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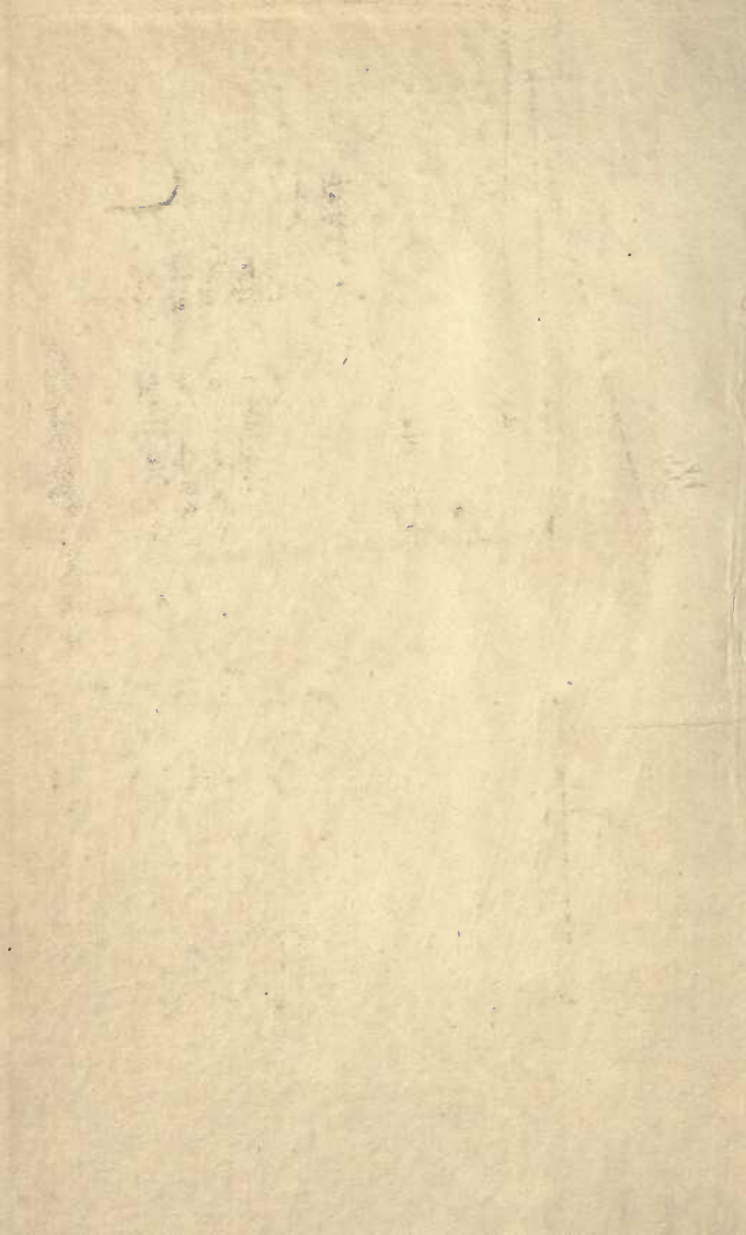

HISTORY

—OF—

Napoleon Bonaparte;

—INCLUDING—

LIVES OF NAPOLEON THE GREAT,

—OF—

LOUIS NAPOLEON,

—AND OF—

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

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HISTORY OF THE BONAPARTE FAMILY

CHAPTER I.

RETROSPECTIVE

THE progress of the human mind, and of human society, is seldom marked by regular and successive steps. At some periods, civilization appears to be stationary; at others, even to retrograde; at others again, to spring forward with rapid, gigantic, and almost convulsive strides. This irregularity of advance is, doubtless, ostensible rather than actual. Preparations are gradually made, ideas slowly matured, and the foundations of the future superstructure laid with secret and patient industry. But these subterranean workings are for the most part unnoticed, till, in the fullness of time, a rich harvest of consequences is developed with apparent suddenness, from causes which have been accumulating in silence for many years.

The fall of the Roman empire constituted one of these great eras. It was the demarkation between the old world and the new. From that period, society and nations alike assumed a new aspect, and the world commenced a new career. It was the moral deluge, upon the abatement of which a new condition of

society, new systems of government, and new methods of thought sprung up.

The Reformation effected another mighty change It introduced pure religion into the realm of almost pagan superstition, civil liberty into the empire of tyranny, and science into the depths of national ignorance. One of its immediate and most momentous consequences was the struggle for constitutional rights, in England, in the seventeenth century—a struggle in which civil liberty and religious freedom and tolerance won their most substantial victory.

The great rebellion against feudal and mental oppression in France, which broke forth publicly in 1789, and resulted in the overthrow of the French throne, is among these memorable transitions, and is deeply interesting to the present generation, being nearest to our own days, most extraordinary in its character, and far-spreading in its consequences. No period in history is more fertile in attractions — none presents more scenes of thrilling interest, more subtle problems of character, more intricate intrigues, more truths of political philosophy, or more lessons of profound wisdom. No period is richer in materials for the contemplation of the statesman, the moralist or the Christian.

The fall of the empires of the ancient world, exhibiting scenes of extensive suffering in their progress, and melancholy calamity in their consummation, bore a far different character. They all perished by invasion. The foreign sword, of all the instruments of ruin the most obvious, rude and simple, struck the diadem from brows already sinking under the weight of sovereignty, and the remains of empires mouldered away by the course of nature.

But the French monarchy was unassailed by any external violence. In the midst of what seemed to the eyes of Europe the full vigor of life, it perished in rapid agonies, for which the public experience had no remedy, and human annals scarcely a name. Like one of those bodies whose flesh and blood turn into fire, it consumed with internal combustion, and at length, after an interval of indescribable torture, sunk in ashes, and was no more.

This singular result was effected by the agency of a new power—one which must inevitably prove stronger than the fortresses or armed legions of despots—the Power of Opinion! In the old trials of empire, all the motives of action were confined to the higher ranks. Wars were undertaken by ambitious princes to extend their conquests, or they were occasioned by the rivalry of aspirants to sovereignty. Dynasties might be changed, but the institutions and the laws of the state, the habits and condition of the masses of the people, remained the same. Whatever might be the result, the calamities of war fell with equal weight upon them, while they never experienced its benefits. The French Revolution was of a different character. It was a warfare between the People and the Sovereign—a rebellion against Privilege and for Equality. It was not a conflict to decide who should be recognized as the oppressor of the people, but it was a warfare against Oppression itself.

Perhaps the world never saw, since the days of Sardanapalus, a court so corrupt, a nobility so profligate, and a state of society so utterly contemptuous of even the decent affectation of virtue, as existed in France

from the reign of Louis XIV. until the overthrow of Louis XVI. A succession of dissolute women ruled the king and controlled the deliberations of the cabinet ; lower life was a sink of corruption ; the whole a romance of the most scandalous order.

Vice may have existed to a high degree of criminality in other lands ; but in no other country of Europe, or of the earth, was vice ever so public, so ostentatiously forced upon the eyes of men, so completely formed into an established and essential portion of fashionable and courtly life.

It was a matter of course that the king of France should have a mistress! She was as much a part of the royal establishment as a prime minister was of the royal councils, and not unfrequently, if not always, her power was greater and more arbitrarily exercised than that of this high officer. And, as if for the purpose of offering a still more contemptuous defiance to the common decencies of life, it often happened that the mistress was a married woman!

Yet in that country the whole ritual of Popery was performed with scrupulous exactness. A numerous and powerful priesthood filled France ; and the ceremonials of the national religion were performed continually before the court, with the most rigid formality.

The king had his confessor, and the mistress invariably had hers. The nobles attended the royal chapel, and had their confessors. The confessional was never without royal and noble solicitors of monthly, or, at the furthest, quarterly absolution. Still, from the whole body of ecclesiastics, France heard few remonstrance against these public abominations. Their ser

mons, few and feeble, sometimes declaimed on the vices of the beggars of Paris, or the riots among the peasantry ; but no sense of scriptural responsibility, and no natural feeling of duty, often ventured to deprecate the vices of the nobles or the shameless and revolting debauchery of the throne.

Around the king was clustered a crowd of venal nobles, who contended for his favors with adulation, and breathed only in the sunshine of his smiles. Wholly destitute of independence of spirit, these nobles were licentious and arrogant, battening without shame on the spoils of the people, and priding themselves on the lineages they disgraced.

The Palais Royal was for a long time the seat of the revolting impurities of the most impure court in Europe. Built by a prelate on whose head rested the innocent blood of the Huguenots, and probably built out of their spoils, it was destined, in the possession of Philip Egalité (father of Louis Philippe.) to make a further progress in the corruption of the public morals. He divided his palace into tenements, and hired them out to every pursuit of every purchaser, however vile. From this assemblage of gaming houses, and nests of the most daring and the most forbidden violations of law, human and divine, was poured forth, in its time of ripeness, the misery of France. The government, which had criminally endured such a center of abomination in its capital, and had even suffered a scandalous revenue to be raised out of its pollutions, was the first to feel the evil. The Palais Royal suddenly combined with its character as the chosen place of the low luxuries of Parisian life, the *new* character of the

head-quarters of revolution. There were to be found the haranguers against the state; there were the confederacies which marched to the overthrow of the throne. If the government of Louis XVI. had been awake to the primary obligation on all governments of guarding the national morals, this glaring scandal would not have been suffered an hour—the gates of the Palais Royal would have been closed on the whole race of its professors of abomination.

The clergy, too, shared in the general corruption. Their wealth was enormous; their luxury excessive and ostentatious; and all pretensions to superior sanctity or correctness of manners had long since been abandoned. Indeed, many of the highest rank among them were pre-eminent for their licentiousness. Generally speaking, it might be said, that, for a long time, the higher orders of the clergy had ceased to take a vital concern in their profession, or to exercise its functions in a manner which interested the feelings and affections of men.

The Catholic church had grown old, and unfortunately did not possess the means of renovating her doctrines, or improving her constitution, so as to keep pace with the enlargement of the human understanding. The lofty claims to infallibility which she had set up and maintained during the middle ages—claims which she could neither renounce nor modify, now threatened, in more enlightened times, like battlements too heavy for the foundation, to be the means of ruining the edifice they were designed to defend. To retrace no footsteps—to abandon no dogma, continued to be the mottoes of the church of Rome. She could explain

nothing, soften nothing, renounce nothing, consistently with her assertion of infallibility.

The whole trash which had been accumulated for ages of darkness and ignorance, whether consisting of extravagant pretensions, incredible assertions, absurd doctrines which confounded the understanding, or puerile ceremonies which revolted the taste, was alike incapable of being explained away or abandoned. It would certainly have been (humanly speaking) advantageous, alike for the church of Rome and for Christianity in general, that the former had possessed the means of relinquishing her extravagant claims, modifying her more obnoxious doctrines, and retrenching her superstitious ceremonials, as increasing knowledge showed the injustice of the one, and the absurdity of the other.

But this power she dared not assume; and hence, perhaps, the great schism which divides the Christian world, which might otherwise never have existed, or at least not in its present extended and imbittered state. But, in all events, the church of Rome, retaining the spiritual empire over so large and fair a portion of the Christian world, would not have been reduced to the alternative of either defending propositions, which, in the eyes of all enlightened men, are altogether untenable, or of beholding the most essential and vital doctrines of Christianity confounded with them, and the whole system exposed to the scorn of the infidel. The more enlightened and better informed part of the French nation had fallen very generally into the latter extreme.

Infidelity, in attacking the absurd claims and

extravagant doctrines of the church of Rome, had artfully availed herself of those abuses, as if they had been really a part of the Christian religion; and they whose credulity could not digest the grossest articles of the papist creed, thought themselves entitled to conclude, in general, against religion itself, from the abuses ingrafted upon it by ignorance and priestcraft. The same circumstances which favored the assault, tended to weaken the defense.

Embarrassed by the necessity of defending the mass of human inventions with which their church had obscured and deformed Christianity, the Catholic clergy were not the best advocates even in the best of causes; and though there were many brilliant exceptions, yet it must be owned that a great part of the higher orders of the priesthood gave themselves little trouble about maintaining the doctrines, or extending the influence of the church, considering it only in the light of an asylum, where, under the condition of certain renunciations, they enjoyed, in indolent tranquillity, a state of ease and luxury.

Those who thought on the subject more deeply, were contented quietly to repose the safety of the church upon the restrictions on the press, which prevented the possibility of free discussion. The usual effect followed; and many who, if manly and open debate upon theological subjects had been allowed, would doubtless have been enabled to winnow the wheat from the chaff, were, in the state of darkness to which they were reduced, led to reject Christianity itself, along with the corruptions of the Romish church, and to become absolute infidels instead of reformed Christians.

The number of the clergy, who were thus indifferent to doctrine or duty, was largely increased, since promotion to the great benefices had ceased to be distributed with regard to the morals, piety, talents, and erudition of the candidates, but was bestowed among the younger branches of the nobility, upon men who were at little pains to reconcile the looseness of their former habits and opinions with the sanctity of their new profession, and who, embracing the church solely as a means of maintenance, were little calculated by their lives or learning to extend its consideration.

Beneath all, there was the bulk of the population, urban and rural, who may be said to have literally possessed no rights, except that of paying taxes. All the burdens of the state fell on the industrious and productive classes. The nobility and clergy were exempt from taxation. The most oppressive mode of collecting prevailed. Two-thirds of the whole land of the country was in the possession of the nobility and clergy, who, not content with their fiscal exemption, imposed upon the cultivators feudal dues and services of the most onerous and harassing description.

The right of killing game was reserved to the landlords; and tenants were even forbidden, by special edicts, to till their ground, or reap their crops, if the preservation of young broods might be thereby endangered. Game of the most destructive kind, such as wild boars and herds of deer, was permitted to go at large through extensive districts, without any inclosures to protect the crops. Numerous edicts existed which prohibited hoeing and weeding, lest the young partridges should be disturbed; taking away the stubble

lest the birds should be deprived of shelter; mowing hay, lest their eggs should be destroyed; manuring with night-soil, lest their flavor should be injured Manorial courts were scattered through the land, to take summary vengeance on delinquents in any of these particulars. In fact, the rural population was, to a certain extent, in a state of serfdom, continually ex posed to galling and degrading tyranny, which the inhabitants of towns escaped only to undergo humiliations and vexations of an analogous nature.

It was impossible that agriculture could flourish under such untoward circumstances. Instead of being protected and encouraged in his indispensable calling, the husbandman was regarded as a species of drudge, appointed by nature to toil for the benefit of superiors. The king, the nobility, and the clergy, all considered him in this light, and contended which should wring from him the most in the various shapes of taxes, rents, dues, and tithes. Thus cultivation was in the rudest state, and the naturally fertile soil yielded but a fraction of the produce it might have been stimulated to rear. Travelers who visited France at this epoch, concur in representing abject poverty and wretchedness as the universal lot of the peasantry.

Nor was it otherwise with commerce. Industry was fettered by a thousand shackles. Rulers have, in every age and country, with strange perversity, marked trade and its followers for their legitimate prey, and, in the alternate guise of exaction and restriction, labored to cramp its development. The right to carry on business, to exercise a profession, was a matter of purchase. Not only were there chartered guilds to

enter through a long novitiate and a heavy outlay, but the king also was to be bought. Licenses might be obtained from him to monopolize certain callings within a particular circuit, such as those of barber, wood-vender, sausage-maker, &c. When the royal treasury needed a sudden replenishment, multitudes of these licenses used to be issued, which were bought up in the first instance by capitalists, and subsequently resold by them through the country at a considerable advance. A regular traffic was at times maintained in this singular species of paper-money, prices being ruled naturally by the prospect, more or less promising, of plundering the community.

The corruption and uncertainty prevailing in the administration of justice likewise tended to thwart the operations of commerce. Judicial offices were subjects of bargain and sale in every part of the kingdom, disposed of to the highest bidders, wholly irrespective of competency. Hence bribery flowed as a necessary consequence, and the courts of law degenerated into mere marts, where justice was openly bartered for gold. Thus *privilege* was the grand characteristic of France at this period, ranging through all the ramifications of her disjointed society. First, the high nobility, with sinecures and pensions often hereditary, crouched in sycophancy around the court, and regarded all others as made to minister to their gratifications. Next, the inferior nobility or gentry, who alone were eligible to be officers in the army and navy, and to fill sundry important offices ; both exempt from taxation.

Thus the French labored under a despotism to which the horrors of Hindoo servitude were comparative

freedom. Without trial by jury, without means of justice, subjected to the most atrocious oppressions, in person and property, by the grand seigneurs, the position of a French subject was far less enviable than that of an Egyptian fellah of the present day. The life of a peasant was less valued than that of a wild boar, and long centuries of tyranny had left him but little else of humanity than its form.

A volume would scarcely suffice to define all the oppressions to which the French subject was exposed; and how great soever were his wrongs, the semblance of justice was to be had only through the influence of the beauty of a female relation, or bribes in money, that were openly and shamelessly administered. The Bastile was crowded with the victims of private animosity, consigned to loathsome dungeons without the pretense of crime, by arbitrary arrests obtained from a corrupt executive through favor or money. These victims numbered 15,000, in the reign of Louis XV. Safety for persons and property there was none; and the social relations of the lower classes were exposed to the debaucheries of the seigneurs; among the long catalogue of whose infamous "rights," the "*baiser de mariees*," and the "*silence de grenouilles*," were at once the most odious and the most ridiculous. The nature of the latter, was a requirement on the peasants to beat constantly the waters of the marshy districts, in order to keep silent the frogs, lest their croakings should disturb the lady of the seigneur during her confinement. This duty might be commuted for a sum of money, or the delinquent caught, and hung up without ceremony at the door of the grand seigneur.

Debauchery and blasphemy, selfishness and disregard of right, in high places, had done their worst. Nothing short of miraculous interposition could have saved France from the legitimate consequences of its own unparalleled infamy. A rapid stride in political knowledge had been made in the briefest possible space of time, but the alphabet of morals and the social virtues, had yet to be acquired.

A revolution prompted by principles thoroughly enlightened, fostered by motives thoroughly pure, and commenced by means thoroughly pacific and constitutional, had, unfortunately, been attempted by a nation which, if we regard it in the mass, must be pronounced to have been utterly unworthy of the blessings to which the contemplated changes were in themselves likely to lead.

Justified in revolt by the oppressions and crimes of their rulers, but undeserving of freedom by reason of their own vices, the French nation knew not how to use the gift when it was put into their hands. The first steps of their emancipation plunged them into anarchy, irreligion, and massacre. They dishonored that sacred name of Liberty which they had proudly written upon their banner : and they were punished — more for the sins of their governors than for their own — by having to pass again under the yoke, and to learn some of the duties of freemen, from a despot whom they themselves had been obliged to place on the throne of the Capets.

No great revolution can be accomplished without excesses and miseries at which humanity revolts. This is eminently true of the French revolution. It was a

destruction of great abuses, executed with much inhumanity, violence and injustice.

But notwithstanding the crimes of the revolution and the sufferings it caused, it effected a beneficial change. A revolution, at its best, is a painful and perilous remedy ; at its worst, it is the severest trial which a nation can undergo. But such trials seldom occur, except in cases where hopeless slavery and irreparable decay are the only alternatives. There is no doubt that the French Revolution was an instance of the worst kind ; perhaps it was the very worst that ever occurred. Not only did the popular movement result in atrocities, but the exhaustion which followed led to the usurpation of Napoleon and the wars of the empire.

Three millions and a half of Frenchmen,* and a prodigious number of foreigners, perished, who, but for the Revolution and its consequences, might have ended their days in peace. Human ingenuity, in short, can scarcely imagine means by which a greater amount of violence and bloodshed could have been crowded into a quarter of a century. Still, an escape from this fiery trial would have been dearly purchased by the continuance of the ancient institutions for another century. The evils of violence and bloodshed, dreadful as they are, cannot be compared to those of oppressive institutions. Violence and bloodshed are necessarily partial, but oppressive institutions are universal. It is

* Mr. Alison, in his history, enumerates the victims of the Revolution, including those of the civil war in La Vendee, at 1,022,351 souls ; and the soldiers who perished in the wars of the Empire, at 2,200,400. This does not include those who fell at Waterloo, in the battles of the revolutionary contest, and in the various naval actions of the war.

impossible to guillotine a whole nation; it is impossible to enroll a whole nation as conscripts; but it is easy to make a whole nation miserable by disabilities and exactions. Even under the Reign of Terror, each individual citizen must have felt that there were many hundred chances to one in favor of his escape from denunciation; but no peasant had a hope of escaping the tyranny of the feudal customs.

Violence and bloodshed are in their nature transitory; but oppressive institutions may be perpetual. Crimes which spring from passion soon exhaust themselves; but crimes which spring from habit may continue for ever. The Reign of Terror was over in fourteen months; but the ancient *regime* might have subsisted until its effects had reduced France to the decrepitude of China or Constantinople. Violence and bloodshed produce merely suffering; but oppressive institutions produce degradation also. A French peasant might retain the pride and spirit of a free man, though he knew that the next day he might be dragged before a revolutionary tribunal, or hurried to join the army in Spain or Russia. But a French peasant who had been placed in the stocks for want of due servility to a noble, who had seen his son sent to the galleys for destroying a partridge's eggs, who knew that the honor of his family had been outraged by some licentious courtier—such a man could not but feel himself a debased and unhappy slave. The sufferings of the Revolution, in short, were to the sufferings of the Bourbon monarchy, as the plague in London to the malaria of a tropical climate. The one was a temporary, though overwhelming blow, the other a wasting pestilence—

the perpetual source of terror and misery to every successive generation existing within its influence.

The whole of the privileged classes of France actually vied with the populace in running the career of general subserviency. The National Assembly was totally irreligious. It was a great conclave of infidels All professing popery, all alienated by their habits from the religion of the Scriptures, all scoffing at that religion which they had been forbid to investigate, and all hating the superstition which had been substituted in its room—the higher orders of France, the gentry, and the whole body of literature were *godless*. Is it to be wondered at, that their private profligacy passed into their public existence?—that the heartlessness, vanity, selfishness, and love of pleasure, which already made society in France an abomination in the sight of earth and heaven, should have only flamed out in the broad and violent fires of the Revolution?

But with every allowance for the operation of these unfortunate conditions, much, no doubt, must be attributed to the singular features of the French character: to that fickle and hasty temperament, that warlik spirit and inordinate passion for military glory, and that deplorable want of moral principle which have too much distinguished it, but which were never so marked or attended with such fatal consequences as during the revolutionary struggle. There is much that is amiable, and much that is admirable, in the French character; for general cleverness, active enterprise, daring heroism, and patience under the hardships and privations of war, they are, perhaps, unrivaled; but the quiet enthusiasm which pursues its object, steadily

and silently, through neglect and through reproach — the courage to withstand popular clamor — the firmness to resist the contagion of popular emotion — the fortitude to suffer in obscurity and in secret — the devotion to adhere unflinchingly to an obnoxious principle or to a sinking cause — these, unhappily, have at no time been prominent in the Gallic character.

