution for political offences has been abolished, the Government has invented most ingenious punishments. One man who on the taking of the Préfecture was discovered by the registers to have betrayed them, was put in prison with no food and a loaded pistol. I do not vouch for the truth of this, but every one believes it, and no one attempts to investigate it, which shows how thoroughly every one is paralysed by fear. Yesterday there was a violent attack upon Emile de Girardin, who certainly does use the *Presse* most vigorously, and tells truth literally to the million. No paper is so universally read ; it is not only one of the best but it is very cheap and is hawked about by the wives and children of the workmen who,

of his social doctrines. He preached a return to primitive morality in accordance with the Gospel, and advocated voluntary renunciation and gradual abolition of property. His idea was embodied in the phrase "to provide for each individual according to his needs, not his earning capacity." In '48 he founded in Texas an "Icarian" community, where he attempted to put his utopian ideas in practice. Blanqui, who was born at Nimes in 1805, was a thorough-going conspirator ; between 1835 and his death in 1881 he suffered thirty-seven years of imprisonment. At the very outset of the Revolution of February, he determined to overthrow the Provisional Government because it adopted the tricolour instead of the red flag ; the authorities were, however, too strong for him, and his following of desperadoes had to disperse. He was active during all the phases of the Revolution of '48, in which he represented extreme Communism. Both Lamartine and Ledru Rollin tried to use him, but found it impossible to work with him. He was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for his share in the 15th of May.

being associated with the editor, have an interest in spreading it far and wide ; this does not suit Ledru Rollin who is supposed to direct these attacks by main force, and many persons believe Mons. de Girardin will be assassinated. Forty men guarded his house the night before last, while he wrote one of those bitter articles that are so obnoxious to the self-instituted rulers. I never see two men talking in the street without feeling sure that they are conspiring : every one belongs to some conspiracy and makes no secret of it. If they were only unanimous, we should see the mightiest convulsion that ever shook an empire ; but alas, there is no chief, and all this will produce perpetual broils, some bloodshed, but no permanent change. Lamoricière might play the part of Monk, but for whom ? The Duc de Bordeaux is insignificant and stigmatised as an Austrian, and the Comte de Paris is a mere child. I believe there is now no manner of doubt that the Duc de Montpensier is a foolish young rogue who has intrigued against every one even his own father, and that he is equally despised by all parties, both in France and Spain ; we hear some rumour of a revolution at Madrid, but that may only be the echo of the European movement. The Belgians who were sent from here to get them out of the way, have made

rather an unlucky campaign into their native land, but it has ended in the recall of the Ambassador; it is said that Austria, Bavaria, and Prussia have also ceased their diplomatic relations, as the instigators of all the outbreaks are French, but this I do not know for certain. Nothing can be more disagreeable than the streets just now; at one corner you find a dense crowd planting the Tree of Liberty and screaming the *refrain des Girondins*; you turn through some less frequented quarter, and you meet thousands of urchins dressed like soldiers shouting the *Marseillaise*; these are the foundlings of Paris. A little further a couple of thousand women march past, bearing the tricolour with the inscription 'Vésuviennes,' and I believe it is better not to inquire the nature of their avocations. In the Champs Elysées, you meet the Germans with three feathers in their caps and two flags, one French tricolour, the other red, black, and gold, and I don't understand a word they say. If any one likes to explore farther, they may run against the Polish Legion, or the Italian refugees, or the journeymen bakers, or the water-carriers, all requiring some *political* privilege. Yesterday being the *mi-carême*, all the flower-girls on the boulevards wore black velvet masks, low gowns and pearl necklaces, flowers in their hair, and egregiously

short petticoats ; I strongly suspect that the boulevards will become what the Palais Royal was when I was a child, only that under the reign of Liberty 'tous les commerces se feront à toutes heures.' It is a very deplorable state of things, and all enjoyment here is at an end. Few people are as expert as my sister and I, but it really becomes impossible to thread our way through the immense crowd of idlers that block up every thoroughfare. Everything tends to increase this confusion ; the placards on the walls, the tumblers in the streets, the roulettes on the *quais*, and the hawking about of newspapers. Yesterday I bought Raspail's *Ami du Peuple*, journal *Maratiste*, and the *Réforme*, Ledru Rollin's own organ ; also *La Voix des Femmes*, which is sanguinary without ideas or eloquence. Do you care to see any of these effusions ? They never are copied into other papers, but they sometimes are curious ; nothing is so easy as to forward them the next day if you like. There are quantities of caricatures and vile libels, without *esprit* or probability, circulated concerning Louis Philippe and Guizot ; some about the Sovereign People are rather better. In one a delegate of the *travailleurs* (*ouvriers* is rather low) goes to the Hôtel de Ville and asks for the moon in the name of equality ; the secretary (a bad likeness of Recurt)

answers : “Votre demande sera transmise au citoyen Arago, qui avisera aux moyens de la satisfaire.” We are not very far from the time of the Comité de Salut Public, for though we have not got the guillotine, we have *les suspects*. A lady I know has been in the habit of receiving every Wednesday morning a vast number of acquaintances, sometimes forty or fifty a day, and as her name is Legitimist and her *entourage* rather that way inclined, her landlord has ordered her to suspend these ‘meetings,’ which have a dangerous tendency ! The porter who announced this decree, with a grin added : “C’est bien fait, car vos dames à panache ne se donnaient seulement pas la peine de saluer ma femme.” This is liberty. I am told that letters are opened, and if they do not express admiration they are suppressed, but I do not care ; if they won’t allow me to write I will print, and the liberty of the press is up to the present the only one that is real. I wish I had a thousand pens to spread abroad the horror of the Republic ! I wish all who talk, and bluster, and hail this Revolution could be brought over to taste its fruits for a week : they would see that ruin and misery and personal violence are its only results ; that tyranny, even admitting that it existed, has only been displaced and now rests upon brute force, and that the

extravagance of the Republicans leads to bankruptcy much faster than the prodigalities of Monarchy. A row is expected on the 5th, but I don't exactly know why. At the preparatory elections of the National Guard many have been sworn to upset this Government, no matter at what cost ; I think it would be foolish, as it could only be to the profit of the Communists. It is a great pity the elections have been put off, as it is impossible anything now existing can hold out another month. What dreadful news from Ireland ! I dread a rebellion, and I know the rebels will be helped from here, as Lamartine's sympathy is thought very sterile by his more violent colleagues. We must hope for the best, but we cannot but know that we are hoping against all probability, and that all our chance for the future is between anarchy at home and war abroad. I hardly know how to write now ; the excitement is so great that it is impossible to do anything calmly, and I am afraid I try your powers of deciphering most cruelly.

XIII.

April 3rd.

Will you excuse my enclosing two letters to you to-day ? I find Irish correspondence is most uncertain,

and I am very anxious to let J. hear real news of this country. Things are getting horribly complicated, and even Lamartine is beginning to wish he were a month older ; it is impossible this miserable Government should stem the tide till the 4th of May. They have dislocated everything, spent the public money, deceived the working population into the belief that a Republic meant universal happiness and great lots of pocket-money, and now they are at their wits' ends. The workmen are beginning to find out that meat, wine, and tobacco are as dear as ever, that the workshops are being closed, and that when they have sold their guns, they may starve without hindrance from the popular rulers. War is now looked upon as inevitable, but whether with the Austrians in Italy or the Belgians in support of the disbanded coachbuilders that were called "brothers," we know not. If the latter, England would interfere I suppose, but I do not like to think of anything beyond the present hour : that is bad enough in all conscience. Yesterday ten thousand men, some armed, headed by military cadets, paraded the town with a large basket, begging "pour les besoins de la République." Some one told me : "J'ai eu si peur que j'ai donné deux sous ;" and such, I believe, are the patriotic offerings so pompously

proclaimed in the official journals. I believe that Ledru Rollin has been wiser than Louis Philippe, and has already sent about £4000 to England out of his 'savings' during the last five weeks at the Ministry of the Interior. Lamartine and Garnier Pagès take no salaries, neither does Louis Blanc nor I believe Albert; but Crémieux and Flocon are making hay rapidly during the very short sunshine they anticipate. It is said there will be a Communist movement on the 5th, but fortunately for us Blanqui, one of the prime leaders, has just been proved a traitor, and has lost the confidence of his club. I believe Caussidière will contrive his suicide very shortly. I am getting horribly out of spirits, because I see every chance of order successively thrown overboard. I have no personal fears, but I am sorry a country I loved so dearly, and where I have my dearest ties, should be so hopelessly lost. Do not consider this a letter; I really cannot write to-day; I have seen too many ruined men to be able to think calmly of anything.

XIV.

April 5th.

. . . I still trust we may not be forced to accept your offer, and that we may meet upon the far

pleasanter footing of your visit to Paris instead of our flight to London ; but even the most sanguine begin to say : “ Cela se gâte.” Most horribly complicated it certainly is, and as each day adds to the number of workmen without employment and servants without places, I can only foresee an increase in the elements of disorder. . . . I cannot describe to you the contempt I feel for those who leave a sinking vessel ; of course I mean Frenchmen, for I am not surprised at foreigners wishing to leave a place where the only possible *distraction* is a change of government, and the only *agrément* an *émeute*. When I look back six weeks I can hardly believe it is the same place ; I can hardly fancy I ever could have liked to live here. It certainly is curious and exciting, but in the long run the anxiety is most wearing, and the panic terror of all one sees is really infectious. If you pay a visit, you find a lady with very dirty hands who has just been grubbing a hole in her garden for her diamonds ; in the street you meet a ruined man in a cab ; he stops to explain this apparent extravagance, and to say he was taking his forks and spoons to the mint. We all wear thick shoes, carry an umbrella, and try to look as much like our own *portières* as we can. There are no private carriages left, and even livery stablemen

have been obliged to give up the old plan, and let out vehicles by the hour "comme un ignoble fiacre," as Vidie our man says. All the great tradesmen are gone or going to London; not only those you mention, but Moubro, Froment, Meurice, and many others are taking all their best things over; I do not wonder at it, when no one seems to doubt that there will be at least partial pillage.

It is impossible the present state of things should go on long; the Treasury, in spite of the exorbitant taxes and the adjournment of all payment, is nearly empty and the subsidies to the workmen must cease; in this event they will certainly break into shops, and perhaps it might be as well this should happen soon, as nothing but personal losses will ever stimulate the National Guard to action. A most dangerous decree is in contemplation—that is, to allow house to house requisitions; armed men will be authorised to levy contributions, and though at first they will be civil of course, they must ultimately become savage, and at all events it will lead to a scientific system of depre-dation, not an indiscriminate rush into all houses. This will be unjust even according to their own standard of fraternity, for many of the best-furnished houses are occupied by people with the smallest *real*

fortunes. The want of ready money is really painful to see, and leads to immense sacrifices ; our landlord has given us a reduction of 40 per cent. on our rent (for the present), on consideration of six months paid in advance. My losses at the Blounts' may be very serious, I mean for me, as what I gave £500 for in January, will now probably be purchased by the State or rather exchanged for 5 per cent. at par ; now, as I purchased at a premium and the fives are down at 52, you see I must lose at least half my outlay ; what I had in the bank was comparatively trifling, as I was at the end of my half year. My great distress is for poor E., who will be deprived of every comfort by this sad state of things ; the great bulk of her husband's property was a large house containing nineteen apartments and four shops ; seven of the apartments have become vacant since last February, the tenants of the others have insisted on a reduction, and the shops are decidedly failing. Add to this that they have been *forced* to pay the increased taxes for the *whole* year, and that they have no legal means of recovering a debt owed to them, and you will understand what a difference* that must make in a small fortune. She bears it very well ; indeed I have heard no *woman* complain ; Madame Decazes bears up under a load of

anxiety seemingly too great for human endurance ; Mrs. Blount goes further and is hopeful of better days ; and poor Madame de Rambuteau, infirm and pillaged, does not murmur at her altered fortunes. Every one is hit in some way or other, and even those who had spread their fortunes all over Europe, do not know where to look with confidence on their investments. Madame Samoïloff has her colossal fortune divided between French funds and Milanese estates : is not that a pleasant position ? We had a line from Milan yesterday containing the sad news that a very great friend of ours, an Austrian diplomatist, was in prison there ; he says he is well treated, but so many of the Lombardi remember the Spielberg that I fear they will not easily let out an emissary of Metternich. There is a great talk of war here, not among the well-informed or those in power, but it is the buzz of the boulevards, the theme of every café and corps-de-garde.

Yesterday I got mixed up in the crowd that was going to plant a Tree of Liberty at the corner of the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, nearly opposite your old house, and as I could neither get back nor forward, I went up to a window to hear the speeches. They were all tending to rehabilitate the army, and the peroration was :
“ Jurons sur l'arbre sacré de la liberté de maintenir

l'intégrité de nos frontières!" The popular cry on this occasion was 'Vive la ligne!' and the song, not the *Girondins*, but the *Chant du Départ*, which distinguished the celebrated campaigns of Italy. I cannot help agreeing at last with the English, and allowing that this is a most theatrical nation; imagine an old man whose son had been shot at that very spot on the 23rd of February, being dragged out and made to say that he saw with proud gratification the Tree of Liberty spring from the blood of his murdered son! He then blew his nose, and a boy who was with him began to hug the tree, which not being firmly planted shook most ominously. I could not help thinking that, like the children of beggarwomen and the mothers of actresses, the father and brother were hired for the occasion. The clergy of the Madeleine blessed the poplar, and all the brigands who compose Colonel Rey's troop at the Hôtel de Ville fired off their muskets; it was here that I for the first time saw the *carmagnole* and the *bonnet rouge*. Caussidière's mounted police wear a red peaked cap and a red sash which looks bad enough, but some of the volunteers and one woman had the regular Phrygian cap, the same that was the rallying sign of '93. All this looks very bad, for though it is only a caricature of the dreadful

Revolution, still it familiarises one with its emblems, and hurries the people down the political torrent. I wanted to send you Raspail's *Ami du Peuple*, but could not get it yesterday ; but I have just posted *La Démocratie pacifique*, the Communist paper, the *Liberté*, and the *République*, rather well written, violent compositions. To-morrow I shall try for the *Réforme* to which Ledru Rollin belongs, and the *National* a very prejudiced but remarkable organ of Government. If I can find the *Atelier*, exclusively written by workmen and edited by a shoemaker, you shall have that too, and you will be surprised at its moderation and eloquence.

Every one is talking of the discoveries made in the different Ministries, and of the number of names compromised in the list of secret services. I cannot help thinking that something of the kind has induced — to fly precipitately to Bruxelles, after sending in what is called an 'adhésion chalereuse' to the Provisional Government as soon as he heard by telegraph of its appointment. Madame de Courbonne remains here with houses unlet, *rentes* in jeopardy, and a diminished salon, so you may imagine her state of mind. The Apponys go next week ; they calculate upon a loss of two-thirds of their private fortune, besides the cessation of their

career. I dare not think of Ireland ; it seems to me impossible that it should not follow the fate of all Europe ; it is as full of bad elements as any part of the Continent, and how can it escape ? Lamartine's answer was good and clever, but it will not reach where it ought ; the chiefs will interpret it for the benefit of the lower orders who are so easily misled to evil, and then comes civil war. J. writes very gloomily ;¹ he is determined to send Sarah and the boy to England, and to fight with the loyal side to the very last ; you may imagine how uneasy we shall be. I have this instant received your yesterday's letter and the accompanying *rouleau*, for which I return you a million of thanks ; it may be of the utmost importance in the event of pillage to be able to carry all one's fortune in one's pocket. To-day is that fixed for the elections to the National Guard, and a Communist movement is greatly feared ; all pickets are doubled. As I am afraid of missing to-day's post, I must conclude in great haste.

¹ From Ireland.

XV.

Friday, April 7th.

. . . I have subscribed to the *Atelier*, a weekly paper written wholly by workmen, and I believe it is very curious; if worth sending, you shall have that too; to-day I sent the *Presse*, yesterday the *National* and the *Réforme*. Sometimes I may not be able to forward them the day of publication as the post-office which is rather a confederate of the editors, will only take them in up to twelve o'clock. I have no news to-day; the elections of the National Guard have absorbed all our thoughts, but they though most important have no significance beyond our walls. Great threats were used towards Mons. de Tracy,¹ and some very base manœuvres to carry off votes from him; but he was named Colonel of our legion by a most triumphant majority. Numerous petitions

¹ De Tracy, who was the son of the philosopher of that name, had a military career under Napoleon I., and distinguished himself in Spain. In 1816 he retired and took up scientific studies. He belonged to the extreme Left, and championed all liberal measures, including that for evacuating Algiers. In '48 he was Colonel of the 1st Legion of the National Guard, and deputy to the Assembly; there he voted with the Right except concerning the banishment of the Orléans family and the death-penalty for political offences. He was Minister of Marine in December, 1848, and joined in the protest against the Coup d'État.

are being got up against him because he is merely a Republican, and not a *révolutionnaire*. By-the-by, I was reading yesterday Carnot's circular to his pro-consuls in '93-94, and it was as like Ledru Rollin's as possible ; there is the same assumption of unlimited powers, and the very words " que votre attitude soit non-seulement républicaine, mais révolutionnaire." I like reading the history of France from '89 to '95 ; it is so very like the present time. We are so completely following the same downward line, that I don't well see how we can get through it without the guillotine ; it is the only feature wanting, and in the Faubourgs they are rather that way inclined. A grocer, whom I rather know in his capacity of a National Guard, told me that his father-in-law, having refused to lower his rents in the Faubourg St. Antoine, had had a black flag suspended from his window with a rope by which they threatened to hang him. Caussidière is very firm, but he cannot be everywhere, and there is some wholesale murder going on every night ; the Morgue is full of the bodies of Savoyards, supposed to have been murdered by their rivals the Auvergnats. Certainly there is very little importance attached to human life in France, for these things are much less talked of than the King's large diamond button, which some wretch has

swallowed and is dying of under the name of *blessé de Février*: "On attend l'autopsie avec impatience." The adherents of the ex-King have behaved atrociously; they have all given up papers, and given information where others could be found, besides handing over the proofs of all the money invested under feigned names, which would at least have kept them alive as long as these funds pay—not very long, I believe. Adolphe is on the list of officers, being very popular in the neighbourhood, and we are very anxious for the result of to-day's elections; as every distinction is a danger we sincerely wish him to remain a full private.

XVI.

April 12th.

Your letter of Monday was a great relief to my mind in every respect, both concerning gown, brooch, maid, and Chartists. From daybreak yesterday the newsvendors were screaming, "Incendie de Londres, proclamation de la République, et abdication de la Reine Victoria." I knew it was false, and that they could have no information; still it had an unpleasant effect on one's spirits. Now I am charmed, for the exultation felt by many *soi-disant* moderate people, and

the confidence of all in the power of propagandism is greatly shaken ; they must hide their diminished heads and look for other sources of self-gratification than any derived from England ; I trust the power of *sense* will extend to Ireland, and that the rebellion there will end like the revolution in England—in words ; these seem to have gone far enough in all conscience through the medium of Messrs. Smith O'Brien, Meagher & Co. I do wish they were subjected for a week to the iron despotism of a Provisional Government, and to the summary laws adopted against all here who venture to doubt the Republic being the expression of the will of the Nation. The state of things is like a *petite pièce* or a novel, in which the hero or heroine has dropped a letter putting him or her in absolute dependence on some person, good or bad, whose tool they become, for weal or woe. Emile de Girardin attempted opposition, and his contract with Molé for the subvention of the *Presse* was instantly cast in his teeth. Blanqui professed most incendiary doctrines, and a little communication of his to Mons. Delessert has effectually closed his mouth. Napoléon Duchâtel was to have been called to account for his administration at Toulouse, but he had all his brother's papers, and the Powers that Be would fain

give him a chance of employment to insure his silence. Lucien Delahodde a traitor has been buried lately without an inquest ; in fact, we have gone back to mediæval times.¹

I cannot imagine how the sitting of the National Assembly can be managed. Universal suffrage is only reasonable when quite local ; a man may be very well known in his *arrondissement*, and may have an excellent reputation among his fellow-citizens, but unless he is a democratic writer in a paper of the province it is impossible he should be known to the whole department. The power in the hands of Government is therefore ten times more absolute than that which the most corrupt *préfet* could have secured formerly. The lists will come ready-made from Paris ; the peasants, the soldiers, and the employés will accept them blindfold ; and thus there will be ten electors for the whole of France. Indeed I think I exaggerate in giving so

¹ This was the report current at the time—the actual facts are the following : Delahodde, one of the editors of the *Réforme* and a member of the Société des Droits de l'Homme, was secretary-general to the Prefecture of Police. Caussidière, on looking through some reports, found one in which his subordinate had given information to Louis Philippe's Government concerning a Republican conspiracy in '38 ; he called together sixteen of the persons named in the report, convicted Delahodde and shut him up in the Conciergerie. After the fall of Caussidière, Delahodde was liberated, and published a lampoon in which he took his revenge.

large a number, for Lamartine thinks only of the extremities of Europe, and of his own attitude with respect to foreign powers. Garnier Pagès is perfectly addled by the difficulty of reconstructing credit under such dreadful circumstances, and as to Louis Blanc, he is growing idiotic. His last plan of posting the names of idlers on a column by way of encouragement to work, really looks as if he were in his dotage ; I am looking out for his suicide, but I hardly think he will execute this promise any more than the rest. On the whole, my favourite public man is Marrast: he is bold and never promises what he cannot perform. I sent you to-day the *Constitutionnel* of yesterday, which contained some very curious documents on the Spanish marriages ; Salvandy's style will delight you, and if you know him you will be more than ever convinced that "le style c'est l'homme." It may interest you to know that the minister at Constantinople is to be General Aupick, who was at the head of the Polytechnic School ; I suspect him of being a fool, as he wrote a letter on the 23rd of February, which was found in the pocket of the coat left at the Deputies by the Duc de Nemours, saying the School was well affected ! I presume he is *gênant* here, for he has no diplomatic antecedents, and if he were useful he would not be

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sent somewhere else. The Ministry of War is refused by every one; no one will take the responsibility of managing an army which has been so demoralised that half the soldiers consider obedience the result of cowardice. Duvivier who commands the Garde Mobile, seems disposed to take it upon certain conditions, and that might be a good thing, as the Mobile is the only real force. The departments talk of constituting a body of 500 men to accompany their representatives to the capital, and to insure freedom of debate! This would make 45,000 from the provinces, 15,000 Garde Mobile, and 202,000 National Guards to support order. Ledru Rollin to subvert it has about 60,000 workmen, and he may have the Garde Urbaine, about 3000 men. As far as numbers go, you see we have the best of it, but pluck is undeniably on the other side, and, to use Changarnier's very ridiculous expression (he applied it to himself), "Le peuple a l'habitude de vaincre."¹

¹ General Changarnier served with distinction in Africa, and specially in the Arab campaign in '36. In '47 he was made Governor-General of Algeria on the resignation of the Duc d'Aumale. He organised the military operations in defence of the Hôtel de Ville on the 16th of April, '48, and commanded the National Guard during the June insurrection. After this he showed such a determined ambition to become the leader of the reactionary party, that the Ministry of Cavaignac insisted on his immediate return to Algiers to take up his command.

I believe the National Assembly will have to vote immediately on the expediency of bankruptcy, on the augmentation of the army and navy and the restoring of divorce, and that there will be a call for the *loi agraire*, the dream of the Communists. To-morrow I shall send you the *Constitutionnel*, which contains a very sensible dialogue by workmen on this very subject. There is a great deal of power in the press, and I wish it were always well directed ; but alas ! what papers are selling at every corner, so cheap that all may buy them, and so specious that they must lead many astray ! I suspect the priests will soon have to repent the very prominent part they have taken in the late events ; I heard a man on the *quai* crying out yesterday : “Voilà ce que c'est que la religion Catholique, voici ce qu'elle coûte ! Payez pour être baptisé, payez pour être marié, pour être enterré, et puis encore après !” This will certainly prevent many ignorant people praying for the dead, and that precept has, according to me, a softening influence on all ; the ‘*quêtes pour les âmes du purgatoire*’ may be absurd and unscriptural, but how much the suppression of all these ceremonies will tend to diminish the reverence which many still feel for the commands of a deceased parent, and how sad it is to sap even the smallest part of the foundation of faith !

This sounds very Catholic, but I am sure you will feel what I mean.

XVII.

April 17th.