The vices and cruelties of the several governments which successively seized the direction of affairs, after the memorable events of 1789, and the consequent disappointment, disgust, and exhaustion of the people, paved an easy way for the daring usurpation of Napoleon Bonaparte; and amid the comparative repose which ensued under his iron despotism, the nation, wearied of its fruitless struggle after freedom, sunk quietly to sleep.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

There can be no stronger illustration of the genius and influence of Bonaparte than the simple fact, that for twenty years his life and the history of Europe are convertible terms. During the whole of that time, the annals of the smallest European state would be absolutely unintelligible without a clear view of the policy and character of the French Emperor; and, on the other hand, every change of rulers in the pettiest principality — every intrigue at Petersburg or Naples —

every motion in the British Parliament—was of immediate and vital concern to Napoleon. This is more than can be said of any other conqueror or statesman in modern times. The direct influence of Louis, Frederick, and Catherine, was comparatively limited. A Russian or a Turk cared little for the invasion of Holland or the Spanish succession; and an Italian was comparatively indifferent to the conquest of Silesia or the division of Poland. But no such supineness prevailed during the wars of the French empire. Wherever the great conqueror was engaged, the breathless attention of all Europe was fixed. Every citizen of every state felt his hopes or his fortunes raised or depressed by the event. The death of an English minister was hastened by the battle of Marengo; the treaty of Tilsit was felt as an object of interest in the deserts of central Asia; the battle of Leipsic roused or paralyzed every European from Cadiz to the North Cape. The French empire, in a word, resembled the talismanic globe of the sorcerers in Southey's poem of "Thalaba," the slightest touch upon which caused the whole universe to tremble.

In the year 1785 there died at Montpelier, in the prime of life, a Corsican lawyer, named Charles Bonaparte. His place of residence was the town of Ajaccio, in his native island. As is usual in southern climates, he married at the early age of nineteen, having won for his wife, from numerous competitors, the reigning beauty of the world of Corsica, the young Letitia Ramolino, who was remarkable, not only for her personal charms, but also for the courage and fortitude of her character. He left her a widow, still young and

beautiful, with eight children, of whom the eldest was but seventeen years, and the youngest only three months. Six others had died in infancy. Left in somewhat straitened circumstances, the chief reliance of the family was in a rich old uncle, an ecclesiastic in the Corsican church. Two of the children, indeed, had already, in a manner, been provided for. The eldest, a son, had begun the study of the law. The second, a youth of sixteen, had completed his education at the military academies of Brienne and Paris, and had just received, or was on the point of receiving, a sub-lieutenancy of artillery in the French king's army. It was on this young soldier, rather than on his elder brother, that the hopes of the family were fixed. Even the poor father's ravings on his death-bed, it is said, were all about his absent boy, Napoleon, and a "great sword" that he was to bequeath to him.

Sixty-seven years have elapsed since then — two generations and part of a third — and what changes have they not seen in the fortunes of the Corsican family! In the first, issuing from their native island, like some band of old Heracleidæ, and pushing, with their military brother at their head, into the midst of a revolution that was then convulsing Europe, these half-Italian orphans, whose dialect no one could recognize, cut their way to the center of the tumult, seize the administration, and are distributed as kings and princes among the western nations. In the second, shattered and thrown down as by a stroke of Apocalyptic vengeance, they are dispersed as wanderers over the civilized world, to increase their numbers, and form connections everywhere. And now, again, at the

beginning of a third, there seems to be a gathering of them toward the old center, as if for a new function in regard to the future. Let us glance for a little at these successive chapters of a most extraordinary family-history, not yet ended.

The outbreak of the Revolution in 1789 found the Bonapartes all living together at Ajaccio — the eldest, Joseph, in his twenty-third year, a lawyer entering into practice ; the second, Napoleon, now twenty-one years of age, a lieutenant of artillery on leave of absence ; the third, Lucien, a hot-headed young man, five years younger than Napoleon, and fresh from the college of Autun ; the fourth, a daughter, Eliza, then in her fifteenth year ; next to her, Louis, a boy of twelve or thirteen ; and lastly, the three youngest, still mere infants, Pauline, Caroline, and Jerome. In the same house with the Bonapartes, and about three years older than Joseph, lived the Abbé Fesch, a half-brother of Madame Bonaparte. All the family, as indeed almost all the Corsicans at that time, were admirers of the Revolution ; but the most fervid revolutionist of all was Lucien, who was the juvenile prodigy of the family, and whose speeches, delivered at the meetings of a popular society that had been established at Ajaccio, were the delight of the town. Joseph, older and steadier, took his part, too, in the general bustle ; while the lieutenant amused his idleness by long walks about the island, and by writing various essays and sketches, among which is mentioned a History of the Revolution of Corsica, a manuscript copy of which was forwarded to Mirabeau.

Driven from Corsica, on account of their political

opinions, the widow and her eight children were cast, like a waif, upon the shores of France. Madame Bonaparte, amidst a small band of faithful followers, marched with her young children, under the shade of darkness, and, before daylight, reached a secluded spot on the sea-shore, whence, from an elevation, she could see her house in flames. Undaunted by the sad spectacle, she exclaimed, "Never mind, we will build it up again much better: *Vive la France!*" After a concealment of two days and nights in the recesses of the woods, the fugitives were at length gladdened by the sight of a French frigate, on board of which were Joseph and Napoleon. In this vessel the whole party at once embarked, and as no hope remained of finding security in Corsica, it was straightway steered for France. Marseilles was its port of destinaiton, and there it accordingly landed the family of exiles, destitute of every vestige of property, but unbroken, it would seem, in courage and health. Madame Bonaparte had occasion for the exercise of all her fortitude in these trying circumstances, for she was reduced to almost extreme poverty, and was fain to receive with thankfulness the rations of bread distributed by the municipality to refugee patriots. Joseph speedily received an appointment as a commissary of war; and he and Napoleon contributed to the support of the family from their scanty allowances; but during the first years of their residence in France, these obscure exiles, who even spoke the language of their adopted country with difficulty, suffered all the inconveniences of extreme penury.

Marseilles became the head-quarters of the Bona-

parte family during the Reign of Terror. Here, from 1793 to 1796, they were severally to be either seen or heard of — Joseph, employed as a commissary of war, living in the town, wooing, and at last (1794) marrying a Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a wealthy merchant; Napoleon, occasionally at Marseilles, but usually absent in Paris, or elsewhere, already a general of brigade, having been raised to that rank for his services at the siege of Toulon, yet grumbling at his poverty and inactivity, and thinking his brother Joseph a "lucky rogue" in having made so good a match; Lucien, a young firebrand, known over the whole district as "Brutus Bonaparte," and extremely popular as a republican orator at Marseilles, where, in 1795, he married the sister of an innkeeper; and lastly, the five younger members of the family living with their mother.

The fall of Robespierre and his party (July, 1794) was a temporary blow to the fortunes of the Bonapartes, connected as they were with that side of the Revolution. General Bonaparte was arrested, and although afterward liberated, was still suspected and degraded. His release was purchased by the sacrifice of his rank in the army, and he lost all the fruits of the brilliant reputation he had won, and was thrown an outcast upon the world, at the age of twenty-five, ignominiously expelled from the profession in which he had already begun to gather prospective laurels.

After his discharge from the army and from captivity, Napoleon had proceeded to Paris, with the view of claiming from the new government, reparation of the wrongs he had suffered. But all his applications

being fruitless, he found himself in a situation at once most galling and deplorable; since, to his impetuous spirit, the want of employment at a time when active service offered so many chances of distinction, must have been intolerable, while his destitution was such that he often lacked the means of procuring a dinner. Yet his ardent imagination was even then filled with reveries of the greatness he might achieve; and it was on an oriental field his thoughts wandered in brilliant perspectives; for he deemed Europe tame and sterile in comparison with Asia, as a theater of glorious enterprise. He cherished the idea of leaving France, and offering to the Turkish sultan the sword his country was unworthy to possess; but averse to go forth as a mere adventurer, he submitted a proposition to the government for heading a detachment of officers to improve the discipline of the Ottoman forces, and prepare them for a more equal encounter with the trained soldiers of Russia. This proposition, however, was not entertained; and the impatient hero was compelled to await a more propitious period to realize his scheme of revolution and conquest in the East. To the very end of his career his mind was full of the most romantic visions of eastern grandeur; and his magnificent and wild imagination presents a vivid contrast to the vigorous grasp of his intellect, the coolness of his judgment, and the crystal clearness of his understanding. The throne of Constantinople or Hindostan was one of the dreams of his earliest youth; and even in the midst of his most splendid European conquests, gorgeous visions of palms and pagodas were seldom long absent from his fancy. This dream of oriental empire was

the chief incentive to his subsequent Egyptian expedition. While gazing on the mount of Richard Cœur de Lion, previous to his repulse at Acre, he said to Bourrienne, "Yes, that miserable fort has, indeed, cost me dear. But matters have gone too far for me not to make a last effort. If I succeed, I shall find in that town all the treasures of the pacha, and arms for 300,000 men. I shall raise and arm all Syria; I shall march on Damascus and Aleppo. Acre taken, I shall secure Egypt. I shall arrive at Constantinople with armed masses, overturn the empire of the Turks, and establish a new one in the East, which will fix my place with posterity. And perhaps I may return to Paris by Adrianople and Vienna, after having annihilated the house of Austria." This circuit of Asia and Europe, through subverted thrones and fields of battle, only to return to Paris at last, brings to the memory the dialogue of Pyrrhus the Epirote, with the philosopher, and might be fairly ridiculed by the philosopher's remark — "Why not go there without taking all this trouble?" But extravagant as was the conception, and boundless as the bloodshed and misery which must have purchased this circuitous path to Paris and renown, it evidently clung to Napoleon. When all things else had left him, twenty years after, on the precipices of St. Helena, he still felt the blow that the sword of England had given to his ambition in Syria. "Acre once taken," said he, "the French army would have flown to Aleppo and Damascus; in the twinkling of an eye it would have been on the Euphrates; the Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Christians of Armenia, would have joined it; the whole population of

the East would have been agitated." To the observation, that he would soon have had 100,000 men, he replied, "Say rather 600,000. Who can calculate what would have happened? I should have reached Constantinople and the Indies. I should have changed the face of the world."

Big with these enthusiastic dreams of future power, Bonaparte, poor, unemployed and unfriended, loitered about the streets of Paris, scowling at the effeminate dandies who pranced in the promenades on caparisoned horses, and lisped the praises of singers and dancers at the opera — for the metropolis of terror had been suddenly changed to one of exaggerated gayety,—frequenting coffee-houses, theaters, gambling-houses, and other places of amusement; strolling in deserted avenues, in the stillness of evenings, to indulge in pensive meditations, or to beguile the weary time; leading, in short, a life of pure vagabondism, which has its joys in the days of youth, when the spirits are buoyant and hope is elastic, but which is replete with moments of remorse and anguish. In such paroxysms of the conscience, despair is prone to seize upon the mind, and inspire its victims with lamentable impulses. So Napoleon fell under the dire temptation, and one night started along the quays to throw himself from one of the bridges over the Seine. On his way he encountered an old friend, whom he had not seen since they were comrades of the camp, and to whom he related the sad story of his distresses, which affected not him only, but objects dearer to him than himself. The friend was moved by the mournful tale, and presented to the intending suicide a bag of gold,

whose magic touch at once dispelled the gloomy humors which had impelled him to his fearful purpose.

Thus rescued from an inglorious death, the teeming era of revolutions at length summoned into conspicuous action the desolate and wo-worn Napoleon — an insurrection occurring in Paris, he was fortunate enough to be chosen among the officers appointed to suppress it. He at once assumed the direction of affairs. Instantly he opened upon the insurgents a terrific discharge of grape-shot, which staggered, overthrew, and routed them. The battle was neither long nor obstinate ; the insurgents could make no head against the tempest of balls vomited against them by their pitiless and scientific enemy. The conqueror in the broil was hailed with acclamations by the grateful Assembly, and in reward of his services he was nominated to be General of the Army of the Interior. By this achievement he saved the Revolution, for had the insurgents been triumphant, the restoration of the Bourbons would have been the almost inevitable result. Henceforth he became of paramount importance in the convulsed community : the reduction of Toulon had first fixed upon him the attention which was requisite to encourage confidence in his superiority ; the repulse of the insurgents in October, 1795, showed him resolute and indomitable in conflict, and stamped upon him the seal of predominance, although cemented in the gore of fellow-countrymen and citizens.

It is thus that opportunity only is wanting to men of real genius and capacity, to make manifest the qualities within them, and assure them of a commanding position among their fellow men. This Napoleon had

gained, and straightway the path of fortune was wide and smooth before him. Happy accidents almost poured upon him, and none was more singularly auspicious than that which introduced him to a wife. One day he was applied to by a boy not more than ten years of age, for the restoration of his father's sword, which had been seized in the general search, although its owner was long since dead. The ingenuous earnestness of the youth pleaded in his favor, and Napoleon restored him the sword; but he was induced to ask the circumstances of the family to which he belonged. His father, Alexander de Beauharnais, had commanded one of the armies of the republic, but had lost his head in the Reign of Terror; his mother, Josephine, still survived, having narrowly escaped the same fate by the fortunate overthrow of Robespierre within a few hours of her intended execution. She was a native of Martinique, and was enveloped in a strange interest, from the remarkable prophecies that had been made concerning her. In one of these, delivered by an old negress, she herself put faith, with the superstition natural to her clime; and so far, in truth, the prediction had been verified It was said that she should witness the death of her first husband, be plunged into the deepest misery, but ultimately be raised above the estate of a queen. But whatever might be the fabled destinies in store for her, it was upon more rational expectations that Napoleon sought and won her hand. She was recommended to him by the inimitable graces of her person and manners, which were fascinating in a superlative degree, and probably also by considerations of a somewhat

grosser nature. Society was very dissolute at this period; she had heretofore enjoyed an intimacy with Barras, which gave her great influence over him; and this personage now possessed almost supreme power. Hence, his favor was of material consequence, especially in the distribution of military commands; and as Napoleon aspired to the very highest and most important in the service of the republic, it was politic in him to strengthen his pretensions by an alliance fortified with the most cogent and persuasive ties.

At Josephine's house Bonaparte was wont to meet a small, but valuable circle, composed of those who, while they favored his suit, were able likewise to promote his interests, as soon as these should become united with the fortunes of her whom he loved. On her part Josephine was distinctly promised by Barras, that if she would accede to the arrangement, Bonaparte should be appointed to the command of the army in Italy. In a letter to a friend, explaining her motives for marrying Bonaparte, she mentions this circumstance, and says: "Yesterday, Bonaparte, speaking of this favor, which already excites murmuring among his fellow-soldiers, though it be as yet only a promise, said to me, 'Think they then I have need of their protection to arrive at power? Egregious mistake! They will all be but too happy one day should I condescend to grant them mine. My sword is by my side, and with it I will go far!' What say you to this security of success? Is it not a proof of confidence springing from an excess of vanity? A general of brigade protect the head of government! that, truly, is an event highly probable! I know not how it is, but sometimes

this waywardness gains upon me to such a degree, that almost I believe possible whatever this singular man may take into his head to attempt; and with his imagination, who can calculate what he will not undertake?"

Truly might Josephine, in bitterness of soul, accuse Bonaparte of being an ingrate, who afterward sacrificed her by whom he had risen. She probably did not marry Bonaparte from attachment: a desire to provide a protector for her daughter, a guide for her son, were her own motives; the representations of her friends accomplished the rest. Time, and experience of those fascinations which she herself described as unequaled, ripened the grateful feelings of a mother's heart into a love and admiration which, for uncomplaining self-devotedness, in the most painful of all sacrifices, stands pre-eminent in the sad story of unrequited affection.

Where passion prompted and ambition urged, Bonaparte was not the man to fail. His nuptials with Josephine were solemnized, according to the revolutionary forms, by the appearance of the contracting parties before the civil magistrate, March 9, 1796. Josephine was then thirty-three years of age, and Napoleon twenty-seven — she having been born June 23, 1763, and he August 15, 1769. On the registry of the marriage, however, Josephine's birth is placed in 1767. The four years thus deducted from her real age must be assigned either to mistake, or, not improbably, to voluntary forgetfulness. The births of the children of her first marriage, are decisive on this point—Eugene having been born September 3, 1780, and Hortense

April 10, 1783; but so little attention was paid to consistency, that according to the registry of her marriage with Bonaparte, she must have been a mother at a little more than the age of ten years. It is deserving of notice also, as something like a mutual abnegation of curious inquiry on this head, that in the same instrument a year is added to Napoleon's age.

From her earliest years, Josephine appears to have displayed those excellencies of character, and that elegance of demeanor, which, amid some frivolities, render her so amiable in every change of her checkered life, and enabled her, in gentleness, yet not without dignity, to maintain an influence over a spirit so differently constituted from her own. From a child, opening beauty and sprightliness, united with perfect good nature, rendered her the delight of her own circle. She played on the harp and sang with exquisite feeling. Her dancing is said to have been perfect. An eye-witness describes her light form, rising scarcely above the middle size, as seeming in its faultless symmetry, to float rather than to move — the very personation of grace. She exercised her pencil and her needle and embroidering frame with beautiful address. "A love of flowers," that truly feminine aspiration, and, according to a master in elegance and virtue, infallible index of purity of heart, was with her no uninstructed admiration. She had early cultivated a knowledge of botany, a study of all others especially adapted to the female mind, which exercises without fatiguing the understanding, and leads the thoughts to hold converse with heaven through the sweetest objects of earth. To the Empress Josephine, France and

Europe are indebted for one of the most beautiful of vegetable productions — the *camelia*. In all to which the empire of woman's taste rightly extends, hers was exquisitely just, and simple as it was refined. Her sense of the becoming and the proper in all things, and under every variety of circumstances, appeared native and intuitive. She read delightfully; and nature had been here peculiarly propitious: for so harmonious were the tones of her voice, even in the most ordinary conversation, that instances are common of those who, coming unexpectedly and unseen within their influence, have remained as if suddenly fascinated and spell-bound, till the sounds ceased, or fear of discovery forced the listener away. Like the harp of David on the troubled breast of Israel's king, this charm is known to have wrought powerfully upon Napoleon. His own admission was, "The first applause of the French people sounded to my ear sweet as the voice of Josephine."

Barras fully redeemed the pledge to Josephine, and only twelve days after his union with her, Bonaparte set out for Italy as the commander-in-chief of the republican army in that country. He was animated with a fervor and self-confidence which set at naught all impediments; and he said joyously to his friends, as he started, "In three months you will see me again at Paris, or will hear of me at Milan."

It was in no idle spirit that he spoke these words: for on the desperate hazard he was prepared to stake the future of his life, whether it should be disgrace in failure, or empire in success. Two armies were opposed to him — one of Piedmontese, 20,000 strong,

and the other of Austrians, 35,000 strong, between which he poured with his emaciated complement of 30,000. Already, undei the revolutionary impulse, the tactics of war had been materially changed from the old established routine. But such changes were trifling in comparison with those introduced by Napoleon Bonaparte, who struck by blows so sure and rapid, that his enemy was overpowered before he well knew that operations had commenced; and campaigns which, under the old system of even Marlborough and Frederick, would have lingered for years, were decided in a few weeks, sometimes in a few days. Thus he hurled the Piedmontese and Austrians before him, on separate routes of retreat, with a precipitation which annihilated resistance: in less than two months he had fought six battles, reduced Sardinia to sue for peace, entered Milan in triumph, and expelled the Austrians from Lombardy, driving them across the Adige, and into the fastnesses of the Tyrol. Such a series of exploits, accomplished in so short a time, wrought a boundless amazement, and the hero of them was extolled as a prodigy superior to all warriors of ancient or modern fame. It was the rapidity of his achievements, rather even than their results which dazzled the imagination, and marked the advent of a new master in the great art of war. No conqueror had ever displayed such originality of genius, such boldness of conception, such profundity of combination, such celerity of execution; and the sudden interest which surrounded him was increased by the novel grandeur of the language in which he spoke to his soldiers, and the imperious tone he assumed to the potentates who held fair Italy in

servitude. At the bare aspect of his sword, priestly and royal dominations crouched before him; and the proud oligarchy of Venice sent humble intercessions to propitiate his wrath. Yet his possession of Lombardy was very insecure, for the house of Austria was making prodigious exertions to wrest it from him, and to recover that stolen jewel of its usurping crown. Four successive armies of 60,000 men each were pushed down the gorges of the Tyrol and across the Brenta, under veteran leaders of exalted reputation, to dislodge him from his central position of Verona, and thence dislodged, to inflict on him an inevitable ruin. Against these he contended with a skill and energy which have rendered his deeds in those campaigns superior in renown to all other feats of strategy or heroism. He himself has not surpassed them. They assured to him the definite possession of Italy, and enabled him, in a subsequent campaign, to cross the Noric Alps and advance within twenty-five leagues of Vienna, where he extorted from the Emperor the famous treaty of Campo-Formo, which secured to France all the vast accessions of territory she had gained from the first outbreak of the revolutionary war. At no period of her history had she concluded so glorious and advantageous a peace; and in his double capacity of warrior and pacificator, Napoleon was received in Paris with an enthusiasm befitting the great services he had performed.

But the time was not yet come for Bonaparte's assumption of the government; he must yet gather fresh laurels, and the country be overwhelmed with disasters, ere he could aspire to seize supreme authority in the

republic. It was not at a period when he had raised it to the pinnacle of greatness it would voluntarily accept him for a sovereign; a season of calamity was needed to rally its hopes on him as an indispensable instrument of salvation. His position at Paris was irksome both to himself and to the Directory, and it was equally the wish of both that he should forthwith betake himself again to active employment. The Directory was anxious to invade England or Ireland. But Napoleon had a different project of his own, which was more agreeable to those early fancies he had so fondly indulged; and he had not completed his conquest of Italy before he cast his eyes on Egypt, as the next theater of his ardent powers. In Egypt he saw the commencement of his visionary subjugation of Asia, or his dethronement of the Ottoman sultan, and an expedition to conquer it was sufficiently plausible to be defended on the ground of interest to France. The possession of Malta and Egypt was a prodigious step toward that grand traditionary scheme of rendering the Mediterranean a French lake, while, by opening the readiest route to India, it facilitated the destruction of England in a more certain manner than by direct invasion. Upon these arguments he maintained the superior merits of his project, and the Directory was fain to yield to them a reluctant acquiescence. There was just sufficient of national advantage in it to cloak his personal desires, to which at all times of his life he was ready to sacrifice every other consideration. He embarked, therefore, on his extravagant but magnificent enterprise, accompanied by the largest naval and military armament that had ever crossed a

wide expanse of sea; and before the aim of his expedition was known to the world, had planted the republican banner on the impregnable ramparts of Malta, the ruined towers of Alexandria, and the glittering minarets of the city of the Caliphs. The battles of the Pyramids and Mount Tabor, fought on fields of such imperishable and hallowed recollection, shed a luster on the French arms, which was all the brighter for the distance it traveled—for the unknown regions that had witnessed them. The French were in raptures at the tidings, for the predominant idea of their Revolution had become military glory and conquest, to the exclusion of all earlier views touching liberty and fraternity; and the reverses they were sustaining in Europe gave to them a character of peculiar consolation. The Directory was composed of vulgar and violent men, who displayed an insatiable wickedness in aggressions on the neighbors of France, and who outraged every law in the gratification of its lustful passions. Soon, its detestable usurpation drew upon it the indignation of combined Europe, and its desolating armies were driven back with infamy into the confines of France itself. But for the inveterate cupidity of Austria, and the astounding imbecility of England, the republic must have been overthrown at that time; as it was, it was reduced to a state of depression and misery unexampled among the retributions that have been visited on the sins of the nations. In this dismal crisis, all eyes reverted to the indomitable hero who had already elevated France to such a pitch of grandeur, from which she had fallen the moment his sword was withdrawn, and who alone still upheld the fame of her

victorious flag; when, at the critical moment, the desired leader appeared, and converted the gloom of his disconsolate countrymen into the joy of an anticipated deliverance.

Never was a country so ripe to receive a master fitted to curb its licentious factions and to restore its vitality, as France in the latter part of 1799. For ten years, she had been engaged in a career of revolution, and at the end of that time, her fervent prayer was for the institution of a despotism, to relieve her from the greater horrors of anarchy and social dissolution. The master she required in her necessities she found in the person to whom her hopes had instinctively turned — in Napoleon Bonaparte, whose absence she had deplored and his return invoked. On the 9th of November, the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, the last of the prolific series since 1790, constituted him First Consul of the French republic, with an almost absolute executive authority. His brother Lucien was of great assistance in accomplishing this object, displaying, in his capacity of President of the Council of Five Hundred, a firmness and courage which secured the success of the project when almost on the point of failure. Two subordinate consuls were at the same time created; but all the chief appointments were vested in the First Consul, who had consequently abundant means of rewarding his friends and partisans. The policy he pursued was the beneficent one of amalgamating parties and interests, and of substituting for the violent system of preceding governments one of conciliation and clemency. The measures he took for the restoration of order and tranquillity were

singularly judicious and effective, and, in a short time, he wrought an incredible change in the condition of France, which joyfully threw herself into his arms, reposing confidently on his superior intelligence and capacity. But internal ameliorations were of secondary importance to the still greater object of delivering France from the pressure of foreign enemies, and to this Napoleon directed his unremitting energies. His overtures for peace being contemptuously rejected by the inflated governments of England and Austria, he prepared to strike a blow, which, by its force and suddenness, should confound them, and annihilate their pretensions.

With an army, of whose very existence they were profoundly ignorant, he crossed the great chains of the Alps, and debouched into the plains of Italy, directly on the rear of the Austrians, who were beyond the Appenines, contemplating an immediate invasion of Provence. These, precipitately retrograding, to regain their communications, he encountered and vanquished on the memorable field of Marengo, through which event he again became, in the course of a few days complete master of the whole of Italy. Austria was smitten to the heart by so unlooked-for and miraculous a disaster, and she sent an envoy with plaintive propositions to treat of peace. But England strove to revive her palsied courage by dint of replenished subsidies, and she was induced, with desperate resolution, to try the fortunes of another campaign. This proved equally calamitous, and nothing remained for her but to submit to the will of the conqueror she had unwisely defied. At Luneville, accordingly, on the 9th of February,

1801, she signed a treaty infinitely more disadvantageous to her than that of Campo-Formo, and one which assured to France an aggrandizement wholly inconsistent with the old balance of power in Europe. Nevertheless, to this sad termination of all her struggles against the Revolution, England herself was reduced to accede: placed in a melancholy isolation against the power of the colossal republic, she, too, succumbed, and concluded a treaty at Amiens, in March, 1802, in order to gain at least a temporary respite from the afflictions of war. Thus did Napoleon lift France, from an abyss of degradation, to the very highest rank among the nations of the earth; and while he endowed her with this envied supremacy, healed the festering sores of her internal maladies, and conferred on her a peace and prosperity she had never known since she embarked in her wild crusade against kings, nobles, and priests. Commensurate was the gratitude of her enraptured people, who were ready to testify it by any inordinate expression agreeable to the ambition of their benefactor and idol.

During the short interval between the 18th Brumaire and the peace of Amiens, Napoleon appears clothed with a majesty and glory which throws far into the shade the luster of monarchs cradled in royalty. Not only did he beat to pieces the formidable coalition arrayed to extinguish France, but all his conduct in this happy era of his life was marked by a wisdom and beneficence which stands in dazzling contrast with the folly and iniquities of his subsequent career. In his restoration of religion alone, against the most inveterate prejudice confirmed in the course of the Revolution, he

rendered to a benighted land the greatest good it could receive, and the indispensable guardian of society, but which it would certainly not have accepted from any hands save his alone. Yet rarely has the intoxication of power been so quick and overwhelming in its corruption of the mind and the understanding, as in the instance of this extraordinary individual. He almost straightway became the slave of passions that grew in their evil intensity with every gratification which fed them, until they reached a height which overmastered his reason and transformed him into the very curse of humanity. The arrogance of the language he habitually used toward foreign courts — particularly the British, which he thoroughly despised — was altogether insufferable; while he recklessly seized upon dominions that opposed him, regardless of all guarantees imposed by either good faith, policy, or public law. Hence he rendered relations of peace impossible with him, unless on the part of miserable trucklers like the king of Prussia.

Encouraged by the admiration and homage of the whole nation of Frenchmen, he constituted himself their Emperor; and amidst an adulation exceeding the abjectness of degenerate Greeks, established an empire unmatched for the rigor of its despotism and the splendor of its emblazonries. To consecrate this culminating phase of the Revolution, he summoned to Paris the head of the Catholic church, and exhibited to the astonished universe the spectacle of a pope anointing in Notre-Dame the plebeian but august warrior, who had the papacy shorn of the territorial grandeur it had labored so hard in by-gone ages to secure.

Among all the vices of Napoleon's character, he cannot assuredly be charged with want of affection for his family, since he displayed toward those connected with him an attachment and regard which was often detrimental to him. His wife, Josephine, was particularly dear to him, although her conduct on many occasions was not altogether blameless. His letters to her at every period of their union, are replete with expressions of the warmest devotion; and if at any time she seemed to disregard his wishes, it was through a wayward levity, which left her scarcely mistress of herself. He was supremely fond of her society. That she had borne him no children was a subject of inconsolable regret, but he cherished those of her former husband as if they were his own. Both of them possessed in an eminent degree the attractive qualities of their mother; and Napoleon heaped upon them continual evidences of his affection. Eugene had acted as his aid-de-camp, both in Italy and in Egypt; at Marengo, he had commanded a brigade of the Guard; in 1804, he was made an imperial prince and arch-chancellor of state; in 1805, immediately after Napoleon's coronation at Milan, he was nominated viceroy of Italy, and subsequently, Prince of Venice, and heir of the Lombardo-Venetian crown. Hortense was designed by Napoleon to be given in marriage to his favorite aid-de-camp, Duroc, whose handsome person and gallant bearing had already won her girlish admiration. But Josephine artfully opposed this arrangement, from a natural anxiety she labored under of drawing still closer the ties that united her with her husband; for her barrenness had already become the

theme of opprobrium on the part of Joseph and Lucien, who labored assiduously with their brother to impress upon him the expediency of a divorce. On this account, she was intent to bring about a marriage between Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, through which she hoped to defeat the insidious suggestions of her enemies. But serious obstacles stood in the way of her accomplishing her design; for the young couple had an absolute antipathy toward each other, and both were actually in love with other parties. Louis had become enamored of Josephine's niece — Louise-Emilie, daughter of Francis, Marquis de Beauharnais, her first husband's elder brother — without, however, engaging the young lady's affections in return. Louis, whose character was naturally of a pensive cast, took his disappointment grievously to heart; and, joined to an infirm state of health, it produced in him a melancholy which preyed on him all the remainder of his life. He never ceased to mourn the loss he had sustained; and when the proposition of a union with Hortense was made to him, he recoiled from it with abhorrence. He resisted all persuasions with a settled determination; and it was only by much skillful maneuvering that Josephine at length succeeded in extorting his consent. She had wrung from her daughter, too, an unwilling acquiescence; and on the 4th of January, 1802, the ill-assorted knot was tied — the gloomy countenances of the affianced belying the factitious joy of the courtly retinue that graced their inauspicious nuptials.

"Without connubial Juno's aid they wed:
Nor Hymen nor the Graces bless the bed!"

"Never," exclaims Louis, in a tone of anguish, "was there a more gloomy ceremony? Never had husband and wife a stronger presentiment of the horrors of a reluctant and ill-assorted union!" Louis was then twenty-four, and Hortense about eighteen. From this he dates the commencement of his unhappiness, his bodily and mental sufferings. It stamped on his whole existence a profound melancholy, a dejection, a drying of the heart, which, he adds, "nothing ever could, or ever will remedy." As for Hortense, who had only left Madame Campan's boarding-school a few weeks before the wedding, a lady who was present at a ball given in honor of it by Madame de Montesson, states, that "every countenance beamed with satisfaction, save that of the bride, whose profound melancholy formed a sad contrast to the happiness which she might have been expected to evince: she seemed to shun her husband's very looks, lest he should read in hers the indifference she felt toward him. Covered with diamonds and flowers, she appeared insensible to every thing save regret. From that day, sorrow might easily have been augured from a marriage where the contracting parties were so little agreeable to each other."

The correspondence between Duroc and Hortense, had been so long and so openly conducted, as to be known to several members of the consular household. The moral character of Hortense was scarcely above reproach. Although married to Louis at the early age of eighteen, she is said to have had two children before her union with him, one of whom died in infancy, and the other is still living and holding an office

of considerable dignity under the French government. Fouché even goes so far as to intimate that the object of the alliance was to throw a vail over an already existing intimacy between Napoleon and his step-daughter. Certain it is, that Josephine knew of these allegations, so injurious to her honor and her peace. From the following letter, indeed, written long afterward, it not only appears that she was well aware of them, but that Hortense, in one to which this is the answer, had accused her mother of being opposed to the separation from Louis, as giving credit to the reports of having a rival in her daughter.

JOSEPHINE TO HORTENSE.

"You have ill-understood me, my child; there is nothing equivocal in my words, as there cannot exist an uncandid sentiment in my heart. How could you conceive that I participate in some ridiculous, or perhaps, malicious opinions? No! you do not think that I believe you to be my rival. We, indeed, both reign in the same bosom, though by very different, yet equally sacred rights; and they who, in the affection which my husband manifests for you, have pretended to discover other sentiments than those of a parent and a friend, know not *his* soul. His is a mind too elevated above the vulgar ever to be accessible to the passions. That of glory, if you will, engrosses him too entirely for our repose; but, at least, glory inspires nothing vile. Such, as touching him, is my profession of faith. I make the confession to you in all sincerity, in order to allay your inquietudes. When I recommended to you to love, or, at least, not to repulse Louis, I spoke to you in my character of an experienced wife, an attentive mother, and tender friend, and in this threefold relation do I now embrace you."

On the accession of Napoleon to the imperial dignity, (18th May, 1804,) it became of paramount

importance with the founder of the dynasty, to decide how and by whom it should be perpetuated. He had himself no offspring, and therefore must choose a collateral heir. The imperial crown was settled on his male descendants — these failing, on those of Joseph, and next, on those of Louis. The exclusion of Lucien and Jerome, shows that they were not in such favor with the Emperor as the other two brothers. When the decree was referred for ratification to the French people, (27th November, 1804,) 3,521,675 affirmative, and only 2,579 negative votes were recorded.

Having thus settled the foundations of his empire, as he deemed, on an imperishable basis, the warlike Corsican prepared to wage battle against the confederated powers of Europe, and exalt his greatness to a yet more colossal height: and, in truth, the armies of the continent were extinguished by him with a facility which might well inflate him with notions of his omnipotence on earth. At Ulm and Austerlitz he prostrated the Austrian empire; at Jena he dissolved in a day the accumulated dominion of Frederick and the house of Brandenburg; at Friedland he annihilated the martial host of barbaric Russia; at Tilsit he bound the successor of the savage Romanzoffs captive to his chariot, and whirled him to the precipice on which he had well-nigh met his ruin. Then supreme dominator of the potentates he suffered to reign in corners of their former territories, he trod upon their necks with a pride and insolence wholly unparalleled. From Naples he expelled the hostile race of Bourbons, and placed on its throne his brother Joseph; in Holland he planted Louis as king; and at Cassel, across the

Rhine, over a heterogeneous compound called the kingdom of Westphalia, he fixed Jerome as a mon arch. Caroline he gratified by making her husband Grand-Duke of Berg, constituting him a sovereign over 300,000 wretched Germans. This system of vassal-fiefs he completed by the confederation of the Rhine, in which he enrolled the second-class powers of Germany as his immediate dependents—such as Saxony, Bavaria, and Wurtemburg, whose reigning princes he created kings. Thus he obliterated the ancient German empire, and absorbed the greatest part of it within the folds of his exorbitant ascendancy. But even such aggrandizements were insufficient to appease the devouring lusts of his heart. He must needs form alliances with sovereign houses. Accordingly, he united his adopted son Eugene to the eldest daughter of the king of Bavaria; and having compelled Jerome to discard his fair American, he extorted from the reluctant king of Wurtemburg his daughter Catharine as a wife for his graceless majesty of Westphalia. A niece of the Empress Josephine, Stephanie de Beauharnais, he married to the hereditary prince of Baden; while another niece, the beautiful Mademoiselle de Tascher, being created a French princess for the occasion, was given in wedlock to the young heir of the house of Aremburg. By these courtly alliances he thought to consolidate his sway, to extend the ramifications of his influence, and to have the obscurity of his origin forgotten. It is melancholy that so witless a conceit, and so poor a vanity, should have overmastered one of the mightiest of human understandings! Upon all these distributions and alliances

of her sons and daughters, the venerable Madame Lætitia is said to have looked with a calm and only half-believing eye, living quietly at Paris, and carefully economizing her income. "Who knows," she is reported to have said, "but I may have to keep all those kings and queens one day?"

When, to the facts above enumerated, we add tha Prussia and Austria were servile through defeat, tha Sweden was governed by the Frenchman Bernadotte, a relative of the Bonapartes, that Russia was acquiescent, and that only Great Britain was stubborn and irreconcilable, we shall have an idea of the distance that Napoleon had advanced in the path to universal empire. To secure what had already been attained, to put all else within his grasp, and to give to the work of his life that roundness and finish that he wished it to have in the eyes of posterity, only one thing further seemed necessary — his own marriage, namely, with a princess of the house of Austria. By such a measure, it seemed, two things would be accomplished — the East of Europe would be permanently linked with the West, forming a confederacy so vast in the body, that mere extremities like Russia, Sweden, and Great Britain, would be forced to give in to it; and the triumphant work of modern genius would be guaranteed in a manner satisfactory to the spirit of progressive civilization, by being grafted on the gnarled stock of the whole European past. By such calculations of a moral algebra, did Napoleon reconcile himself to these two important steps in his life — his divorce from the Empress Josephine, registered the 10th of December, 1809; and his marriage with the Archduchess Maria

Louisa, daughter of Francis II. To consummate all his expectations from this marriage, only one thing remained to be desired — the birth of a son. In this also his wishes were satisfied; and on the 20th of March, 1811, the booming of a hundred and one guns over Paris proclaimed the birth of a King of Rome. At his christening, a few days afterward, the imperial child received the name of Napoleon-Francois.

But the star of Napoleon had reached its zenith. The disastrous invasion of Russia, followed by the memorable campaigns of 1813–14, laid the work of years in ruins; the entry of the allied armies into Paris, 31st March, 1814, was the crowning stroke of misfortune; and on the 4th of April was signed the famous act whereby Napoleon unconditionally abdicated, for himself and his heirs, the empire he had so long held. Retaining the imperial title, and receiving from France, as a tribute for his past services, an annual revenue of six millions of francs, ($1,200,000,) the conqueror was to be shut up for the rest of his days, a splendid European relic, in the little island of Elba. For ten months he endured the captivity, the assembled diplomatists of Europe, meanwhile, re-arranging at Vienna, the chaos that he had left behind him; but at length the old spirit prevailed in him; France again contained the Emperor; Louis XVIII. fled; and the fluttered diplomatists, kicking over the table at which they had been sitting, had to postpone further proceedings till they should again have caged their imperial bird. But the struggle was short; the last hopes of Napoleon were crushed on the field of Waterloo; and a few months more saw him confined to the distant

and solitary rock, where, May 5th, 1821, he closed his extraordinary career.

From the first, Louis and Hortense pretended to no regard for each other, and from the date of their marriage, in January, 1802, to that of their final separation, in September, 1807, they were not together more than four months in the whole, and that at three wide intervals. As soon as the political necessities that had kept them together, ceased to exist, they separated by mutual consent. Hortense went to Paris, where she resided in great splendor at court, and where her third son, the subject of this memoir, was born, April 20, 1808. Napoleon Charles, the first son of Louis and Hortense, was born October 10th, 1802, and Napoleon Louis, the second, October 11, 1804. Charles Louis Napoleon, (or, as he now calls himself, Louis Napoleon,) was the first prince of the family born after Napoleon had assumed the title of Emperor, and his birth was celebrated in the most magnificent manner. Salvos of artillery announced along the whole line of the "*grande armee*," throughout the vast extent of the empire, that another heir to the imperial scepter was born. France was at that time in the apogee of its grandeur. The genius of Bonaparte was reorganizing Europe, and, in order to give to his power on the continent an appearance of predominance, the Emperor received with joy the new-born male heir to his political fortunes. At this superb epoch, his divorce from Josephine had not been seriously contemplated. His nephews were, therefore, considered by him as the future continuators of his projects, name and power. Napoleon Charles, had

evinced, from earliest infancy, the happiest dispositions, and had gained, in an astonishing manner, upon the affections and hopes of his uncle. He was, besides, the first-born; and except his two brothers, the only acknowledged son of the imperial family in direct male lineage; his father was the Emperor's favorite brother, and his birth drew more closely the ties which united his wife and her children to the affections of Napoleon. There appears, therefore, no reason for discrediting the belief then generally entertained of the Emperor's intention to adopt the child. Thus, in the offspring of her daughter, Josephine would have given a successor to the throne of France, and, as has been remarked by a French writer, "her own sorrows, perhaps all the evils that followed, might have been prevented."

The boy upon whom the destinies of so great an empire may thus be said to have rested, died at the Hague, (1807) after a few hours' illness, of the *croup*. So sudden and fatal was the attack, that before Corvisart's directions could be received, which, from his knowledge of the complaint, might have proved effectual, the child had ceased to live.* Hortense never quitted the room for an instant. When all was over, her attendants endeavored gently to wile her from the apartment: but divining their purpose, even in the distraction of grief, she clung with such convulsive grasp to a sofa by the bed of her child, that her arms could not be unfolded, and she was carried out in this condition. For hours the most alarming apprehensions

* Corvisart, Napoleon's private physician, was the first who made successful researches on this disease.

were entertained for the queen's life. In vain were remedies applied; her eyes continued fixed and without a tear, her breathing oppressed, and her limbs rigid and motionless, till one of the chamberlains, bearing in the dead body of the little prince, laid it on the mother's knees, leaving the rest to nature. The sight of her son, now shrouded in the peaceful attire of the grave, recalled the unhappy Hortense to a more present and tender sentiment of her loss; she caught the inanimate form to her bosom, and despair yielded to the sweet agony of tears.

To Josephine this loss was irremediable; hers was a grief not less acute, yet greater than a mother's sorrow; for while she grieved for a beloved child, she trembled to think what might be the consequence to herself. Naturally fond of children, she had loved the young Napoleon Charles with a tenderness corresponding to the hopes concentrated on his head. After receiving intelligence of a bereavement which had reached her, before she had perfect knowledge that the blow was menaced, she shut herself up for three days, weeping bitterly; and, as if to nourish grief, collecting around her his portrait, his hair, his playthings,—every relic that might recall the image of her grandson. A melancholy coincidence added to the poignancy of her sorrow on the sight of the portrait. Some time before setting out for the campaign of Tilsit, the Emperor had held a review of the guard, and, on retiring to his apartments in the Tuileries, had, according to custom, flung his sword on one seat and his hat on another, continuing to walk through the saloon in conversation with Josephine. Meanwhile, the child

had entered unobserved, and, putting the sword-belt over his little neck, and the hat upon his head, began to follow behind his uncle with military step, attempting, at the same time, to whistle a favorite march. Napoleon turned round, took the boy in his arms, and kissed him fondly, saying, "See, Josephine, what a charming picture!" The empress, ever studious to gratify her husband, had the young prince painted in this costume by Gerard. The portrait was sent to St. Cloud on the very morning which brought the sad intelligence of the death of the original.

The boy was very like his father, and, consequently, bore a strong resemblance to the Emperor. His hair was fair, his eyes blue, and his countenance marked with extraordinary intelligence. He was likewise extremely fond of his uncle, who, in turn, doted upon him as if he had been his own child. One morning, when silently making his way through the saloon, amid a crowd of distinguished personages, Murat, then Grand-Duke of Berg, caught him in his arms. "What! Napoleon, not bid me good morning!" "No," said the child, disengaging himself, "not before my uncle the *Emperor*." In like manner, every thing he received from his uncle was preferred to all others. King Louis, who loved him tenderly, seeing he disregarded some new playthings he had just brought him, said, "Why, my dear child, look how very ugly the old ones are!" "Ah! yes, papa, but I got them from my uncle."

What chiefly delighted Napoleon was, the firmness of character, and, if the desires of the child may be so termed, the predilection for war displayed by his

intended heir. Often, in their amusements, the Emperor would put these qualities to curious but severe tests. At breakfast, he would seat him upon his knee, making the poor little fellow taste of such things as are usually most annoying to children; the spirited boy would try to look stern, but never refused to take what was offered, though spite and vexation were painted on every feature of his really beautiful countenance. Strawberries (and it is curious that the fruit produced similar effects on Maria Louisa's son) always brought on severe indisposition. Though a favorite dish, they were, of course, strictly prohibited; but one day the prince had so wrought upon his nurse, that she permitted him to eat a large quantity. The usual consequence ensued; he was attacked by sickness and vomiting. Hortense insisted on knowing who had disobeyed her orders. "Mamma," said the courageous boy, though still suffering, "you may punish me, but I gave my word not to tell, and I will never break my promise." An affecting circumstance is the solicitude shown by this singular child in his parents' misunderstandings; on observing their estrangement, he would take his father's hand, who thus suffered himself to be conducted to the queen, and the artless pleadings of their son rarely failed to reconcile two beings possessing great goodness of heart, but both suffering from the not uncommon calamity in married life of misunderstanding each other's feelings.

The most brilliant honors and the solemnity of public rejoicings attended the birth of Louis Napoleon. A family register for the children of the imperial dynasty was deposited in the senate, as the great book of the

right of succession. The name of the new prince was there inscribed with much pomp. The King of Rome was the second and only one after him. The former was baptized in 1811, at the palace of Fontainbleau.

The prince, Charles Louis Napoleon, third son of Louis Bonaparte and Queen Hortense, was a child greatly beloved by the Emperor, who was accustomed to draw amusements from, and find recreation in, his innocent prattle ; it often served as a distraction in the midst of those weighty cares and meditations which constantly occupied his mind. Napoleon gave to his family nothing but the brief season of his repasts. He breakfasted in his cabinet, and alone, at a small table, which no one except the two sons of the king of Holland ever shared. He would often send for them in order to inform himself of the progress of their studies, and to watch the development of the ideas of the two princes, upon whom rested the hopes of his future. He questioned them with interest, amused himself with their innocent conversation, and always made them recite fables of his own selection, of which he gave them explanations, and afterward asked them for an account, as an exercise of their young understandings. Their progress was one of the greatest sources of his satisfaction and delight.