We had a most dreadful day yesterday, and although it ended only in what is now called a 'manifestation,' it is impossible not to feel that there was something very serious under the surface. The *rappel* beat at one, and the National Guard turned out in such numbers that any attempt against them would have been insanity. During the first hour 85,000 got under arms, and the company of the Rue Miroménil (not quite 500 strong) turned out 425 men ; cartridges were distributed and they waited *l'arme au bras*, not exactly knowing what was in store but resolute to fight as soon as an adversary should appear. Dreadful rumours were afloat ; some said the Palais Royal was occupied by a band of thieves who were plundering the shops, others assured us that the Government was besieged in the Hôtel de Ville. I believe that there was a conspiracy to murder Lamartine and depose Arago, Garnier Pagès, and Marrast, and to place all power in the hands of Ledru Rollin, Cabet, and Blanqui. Communist doctrines

however have no success : Ledru Rollin saw this early in the day and joined the colleagues whom he meant to betray, so as to put himself in respectable safe-keeping ; Blanqui never appeared at all, and the visionary Cabet was nearly torn to pieces. The cry 'à bas le Communisme' was universal, and for the present hour that danger is averted ; but there probably are many others in store, and how will moderate men be able to parry them all ? For my part, I know nothing more melancholy than such a day as yesterday ; the most fearful anxiety *without* the excitement of a struggle, and a success that does not carry with it the enthusiasm of victory. As soon as I heard the drums and the rumours afloat, I went to my sister to see if I could be of use to the children, and to cheer her during her husband's absence. On the road I saw shop-keepers turning out with their wives and children clinging round them, weeping wives and melancholy shop-boys horribly frightened at being left alone behind the counters. Every National Guard seemed to be taking leave of his family, and as no one knew what was on foot the gloom was very natural. Fortunately nothing came of it, and I hope the anarchists will see how vain their efforts will prove, when such numbers of *all* classes are determined to maintain order. The newspapers

to-day give no clear account of anything. The *National* sings a *Te Deum* and sees the Republic *honoured* by such a *levée en masse*; the *Constitutionnel* registers with equal pleasure the cry of which the *National* takes no notice, 'à bas le Communisme,' and the *Démocratie pacifique* Cabet's own organ I have sent you. I also forward yesterday's *Constitutionnel* which contains the best and boldest commentary on Ledru Rollin's last circular. I hope you received also two letters of George Sand, which I sent, not for their intrinsic merit, but because she is supposed to have a great influence in the Government through Albert the *soi-disant ouvrier*, who, having about 10,000 fr. a year, is, I presume, no more a working man than I am.¹ There was a report yesterday that Louis Blanc was assassinated, but it is not true, and I am glad of it, not for his own sake

¹ George Sand sympathised with the economic theories of Louis Blanc and of Pierre Leroux; she tried to help forward the cause of the labourer by idealising him and his humble life both in town and country. Throwing herself into the political crusade in '48, she advocated generally Communism built upon absolute equality, but she refused to join the agitation for extending to women the newly-acquired civil and political rights.

Albert was a trained mechanic who, in 1840, founded the paper called the *Atelier*. He was a close friend of Louis Blanc, with whom he was returned to the National Assembly. When the mob broke into the Hôtel de Ville, he helped to draw up the list for a rival Government; for this he was sentenced to imprisonment, and took no further part in public affairs till 1870.

but because he has not done mischief enough yet. His career, like that of the Republic, must be suffered to spend itself; if it is cut short all his partisans (and they would increase) would say, "Let us work out his system; we have not given it a fair trial." No generals in France have half the reputation of Hoche and Desaix, because they died before they had exhausted public enthusiasm. I have left off pinning my faith to any individual; my only hope lies in the good sense of the masses; yesterday it shone out very gloriously. The troops return on Thursday, so next week we shall be sufficiently strong to defy a *coup de main*. No one now believes the National Assembly can meet, certainly not on the 4th, and yet how can the country go on with such chiefs? Lamartine is not a bit better than the others; he is doing no mischief, but I am sure he is composing an 'Ode à la Patrie' and dreaming of the composition of an allegorical bas-relief with every country in the world, and all the blacks, thanking him for their intellectual emancipation. I saw in *Galignani* this morning that some Englishmen are going to present him with a testimonial of esteem, and nothing could have a worse effect; none of his own acts depopularised Louis Philippe half as much as the fulsome praise of the English press, and our *present*

masters will never believe that England can admire a person who is not working for her. The few who understand the sentiment are now living in the back of their houses, with all their shutters towards the street shut, and, in general, they are not renowned for bravery. I am going out now to see if I can pick up any news, and I shall finish my letter when I come home.

2 o'clock.—What I suspected is perfectly true: I have just heard from a person whose sources of information are undeniable, that the attempt of yesterday was most serious. Nothing but the determined attitude of the National Guard and the pouring in of the *banlieue* prevented the rising of the workmen; it is pretty certain that the first *arrondissement*, from the Barrière de l'Etoile to the Place Vendôme, was denounced as aristocratic, and would have been given up to pillage had the Communist fraction of the Government been able to upset what we must now call the Conservatives. None of the latter ever sleep at their respective Ministries, and the guards are doubled and tripled at the Finances and the Affaires Etrangères. My informant assures me that now the elections will go on without intimidation, and that the Assembly will be allowed to deliberate, but I think he is too sanguine:

a military man places confidence in his soldiers and, seeing the Line return, he naturally thinks the *Pékings* will remain quiet ; but I cannot share his confidence. The next fortnight will be full of anxiety, and the best apparent results may lead to the worst possible consequences. You know I am not generally an alarmist, but I consider the total disappearance of money a most fearful symptom. Yesterday a stockbroker who was to have received 80,000 fr. on the 15th, assured Adolphe that he had been brought only a note of 100 fr., and that he was in such distress as to be obliged to accept it. A friend of mine has turned loose one of his horses, because he can neither feed nor sell it. E.'s house which brings in 12,000 fr. a year, this quarter only produced 300 fr., and Emile de Girardin was obliged to take 22,000 fr. in full payment of a debt of 30,000. Even bankers say that 10,000 fr. *coined*, are more than 30,000 were last year. On Thursday there is to be a grand *fête* to distribute colours to all arms—National Guards, Mobiles, and Line regiments. If it does not rain I shall certainly go, for I find it impossible to sit at home quiet with the feeling of bustle in the very air. I am sure I am living in a time which will never have its like, and I am gathering up souvenirs for an old age, as talkative as that

of Scheherazade. The excitement however is rather greater and longer than I wished and, as it is wearing all my people dreadfully, I have a hundred reasons for wishing it were over. E. is a very skeleton, and M. is ever ruminating plans of departure; I am the only one with any spirits left, and I doubt if even they are very high or genuine.

XVIII.

April 21st.

I shall ruin you in postage, but I cannot resist telling you the events of the day, of which the newspapers give so incomplete a report. Yesterday was another day of intense alarm but, like the first, it ended in nothing, for want of firmness and decision on the part of Lamartine. He will not assume the dictatorship, and thinks he has performed his duty as a citizen when he has made a pompous offer of his head. The rappel beat from five in the morning in every quarter, the National Guard turned out in myriads, and the Communists turned in. General Courtais is a traitor sold to the bad fraction of the Provisional Government, and nominated on the list of the Comité de Salut Public which is meant to replace the present powers;

this list includes Ledru Rollin, Flocon, Louis Blanc, Albert, Cabet, Blanqui, Courtais, and L'Héritier. Guimard, second in command of the National Guard, was also inscribed ; but in the original list he is scratched out, and the words "Trop tiède" are written beside his name.¹

There *was* a conspiracy on Sunday, and of a very serious character. The bands that met at the Champ de Mars ostensibly to elect officers, each carried a banner ; there were 12,000 flags, and it has since been discovered that each flagstaff was a musket rolled round with tricoloured ribbon. The waggon which was said to contain a patriotic offering was seized, and found to be full of ammunition and cutlasses. This is not put about to increase the general panic, but I know

¹ Yet Guimard's past would appear to have been sufficiently ardent. He was an active member of the French Carbonari, and helped to found the *National*. In '30 he fought at the barricades ; he worked for the Republic and was a strong member of the Opposition under Louis Philippe. After thirteen years of exile in connection with the insurrection of '35, he returned to Paris in '48, and was among those who took possession of the Hôtel de Ville and first acclaimed the Republic. In the Assembly he voted with the Montagne, but took an active part in the suppression of the June insurrection.

Général de Courtais, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard, was deputy for the Allier, and throughout a member of the extreme Left. His indecision on May 15th when he did nothing beyond attempting to prevent a collision between the National Guard and the people, entailed upon him a sentence of a year's imprisonment.

it is true, for I saw many persons yesterday either in power themselves, or in direct communication with those who are. My news came straight from the Mairie, the Etat Major, and the Ministère des Affaires Etrangères. Changarnier is to be War Minister and Commander of Paris, but he is for vigorous measures, and will only accept if the Line is brought in again ; one regiment came in yesterday, and more are expected for the fraternisation of to-morrow. By-the-by, the said ceremony will prevent my sending you a paper, for the post-office closes at eleven and I could not send far so early. To-day I have sent a most remarkable number of the *Assemblée Nationale*. The troops of all arms are to assemble to-morrow from the Bastille to the Arc de l'Etoile, and it is said that they will cry, "A bas Ledru Rollin," "A bas Courtais," along the whole line ; I had rather they said, "A bas le Communisme," for this silly and dangerous doctrine is gaining ground. It is only a flag round which the needy are grouped by promises that will prove as false as those made by the Monarchy of July and the Republic of February. Meanwhile fresh taxes are put on every day ; they copy the English system, without considering that they have not our foundation of commercial riches, immense credit, and

real landed property. A tax upon every family having more than one man-servant, will only lead to no one having two and, instead of filling the coffers of the State, it will reduce to beggary a very numerous race of cooks, aides-de-cuisine, second footmen, etc. All this however though very important, does not occupy any one much ; what we are all thinking of is, when are we to have fighting in the streets ? It must come, and the sooner the better, for now the National Guard—the *mobile* as well as the *sédentaire*—is exasperated, and would exterminate any enemy. If their ardour is allowed to cool, and if they are wearied out by incessant false alarms, it is to be feared that in the hour of danger they may be found wanting. The next week ought I think to decide the question, for if the National Assembly is allowed to meet, it will of course adopt vigorous measures, and any constitution or any chief will be accepted with enthusiasm. We are all tired of this state of things ; even the strongest nerves are shaken by these perpetual alarms. We can bear a regular fight, where a few hours must decide something ; but this bustle of drums beating, citizens arming, and constant rumours of hidden enemies, is really unbearable. Every carriage sounds like the rappel, every drunken man howling the Marseillaise appears

a Communist, and even the very innocent noise made by a neighbouring grocer placing a bar on his shutters, seems to our eager ears the ringing of muskets on the pavement. I was out the whole day yesterday, and saw more anxious faces than I had beheld for the last month, which is saying a good deal. Adolphe is in uniform from six in the morning, but very tired of the dignity which sends him the first to stand in mud or rain, waiting for the aggression that may come from any quarter, even from his own ranks. This is a very shabby letter, but I have had so many interruptions that if I made it any longer I could not send it to-day. You cannot imagine how thoroughly fatigued I am ; I cannot remain quiet, and great anxiety tires one even more than physical exertion.

XIX.

April 26th.

A thousand thanks for the very remarkable pamphlet (from the *Economist*) you so kindly sent me ; I perfectly agree with it in its opinion of the *present* state of France, but I have rather better hopes for the future on account of the great elasticity of the French character, and the real resources which the country

possesses, and which any established form of government could, I think, bring to bear upon the situation. It is impossible to say *how* confidence will be restored, but when it is it will spread like lightning, and with every shoulder to the wheel things may perhaps be righted. There are some good symptoms to which I pin my faith, and which are increasing every day; when the Communist conspiracy was discovered, Changarnier insisted on calling out the National Guard; Lamartine demurred and, as usual, threw open his coat and made that very disinterested offer of his very useless head. Marrast said "A quoi bon, ile ne sortiront pas." "Never mind, try," says the General, who professes to have the habit of victory; they did, and 40,000 men were under arms in half an hour. Of course all the rioters turned in, and Ledru Rollin was obliged to join at the Hôtel de Ville the colleagues he meant to upset. "C'est bon pour une fois," said he and his faction; and on Tuesday they gave another alarm, to which 80,000 armed citizens responded in even less time than on Sunday. Notwithstanding the effort of all these demonstrations, they again showed themselves on Thursday at the review, and the bayonets that passed at the Arc de l'Etoile numbered upwards of 300,000! All these

men shout "Vive la République," but not half so vigorously as they bellow "A bas le Communisme!" As Emile de Girardin said six weeks ago "la Révolution pourra périr par le ridicule." Already the Government is called "le gouvernement dérisoire." Lamartine's fine speeches have acquired for him the nickname of 'Latartine;' Ledru Rollin is known only as 'le dur coquin;' Louis Blanc as 'Louis Blague;' Garnier Pagès, 'dégarnit la caisse;' Arago, 'tas de ragots;' and Crémieux is most deservedly called 'Crégneux.'

We are told the elections are going off peaceably, and so they are, by the aid of patrols of 120 men in the electoral divisions, and a guard of 80 men at each ballot-box. The working classes for the most part refuse to vote; they are beginning to see that they have overreached themselves and, in cabarets where they discuss the affairs of Europe, they seem agreed to envy all other nations who have won liberty without sacrificing their King. Many of them say "Qui donc nous tirera de là?" and I am sure an energetic general or a popular prince (if such a phoenix exists) would be accepted without a murmur. Some newspapers hint at the Prince de Joinville, and even go so far as to say that he is here, but I doubt it; one

thing is certain, that his name has been inscribed on many a ballot paper, and it would not be the least curious result of universal suffrage to see a prince of an exiled dynasty called to the National Assembly. We shall not know the result of the elections till tomorrow, nor indeed then ; for how can we judge of individuals without any political antecedents ? Bayard is a wood-carver, Peupin a watchmaker, Corbon a shoemaker, and even in their professions we know nothing of them, so what can we know of their talents as orators and legislators ? Everything is so absurd, so utterly beyond all forecast, that one can hardly believe what one reads on every wall and hears in every street. On the whole there is a slight rise in common sense ; no *written* list has contained the name of Ledru Rollin, but these printed ones were distributed incessantly by the Mobiles, the drummers, the commissionnaires, and even the horrid little chimney-sweeps who congregate at the doors of pastry-cooks to catch the stray sous of the luncheon-eaters. Every one who got into an omnibus was offered his change "avec la vraie liste républicaine ;" the same lists lay on the cushions of hackney coaches and on the counters of every shop. Never were prospectuses distributed in such myriads, nor charlatanism carried to such an

excess, and yet I think the result will be diametrically opposed to what the Government expected. In the country, proprietors have walked up to the Mairie, with two or three hundred peasants voting as one man for the aristocrat pointed out by their *seigneurs*. The same has happened in the manufacturing districts ; every one unites for the defence of property : those who have some, for their own sakes ; those who have none, because they have hopes, not in the division of land, but in the measures ordered for reclaiming the uncultivated portions of France, which can only be done by capitalists. Communism is a bugbear of very little importance ; its most dangerous point, to my mind, is having George Sand for a mouthpiece. She is the author of the famous 'Bulletin 16 de la République ;' for, like the sleeping partner in a firm, she sometimes transacts business for her friend the Minister of the Interior, whose leisure hours are divided between Rachel, and Mademoiselle Judith of the Palais Royal. She writes in a paper called *La Vraie République* which contains as much nonsense as eloquence, which is saying a good deal. The new taxes are most absurd, and will never be paid ; they are made to popularise the last moments of this mischievous Government, and to hold up to odium the

National Assembly which must revise them. It is a sort of hue and cry against the wealthy, but I should like to know where the last specimens of that persecuted race are to be found; not among bankers, seven only remain standing in the universal ruin. Proprietors of houses? the most fortunate have received a tenth of their rents, a sum quite inadequate to meet the increased taxation, but the majority have been paid in black flags and threatening notices.

Formerly directors of theatres made rapid fortunes, but how is it now? The Opéra Comique (you know how popular that is) closed on Sunday, having taken 9 fr. for three persons horribly frightened to find themselves alone in the galleries. The tax upon carriages comes a day after the fair, for 1800 carriages have been put down since the 24th of February; that upon servants will only increase the number of those dependent upon national charity, and there are already 15,000. Many of these have money in the savings banks, but they cannot get at it; a poor woman whose husband was ill, brought a doctor's certificate to enable her to draw out more than the 300 fr. allowed by a decree (I cannot call Garnier Pagès' acts laws), and the answer was "Your certificate is three days old; I have no doubt your husband is dead, and you don't want any

money at all." The measure concerning mortgages is still more preposterous ; 20 per cent. of the revenue is payable immediately ; now, many persons have no other property, and ought at least to be allowed to wait till the money falls due, and see if they get paid. Ten to one they will not, and then how can they compel payment ? Nothing is saleable, not even Treasury bonds, which every one worshipped, and in which the prudent and by no means extravagant Jean Greffulke had lodged 20,000,000 fr. The provinces will rebel, and they will be quite right ; Paris will submit because it is horribly cowardly, and then it will get some fresh burden, till some new outbreak rids us of this intolerable rule. There is a horrid paper published now in imitation, and under the name, of the *Père Duchêne* ; it applauds the present state of things, but regrets the absence of the guillotine. Another paper called *La Commune de Paris*, is under the direction of Sobrier who has installed the Comité de Salut Public at No. 16 Rue de Rivoli, with four pieces of ordnance. His having got at artillery shows there is treachery somewhere, for you cannot buy cannon at a shop, nor order them like the Irish pikes and rifles. I have just received a most deplorable letter from Berlin ; the King's conduct has excited universal contempt and

disapprobation ; he has disgusted his army and his noblesse, and I believe that in Germany those two elements are far more powerful than the *people*. There, as here, the *revolution* was only a revolt among the dregs of the population, and there is every reason to presume it was paid for from hence, as French money is more plentiful at Berlin than the coin of the realm. How wicked and how silly is this propaganda ! sending money out of an impoverished country merely to disturb one's neighbours, is really impossible to account for from the revolutionary point of view. It is peace at any price with a vengeance, and the principle which lost the Monarchy of July will as infallibly destroy the Republic. No foundation on which it might be built could be worse than the dissensions of neighbouring Powers, and that seems the only one they are inclined to favour. I forgot to thank you for *Punch*, and rushed at once into politics, as if I were too serious a character for light literature, and yet I did laugh most heartily at Mons. Cornichon. How well the author must know France and French ; it is quite delicious, so different from the slip-slop in fashionable novels. I shall send some papers soon, perhaps old ones as there are none very remarkable just at present.¹

¹ *Punch*, in one of its numbers for April, '48, gave very amusing

XX.

May 1st.

I had intended writing you a long letter to-day, but I have had two visitors whom I could not send away, and as I have an appointment at two, I have scarcely a moment. We are very much pleased with the result of the elections; Ledru Rollin is so low that the moderates are quite satisfied; he will be less dangerous in the house than among the malcontents in the street. There are two hundred Legitimists, which shows how sadly every one has miscalculated the result of universal suffrage; that is the only extreme party that has gained. The majority is Left Centre, and Thiers has not been nominated; what is even more surprising is that Emile de Girardin has failed. The Duc de Luynes who has been elected in Seine et Oise, made a beautiful profession of faith; he said: "If I were to call myself a Republican, you would not believe me; my name would rise up against me; but you know me. I have always lived amongst you; you are now to judge whether I am worthy to

extracts from the diary of 'the Representative of France, Cornichon,' supposed to have been kept while he was in England for the benefit of 'the President of the Tyrannicide Club.'

represent you." He was nominated by an immense majority, but the Duc de Mouchy who has dined with waggoners and drunk with tinkers ever since the 24th of February, calling himself a 'Républicain de '89,' has hardly any votes. The Archbishop of Paris and Lacordaire the Dominican are both nominated; how can they reconcile the deputy's dress (a large white waistcoat *à la Robespierre*) with their sacerdotal costume? ¹

We are of course most anxious for the result of the month's deliberations^s; I feel sure we shall reverse what was done in '30, and instead of a Throne surrounded by republican institutions, we shall have a Republic surrounded by monarchical institutions, which will do no better and will last a still shorter time.

¹ Monsignor Affre did much while a priest at Amiens to improve education in the rural districts. He was appointed to the Archbishopric of Paris in 1840, and was well known for his benevolence and active philanthropy. He supported the Provisional Government, was elected to the National Assembly, and on June 25th attempted to act as mediator at the barricades; under suspicion of treason, he was shot down, and died within a few hours.

Lacordaire was one of the editors of the *Avenir* and the *Agence*, two Democratic and Ultramontane papers for the defence of the Catholic religion; he was in 1835 appointed lecturer at Nôtre Dame, where he won great fame as a preacher. During several years he busied himself with literary work, and led the attempt to bring about religious freedom and the establishment in France of the monastic orders and schools. In '48 he started a journal called the *Ere Nouvelle*; he was elected to the Assembly, but sat for only a short time, and in '54 retired from public life.

The insurrection at Rouen was an experiment in *anima vili (sic)*, as the surgeons say. If it had succeeded, the Rouennais would have come here, joined the forces of Ledru Rollin and Louis Blanc, and upset what little order we have. It is certain the movement was ordered here; the guns taken all bear the Paris stamp, and very compromising papers have been seized. Louis Blanc is very much less popular with the workmen, and he feels very uncomfortable, as he has advocated summary measures too much not to believe them possible as far as his life is concerned. The very vigorous conduct of the National Guard at Rouen gives me great hopes for Paris if we come to blows, which seems to me at least adjourned for the present. I have been to see the new *salle des représentans*; it is poor and shabby, but I am happy to say it will be much less easy to invade than I thought. The public tribune will only hold about five hundred; the rest is consecrated to privileges which are only temporarily set aside. We have no longer a peers' tribune, but one for chief editors, and it is twice as large. Instead of *les maisons du Roi et des Princes*, we are to have more stenographers, and the 'classe lissée' is the 'vrai peuple, la blouse et les tricoteuses.' I mean to go if there is no fighting; pistols and guns

alone will damp my curiosity ; I am quite ready to brave heat and squeezes. The *fête* is put off for a week, and Lamartine says he will not have *rosières* nor gilt horns to cattle, nor eating and drinking ; so I suppose it will be like the last, a weary promenade for our poor National Guard. I send you a small pamphlet about the Republic by an ardent and sincere Republican who says : “ Nous avons perdu la partie ; vous verrez que ce seront les cent jours de la République.” This for a man of his convictions is a curious admission, and shows the impotency of the leaders. Have you seen Ledru Rollin’s last proclamation ? He quotes Jean Paul, whom few read and none understand, and says the finest fruits alone are attacked by wasps, so he alone of the Government has been attacked by calumny, etc. The journalists won’t allow they are wasps, and we contest his beauty as a fruit. George Sand of course wrote this nonsense, for the Minister of the Interior is not poetical ; Jules Favre has backed out of the Ministry for fear of being named as the author. Real Republicans hide their diminished heads, and the friends of order are beginning to peep out as ants do after a storm ; I wish I could feel sure they would remain out in real danger. Did you hear the parody of the Girondins attributed

to Lord Brougham: "Mourir pour $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{la} \\ \text{deux} \end{array} \right.$ patrie-
 c'est $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{le} \\ \text{un} \end{array} \right.$ sort $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{le plus} \\ \text{deux fois} \end{array} \right.$ doux $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{le plus} \\ \text{deux fois} \end{array} \right.$ digne d'envie" ?
 I think it worthy of *Punch*.¹

XXI.

May 4th.

Notwithstanding all the threats contained in the fierce newspapers or placarded on the walls, we have reached the opening of the National Assembly without blows. Of course we are all anxiety for its operations, but no one seems to apprehend any outbreak for to-day. Lamartine is said to be opposed to a President; he will have three consuls, and he rejects the military element which would alone be popular here, through fear of Cavaignac's energy.²

¹ Jules Favre was a law student when, in 1830, he professed himself a Republican. He was a brilliant special pleader in political cases, and in '48, as secretary to Ledru Rollin, wrote some of his manifestoes. He advocated the prosecution of Blanc for his share in the 15th of May. He was a strong opponent of Louis Napoleon, both as President and Emperor.