On his return from Elba, he saw the children again, with renewed pleasure, and his happiness at their health and progress, was the greater, because he had been then deprived of his own son, who was in Vienna. His nephews appeared to fill his place in Napoleon's affections. He was desirous that they should be constantly near him, and under his own eyes. At that

time Prince Louis Napoleon was seven years old. One day, the eve of the Emperor's departure for the fatal campaign of Waterloo, Napoleon had just entered his cabinet; he appeared anxious and sad, and the brevity and sharpness of his words revealed the deep and engrossing thoughts which occupied his mind. Suddenly a young boy slipped into the apartment and approached the Emperor; his whole countenance was impressed with an air of sorrow, and his whole proceedings gave evidence that he was under the influence of some deep emotion, which he was endeavoring to restrain. The child, having approached, threw himself on his knees before the Emperor, hid his head in his lap, and clasped his legs with his arms, and then his tears began to flow in abundance. "What ails you, Louis?" cried the Emperor, in a tone which indicated his annoyance at the interruption. "Why have you come? For what are you crying?" The child, frightened by his manner, could only reply by sobs. Having, however, by degrees recovered confidence and become calm, he at last said, with a sweet, but melancholy voice — "Sire, my governess has just told me that you are about to set out for the war! Oh! do not go! do not go!" "But why do you not wish me to go?" said the Emperor, with a voice suddenly rendered mild by the solicitude of his youthful nephew — for it was Prince Louis Napoleon, the young favorite of the Emperor. "Why do you not wish me to go, my child?" repeated he, lifting up his head, and running his fingers through his beautiful light hair. "It is not the first time I have left for the war. Do not be alarmed — fear nothing, for I shall soon return."

"Oh!" replied the young prince, while he continued to weep, "Oh! my dear uncle, those wicked allies are eager to kill you. Let me go, uncle; let me go with you." To this the Emperor made no reply, but having taken the young prince upon his knee, he pressed him in his arms and embraced him with warmth and affection. Then, after addressing some kind and playful words to the prince, in order to console him, he was about to restore him to his mother, when, perceiving the effect of his emotion upon one of his officers, he said, "Come, embrace him; he will have a good heart, and amiable dispositions. He is, perhaps, the hope of my race!" This was presentiment for presentiment. Prince Louis Napoleon had not attained his eighth year, when he was forced away from the soil of France in 1815. Like the King of Rome he refused to go into banishment. The queen, his mother, had great trouble to make him submit to his fate; and when the Emperor came to Malmaison, to bid his last adieu to his family, he could only be torn by violence from his embrace; he refused to be separated from his uncle, and cried bitterly, saying that he wanted to fire the cannon upon his tyrants.

CHAPTER II.

RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS

The palace of Fontainbleau is one of the most ancient and magnificent in France. Among the many extraordinary transactions that have taken place within its walls, — which had been the scene of the joys and revelry, the intrigues and debauchery of the French monarchs, for centuries, — none were more remarkable than the abdication of Napoleon, whose empire had sprung from the Revolution in which the crimes committed at Fontainbleau had met with such a terrible expiation.

No one need look beyond the history of Fontainbleau for the origin of the most sanguinary and bloody of Revolutions. The infidelity and immorality that played at the apex of society found their way rapidly to its broad and extended base. The bloodiest heroes of the Revolution were the sons and grandsons of the men who had been taught by their rulers that there is no God in the universe, and no happiness on earth that is not found in the overthrow of the moral sense and in the anarchy of the passions. There had been a clear renunciation, on the part of the kings, of all the duties they owed to the people, before the masses rebelled against the authority of the crown.

Fontainbleau, from an early period, was in possession

of the French kings, but was not much used as a royal residence until the accession of Francis I. in 1515. He employed many artists to fit it up on the reception of Charles V. "If Charles V. dares to traverse France," said Tribault, the King's jester, "I will give him my fool's cap." "And if I allow him to pass?" asked the monarch. "Then," replied the fool, with a wisdom which subsequent events justified, "I will take back my cap and make you a present of it!" Francis laughed and Charles arrived.

In 1546, Francis I. fell sick, and saw all the courtiers of Fontainbleau abandon him to seek the favor of his successor. Anger revived his strength; he left his bed of suffering, painted his cheeks, put on his silk and velvet clothes, and declaring himself cured, went to the cathedral to return thanks for his recovery. All the courtiers returned in alarm and fell upon their knees. "Ah! ah!" said he, with an ironical smile, "I have once more been able to inspire them with fear!" Then, exhausted by this effort, he fell back and soon expired. Tradition relates that he gave one day a brilliant proof of his courage and strength. A serpent eighteen feet long — if Guillaume Morin can be believed — had become the terror of the hunters and of the peasants. He could not be attacked, because he hid himself between the rocks, and it was, therefore, necessary to vanquish him by single combat. No one would undertake this. "Well, I will attempt it!" said the king. "For which purpose, (adds the chronicler,) he caused to be made an entire suit of armor, covered in several places with sharp blades, so that the serpent attempting to twine around him and enfold

him, was cut in pieces, and the combatant pierced his throat; and, having killed him, he returned victorious, with the astonishment of the whole court, that a man should have the resolution to contend with a monster so venomous and formidable." If this story seems fabulous, we cannot help it; the author of the History of Gatenais believes the circumstances as if he had seen it.

A revolution of the boudoir followed at Fontainbleau the death of Francis I. The prince's favorite, before the Duchess d'Etampes, had been the beautiful Diana de Poitiers, a duchess of the same stamp, under the name of Valentinois. From the father she had passed to the son, and governed the court of the dauphin, while her rival governed the court of the king. Leaning over the death-bed of Francis I., she had watched his last sigh, and said laughingly to the Duke of Guise — "He is going bravely, he is going!" As soon as he had actually expired — as soon as the scepter was within the hands of Henry II., a woman arrived in haste at Fontainbleau. She entered, with lofty and radiant brow, and summoned the officers and porters, who were still in tears. (Fidelity has always been the virtue of the little.) She showed them an order of the new king, enjoining them to open the doors for her. She went directly to the room where the finest diamonds of the crown were kept. In this room she found another woman, who had worn them the day before, and who, like the servants, was bathing her mourning robes with her tears. With a bitter and disdainful look she froze the grief which merited her respect. She seized the diamonds as her prey; adorned

with them her hair, her breast, her arms, her girdle; and putting the rest in a golden casket, traversed the palace, admiring herself in every mirror, and commanding like a queen who is taking possession of her dominions. A few moments after, two women met at the Porte Dorée — she who had just been weeping, and she who had usurped her place. The one was more desolate and more humble still; the other had never been so beautiful and so triumphant. The one uttered a long sigh, and almost swooned on the threshold; the other bid her adieu with a burst of laughter, and had nearly crushed her under the feet of her horse. The first was Madame d'Etampes, the sovereign of the day before, who was going on foot to finish her days in some humble retreat. The second was Diana of Poitiers, the present sovereign, who was returning in her carriage to Henry II. Diana was then forty-four, and had never been more beautiful, says Brantome, who could not yet, seventeen years after, recall her without emotion. This phœnix of grace, this monster of pride, reigned at Fontainbleau without a rival. Henry II. limited himself to being the most valiant knight, the most courageous champion, the most active leaper in France; in other respects well enough, a slave of his favorite through amiability of disposition, as well as through indolence of mind. Meanwhile, the true queen, who was one day to become Catherine de Medicis, saw with a gloomy and jealous eye this power which supplanted hers, and acquired amid the shameful corruptions, the diabolical genius of which she afterward gave such formidable proofs. She shook off the yoke, and threw aside the mask, on the very day

of Henry II.'s death. Struck in the tourney of the Rue St. Antoine by a fragment from the lance of Montgomery, the king was still breathing when an officer went in search of the Duchess of Valentinois. "In the name of Queen Catherine," said he to her, "deliver up the diamonds of the crown and quit the palace immediately." "While Henry II. breathes," fiercely replied Diana, "I acknowledge no master below!" And she remained, in fact, until evening. But the next day the king was no more, and she left Fontainbleau, for her chateau of Anet.

Under Charles IX. and Henry IV., Fontainbleau was the theater of gayety and voluptuousness. The majestic but malignant Catherine de Medicis and the belle Gabrielle d' Estrees were its most celebrated mistresses. It was at Fontainbleau that the great heart of Henry devised the sublime plan of dividing Europe into fifteen different states, so well balanced and governed that civil or national wars should be impossible. May our century see the essential realization of that dream, which elevates Henry IV. to the first rank of philanthropists! He had already converted to his ideas Rome and Venice, Savoy, England, Denmark, Sweden, the Protestants of Hungary and Bohemia, Austria, and the United Provinces. Spain and the Emperor Rodolphe alone repelled this fraternal alliance, and constrained the king of France to prepare for a war, which was to bring about universal peace. The poniard of Ravillac put an end at once to the great man and his great project.

The reign of Louis XIV. was truly characterized by the remark of Grouville: "The misfortunes of the

succeeding reigns were his work, and he has hardly influenced posterity except for its ruin." Louis was equally dissolute and bigoted. No words that we can venture to employ, would give an adequate idea of the profligacy prevalent under his reign—of the debaucheries of the clergy, the vileness of the courtiers, the immorality of all classes. "The clergy, (says Dulaure,) with the exception of a few men of genius, who threw a bright luster upon their century, and a few others, commendable for their talents and regular lives, were plunged in ignorance and dissoluteness. When the conversion of the Protestants was undertaken, hardly a priest was to be found in the rural districts capable of instructing them by his discourse, and of edifying them by his conduct. The king set an example of disorder by his gallantries." A king who scrupled not to travel with his wife and his two mistresses, (de Montespan and la Valliere,) all in the same carriage—while the people flocked to see the three queens, as they called them—could with ill grace have shown himself too severe a censor of his subjects. Later, however in the height of his fanaticism, when he was completely in the hands of the pious Madame de Maintenon and his spiritual advisers, and religion was the order of the day, the clergy and courtiers continued their evil courses, merely adding hypocrisy to their other vices. While the king was occupied with his amours, (says Duclos,) the court was gallant; the confessor stepped in and took possession, and it became dull and hypocritical. The courtiers ran to the chapel as they before had hurried to ball and pageant; but the king was still the god to whom the worship was

addressed. He had opportunities of perceiving this. Once when he was expected at evening prayer, the aisles were full of courtly devotees. Brissac, major of the body-guard, entered the chapel, and said aloud to his men that the king was not coming, and withdrew them. In an instant the chapel emptied itself. A quarter of an hour afterward, Brissac replaced the guards. The king arrived, and was astonished at the extraordinary solitude. Brissac told him the reason ; Louis laughed, and perhaps he pardoned the indifference to religion in favor of the respect and fear shown to his person. The corruption of the court was extreme. "They united, (says Dulaure,) pride with baseness, licentiousness with devotion, the forms of politeness with acts of cruelty. When too old for amorous intrigues, they became passionate gamblers, quarrelsome, litigious, false devotees, the tyrants of their homes, the curse of their families. The annals of tribunals, and historical records, afford abundant and indisputable proofs of the truth of this picture." When devotion (or hypocrisy,) had become the fashion at court, "the lady gamblers, (says a contemporary writer,) upon separating, pronounced a formula, by which they reciprocally made each other a present of such gains as they might have acquired by cheating! This mode of defrauding God, practiced by so many pious harpies, even in the very apartments of Madame de Maintenon, appeared to me an eminently characteristic trait." The mixture of bigotry and libertinism, prevalent at the end of the 17th century, was most curious. Compliance with the forms of religion, with fasts and penitence, was held far more important than a virtuous life. Louis XIV.'s son, known as the

grand-dauphin, considered it one of the blackest of crimes to eat meat on a fast-day. During Lent he sent to Paris for one of his mistresses, an actress named Raisin; and when she came he gave her nothing to eat but salad and bread fried in oil, imagining that a sin avoided expiated a sin committed! The king's brother, eating a biscuit, said to the Abbe Feuillet, a canon of St. Cloud, "This is not breaking the fast." "Eat a calf, (replied the priest, with a frankness and honesty rare at that time,) and be a Christian!" It was the age of hypocrisy and outward observance. The husk of religion was offered to God; the grain was nowhere. People went daily to church; there to talk and laugh, and see their friends.

No monarch had ever been so flattered in life as Louis XIV.; few have been so insulted in death. No one was ever more magnificent in his expenditures; few have been buried with so little pomp. It was an occasion of great rejoicing. His wife abandoned him several days before his death. While his coffin was being deposited in its final resting-place, the writers of lampoons and satires, were hard at work at the poor king's expense.

This dissolute monarch, who blazoned forth his adulteries, and set aside the laws of marriage when he proclaimed the children of his mistress to be as legitimate as his lawful issue, was a strict devotee, and made eager efforts to persuade the Huguenots to return to the Catholic faith — efforts which, when unsuccessful, were replaced by the most oppressive and cruel measures. The persecutions were preceded and accompanied by ardent attempts at proselytism. On all

sides missionaries were at work. When they failed dragoons replaced them. The sword succeeded the crucifix. Neither were successful; but a hundred and fifty thousand families, belonging to the most intelligent portion of the French population, fled from their native land, where religious liberty was refused them, to enrich other countries by their ingenuity and industry. By guarding the frontiers, Louvois endeavored, but in vain, to check this wholesale emigration, the evil of which was insufficient to wrest concession from the king. "The first of religions for Louis XIV.," says Duclos, "was the belief in the royal authority. Ignorant, besides, in matters of doctrine, superstitious in his devotion, he pursued a real or imaginary heresy as an act of disobedience, and thought to expiate his fault by persecution."

The first formal visit of Louis XV. at Fontainbleau, was the denouement of a touching story. Stanislaus, formerly king of Poland, but dethroned by Peter the Great, was pensioned by the generosity of France. The hand of his daughter, Marie Leczinska, had been demanded in marriage by the Count d'Estrees. The king gave his consent on condition that d'Estrees would obtain the rank of duke. When the count presented himself to the regent, (Louis XV. being yet a minor,) and stated his request and the object of it, that personage replied — "You are mad, to think of marrying the daughter of an ex-king, who has not the means of subsistence. She is the worst match in Europe. Think no more of it. I will cure you of your fine passion, by marrying you to the daughter of a farmer-general, with a dowry of some millions. You shall,

after that, be a duke and peer, if you like. We will arrange this business. Come to-morrow and sup at the Palais Royal!" Louis XV. remained pensive, and d' Estrees, abashed, allowed himself to be drawn away by the regent. He renounced the hand of the princess, under pretexts which scarcely concealed forgetfulness and disdain. This was the last drop of the cup which the proscribed king had drank to the dregs. His daughter was repulsed, as an unworthy match, by an officer of the guards — turned from his honorable purpose by the raillery of the regent. But his sorrow was soon turned to joy. The same courier who carried to him the letter of d' Estrees was also the bearer of another from Louis XV., demanding the hand of Marie in marriage. The bride, scorned by an officer, became the Queen of France and of Navarre! The portrait drawn by d' Estrees of the graces of Marie, had remained engraved on the heart of the young monarch, and Providence had done the rest. The marriage of Louis XV. and Marie Leczinska, was celebrated formally at Fontainbleau, in the month of September, 1725. The new queen avenged herself on the officer of the guards only by procuring for him the titles of duke and peer, and saying to a friend, when the Duchess d' Estrees came to pay her court — "I might have been in the place of this lady, and have done reverence to the queen of France."

The immoderate love of pleasure during the reign of Louis XV., and which, from the higher descended to the lower classes, and was defended or excused by the infidel philosophy of the day, occasioned a fearful separation of reason from morality, and of the passions

from rectitude. The moral infection spread farther and farther, and ate deeper and deeper into the roots of public spirit and every civil virtue. Even Louis XIV., despite the badness of his example, left the following noble advice to his grandson — "Do not burden the people with needless expenditures. Love peace, and undertake no war, except when the good of the state and the welfare of your people render it necessary." A much deeper impression should have been made on the mind of the royal child, by the conduct of the people who accompanied the hearse of his father with insults and the grossest expressions of joy. But Villeroi, his teacher, used to carry him from window to window of the palace, exclaiming — "See there, my king! your people; all these people belong to you; all that you see is your property; you are lord and master of it!" In his manhood, as the result of such teachings, the affairs of France were not regarded as those of Louis XV. He was accustomed to say — "Let us amuse ourselves, even if the deluge comes afterward!" How different were the views of his father, the noble Duke of Burgundy, who intended, in case he ascended the throne, to restore to the people their lost rights. It was he who, shortly before his death, while contemplating Paris from a high tower, cried out — "What delight a king must experience in making so many people happy!" Always confined to his study, he there contracted the malady which shortened his days. He would take no care of himself, and obstinately refused the aid of medicine. One day Dr. Senac entered, on the part of the king, and attempted to give him some advice. "I shall be delighted to see

you," said the prince, "if you talk to me of science and literature; but if you say a word about health, I shall prohibit your entering my apartment." Senac then turned toward a tapestry which represented Alexander the Great, and began to enumerate all the dangers of a disease from neglected lungs. "Doctor," replied the dauphin, "have I not forbidden you to speak of these things?" "I was not addressing you," said Senac, "but Alexander, who deigns to listen to me." The prince smiled, but forgot the advice, and died at the fall of the leaves.

Fontainbleau, which had witnessed so many varying scenes, became the theater of the greatest errors and most bitter disasters of Napoleon's imperial reign. It was there that Pius VII. found supreme honors, when he came to crown the great conqueror; and it was there that the generous pontiff was, after an interval of nine years, imprisoned by the haughty Emperor. In this interval, Napoleon had brought Europe to his feet, distributed crowns to his family, and realized, in France, all the grandeur of the age of Augustus, of Leo X., and of Louis XIV. It was there that Josephine, while her happiness lasted, shared it with the whole world. But her husband soon grew cold toward her, and she foresaw the dissolution of their union. The first word which announced this fatal divorce was pronounced at Fontainbleau, in the Emperor's cabinet. How many tears flowed from this moment until the day of the separation! Josephine had loved Napoleon, and been beloved passionately by him in his youth. he had shared his humble fortune; by her connections in Paris, and especially by her skillful conduct

during his Egyptian expedition, she had most materially assisted him in the attainment of the sovereign dignity; she had subsequently adorned his court, and gratified his pride by the elegance of her manners, and won to herself the attachment of his people, by her sincere good nature and active benevolence. Her power over her husband was known to be great, and no one ever doubted but that it had uniformly been exerted on the side of mercy. She was considered as the good angel who, more frequently and effectually than any influence besides, interfered to soothe the fierce passions, and temper the violent acts of her lord. Her devotion to him was perfect: she partook his labors as far as he would permit her to do so, submitted to all his caprices, and, with a dark presentiment that his ambition would one day cast her aside, continued to center the whole of her existence in the contemplation of his glory. At last Josephine departed, and the good genius of Napoleon departed with her. France was thenceforth suspicious of the man who had distrusted himself; and Maria Louisa, the new Empress, brought to Fontainbleau, under her Austrian mantle, neither the heart of a woman nor the head of a queen. Napoleon, nevertheless, did all that he could to avert the evil star, and to please the wife destined to give him a son. Maria Louisa found in the private garden the pines which are still seen there. The Emperor had caused them to be planted to remind her of the aspect of German forests. These delicate attentions did not prevent Maria Louisa from forgetting Austria in France, then France in Austria, and at a later period, bestowing upon an Austrian colonel the hand which had held the imperial scepter!

It was at Fontainbleau that Napoleon had his celebrated interview with the pope which is still a great historic mystery. Yet one of the pages about the palace professes to have overheard it, and gives the following account of the conversation: The pope sat with downcast eyes, seemingly resigned to hear what Napoleon might say without replying. The Emperor, after walking about the room, and watching the pontiff, now in profile, now in the mirrors about the room, said abruptly — "Do not, holy father, assume the air of a martyr, offering his sufferings to Heaven. Such is not your situation. You are only a voluntary pris oner. Say a single word, you are free; the road to Rome is open, no one shall detain you." Pius VII. sighed, raised his right hand, and looked at the golden cross which he wore suspended from his neck. "If the dignity of your character did not prevent me, I should say you were a little ungrateful. You do not seem sufficiently to have remembered the good offices which France has rendered you. The conclave of Venice, which elected you pope, has to me a little the appearance of having been inspired by my campaign in Italy, and by a word which I said about you. I have never had time to study theology myself; but I attach great faith to the power of the church. She has a prodigious vitality. Holy father, you shall be satisfied with me! We can, if you please, do great things in the future." And with an air of the most gentle and naive confidence: "For example, I do not see why you should be reluctant to reside in Paris always. I will even allow you the Tuileries, if you desire it. You will already find there your chamber of Monte Cavallo, which is

prepared for you. I shall not live there much. Do you not see clearly, *Padre*, that this is the true capital of the world? As for me, I will do all you wish me to: I am the most obedient child in the world. Provided war and politics are left to me, you shall manage the church as you please. I will be only your soldier. This will be truly fine; we will have councils like Constantine and Charlemagne; I will open them and close them; I will afterward place in your hands the true keys of the world, and as our Lord has said: 'I am come with the sword,' I will only ask your blessing upon each success of our arms." The pope remained mute and motionless. Napoleon smiling, bent forward and awaited a reply. The old man at last slowly raised himself and sighed, as if speaking to his invisible angel:—*Commediante!*" (Comedian!)

The Emperor bounded like a wounded leopard, bit his lip till it bled, jingled his spurs, and made the floor shake and the curtains tremble. "I a comedian!" exclaimed he suddenly. "Oh! I will give you comedies which shall make you all weep like women and children. Comedian! You are mistaken if you think this insolent coolness will affect me! My theater is the world; the part which I play in it is that of manager and author; for actors, I have you all, pope, kings, people!* and the thread by which I move you, is fear! Comedian! Ah! it will take a man of another stamp than yourself to dare to applaud or to hiss me. *Signor Chiaramonti!* do you know that you would be

* Napoleon was accustomed to use such proud language. "Come to Erfurth, (said he on one occasion to Talma, the actor,) *and you shall play before a whole pit full of kings!*"

nly a poor curate if I willed, you and your tiara? France would laugh in your face, if I should not preserve my serious air in saluting you. Only four years since, no one dared speak the name of Christ aloud Who then would have spoken of the pope, if you please? Comedian! It is I who hold you all in my fingers; it is I who move you from South to North, like puppets; it is I who pretend to rely upon you in some things, because you represent an old idea which I wish to resuscitate; and you have not wit enough to perceive this and to act as if you did not perceive it. I must speak plainly! You must look closely at things before you can comprehend them. And you really think we need you, and lift up your head, and clothe yourself in your woman's robes? But learn that they do not impose upon me, and that if you go on, I will treat yours as Charles VII. did that of the Grand Vizier, I will rend it to pieces with a blow from my spurs!" Pius VII. was as calm as before; the same smile of resignation dwelt on his lips. He raised his eyes a second time and said as before, with a sigh:— "*Tragedienne!*" (Tragedian!)

This was too much. Napoleon, who was standing at the extremity of the chamber, darted like an arrow, rushed upon the pontiff as if he would have killed him, but stopped at the table, took from it a vase of Sevres, and crushed it to fragments beneath his heel. He threw himself violently into a chair, and after reflecting in gloomy silence, said—"It is true, this is a wretched life! It is true, tragedian or comedian! all is acting, all is costume for me, has been and will be forever. What weariness! What littleness! To

practice postures! always to practice postures! The face to this party, the profile to that, according to their ideas. To appear to them to be what they choose to have you, and to divine justly their imbecile dreams. To place them all between hope and fear; to dazzle them by dates and bulletins, by prestiges of distance and prestiges of name; to be the master of all, and not know what to do with them. Faith, this is all! And after this all, to suffer from ennui as I do; it is too much. For, in fact, (pursued he, crossing his legs and throwing himself back in his chair,) I am enormously wearied. As soon as I sit down I am ready to burst with ennui. I could not hunt three days at Fontainbleau without being tired to death. I must go where I must go; if I know where, may I be hanged. I speak to you frankly. I have plans for the lives of forty emperors; I make one every morning and one every night; I have an indefatigable imagination, but before I had time to carry two of them into execution, I should be worn out body and soul; for our poor lamp does not burn long. And, candidly, if all my plans should be executed, I would not swear that the world would find itself much happier, but it would be more beautiful, and a majestic unity would reign over it. I am not a philosopher myself, and I know no one but our secretary of Florence that has common sense. I understand nothing of certain theories. Life is too short for rest. As soon as I have planned, I execute. Enough explanations of my acts will be found after me to exalt me if I succeed, and humble me if I fall. Paradoxes are here already; they abound in France. I keep them quiet while I live, but after me

they will appear. No matter — my business is to suc ceed. I make my Iliad in action, every day. What would you have? — one must live; we must find our place and dig our hole. I have made mine like a bullet. So much the worse for those who were before me! Every one eats according to his appetite. For myself, I was very hungry! When I have worn for an hour my imperial costume, I have had enough of it. I resume my uniform, and mount my horse. Always on horseback! all my life on horseback! There are in the world but two classes of men: those who possess, and those who are reaching forward. The first may lie down, the second are moving. As I understood that early, I have gone far; that is all. There are work men on buildings, in colors, in forms, and in phrases I am an architect of battles. This is my profession. have already manufactured fifty, which are called victories. I must be paid for my work; and the pay of the empire is not too dear. Besides, I shall continue to labor. You will see many others. You will see all dynasties date from mine, *parvenu* as I am — like yourself, holy father, elected, and taken from the crowd. On this point, we can shake hands." And he hastily presented his hand to Pius VII., who, touched by this frank confession, and seeing him at last throw off the double mask which he had wrested from him by two words, extended in turn his trembling hand, and, letting fall a tear on his thin cheek, yielded his temporal power.

On the 23d of January, 1814, the pope left Fontainbleau, blessing the crowd assembled in the court of Le Cheval Blanc; and on the 13th of March following

Napoleon learned in the same court the entrance into Paris of the kings whom he had driven from their capitals. This downfall of the terrible Emperor was greater than his elevations. His defense of the French territory against foreign invasion surpassed the glory of his finest conquests ; and he never appeared so sublime as on the night in which he re-entered Fontainbleau exhausted, repeating, "All is lost except honor."

The enemies of Bonaparte had triumphed. He could no longer carry on the war against them. After great reluctance and a long debate among his marshals, he seated himself at a table and traced with a firm hand the following lines :

"The allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, he, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to descend from the throne, to quit France, and even to relinquish life, for the good of his country, which is inseparable from the rights of his son, from those of the regency in the person of the empress, and from the maintenance of the laws of the empire. Done at our palace of Fontainbleau, April the 4th, 1814. NAPOLEON."

These lines, dignified in expression and replete with deep feeling, were worthy of the solemn occasion. The treaty of Fontainbleau, in which, having abandoned all hope, he renounced for himself and his heirs the throne of France and of Italy, was concluded on the 11th of April. But little remained except to bid adieu to his companions in arms. On the 20th of April the relics of his imperial guard were drawn up in the court-yard of the castle. He advanced toward them on horseback; and tears dropped from his eyes

as he dismounted in their midst. "All Europe," said Napoleon, "has armed against me. France herself has deserted me, and chosen another dynasty. I might, with my soldiers, have maintained a civil war for years — but it would have rendered France unhappy. Be faithful to the new sovereign whom your country has chosen. Do not lament my fate: I shall always be happy while I know that you are so. I could have died — nothing was easier — but I will always follow the path of honor. I will record with my pen the deeds we have done together. I cannot embrace you all," he continued, taking the commanding officer in his arms, "but I embrace your general. Bring hither the eagle. Beloved eagle! may the kisses I bestow on you long resound in the hearts of the brave! Farewell, my children — farewell my brave companions — surround me once more — farewell!" Amid the silent but profound grief of these brave men, submitting like himself to the irresistible force of events, Napoleon placed himself in his carriage, and drove rapidly from Fontainbleau.

It is most painful to contemplate these scenes. What agonies must have passed through the heart of such a man, so humbled! What inevitable contrasts of the throne with the dungeon! What sense of shame in the humiliation which thus placed him at the disposal of his own few followers! What sleepless anxiety in those midnight consultations, in those exposures to public shame, in this sense of utter ruin, in this terrible despair! If some great painter shall hereafter arise to vindicate the pencil by showing its power of delineating the deepest passions of our nature,

or some still greater poet shall come to revive the day of Shakspeare, and exhibit the tortures of a greater Macbeth, fallen from the highest elevation of human things into a depth of self-reproach and self abasement to which all the powers of human language might be weak — what a subject for them were here!

The apartments at Fontainbleau are full of the giant shadow of the Emperor: it was there that he labored in the days of his glory — it was there that he fell in his greatness. The round table at which he wrote his abdication is still there. It bears, at present, on a plate of copper, this historical inscription, engraven by order of Louis XVIII.: — "*On the 5th of April,* 1814, *Napoleon Bonaparte signed his abdication on this table, in the King's Cabinet! the second from the sleeping-chamber at Fontainbleau.*" We may easily recognize in this the prince who always spoke of the Emperor Napoleon as *Monsieur de Bonaparte.**

The capacities of Napoleon as a civil ruler were scarcely inferior to his talents as a general. We find ample evidence of the success with which he applied the native vigor of his understanding to the science of government, in his dispatches to the ministers of state, in his recorded conversations with his friends, in his speeches and observations to his council, and in the admirable measures he adopted or suggested for the

* Louis XVIII.'s dislike to Napoleon is well known. The late J. Fenimore Cooper, writing from Paris, in 1826, mentions the following circumstance in regard to it: "My girls have shown me an abridgment of the history of France, that has been officially prepared for the ordinary schools, in which there is no sort of allusion to him (Bonaparte.) The wags here, say that a work has been especially prepared for the heir presumptive, however, in which the Emperor is a little better treated; being spoken of as "a certain *Marquis de Bonaparte* who commanded the armies of the king!"

reorganization of France from 1800 to 1804. It is impossible to read the account of these without doing involuntary homage to the strong, clear sense, the instinctive wisdom, which, amid all the fatal errors which ambition led him to commit, marked every observation which fell from this wonderful man. Nor does history alone contain the proofs of Napoleon's extraordinary administrative capacity. All France and Italy abound with the undertakings of public utility which he set on foot and carried through. It appears that during the twelve years of his government he expended no less than $200,000,000 on the public works in the various countries under his rule; ($140,000,000 in France alone;) and of these, $110,000,000 were for roads, bridges, harbors, and canals, which will remain eternal monuments of his genius and power, and perpetual blessings and sources of civilization to all Europe, long after the hand of time and industry shall have obliterated the last lingering traces of his desolating wars, and when the memory of his crimes and his glory shall have faded into the dim remoteness of the past. The Antwerp harbor, the Alpine roads, and the Code Napoleon, will long survive the effects of the mischiefs which he caused and the sufferings which he inflicted.

The reverse of this interesting picture is presented when we turn from his intellectual endowments to contemplate his moral qualities. Yet even here there was much that was attractive. He was a man of fascinating manners, of occasional impulses of generous emotion, and of warm and kind, though limited affections. He appears to have been sincerely attached to

his wife and child, and to a few of his early companions in arms. But the prominent feature of his character was a hard, cold, unrelenting selfishness. Whatever interfered, or seemed likely to interfere, with his own fame, his own aggrandizement, his own ambition, was trampled under foot with the most ruthless resolution. His frequent and contemptible disregard of truth ; his entire disregard of the lives of his soldiers, or the exhaustion of his country, or his own deliberate promises or solemn treaties, or, in short, of any consideration whatever, when in pursuit of the object he had determined to obtain; enable us to look without regret upon the retributive fate which finally overtook him. The insatiable and unresting ambition of Napoleon admits of no excuse. His encroachments were even more daring and intolerable in time of peace than during war. He pursued them from passion, and justified them on principle. It would appear that Providence had sent him upon earth, to show to the worshipers of grandeur and of genius, how completely all that is most magnificent in intellectual endowments may be divorced from moral excellence and the generous affections ; and when so divorced, how incalculably sad and terrible are its consequences to mankind. It seems almost certain that if Napoleon, at the height of his power, had sheathed the sword, and devoted his talents and actions to internal improvements, and to the reparation of the ravages which his wars had made in the wealth, the finances, the commerce, the population, and the agriculture of France, he might have maintained the extended boundaries of his empire and have continued to reign over it.

From the commencement to the close of Napoleon's career, the levies of soldiers in France exceeded four millions, and not less than three millions of these perished in the field, the hospital or the bivouac. If to these we add at least an equal number out of the ranks of their antagonists, it is clear that not less than six millions of human beings perished in warfare in the course of twenty years, in the very heart of civilized Europe, at the commencement of the nineteenth century of the Chistian era. But even these stupendous numbers give us no adequate conception of the destruction of human life directly consequent on the wars of the Revolution and the Empire. We must add the thousands who perished from want, outrage, and exposure, and the hundreds of thousands who were subsequently swept away by the ravages of that pestilence which took its rise amid the retreat from Russia, and the crowded garrisons of the campaign of 1813, and for several years afterward desolated in succession every country in Europe.

And even when we have summed up and laid before us, in all the magnitude of figures, the appalling destruction of life here exhibited, we can still gather only a faint and remote conception of the sufferings and evils inflicted by this awful scourge. Death in the field is among the smallest of the miseries of war: the burned villages — the devastated harvests — the ruined commerce — the towns carried by assault — the feeble and the lovely massacred and outraged — grief, despair and desolation carried into innumerable families,— these are among the more terrific visitations of military conflicts, and the blackest of the crimes for

which a fearful retribution will one day be exacted at the hands of those who have provoked, originated, or compelled them.

If any thing could awaken the statesmen of our age to a just estimate of war and the warrior, surely their deeds and the consequences of these deeds should do so, when exhibited on a scale of such tremendous magnitude. Yet, so far, the impression made seems to have been both feeble and imperfect. Our views with regard to war are still in singular discordance both with our reason and our religion. They appear to be rather the result of a brute instinct, than of obedience to the dictates of a sound sense or of a pure faith. On all other points, Christianity is the acknowledged foundation of our theory of morals, however widely we may swerve from it in practice; but in the case of war we do not pretend to keep up even the shadow of allegiance to the authority of our nominal lawgiver. "A state of war, (says Robert Hall,) is nothing less than a temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue. The morality of peaceful times is directly opposite to the maxims of war. The fundamental rule of the first is to do good; of the latter to inflict injuries. The former commands us to succor the oppressed; the latter to overwhelm the defenseless. The rules of morality will not suffer us to promote the dearest interests by falsehood; the maxims of war applaud it when employed for the destruction of others."

How happens it that our notions on the subject of war are so widely different from what we have a right to suppose they would be among a Christian people! from what they would be, if Christianity had had

any share in their formation? We think the singular discrepancy may be traced to two sources. In the first place, the whole tone of feeling among educated minds — and through them among other classes — has become thoroughly perverted and demoralized by the turn which is given to their early studies. The first books to which the attention of our youth is sedulously and exclusively directed, are those of the ancient authors; the first poet they are taught to relish and admire is Homer; the first histories put into their hands, (and with which through life they are commonly more conversant than with any other,) are those of Greece and Rome; the first biographies with which they become familiar are those of the heroes and warriors of the wild times of old. Now, in those days the staple occupation of life — at once its business and its pastime — was war. War was almost the sole profession of the rich and great, and became, in consequence, almost the sole theme of poets and historians. It is, therefore, the subject most constantly presented, and presented in the most glowing colors, to the mind of the young student, at the precise period when his mind is most susceptible and most tenacious of new impressions; the exciting scenes of warfare fill him with deeper interest than any other, and the intellectual and moral qualities of the warrior — quick foresight, rapid combination, iron resolve, stern severity, impetuous courage — become the objects of his warmest admiration; he forgets the peaceful virtues of charity and forbearance, or learns to despise them; he sees not the obscurer but the loftier merits of the philanthropist and the man of science; he comes to look upon war as the noblest of

professions, and upon the warrior as the proudest of human characters; and the impression thus early made withstands all the subsequent efforts of reflection and religion to dislodge it. It is difficult to overestimate the mischief wrought by this early misdirection of our studies; and that the impression produced is such as we have represented it, every one will acknowledge on a consideration of his own feelings.

The other source of our erroneous sentiments with regard to war, may be found in the faulty and mischievous mode in which history has been generally written. In the first place, little except war has been touched upon; and the notion has been thus left upon the mind, either that nations were occupied in war alone, or that nothing else was worth recording. Those silent but steady labors which have gradually advanced the wealth of a country, and laid the foundation of its prosperity and power; those toilsome investigations which have pushed forward the boundaries of human knowledge, and illustrated throughout all time the age and the land which gave them birth; that persevering ingenuity and unbaffled skill which have made science the handmaid of art, and wrought out of her discoveries the materials of civilization and national pre-eminence; and, greater than all, that profound and patient thought which has eliminated the great principles of social and political well-being; — concerning all these, history has been almost silent; and the whole attention, both of the teacher and the student, has been concentrated upon "the loud transactions of the outlying world," while the real progress of nations, and the great and

good men who have contributed thereunto, have alike been consigned to oblivion.

Again, — historians have seldom given a full and fair analysis of *what war is.* They have described the marches, the sieges, the able maneuvers, the ingenious stratagems, the gallant enterprises, the desperate conflicts, the masterly combinations, the acts of heroic daring, with which war abounds; and they have summed up those descriptions of battles which we read with breathless interest, by informing us that the victory was gained with a loss of so many thousands killed and wounded — so many thousands made prisoners — and so many standards and pieces of artillery taken from the enemy. But all this is only the outside coloring of war, and goes little way toward making us acquainted with its real character. Historians rarely tell us of the privations suffered—the diseases engendered — the tortures undergone during a campaign; still less of the vices ripened, the selfishness confirmed, the hearts hardened, by this "temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue." They do not speak of the ties broken — of the peasants ruined — of the hearths made desolate — of grief never to be comforted — of shame never to be wiped away — of the burden of abiding affliction brought upon many a happy household — of all the nameless atrocities, *one* of which in peaceful times would make our blood run cold, but which in war are committed daily, by thousands, with impunity.

When a statesman declares war in consequence of any of the ordinary motives thereto — for the sake of a rich colony which he is desirous to obtain: to prevent

an ambitious neighbor from acquiring what might render him a formidable rival; to restore a monarch dethroned by a people wearied of his manifold oppressions; to resent a private wrong, or avenge a diplomatic insult — his thoughts on the matter seldom travel beyond the issuing of a manifesto, the appointment of a general, the levying of troops, and the imposition of taxes for the maintenance of the contest. He is therefore, wholly unconscious *what in reality he is doing;* — and if a sage were to go to him, as Nathan went to David, and say — "Sir, you have given orders for the commission of murder on a monstrous scale; you have directed that 50,000 of your subjects shall send as many of their fellow men, wholly unprepared for so awful a change, into a presence where they must answer for their manifold misdeeds; you have commanded that 30,000 more shall pass the best years of their life in hopeless imprisonment — shall in fact be punished as the worst of criminals, when they have committed no crime but by your orders; — you have arranged so that 20,000 more shall lie for days on the bare ground, horribly mutilated, and slowly bleeding to death, and at length only be succored in order to undergo the most painful operations, and then perish miserably in a hospital; you have given orders that numbers of innocent and lovely women — as beautiful and delicate as your own daughters — shall undergo the last indignities from the license of a brutal soldiery; you have issued a fiat which, if not recalled, will carry mourning into many families, will cut off at a stroke the delight of many eyes, will inflict upon thousands, now virtuous and contented, misery which

can know no cure, and desolation which in this world can find no alleviation;" — if such a message as this were conveyed to him — *every word of which would be strictly true* — would he not disown the ghastly image thus held up to him, and exclaim, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" And if statesmen could realize all this before they put their hand to the declaration of hostilities, would they not rather thrust it into the flames?

With this digression — if remarks can be so called which so inevitably grow out of the subject we have been considering — we close this hasty notice of the career of Bonaparte. The period over which it extends is, beyond all others, the most thronged with great events — great in themselves, marvelous in the rapidity with which they succeeded each other, and momentous and far-reaching in their consequences. In it the most glorious prospects that ever dawned upon civilized humanity, were quenched in the darkest cloud that ever closed over its destinies. We see the overthrow of an ancient tyranny, intolerable from its intense selfishness, more intolerable still from its very dotage and decrepitude — and the birth, out of its ashes, of a wild and shapeless liberty, at once violent and feeble, stained with the ineradicable vice and weakness of its origin, mischievous and transient. We see the most prolonged and devastating wars ever waged upon the earth, ended by a fearful and fitting retribution; and the most magnificent genius of modern times, within the short space of twenty-five years, a famished ensign in an unpaid army, monarch of the most powerful empire which has existed since the days

of Trajan, and, finally, a forsaken and solitary captive on a barren rock in the remotest pathways of the ocean. In a period thickly strewn with such vicissitudes, there is much food for wholesome contemplation; and if the nations and the rulers of our times would study its lessons with the solicitous humility which their magnitude and their solemnity demand, the earth would become rich in that wisdom which grows out of the grave of folly — strong in that virtue which springs out of the recoil from sin.

Upward of twenty years of exile had passed over the heads of the expatriated Bourbons, when the reaction consequent upon the devouring ambition of Napoleon, drove him from the throne and replaced them in the vacant chair.

The following personages composed the royal family: The King, Louis XVIII.; his brother, the Count d' Artois, (afterward Charles X.); the two sons of the latter, the Duke d' Angouleme and the Duke de Berry; and the Duke d' Orleans, (afterward Louis Philippe I.) The princesses were the Duchess d' Angouleme, (daughter of Louis XVI.); the Duchess d' Orleans, mother of Louis Philippe; the Duchess d' Orleans, wife of Louis Philippe; and his sister Adelaide.

Louis XVIII. was born November 15, 1755, and was bordering on his sixtieth year at the time of the restoration. He was brother to Louis XVI. He managed his escape from France, at the period of the Revolution, with much adroitness. His only confidants were his mistress and Count d' Avaray, who made preparations for his flight. He mixed with the people, affected a free and unembarrassed air, and returned

late to his palace. He then retired to his own bed chamber, was undressed by his valet-de-chambre, who slept in the same room, and whom he distrusted. He went to bed, closed the curtains one side, got out at the other without noise, slipped into a cabinet which communicated with a lobby of the palace, passed from thence to a lodge, where Count d'Avaray was waiting for him with a disguise; painted his eyebrows, assumed false hair over his own, and placed on his round hat a large tri-colored cockade. He then descended into the court of the palace, where a hackney-coach was waiting for him. On the quay he found a traveling carriage with post-horses, got into it with his friend, and with English names and passports, passed the barriers without suspicion. On arriving at Maubeuge, the last town in France on the Belgian frontier, he bribed the postillion to pass round the town, and tearing the tri-colored cockade off his hat, he abandoned himself to joy on throwing away, at last, this sign of his oppression and of his terror. When they reached Mons, e pressed his deliverer, Count d'Avaray, in his arms, and threw himself on his knees to thank heaven for his safety. Then mingling his scenic and literary souvenirs with his self-congratulations on his escape, with characteristic frivolity, he parodied some verses of an opera, and applied their tragic meaning to the most burlesque accidents of his disguise and journey. Alas! while he was thus reveling in the isolated joys of his own safety, his wife, of whose fate he was ignorant, was running the same dangers by another route; and the king, the queen, their children, and his sister, overtaken on the road at Varennes, were going to pay,

with their liberty and their lives, for this day which gave to him alone security on a foreign soil.

During the overwhelming success of Napoleon, he was driven from court to court on the continent, the kings who befriended him being successively compelled to expel him from their dominions. He finally, (1807,) sought an asylum in England, where he remained until the overthrow of Napoleon.

When Louis XVI. and his queen Marie Antoinette, were beheaded, their two children, a son and daughter, were retained prisoners, and confined in loathsome dungeons. The lad, (who was called by the royalists, Louis XVII.,) met with a melancholy death. Blows, scanty food, the damps and filth of a dungeon, were inflicted on him. He was even compelled to drink intoxicating liquors. He had been taught obscene songs, and his innocent hand had even been forced to sign an incestuous deposition against his own mother, the impious meaning of which he did not comprehend. "This poor child, (said his sister, who was liberated,) lay wallowing in his infected dungeon, amidst filth and rags. It was swept out only once a month. His sense of feeling was obliterated; he lived like an unclean reptile in a common sewer." "It is well known, (said Harmand, a representative in the National Assembly, who visited him,) that Simon, his jailer, played cruel tricks with the sleep of his prisoner. Without any regard for an age when sleep is so imperative a want, he repeatedly called him up in the course of the night. 'Here I am, citizen,' would the poor child reply, shivering with cold. 'Come here, and let me touch you,' Simon would exclaim; then striking or kicking him,

would cry out, 'get to bed, you young wolf.'" From the time when he understood the nature of the crimes he had been made to charge his mother with, he maintained uniform silence, and died, June 9, 1795, without uttering a word. Upon his death, his uncle assumed the title of Louis XVIII., although he was, for nearly twenty years afterward, an exile from France.

The throne of France was finally bestowed upon him, in 1814, by the allied powers, and not by the choice of the French people. There was, consequently, from the beginning, a feeling of distrust between him and the nation. His measures were illy calculated to conciliate the good will of the people. He seemed resolved to make use of the victory which the allies had won for him, to restore the most odious features of the monarchy which the nation had violently discarded a quarter of a century previous.

The nation wished, 1st. to have its political liberties secured, and the right of being represented by deputies, chosen by the people; 2d. that the personal freedom of individuals should be secured from prosecutions for imaginary crimes, contrary to legal forms; 3d. the equality of citizens in the eye of the law, and the right of all to obtain any civil or military dignity, by merit and talents; 4th. the abolition of feudal service; 5th. the right, in criminal accusations, to be judged by a jury; 6th. the independence of the judiciary from every other power in the state; 7th. the right of levying taxes by their representatives, and all classes in proportion to their property; 8th. the right of every individual to exercise any means of gaining a living which did not interfere with the rights of other

citizens; 9th. the freedom of speech and of the press, or the right of every one to communicate his thoughts to his fellow citizens, in public meetings or through the press; and 10th. the right of every one to perform divine worship in his own way, without molestation.

So entirely was the spirit of Louis XVIII.'s government at variance with that of the nation, that many individuals, who had at first welcomed the return of the royal family, became convinced that the Bourbons and France were no longer fit for each other. Although Louis XVIII. possessed much natural sagacity, he had, during his long exile, become enfeebled by age and disease; he did not understand the change which had been wrought in the character of the people of France. It was said to him, with equal justice and severity, that during his exile "he had forgotten nothing and learned nothing." He carried on against the constitution he had granted the people, a series of petty thefts and paltry invasions, and left to his successor a government whose origin was odious and whose administration was regarded with hatred. Innocent individuals, charged with political crimes, were often kept in close confinement for years, before being set at liberty. In the prisons, condemned criminals were confined with those who were merely confined for trial — the worst of criminals were mingled with men detained only for political offenses. It was also a source of discontent, which existed until the final banishment of the Bourbons, that the nation was not permitted to choose a single magistrate. All officers were appointed by the government, and the councils of the departments into which the kingdom was divided,

professedly declared the wishes of the people, although wholly unauthorized, so that their voices were often opposed to the opinion of the majority in the departments. The national guard was not permitted to elect its own officers, and was a mere instrument in the hands of the king.