² Cavaignac was the son of the deputy to the Convention in the great Revolution; he had a distinguished career in Algeria, where, in '44, he was appointed Brigadier-General. In February '48 the Government offered him the post of War Minister which he refused, but he was returned to the National Assembly in April, and then accepted the portfolio. In the June

Dupont de l'Eure would be first Consul, but he is only a very faded *drapeau*; Lamartine second, and Ledru Rollin third. Of course all this is only conjecture, and I don't imagine they can set to work seriously with any appearance of fairness while twenty-two departments are still unrepresented; the elections however are most extraordinary, and show how thoroughly the result of universal suffrage is beyond classification or control. Some places have returned none but Legitimists, and yet that party has no sympathisers among the lower classes. Thiers is only fourteenth on the list of his own department and Emile de Girardin, in spite of the 80,000 subscribers to the *Presse*, had very few votes indeed. It is presumed that Berger, Garnon, or some other man nominated at Paris and professing Thiers' opinions will make room for him, as his incontestable talent cannot be spared. Lamartine's opposition to him was quite personal, and founded on the small jealousies of rival historians; notwithstanding the poet's ten elections and his 250,000 votes at Paris, I think his popularity is decreasing. Each vote for him was given against Ledru Rollin, that is all; and I

insurrection he organised the assaults on the barricades, and was victorious after three days' fighting. He was a thorough-going Republican, and incapable of any unconstitutional policy.

agree with a man who told me yesterday that France might be ruled by the sword, but never by a *harpe éolienne*. One is lost in conjectures as to the means of getting out of the present crisis ; not one farthing is ready to pay the June dividends, so paper money must come, and even moderate journals are calculating its probable depreciation the very day of its appearance. Seizing the railways would not help the Government, as they can hardly pay their way ; there is no traffic, and few travellers seem inclined to select this wretched country for an excursion. Still it is most curious and, were I a man, I would not hesitate to come and study a state of things which has no precedent in the annals of civilised life, and which every party seems to consider the very worst that could be. There is no personal danger, nor do I think there will be till famine drives the deceived workmen wild ; this must happen, if speedy measures are not taken to restore to the plough all the useless inmates of the National Workshops. A waste of substance, only to be equalled by the waste of money, has now been going on for more than two months ; the price of grain has been fixed so very low that many farmers have changed their cultivation this year, and one bad season would find us totally unprovided ; then indeed 200,000 famished operatives

parading the streets will carry all before them, and it will be high time to fly a country so utterly lost. Wise people seem to dread all this a great deal more than the partial outbreaks of which we are in daily expectation ; these would be put down with more or less bloodshed, and you know how very little human life is considered in France. The most serious cause for uneasiness is having such a man as Barbés at the head of 23,000 men. If there is civil war the 12th Legion will be supported by the 7th ; the 1st, 2nd, and 10th are for order, and the remaining seven will join the strongest party. General Duvivier has given in his resignation as commander of the Garde Mobile, under pretence that his whole time will be taken up by the *Assemblée Constituante*, but in reality because his fraternal troop will not fight in Paris. These 15,000 armed and disciplined soldiers would prove a most serious obstacle to the peaceable National Guards, should they join the people ; but one hardly likes to think of these contingencies. The excitement is very great indeed ; it is impossible to read anything but newspapers and personally I indulge in them far too much ; I read fourteen yesterday, counting the *Times* for one only. The best is the *Assemblée Nationale*, of which I sent you a very good specimen yesterday. To-day I despatched

the *Réforme* which is looked upon as Ledru Rollin's organ, and the *Vraie République* written under the inspiration of George Sand ; you will find in it part of the autobiography of the murderer Barbès. If you tell me which style of papers you prefer I can easily get them, as almost all are hawked about the streets ; but I only forward those which are supposed to have some weight. I am going out to see how things are going on ; I have an enterprising and fearless friend with whom I brave crowds, and we have found every one very civil to women. I am to breakfast with her, and then start to try to catch a glimpse of the Provisional Government. If anything happens to-day, I will write to-morrow by post.¹

¹ Barbès was a man of considerable means who took up Communism out of sympathy with the suffering masses. In February, '48, he was released after an imprisonment of nine years which he had incurred in 1839 ; it was alleged that in the insurrection of May in that year, he shot Captain Drouineau during the parley between the insurgents and the troops under that officer. In reply to an order to fire which the captain gave, the insurgents poured in a volley, and he fell. A public demonstration was got up in favour of Barbès, and the death-penalty was commuted to imprisonment for life. In '48 he was appointed governor of the Luxembourg—a post which he refused—and nominated Colonel of the 12th Legion of the Garde Nationale ; he was greatly respected among Republicans for his high moral qualities and single-minded self-sacrifice. He founded the club of 'la Révolution.'

XXII.

May 8th.

Even my robust vanity is put to the blush by the very great praise that you bestow on my letters, and you cannot imagine how pleased I am to be enabled in any way to gratify you. I like writing to you who understand everything French, and read of the misfortunes of this country without the exultation of 'une enfant d'Albion,' but with the sympathies of a friend and an ally. It really is fallen and, I fear, most irretrievably, now that we know something of the state of finances; imagine that the expenses of the last ten weeks have exceeded those of the last sixty years, though many of these years were also fraught with danger and anarchy; of course by expenses I mean not only money squandered, but value depreciated. The occupation of the Allied armies cost France five milliards; the revolution of '30 two, part of which was paid out of the treasure found at Algiers; and the Provisional Government has spent or lost twenty-two milliards. No one seems inclined to pay the increased taxation, and the taxes taken off by no means add to the welfare of the working classes the sums of which they drain the Treasury. No one is satisfied, not even

Lamartine who is an arch dissembler as unfit for his exalted station in public life as he is unworthy of his place in the esteem of Europe ; he is weak to act, and his incessant system of conciliation becomes contemptible when you see to whom he addresses his blandishments. Louis Blanc is despised even by his workmen ; Ledru Rollin is hated ; Garnier Pagès' incapacity is now proved, and still the poet asserts the solidarity of the Provisional Government and proclaims their unity, as he did the Republic 'à la face du soleil.' Courtais is all but mad, and it is most dangerous and impolitic to leave such a man at the head of the National Guard ; last Thursday he got very drunk with his friend the Minister of the Interior and, as he has 'le vin patriotique,' he determined upon carrying his thanks to such members of Government as had not dined ; so he ordered out some military music, a detachment of Mobile and all his staff, and galloped to the Luxembourg. Louis Blanc's body-guard, seeing such a troop at two in the morning, took fright and beat to arms ; the brave serenaders ran away, the old general ordered the rappel to be sounded, the 11th Legion turned out, and were infuriated to find that they had been waked to contribute to the end of an orgy in which they had had no share. I don't exactly know

how all this ended, but the absurd drunkard sent messages to the other legions, woke the colonels at five, ordered processions to be got up by breakfast time, which both the 1st and 2nd refused to attend, and then, when he was sobered, wrote an order of the day thanking the patriots who had not come out, and begging them all to return to the homes they had never left. He ought to be dismissed, and then the National Guard ought to name its own chief; this however would be creating an elective Monarchy, as the chief of the Paris National Guard would virtually be King of France. A difficulty meets one at every step, and as we have no precedent of a Republic unsupported by a guillotine, we don't know how to meet it. Ledru Rollin is certainly very dangerous, but he loves wine, women, and luxuries of all kinds, so he may be 'dominé par ses vices;' whereas the Spartan Barbès who thinks nothing of murder and has been nine years in the cells, is up to everything. One of the worst acts of the authorities has been giving this man the command of the 12th Legion; a convicted murderer at the head of 28,000 men, exasperated as he has been by this long captivity, may fancy civil war is only a fair retaliation upon society, and raise the standard of revolt any day. I tell you all rumours, but my

own conviction is that there will not be the slightest outbreak till a new Government has been constituted and tried. Louis Blanc would fight, but he has no party, as none but idiots now believe in the 'organisation du travail.'¹

George Sand is trying to work up Ledru Rollin to her own sanguinary level, but he has no pluck, and contents himself with receiving from her roses dipped in blood and other tender souvenirs. She lives at the Ministère, and will do him as much harm as Egeria Lieven did Guizot.

I went last night to a party given by the Colonel of our legion, as I was most curious to see the workmen whom their epaulets were to bring in contact with 'les gens du monde.' I talked to one of them of the name of Bernard, and thought him a fool and a blusterer. His hands were very dirty, and to distinguish between the different ranks of society, he said : 'que ceux qui ont mangé du *veau* toute leur vie, permettent enfin à leurs frères de manger du bœuf,' etc. He bored me, but many fine ladies squeezed his dirty hands, and admired his sentiments because they

¹ Under this title Blanc had written a series of articles in the *Revue du Progrès Politique, Social et Littéraire*, in which he upheld a modified State Socialism, in opposition to pure competition.

were expressed by a working man instead of being placarded on the walls or distributed in a penny pamphlet. For my part, I admire fraternity if it leads to boundless charity, but I cannot subscribe to equality ; like the bed of Procrustes, it is equally painful to those who must be stretched and to those who must be curtailed to its proportions. Poor Bernard will be sent back to his workshop as soon as the barricades have faded from our minds, and we no longer believe in pillage ; he will be hated by his comrades whom he must despise, and yearning after the society that will despise him as soon as he has ceased to be a novelty.

I send you a most delightful critique of Cabet's 'Journey to Icaria ;' it made me laugh heartily amidst so much that makes me thoughtful. I go on sending you papers nearly every day, as I think nothing more curious than the wonderful plans and sentiments which unlimited liberty of the press has brought into publicity. The *Assemblée Nationale* is the best informed and the most consistent and well-founded organ of the Opposition, but in the streets it is called 'le journal royaliste.' I have so many letters to answer that my head and hand are quite tired ; I always leave you for the last, because I know I shall not omit anything that you wish, and if I began by you I should certainly go

on till I had not a moment left for any one else. If we have the announced row to-morrow I will certainly write; you know that even the 24th of February did not freeze my ink, so you may be sure if you hear nothing, that nothing has happened.¹

XXIII.

May 11th.

Though my vanity is exorbitant, still believe it is more than satisfied with the praise which you and your friends bestow on my letters, and I could not think of submitting them to the trial of public opinion. You have read them with most friendly indulgence, and others with the craving appetite for news which all must feel during this momentous crisis; but their interest at any other moment would be very slight, and all my broken English and French words would

¹ Bernard, who was a compositor by trade and, in 1830, a Republican, had helped to found the 'Société des Droits de l'Homme.' In 1835 he joined Barbés and Blanqui in organising the 'Société des Familles' and that of the 'Saisons.' Returned as a deputy, he was imprisoned after the insurrection of '39 at the Mont St. Michel. In February, '48, he was appointed Commissary-General to four departments; in the Assembly he voted with the 'Montagne' on Socialist and political questions. He was a strong opponent of Louis Napoleon, and was prosecuted for the part he took in the movement of '49, after which he fled to Brussels and England.

put me to the blush were I to see them in print. Besides really if I did not write as I think and speak, I should be conjuring up all the rules of composition that dull governesses and a cracked *homme de lettres* attempted in vain to teach me when I was young; to avoid repetition I should misrepresent my ideas, and I should have a dread of personalities both as regards myself and others, which would destroy all local colouring. I am very proud of your approbation, and gratified that you should keep my despatches; but they are yours and yours only, and I distinctly decline the honours and criticisms of authorship, though I confess I have been excessively pleased by all you have said on the subject. Alexandre Dumas is right in saying "On écrit sous la dictée des évènements," for it literally is so. Each day is full of incidents, and the difficulty is to keep pace with the singular events which baffle all one's powers of calculation. Who could have believed, for instance, that Lamartine would only be fourth on the list of the second Provisional Government? It is his own fault; he would not separate from Ledru Rollin and, as every one knew he had no sympathy for him and no one believes in boundless fraternity, it got about that the Minister of the Interior had a hold over him *not* to the credit of the

great poet. I don't believe it since, whatever may be Lamartine's delinquencies, they are more than balanced by those of his colleagues; but I rejoice that his want of frankness and *active* courage should have met with this punishment. He has been falling gradually from the giddy height which he attained on the 28th of February, and his popularity is now at a very low ebb. "C'est se raccrocher aux branches que d'embrasser Ledru Rollin" is what every one says, and what every one feels. We don't despair of seeing him confederate with Blanqui and Barbés for, as some paper said long ago of Lamartine, "il lui faut un certain temps pour faire le tour de la chambre, mais les périodes de ces revirements ne sont pas encore bien connues." He began as a Legitimist, turned 'Philippiste' to get the embassy to Vienna which was given to Mons. de Flahaut, then moved on to the Left and wrote 'Les Girondins' as an appeal to the groundlings. He can't court popularity any further, and he will find it more difficult than he thinks to create a party anywhere else. His successor at the Foreign Office will be Bastide, who inspires me with some confidence because he is a man of property.¹

¹ Bastide had helped to oust the Bourbons in 1830; for his share in the insurrection of '32 he was condemned to death, but escaped to

Jules Favre who will probably have the 'Intérieur' is very dangerous; he wrote the first incendiary bulletins, and openly professes his devotion to the Revolution, not the Republic. Louis Blanc tried to create 'le portefeuille du Progrès,' but got an admirable answer from Peupin a *real* workman; pray read it in the *Assemblée Nationale* which I send you to-day. By-the-by, the *Charivari* proposes a law against the unauthorised assumption of the title of 'ouvrier;' and as it is the only one that conveys a privilege, I think it would be a very fair restriction. I have sent you 'Le petit homme rouge' and recommend, on the fourth page, the account of the Séance Royale. The 'Feuilletons sur l'Icarie' signed 'Un Curieux' are by Dumas; I sent them last Monday.

Since the Socialist element, Louis Blanc & Co., has been excluded from the executive power, great fears are entertained for the *safety* of the Assembly and the liberty of deliberation: in consequence of this, perhaps you will conclude the guards have been doubled or even tripled; but no, that did not present sufficient security. General Négrier, one of the new

England; in 1834 he returned to France and became a journalist. In '48 he was secretary to the Minister for Foreign Affairs (Lamartine) and he retained his post under Cavaignac; in December he retired from public life and devoted his time to literature.

questors, has applied for muskets and ammunition ; I presume Degoussée will victual the place, and that the armed representatives of the people will carry on the work of the Constitution in a state of siege, and with loaded guns. Can any more bitter criticism of universal suffrage be imagined than this suspicion attached so soon to the nominees of the *whole* nation ?¹

The walls have been covered the last few days with yellow and red placards in favour of Poland, and yesterday Barbés and Wolowski echoed them in the Chamber.² To-day a petition is to be carried there and enforced as usual by intelligent operatives, and all this while France is without a Government, while trade is at a standstill, credit irretrievably lost, and every branch of the administration utterly disorganised. Such waste

¹ Degoussée had been trained as a civil engineer, but fought in the last campaigns of the Empire. He joined the Carbonari in 1820 ; in 1830 he was aide-de-camp to Lafayette ; as a Republican he was opposed to the Government of Louis Philippe, he promoted the Reform banquets, and helped to proclaim the Republic. He was a member of the Commission of Public Works and a *questor* ; he sided with the Right against Socialism, while he supported Grévy's Republican safeguards against Louis Napoleon.

² Wolowski, who was born at Warsaw, was educated in France and took part in the revolution of 1830. He was naturalised in 1834 and elected in '48 to the Assembly, where he voted with the moderate democratic party. He retired from political life in 1851, and in 1852 founded the first *comptoir* of the Crédit Foncier ; he was the author of several works on economics in France.

of time is really distressing, when one thinks by what superhuman patience we have got through the last eleven weeks. It is true the Provisional Government have done a world of mischief, but it is equally true that they are worn out by their labours, and all have recourse to different means to recruit their strength. Caussidière and Courtais have taken to drinking, and the former was picked out of a gutter by his own Montagnards the night before last. Ledru Rollin is overeating himself, and George Sand makes tea for him at three o'clock in the morning. Louis Blanc has other resources, but the worst of all is Lamartine who, as a forlorn hope, has sent for D'Alton Shée ! Imagine the ex-peer who always was mad, the mouth-piece of democratic societies under the Monarchy, the avowed friend of the Socialists taken into the private councils of the Minister of Foreign Affairs.¹

Political madness is becoming every day more common : Mons. de l'Apée a deputy and railway director, was found the other day embracing a third-

¹ In 1847 D'Alton Shée, who had been a member of the dynastic party and a supporter of Guizot, completely changed his opinions. After February, '48, he rallied to Ledru Rollin, attacked Cavaignac and pronounced for a social democratic Republic. He made a stand against the closing of the clubs after the 10th of December and was imprisoned ; he was not subsequently re-elected.

class carriage and weeping as over the body of a departed friend ; his colleague Mons. de Villeneuve is in a madhouse, and many others are little better. One of the Boulogne employés, Lombard, formerly sentenced for political offences, came to ask for advancement yesterday, and began the conversation by placing a dagger on the table and saying "Here is my argument." A pleasant state of things is it not ? Every Republican says "This is not my Republic ;" every Monarchist argues "Could any king do worse ?" and then we are told France is unanimous ! If it is, it surely is not Democratic ; but how can we get out of the scrape with 80,000 armed workmen watching us, and all the violent clubs ready to pounce upon the reactionaries ? One good measure is that these clubs are no longer to be rent free and, as patriots are neither rich nor generous, I think two-thirds will be closed immediately. I forgot to mention that people are beginning to talk and think a good deal of Jules de Lasteyrie, who took such a prominent part in saving many members of the Royal Family ; his courage is unbounded and he has good abilities, besides being as yet an honest man ; I say as yet, for they have all gone over when in power. He is married to Olivia de Chabot, and therefore will be supposed to be a

partisan of the Regency which, however, is not the the case.¹ How very important the next fortnight will be!

XXIV.

May 15th.

You will, I am sure, expect some account of the deplorable Ministry that has succeeded the Provisional Government, and of the first acts of the Assembly, but it really is almost impossible to convey a clear idea of such inextricable confusion. Never was such discord, such total disregard even to a semblance of concert among the ruling powers. The first serious act of the representatives was to take their defence into their own hands, and to invest their President with *unlimited* power, not only over the National Guard but over the Army, and not merely over the portion in garrison at Paris but even over the army at the frontier. This was voted seemingly unanimously, when lo! on the alternative question being put, two

¹ The Marquis de Lasteyrie, a grandson of Lafayette and brother-in-law of De Rémusat, was bitterly hostile to the Revolution in '48, and subsequently to the Republic and the President. In 1850 he was one of the seventeen members chosen to put forward the electoral law of the 31st of May against universal suffrage.

stood up against the measure, and these were Courtais Commander-in-chief of the civic forces, and the infamous Barbès Colonel of the 12th Legion ! Is it not dangerous that such men should be disaffected, and deny the authority founded ten days ago on universal suffrage ? This is the first great division among the armed forces ; the next is in the executive power and most incomprehensible. Lamartine and Ledru Rollin hand-in-hand seemed inclined to defer to the Assembly ; the three others take a kingly view of the case, and do not consider themselves bound to attend the deliberations. The Ministers are all bad or at least incapable, and they too are divided among themselves. On Saturday morning the *Moniteur* published new decrees relative to the Fête of Concord, and at one o'clock Mons. Recurt Minister of the Interior announced that the said fête was put off for a week, as the preparations could not be completed. The very night before, the postponement demanded in the name of the departments had been refused because everything was quite ready ! Where then was the truth—with the Government organ announcing the celebration, or with the Minister coolly requesting that all who had come for it should wait a week ? It so happened that both were right : all was in a great state of forwardness on Friday

night, but all was pulled down on Saturday morning, whether out of sympathy for the Poles, or because Louis Blanc did not receive the 'porte-feuille du Progrès,' or because three thousand men hoped to be employed to replace what three hundred had originally put up, no one knows and no one even asks. Louis Blanc had a small ovation, and got so frightened that he hid himself; he won't go to the Chamber where his appearance at the tribune is always greeted with the cry of *Petit Banc*, as he must stand on a stool to speak; he won't go on with the 'Travailleurs' of whom he can make nothing, so he is waiting for a Socialist movement to make more noise.

We went to the Assemblée on Saturday and it was a curious sight; the old Left have, with few exceptions, moved over to the Right where Berryer sits not far from Odillon Barrot and Larochejacqueline, below De Rémusat. As they are the only people used to the *étiquette* of the Chamber, they take by far the most prominent part in the debates. Odillon Barrot, Dufaure and Dupin spoke, not very well but much better than Flocon, Emmanuel Arago and Germain Sarrut. Lacordaire fancied Mons. Portalis was sneering at his cowl and tonsure, and rushed to the tribune with the greatest emotion; he defended his dress in a quivering

voice with very little success ; evidently his eloquence requires the calm and *recueillement* of Nôtre Dame, and is totally unfit for the tumultuous auditors he finds in the Assembly. Coquerel followed him and did better, but I am afraid he is a humbug, very full of vanity and ambition which he wishes us to accept as fraternity and philanthropy. About two o'clock the *rappel* beat all round the Chamber, and a rumour spread that the Poles and their friends, in number fifteen thousand, were going to attack the place and renew the awful scene of the 24th of February. This was very exciting as you may suppose, and we waited in great suspense for this demonstration which, however, did not take place, as the National Guard turned out as usual in great numbers, and the rioters turned in after getting a speech from Mons. Vavin, and a promise that Poland should be looked to to-day, Monday.¹

¹ It may be as well to give here a short account of some of the members alluded to who took part in this memorable debate. Berryer was well known as the brilliant counsel and orator who had defended Ney and the other generals impeached with him ; he was an extreme opponent of the reactionary policy of Louis Philippe's Government, though at one time —'38 to '39—he allied himself with Thiers and Guizot against Molé. When returned as a deputy in '48, he confined himself to administrative and financial questions ; he was opposed to the restoration of the Empire.

Larochejacquelein, nephew of the heroic Vendean who fell in 1815, was created a peer (Marquis) but did not take his seat, as the revolution of 1830 intervened. In '42 he sat as a Legitimist deputy ; in '44 he

To give you another instance of the divisions among the heads of the forces, I must tell you that

abandoned the Bourbons for the Orléans branch ; in February, '48, he gave in his adhesion to the Republic. In the Assembly he voted with the Right except on the questions of liberty of the press, abolition of the death-penalty for political offences, the Grévy amendment, and the suppression of the salt tax. He championed the Republic in the Legislative Assembly, but became a senator after the Coup d'Etat.

Charles de Rémusat was a journalist and lawyer, and a disciple of Cousin. His political career began in '48 when he was for a few months Minister of the Interior ; he belonged to the party led by Thiers.

Dufaure was Councillor of State and then Minister of Public Works in Guizot's Ministry. After February, '48, he became leader of the Moderate Democrats, and was Minister of the Interior from October to December of that year.

Dupin (the elder, born 1793) was educated as a lawyer ; in 1815 he joined the liberal opposition against Napoleon I. ; he assisted Berryer in the defence of Ney. He opposed the reactionary 'Ordonnances' of Charles X., and was Minister of Justice in Louis Philippe's first Cabinet. He retained his post of Procurator-General to the Court of Cassation during '48, and in '52 was President of the Assembly.

The Baron Portalis was first Procurator to the King and Councillor to the Royal Court ; next, as deputy, he joined the Opposition, was Procurator-General in '48, and was returned to the National Assembly.

Germain Sarrut a medical man tried, after 1830, to further the aims of the Revolution in *La Tribune*, and was implicated in the 114 actions which were brought against it. In '36 he was inclined to support Louis Napoleon, but in '48 he rallied to the Republic, and ranked with the radical Left. He defended many of the accused after the June insurrection, and helped to organise democratic and revolutionary societies. He opposed Louis Napoleon's policy as President, and preferred poverty to his service after the Coup d'Etat.

Coquerel was a Protestant pastor and well-known preacher, and editor of three Liberal religious periodicals. When returned to the Assembly as a moderate Republican he supported Cavaignac and opposed the Montagnards and Socialists ; he retired at the Coup d'Etat.

Justinien Clary Captain of the Mobile turned out *without* orders, and marched his men to the Pont de la Concorde, for which Courtais ordered him a month's imprisonment and General Tempoure sent him official thanks. The result of this want of understanding is that each officer will, in future, act for himself, and of course this system will extend to the privates who will also exercise their judgment, and follow the commander whom they like best. A great deal is expected to-day : the Poles are to meet at the Bastille ; they are to be joined by their friends, that is all the canaille of the suburbs, the idlers of the National Workshops, and the disorderly of all countries ; they are to march to the Assembly and enforce their petition. To my mind, the cry 'Vive la Pologne,' like that of 'Vive la réforme,' is a cover to some unknown ambition, some most dangerous faction. Many will shriek 'Vive la Pologne' who would shudder at joining in a hurrah for Barbès or Blanqui—and this is how revolutions are manufactured !¹

Vavin was for many years a deputy and sat among the very moderate Democrats. In March, '48, the Provisional Government entrusted to him the liquidation of the Civil List, which he undertook only on condition of doing the work gratuitously. He voted usually with the Right, and in particular in 1850 for the law to limit universal suffrage ; he protested against the Coup d'Etat and retired.

¹ Some Polish exiles who were returning to their home in Prussian

The officers of our *quartier* have the strictest orders to remain at home to-day: the Captain is at the Mairie, and Adolphe has been sent a list of trusty men whom he is to rally in case of emergency, and to collect *without* the rappel; this is a measure of prudence, as the drums were broken in many *quartiers* on Saturday. The Mobile is kept within doors, and the first signal will see vast numbers under arms; but then the rioters are armed too. So little circumspection was used at first in arming the National Guard that 4000 muskets are missing in our *arrondissement* alone, and I fear this abuse must be still greater in the 11th and 12th which are worse composed and worse commanded. It is very difficult to sustain the ardour of the civic forces: the shopkeepers are exasperated at their losses, the gentlemen indignant at being bearded by a set of ruffians, and all the world is so sick of the Republic that they have left off abusing Louis Philippe and his faults and cowardice. I don't mean by this to hint at any chance of restoration, nor could one seriously wish any one to undertake the government

Poland, were stopped at the frontier and came back to Paris full of their wrongs. The Polish kingdom had been 'suppressed' by Russia in 1847, but the national feeling was not crushed, and Poland continued to be a thorn in the side of the partitioning Powers.

of a ruined country, without credit or men capable of retrieving it. Never perhaps was so much mediocrity collected as the present Chamber but, as the first instrument of a revolution must be cast away, it is as well that it should be so. Already Louis Blanc and Albert have relapsed into insignificance; I trust they will soon be joined by Flocon and Recurt, whom Ledru Rollin and even Lamartine cannot long survive. Then, if there is a *man* he will have a glorious opening; to his predecessors will attach the odium of anarchy, disorder, and bankruptcy; to him, the merit of ameliorations which will spring up naturally, as every one will join in the reorganisation of society. I cannot venture to surmise how soon this will happen, nor do I wish to see it too soon since, if the Nation is checked in its headlong course, it will start again with greater violence. In '30 they stopped so short that they did not see 'l'abîme de la République;' now I should wish them to sound its depths, and if they can get out of it they will hardly be tempted to begin over again. The only resolute men here are Barbès a murderer who is a Communist, and Blanqui who is a Socialist; here lies the real danger, for the two will join if the slightest check is given

to the present Government, which really no one seems inclined to defend. Out of contempt for the present rulers we may again see the blunders of February; we may allow the Republic to be subverted, and we shall tear our hair when we see it replaced by Socialism, Communism, or even the Terror. This last I think quite out of the question, but one can answer for nothing in this country where courage, like fever, is intermittent, and where the noblest acts of heroism are followed by instances of such signal cowardice. This applies to Lamartine, whose glorious attitude during the first sixty hours of the Republic has been followed by two months of hesitation, of mean subterfuges, and of disgraceful condescension. He has irretrievably lost ground, and having controlled the destinies of his country for two months, he has failed to secure a single advantage or to inaugurate a single improvement.