Until the death of Louis XVIII., the government was almost constantly engaged in the suppression of local insurrection caused by the disaffection of the people. Probably the existence of Napoleon, on a rock far away in the ocean, saved the throne of Louis XVIII. from overthrow. While Napoleon lived, all other pretensions besides his were impossible; when he died, pretenders rushed thick upon the field of conspiracy. There was a party for Napoleon II., a party for Joseph Bonaparte, and another for Prince Eugene. The latter was so much in earnest that Lafayette was offered the sum of a million of dollars, to cover the first cost of a Revolution in favor of the brother of Queen Hortense. This Lafayette neither declined nor accepted, but he was supposed to favor the pretensions of Joseph Bonaparte. Louis XVIII. never felt himself secure on the throne, and was more than once on the point of flying from the country. He died September 16, 1824. "Had he lived a little longer," said the late J. Fenimore Cooper, in a letter from Paris, written in 1825, "he would most probably have been dethroned before this; the hopes and the expectations which usually accompany a new reign, having, most probably, deferred the crisis for a few years." The crisis did come, four years after Mr. Cooper wrote the above, and the successor of Louis XVIII. was

dethroned. The king, although he could not learn wisdom from his fears, always retained a lively remembrance of the night when, about a year after his first restoration, a courier knocked suddenly at the gate of the Tuileries. His knock was that of a man who brought bad news : he was told that the king slept, but his answer was that he must immediately be awakened ; for there had been seen on the road a little man in a small hat, dressed in a gray coat, with his hands crossed behind him, who arrived on foot and alone, with his sword in its scabbard, again to take the constitutional throne of France from its legitimate kings. Thus said the courier, and he would take no reward for the intelligence ; he chose it should be an act of charity to the house of Bourbon. Louis XVIII. was obliged to quit the palace, as speedily as if it had been on fire. He did not even stop to have the sheets taken from his bed, or to secure his prescriptions from his room. On the other hand, the Emperor arrived so quickly, that he found the room in disorder, the physic scattered, and chicken-bones half picked, under the bed. The last incident was told by a person who entered the Emperor's bedroom just as he was surveying it. "Look, (said he,) as if it were not enough to make a kitchen of my bedroom, they have made a dog-kennel of it." For this visit to that "dog-kennel" the Emperor was hurled into the abyss of Waterloo.

It is reported that Louis XVIII., while sitting on the fauteuil on which he was about to expire, surrounded by high personages in tears, and his face overspread with the ghastliness of hastening dissolution, called to his side the youngest and weakliest prince of his

family, and laying his hand on the child's head, as it bent to receive his blessing, said, "Let my brother be careful of the crown of this child." Not long after, the princes and several grand officers were assembled in another part of the palace, and seemed as though in expectancy of some momentous event. Suddenly a door of the apartment was thrown open, and a voice cried out,—"The King, sirs." It was Charles X. that entered. Louis XVIII. had just expired.

Charles X., the youngest brother of Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII., was born October 9, 1757, and was consequently sixty-seven years of age when he ascended the throne. In his youth he had been the idol of his family, of the court and of Paris. His handsome person, his gracefulness, the thoughtlessness of his character, even the frivolity of his mind, won him the affections of the aristocracy. He affected to look upon the coming Revolution as one of those transient commotions of the lower orders, which should be suppressed and not discussed. None of those ideas which then filled the rest of the world had ever entered into his head; for those ideas pre-supposed intelligence, and he never reflected. Spoiled by the court; flattered by a circle of the young aristocracy, as frivolous and unreflecting as himself; held forth to the army and nobility as the prince who would shortly rally them around the standard of absolute monarchy, and who was to dissipate, with the point of the sword, all the liberal dreams of the nation—this prince was blind to the Revolution. The men of the Revolution regarded him with contempt or indifference; they did not fear him enough to hate him. Yet he was the first to

escape from the impending ruin. Among his vices, a passion for the fair sex was predominant. Although married, he had an amour with the Countess de Polastron, who abandoned her husband and followed him to foreign lands. Consoled and intoxicated by the charms and the tenderness of this accomplished woman, he had renounced, in his passion and fidelity for her, all th trifling liaisons which his personal beauty had formed around him in his youth. He only lived in future for Madame Polastron, who was for him the model of living tenderness. A decline, aggravated by the humid climate of England, seized on Madame Polastron, and she beheld death slowly approaching her, in all the freshness of her charms, and all the delights of a mutual flame. Religion, however, (as many French women understand it,) consoled her, and she wished to impart its consolation and its immortality to her lover. He became a convert, at the voice of that love which had so often and so delightfully dissipated his serious thoughts. One of his almoners, who has since become Cardinal Latil, received, even in the chamber of the repentant beauty, the confession and the remorse of the two lovers. "Swear to me, (said Madame de Polastron to the young prince,) that I shall be your last fault and your last love upon earth, and that after me you will love only the object of whom I cannot be jealous — God himself." The prince took the oath with his heart and his lips, and Madame Polastron, thus consoled, carried with her last embrace his oath to the grave. From this day he was an altered man. But that probity of heart which he found in love, and that piety which he drew from death, only changed the nature of

his weaknesses. His new virtues had from that day for him, the effect of his ancient faults. They contracted his understanding without elevating his courage. They delivered him over entirely to ecclesiastical influences, which piously took advantage of his conscience, as others had done of his levities.

Charles X. was admirably adapted for the task he proposed to himself, upon ascending the throne. No one in a shorter time, by any possible maneuvering, could so effectually have ruined his own fortunes and those of all who belonged to him. September 27, 1824, he made his first public entry into Paris, on horseback, and in the month of May following, he was crowned at Rheims, where many ancient customs, and some ridiculous usages, were revived. For instance, the vial containing the holy oil, (which was said to have been brought, in former ages, by a dove from heaven,) was again restored. Power was scarcely in his grasp, before threats were held out to those who should dare to question the royal will, or oppose the king's government. Charles X. hoped to establish an absolute despotism among the people of France. After more than a quarter of a century of bloodshed, revolution, anarchy, civil and foreign warfare, this was the result of the great lesson. Humanity sighs as it contemplates the incapacity of dunces in a school where the dullest may find instruction if they will. The people, naturally enough, refused to be coerced into a love of his majesty's government, and his majesty, with characteristic obstinacy, declared his resolution "to be unalter able." France had positively to do its work over again from the beginning!

The royal family were extremely unpopular. The utmost indifference, if not actual aversion, was manifested when they appeared in public. The following account of their appearance at the races, near Paris, in 1826, is from the pen of an eye-witness, and gives a graphic illustration of the public opinion. "During the heats, accompanied by a young American friend, I had strolled among the royal equipages, in order to examine their magnificence, and returning toward the course, we came out unexpectedly at a little open space, immediately at one end of the pavilion, in which the royal family was seated. There were not a dozen people near us, and one of these was a sturdy Englishman, evidently a tradesman, who betrayed a keen and a truly national desire to get a look at the king. The head of a little girl was just visible above the side of the pavilion, and my companion, who, by a singular accident, not long before, had been thrown into company with les enfans de France,* (as the royal children are called,) informed me that it was Mademoiselle d'Artois, the sister of the heir presumptive. He had given me a favorable account of the children, whom he represented as both lively and intelligent, and I changed my position a little, to get a better look of the face of this little personage, who was not twenty feet from the spot where we stood. My movement attracted her attention, and, after looking down a moment into the small area in which we were inclosed, she disappeared. Presently a lady looked over the balustrade, and our Englishman seemed to be on tenterhooks. Some thirty or forty French gathered round us

* Children of France.

immediately, and I presume it was thought none but loyal subjects could manifest so much desire to gaze at the family, especially as one or two of the French clapped the little princess, whose head now appeared and disappeared again, as if she were earnestly pressing something on the attention of those within the pavilion. In a moment, the form of a pale and sickly-looking boy was seen, the little girl, who was a year or two older, keeping her place at his side. The boy was raised on the knee of a melancholy-looking and rather hard-featured female of fifty, who removed his straw hat, in order to salute us. 'There are the Dauphine* and the Duc de Bordeaux,' whispered my companion. who knew the person of the former by sight. The Dauphine looked anxiously, and I thought mournfully, at the little cluster we formed directly before her, as if waiting to observe in what manner her nephew would be received. Of course my friend and myself, who were in the foreground, stood uncovered; as gentlemen we ould not do less, nor as foreign gentlemen could we ery well do more. Not a Frenchman, however, even touched his hat! On the other hand, the Englishman straddled his legs, gave a wide sweep with his beaver. and uttered as hearty a hurrah as if he had been cheering a member of Parliament who gave gin in his beer. The effect of this single, unaccompanied, unanswered cheer, was both ludicrous and painful. The poor fellow himself seemed startled at hearing his own voice amid so profound a stillness, and checking his zeal as unexpectedly as he had commenced its exhibition. he looked furiously around him, and walked surlily away

* Wife of the heir apparent.

The Dauphine followed him with her eyes There was no mistaking his gaitered limbs, dogged mien, and florid countenance; he clearly was not French, and those that were, as clearly turned his enthusiasm into ridicule. I felt sorry for her, as with a saddened face, she set down the boy, and withdrew her own head within the covering of the pavilion. The little Mademoiselle d'Artois kept ner bright looks, in a sort of wonder, on us, until the circumspection of those around her gave her a hint to disappear. This was the first direct and near view I got of the true state of popular feeling in Paris, toward the reigning family. According to the journals in the interest of the court, enthusiasm was invariably exhibited whenever any of their princes appeared in public."

The affairs of France were fast hastening to a crisis. Charles X., in 1829, appointed Prince Polignac to the head of the administration, a man known to entertain the most arbitrary purposes. Prince Polignac was supposed to be an illegitimate son of Charles X., by a lady of the court of his brother, Louis XVI. The king had long desired to make him prime minister, despite the views of the people. Never had a ministry in any country to encounter such a storm of virulence and invective, as that which assailed the cabinet of Prince Polignac. Charles more than shared the odium thrown on his obnoxious favorite; his patronage of the Jesuits and monastic orders, his revival of austere and rigid etiquette in his court, and his marked dislike of those who had acquired eminence in the Revolution, or under Napoleon, were circumstances which rendered him unpopular with the great bulk of the nation so

long estranged from the Bourbons and their policy. Polignac defied the storm; but unfortunately, as the contest continued, he departed from the course of caution and prudence, probably because injustice had driven him into anger, and he soon furnished his adversaries with just grounds for continued hostility. When the chambers assembled, the royal speech was a direct attack on the first principles of the constitution, concluding with a threat of resuming the concessions made by the charter, which was notoriously impotent, and therefore supremely ridiculous. A very uncourtly reply was voted by the chamber of deputies, after a very animated debate, by a majority of forty. The only alternative now left was a dissolution of the chambers, or a change of the ministry; Charles X. chose the former, trusting that events might turn the popular current, and give him a more manageable chamber at a new election.

Charles and his minister appear to have hoped that their unpopularity would be overcome, and their future projects facilitated, by gratifying the taste of the French people for military glory. An armament was therefore prepared with extraordinary care, and sent against Algiers, under the pretext that the dey had insulted the honor of France. The success of the expedition corresponded with the exertions made to insure it; the city of Algiers was taken after a very slight resistance, the dey was sent prisoner to Italy, and his vast treasures remained at the disposal of the conquerors. It was reasonable that the maritime powers should feel jealous at the establishment of French garrisons and colonies in northern Africa; to allay

their suspicions, a promise was made that the occupation of Algiers should be merely temporary; but the French nation formed such an infatuated attachment to their conquest, that they have kept it ever since, though it costs an annual waste of life and treasure, without conferring any appreciable advantage either on Africa or on France. Polignac, relying on the moral effect which the conquest of Algiers would produce, dissolved the chambers, but with the same infatuation which seems to have directed all his movements, he at the same time dismissed the only two moderate members of his cabinet, and supplied their places by the most unpopular men in France. Such a course, as ought to have been foreseen, more than counterbalanced any benefit which the ministers might have gained from the conquest of Algiers; the elections left them in a miserable minority, and matters were brought to a crisis. The majority of the commercial classes and landed proprietors in France dreaded the renewal of civil commotions; they knew that there was an active republican party in the country, which, though not very numerous, was very energetic; they feared, and not without reason, that the triumph of this party would terminate in another revolutionary struggle. But at the same time, these classes were equally hostile to the restoration of the ancient despotism, which they believed to be the object of the king and his ministers. Had Charles X. declared that he would be contented with the prerogatives of a constitutional monarch, dismissed his obnoxious ministers, and formed a cabinet of moderate men, the crisis would have passed over without danger; unfortunately,

more arbitrary councils prevailed ; Polignac and his colleagues resolved to terminate the struggle by subverting the constitution.

Charles X. was a gentlemanly and good-natured old man, but obstinate and in his dotage. Seeing and fearing the head-way which liberal opinions were making in France, he had the folly to appoint a ministry, each individual of which was a known opponent of liberal principles, and especially obnoxious to the French people. The public press immediately opened upon this ministry the most harassing and merciless warfare. Charles, annoyed and irritated by the loud and continued demonstrations of the public hatred, with a degree of insanity to which we can hardly find a parallel even in the folly of princes, determined to abolish the freedom of the press, and silence these voices of the nation. On Monday morning, (July 26, 1830,) the Moniteur, the government paper, appeared with an ordinance declaring, among other obnoxious articles, that at all times the periodical press had been, and it was its nature to be, only an instrument of disorder and sedition. It therefore declared that the freedom of the press was no longer to be permitted, but that it was placed under the censorship of the government. Upon the appearance of this execrable ordinance, excitement and indignation flamed like a conflagration through every lane and alley of the city. Thousands began to assemble around the reading-rooms. The great thoroughfares leading to the public squares of the city, to the garden of the Tuileries, and the Palais Royal, were thronged with the roused masses, crowding to these centres of intelligence. Readers.

mounted upon barrels and chairs, loudly read the government ordinance to the gathering multitude.

As the police endeavored to arrest a man who was reading the new laws to the excited crowd, he indignantly replied, "I am only blowing the trumpet. if you dislike the notes, go settle the matter with those who composed the music." During the day, the appearance of serious popular commotion became more and more threatening. As the shades of night darkened the streets of the inflamed city, cries of "Live the Constitution!" "Down with the Bourbons!" "Death to the ministry!" resounded through the gloom. As the mounted troops of the king were driving the gathering people from one of the streets, the populace seized upon a passing omnibus, overturned it, and, throwing around it such articles of heavy furniture as could be gathered from the adjoining dwellings, formed a barricade which effectually arrested the progress of the troops. Behind this barricade they valiantly defended themselves with paving stones and every missile within their reach. Instantaneously, every mind saw the efficacy of this measure. The lamps lighting the city were dashed, and the populace toiled the livelong night in the mystery of darkness, making arrangements for the conflict of the morrow. Crowds of students from the military schools thronged the streets, filling the midnight air with the Marseilles Hymn, those spirit-stirring words, which, in the old Revolution, so often roused the multitude to frenzy.

On the morning of the 27th, few of the journals appeared, for the publication of those which were not sanctioned by the minister of the interior was prohibited

by the police. The proprietors of two journals printed their papers in defiance of the ordinance, and the first disturbance was occasioned by the police forcing an entrance into their establishments, breaking the presses. scattering the types, and rendering the machinery unserviceable. So little was an insurrection anticipated, that Charles, accompanied by the dauphin, went on a hunting match to Rambouillet ; and his ministers neglected the ordinary precaution of strengthening the garrison of the capital.

Between six and seven o'clock in the evening, some detachments of troops were sent to the aid of the police ; this was the signal for commencing the contest ; several smart skirmishes took place between the citizens and the soldiers, in which the latter were generally successful, so that Marmont, the military governor of Paris, wrote a letter to the king, congratulating him on the suppression of the riot, while the ministers issued their last ordinance, declaring Paris in a state of siege. When night closed in, the citizens destroyed every lamp in the city, thus securing the protection of darkness for their preparation to renew the struggle.

On the morning of the 28th, Marmont was astonished to find that the riots which he had deemed suppressed, had assumed the formidable aspect of a revolution. The citizens were ready and organized for a decisive contest ; they were in possession of the arsenal and the powder magazine ; they had procured arms from the shops of the gunsmiths and the police stations ; they erected barricades across the principal streets, and had selected leaders competent to direct

their exertions. Under these circumstances, the marshal hesitated before taking any decisive step; it was noon before he had resolved how to act, and he then determined to clear the streets by military force. He divided his troops into four columns, which he directed to move in different directions, thus unwisely separating his forces, so that they could not act in concert. Every step taken by the columns was marked by a series of murderous conflicts; they were assailed with musketry from the barricades, from the windows and tops of houses, from the corners of streets, and from the narrow alleys and passages which abound in Paris. When the cavalry attempted to charge, they were overwhelmed with stones and articles of furniture flung from the houses; their horses stumbled in the unpaved streets, or were checked by the barricades, while the citizens, protected by their dwellings, kept up a heavy fire, which the disheartened horsemen were unable to return. Though the royal guards performed their duty, the troops of the line showed great reluctance to fire on the citizens, and hence the insurgents were enabled to seize many important points with little or no opposition. When evening closed, the troops had been defeated in every direction; they returned to their barracks, weary, hungry, and dispirited; by some inexplicable blunder, no provision was made for their refreshment, while every family in Paris vied in supplying the insurgents with every thing they wanted.

Marmont was now fully sensible of the perils of his situation; he wrote to the infatuated king, represent ing the dangerous condition of Paris, and soliciting fresh instructions; the orders he received in reply

urged him to persevere. The contest was renewed on the morning of the third day, the soldiers evincing great feebleness, while the populace seemed animated by a certainty of success. While the issue was yet doubtful, two regiments of the line went over to the insurgents in a body; the citizens, thus strengthened, rushed through the gap which this defection left in the royal line, took the Louvre by assault, and soon compelled the troops that remained faithful to the royal cause, either to lay down their arms or evacuate Paris. The Revolution was speedily completed by the installation of a provisional government; measures were adopted for the speedy convocation of the chambers, and in a few hours the capital had nearly assumed its ordinary aspect of tranquillity.

Charles and his ministers appear to have believed that the country would not follow the example of Paris. They were speedily convinced of their error; the king was abandoned, not only by his courtiers, but even by his household servants; he was forced to emain helpless in his country-seat, until he was dismissed to contemptuous exile by the national commissioners.

The crash at Waterloo had scattered the Bonapartes about the world as exiles. During the reckless and treacherous sway of Louis XVIII., and the foolhardy reign of Charles X., the liberty, if not the lives of the Bonapartes, and also the wreck of their estates, depended on their absolute quietude. Among them, Queen Hortense left the splendors to which she was accustomed, and with her two sons retired to Switzerland Escorted by an Austrian officer, the queen

arrived at the eastern frontier. "I quitted, (said she,) the territory of France, from which the allied powers expelled me, in haste, weak woman as I am, with my two sons; so much was I feared by them, that from post to post the enemies' troops were under arms, as it was said, to protect my safe passage." It was thus that the young princes whose birth was welcomed by the thunder of cannon, and who had grown up under the shadow of the greatest throne in the world, saw all the magnificence of royalty depart from them. With their youth, their country, their family, and their future hopes, all seemed to disappear at once, and give place to exile and the bitter trials of the world into which they were entering by the gate of misfortune. Augsburg, and afterward a house on the shores of the Lake Constance, was the asylum to which Queen Hortense retired. In this retreat she devoted herself wholly to the education of her sons. Prince Louis Napoleon was admitted into the camp at Thun, in the canton of Berne, which the Swiss assembled every year for the instruction and practice of engineer and artillery officers, under the direction of Napoleon's skillful officers. This instruction consisted not merely in communicating information on the science, but in actual maneuvers and expeditions among the glaciers, in which the young prince, with his knapsack on his back, took part, partaking of the bread of the common soldier, and with his pick and compass in his hand. "My son," says Queen Hortense, in one of her letters, "is still with the pupils at Thun, engaged in making military *reconaissances* in the mountains. They go on foot ten or twelve leagues a day, and by night

sleep under a tent at the foot of the glaciers." Receiving such a mixed general and military education as was supposed to be suitable for young men in their circumstances, the two sons of Queen Hortense attained the age of early manhood. Naturally a restless, hair-brained character, no member of the dispersed Bonaparte family seems to have retained in exile such a concentrated amount of the Emperor's spirit as young Louis Napoleon. From his earliest years he seems to have realized his position as a Bonaparte, and always entertained a conviction that he would ultimately occupy a position in Europe commensurate with the dignity of his birth. Even before the death of the Emperor's son, (who, with the title of Duke of Reichstadt, was a virtual prisoner in Austria,) or of his own elder brother, Louis Napoleon was altogether their superior in every thing that concerned the active assertion of the family claims ; and after their death, precedence was converted into a sense of actual right. By the terms of the decree concerning the succession, he then assumed the first place in the second generation of Bonapartes — the lawful heir after his uncle Joseph and his father Louis, to all that could be recovered of the imperial fortunes. He became the declared imitator and executor of his uncle — the acknowledged chief of the young Napoleonidæ. Yet, in many respects, he seemed little fitted for this post of honor. In person, he was the least like the Emperor of all the surviving Bonapartes ; the Beauharnais features of his mother predominating in his heavy, somber countenance, over whatever of the

Napoleonic he may have derived from his father. But his courage, self-confidence, and audacity, with a soldierly good-nature and kindly susceptibility, rendered him quite popular among the people of the free valleys of Switzerland, his adopted country.

CHAPTER III.

THE REIGN OF LOUIS PHILIPPE

THE last of the memorable "three days" of July 1830, dawned upon Paris. The night before, prince Polignac had been congratulated on having defeated the insurgents. Charles X. felt so secure that he spent a part of the evening playing whist. "The Parisians, (said he,) are in a state of anarchy; anarchy will necessarily bring them to my feet." But on the morning of Wednesday, the 30th, the streets were filled with people. Instead of the unarmed mobs, which had fled before the dragoons the preceding day, there now appeared throngs of well-armed citizens, marshaled here and there in military array under active leaders, either veteran generals of the old revolutionary armies or enthusiastic students from the military schools. From the venerable towers of Nôtre Dame the tri-colored flag of the Revolution was seen floating in the breeze. The tri-colored cockade, the pledge of resistance unto death, was upon every hat. The melancholy peal of the alarm-bells and the martial drum collected the populace in innumerable rendezvous for war. Anxiety and stern defiance sat on every countenance. Paris was a camp—a battle-field. The king had in Paris and its immediate vicinity, eighteen thousand troops, veterans in war. To meet these in deadly

conflict was no child's play. As soon as the morning light was spread over the city, the sound of the trumpet and martial drum was heard, as the regiments of the king, in solid phalanx, marched from their head-quarters at the Tuileries, with infantry, and artillery and cavalry, to sweep the streets of the insurgent city Then ensued scenes of murderous strife, such as have seldom been exceeded in any conflict. The demon of war rioted in every street of the city. Heavy cannon mowed down the opposing multitude with ball and grape-shot. Bomb-shells demolished the houses which afforded a covert to the assailing people. Well-mounted troops, armed to the teeth, drove their bullets into every eye that peeped from a window, and into every hand that appeared from a turret.