How one gets accustomed to everything; here am I coolly writing reflections on one revolution, when we are perhaps at this very moment on the eve of another; I am commenting on a dictator who has served his time, and saying nothing of Buchez the real autocrat of France, the most absolute sovereign we have ever seen. I trust he may exercise his

power well, but I don't like his looks ; he is evidently ill-tempered, and that is a serious drawback in such times. Barbès looks very wild, Flocon very ignoble, and Pierre Bonaparte the very image of the First Consul.¹ They are the only new faces of which I took particular notice in the confusion of Saturday. I am told that the said Bonaparte visits workshops and distributes money, which is silly and extravagant for even his glorious uncle would not be 'l'homme du jour.' We want something new and we are dragging on in the old groove ; it is very sad, very hopeless ; each day adds to the defects of the present system and increases the difficulties of the situation. All despond and rumours of pillage are again afloat ; I am going out to see what is going on. I will write to-morrow and by post. I sent you the *Constitutionnel* this morning, as the article on the

¹ Buchez's power as President of the Assembly was just coming to an end, as he was not re-elected after May 15th. He was a doctor by profession, and had long been prominent in politics as in 1821 he founded the French Carbonari. In 1830, together with Flocon and others, he established the Société des Amis du Peuple ; in '31, having separated from the St. Simonists, he established the *Européen* a philosophical review, as the organ of his moderate Catholic programme.

Pierre Bonaparte was a son of Lucien Bonaparte, and was born in 1815 ; in '32 he joined his uncle Joseph in America ; he next went to live in the Papal States whence he was expelled in '36. After this he led an adventurous life in Albania and Corfu, and in '48 he came to Paris and was appointed Chief of Brigade ; he usually voted with the extreme Left.

Army seems to me to be by Thiers. I am afraid the address is sometimes very uncouth, for I cannot buy newspapers nearer than the Madeleine, and our servant writes the address himself in the neighbourhood, so as not to have two journeys. I have just heard that Flocon was nearly strangled yesterday by a delegate of the Basses Pyrénées who came here to see the Fête, and had not money enough to wait till next Sunday; I wonder the National Guard interfered to save him. You know he is a doctor, so are Recurt and Trélat,¹ which makes one of the papers say: "Ce n'est pas un conseil, c'est une consultation; nous sommes donc bien malades!" To console the unfortunate provincials who meant to see the pagan ceremonies, they are to be reviewed by the executive. What a compensation!

¹ Trélat was an advanced liberal, and in 1830 plunged into secret societies; he defended the accused of the insurrection of April of that year with such vehemence that he was fined 11,000 fr., and sentenced to three years' imprisonment for his attacks on the judges whom he had formerly known as Carbonari. After filling various other posts in '48, he was made Vice-President of the National Assembly and, on the 12th of May, Minister of Public Works; he retired in June before the insurrection.

XXV.

May 16th, 7 a.m.

I have been waked by the *rappel*, and though I am told that it is only to relieve the National Guard who have been up all night, still it is too ominous a sound for me to go to bed again, and I may as well give you some idea of the day we spent yesterday. The newspapers give a very good account of the invasion of the Chamber, but I do not think they dwell sufficiently on the zeal of the legions, on the energy and decision shown for the first time by order against disorder. I don't think even the 24th of February was more painfully exciting. We went to the Tuileries and saw the bands with their banners proceeding across the bridges, vociferating awfully for Poland; but, as I said in the morning, this cry was a blind to proclaim Barbès and Blanqui. The bridge was *not* defended; the guard, both *mobile* and *sédentaire*, were ordered to sheathe their bayonets and put their ramrods into their guns to show they were not loaded and, in opposition to the orders of Buchez and the questors, no attempt was made to prevent the mob entering the Assembly. Nay, more: the *rappel* was not beaten in the streets till after the Chamber was in the hands of the anarchists

and till the clubs were about to proclaim their Provisional Government, and then the officers ordered it on their own responsibility, and sent fifty men to escort the drums. Degousée one of the questors rushed to the tribune and, in the presence of the mob pouring in with their standards, some blood-red as in '93, others veiled with crape and others emblematic of sedition or mourning, impeached Courtais for treason. This was quite evident, as not one of the orders given for defending the Assembly had been obeyed, and those which could not openly be evaded had been rendered useless by the cartridges and bayonets having been removed. At first the Deputies behaved well save a few, among whom were the biggest talkers, who disappeared at the very first with the bishop and the women in the galleries, under pretence of protecting them. Jules de Mornay was most intrepid, and made fruitless efforts to keep the violent demagogues from the tribunes; one of the secretaries had his cheek almost torn off by the point of a flagstaff which he was trying to wrest from a club leader, and some other representatives were rather badly treated. It is said Clément Thomas Colonel of the 2nd Legion was wounded, and he was immediately proclaimed Commander of the National Guard. Courtais was arrested

near the Hôtel de Ville after a fierce resistance, and Mons. Niewerkerque who assisted in his capture has part of his epaulet as a souvenir.¹ I have rather anticipated the march of events in mentioning this capture, which was the first step towards the restoration of order, instead of mentioning the horrible panic that seized us when we heard that the *République sociale* was proclaimed, that Barbès, Blanqui, and Raspail formed the executive power, and that the Assembly was dissolved. Never was there such an anxious moment. Communism put in practice implied spoliation or the scaffold, perhaps both. All the men were under arms, and the sergeant who carried orders said: "Que les paralytiques marchent, que les boîteux courent aux armes, ou tout est perdu!" Fortunately our legion was the nearest to the scene of action. Mons. de Tracy gave vigorous orders; the company of the Rue Neuve St. Augustin, with the help of the Mobile, dispersed the 'Clubistes' and reinstated the representatives. Other companies proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville, and there arrested the ringleaders, including Albert late member of the Government. It is said Huber has blown his brains out and I wish they would all imitate him, for the trial of these men

¹ Mons. Niewerkerque was a sculptor of Dutch extraction, and was in 1849 appointed Director-General of the National Museums at Paris.

will give rise to more demonstrations, more uncertainty and more danger.¹

I fully believe in the triumph of moderation, but at what cost I do not even like to think. Adolphe has been out since one o'clock yesterday ; he sent word that he was at the bivouac of the Luxembourg, and that no fighting was apprehended, but we know nothing of him this morning.

11 o'clock.—I have been out for news, and cannot hear anything ; this morning's r^{appel} has called out the very few men who did not pass the night under arms, and our lieutenant is still on duty. The streets and bridges near the Assembly are densely crowded, but with a well-disposed mob crying "Vive l'Assemblée Nationale, à bas les Clubs ;" this was the cry last night on the whole line of the boulevards. I went up to the Rue Montmartre in the evening, and heard in every group the greatest applause of the energetic measure that closed the Clubs last night, I hope for ever. The difficulty now is to weed out the traitors who are in the National Assembly : besides Barbès and Albert who are arrested, we have Louis

¹ This rumour concerning Huber, who was a currier by trade and had been made Governor of the Royal Park of Raincy, was however incorrect ; though arrested by the National Guard he escaped to England.

Blanc, Bac from Limoges,¹ and perhaps Ledru Rollin, though he apparently behaved well yesterday.

There is a report there was some fighting at the Préfecture de Police; also a collision between the Montagnards, Caussidière's troops, and the National Guard of the outskirts near Suresnes, in which the latter were worsted. People are beginning again to talk of pillage, but I hope there is no cause for apprehension; at least, I trust it may not be to-day when all our forces are concentrated in the more central part of the town. I will write again or at all events send papers, but I cannot indite long letters under such excitement and uneasiness.

P.S.—Adolphe is come home; his battalion was the one that cleared the Assembly, and also that ransacked the Commune de Paris; they captured many arms and some ammunition and papers; a few men were shot in the Rue St. Honoré. He is so tired he can hardly speak.²

¹ Bac was a brilliant advocate famous for his defence of Madame Lafarge, the poisoner; he had great influence with the working classes, and belonged to the democratic Opposition. In '48 he was returned to the Assembly, where he sat on the Commission for Foreign Affairs and was an orator of the 'Montagne.' He opposed the Presidency and supported the vote of thanks to Cavaignac.

² De Mornay, who attempted to keep order during the invasion of the Assembly described above, was an agriculturist, not a politician; he was

XXVI.

May 18th.

I have just received your letter of Monday and, as usual, I have to thank you for the very flattering manner in which you receive my news. I wrote a great deal this week, because it has indeed been most eventful, and the danger is not over. There are traitors everywhere, and some of the persons arrested at great personal risk by the National Guard have been let out. Mons. Duvergier de Hauranne who has done a great deal of mischief, said a very true thing yesterday, when

Inspector-General of Agriculture in 1841, and in '48 was first divisional Chief and then Director-General of Agriculture.

Clément Thomas was on the staff of the *National*; in '48 he was Commissary to the Gironde and, after the action of the 15th of May, he was made Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard. On account, however, of his contemptuous treatment of the Legion of Honour, he was obliged in June to hand over his command to Changarnier.

Raspail held doctrines closely connected with a system of Pantheistic philosophy, with a tendency towards radical Communism, but he was opposed to sudden or violent reform of the laws of land tenure and of property; he considered Lamartine best suited to conciliate the various factions. He was distrusted by the most radical members of the Provisional Government but had great personal influence, partly on account of his medical skill, in the democratic faubourgs. A rumour was circulated that he was preaching a crusade against the wealthy, but this does not appear to be borne out by his paper the *Ami du Peuple*. Raspail was persecuted for his opinions, and thereupon made a violent attack on the Provisional Government which he denounced as reactionary; he was frequently imprisoned.

he declared that "une Pentarchie n'est supérieure en rien à une Monarchie." Five disunited heads are worse than one however ill advised, and time is irreparably lost ; if the ringleaders of Monday are brought to trial, which I doubt, they will be tried by a common jury and acquitted ! It is, however, infinitely more probable that they could make most dangerous revelations concerning those actually in power, and that some sort of rescue will be connived at. Lamartine rose a little in public esteem for a moment on Monday, but he again lost ground when he remained silent during Caussidière's speech accusing him of having authorised the formation of Sobrier's bodyguard. I know we have not a man for a counter-revolution, but if we had, the knell of the Republic would sound instantly ; as it is, we shall drag on amidst conspiracies and dangers till the present Government perish under the weight of public contempt. Already they are openly attacked ; common sense is getting the better of passion. Those who hailed cheap Government say "Why have we an additional tax of 45 centimes ?" those who loved equality are indignant at the dictatorship of Paris, and all who wish for peace shudder at the war-cry raised by the Republicans. The Assembly is decidedly composed of very inferior men ; all who excited

envy by their talents have been ostracised. The old Left are bestirring themselves, and it cannot be for good. We had trusted to the chapter of accidents, and we are falling back into the old routine. Another conflict between the partisans of order and the Socialists cannot long be put off, and I trust it may be decisive ; but I do not believe in the prestige of bloodless victories, and I greatly fear our civic guard will gain no others. We have however got in eight regiments of the Line, and more are coming, besides the National Guard, from the provinces. Our *ouvrier* Bernard whom I mentioned last week, is either a coward or a traitor : he is said to have spent the morning with Barbès, and at all events he did not appear in uniform ; the battalion thereupon refused to obey him, and remained under the orders of the second in command who had led them since morning. . . . I have just heard that there is a *rassemblement* in the Champs Elysées about to petition for the release of Barbès, and we are going out to see what is taking place. . . . I do hope you may come over ; there is no danger, even should an insurrection break out under your very windows ; the love of property is very strong and, as any rising now would be Communist, it would be very easily put down. The papers I prefer are the

Constitutionnel and the *Assemblée Nationale*, but the *Débats* has the best stenographer, so it is perhaps better for a distance.

XXVII.

May 28th.

I really must follow the march of events; they come so fast that, while I am giving you news of a revolution, I am interrupted to proclaim the counter-revolution. We had a patriotic funeral on Thursday, and a national *fête* on Sunday; what a people, and what a Government! On Tuesday the National Assembly votes the suppression of Clubs, and three days after the most moderate member of the Executive, Lamartine, becomes president of one. Courtais is degraded by his men, proclaimed a traitor by all, and the official organ of Government, the *National*, asks compassion for "the misfortune of an old soldier." Eighty conspirators are let loose *by order of the Prefect of Police* who says he lectured them all, and as they were his *friends* he feels great confidence in their amendment! A collection of arms is seized at the Commune de Paris, and it is proved that they were delivered by the Minister of War, and no one in an

Assembly of nine hundred supposed to represent the *élite* of the nation and invested with confidence by universal suffrage, rises to ask why all these iniquitous acts are under the sanction of the Executive! No, while every deputy misdoubts his neighbour and firmly believes that he would have joined Barbès, that very evening a vote of thanks is passed unanimously, and these thanks are addressed to the persons who gave way before the tumult, and not to those who risked their lives to restore order. After Monday, energetic measures were not only imperative but they were easy, and not one was resorted to. Caussidière *resigned*, he was not dismissed; the Republican Guard was thanked a good deal, slightly lectured, and disbanded with a promise of employment elsewhere; and then the Assembly set to work to decide how they would *dress* in any future danger! First an embroidered ribbon tied to the left button-hole was highly approved of, but considered not quite showy enough, and a questor proposed a scarf. This was still more admired, but gave rise to a serious discussion: some wanted to wear it over the shoulder like a cordon, others round the waist, like a *commissaire de police*. To settle the matter, some one went up to the tribune and moved the ribbon from left to right, from his

neck to his waist, till he succeeded in getting a vote in favour of the shoulder. This success emboldened another man who proposed that each deputy should have a locket, whether for his wife's hair or a lock of Lamartine's I know not, but this was not adopted. First Etienne Arago in full uniform gave us his autobiography, read us his correspondence, tried to move us by an account of his fraternal affection, and assured us that he left the Assembly in the middle of the tumult, merely to squeeze his brother's hand. Then Buchez got up and expressed the wish that we had all been able to place our hand on his heart, and feel how calm he was in the presence of the mob. And lastly, Charras (the Minister of War *ad interim*) recited a dialogue he had had with a commander "que je tutoie par une ançienne habitude," and begged us all to be satisfied with his immense internal firmness. Cavaignac shook his head, said two or three words, and *faute de mieux* we took it for granted they meant something, but I have my doubts. After this personal debate, amusing from its excessive absurdity, we had the discussion of the address to the country, and here again began that war of words got up to hide the poverty of ideas. The draft of the address said "une poignée de factieux," but this mild description was

vigorously combated by a man who had been horribly frightened, and who insisted upon saying "une horde ;" another preferred "une bande ;" and a man behind me made me laugh, saying "Mettons une pincée, et que cela finisse." To conciliate all parties, it was agreed to say "des factieux," and thus ended one day's deliberations ! Can anything be more pitiable when such tremendous questions are at stake ? Will no one inquire into the state of the finances, into the necessity for levying fresh troops, when it is impossible to carry on war even for a week ? Will no one ask why so many waited with arms folded, ready to join Barbès and the Comité de Salut Public, Louis Blanc, or the *Travailleurs*, or Buchez and the Assembly, as soon as any one of them could carry the day ?¹

I am sure that if there had not been discord in the mob, the scale would have turned in their favour, and

¹ Etienne Arago who took part in this farcical discussion, was a brother of Emmanuel Arago, a dramatist and in 1829 director of the Théâtre de Vaudeville ; he was editor of the old *Figaro*. In '48 he was appointed head of the Post Office, and introduced cheap postal service. He opposed Louis Napoleon, and was sentenced in default to transportation.

Charras wrote military articles in the *National* ; he had served in Algiers, and in '48 was promoted to be Colonel, and acted as under-secretary in the Ministry of War until the arrival of Cavaignac, May 15th. In the Assembly he voted at first with the moderate Democrats, and supported Cavaignac. He opposed Louis Napoleon's policy, and was imprisoned at the Coup d'Etat, and afterwards expelled to Belgium.

all France would have been proclaimed Socialist on the 16th of May, as it was declared Republican on the 25th of February ; in both instances a fierce minority would have upset a cowardly majority. Now it must all begin over again, for the National Guard supported by troops, and perfectly well aware that their heads and property are at stake, will fight ; but it is to be hoped the collision may come soon, before their present ardour is cooled, and also before they have time to put their possessions in safety. I have no patience with the Legitimists who believe that they are working for their end by supporting the social revolution. What insanity to hope to restore Divine Right on the ruins of family ties ! We are told that the row will break out to-morrow, not with cries as last week, but with arms. One hundred and fifteen thousand workmen may join the insurrection, besides the usual amount of barricade-makers, and then, indeed, there will be a horrible conflict. I never believe in things announced beforehand, and I intend to go to the Assembly and hear Mons. de Lamartine attempt to justify his line of policy, which in three months has brought us from profound peace to the brink of a general war. Any *coup de main* against the Chamber would be insanity just now. I went on Friday with

Mrs. Blount, and though we did not look like the enthusiastic defenders of Poland, we were obliged to show our tickets to the Garde Mobile on the bridge, to the National Guard on the *quai*, to the troops of the Line in the Rue de Bourgogne, to the cavalry on the Place, to the Gardiens de Paris in the courtyard, to the ushers in the passage, and I thought the artillery looked at us very suspiciously besides.

The *fête* yesterday was very absurd ; all the trades that have been enjoying the *far niente* of the Republic turned out their stock-in-trade on ornamented carts, and their shop-girls in white gowns and tricoloured garlands, to howl ‘Mourir pour la patrie’ with a melancholy accent. The leading trades had tricoloured parasols and their complexions only turned scarlet, the petty trades had none and became blood-red ; all were hideous and many past thirty. To the question “Monsieur, est-ce que ce sont les vierges du Ministère de l’Intérieur ?” the indignant answer was “Non, monsieur, ce sont des demoiselles de magasin.” Those from the Conservatoire who, the *Réforme* said, “sortiraient sans leurs mères pour la première fois,” were rather more absurd than the rest, as they had short sleeves and sang from a book. There was also a grand piano on a cart, played by a patriot and said to be very harmonious,

but as it was preceded by drums I am no judge of it. In addition there was a small steam-engine, but it was drawn by unruly horses and seemed typical of the very dangerous state of railroads in France. In the evening I went to the Champ de Mars which was brilliantly illuminated, and saw the colossal statue of Liberty; she is leaning on a sword as though about to transfix herself upon it, which also looks like a satire. The fireworks were small and insignificant, but the illuminations in the Champs Elysées were lovely; I believe there were no accidents, but it was a melancholy sort of diversion, and all its pagan pageantry could not make the population gay under present circumstances. All classes are beginning to feel that whether the form of government is bad or its representatives inefficient, a Republic does not do here. Very great fears are entertained with regard to the social movement; George Sand and Pierre Leroux have much to answer for.¹ The former assisted at the revolution of Monday, embracing the Garde Mobile who unfixed their bayonets, and distributing money to

¹ Pierre Leroux, a philosopher and political economist, was a follower of St. Simon in his earlier doctrines. He founded the *Encyclopédie Nouvelle*, and with Viardot and George Sand the *Revue Individualiste*. He was a speculative Socialist, and in the Assembly he voted with the 'Montagne.'

all who cried 'Vive Barbès.' After the expulsion of the rabble, she said "C'est un coup manqué, ce sera à recommencer." I send you the Sobrier decrees which I do not think have got into any paper ; I hope you like the *Assemblée Nationale* ; in my opinion it is the best paper we have, and it most truly represents the feelings which are in all hearts, but which few have the courage to express. If we continue in such a state of ferment, I shall cease altogether to write legibly, for when I have much to say my pen runs into lines utterly regardless of form.

XXVIII.

May 29th, 7 a.m.

The rappel has been beating for two hours, so I suppose we are to have some great demonstration to-day. I heard yesterday that the second battalion would be called out, but this is the fourth so it shows that they want a good supplementary force ; the cause of this is the dissolution of the National Workshops, or rather their reduction to some sort of use. Instead of allowing one hundred and fifteen thousand men to dig useless ditches and to take drives in wheelbarrows

about the Parc Monceau, a revision of all those inscribed on the list was made on Thursday, and here the most wondrous abuses came to light. First, out of the startling total, not more than fifty thousand could be found really without other means of subsistence: some families who had eight children on the books, could only prove the usual national allowance of two; others were obliged to own that they were porters in private houses, and many were released convicts. When all these deductions were made, only thirty-eight thousand remained, and many of them belonged to trades still in request, such as shoemaking, tailoring, etc. This reduced the numbers to twenty-three thousand, but it is rather late to reform after three months' additional taxation to support this nuisance. It seems a most unanswerable argument against a Republic, that all in whom it trusts are found wanting. The Prefect of Police turns out to be a scoundrel, the head of the National Guard a traitor; the intended Minister of Progress convulses the country to its very centre, and this work of moral destruction is completed by the Minister of the Interior. All these crimes, however, are less felt than Emile Thomas' misappropriation of the funds of the National Workshops; this is only to be estimated by millions

divided between him and his worthy underlings.¹ He was taken from Monceau the night before last, and sent to Bordeaux in a post-chaise, accompanied by the peace officers "qui n'ont d'autre mission," as he says in a letter to his mother, "que de s'assurer de mon arrivée dans la Gironde." Since his departure the agitators have been at work with his men, and are getting up monster petitions for him, for Barbès and *tutti quanti*, which they mean to take to the Chamber to-day or to-morrow. This will be the signal for a fresh invasion, and is perhaps the reason of the immense display of troops this morning. I meant to go to the Chamber, but am rather shaken in my intention by the builder, who says the edifice is not strong enough to bear another rush like that of the 15th. I am not afraid of the mob, but there is no excitement in being crushed among the ruins; besides, there is no real interest in any discussion; the new members hardly speak, or at all events so badly that their eight hundred colleagues drown their voices with exclamations, and I have been

¹ Emile Thomas, a civil engineer and professor of rural economy, was also a political writer. In '48 he was appointed to the difficult post of director of the National Workshops, from which he was arbitrarily removed by Trélat. In '49 he went to the Colonies to study free labour; he edited the *Journal du 10 Décembre*; in '51 he resumed his profession as an engineer.

hearing the old Left praising themselves for so many years, that I am quite tired of it. Even Lamartine's great speech upon Poland was very inferior to his former eloquence ; from the habit of addressing masses of the lower orders he has become theatrical, and far more inflated than he was before. Altogether I am disappointed in this Assembly, not only as regards sense and talent, but as a moral force. Never was a ministerial majority better drilled ; they will vote anything : funds to those whose malversations are the theme not only of every conversation, but of every journal ; confidence to Ministers whose impeachment is daily discussed, and the maintenance of the Republic, though most of the provinces are as hostile to it as I am ! Is it not strange that, as long as we had no Government, we were perfectly quiet ? no serious *émeute* took place between the 26th of February and the 4th of May ; we then had no organised police, no garrison, no Legislative Assembly of any sort, and yet we lived on upon public forbearance ; since the 4th we have had the rappel every morning, the outrage of the 15th, the worst possible news from the departments, and no feeling of even temporary security. The first instruments of the Revolution are now worn out, and we don't know where to look for others ;

Lamartine's popularity was not great enough to uphold Ledru Rollin, and in the effort he was lost himself; Arago has had too many brothers, sons, and nephews—his nepotism will bring him down. Cavaignac is completely governed by his mother and this, being known, has not a good effect; he is subsisting on the renown of a dead brother, but that too is becoming ancient history. Louis Blanc whose part in the affair of the 15th becomes every day more clearly defined, is to be attacked to-day by Portalis, and will probably be sent to join his noble friend Albert at Vincennes. You will see that Bulwer was right when he said, years ago, that the whole of France was Left Centre. We are gradually coming round to Thiers, and will not that termination of a democratic and social revolution be even more unexpected than the event itself? "Il n'y a rien de probable que ce qui est impossible" should be our motto.

11 a.m. I have been out to pick up news, and I hear the most contradictory reports. Some say Henri V. has been proclaimed at Monceau, others that the Prince de Joinville has arrived at Havre, thus giving two distinct objects to the same movement. Without however thinking of the end I must tell you what really happened: the National Workshops

were under arms at two o'clock in the morning, and marched upon the Hôtel de Ville at four o'clock ; I presume they were stopped or repulsed, for I hear they have gone back to the Plaine Monceau. Adolphe is still confined to his room, which I shall be glad of if there is to be any fighting : I still doubt this, although it does seem inevitable from the exasperation of the most moderate and the demands of the mob ; I think the National Guard will say to their brothers (official style) : "Consider yourselves beaten," and they will obey until some unguarded door again allows them access to supreme power. It is really ludicrous to see the total want of conviction and political principle. I was talking yesterday to an influential deputy ; first he evaded all my questions, saying Monarchy was incompatible with universal suffrage, that the country was decidedly democratic, etc., etc. ; but when I put the home question "What would you do if the Prince de Joinville were to come over ?" he could only answer, "Il faudrait voir avec qui il reviendrait, et s'il avait pour lui le nombre, eh bien ! je me serais trompé, et avant tout il faudrait éviter l'effusion de sang." This, from an undeniably upright and well-meaning man, is decisive ; France is ready for any one or anything, perfectly sick of the oppression of the *National*, and

disgusted to find in a pure Republic none but democrats more grasping than financial magnates.

The clubs which the Executive promised to close are in full vigour ; it is true that they talk egregious nonsense, but also true that they do a great deal of mischief. Madame Niboyer "Présidente du club des femmes," made a proposition the other day "pour l'abolition de tout âge et de tout sexe!"—she meant to extend the suffrage to women and children, but the wording was odd. The curious political societies are all stirring for the elections which are to take place on the 4th of June, if the Assembly still subsists at that time. Who can look forward a week? If the people are reasonable, I think the forty new nominations will strengthen the old Left which has become the Right of a Chamber where the Left is 'la Montagne,' and has at its summit Barbès, Albert and Louis Blanc; in that case we should have Thiers, Emile de Girardin, Hyppolite Passy, Victor Hugo, A. Weill, Villa an intelligent and honest workman, and perhaps Achille Fould the banker.¹

¹ Achille Fould, of Jewish parentage, was a financial specialist in the Chamber, to which he was returned in July, '48; he was for reform on moderate lines, and a Protectionist. He accepted the portfolio of finance in '51, but retired in '52 on the decree against the property of the House of Orléans.

The extreme candidates are known only to their own coterie, and I can give you no idea of what they are. The decree concerning railways will be rejected, as it is considered to be an approach towards Communism ; so will that upon mortgages, as falling heavily on the very numerous class of small landed proprietors ; so I don't see where the Government can turn for new resources ; at present its expenses are said to exceed its receipts by 2,500,000 fr. a day. So much for cheap government ! The law of divorce is as unwise as it is uncalled for ; all the prejudices of the country are against it, and religiously speaking it is impossible in a Catholic nation ; it would be the first step towards the establishment of a Gallican Church, which I have always thought would spring from the Republic. All this is very uninteresting, but I have

Hypolite Passy served first in the army ; after Waterloo he wrote in the *National* and published a 'Study of the Aristocracy in Relation to the Progress of Civilisation.' In '30 he was a moderate Liberal ; as an economist of the Left Centre, he was put forward in opposition to Duchâtel. He was Minister of Finance in '34, failed to form a Cabinet, 1839, and gave way to Thiers in '40 ; he took his seat in the House of Peers, 1843 ; was in the first Ministry of Napoleon, and directed finance from December, '48, to October, '49, during which time he advocated reactionary taxes.

Weill (b. 1813) was an Alsatian Jew who collaborated with Louis Blanc on the *Revue du Progrès* and other papers. In '48 he was on the staff of *La Presse*. Subsequently, in the *Gazette de France*, he attempted a defence of Constitutional Monarchy from the legal point of view.

no positive facts or anecdotes for you ; there is a sort of atmosphere of conspiracy, an undefined sense of danger on all sides, but as yet not even an indication of the colour the impending movement will take ; I almost hope it will be Socialist, for then it will be immediately put down, but I do not feel sure of unanimity in the event of any other standard being raised. If there is a split among the friends of order, then the other party will be the most numerous, and that is the reason I prefer the worst. Pray excuse this dull letter ; it makes me stupid to get up at five in the morning ; although I sleep beautifully to the drumming of a march, the *rappel* wakes me as if it were beaten on my chest. I send a clever paper in the style of *Punch*, and a curious letter of Barbès.

XXIX.

June 1st.

As the *émeute* of yesterday ended in a demonstration, I had nothing worth writing about and indeed, except from habit, I do not know why I write to-day ; everything is going on so badly that no one seems willing to attempt improvement. Lamartine met with a decided check on Tuesday, but he did not seem to

care, and no one listened to the flowery language in which he championed the programme of the commission. The Executive wanted to defeat the Chamber, the Assembly gave the Government to understand they were not worthy of the trust, and the great orator merely came forward to say "Oh! very well, take care of yourselves then." They have given way on all points, they cannot carry a single measure; I don't think they will be able to influence a single election, and yet they cling to the shadow of the power with which they are so reluctantly invested. They have all robbed except Bethmont; in the sale of horses of the Civil List ordered last week, all the Arabs were marked in the catalogue "Retirés par ordre du citoyen Lamartine;" Flocon, who insists on being called *Son Excellence* (a title withdrawn from Ministers in 1830), ordered part of the Palace of St. Cloud to be prepared for Madame Flocon; and Madame Thomas, mother of the director of the National Workshops, has stocked Monceau with deer from the park at Raincy. There is no end to the robbery and waste of these self-elected dictators; when the King's effects are really sold for the benefit of his creditors they will be found insufficient to pay his debts, and this will be made an excuse for confiscation. I heard the

discussion upon the *Travailleurs* on Tuesday, and the facts brought to the tribune would have been most ridiculous if their results were not so deplorable. One man said "Je pourrais revendiquer le titre d'ouvrier, mais ce serait là une prétention aristocratique plus grande, plus significative que celle que s'arrogeait autrefois le titre de Comte ou de Marquis." I could not find out the name of this worthy representative, but I was much pleased with Mons. Grandin who followed him and who, after a vigorous attack upon the Government, concluded with these words: "Permettez-moi la comparaison, le pouvoir est comme Don Juan entre les deux maîtresses, il dit à l'émeute, 'Je suis avec vous,' à l'ordre 'comptez sur moi,'" and he asks us for a vote of confidence! I am sorry I could not go to the Chamber yesterday to hear the defence of Louis Blanc; every one knows he was deeply implicated in the conspiracy of the 15th of May, and yet I am sure that measures against him will not be authorised. Madame Thayer, General Bertrand's daughter, after being rescued from the public tribune in which she was nearly crushed by the mob, attempted to pass a ferocious-looking sentinel, but he resolutely refused to obey the man she was with although he did carry a flag, saying:

“Louis Blanc m’a donné ce poste, lui seul peut me relever.”

Albert’s first words on being arrested were “Me mettra-t-on avec Louis Blanc ?” In fact, no doubt remains in any one’s mind that every one is afraid of the workmen on whom his influence is still very great, and he will probably come out with flying colours. As no one’s conscience is quite clear with regard to the 15th of May, every one is anxiously looking out for the excuse for an amnesty ; this will be granted if the Executive ever have a majority, or if a Constitution can be got together, or if a fresh conspiracy comes to alarm the public in another direction ; then we shall see a full pardon granted to the conspirators of February and of May : Barbès and Guizot, Blanqui and Duchâtel, Flotte the democratic cook, and Hébert ‘Garde des sceaux du tyran,’ Courtais and Trézel, Albert and the Duc de Montebello. Perhaps if we can implicate Lamartine we may pardon him and Louis Philippe the same day, and exonerate the citizen Joinville as an equivalent to Etienne Arago, heir to the Republican dynasty of the *National*.¹

¹ Duchâtel’s share in bringing about the revolution of February was an involuntary one, as he was a blindly confident Conservative until ’48, when

The elections are to take place on Sunday, and not the least strange of all the *excentricités de l'Espagne* is that Thiers is to be supported by the clergy, the Jesuits included, and the Legitimists. He has written a very Catholic letter to the Archbishop of Rouen, and he made some very important concessions on secondary education, on which point he was once at variance with the whole clergy. I am afraid Hypolite Passy will not be nominated, and yet no one has a better financial head, and he has energy enough to carry out the various measures which can alone save public credit; all the present plans are impossible or worse than the evil they are intended to remedy. I was reading yesterday an extract from the opinion of Henri Fourier,

his career closed. He had been successively Councillor of State and Royal Commissioner to the Chamber in 1831; Minister of Commerce 1834, of Finance 1836, of the Interior 1840.

Hébert was Advocate-General of the Court of Cassation, and Royal Procurator to the Court at Paris. He was remarkable for his violence in several political cases; in '47 he succeeded Martin du Nord as Minister of Justice, but after February, '48, he returned to private legal work.

Trézel, a peer, fought bravely at Waterloo; next under the Bourbons in Spain and the Morea; then in Africa. He was Minister of War in '47, and retired into private life in '48.

The Duc de Montebello a son of Lannes, Napoleon's general, was made a peer by Louis Philippe out of respect for his father. He supported the King's conservative administration; went on a mission to Copenhagen, 1833; as Ambassador to Switzerland in 1836, he negotiated the detention of prisoners dangerous to France. He was Minister of Marine, 1847, and retired in '48.

published in 1834 and singularly applicable to the present crisis ; he says : “ It would be easier to plant a tree with its roots in the air than to establish a Republic in France ; that form of government is so obnoxious to the whole nation, so utterly contrary to its system of centralisation, that within a year all France would hail any tyrant, even Lucifer himself, in preference to the dictatorship imposed upon it by Republicans.” This is so true that I am looking out for Lucifer, and don't exactly know which party to look upon as most infernal, Henri V. with his *cortège* of prejudices and *émigrés*, or the Regency with all its evils. There are many partisans of the Prince de Joinville, but this would be a silly combination ; *without* the Comte de Paris he is only a usurper who would be despised by his natural supporters ; *with* him it would be difficult not to bring back the whole family, and their unpopularity would soon outweigh the sympathy he has acquired by wearing a beard, smoking a short pipe, dancing the can-can, singing ‘ *Jamais en France l'Anglais ne régnera,*’ and calling his children ‘ *mes mioches.*’ He may be a popular *charcutier*, he has not the capacity for a popular leader. As to Henri V. we know nothing of him, but in very truth France is not aristocratic enough for Divine Right ; the nation

is decidedly *bourgeoise*, “elle ne peut pas même se faire peuple ;” the ambition of the masses, call it what you will, is to become bourgeois. What are the rights they clamour for? the ‘*droit de bourgeoisie* ;’ they have got it, they are National Guards, electors and eligible, so if we could stifle the liberty of the press, banish the *National* and the *Réforme*, and suppress incendiary placards, ‘le bon peuple’ would be peaceable enough ; but flesh and blood cannot stand the incessant flattery, intimidation, and imposition practised upon them ; they are made use of by tyrannical democrats, and will find out too late that they are, under every *régime* alike, tools to be thrown away the day after victory. You cannot conceive the wicked provocations that appear in the official papers. The *Réforme*, for instance, under Ledru Rollin’s patronage, clamours loudly against reaction, and says the *foyer* of the conspiracy is Madame le Hon’s house in the Champs Elysées where the Prince de Joinville is concealed ; in consequence of this absurd fable a man with a dagger got into the courtyard last week, and swore he would not leave without killing some ‘*réactionnaire* ;’ she was obliged to send for the Mobile and had the man arrested. On Tuesday when she was at dinner she spied an old hat stuck on her gate but, imagining

that some one had tossed it up in fun, she took no notice of it until her porter brought it in, as it contained a note directed to herself. This document assured her that it was the identical hat worn by the King on his journey to Havre, and sent to her as a souvenir on account of her well-known 'Philippiste' sympathies.

Threatening letters are becoming very common, which is most painful to nervous persons; no one believes in the re-establishment of the guillotine, but every species of annoyance is probable, and no one likes to apply for redress to tribunals which in most cases would only render the nuisance more intolerable, by giving it publicity. Altogether no residence could be more unpleasant than Paris now; no besieged town could be more infested with drums, marching, and firing; drunkenness which used to be so rare is now so common that, to avoid the contact of the ruling *blouses*, I generally walk in the middle of the street where there are now no carriages. The walls are covered with placards that attract crowds to every corner; the hundred and forty-three new journals vie with each other in noise and early rising, the *National* is hawked about at six, the *Père Duchêne* half an hour earlier, the *Mère Duchêne* still earlier; the *Journal de*

Robespierre beats them all and comes out at cock-crow. This town now presents the spectacle of activity without an object, noise without occupation, and disorder not exactly amenable to law ; it is very sad and so hopeless !

A. is again *scrutateur* for the elections, which means he has two days' hard work at the Mairie to count up votes forced from some, and given without the slightest intelligence by others. I will let you know what opinion the successful candidates represent if, as I expect, the greater part are unknown to the world at large. Every one here who looks up five minutes a day from the state of France, is most anxious about Bulwer. Do you consider him justified in England ? We don't, but I hardly venture an opinion on English affairs, 'j'en parlerais comme un aveugle des couleurs.'¹

¹ Bulwer had been appointed Ambassador to the Court of Spain in 1843 ; in '46 he opposed the Spanish Marriages which, but for Lord Palmerston, he might have prevented. In '48 the February rising at Paris was followed in March by a rising at Madrid. In putting it down, Marshal Narvaez suppressed the constitutional guarantees, whereupon Bulwer protested in the name of England. Narvaez denounced him as an accomplice of the Progressistas, and on the 12th of June he received his passports. The English Parliament supported him, and his post was left vacant for two years.

XXX.

June 5th.

I always try to keep you *au courant* of what is going on but at times it is very difficult as we are in a horrible state of stagnation, among abuses innumerable and surrounded by treachery and incapacity. The authorisation to proceed against Louis Blanc was granted by the Assembly, but the President chose to insist upon the *scrutin de division*, and then all the cowards who dreaded seeing their names in the *Moniteur* voted in favour of the little scoundrel who was the soul of the conspiracy of the 16th of April, the accomplice of that of the 15th of May, and who remains at large to organise that of June, date not yet announced. Thiers is nominated at Paris where I expect the row will begin very soon ; his nomination is regarded as 'le drapeau de la Régence planté au cœur de la République,' and that by an authority which they themselves proclaimed supreme, namely universal suffrage. In that case the Red Republic will make an appeal to 'Républicains de la veille' and make a tremendous struggle for power ; I still believe that order will carry the day, but at what price ?

There is no doubt felt now about the incapacity of

the National Assembly. A paper says this morning : "It is Noah's ark without lions or eagles." And so it is ; yet they must make the Constitution, only fortunately there is nothing binding in any Constitution here, and this will be one more to add to the many which load the collectors' shelves. You cannot imagine the consternation of the real Republicans ; even Béranger says : "J'ai rêvé la République toute ma vie, que ne puis-je rêver encore !" After the professional experts in barricades whom we have despatched to all foreign capitals, we have now got a very well-paid and organised force to make workmen strike for increased wages ; the 'fraternal' society of Amiens has sent its president to murder Buddicombe the English maker of railway carriages at Rouen, and the subalterns started the same day to organise a universal strike ; this scheme is Mons. Duclerc's, to bring the companies to terms at any price.¹ Lamartine said yesterday that there was no Government ; the Ministers will not take the orders of the Executive, and they vote with such extraordinary disregard of each other

¹ Duclerc was, from 1834 onwards, a constant contributor of articles on economic and financial subjects to various papers. He edited the 'Dictionnaire Politique' in 1842, and wrote in the *National*. In '48 he was nominated Deputy-Mayor of Paris and busied himself with municipal reforms ; he was subsequently Minister of Finance.

that one is tempted to think they draw lots for their opinions ; the proposals come from the Assembly not from the Government, which leads to waste of time and of course prevents any question from meeting with a reasonable solution. The Minister of the Interior promised last Wednesday to present a law against tumultuous associations, and the day after to-morrow 150,000 subscribers, at 5 *sous* a head, are to meet on the fortifications for a political banquet ! That of February gave us the Republic such as it is, may not this one lead to ' la République sociale ' ?

A curious history to write would be that of journalism, since the press has been free. The *Assemblée Nationale* began with 30 fr. only in March, struggled on as well as it could until April, got private information of the conspiracy of the 16th, sounded the alarm and rose immensely in public opinion ; it has now 52,000 subscribers. The editor is a great friend of A.'s ; he had lost all his fortune in some unlucky speculations and was, in February, waiting for funds to return to Brittany and bury himself in some village. The Revolution came ; he saw an opening for an opposition paper, set boldly to work, and has such success that both Government and Reaction want to buy him up. I have sent you specimens of most of

the newspapers ; they are insignificant, except as showing the spirit of the time and its determination to copy the last Revolution in all save the scaffold. If it were not so melancholy to see one's friends ruined and one's future in such hands, it would be ludicrous to hear a Jew banker called an aristocrat, Thiers a Jesuit, Armand Marrast a 'Modéré.' How is all this to end ? No one knows, for each day adds to the difficulties. At first it was hoped the Legitimists would come to an understanding with the Orleanists, and that Henri V. would adopt the Comte de Paris ; but now they feel so strong that they hope to come back alone, and this is impossible. One is baffled, and French gaiety, French *esprit* and buoyancy are lost in the incessant work of conjecture ; no one talks anything but politics, and worse than that, Paris politics. Vienna, Italy, even England are lost sight of in the painful excitement of the moment ; we long for change and we are ripe for anything, that is all I can say with authority.

XXXI.

June 8th.

. . . For a very short period I have no doubt you will find Paris supportable ; as a residence it is

detestable. The best *quartiers* are turned into exercising grounds for the Garde Mobile; the National Guard drums beat from morning to night; you hear a cry of 'Gare!' and, when you think you are getting out of the way of an omnibus, you are surprised to find you have been nearly run over by a cannon; you cannot buy a yard of ribbon from a man in plain clothes, nor cross the boulevards without forming part of a *rassemblement*. Many cry 'Vive Barbès!' and there are some faint attempts at enthusiasm for Louis Napoléon. It is quite certain he will be nominated to the Assembly, though perhaps not here. Yesterday we were greatly elated to find Thiers so high on the list, but to-day we are horrified at finding Pierre Leroux, George Sand's collaborator in Communism, Proudhon¹ a most energetic Socialist, and Lagrange, the very man who fired the first shot on the Boulevard des Capucines. Caussidière we fully expected and, though we knew he was a ruffian, we

¹ Proudhon, who was by trade a printer, gained in 1838 an exhibition from the College at Besançon, which enabled him to go to Paris; he there published his famous essay entitled 'What is Property?' with the maxim 'La Propriété c'est le Vol.' His works, contained in twenty-six volumes, denounced both the orthodox and Socialist economists. In '48 he edited the *Représentant du Peuple*, and he was returned to the Assembly in July; his paper was prosecuted and suppressed, and he was compelled to take to flight.

had a sort of leaning towards him, as his election would imply a certain censure of the Executive.

All one's calculations are at fault ; no one believes that the present Republic can last a fortnight, and yet one almost dreads its downfall, as it is more likely we shall be upset in the direction of a Red Republic than in that of a restoration. The 'Montagne' only counts forty-seven now, but each is more noisy and resolute than any ten of the 'Plaine,' and all the timid—a good half of the Chamber—will rally round it at the crisis ; add to that the Communists who are coming in and those who have always belonged to every Government, and you will see what an overwhelming majority there will be for anarchy. To give you an idea of the composition of the Assembly and of the enlightened character of universal suffrage, I need only relate the history of Mons. Débromel, late representative of the Seine Inférieure, elected at Rouen. He was the Government candidate recommended by Ledru Rollin's proconsul, and of course dignified by the qualification of 'vrai peuple ;' perhaps he even assumed the aristocratic designation of 'ouvrier.' At all events, he was nominated, came to Paris, and selected a bench in the Chamber of which the elevation coincided with his Montagnard principles. He had hardly seated

himself and begun the usual tattoo with the wooden knife, when his next neighbour turned round and stared at him. Débromel felt rather uncomfortable and drew up his cravat; but his lynx-eyed colleague was not to be deceived, and addressed him thus: "Sir, I believe I have had the honour of sending you to the galleys for murder in 18—, when I was judge at ——. You had strangled the servant of the curé who brought you up, and robbed the worthy man; oblige me by resigning immediately." The next day the *Moniteur* announced that there was a vacancy for Rouen, but assigned no motive for the retirement of its former *protégé*. Thieves have now no accredited representation in the Chamber, but they are ably supported by Duclerc the Minister of Finance who is all the more useful to them as he has no mandate for the purpose, and consequently his schemes often pass unnoticed. Mons. Sénard the new President is not such a coward as Buchez, but he is even less honest. He puts a question to the vote, and when it is one in which he takes an interest, he says 'Adopté,' without putting the alternative question: thus laws are passed, which perhaps half the deputies would have opposed had he said, "Que ceux qui sont contre veuillent bien se lever."¹

¹ Sénard a barrister by profession was the son of an architect; in 1830

The monster banquet which was to have assembled one hundred thousand men under the walls of Vincennes has been put off, some even say that it is given up altogether and that the money subscribed will be returned ; this unheard-of measure shows the demonstration was not Republican, for the Republic has never been known to return anything. Rumour attributes 50,000 fr. to Mons. de Pastoret agent for the Comte de Chambord, 50 more to some of the Orleanists, and *quelques petits écus* to the Bonapartists. There are tremendous gatherings every night on the boulevards, which are dispersed by charges of cavalry and National Guards ; the men are searched, and everything larger than a pocket-knife is seized upon as a prohibited weapon ; the tyranny of the last seventeen years never dared to go so far, and the decrees of the Powers that Be bear a very strong resemblance to the Ukases for the pacification of Poland.

Light is beginning to dawn upon the affair of

he led the insurrection against the 'Ordonnances' at Rouen, and was responsible for the Liberal press in his department. He took part in the Reform banquet at Rouen in '47, was Procurator-General there under the Provisional Government, and by his influence helped to quell the rising during the elections. He was returned a deputy, and chosen President of the Assembly. In June he co-operated with Cavaignac against anarchy, and assisted in his Government as Minister of Justice *ad interim*.

Emile Thomas ; he has stolen vast sums while at the head of the National Workshops : his mother kept his books, and his brothers catered for themselves to their great personal advantage, but sadly to the detriment of the unfortunate treasury of the Republic. This he does not pretend to deny, but he says if he gives in his accounts he will, at the same time, submit to the omnipotent Assembly three letters signed Lamartine and Ledru Rollin, giving him the plan of the *émeutes* of the 17th of March, the 16th of April, and the 15th of May. In consequence of this, he was not sent to prison but given an *honourable* mission to Bordeaux, whither he was sent with two gendarmes, who had orders to be very civil to him. All the men now in prison are united by a 'solidarité de crimes ou de vices ;' all have stolen more or less ; all have sold missions of trust to the highest bidder, and now Lamartine has been caught in the act by Ledru Rollin.

We all think the present pentarchy will make way for a triumvirate composed of Marrast, Bethmont, and Cavaignac. This will not last long ; public opinion points to Changarnier for the command of the National Guard and, as his speciality is the *coup-de-main*, he will upset this weak expression of the Revolution of February ; then we shall see whether the old Left is

June 11th.] LOUIS NAPOLÉON ELECTED. 183

strong enough to attract him ; in that case, with the help of Thiers we might have the Regency. If not, he may set up for himself but, as I said before, every one is so inferior that all one's conjectures fall to the ground. Irresolute, cowardly, immoral and incapable, such are our present rulers, and I grieve to say I think they represent fairly the mass of the nation. The debates will confirm my opinion if you take the trouble of reading them ; you will see how the result baffles calculation, and how the worst measures always have a privy council sanction. . . . I really am much obliged to you for proposing to return my letters ; I suppose I shall appreciate myself highly 'à tête reposée.'

XXXII.

June 11th.

I write by post to-day, because great storms are brewing, and I think you may be glad to hear of them before you get the newspapers.

The election of Louis Napoléon has fairly confounded every one ; it is evident that he has been elected as a Pretender. The groups on the boulevards have left off talking of Barbès, or at least they associate him with Louis Bonaparte who, having made

no profession of faith, may be claimed by all parties. Nothing could be more clever than the way in which he has slipped into the national representation ; if his candidature had been announced in any paper or mentioned even twenty-four hours before the opening of the *scrutin*, a law *d'urgence* would have been passed against him ; every one thought his pretensions so very ludicrous that no measures were taken to prevent his nomination, and now the Executive are in a fix. The wisest plan would be to let him quietly take his seat, and crush his importance by leaving him the nine-hundredth share in the most tumultuous and imbecile Assembly that ever governed a nation ; but as he has a party, that party will speak against him and say that he has no right to be there, attack his origin, his previous life, etc., and demand that his election shall be quashed. Here comes a new difficulty : are the People sovereign or are they not ? If they are, his being chosen is a brevet of fitness ; if they are not, then February 1848 was not more than July 1830, the Republic not more just than the corrupt Monarchy of Louis Philippe, and—'c'est à recommencer.'

The would-be Emperor will appeal to the authority of the street, be carried in triumph and proclaimed,

perhaps with the same enthusiasm and by the same persons who three short months ago imposed the Republic on us. The mob will be joined by small tradesmen who think that any master is better than that ogre 'tout le monde;' by some regiments, by the Garde Mobile, who have heard something of the Italian campaign where their grandfathers got crosses, and by the 'Vieux de la veille,' who will cry 'Vive le petit Caporal' with infinitely more zest than 'Vive la République.' As the Executive have no fanatical adherents, they will be left to take care of themselves; the Red Republic will say: "Give us our chiefs;" the Prince will promise an amnesty and conciliate every one, saying he only wishes to preside over the Commonwealth; then we shall see, as in 1806, coins with 'République' on one side, and 'Nap. Emp.' on the other. Of course I do not imagine this would last, but such is the disgust felt for the actual state of things, that I think it highly probable that it will have a momentary success; many serious newspapers expect it, and there are daily meetings of influential writers to decide what course is to be adopted.¹ Happen what

¹ On June 13th the fateful decision was made, in spite of Lamartine and the Executive, that Louis Napoléon should be allowed to take his seat; Blanc and Jules Favre were among the shortsighted advocates of this step,

will, I do not think a civil war can be put off much longer; the *rassemblements* are increasing and the seditious cries getting louder, while the Draconian law of the 15th of June cannot be enforced.¹ We expect something to-morrow or Tuesday—the Assembly is to be invaded again, and more seriously; but I doubt this, as it is a fortress with an immense garrison (18,000 men), and treachery alone can get the better of such numbers. The presence of Lagrange who fired the first shot on the boulevards in February, is a very great danger, but perhaps his ferocity may be paralysed by his colleagues.