It is not easy to imagine the havoc that must be produced by the balls from heavy artillery bounding over the pavements of a crowded city, and tearing their destructive way through parlors and chambers, where affrighted mothers and babes were clustered together. One lady had retired in terror to her chamber and her bed, when a cannon-ball pierced the house, passed through the bed and through her body, and, scattering her mangled remains over the room, continued unimpeded on its way of destruction and carnage.

A female, as she observed the awful slaughter which one of the king's cannon produced as it mowed down the crowds in the streets, rushed to the cannon, pressed her bosom to its mouth, and, clasping it with her arms, entreated the officer in command to desist. The soldiers endeavored to pull her away. But with frantic

strength she clung to the gun, declaring that, if they would continue their slaughter, they should fire through her body. The officer commanded the torch to be applied. The gunner shrank from the horrible deed. "Fire!" shouted the officer, "or I will thrust my sword through your body." The torch was applied, and instantly the remains of this heroic woman were scattered in fragments through the air.

The tumult was increasing. The conflict became more bloody and determined. The streets were everywhere obstructed by barricades, and from the roofs and windows of the houses, a shower of tiles, paving stones, broken bottles, and even articles of furniture rained on the heads of the unfortunate soldiery. Marmont, who had been appointed to the command of the troops, by Charles X., was in a painful situation — his duty as a soldier required of him what was contrary to his inclination as a man. To a deputation of citizens who waited on him, he expressed his determination to execute his orders. He said that the only way to stop he effusion of blood was for the people of Paris to return to obedience. The deputation replied that there could be no peace while Charles X. adhered to his tyrannical views — no obedience to a king who trampled on the rights of the people. Marmont sent a message to the king, informing him of the interview with the deputation, and of the state of affairs. The king was at St. Cloud, a short distance from Paris, engaged in the chase. The only reply he made to the messenger from Marmont was, a command to fight on. The infatuated monarch and his court seemed to have no idea of the magnitude of the danger, and although

they could hear the cannon roaring in the streets of Paris, and knew that the people were in deadly conflict with the soldiery, Charles X. sat down composedly to a game of whist.

All was confusion in Paris. It was not known in one quarter what was doing in another; there was nobody to direct the insurrection; no union, no authority. It was a moment of anarchy; for the royal power was resisted, and no new one had yet arisen. But it is the nature of society to struggle for order even in the midst of discord. Some persons announced in a placard, which was posted in several parts of the city, that a provisional government had been formed, at the head of which was General Lafayette. The falsehood was soon discovered; but it helped to sustain the courage of the combatants: it showed what people were thinking about.

The falsehood of one day became a verity on the next. On the 31st of July, a proclamation was addressed to the Parisians, which began with this declaration—"Inhabitants of Paris! Charles X. has ceased to reign!" It announced the formation of a provisional government. Neither Lafayette nor the persons temporarily intrusted with authority, were prepared to proclaim a republic. They were uncertain what course to pursue. While they hesitated, Charles X. might take advantage of the circumstance and regain his authority. Affairs were in a critical state. It was finally determined to invite the Duke of Orleans to the head of the nation, with the title of Lieutenant General. A deputation was sent to him for that purpose. He hesitated, or appeared to hesitate. He asked

for a brief period to deliberate, and sent to consult Talleyrand, whose answer was—"Let him accept," and the duke accepted. A proclamation was immediately published in the name of the Duke of Orleans, in which he announced to the Parisians, that having complied with the wishes of the representatives of the people, in accepting power, his first act would be to assemble the chambers to consult about the means of securing the observance of law and the maintenance of the rights of the nation. The deputies immediately issued a proclamation to the French people, announcing that France was free! that absolute power had endeavored to raise its standard, but that the heroic population of Paris had dashed it to the ground.

In the mean time Charles X. was on his way to exile. On the 30th of July, it was known at St. Cloud that the king's authority no longer existed, and the people who were about him dropped off rapidly, and he was left almost alone. He left St. Cloud at the head of a few followers, and started toward the sea-coast; but he lingered on the way, hoping to hear that his grandson, in whose favor he wrote a formal act of abdication, would be accepted as king of France. It was two weeks before he left the soil of France. No one showed him any personal disrespect, but he could not but perceive that his expulsion from the kingdom gave almost universal satisfaction.

In determining the character of the new government, all looked to the venerable Lafayette. He possessed immense influence, and his advice was decisive. He feared that France was not prepared to become a republic. He believed that a monarchy was necessary

to protect the country from anarchy. He considered the elevation of the Duke of Orleans to the vacant throne, with the concession of important rights to the people, to be the surest guarantee of the public safety. "France needs a throne surrounded by republican institutions," said he. Accordingly the Duke of Orleans was, on the 9th of August, invited to become King of the French. He gave his acceptance in these terms: "I have read with great attention the declaration of the Chamber of Deputies and the act of adhesion of the Chamber of Peers. I have weighed and meditated every expression therein. I accept, without restriction or reservation, the clauses and engagements contained in that declaration, and the title of the King of the French which it confers on me, and am ready to make oath to observe the same." He then rose, took off his glove, uncovered his head, and pronounced the following oath: "In the presence of God, I swear faithfully to observe the constitutional charter, with the modifications set forth in the declaration; to govern only by the laws; to cause good and exact justice to be administered to every one according to his right; and to act in every thing with the sole view to the interest, the welfare, and the glory of the French nation." He then appeared on the balcony before the masses of the people, accompanied by Lafayette, into whose arms he threw himself "as into the arms of the nation personified." The veteran of revolutions, pointing to the new king, exclaimed — "This is the prince whom we wanted: it is the best of republics!" And so the Duke of Orleans ascended the throne as Louis Philippe I., King of the French

Louis Philippe of Orleans, Duke of Valois at his birth, Duke of Chartres on the death of his grandfather, (1785,) Duke of Orleans on the death of his father, (1794,) and King of the French in 1830, was born October 6, 1773. He was one of five children. His brothers were the Duke of Montpensier, born in 1775, and the Count of Beaujolais, born in 1779 ; his sisters were Marie Caroline, who died in infancy, and Eugenie Adelaide, her twin sister. His father was Louis Philippe Joseph, Duke of Orleans, better known under his revolutionary title of Philip Egalité. The Orleans branch of the Bourbon family, originated in a younger son of Louis XIII., created Duke of Orleans by his older brother Louis XVI., and of whom Louis Philippe was the grandson's great-grandson.

Whatever were the personal and political faults of citizen Egalité, he was a kind father, and beloved by his children. Desirous of imparting to his family a sound education, in which he himself had had the misfortune to be deficient, he committed them to the superintendence of his mistress, Madame de Sillery — better known by her later acquired title of Countess de Genlis. Notwithstanding the errors of this lady, she was eminently qualified, by her talents and dispositions, to be an instructress of youth. She appears to have endeavored to make up for her own misconduct by a scrupulous regard to the manners and morals of her pupils. The principles on which she based her plans of education were considerably in advance of the age, and such as are only now beginning to be generally understood. She considered that it was of the first importance to surround children, almost from

their cradle, with happy and cheering influences, to the exclusion of every thing likely to contaminate their minds or feelings. It was necessary, above all things to implant in them a universal spirit of love — a love of God and his works, the consciousness that all was from the hand of an Almighty Creator and Preserver who willed the happiness of his creatures. To excite this feeling in her young charge, she took every opportunity of arousing the sentiment of wonder with respect to natural phenomena, and then of explaining the seeming marvels on principles which an awakening intelligence could be led to comprehend. The other means adopted to form the character of her young pupils — the Duke of Valois, Duke of Montpensier, the Count Beaujolais, and their sister the Princess Adelaide — were equally to be admired. While receiving instructions in different branches of polite learning, and in the Christian doctrines and graces, from properly qualified tutors, they learned, without labor or pain, to speak English, German and Italian, by being attended by domestics who respectively conversed in these languages. Nor was their physical education neglected. The boys were trained to endure all kinds of bodily fatigue, and taught a variety of useful and amusing industrial exercises. At St. Leu, a pleasant country residence near Paris, where the family resided under the charge of Madame de Genlis, the young princes cultivated a small garden under the direction of a German gardener, while they were instructed in botany and the practice of medicine by a medical gentleman, who was the companion of their rambles. They had also *ateliers*, or workshops, in

which they were taught turning, basket-making, weaving, and carpentry. The young Duke of Valois took pleasure in these pursuits — as what boy would not, under proper direction, and if allowed scope for his ingenuity? He excelled in cabinet-making; and, assisted only by his brother, the Duke of Montpensier, made a handsome cupboard, and a table with drawers, for a poor woman in the village of St. Leu.

Louis Philippe passed from the hands of his sentimental, but by no means incompetent or unskillful tutor, to step at once into the thorny path of active life. At an early age he entered the army, and in 1785, inherited the colonelcy of the regiment of cavalry which bore his name. In 1791 he commanded the fortress of Valenciennes. His attention to military duty had acquired for him the respect of his superiors, and was held up as a pattern to the service. His ability to say exactly what the occasion required, and which, while king of the French, so distinguished him, was early developed. When he heard that the right of primogeniture had been abolished, he turned to his younger brother, the Duke of Montpensier, and embracing him, exclaimed — "Ah! now we are brothers in every respect." When an old officer went to Valenciennes, to pay his respects to the new commandant, the veteran exclaimed — "Ah! Monsieur, I have never before had the pleasure of seeing so young a general officer; how have you contrived to be made a general so soon?" Louis Philippe replied — "By being a son of him who made a colonel of you." The veteran laughed, shook hands, and they became friends at once.

While Louis Philippe, now Duke of Chartres, was in

arms against the armies which menaced the tottering fabric of the French monarchy, the Revolution was hastening to its crisis. Monarchy being extinguished, and the king and his family placed in confinement, a decree of banishment was hastily passed against all other members of the Bourbon race. The Duke of Chartres earnestly besought his father to take advantage of the decree of banishment, and with his family seek a retreat in a foreign country. "You will assuredly, (said he, addressing the Duke of Orleans,) find yourself in an appalling situation. Louis XVI. is about to be accused before an assembly of which you are a member. You must sit before the king as his judge. Reject the ungracious duty, withdraw with your family to America, and seek a calm retreat far from the enemies of France, and there await the return of happier days." To these persuasives the Duke of Orleans lent a deaf ear; he either considered it to be inconsistent with his honor and his duty to desert his post at the approach of danger; or, what is as probable, he expected that by a turn of affairs he might be elevated to the first place of the nation, whatever should be its form of government. Nevertheless, moved by the entreaties of his son, Orleans desired him to consult an influential member of the Assembly on the subject, and let him know the result. The deputy, however, declined to express his opinion. "I am incompetent," said he, "to give your father any advice. Our positions are dissimilar. I myself seek redress for personal injuries; your father, the Duke of Orleans, ought to obey the dictates of his conscience as a prince—of his duties as a citizen." The undecided

answer neither influenced the judgment of the Duke of Orleans, nor corroborated the arguments of his son. Impressed to the fullest extent with the duties of a citizen, he felt that he could not honorably recede; and that a man, whatever his rank might be, who intentionally abandoned his country, was deserving of the penalties reserved for traitors. Perceiving that his father made his determination a point of honor — a case of political conscientiousness — he desisted from further solicitation, embraced him for the last time, and returned to the army.

Events now rapidly followed each other. On the 21st of January, 1793, Louis XVI. was carried to the scaffold, and a few months thereafter, the Duke of Orleans was seized on the charge of conspiring against the nation. On the 6th of November, he was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, and, after a mock trial, condemned to death on a series of charges, of all which he was notoriously guiltless. Viewing the proceedings of his judges with contempt, he begged, as an only favor, that the sentence might be executed without delay. The indulgence was granted, and he was led, at four o'clock, when the daylight was about failing, from the court to the guillotine. The courage of this intrepid man faltered not at the place of execution. When the executioner took off his coat, he calmly observed to the assistants who were going to draw off his boots, "It is only loss of time; you will remove them more easily from the lifeless limbs." In a few minutes he was no more.

previous to the death of his father, the es, along with his friend General

Dumouriez, became assured that the cause of moderation was lost, and looked with apprehension on the Reign of Terror which had already begun to manifest itself. There was little time for deliberation as to their course. Being summoned to appear before the Committee of Public Safety, and knowing that citations of this nature were for the most part equivalent to condemnation, both instantly fled toward the French frontier. The fugitives were hotly pursued, but were fortunate in making their escape into the Belgian Netherlands, at that time belonging to Austria.

The next six or seven years of his life was a period of great hardship and obscurity. Hated by the royalists for refusing to serve with the Austrians, and for his father's conduct during the Revolution, he was relentlessly pursued by the republican government; in addition to which, he was suffering from narrow means. Traveling incognito through the Low Countries, he joined his sister in Switzerland, and proceeded to Zurich. Having been recognized, the party were obliged to quit the city, on account of the fears of magistrates and the excitement of the emigrants. The exiles next took up their abode in a small house near Zug; but the duke was once more identified by some emigrants passing through the town, and the authorities of Berne compelled his removal. His sister procured admission into a convent; the duke took leave of the few friends who had hitherto accompanied his fortunes, sold his horses to raise money, and, attended by a faithful servant who refused to leave him, traversed Switzerland on foot, knapsack on back. Master and servant reached the celebrated

monastery of St. Gothard, tired and footsore; the Prince rang the bell, and craved refreshment. "There is no admittance here for travelers on foot," was the reply; "certainly not for men of your appearance. Yonder is the house for you," and the monk pointed with his finger to a shed in which some muleteers were eating cheese, and slammed the door in the Prince's face. At Gordona, on another occasion, during a bitter night, Louis Philippe presented himself at a farm-house, without luggage, and in somewhat damaged attire. He asked hospitality, and, after much demurring, he was allowed to have a bed of straw in a barn. The future king slept soundly until the break of day, when he awoke to find a young man armed with a gun pacing the floor as sentinel. The appearance of the traveler had excited suspicion in the house, and orders had been given to shoot him if he attempted mischief.

It was while pursuing this somewhat ignoble course of life, that a plan was suggested to the young duke which promised immediate if not lasting relief from his great embarrassment. A gentleman named Chabot-Latour had been invited from Paris to take a professorship in the college of Reichenau. M. Chabot-Latour failed to keep his engagement, and, by the contrivance of the Prince's friends, it was arranged that the Duke of Chartres should appear in the name and place of the absent candidate. The Prince accordingly presented himself for examination, and was unanimously elected, after receiving great commendation for the ability and knowledge he had evinced throughout the ordeal. He was then twenty-two years

of age; his salary was about $275 a-year, a larger salary than was usual in Switzerland; and for that sum he taught history, geography, mathematics, and the English language. For the space of one year during which he held the professorship, none but the director of the institution was aware of the teacher's rank. Louis Philippe was quietly instructing the youth of Ricchenau, when he received news of his father's melancholy death, and of his own accession to an empty, blood-stained title. He threw up his appointment at once, and in June, 1794, retired to Bremgarten. He carried along with him an honorable testimony of the services he had rendered to the academy, and was justly proud of the document when he afterward sat upon the throne of France, reputed the wisest monarch of his time.

Melancholy, and weary of his fate, the exile pined to quit Europe, and in a new world "to forget the greatness and the sufferings which had been the companions of his youth." But he was literally without a farthing. A friend wrote on his behalf to Robert Morris, who had been embassador to France from the United States. He had been acquainted with Egalité, and was then at Hamburgh, about to return to his native country. Mr. Morris answered the application with promptitude and kindness. He offered the Prince a free passage to America, his services when the exile should arrive there, and, at the same time, he transmitted an order for $500 to defray the expenses of the journey to Hamburgh. The Prince accepted Mr. Morris's friendship in the spirit in which it was offered. "I am quite disposed to labor in order to make myself independent," he wrote to his benefactor:

"I scarcely entered upon life when the greatest misfortunes assailed me; but, thank God, they have not discouraged me. I feel a great happiness in my reverses that my youth has not given me time to attach myself too much to my position, or to contract habits of life difficult to be broken, and that I have been deprived of my fortune before I was able to abuse or even use it." It was well and royally said. But how much clearer the intellectual vision of the youth than the maturer eyesight of the man! On the 10th of March, 1795, Louis Philippe quitted Bremgarten and reached Hamburgh at the end of the month.

At Hamburgh the Prince missed his friend, who was then employed upon a diplomatic mission in Germany. Some months must elapse before Mr. Morris could return to Hamburgh, and the young adventurer resolved to employ the interval in exploring Northern Europe. The undertaking half a century ago was associated with difficulties unknown to the traveler of to-day. He visited the duchies of Holstein and Schleswig, the island of Zealand, Copenhagen, and Elsinore, and in every place exhibited an honest zeal for information, that put suspicion to sleep. From Denmark he crossed to Sweden, and thence passed into Norway, making excursions, that were remembered long afterward, to the iron and copper mines of that country. The northward journey did not end even here. The traveler was not content until he had seen the wonders of the Maelström, and had advanced some degrees beyond the Arctic Circle. Returning southward, the Prince traversed on foot the desert which separates the Northern Ocean from the river Tornea. Fifteen

days were occupied in the journey, during which time no other nourishment could be procured than the milk and flesh of the reindeer. It must be acknowledged that Louis Philippe was now turning the misfortunes of his family to the most profitable account. By bringing himself into contact with every variety of life, and adding the treasures of personal observation to the stores of learning with which his mind was fraught, he was preparing himself for that course of events which afterward gave him a powerful influence over the destinies of his country and of Europe. The bold and rugged scenery of these arctic regions, and the simple and unpretending kindness of the inhabitants, must have produced a vivid impression upon a young man of his rank and previous pursuits, sent forth under such circumstances to commence his novitiate in the world. Picking up knowledge, and enlarging the range of his acquirements at every step, the youth returned to Fredericstadt, in Holstein, at which town he received the gratifying intelligence that the executive directory of France were prepared to grant liberty to his brothers, who had been kept close prisoners since their father's death, upon condition that the Duke of Orleans with them would consent to banishment from Europe. The consent was given as soon as asked, and on the 24th of October, 1796, Louis Philippe landed in Philadelphia: it was not until the 7th of February following, that, after a cruel and protracted absence, the brothers met in the same city, and found in their restoration to one another, some consolation for the sufferings long endured by all. Among their first visits was one to Gen. Washington at Mount Vernon,

who proposed for the exiled princes an itinerary journey to the western country, and furnished them with some letters of introduction for persons upon the route. They made the necessary preparations for a long tour, which they performed on horseback, each of them carrying in a pair of saddle-bags, after the fashion of that period, whatever he might require in clothes or other articles for his personal comfort. The traveling-map of the three princes is still preserved, and furnishes convincing proof that it has passed through severe service. The various routes followed by the travelers are strongly depicted in red ink; and by their extent and direction they show the great enterprise displayed by three young strangers to acquire a just knowledge of the country, at a time when the difficulties of traveling over a great part of the route were enough to discourage many a hardy American. Louis Philippe, in afterward showing this map to an American gentleman, mentioned that he possessed an accurate account, showing the expenditure of every dollar he disbursed in the United States! It is an example of business habits worthy of all praise and imitation. This attention to the important concern of personal expenditure was one of the characteristic features of Washington; and both of these celebrated men were, no doubt, penetrated with the conviction that exactitude is essential to success.

At the period in which the journey of the princes was performed, the back settlements of the United States were in a comparatively rude condition, and could not be traversed without undergoing many hardships. From Washington they went to Nashville,

Louisville, Wheeling, Pittsburg and Niagara Falls. At Bairdstown the party were detained by the illness of Duke Beaujolais. Forty years afterward, when Louis Philippe was king of France, he sent to Bairdstown a handsome clock as a memorial of the kindness with which he was entertained there. In their journey from Erie to Buffalo, they met a band of Seneca Indians, to whom they were indebted for a night's hospitality. The chief assured the travelers that he would be personally responsible for every article they might intrust to his care; but that he would not answer for his people unless this precaution was used. Accordingly, every thing was deposited with the chief—saddles, bridles, blankets, clothes and money; all which being faithfully produced in the morning, the day's journey was commenced. But the party had not proceeded far upon the route, when they missed a favorite dog, which they had not supposed to be included in the list of contraband articles requiring a deposit in this aboriginal custom-house, and had therefore left it at liberty. He was a singularly beautiful animal, and having been the companion in imprisonment of the two younger brothers, at the castle of St. Jean, they were much attached to him. The Duke immediately returned to seek and reclaim the dog; and the chief, without the slightest embarrassment, said to him, in answer to his representations,—"If you had intrusted the dog to me last night, he would have been ready for you this morning; but we will find him." And he immediately went to a kind of closet, shut in by a board, and on removing this, the faithful animal leaped out upon his masters.

Scarcely resting at Buffalo, they crossed to Fort Erie on the British side, and then repaired to the Falls of Niagara. This grand natural object, as may be supposed, engaged the careful examination of the princes, and one of them, the Duke of Montpensier, who excelled in drawing, made a sketch of the cataract for his sister. The party then proceeded to Canandaigua, through a country almost in a state of nature. Continuing their route to Geneva, they procured a boat, and embarked upon the Seneca Lake, which they ascended to its head; and from thence they made their way to Tioga Point, upon the Susquehannah—each of the travelers carrying his baggage, for the last twenty-five miles, upon his back. From Tioga the party proceeded to Wilkesbarre, and thence they crossed the country to Philadelphia. When in that city, Louis Philippe became enamored of a Miss W—, and solicited her father's permission to pay her his addresses, who is said to have replied, in substance: "As a penniless exile, you are no match for my daughter; and as a prince of the blood royal of France, you are far too great a one." It is a curious coincidence that the Princess of Naples, whom Louis Philippe married some years after he left America, very strongly resembled Miss W—. Many years after, when king of France, he distinguished by his attentions two young gentlemen of the W— family, who visited Paris in their travels, recalling his own sojourn in Philadelphia when a homeless stranger. During the residence of the Duke of Orleans and his brothers at Philadelphia, in 1797, the city was visited by that fatal epidemic, yellow fever, but from which the unfortunate

princes found it impossible to fly, on account of a lack of funds. From this unpleasant and perilous dilemma they were happily relieved in the course of September, by a remittance from their mother. With a purse thus opportunely reinforced, they now undertook another journey, which this time led them to the eastern part of the United States, finally arriving in New York. Here the brothers learned that a new law had just decreed the expulsion of all the members of the Bourbon family yet remaining in France from that country; and that their mother had been deported to Spain. Their object was now to join her; but owing to their peculiar circumstances, and to the war between England and Spain, this object was not easily attained. To avoid the French cruisers upon the coast, they determined to repair to New Orleans, and there to find a conveyance for Havana, whence they thought they could reach the mother country. They set out, therefore, for Pittsburg in December, 1797.

At Carlisle, Louis Philippe was thrown from his wagon and considerably injured. In early life, as we have seen, he had learned to perform the operation of bleeding. Immediately perceiving that his situation required depletion, and making his way, as he best could, to the tavern, he requested permission of the landlord to perform the operation in his house, and to be furnished with linen and water. The family was kind, and supplied him with every thing he required; and he soon relieved himself by losing a quantity of blood. The circumstance, however, had attracted general attention, in consequence of the accident to the wagon, and of the injury to the traveler, and still

more from the extraordinary occurrence of self-bleeding; and a large crowd had collected in the tavern to watch the result of the operation. It is probable the curious spectators thought he was a Yankee doctor, going to the west to establish himself. Satisfied with the surgical ability which the stranger had just displayed, they proposed to him to remain at Carlisle, and to commence there his professional career, promising to employ him, and assuring him that his prospect of success would be much more favorable than in the regions beyond the mountains.