Lamartine is sinking every day in public estimation and, if I had time, I could give you instances of his greed and extortion that would astonish you. All the horses and carriages kept by all the members of Government are put down to the late King's account, and among the million of his debts is included the keep of fourteen vehicles Emile Thomas had at Monceau, and all the grey horses Madame Flocon has had in constant use for three months. Such pillage is unheard of, and I should not wonder at their

notwithstanding the warning which the Prince had given by twice showing himself in France as a Pretender.

¹ This is probably an allusion to the state of siege proclaimed in 1832, after the revolutionary outburst of June 5th and 6th.

June 15th.] WEAKNESS OF THE ASSEMBLY. 187

opening the door to Communism to screen themselves from the accusation of misappropriation of public funds.

I sent you three papers this morning, and a pamphlet which has made a great impression : one of the papers contains a list of bankers and their presumed fortunes appended ; of course these are grossly exaggerated, but they are real proscription lists in the present state of popular feeling.

XXXIII.

June 15th.

We did not have a Revolution on Monday, so I did not write the details of the new hoax got up, I believe, wholly by Government to secure a vote of confidence which no one felt inclined to give them ; one of the papers, however, says very justly that the Assembly never shows the slightest symptom of approbation except through weakness, and gives itself a *mea culpa* the next day, which finds its expression in an insult. So it has been this week, and so it will be until some spirit can be infused into the Nation. It is impossible to exaggerate more grossly than Mons. de Lamartine did when he made his great speech about a thunderbolt and a lightning conductor ; the pistol shot to which he alluded was quite accidental,

and the man whose finger was broken has only his own carelessness to blame, as the murderous weapon went off in his own pocket. It is probable there will soon be some outbreak, as the present rule has become intolerable, but it will not be an isolated attempt at assassination but a *levée en masse*, which will I fear profit the Red Republic. The National Guards are getting very tired and, after so many false alarms, one can hardly blame them for coming out in such small numbers. The Legitimists are hard at work, so are the Bonapartists but they only complicate the position. It is with constant money the present state of effervescence is kept up: on Monday a hairdresser whom I know was given 10 fr. to cry 'Vive Henri V.,' but he and his friend forthwith purchased some wine stolen from the Tuileries and, in Louis Philippe's burgundy, drank success to Louis Napoléon! this is not a solitary instance, but I only give what I know for a fact.

There is a great split in the Imperialist party: the fanatical adorers of the Empire adopt the order of succession ordained by the Emperor, and choose the son of the King of Holland, and the more aristocratic portion have a weakness for the Royal blood which flows in the veins of the son of Jérôme; they say he is very clever, and he certainly is very like his

glorious namesake ; besides, *he* never tamed eagles nor played any of the monkey tricks with grey coat and cocked hat for which his cousin was conspicuous at Strasburg and Boulogne.¹

The Orléanist party which certainly contains the cleverest men and the most practical, is also very disunited ; the old Left are for the Regency, but some want the Duchesse d'Orléans with the Prince de Joinville, others her alone, while some wish to set her aside altogether.

There is a third section who profess to be Republican, but would accept their beloved sailor² as President for life ; this last combination has no chance, at least apparently, for now it is impossible to calculate on the strength of parties. No one believes in the continuance of the Republic, not even the Government, for if they did they would not preface every decree, even those concerning the watering of the Champs Elysées, with the proclamation that the Republic alone can give stability to France, and that it will be eternal and indivisible.

¹ Prince Napoleon was the son of Jérôme Bonaparte who, having discarded his first wife Miss Patterson of Baltimore, married the daughter of the King of Württemberg. He got his sobriquet "Plon-Plon" in consequence of throwing up his command in the Crimean War.

² The Prince de Joinville.

I went to the *émeute* both days, and saw the charges of cavalry in the Rue de Rivoli and on the Place; no one cried 'Vive la République' except Clément Thomas who was immediately answered by 'Vive la légion d'honneur,' which he professes to despise; every group seemed agreed in their Monarchical sentiments, and in each there was a man or woman, probably a paid agent, who said: "Eh bien, crions 'à bas la République et vive l'Empereur!'" In the crowds that I saw no name was pronounced, but I am told that at the Chamber Henri V. was loudly called for. Fourteen regiments are disaffected, the Garde Mobile went out on Monday crying 'Vive Napoléon,' and the Republican Guard cry 'Vive la République démocratique et sociale,' which I think is the real danger.

I have sent you the Imperialist papers which are very bad, merely to give you an idea of what is going on; the *Constitution* which I sent on Monday is the only good one. We are in a wretched state of anarchy, confusion, and misery, without the excitement of positive warfare or the presence of any serious party for which one can feel any real sympathy; anything would be better than the *Directoire*, but beyond that no one cares. Bankruptcy is coming on,

slow and sure, under the auspices of Mons. Duclerc ; the army is falling wholly into the hands of the non-commissioned officers ; many of the appointments to Prefectures have been cancelled, because those named have been recognised as convicts, and every branch of the Legislature is so disorganised that no one will undertake the Herculean task of setting things to rights. I am told that the Bureaux look as if children had been making hay in them, and this is confirmed by an anecdote of Lamartine. Shortly after the Revolution of February, he wrote on the blank leaves of his pocket-book the names of his *protégés*, and sent the list to be provided with places immediately. Previously however, it seems he had scribbled 'David' on the page, and the head of the Cabinet appointed the said David consul at Bremen ; the postulant however never came forward, and though the poet does not like being disturbed, Mons. Hetzel was obliged to ask who was the David on his list.

"He who danced before the Ark," was the answer.

"Oh dear ! I have gazetted him to Bremen !"

"How very singular ! I meant him for a subject for meditation, not for a nomination ; but you can cancel it."

The *Moniteur* registered the change ; but few know

that the last consul appointed to Bremen was King David! The diplomatic selections are execrable; no respectable man will serve now, though the very next Republic may prove more attractive.

XXXIV.

June 19th.

I don't like to let a courier pass without writing, and yet I feel I can only add to your gloom by dark pictures of a country in which I know you take a real interest. Each day seems to sink France somewhat lower in the scale of nations, and now the possibility of a war with Russia complicates the situation exceedingly. A war with no one necessary element, except an army, must lead to destruction; there are no generals, no funds and, worse than all, the spirit of patriotism has ceased to exist. Many would prefer a foreign yoke to the ignoble tyranny and rapacity of the five Directors.¹

The comedy of last week has added greatly to public contempt, and if Louis Napoléon chooses he

¹ These were Arago, Garnier Pagès, Lamartine, Marie, and Ledru Rollin. Pagnerre, a librarian and one of the founders of the Cour d'Es-compte, was appointed their secretary.

may now be returned by ten departments. Imperialism will not bear the scrutiny of reason, but it is a change and as such it may be tried; indeed I feel it will unless the Pretender backs out. The Legitimists say: "Laissez-le venir, il fera l'appartement;" the shopkeepers: "Amenez-le, il nous vaudra peut-être une Cour;" and the Army: "Il nous conduira aux frontières." His party consists chiefly of those who hate and despise the present order of things, and though composed of such heterogeneous materials that it could not stand, is yet so numerous that it has a very great chance of temporary success. A rumour is very prevalent here that the preliminaries of the treaty between two fallen branches of the Bourbons were settled on Friday. The Duchesse d'Orléans has, it is said, written to the Duc de Bordeaux¹ calling him her King, and asking him to be a father to her orphan children; they say he has sent a most satisfactory answer and that, when the Republic is quite spent, he will return with the Comte de Paris as his heir.

No one has the slightest idea that the present form of government can last; some say that it is in its death-agony, others that it may last three months. If

¹ Comte de Chambord.

it lingers so long, I devoutly hope the Pretenders will leave the Commonwealth (how absurd the word is!) to get over the difficulties of the winter; they really will be too great for any one, so I had rather the odium of such misery fell on those who must go, if there is any retributive justice in the world. I was at the Assembly when the last letter of Prince Louis was read, and I don't think it made much sensation there, but in the groups outside there was a look of defiance in a few, and of disappointment in all. They still shouted 'Vive Napoléon!' and many added "nous l'aurons" to the popular air 'Des Lampions.'

The banquet of the 14th of July is a very serious danger; in my humble opinion, concentrating an army on the spot where it is to take place is only rendering a collision inevitable. Trélat, the Minister of Public Works, is quite unfit for his position; he does nothing for the National Workshops which are a nursery for rioters, and he squanders as much money as his colleagues. I saw a deputy yesterday who is on the Comité des Finances; he says bankruptcy may still be averted if the State limits its liabilities, and the plan proposed by the Minister Duclerc is to double them. The whole confiscation meditated will probably not be voted; the railway companies will in that case struggle

on, else I do not doubt that travelling in France will soon be as in the Middle Ages, on horseback only.

I am getting so horribly out of spirits that I feel quite ill; the sad fate of many in whom I am deeply interested, the future of my nieces, the general gloom around me, all combine to make me miserable. I try to hope, and sometimes I do for a day or two, but then some unforeseen circumstance again turns the scale, and I foresee some lower depth of misery; all my letters too seem to bring some sad intelligence. One of my earliest friends, settled near Posen, is obliged to arm her peasants, and defend her house and property against bands of ferocious marauders. A young man whose sister was my only companion when I was a child and who, since her death, has always looked up to me as an elder sister, is in the army of Marshal Nugent;¹ he is the only son of a widow, and she writes most heart-rending accounts of

¹ Marshal Nugent, who was born in Westmeath in 1777, had long been in the Austrian service in which he held several important commands; he was made Generalissimo of the Neapolitan army in 1817 under the Bourbons, but lost his post at the revolution in 1820. He was sent by Austria in 1848 to succour Radetzky in Lombardy, and was subsequently made Field-Marshal for his services in Hungary. Radetzky had lately suffered several defeats, as at Goito in April and at Santa Lucia in May; but the arrival of reinforcements turned the scale, and he was victorious at Vicenza and subsequently at Custozza.

that sad campaign. I have another friend in prison at Milan ; in fact, I do not see a calm spot or a happy circle to which I can turn for comfort. I do not like to say all I feel, because people do not understand me. When I say "I am anxious," I am asked "Are you afraid?" and this, you know, is not my nature. I do not shrink from these scenes which cannot affect me personally, but I cannot bear to think that all or almost all I love are in such fearful perils.

Pray forgive this stupid letter ; I will try to get up my spirits by next Thursday, but the stormy weather has given me a headache for the last three days. I do hope you will not be deterred from coming here ; there is not a particle of danger except to property or sometimes to National Guards ; you might fancy yourself at Versailles or any other place that once was great, instead of in a vast *foyer* of conspiracies.

XXXV.

June 22nd.

The dull calm of hopeless misery which has succeeded the bustle of conspiracies and *émeutes* reminds me of the melancholy month of October last year, at

the time of my father's death, when the sad feeling of loneliness and uselessness succeeded weeks of care and anxiety. The altered prospects of my little nieces and the slight hope that can be entertained of all my sister's sacrifices ever turning to account, make me miserable ; I cannot bear to see the wholesale spoliation going on on all sides, nor do I see any precedent in history for the ruinous system now about to be adopted. The State is to be the only insurance agency, and insurances against fire and hail are to be made compulsory, thus adding to the already intolerable burden of direct taxation ; the railway companies and those of the canals, mines, and gaslighting, are to be dissolved, and the monopoly to centre in a penniless Government without credit. The National Workshops are a standing army kept up by the Executive for the sole purpose of getting up *émeutes* for or against any measure favourable or hostile to it.

The *rassemblements* are now at the Hôtel de Ville, and the cries are : "Vive Henri V. ! Vive Napoléon ! Vive le Prince de Joinville ! Vive quelqu'un, mais surtout à bas la République !" A man who cried 'Vive la République !' was with difficulty saved from the exasperated mob. The state of the departments is even worse than Paris, and you will not wonder at

it when I tell you that Madame Manuel's maid asked for her discharge last week saying that, as her husband had got a Préfecture, she could no longer remain in service. If you read the *Débats*, I hope you did not overlook Caussidière's speech in yesterday's paper; it is not couched in very parliamentary language but it is energetic and true. I don't believe however that he will be President of the Republic, in spite of his talk; perhaps we may have Cavaignac for a time, for human patience cannot stand Lamartine & Co. much longer. The National Guard is divided into many fractions, and is in such a desperate state of exasperation that I shall never be surprised to hear that one of the legions has been marched to the Assembly, and has thrown the representatives out of the windows.

Clément Thomas has renounced the command of the National Guard, because he looks upon the retention of the Legion of Honour in the projected Constitution as a personal affront. I suppose Changarnier will be his successor as he is the man most obnoxious to the Executive, and everything dependent on election is given against it. The outward tranquillity is incredible: you might fancy yourself in a watering-place during the dull season were it not for the quantities of soldiers; any one who left from fear must feel heartily

ashamed ; those who departed in search of amusement were quite right, for here it is entirely at an end.

XXXVI.¹

Sunday, June 25th, 6.30 a.m.

The *générale* is beating, so I presume the awful warfare of the last two days is still continuing ; it is

¹ The same causes which had brought about the three previous outbreaks of this year contributed to the final insurrection of June 23rd described in the following letter, but the dominant revolutionary impulse came from the National Workshops. The Assembly had appointed a commission to consider the whole labour question, and its members, Lamar-tine, Arago, Ledru Rollin, Garnier Pagès, and Marie determined that the workshops should be suppressed. The employés between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five were to be given the option of enlisting, or casting themselves upon the labour market, or being drafted away into the provinces to work as navvies ; the first gang was to be sent to the Sologne, a notoriously unhealthy district. A large proportion of them were skilled craftsmen, and quite unfit for heavy labour ; the growing discontent soon took the shape of threatening mobs and passionate harangues, in which one Pujol was conspicuous. On the morning of June 23rd between 7000 and 8000 malcontents assembled at the Panthéon, and paraded on the site of the Bastille ; the construction of barricades—massive and almost impregnable—had begun by ten o'clock, and the movement spread rapidly throughout the city. The workmen had been drilled and organised on a quasi military system, and the siege of the streets occupied Cavaignac—to whom the Assembly left everything—for four days, during which 2529 wounded men were received at the hospitals and ambulance stations alone ; of these, one in fifteen of the soldiers and one in six of the insurgents succumbed. It was estimated that from 45,000 to 50,000 men took part in the rising, and that not less than 900 were killed and 2000 wounded among the regular troops.

worse than July 1830, June '32, February of this disastrous year, and even than the street massacres of 1792! More French blood has been shed than for many of Napoléon's most brilliant victories; to-day's papers have not yet arrived, but up to five o'clock last night we have reports of most fearful carnage. Of the National Guard twelve hundred are missing; the 73rd Regiment of the Line has lost five hundred men and eleven officers, the Republican Guard eighteen hundred out of two thousand engaged, and the Mobile has been almost annihilated; out of one detachment five hundred strong, only sixty have been saved; two hundred fell at one discharge in the Place Lafayette. Our company was sent to defend the Northern railway, when a most disastrous fire was opened upon them from some unfinished houses; these they attacked very bravely, but they found on forcing an entrance, that the staircase had been removed, and their ferocious adversaries were picking them off from the landings; of course they were compelled to retreat. Nine shopkeepers were left on the pavement. My brother-in-law had his epaulets shot through by a bullet which killed a wine-merchant behind him; he was out for twenty-five hours, and came home harassed, wet through, and utterly dispirited.

It is evident there exists a vast plan of operation, and I am sure there was at least connivance on the part of the police, for the barricades begun at 3 a.m. were not finished until near ten o'clock, and not a soul interfered to prevent their completion. The want of union between the five governors rendered the orders uncertain and tardy, and when the National Guard were called out it was literally to a butchery which could hardly be avenged. No cry has been raised by the insurgents ; every one feels the Red Republic is at work, but it has not been asserted in so many words. These tactics are in some respects wise, for if the civic force could divest themselves of the fear of pillage and the scaffold, they would be much less resolute ; but on the other hand, if a name had been adopted or a Pretender put forward, the troops would not have fought. Cannonading has been heard incessantly for the last two days, and many houses are reported to be a heap of ruins ; the Panthéon was fortified by the mob who, having artillery and ammunition, held out for several hours ; the last news however is that it has capitulated, and that fifteen hundred men have laid down their arms. The Executive were obliged to resign yesterday morning, and to invest Cavaignac with the military dictatorship ; Paris is declared in a state of

siege, and every individual taken in arms is immediately shot. Mr. Blount walked to St. Denis at the peril of his life, got an engine, and by order of the Dictator proceeded to Amiens, from whence he brought back the garrison which furnished fresh troops for last night's defence. I feel confident that the cause of order will triumph, but at what cost! And then how can one hope for stability, when one sees how short-lived popularity is in this miserable country? Lamartine had one million five hundred thousand votes on the 20th of April, and on Friday he was hissed whenever he appeared. I was at the Mairie of the first *arrondissement*, when the downfall of the Executive was proclaimed by George Lafayette and Gustave de Beaumont, and I never heard such enthusiasm; the troops of all denominations shouted their willingness to fight any one now they had no other chief than Cavaignac. I saw many wounded carried past, and the sight of blood gives a sort of reality to one's fears for those one loves, which is most painful; many of our acquaintances have suffered considerably, and I am told five deputies were shot in attempting to harangue the defenders of the barricades. There may be exaggeration with respect to the numbers killed, but there is none with regard to the means in the hands of the people;

they are armed, have twelve pieces of ordnance and more ammunition than the garrison. The distribution made to the National Guard was three cartridges a head and, if they had not all had private stores, they would have been for hours without the means of retaliating on the brigands to whom they were opposed. A cuirassier who had a bullet through his thigh and a cut on the head, told us that dead bodies were so numerous that the insurgents used them to fill up the breaches in their intrenchments. I saw a woman with a wound in the neck, a National Guard shot through the cheek, and some others going to the hospital. On Friday we saw a bayonet charge on the boulevards, which were afterwards occupied by the troops. Yesterday every street was patrolled, and no one allowed to pass unchallenged; men were searched, and women too where they looked suspicious; they were very civil to us, but we did not go very far. The Place Louis XV. was covered with troops and artillery, but there was no appearance of insurrection in that quarter. A., with a few of his men, took the place of the butchered in our *quartier*, and I trust they have not been to the scene of action.

You cannot imagine anything more fearful than the aspect of this once flourishing capital: not a shop

open ; not a creature in the streets except the patrols and a few anxious women looking about for their husbands and sons ; not a sound except the distant growl of artillery, the ring of musketry, the measured tramp of troops and, worse than all, the incessant beat of the *générale* which means "Extreme peril ; turn out, every one." This has been going on for two hours, and the men are not turning out in sufficient numbers to be of use : some are dead, others dying, and their brothers remain with them ; many though unhurt are quite incapable of action after such severe fatigue. Consternation is general, and I fear even we shall soon come to some plan of departure ; I would much rather stay, but if matters get worse it may be difficult to move.

11 a.m.—I have been out, and have seen the whole battalion march off to the scene of action ; they are determined to conquer or die, and to-day they have hand grenades and *obuses* from which we may expect a good deal. The houses occupied by the mob are filled with ammunition, and must be demolished by cannon ; my brother-in-law has gone, and there is scarcely a man left in the *quartier* ; I met an acquaintance whose cousin was killed last night. Out of three battalions of Mobile engaged in the Rue St. Jacques, numbering 3600, only 800 remain. The Northern

railway is in the hands of the insurgents, and probably the post will not go out ; I sent the newspapers on the bare chance, and this I will endeavour to send by private hand. The war is not over but I think the result is sure ; force will carry the day and prevail for a time, and then we shall have 'la revanche du peuple' and the Reign of Terror. If we can prevail upon my sister to go to the seaside, we shall take advantage of the lull and cross to England, but it would be cruelty to leave her as she is now situated ; imagine the fearful nights of suspense, with no positive intelligence and surrounded by the sounds of battle ! She ran over to see us last night at twelve o'clock, because a shot went off in the street while the générale was beating in the Place Beauvau. On account of her children she cannot always be with us, and when she is quiet and alone her anxiety is more than she can bear ; besides her husband's personal danger, she has all the sad anticipations for the future of her country and her children ; I assure you it is heartbreaking. I am going to take her out ; she is calmer when going about and I hope we may be cheered by some good news ; there is no danger nearer than Montmartre. Will this massacre put an end to Communism ? if so, no one will complain ; but how sad it all is !

XXXVII.

June 26th, 5 p.m.

I could not write this morning ; it was too painful to retrace the horrors of the situation without being able to give some hope that it would soon change ; now we trust that the insurrection is mastered, though there is still some skirmishing on the Canal St. Martin. I must go back to yesterday to give you an idea of the awful hours we have spent since I concluded my letter. I went to see a deputy who lives near here, and heard from him that the insurgents mustered 45,000 men, that they had ammunition for a fortnight and were masters of the whole town from the Barrière Rochechouart to the Barrière de Fontainebleau. The loss among the troops, Mobile and National Guard, amounted yesterday at twelve o'clock to 8000 men ! There have been many fierce engagements since, and this morning a barricade made a feigned surrender, and then fired a volley on the unsuspecting friends of order who lost 161 men and 4 officers by that one discharge. The exasperation of the troops then became so fearful that every soul taken was immediately slaughtered ; I am told that part of the Faubourg St. Antoine was deluged with blood which poured down

the streets and flowed into the shops. Soult says that Austerlitz was less terrible, and that the siege of Saragossa was nothing like these four days. The state of siege proclaimed yesterday was most vigorously enforced ; even on the way across to my sister I was searched, or at least questioned ; this last precaution had become absolutely necessary, since cartridges had been conveyed by women pretending to be in an interesting condition ; others hid them in loaves of bread, and even coffins were used to keep up the murderous warfare.

7.30 p.m.—I saw a woman arrested who had pistols in the pockets of her gown and a sword acting as a dress-improver. Every sort of atrocity has been committed : the dead have been horribly mutilated ; the bullets extracted from the wounded are mixed with verdigris or softened, which is supposed to produce incurable sores. Boiling water, vitriol, and paving-stones have been thrown from the windows ; the very cellars were filled with ruffians who picked out the officers as they marched to the barricades ; some of these were composed of sheet iron from a foundry they pillaged, and cannon-balls ricocheted from off them killed those who were firing the guns ; some of the bullets bear marks of having been made by ferocious

amateurs, and I saw one that had been cast in a woman's thimble.¹

Nothing could exceed the desolation of the town yesterday. The boulevards were cut off, and looked deserted; the streets were paraded by sentries who enforced the strictest discipline; no one was allowed to stand about, and no sound was heard but the tramp of cavalry or the distant roll of cannon or musketry. Bad reports poured in from hour to hour, and it became evident that there was treachery to contend with, besides all the other horrors of civil war. The National Guards who patrolled the streets ordered all blinds to be left open and all windows to be kept shut, to prevent any firing from above; at night every street was paraded by troops who kept up the incessant cry: "Sentinelle, prenez-garde à vous!" The list of those required to serve was verified everywhere, and

¹ Expert evidence obtained from the Surgeon-General of the National Guard, Mons. de Guise, goes to prove that the severity of the wounds was due partly to the firing being at very close quarters, and very frequently obliquely, from above; also to the miscellaneous nature of the projectiles, in which needles and anything that came to hand were used. New varieties of shot had also been cast for the Army at Vincennes, and there had been no previous experience of the wounds which they produced. A calm historical investigation is also happily unable to endorse the horrible reports of poisoned bandages being used, and of drugged drinks being administered. Out of twenty-five individuals accused of atrocious crimes only four were found guilty.

the few men who had not gone out at first were forced to join ; all this quiet quarter was occupied solely by women and children making lint and bandages for the wounded, all gloomily anticipating that their preparations might be for their husbands or fathers.

I cannot describe the scene nor give you an idea of the weary hours we spent, looking, watching, listening to every rumour and unable to get at any positive information. At ten we heard that the Faubourg St. Antoine was to be bombarded ; at eleven that it had surrendered ; at twelve that the surrender was a feint, and that the battle was fiercer than ever. Sometimes a weary private or Mobile brought word that the battalion was safe, at least when he left ; but others said : "The fusillade is beginning again." I was lent a pass, and got as far as the Place Louis XV. with immense difficulty ; cuirassiers with loaded pistols examined the paper most minutely ; I felt sure they could not read, and was glad of it as it was not in my name. The Place still wore the aspect of a town besieged, with its cannon trained on the outlets and men and horses lying about in the wild confusion of a bivouac ; everywhere else the stillness of death, the look of the petrified city in the Arabian Nights : I shall always remember it. At three o'clock we heard

that everything was calming down, that some had surrendered, while others had been driven out of the town into the plain where it would be easy to get the better of them. Cavaignac had just sent word to the Assembly that he would be able to give up this evening the supreme power with which he had been invested. A bad feature is the attempt that is being made to fasten the odium of this horrible carnage on the party of reaction, instead of the adherents of Communism and the Red Republic; the deceit augurs ill for the future. The strategic plan to which ultimate success was owing is attributed to Thiers, who has great influence with Lamoricière. From four to five o'clock numbers of our company came pouring in, but A. did not arrive till half-past six, and so dead lame that we are afraid he has received some injury. His first words to me were "I am not wounded;" but fatigue that can reduce him to his present state must be nearly as bad as blows: he has been out since Friday morning and only remained three hours in bed on Saturday afternoon, which is the only rest he has had for four days and three nights. General Négrier was killed close to him; the man next him was wounded, the *chef de bataillon* killed, and it was that portion of the 1st Legion that cleared the whole of the Faubourg

du Temple. For many hours the miners were at work to blow up the whole *quartier*, and women were handing their babies over the barricades, imploring the National Guards to have mercy on them and not sacrifice their lives ; many of the insurgents taken in arms were instantly shot, and died as they had lived, perfectly fearless and reckless ; those that were saved from the exasperation of the victors were taken to the Tuileries, stripped, and placed in the cellars naked, as that is the only security against escape. The brandy carried by the cantinières was in many cases drugged, and many of the troops suffered severely from this atrocious piece of wickedness. I believe if the outbreak had been successful even for an hour, or gained one step beyond the point where it was first allowed to gather, the cause of order would have been lost ; but the failure at the first onset prevented the insurrection from spreading, and the heroic conduct of the Garde Mobile, in whom all the spirit of the 'gamin de Paris' was brought to bear against murder and rapine, saved the country ; at least for the present, for who can calculate in the presence of such events ?

We shall never know the amount of the slaughter, for the rebels have carried off their dead and thrown them into the river, or buried them in heaps ; the

sewer of the Faubourg St. Antoine was for hours one continued stream of human blood. The immense removal vans that you know were piled with the wounded, and drove to the hospitals in strings of eight or ten at a time ; it reminds one of the St. Bartholomew, if you can imagine that fearful massacre lasting four days and three nights.

The signature of Mons. Lalanne was found on the papers of many of the dead, so it is presumed that the Direction of the National Workshops, and perhaps the Executive, are at the bottom of this hideous conspiracy.¹ Some say Lamartine and Ledru Rollin are to be impeached, others pretend they will only be forced to give an account of the vast sums that have gone through their hands during the last four months. We shall see, but though I feel all are guilty, I am sure we shall be kept in the dark and a false direction will be given to the suspicion of the masses. Liberty of the press is at an end : the *Assemblée Nationale* has been seized to my very great sorrow ; so has the *Presse* and, I believe, the *Patrie*. If this vigour is not extended to the *Vraie République*, the *Commune de*

¹ Lalanne was a scientific theorist, and by profession an engineer. In '48 he was called upon to take charge of the National Workshops in succession to Emile Thomas, and in June the Commission of Enquiry passed a resolution recognising his courage in the discharge of that office.

Paris, and the *Démocratie Pacifique*, we may prepare for more bloodshed, for the star of the Red Republic will be in the ascendant, and as long as there is a bourgeois or a gentleman alive its advent is impossible. I have talked to the lowest workmen and the few remaining members of the old aristocracy, and all say : “*Nous mourrons pour la famille et la propriété.*”

Troops are still pouring in from the neighbourhood, and probably they will arrive here from the extremities of the country, for it is here the battle must be fought and won or the existence of France will be at an end ; she would then be a prey to any ambitious neighbour, but after this victory we may fairly hope. All the troops are beating the ‘*Chant du triomphe*’ on their drums, and those families who are *au complet* are indeed happy ; but how many are searching for those they love best among the heaps of slain ! It is horrible to think of.

XXXVIII.

June 29th.

I visited the scene of action yesterday, and cannot imagine how any one escaped the butchery committed there, and destruction from the fallen houses. There

is not one pane of glass left whole from the Boulevard de St. Martin to the Bastille ; indeed, in many houses you can scarcely distinguish where the windows have been, they are so confounded with the breaches made by cannon-balls. Near the column of July, where the most violent cannonade took place, the fronts of the houses are as it were taken off ; I can only compare it to a stage decoration in which you see the interior of a house from top to bottom. One of them, more completely destroyed than the others and which was still smouldering, had no part standing but the wall on which the looking-glass remained unbroken over the chimney-piece, together with a glass bottle and three prints ; a little hearth-brush hung by the fire-place, and smoothing-irons were on a little shelf ; everything else, doors, windows, floors, staircases and ceilings had fallen into the burning gulf below, and no one knew or seemed to care whether the inhabitants had shared the same fate. Traces of blood were still visible everywhere, though they had evidently been washed ; the whole boulevard was a bivouac where men and horses slept in picturesque confusion, the lances with their little flags forming trophies in the centre of the encampments. Some regiments were cooking, others grooming their horses, others keeping

off the crowd, which they did with a degree of gentleness and civility I should not have expected from men so harassed by the severe duty. Everywhere subscriptions were opened for the wounded, and whenever the Garde Mobile, 'les braves enfants de Paris,' held the box, money was given with enthusiasm; their loss has been fearful, but they saved the country and every one allows them the first place in the gratitude which has been voted to all the combatants of June.

The Rue St. Antoine up which I went after leaving the Bastille, contained seventy-five barricades, all constructed of stones and built with consummate art, so as to enfilade the cross streets, thus bringing eight fires to bear upon those who attacked them. The expression 'criblé de balles' has become literally true: hardly an inch of wall is free from shot; iron bars are torn from sockets; shutters, *persiennes*, and balconies are literally battered in, or hang by one hinge swinging against the ruins. In some places muslin curtains are hanging in ribbons from the top of shapeless openings that were windows three days ago; in others the furniture has been piled up for defence, and chairs and sofas, burnt and battered, form a singular barricade on the first floor, vieing in disorder with that of the pavement. From all these windows

unconcerned faces are seen looking out at the inquisitive crowd; the shops are open and one that I saw, full of crockery, presented a strange contrast to the surrounding *débris*. There was no sign of sorrow among the inhabitants of these fearful ruins, nor any emotion among the onlookers; it was a spectacle more *saisissant* than usually falls to one's lot, but nothing more. Street orators explained how the cannon-balls had ploughed up the corners, how the bullets of the insurgents had decimated the heroic Mobs, how one had died, how others had bled; they showed the traces of the murderous assaults, and all stood there open-mouthed, astonished, but unmoved. From this wretched quarter we went by St. Gervais, which offers nearly the same aspect, to the Cité, where I think there can have been only a slight cannonade, as there are no houses absolutely destroyed; the Panthéon is greatly injured, every column mutilated, and the doors burnt and beaten in. The first ball demolished the statue of the Republic, the second, that of Immortality; the superstitious cannot fail to make the connection, and indeed it is in every heart and mind, that the newborn Republic has been drowned in the blood of its citizens.

The conduct of every one has been beyond all praise. I am happy to say the battalion to which A. belongs, the 4th of the 1st Legion, has been honourably mentioned ; it fought for thirty-six hours without support, and Lamoricière said that the 1st Legion was worth an army. The loss has been great, but the spirit of the population has gathered new strength ; they feel their value, they know their power, and I trust the cause of the Red Republic is lost for ever ; all France has joined against it. The National Guards, citizens, and peasants from the remotest parts of the country have come pouring in ; Cherbourg sent a splendid contingent ; Bordeaux with its artillery is coming by sea to Havre ; Dijon arrived on Sunday ; Amiens, thanks to the Northern railway, came in time to fight and was most useful. As to the Mobiles, they are like the best troops of any army and always claimed to go to the front. One of the men of the 4th Battalion of National Guards, thinking his troop was not sufficiently exposed, joined the Mobile to take part in the assault, then came back to his own ranks, fought again, and so on the whole day ; his coat, his trousers, his forage cap were full of holes, but he escaped unhurt ; if any rewards are given I hope this young civilian may get the cross.

A.'s company was engaged in the Clos St. Lazare and in the Faubourg St. Antoine; they got over all the barricades and arrived, bayonet in hand, at the Barrière du Trône, through cross fires besides the volley in front; he was the only officer who got so far, and they all worship him. You cannot imagine how satisfactory it is to see the consideration felt for him in the *quartier*, and the look of praise bestowed by all on the broken epaulet of our lieutenant. I am afraid they will insist on making him *chef de bataillon*, a post of tremendous responsibility, and also dangerous. One of our men has been severely wounded, and another, the workman Bernard, has resigned because his father and brothers were behind the first barricade he stormed; he tried to get killed, but all seemed to spare him. I dislike the man who is a leveller and a Communist, but I cannot help pitying him, for the position must have been terrible with such conflicting duties and all his natural feelings so miserably engaged on the side of the enemy.

We are now safe from any great insurrection, but isolated murders are going on at a great rate, and sentinels are picked off at night in spite of the incessant cry, "Sentinelle, prenez-garde à vous!" So many soldiers have been poisoned by pretended

vivandières, that the strictest orders are given to drink nothing that has not been tasted by the vendor. A woman who had offered her services at an ambulance was taken up for bandaging the wounds with poisoned lint; in fact, every kind of atrocity has been committed and may still be expected. I have no patience with the Assembly which talks of mercy to the misguided, and indulgence to the vanquished: why move us to compassion about their wives and children when they have made so many widows and orphans? Why talk of political excitement as an excusable feeling, when its fruits have been the foulest murders?

The papers will give you details which will remind you of Cooper's Red Indians, and not of this nation with its high pretensions to civilisation. The new Government is an improvement on the last, but it is not good; Sénard is not to be trusted, and Recurt is not the man to be at the head of the important department of Public Works; Leblanc too is obscure and not safe; Cavaignac is honest and intrepid, but shortsighted and too Republican to consolidate anything; Lamoricière and Changarnier are excellent appointments, and I have nothing to say against Goudchaux. If Dufaure is named President, the Reaction will have made a giant stride in that quarter;

we shall probably have a few good measures and a month's tranquillity; I do not expect more, but I feel confident that any outbreak will now be crushed in the beginning, and not fostered as this has been by four months of treachery. Upwards of fifty thousand Government muskets have been recovered besides others, and twelve pieces of ordnance; as to cartridges, they are seized by tens of thousands, which proves that the laws about arms and ammunition have not been enforced for ages; indeed, I feel sure that some blame must attach to the old police, as these *dépôts* of war material and the subterranean passages in the insurgent quarters could hardly have been all completed in four months. Heaps of prisoners are shut up everywhere; in the old church of l'Assomption the door has been bricked up, and they are fed through a *guichet*.

XXXIX.

July 3rd.

Nothing has actually happened since I last wrote, but much light has been thrown upon the origin of the late events and, if the inquiry is properly conducted, I have no doubt Lamartine and Ledru Rollin will join Barbès at Vincennes before the end

of the week. The poet himself shares this conviction, but he says that in two months he will return to the summit of popularity, and resume the Presidency of the French Republic; I doubt it, as the actual complicity is now as evident as the moral complicity has long been. Captain Juteau of the Garde Mobile, has sent a letter to the Committee of Inquiry now sitting at the Assembly, in which he certifies that at the first barricade he made prisoners of some of the *ci-devant* Montagnards, and sent them under escort to the *Préfecture de Police*; a receipt was given, and he went on his way fully persuaded that he had diminished the number of those adversaries so dangerous from their organisation and military knowledge, but his surprise was unbounded when he recognised the same men fighting on the next entrenchment. He thought the *Préfecture* had been taken and a rescue effected, but upon reaching the *Rue de Jérusalem* he found all very peaceable, and was told that orders had been given to '*relâcher tous les prisonniers.*' The representative who carried this letter to the *Tribune* certifies the truth of it, and many other anecdotes are current which strengthen the impression that the authorities were in league with the Red Republic.

The Colonel of the 1st Legion told me that on Saturday 24th, when he commanded at the Tuileries, a man was brought before him whose appearance did not justify the possession of a sum of 5000 fr. which he was carrying; on being interrogated, he showed a pass signed "Léon Lalanne, Chef des Ateliers Nationaux," and proved that he was sent "pour faire la paix des ouvriers combattant aux barricades." Lalanne, who is nearly related to Trélat ex-Minister of Public Works, says that feeling sure the workmen were driven to arms by want, he had sent them 100,000 fr. a day "pour les adoucir." These two circumstances I know to be true, and others, though not related to myself, appear to me equally well authenticated.

On Saturday, while the fusillade was hottest in the *quartier* of the Hôtel de Ville, Armand de Maillé who was on guard at the Assembly, threw off his coat and lay down on the ground in the drill trousers common to all, and in his shirt sleeves like a workman. A man came out of the Chamber, rapped him on the shoulder and said: "Courez à l'Hôtel de Ville, voyez si les ouvriers en sont maîtres, et si vous m'apportez une bonne nouvelle, eh bien! mon ami, il y aura mille francs

pour vous !” The man was Flocon, the same who said : “L’or de l’étranger soudoie nos frères égarés.” Every day one hears new traits of the bravery of the young Garde Mobile, and I think it is one of the compliments most flattering to A. that they proposed yesterday to make him a Captain if he would join them. Etienne de Beauvais, A. de Polignac, and some others joined these young heroes, and went on a most daring expedition through the narrow streets of the City, entering houses, disarming the defenders, seizing arms, etc. They say that the conduct of the little fellows was beyond all praise ; some jumped headlong down into dark cellars and dragged out adversaries twice their size and strength ; others were let down by ropes from windows, and the greater the danger the greater the number of volunteers. Young Beauvais has been hit in the leg, but he is more ashamed of his temerity than proud of his courage, and he will not allow it to be mentioned. A young Mobile whom our footman knew, found himself and two comrades in the midst of fifteen insurgents, at the top of a house which they were searching. It was resolved by the rioters to throw the rash boys out of the window, but one gamin

of seventeen said he would not go alone, and, seizing the man who held him with all his might, overbalanced him with such good luck as to fall upon him and break his own fall; unfortunately he was shot at from the window, and now lies at the Charité with two bullets in his body, but full of hope and quite cheerful, since he succeeded in killing his enemy.

At the hospitals, sentinels are necessary at every door to prevent the ferocious insurgents getting out of their beds to crow over the wounded of the other party; they shriek: "Nous voulons manger du Garde National, nous l'arroserons du sang du Mobile!" Their language is full of horrible threats; they do not regret the past, but on the contrary declare that next time they will burn Paris and perish in its ruins. The newspapers are trying to minimise the number of deaths and, in particular, to deny the horrible crimes imputed to the insurrection; but the first reports were correct, and there is no exaggeration in the account of the savage cruelties practised by the escaped convicts. Gonzague de St. Geniès found a friend of his, an officer in the army, hanged at the Panthéon; and the body of Mons. de Mangin murdered at the Barrière de

Fontainebleau, is so mutilated that no one could recognise him.¹

Treachery was everywhere, among petty local authorities about Paris as well as in the departments ruled by Ledru Rollin's commissaries. Mons. Jazard, Préfet of the Allier, attempted to dissuade the National Guards from starting for Paris by saying: "Mes amis, vous arriverez trop tard pour le pillage!" and Changarnier who had an interview with him on his way back from Africa, says his place should have been at the head of the riot, not in any branch of the Administration; if he held such language after the victory of order, you may imagine what his real sentiments were! The same sympathy for the Red Republic was shown by the Sous-Préfet of Auxerre, the Préfet of Caen, and many others, all sent by the late Executive Commission to disorganise the provinces. The authorities here are equally dangerous; the Mayor of our arrondissement congratulated the National Guard of the Nièvre on having come too late, saying: "Vous au moins, vous n'avez pas eu le

¹ De Mangin was Captain on the Staff in the action at the barricades on June 25th; he fell a victim to his loyal support of Général Bréa who insisted on going in behind the Barrière de Fontainebleau to harangue the insurgents, and was traitorously shot down by them.

malheur de tirer sur vos frères,"—this in the presence of the 1st Legion which has suffered so cruelly in the defence of order. The Presidency of Marie is not thought well of as, though he was the best of the late Government, still, as he did not separate himself from them, he must have tacitly connived at their measures.¹ Carnot will retire very soon under the contempt of the Assembly; Recurt ought to be removed, but as the National Workshops are at an end, he will not have materials for much mischief. Cavaignac has only accepted the Dictatorship on condition of breaking up the associations of workmen, and having a camp of thirty thousand men in the Plaine de Grenoble, and another equally numerous at Satory, above Versailles: with such precautions it is difficult to conceive any serious outbreak, but it is quite certain there will be a great deal of skirmishing. One hundred thousand muskets have been restored to Vincennes, as well as the cannon of the insurgents;

¹ Marie had so far separated himself from the Government as to vote for the prosecution of Blanc and Caussidière, who fled to England. In spite of this prosecution, Blanc's economic scheme was adopted after the restoration of order; fifty-six co-operative associations were started with a credit of 3 million francs; of these only twenty-six remained in 1852, and nine in 1858.

ammunition too has been seized in vast quantities ; but unfortunately, they have learnt to make gun-cotton which does not heat or soil the guns so much as common powder, and thus a smaller number of guns can do equal execution ; besides, the troops get very much discouraged by noiseless discharges, and seeing their comrades fall without knowing where to look for their murderers.

The measures taken with respect to Emile de Girardin are most arbitrary and unjust ; he is accused of having conspired, some say in favour of the Regency, others for the Duc de Leuchtenberg.¹ There is a rumour of a Russian pension which, if true, would tell sorely against him, and might lead to his being included in the penal colony intended for the Marquisate Islands ; I trust it is not so, for he is clever and brave though, thoroughly unprincipled and quite capable of a double-faced conspiracy : however, we cannot but feel leniently towards one who attempted to subvert the late Government, and still hope he may be speedily released. Raspail, who was arrested in May, is surrounded with comforts and luxuries, visited

¹ The Duc de Leuchtenberg was the eldest son of Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, and was the first husband of Marie II. of Portugal.

by his friends, etc. ; and Courtais is daily let out on parole. Why make this distinction between the Anarchists of May and the Reactionaries of June ? That may be accounted for by the state of siege, but only fancy talking with exultation of a tranquillity insured by keeping every one at home after nine in the evening, and making us all illuminate to prevent assassination ! Poor Paris ! poor France !—one cannot bear to look back. How changed you will find everything, if our late disasters do not keep you away altogether !

XL.

July 13th.

I am afraid you must be ill, for I have not heard from you for a very long time, and I know you are always most exact in answering me, even when we are enjoying peace and quiet, and much more so when we are in the midst of dangers ; pray let me hear from you soon, everything is so black around us that we require a little cheering from abroad. You know that I am not prone to believe every horrible tale that is told, nor to be alarmed at shadows, and yet I do not like the

aspect of affairs. I am certain there is some vast conspiracy on foot, whether already known and checked, or likely to break out to-morrow I cannot say, but the precautions taken are almost absurd from their minuteness. Every battalion of National Guard has orders to furnish a movable column of three hundred men as a forlorn hope, in case of fire ; many houses are marked to be loopholed and defended by the troops ; the engineers have come from Arras to open communications between houses, so as to attack the barricades under cover, and 60,000 men of the regular army are ready to turn out at a moment's notice. It is said that the plan of the insurgents is to come down from every barrier throwing bombs before them, particularly in this arrondissement and, while some of the houses are burning, to pillage those which the inhabitants will abandon in the first moment of alarm. I doubt all this very much, for fire will not follow a beaten track nor burn the rich only, and surely those wretches, though they are scarcely human, will hardly burn out their families who are so mixed up with private houses in every quarter. It is certainly what it professes to be, 'une guerre infernale ;' a mine was discovered yesterday under

the Poissonière barracks, and others are suspected, so the strictest watch is kept. A Captain in the Mobile stopped us yesterday in the street, and offered us his room in the barracks should the fighting come down here ; he says he can answer for his men, but I think it would be taking refuge in the lion's mouth, as the Mobile are more hated than the Municipal Guard.

The object of to-morrow's rising, if it is not pillage, must be the deliverance of the fourteen thousand prisoners taken during the late events, and I think it would be wise to declare that the first shot fired should be the death signal of the whole of them ; anything would be better than letting out these ruffians, who have deserved *any* punishment for their unheard of cruelty : even the Irish felon might take lessons in atrocity from the monsters now lying in the forts. We have one guarantee of order—Military Government ; as long as the state of siege is maintained, we shall do, but I dread the possibility of its being removed. Cavaignac, Lamoricière, and Changarnier are to be trusted but Charras, Under Secretary for War, is a rascal ; it is to his treachery we owe the useless exposure of the National Guard during the first

day of the fighting; he had orders to have thirty thousand men in Paris, but had only ten and excuses himself by saying he forgot to transmit the order to the Colonels in the neighbourhood. Lamoricière does not dare send him away because he belongs to the all-powerful dynasty of the *National*, and he is afraid of causing a cry of reaction to be raised against him.

Fourteen newspapers have been suppressed, and I feel sure we shall soon reach the same degree of liberty of the press as was once allowed at Vienna; we shall have a censored *Moniteur* and not be allowed to comment upon it; of course I don't care, but it will be a strange achievement of sixty years of revolution. I believe there is going to be a great distribution of crosses, and Mons. de Niewerkerque is to have one for his great bravery; the Duc de Guiche, too, has been greatly praised, and his special report as an engineer officer has been so appreciated that he is one of the three engaged in planning the defence of the arrondissement.

What a pleasant state of things! And, if we live to be old, how surprised we shall be to remember that we went on as usual when we felt that every paving-stone

was an offensive weapon, every drain the probable mouth of a mine, and every man in a blouse a murderer ! No shutters are allowed to be closed, and sometimes open windows are threatened for fear of an ambuscade ; every person one meets gives one some advice or some warning, but we are getting used to it, and if there is any impatience expressed it is at the minuteness of the precautions taken, not at the continuance of peril. It is an extraordinary country ; there is certainly more courage among the men, more *sang froid* among the women than anywhere else : I doubted this in February, but it is impossible not to allow that in June all did their duty during the battle, and none exulted after the victory ; it was very dreadful but very fine in some respects, and it has restored my esteem for a nation which I cannot help loving still.

XLI.

July 17th.

You do not say whether you still contemplate coming through France, so I am uncertain whether I have any chance of seeing you before your departure for the East ; I am afraid the state of the Continent will deter you from taking this route, and yet I am

convinced it is perfectly safe. A friend of mine arrived yesterday from Marseille and, though she travelled alone with her maid, did not meet with the slightest molestation or difficulty; the only danger is at Paris and, with the state of siege, you see how easily the most extensive plans are frustrated.

The most timorous say we have two months before us, the most sanguine think the war will now be only a conflict of ideas. Proudhon and Pierre Leroux, the apostle of Socialism, have quite failed in the Assembly; the latter delivered a sentimental elegy upon the insurrection which was not even listened to, and the former was forced by Mons. Thiers to give an explanation of his principles, which has cost him dear. I do not stand up for the religion of France, which has been found wanting on many points and is too often disregarded, but such wholesale blasphemy never could be tolerated, and since the 'People's Representative' has said: "La propriété durera autant que le Christianisme," the general impression was that his theories need not be discussed. We are far from the days of Voltaire, almost as far morally speaking as from those of St. Louis, and these doctrines excite as violent a reprobation as if a motion were made to re-establish the Inquisition, or to excommunicate Lamartine.

Mons. Thiers made an admirable speech in favour of their property being restored to the Orléans family, and he has annihilated Jules Favre's proposal of confiscation ; Berryer, too, spoke forcibly in the same sense and the question, coming after the great struggle for the rights of property, is most likely to be settled favourably, though not quite fairly. Every one admits that the debts of the Civil List must be paid, and these will be swelled to the utmost to cover some of the prodigalities of the Provisional and Executive Governments. In the stable department this will be very serious, and all the *va-nu-pieds* of the 24th of February have been revelling in the court equipages ever since. However, it is calculated that upwards of one hundred million francs will be restored to the exiles, and this is more serious when you consider that one million well distributed will upset any Government. The refuse of the hulks, the scum of the Paris population can any day change the fate of the whole Nation—at least they *could*, for I trust the severe lessons of the last five months will profit the Army and the National Guard. I hope that the soldiers will never fraternise with the mob, and that the civic force will never again blindly adopt a mob cry. On the 24th of February 'Vive la République !' gave us the

Republic; on the 5th of May 'Poland' smashed Barbès, and had Louis Napoléon come forward his name would have insured the Red Republic. Every one thinks the next convulsion will restore Monarchy, but all these Africans are so compromised with the Republic, that they will maintain order in their own interests.¹ Cavaignac is a Republican 'de la vieille roche,' Changarnier a decided Orleanist, and Lamoricière is supposed to be a Legitimist; they all dread one another, and to maintain the balance of power they must uphold the Republic. No one now can be brought to say simply 'Vive la République;' the cry is 'Vive l'ordre!' the officials say 'Vive la République (et l'Armée);' the National Guard and the People add 'honnête.'

The place is full of agents of the Duc de Bordeaux, whom it is now the fashion to represent as very Liberal, very much opposed to the opinions of his family, exceedingly clever, and not likely to take the Faubourg St. Germain; all this is absurd, but such is the yearning after Monarchy of any sort, at any price, that even his chances are seriously discussed by the lower orders, admitted by the middle class, and of

¹ This alludes to the Princes and officers who had fought in the Algerian campaign.

course hailed with rapture by what is still called the nobility. It would not surprise me to see the events of the last thirty years acted over again, Henri V. brought back by general weariness of a military dictator, upset by the mistakes of his adherents, and replaced by the Younger Branch which would be in its turn swept away by the popular torrent. The prosperity of France will in future only be momentary, each change will render more frequent the return of its periodical convulsions until it sinks into utter insignificance, perhaps even becomes a Cossack province.

It is sad to contemplate but, the more danger to the individual diminishes, the more imminent is the universal peril : there are no real passions at work, no tangible abuses to remedy ; it is an incessant, restless action from below, which destroys without a chance of improvement, without even filling the place left empty by defunct powers. The Reign of Terror by its violence assured the Imperial despotism ; the present revolution meets with no resistance but sweeps slowly and surely to destruction.

I am ashamed of never writing anything but politics, but I never see any one except official persons, nor do I ever hear a word of any one in

their private capacity. We all remain here, at least for the present.

XLII.

July 20th.

The rumours of war have now subsided, and yet I do not think the feeling of security has gained ground; the recent change of ministers is not good. Bethmont was not a 'Républicain de la veille,' and therefore some reliance was placed on him which is more than can be said of Marie who, though the best of the lot, is none the less one of the Provisional Government and of the Executive Commission; Marrast too, the President advocated by *Le National*, is also a relic of February and as such not only Republican, but revolutionary. It is greatly feared that Cavaignac, secure against armed opposition, will act upon the political programme of his brother Godefroi and his mother, a decided Communist; the impression here is that the royal property will be at least sequestered to guarantee a loan, if not actually confiscated. The Dictator does not feel sufficiently sure of the democratic sentiments of France to allow them to be tested by a rich Pretender. My informant is Baron Foin, the King's agent, who even thinks they

will attack the property of the Comte de Chambord, which the statesmen of the July Revolution had respected; I should think this impression was correct, from the very decided part taken by Berryer in favour of the House of Orléans, for which he certainly has no personal sympathy. If the masses were not so narrow-minded, they would understand that authorising any species of confiscation is at once throwing down the barriers of property; but instead of that they are told that this spoliation will prevent bankruptcy, and they look no farther.

It is certain that there is not money enough to finish the year; two hundred millions will only afford temporary relief, and will by no means give the Government permanent resources; no system of taxation can be invented to support one hundred and twenty thousand paupers in Paris, besides the usual State expenditure, and this is what we have come to. The reductions proposed are in thousands, the additional expenses of cheap government in millions; the professors of the military colleges are to be paid less, but the cost of admission to these establishments, including outfit and pocket money, is to be borne entirely by the State.

Thiers is doing great service; by the extreme

lucidity of his talent he has dispelled all clouds, pulverised all systems, and clearly demonstrated the vast inroads made by Communism into the proposed Constitution. I am not certain that he will point out the remedies as clearly as the fallacies ; Louis Philippe always said : " Thiers c'est un excellent vaisseau d'abordage, mais une fois dans le port, il faut le lâcher, il ne sait rien organiser." That is the reason he always called him in at the moment of a crisis, and returned to the doctrinaires when the danger was past.

I am afraid the old Opposition wants to go too fast ; they are already putting forward Dufaure and Duvergier de Hauranne, which is very unwise while the dynasty of *Le National* has even a printer untried. Rumour says that Cavaignac is to marry a Mademoiselle Dubochet, daughter of the late manager of that paper, but the lower classes believe he is to marry the Duchesse d'Orléans and become Regent. Nothing is too absurd to be swallowed by the mob, who can combine such credulity with such immense courage ; but can one feel secure against any outbreak from any quarter, however improbable ? If any royal personage has a chance now it is Henri V. ; somehow the unpopularity of the Orléans Princes has increased ; they have shown coldness to some who went over to them, and

have refused to receive others, which has had a bad effect. However, "on n'est jamais trahi que par les siens," and the Legitimists are so hated that I much fear their chief could not found anything solid.

XLIII.

July 24th.

I have been hesitating about writing to-day, I have so little to say and that little is so very unsatisfactory ; but no amount of gloom or dulness can surprise you who know how we are situated between France and Ireland, so I will send a few lines all the same.

My Irish correspondents are greatly alarmed, and to me it seems with reason. Mama however says she has known Ireland so all her life, and is extremely calm, though we have *nothing* anywhere else. I trust she may be right, and hope for the best though the experience of the rest of Europe is sadly against her theory. I am told the Apponys have hardly anything left; the suppression of abuses has curtailed their pension at Vienna and almost taken their whole income in Hungary : it is very sad after so many years of the most delightful position in the world.

Here we are very quiet but we do not recover

confidence ; after securing peace we are counting up what it will cost, and it is impossible not to shudder at the formidable drain on the public resources that an army of sixty thousand men must prove ; the Mobile too are to be augmented, and their pay of 1.50 fr. a day is a very heavy expense. Then we have pensions to the wounded, and that most silly plan of gratuitous admission to the military schools. The provinces won't pay to support the Republic, and Paris has exhausted all its own sources of revenue : if there is a fresh insurrection it will be joined by the small tradespeople, in which class the sufferings are even worse than among the actual workmen ; this implies a division in the ranks of the National Guard, and the consequences might be most disastrous. Nothing can last in this wretched country : the state of siege is the only guarantee of order we have, and loud clamour is raised against it. Cavaignac is beginning to lose ground by his obstinate adherence to the 'Républicains de la veille : ' he has prejudiced the armed population against him by his very petty decision to receive them in plain clothes ; they consider this a slight, and that Cavaignac I. should remember that he has gained civil power only in virtue of his sword ; he has been rather cold and supercilious on one or two occasions, and

among others towards the Conseil d'Etat. Their leader on presenting them began a speech enumerating their services, which he interrupted saying: "I do not wish to know their antecedents; I am satisfied that they are all Republicans," and bowed them out; this was thought very laconic by the dignitaries who, for eighteen years, had been used to the well-turned speeches of the Citizen King.

Bastide, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, lives in such a perpetual fright that he cannot answer a single question; in committee he is so deplorable that they make out their foreign policy by newspapers and such documents as they can get at. The Right of Labour has been thrown out in most of the bureaux and struck out of the Constitution, but it will lead to stormy discussions when it comes before the public; many members, reasonable enough in private, become dreadful when goaded on by their colleagues of the 'Montagne,' or by dread of the *Moniteur*. Everything is dispiriting for it is impossible to rely on any one; the prisoners will be treated far too gently, and for the sake of economy many of them will I am sure be let loose again, with the thirst for revenge added to their other bad passions. Nothing however will be decided immediately, and as there will now probably be a few

quiet weeks, I am actually going to make an excursion to Dieppe with some friends. It will be quite delightful to inhale the sea-breeze after so many months of Republican Paris, unswept, unwashed, uncared for.

XLIV.

July 27th.

I have no political news of any importance this time; no one can stir under the state of siege which Cavaignac seems determined to maintain. This will ruin E. de Girardin whose paper was his only fortune. He has published his justification in a serious and well-written but utterly uninteresting pamphlet; I should have sent it had it been worth reading. Have you read 'Jérôme Paturot à la Recherche de la Meilleure des Républiques'? It is a clever satire on the present state of chaos, and is much read just now.

The trials of insurgents are going on, but the authorities will not carry the investigations beyond the 'instruments,' and therefore all will have to begin over again. I know for certain that Sénard applied for leave to take proceedings against Lamartine and Ledru Rollin, and it has been refused for fear it should shake

the Republic to its very foundations ; the end of this will be that about forty will be shot, from three to five hundred transported, and the rest let loose to continue the Republican line. "Avec les honnêtes gens la graine s'en perd," is the popular saying, and no one dares yet allow the impossibility of a Republic : many think it will be upset in September ; others less sanguine believe that next spring will bring about a crisis ; to my mind both these periods appear to be too short, and it would be folly to reason now from probability and analogy, when everything is so unlike the past.

Mons. Thiers' exposition of Proudhon's Socialist plans has had immense success ; but it was really preaching to converts, as every one sees the utter fallacy of such doctrines. There is a slight tendency to commercial improvement, and the theatres, which had been closed for three weeks, are full every night. I was at the Palais Royal on Tuesday, and saw a delightful burlesque of the Republic, besides some of those charming trifles which have *un succès de fou rire*. I go to Dieppe on Saturday.

XLV.

August 3rd.

I have just returned from the seaside, and am much struck by the total absence of Republican demonstration on the road. It was the inauguration of the Dieppe railway, so we took down two Ministers, and all the authorities both of Dieppe and Rouen were drawn up to receive the *cortège*; but the whole affair went off in perfect silence. An officer tried to get up a 'Viva' for the Republic, but all he got for his pains was an energetic 'Je m'en fiche' that went down the whole line. I beg pardon for the expression, but it is textual and no other would convey the same comprehensive meaning. The very bathing-men cannot resist asking every one they dip "Quand donc en finirons-nous avec la République?" To which the answer invariably is "Bientôt;" and this elicits a hearty "Dieu vous entende!" The favourable turn which affairs took a few days after the insurrection is quite past; how can one have confidence in a Republic which requires the state of siege, the suppression of the free press, and an army of sixty thousand men to keep peace in the streets?

Great fears are entertained about the intervention in Italy, but Bastide says he will oppose it with all his

might, and resign rather than in any way compromise the English alliance the only one in which he trusts; he has no faith in 'fraternity,' and is too much of a Republican to trust other Republics. He is most desperately ignorant, as you will judge from the following anecdote: At the time of the insurrection at Prague, an ex-authority in Guizot's cabinet advised him to watch the Slavonic movement, and to keep an agent on the spot; he acquiesced and gravely asked who was the late King's representative at the Court of Bohemia! His Chef de Cabinet is Hetzel, a bankrupt bookseller and bad musician, but certainly not a statesman unless *du lendemain*.¹

Anselm Petitot once a newspaper writer has been sent to Hanover, and openly avows his intention of reducing the haughtiness and *étiquette* of King Ernst to a Republican level. I doubt his success, but he will certainly make himself troublesome, as even his patrons say: "C'est un esprit fagot d'épines."²

¹ Hetzel was a librarian; in '48 he was successively Chief of the Cabinet, in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs and in that of the Navy; finally, Secretary-General to the Executive. He retired voluntarily from public life after December 10th, and collaborated on the *National* and the *Revue Comique*, which dealt with political events. After 1851 he was exiled and lived at Bruxelles till the amnesty of '59.

² It is difficult to see why this prickly representative was chosen for such an embassy. Petitot served first in the Army, then entered the bureaux of

The diplomatist alluded to by Boissy in his letter to Lamartine is Leiraut, Minister at Naples and ex-prompter of a theatre on the boulevards. Financial affairs are much depressed by the extraordinary conduct of Goudchaux, who now seems inclined to imitate Duclerc and court the 'Montagne;' the new system of taxation will again impede the circulation of money, and send back capital to the cellars and strong boxes from which it emerged so cautiously after the victory of June. Civil war is inevitable and, though conspiracies are daily discovered, yet as no one is punished the seeds must remain and bear fruit some day. Companies of sappers and miners are forming in the National Guard, and every preparation is being made for carrying on the next war with less danger to the friends of order.

You cannot imagine how disappointed the Radical Government press is at Queen Victoria being still on the throne and Ireland remaining a portion of the Empire; they are furious and shaking their fists at the cowardly Milesians who cannot even man a barricade or murder a policeman. For my part, although thankful

the Ministry of War where he was employed in various departments, *e.g.* military schools, recruiting, etc. In April '48 he was appointed Accountant-General, and retained the post under the Empire.

for the result, I own it astonishes me ; my notions of a mob conceived when a child in July, 1830, and developed by so many subsequent riots, did not lead me to expect this bloodless victory. I trust that Ireland may long continue to respect the law, and that a just and severe punishment of the rebels will deter any future imitators. Let them come here and see the effects of self-government, and if that lesson does not suffice they are all fit for Bedlam.

XLVI.

August 7th.

I shall be much disappointed if you do take the new route to Constantinople, for I have been looking forward for months to the pleasure of seeing you. However active a correspondence may be it is nothing to one hour's conversation, and one morning's visit is worth volumes of letters. Besides, it must be much easier to come through France than in any way to touch upon insurgent Italy ; there you will meet with danger everywhere, here it will be concentrated in a few streets. As to expense, why, Paris is now empty ! and a great diminution has necessarily taken place in the price of everything. Put me to any use you like

in looking out or bargaining, but do not let me think that we may not meet for years. I am determined to hope until you are far off *viâ* Germany, and, seriously, I should think this way the wisest and the quietest.

We have no particular news stirring just now, though very many sinister rumours are afloat. Mignet was shot at by mistake for Thiers, and many deputies of the 'Plaine' have received threatening notices.¹ The general impression is that Caussidière will get up a row, as a chess-player sometimes upsets the board when he sees his game is lost. He is a most dangerous rascal with a bluff manner concealing excessive cunning, which has great influence on his 'puissances du jour' the working classes. There is no doubt that if the National Guard were unanimous the Republic would be at end; but it now rests on their divisions, and everything is done to keep them up. The coming elections will be greatly manipulated to exclude aristocrats, but I think that, like Ledru Rollin's circulars, they will overshoot the mark.

¹ Mignet was educated as a lawyer, but followed a literary career and wrote articles on history and on external politics. He was also a very distinguished lecturer. In 1824 he published his 'Histoire de la Révolution Française.' In '30 he went on to the staff of the *National*, and was made Director of the Archives of the Affaires Etrangères, which post he held until deprived of it by Lamartine in '48.

I am happy to say seven hundred prisoners were taken down to Havre on Saturday very quietly; their removal was kept very secret to avoid a rescue, and succeeded perfectly. They are to be put on boardship immediately, and to sail for Brest to await orders, as no one knows where they are to be sent. Is it not strange that the Republic which bears on its banner 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity' should adopt the system of pontoons, the invention of the tyrannical and perfidious Albion?

I had almost forgotten to mention the event of the week—the opening of a Republican *salon*; Marrast gave a grand dinner followed by a concert, on Thursday last. The men looked as usual, but I am told the women were dreadful. Madame Marrast was assisted by Madame Very in doing the honours. This ex-beauty began life as a painter's model, and after sundry vicissitudes settled down into the *comptoir* of a famous restaurant-keeper. Madame Marrast, like most of the wives of the Provisional Government, is English and the papers will have it that she is a FitzClarence, which is very absurd. Madame Bastide made a collection in the evening for the poor, and four thousand of the *élite* of the Republic made out about 1100 fr., that is about five sous a head. What do your two-guinea ticket

takers say to the charity of a country which is profoundly democratic and looks down with contempt on an unfeeling aristocracy!

The question of intervention¹ is getting very serious. There is no doubt it ought to be granted, but, as it would end in the downfall of France, it is most likely it will wear out as the Polish question did, in sympathy. For my part all my sympathies are with Austria. I should so wish the old cause of Divine Right to hold its own; the very name of Republic has become odious to me, and when I hear of 'un Républicain honnête,' I think of George Sand's heroic convict Tremmov, and am utterly disgusted.

XLVII.

August 10th.

. . . I am most anxious to know what route you will take; any part of Italy neighbouring on Lombardy appears to me most unpleasant and if there is an intervention it will be worse, as I suppose the Austrians would be beaten at first. Every sensible person in, or connected with, the Government is impatiently awaiting the result of the negotiations, and

¹ On behalf of Italy.

hoping for the peaceable solution of the Italian question ; but there is a war party, and the minority has so constantly carried the day of late that I know not what to think. A campaign after our street war will leave France wholly without generals ; Bedeau is given over, and this will be the fifth victim in the highest ranks of the Army ; they cannot extract a piece of red cloth which keeps the wound in a perpetual state of irritation, and the fever is so high that it is feared he will sink under what at first appeared to be a very trifling injury.

All the bad newspapers are reappearing and to allow this, before all the insurgents are disposed of, is really most imprudent. Since the liberty of the press has been suspended, and the interests of proprietors and subscribers set at nought, it mattered little whether the arbitrary measures extended over six or eight weeks, and its restoration may now have a most disastrous effect. It is believed that Louis Blanc and Caussidière really will be impeached, and that Ledru Rollin will escape ; as he says himself, he is not a conspirator, he never concealed his acts which, however subversive of order, received the sanction of his colleagues and the tacit approbation of the Assembly in two successive votes of confidence ; not

so the others who always professed that all means were good to attain the democratic end. Great scandal is expected from the revelations of witnesses innumerable, and if it goes too hard with the men of February, there is no doubt there will be another appeal to the street. The Army is decidedly influenced by the women of the faubourg, and no regiment is allowed to remain more than a month at St. Maur, to avoid the too great development of the Republican principle of fraternity. For my part I foresee a speedy convulsion, not from any positive symptom, but from the general uneasiness and the strength the Reaction is gaining everywhere.

I still persist in thinking the tendency is Legitimist, and will be so until the death of the King. If Louis Philippe were removed, perhaps the eminent men of the last eighteen years might rally round the Duchesse d'Orléans and procure her the support of the strongest party in France, the bourgeoisie ; but as long as he lives, they who made him what he is will consider he has betrayed them or neglected their interests, and will try to found a Republic, rather than submit anew to his influence. The provinces are full of sympathy for the Comte de Chambord. I am sorry for it, for his rule would not last, and I would rather see some

fresh Napoleon, but peaceable if possible ; I believe however this is asking for 'un merle blanc,' as the proverb says, so I had better cease my conjectures.

XLVIII.

August 14th.

The more I read and hear of Italy and its environs, the more I feel how much more prudent it would be for you to decide on Marseille instead of Trieste for your embarcation ; with us the most decisive revolutions are planned and carried out in a corner of Paris which you need never visit, and everywhere else the whole country seems to be in flames at the first signal of a popular movement. Of course I am greatly interested in your decision ; but I assure you, apart from all personal considerations, I should advise this route as the safest. If you came by Brighton and Dieppe, I would meet you on the pier and come back immediately. I have only consented to go, on the condition of returning to see you. Dieppe is now only five hours from Paris by rail, and the whole journey is delightful.

I have very little political news to give you ; the inquiry is said to be crushing for Ledru Rollin,

and I believe it from his crestfallen attitude at the Assembly on Saturday.¹ Louis Blanc and Caussidière are among the number of those who may be transported, and there are two letters of Lamartine's to Sobrier that are very little to the credit of the poet. I know a man who is a sincere Republican and who had an affectionate regard for Lamartine, and he said to me yesterday, "Jusqu'à la publication des pièces, j'éviterai de le voir, car je ne pourrais me décider à lui donner la main." The general impression is that the traitors will not submit without a struggle, but my hope rests on the impossibility of stirring up the people; they are perfectly cowed, not only by the defeat sustained, but also by the decided steps taken with regard to the prisoners; they had relied upon the difficulties attending on such a gigantic trial, and entertained hopes of a general amnesty. Transportation excludes all pretensions to martyrdom, and the distance will prevent any future riot placing them in power like their predecessors who were let loose in February.

I saw Proudhon on Saturday; he looks unlike a Communist, being well dressed and better *soigné* than

¹ He was sentenced to transportation for life for his share in the Revolution of June; he fled to England and was amnestied in 1870.

many of the class : his forehead is intelligent and his eyes are quick and sharp looking, but he is red-haired which is one of my great antipathies. His mad speech has spread far and wide ; it is devoured by the half educated who see in it the accomplishment of their dearest wish—levelling ; they know they will be no better off, but their ruling spirit is envy and they care for nothing provided they can say to the rich “ You too shall suffer and starve with us.” This feeling is so universal that, though we may avert the evil for years—perhaps, as Proudhon says, for centuries—still there will be a constant struggle between society and brute force, in which temporary advantage will be gained by both parties. The glory of France is gone, so is her prosperity, and even calm will be hollow and deceptive !

How shameful are the details of the Belgian¹ expedition, how lying the promises made to Italy ! What misanthropists we must all have become with such proofs of human fallibility and infamy !

¹ On the 24th March '48, about 800 French crossed the frontier into Belgium, their object being to overthrow the throne of Leopold. He had however lately made such concessions to the democratic party—lowering the franchise, etc.—that he was able to crush this revolutionary movement, and one which took place a little later ; it must be to one of these expeditions that allusion is here made.

XLIX.

August 17th.

I am greatly disappointed with your last letter, for I can no longer hope to see you before you depart for the East. Indeed, if we have the threatened riot this week, I suppose it would be thought madness to come here, though *we* are the best proofs of the absolute safety of all who remain perfectly quiet; still I can understand that such things must appear frightful at a distance, and anxious relatives must suffer agonies during the intervals between the posts. If there is a struggle it will be very short and very fierce, entirely concentrated about the National Assembly, with Italy for a pretext and perhaps the white flag for a blind. I have seen a letter from Frohsdorf, in which the Comte de Chambord implores his adherents not to raise his standard and even to join against the cry of 'Vive Henri V.,' as he does not choose to be elected by a faction but to be chosen of the whole Nation; he adds that his exile has been mitigated and his every thought brightened by the prospect of some day returning to France; he deprecates civil war, and seems to contemplate the possibility of a concordat between universal suffrage and divine right. It is

certain that his party has gained greatly within the last two months ; the cause of Monarchy cannot but profit by the defects of the Republic, and it is impossible to contemplate a Regency in the present state of confusion.

Cavaignac is losing ground and, besides, he is thoroughly disheartened, and acts with the gloomy conviction that each day is his last ; threats of assassination meet him on every side, and he can hardly adopt all the precautions that so often preserved the life of Louis Philippe ; he said lately to a friend : “Après moi vous aurez Lamoricière, après lui Bedeau, et puis il ne reste plus rien.” This, however, is not very clear, as it is whispered that Bedeau’s model in history is Monk and that his sympathies have always been with the Elder Branch. The Army is furious to find that military government is quite as peaceable as civil rule, and that Cavaignac and Bastide will just follow the line of policy pursued by Louis Philippe and Guizot.

The Princess Belgiojoso has arrived here, more violent than ever, screaming for the intervention and looking the very image of an infuriated Bellona ; she says that Lombardy has been betrayed by Carlo Alberto, that the Milanese are brave and would fight

again ; this account of affairs meets with no belief, but it spreads far and wide among the lower classes who are always ready to take up a war cry. Ledru Rollin will be so totally ruined if all the papers relating to the inquiry are published, that there is an impression he will blow up the Chamber rather than await the result. Louis Blanc has still great influence with the workmen ; Caussidière has the secret societies all ready ; and the clique of the *National*, the men now in power, are so afraid of the Monarchist reaction that they prefer the Red Republic which perhaps the combination of parties may bring about for a week. In that case the provinces would certainly march upon Paris, and as certainly proclaim a king. The editor of the *Assemblée Nationale*, which I consider the best-informed paper on internal affairs, said yesterday to a friend of mine on whose veracity I can rely, that he did not see how we could escape a very short interval of 'Red' government ; as long as any democratic system has been left untried, no permanent monarchy can establish itself, and the Legitimists are so fully aware of this, that they are trying to attenuate the salutary dread felt up till now of a Reign of

¹ Louis Blanc and Caussidière were however sentenced to transportation, and fled to England.

Terror. It is very wicked, but their tactics may succeed as there is no doubt that half the National Guard would remain at home, rather than fight any king whatsoever.

The worst feature of the present crisis is that one hundred and forty-seven muskets are still unaccounted for and, though some may have gone to that infamous expedition in Belgium and some may have been thrown into the rivers, still a very formidable number may yet remain in improper hands.

Here then the letters break off, the writer leaving us with a profound sense of insecurity and of disquiet. The insurrection of June proved fatal to the Republic. In the panic which followed it, the desire for the concentration of administrative power gained ground, together with the general distrust now exhibited in violent attacks on former members of the Provisional Government. At the same time, the Assembly—belying the false confidence of Louis Blanc—had suicidally abandoned its right to select its own President, as Grévy proposed, through the Council of Ministers. The election of the President was left, along with that of the single Legislative Chamber, to universal suffrage. Thereby the Assembly's hold on the nation became a weak and precarious one; indeed it practically ceased to be a power in the State. It was

but a matter of time till the Republican Government should be swept away.

Cavaignac, highly popular and with 80,000 men at his disposal, might, as dictator, have guided the Republic to safety; but he shrank from any unconstitutional action, and so left the field free for less scrupulous competitors. He was content to be nominated for the Presidency against the man who, in the eyes of the people, was the heir and successor of the great Napoleon and, in his own fatalistic belief, was destined to usher in an era of greatness for France under a Bonaparte dynasty.

Louis Napoleon appeared in the Chamber on September 26th, and on December 10th was elected President by an immense majority of votes. Within a year (June 13, 1849), the troops were called in to override the democratic party who resisted the despatch of a force in aid of the Pope against a Republican insurrection. The Monarchists forming the largest combination in the divided Assembly, went back from the Constitution, to Lamartine's disgust, and passed a disfranchising law (May 31, 1850). With the dismissal of Changarnier from the command in Paris, the Empire drew near and, two years later when the Constitution expired (May, 1852)—the Assembly having been led by the democratic section to deny itself the power of arming—the Coup d'Etat followed (December 1st), and a plébiscite managed under terrorism made Louis Napoleon Emperor.

The crisis had been brought about by a feeble and premature but definitely Socialistic meddling with industry. This was the new factor in the Revolution of '48. Throughout the five months of disturbance, the partisans of democracy on one side and the bourgeoisie on the other, were selfishly bent on their own political advantage ; and their selfishness robbed the country of the fruits of a revolution which might have ultimately brought peace and orderly progress.

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