When our party reached Pittsburg, they found the Monongahela frozen, but the Alleghany open. They purchased a keel-boat, then lying in the ice, and with much labor and difficulty transported it to the point where the two rivers met and formed the Ohio. There the party embarked on that river, which they descended along with three persons to aid them in the navigation, and arrived at New Orleans in February, 1798.

From New Orleans they embarked on board an American vessel for Havana. Upon their passage they were boarded by an English frigate under French colors. Until the character of the cruiser was ascertained, the three brothers were apprehensive that they might be recognized and conducted to France. However, when it was discovered, on one side, that the visitor was an English ship, and, on the other, that the three young passengers were the princes of the house of Orleans, confidence was restored, and the captain hastened to receive them on board his vessel, where he treated them with distinction and conducted them to

Havana. The devoted young men reached Cuba, to be immediately expelled from it by the captain-general of the island. Orders had been received to deny them hospitality. In their despair, the princes resolved to seek shelter in a British colony. They proceeded to the Bahamas, thence to Halifax, and finally set sail for England. They reached London in February, 1800. Their destination, however, was Spain, not England. They obtained a passage to Barcelona, and were within hail of that dear mother whom they had traveled so far to comfort with their presence. They were, nevertheless, not permitted to land at Barcelona; and the poor lady was not even told that they had reached the harbor on their affectionate pilgrimage. The princes returned to England, and took up their residence at Twickenham. Here the exiles had at length an opportunity of enjoying some repose in the midst of the best English society. They were treated with the greatest kindness by all classes, from royalty downward, and, by their unaffected manners, gained universal esteem. But neither the polite attentions of the English people, nor the splendors of London fashionable life, could obliterate the recollections of their mother from their hearts. After several years of quiet enjoyment, sorrow again visited Louis Philippe. His brother, the Duke of Montpensier, died (in 1807) of consumption. The funeral was scarcely over before the Count of Beaujolais was attacked with the same disease, and ordered to a warmer climate. Louis Philippe accompanied the invalid to Malta, and reached the island in time to find a final resting place for the young sufferer. The Count of Beaujolais died at Viletta,

in 1808. Fortunately for Louis Philippe he was not left alone in the world. He had still a sister. After fifteen years' separation, brother and sister had again met. Their meeting was most affecting. They vowed to each other never again to separate, and the vow was sacredly kept. In company they proceeded once more in search of their mother. With difficulty they managed to convey a letter to her, fixing a rendezvous at Minorca, and in September, 1809, they landed at that island, to embrace at last the object of their long and anxious search. With her, by invitation of King Ferdinand of Naples, they took up their residence with the royal family at Palermo. After a brief interval, a marriage alliance was formed between Louis Philippe and the second daughter of Ferdinand. (It is curious that before the downfall of the French monarchy, an alliance had been contemplated between the young Duke of Chartres and the daughter of Naples, then unborn.) Whatever doubts may arise about the marriages of other potentates, there can be little question that the union between Louis Philippe and the princess Marie Amélie was a love-match. The Duke of Orleans was then an exile, with an income both narrow and precarious, and without the remotest appearance of succeeding even to his patrimonial property. The king of Naples was shorn of the principal half of his dominions. He was only supported in the other by the power of Great Britain ; upon whose allowance he was indeed living, and whose exertions the folly of the court was doing its best to neutralize. Worldly objects would scarcely be contemplated by either party : looking at their rank, their prospects,

and the probability of a family, the marriage was scarcely a prudent one. However, marriage goes by destiny; and, notwithstanding some objections and delays by the queen, consent was obtained, and on the 25th of November, 1809, the Duke of Orleans and the Princess Marie Amélie were married, in the old Norman chapel of the Palazzo Reale.

Before the marriage was permitted, however, the queen of Naples had employed Louis Philippe on one of her political schemes. When the popular insurrection against Napoleon took place in Spain, she thought of getting her second son appointed regent of the kingdom! Apparently proceeding upon "the one down and t'other come up" principle, she dispatched her son Prince Leopold and Louis Philippe to Gibraltar, that the Spaniards might take one if they rejected the other. The princes were permitted to land; but Sir Hew Dalrymple refused to forward the project, and Lord Collingwood, who commanded the fleet, pointed out to the Duke of Orleans the insuperable public difficulties in the way of the scheme, and the personal impolicy of a French prince in his position appearing in arms against France. Looking rather to his future mother-in-law than to the reason of the thing, the Duke departed for London to complain: but he was informed that the British government perfectly approved of Sir Hew Dalrymple's conduct, and could only re-impress Lord Collingwood's advice.

Not content with this intrigue, the Duke on his return engaged in another. The object was to put him at the head of a Catalan army, that, among other

exploits, was to invade the south of France; a project that was no sooner detected, than Napoleon, by invading Catalonia, gave the Catalan force enough to do at home. Still unconvinced, the Duke of Orleans, in the summer of 1810, again fished in Spanish waters. The regency invited him to a command; which, notwithstanding the opinion of Wellington, he persisted in accepting; but the plan was baffled by the veto of Cortes. When the partisans of the Duke of Orleans, after the success of the "three days," announced that he was the only Bourbon who had never borne arms against France, Louis Philippe may have remembered the prudence of the British commander's advice.

According to a tolerably well authenticated anecdote, Danton, in the early part of the first Revolution, also advised Louis Philippe to act discreetly. While he was with the army under Dumouriez, he was in the habit of expressing his views with great freedom on public measures. Danton sent for him and urged him to be more prudent. "In the future," said the great leader of the Revolution, "be silent. Return to the army; do your duty; but do not unnecessarily expose your life. You have many years before you. France is not fitted for a republic; it has the habits, the wants, and the weaknesses of a monarchy. After one storm it will be brought back to that by its vices or by its necessities. You will be King! Adieu, young man. Remember the prediction of Danton!"

With the unsuccessful attempt to obtain a command in the Spanish army, the wanderings of him who has been called the modern Ulysses may be said to have terminated. In Sicily tranquillity first dawned upon his

agitated career. It was a season of mild repose — a blush of light between the storms. His mother, his sister, and his wife were at his side; children were born unto him; public affairs ceased to harass or depress him; he sought and found happiness at the family hearth, where Heaven provides it for the meanest. In the midst of the profound calm there fell a thunderbolt. Napoleon was beaten; Louis XVIII. was restored to the throne of France. Louis Philippe heard the news, and started for Paris that very moment.

Marvelous vicissitudes of life! The man who had been refused his bed of straw at a monastery, reached the French metropolis, and, scarcely taking time for refreshment, hurried to the Palais Royal to set foot again in his magnificent home. His heart beating high, his soul pierced with a hundred conflicting sensations that expressed themselves in visible tears, the restored heir paced the well-known galleries and visited the well-remembered gardens. The doors of the grand staircase chanced to be opened. The visitor involuntarily entered, but was stopped by a porter still wearing the imperial livery, who said that strangers were not allowed in the private apartments. Louis Philippe, overcome with emotion, fell upon his knees, and in his bewilderment kissed the lowest step of the staircase. He was recognized, and admitted.

Louis XVIII. and Charles X. may be said to have represented the dry sticks of Bourbonism; the sap of the race was gone, the rich blood of Louis Quatorze had ceased to circulate. Whatever was chivalric in the family, whatever heroic, whatever superb, whatsoever could engage the admiration and secure the

pride of a people otherwise aggrieved, had departed forever; whatever was bigoted, oppressive, ignorant, ridiculous, and suicidal, obstinately remained. Louis XVIII. was scarcely on the throne, Louis Philippe hardly housed in the Palais Royal, before intrigues were on foot in reference to the successor to the throne. Intriguers on every side were busy as possible, when the astounding announcement was made that the chained lion at Elba had burst his bonds, and was advancing, with strides such as that lion alone could take, rapidly on Paris. It was enough. Intrigues were postponed for the present. Louis XVIII., as quick as lightning, was beyond the frontier. Louis Philippe, accompanied by his family, was again at Twickenham.

Waterloo again restored the crown to the Bourbons, but they were not wise enough to retain it. The first proposition made by the House of Peers on behalf of the restored crown, was that all who had taken any part whatever in the successive revolutions of France should be visited with extreme punishment. Louis Philippe was in the chamber of Peers when the impolitic measure was proposed. He protested against it loudly and indignantly, and at his instigation the obnoxious motion was rejected without a division. Louis XVIII., considerably disgusted, forbade the princes of the blood to appear in the chamber of the Peers unless summoned by special authority. The Duke of Orleans retired into comparative seclusion, and revenged himself upon the court by entering his eldest son as a student in one of the public colleges as a simple citizen. "I perceive," says Louis XVIII. in his own memoirs, and with touching imbecility, "that

although Louis Philippe does not stir, he advances. How must I manage to prevent a man from walking who appears as if he did not take a step? It is a problem which remains for me to solve, and I should be glad not to leave it for solution to my successors." Poor old gentleman! The problem was too difficult both for himself and the brother who succeeded him.

Retiring to Neuilly, he spent his time in the education of his children, the cultivation and improvement of his vast estates, and, doubtless, in the careful nurture of a public interest. Knowing the unpopularity of Louis XVIII. and his successor, he adroitly availed himself of the preference of public opinion, which turned instinctively toward him. He was reserved in his attitude, a courtier of the king, and, above all, expressed himself only in half sentences, but in his omissions allowing a glimpse to be obtained of a secret disdain for the court, and favorable reminiscences for all that breathed of the Revolution. He associated himself even, by a skillful flattery, with the regrets and glories of the army,—choosing his military household among the young generals of Napoleon. His intimate society was among the writers and orators of liberty. He was irreproachable in appearance toward the court, and gracious and attractive toward the rising opposition. This opposition seemed to spring up in the very palace of Orleans, where the Revolution had its birth. At last came the Revolution of the Barricades (in 1830) and the once homeless and needy wanderer was elevated to the throne of France.

The new monarchy established in France was ex

posed to the most imminent dangers from the republicans on the one hand and the partizans of the exiled family on the other. The republican party was infinitely the most formidable, because, in the capital, at least, there was a much greater mass to whom its opinions and incentives were likely to be agreeable. There was a spirit of extraordinary earnestness in its members; several attempts were made to assassinate the king; but all were unsuccessful.

But there were many elements of discord to be overcome before the throne could enjoy tranquillity. The republican party deemed itself betrayed by the election of a king, and several who had consented to that arrangement were satisfied with the limited extension of popular privileges gained by the Revolution. A great number of idle, discontented young men were anxious to involve Europe in a war of opinion, and they denounced the king as a traitor to the principles which had placed him on the throne, because he refused to grant their insane wishes. The total separation of the church from the state alienated the French clergy; while the royalists, recovered from their first terror, began to entertain hopes of a restoration. Thus surrounded by difficulties and dangers, Louis Philippe was far from finding his throne a bed of roses; but he evinced firmness and talent adequate to the occasion, and he was zealously supported by the middle classes, who looked upon him as their guarantee for constitutional freedom and assured tranquillity.

An insurrection of the Carlists, as the partisans of the exiled family were called, in the south of France, injured the cause it was designed to serve. It was

easily suppressed, but the government learned that the Duchess de Berri, (whose son, the Duke of Bourdeaux, was grandson of Charles X.,) had made arrangements for landing in La Vendée, and heading the royalists in the province. Such preparations were made, that when the Duchess landed, she found her partisans disheartened, and their movements so closely watched, that it was scarcely possible for them to assemble any force. Still she resolved to persevere; but the enterprise degenerated into a series of isolated and insignificant attacks, made by small bodies in a strong country, and the proceedings of the royalists, consequently, resembled those of the brigands. The Duchess continued five months in the country, though actively pursued by the military and police; she was at length betrayed by one of her associates, and made prisoner. The government of Louis Philippe treated the royal captive with great clemency. She had not been long in prison when it was discovered that she was about to become a mother, having been privately married some time before her arrest. This unfortunate circumstance threw such an air of ridicule over the entire enterprise, that the royalists abandoned all further efforts against the government.

The Revolution of July, 1830, had driven one dynasty from the throne of France, and seated another in its place. It had thus prevented a return to the despotic government of the seventeenth century, and preserved the little share of liberty which the Bourbons, on their restoration in 1814, had granted with a reluctant and sparing hand, to the French nation. Their overthrow was consequent upon their endeavors to

deprive the people of the freedom which was then unwillingly yielded to them.

The government of Louis Philippe gradually acquired, by its continued success in keeping down domestic factions, and maintaining the friendly relations of France with foreign powers, a high reputation for wisdom and firmness. The peace of Europe was supposed to be in the French king's hands; and men congratulated themselves that so vast and important a trust should be grasped by a monarch so able and so averse to war. The resources of France by the mere force of its internal and external tranquillity rapidly developed themselves, and the enterprise of the French people appeared to be at length directed to other and higher objects than triumphs, ruinous alike to the victor and vanquished, in the fields of strife. Whatever may have been the errors of the reign of Louis Philippe, and they were many, his efforts, whether from policy or from principle, to maintain the peace of Europe, entitle him to lasting admiration. His reply to a deputation from Belgium, inviting the Duke of Nemours, his second son, to ascend the Belgian throne, was worthy of his reputation. "The thirst of conquest, (said he,) or the honor of seeing a diadem placed on the brow of my son, shall not induce me to expose my country to a repetition of those calamities which war entails; nor could any advantages France might reap from my acceptance of the honor you propose, compensate for those evils. The examples of Louis XIV. and of Napoleon are sufficient to save me from the fatal temptation of erecting thrones for my sons; and I prefer the maintenance of peace to all the brilliancy of victories,

unless, indeed, in a war in which the defense of her standard would call forth the sons of France."

These sentiments were still more emphatically ad vanced by Louis Philippe, in reply to an address forwarded to him by the English and American societies for the preservation of Peace. "I am happy, (said he,) to receive these addresses, and feel particularly gratified to find that our American friends should do justice to the pains I have taken to maintain the general peace of Europe. There is no advantage in making war, even when a nation has attained the object for which it has fought, because, ultimately, the losses are always greater than the gains. I have ever professed that principle. When I was in America, forty years ago, I was often asked to propose toasts at public dinners, and I almost invariably expressed the wish that universal and permanent peace should exist among all nations. I was then exiled from my country, and my anxious desire was that it should enjoy peace and happiness. This is what caused me to adopt that salutary precept. I could not then foresee that I should be called upon one day to exert my influence and act myself in favor of that great cause. May the Almighty accord me the maintenance of peace. War appears to me a malediction; and war in Europe, between civilized nations, I regard as an absurdity; if the smaller states desire it we should prevent them; and as peace between great powers becomes daily more consolidated, I hope, if I live a few years longer, that a general war in Europe will have become impossible."

However much we may doubt the full sincerity of Louis Philippe, in these observations, there can be no

doubt the views were admirable; and they presented a curious reverse to the old spectacle of kings playing at the game of war in spite of their subjects—for while in France there were many restless and discontented persons infatuated with a desire for war, the king himself was reluctant. That Louis Philippe thought himself better able to accomplish his aim—the perpetuation of his dynasty and the aggrandizement of his family—through the tortuous and noisome ways of diplomacy, than by warfare, is quite certain, and it is equally certain that he relied much upon his reputation, as a friend of peace, for the stability of his throne.

Louis Philippe, in the character of a husband and father, merited the highest admiration; and he was particularly fortunate in his family relations. By his side, looking like the guardian angel of his family, was his wife, a modest, amiable, clever woman, who contributed not a little to the popularity of his family. The queen, a daughter of a king, married the Duke of Orleans, when he was a fugitive and an exile. At that time the house of Bourbon had seemingly no prospect of re-ascending the throne of France. It had fallen from too great a height to hope to rise again from such a depth. The marriage of the Duke of Orleans and his wife was founded wholly upon mutual esteem and affection. The Duchess of Orleans loved her husband, at first because he was unhappy, because he was poor, a wanderer and an exile, exposed even to the reproaches of those relations among whom he emigrated She loved him, next, for the fortitude with which he supported his ill-fortune, and his patience. These two persons were admirably qualified to be always

supporting each other a little above their position, what ever that position might be. Once upon the throne, the Duchess of Orleans acted and thought like a queen. She had been consulted by her husband in all the important speculations and affairs of their life — she was equally consulted in the management of political concerns. But she was a queen, as she had been the mother of a family, without ostentation. In the bitterness of French political dissensions, no whisper of calumny was ever heard against the queen; and one who could pass triumphantly through such an ordeal had nothing more to dread from human investigation. She was a kind and affectionate mother, a sincere believer in the Christian religion, and devout in the performance of its duties. Her charity was only bounded by her means to relieve the distressed.

The king's sister, the Princess Adelaide, formed a part of the royal family, and was said to be one of the most devoted sisters a brother ever possessed. In the qualities of head and heart, all who knew her awarded to her the meed of praise. Religious, charitable, exemplary, she was one of those who adorn high places by higher virtues. Madame Adelaide was four years younger than her brother, and had resided with him from the time of his return to Europe, after his exile in America. From that period she was his friend and adviser in all matters of delicacy and difficulty. She was thought to possess a more masculine mind than Louis Philippe himself. It is a well-known fact that Louis XVIII. hated and rather despised the Duke of Orleans, but he somewhat feared Madame Adelaide. The astute monarch was aware of the courage, sagacity,

constancy and steadiness of this remarkable woman. Separated from her counsels, he thought the Duke of Orleans was not dangerous; but under her influence and guidance, he felt that he had to deal with a name and pretensions which she could render powerful.

During the last years of the reign of Charles X., no one in France more clearly saw the doom of the elder branch of the Bourbons than Madame Adelaide. When, at length, the Revolution was successful, and the triumph of the "three days" certain and assured, she it was who induced her brother to accept the crown, and while she lived she was his principal adviser, and most trusted counselor. Nor was this wonderful. From the period when they were first driven from France, he had perpetually corresponded or been in conference with her, and had always found her judgment sure, and her intelligence and tact unsurpassable in difficult conjunctures. Together they left France, agitated and revolutionized, their father one of the first victims; together they closed, in Spain, the eyes of a dying mother; together they mourned, in London and Malta, over the couches of their departed brothers, Montpensier aud Beaujolais; together they shared, a second time, exile from France; together they returned thither in 1817. And was it, therefore, extraordinary, that a prince of a cold and reserved na ture should fly to one whom he had so often found true, trustworthy, and full of resources under the most difficult and trying circumstances? Though managing her immense property—for she, with Louis Philippe, possessed between them, all the fortunes of their father—with commendable carefulness and economy,

yet she was by no means so parsimonious as the king and remonstrated with him frequently on the small allowance made to his children. She relieved them from many embarrassments, and on one occasion paid debts to the amount of $2,000,000 for one of them. She died in 1847.

Louis Philippe had eight children, six of whom survived him. They were—Ferdinand, Duke of Orleans, born September 3, 1810; Louisa Marie, born April 3, 1812; Marie Christine, born April 12, 1813; Louis, Duke of Nemours, born October 25, 1814; Marie Clementina, born June 3, 1817; Francis, Prince of Joinville, born August 14, 1818; Henry, Duke of Aumale, born January 16, 1822; and Antoine, Duke of Montpensier, born July 31, 1824.

The Duke of Orleans—who was destined, (according to appearances, which human pride seldom condescends to imagine may be fallacious,) to wear, one day, the most brilliant crown in the world—was remarkably handsome and prepossessing in his appearance. Like all the other children of Louis Philippe, he was thoroughly educated, and it was to the admirable care of his father that the heir to the throne, as well as his brothers and sisters, formed not only the most intelligent but really the most popular royal family in Europe. While the grasping and selfish policy of Louis Philippe gained him many enemies, all but two or three of his family were favored with the affections of the French people.

In 1836, the Duke of Orleans, accompanied by his brother, the Duke of Nemours, visited Eastern Europe, in the hope of obtaining a wife from the royal families

of Russia or Austria. Louis Philippe was eager to secure matrimonial alliances for his children from among the established monarchies of Europe. Thiers, the prime minister, was required to learn the views of those courts, without incurring the humiliation of a direct refusal. Had he possessed the moral courage, the elevated soul, which ought particularly to characterize those who fill so important an office as the one he held, he would have given the royal family the only counsel which ought to have been acted upon — he would have represented to it that to seek alliances with those inimical to the Revolution which elevated it to power, was a gratuitous degradation of itself — that a Frenchwoman, the daughter of some considerable citizen, would be a better guarantee of the nation's support than a princess of foreign and hostile blood — that Napoleon, after an alliance with the royal family of Austria, in the eyes of the world morally abdicated his throne, for it dispelled the belief that he felt himself superior to the greatest kings, needing to have nothing to do with, nothing in common with, and nothing to borrow from the old European monarchies. From Russia, Louis Philippe was given to understand he had nothing to expect for his son. His thoughts were then directed to an archduchess of Austria, and the Duke of Orleans was sent to Vienna. But the Austrian government had not forgotten Maria Antoinette, and Maria Louisa. They were not forgetful of the various attempts that had been made to assassinate Louis Philippe. They thought it quite out of the question for an Austrian princess to form an alliance that might lead her to the guillotine, or to be subject to ride

in a carriage, liable, at almost any moment, to be pierced with bullets. The Duke of Orleans returned to Paris, a bachelor. A less haughty alliance was then contemplated. May 30, 1839, he married Helena, a princess of one of the petty German monarchies. The marriage was not a brilliant one; it had neither the prestige of a high monarchical alliance, nor the heroic significance of a national and popular choice; but after the insulting refusals of the sovereign families the Duke of Orleans, perhaps, thought himself lucky in not being refused by an obscure and indigent German princess. Two sons were born to him — the first on the 24th of August, 1838, created Count of Paris; the second, born in 1840, was called the Duke of Chartres. Unfortunately the Duke of Orleans lost his life on the 13th of July, 1842. This much lamented prince was returning from Neuilly, when the horses of his carriage took fright, and he, in attempting to jump out, was thrown upon his head and killed. He was the most popular of Louis Philippe's sons. The Duke of Nemours, the second son of the king — the proposed regent of France, should Louis Philippe die before the Count of Paris attained his majority — was, perhaps, the least popular of all the royal family. He married a daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, a cousin of Prince Albert the consort of the Queen of England. The Prince of Joinville married a princess of Brazil; the Duke of Aumale, a daughter of the Sicilian Prince of Salerno; Montpensier, the youngest son, married Louisa, the sister of Isabella, Queen of Spain. All these marriages were fruitful in progeny, so that should France ever desire the restoration of the Orleans

family, there will be no lack of heirs to avail themselves of the invitation.

The marriage of the Duke of Montpensier created a tremendous excitement throughout Europe. Isabella, the Queen of Spain, it was feared, would die childless, and in that case leave the throne to Montpensier's wife; so it was thought to be more than possible that the crowns of France and Spain, as in the case of Castile and Arragon, would eventually descend upon one brow. Yet all these princely alliances, Louis Philippe afterward found, were less influential in fixing his family upon the throne of France, than would have been the marriage of his sons with the daughters of French citizens.

Louisa Marie, the eldest daughter of Louis Philippe, was married to Leopold, King of the Belgians. His first wife was the Princess Charlotte, heir apparent to the throne of England, whose early death cast a gloom over the English nation. Marie Christine, the second daughter of Louis Philippe, married Duke Alexander of Wurtemburg. She died of consumption soon after the birth of a son, her only child, who lived thereafter in the family of Louis Philippe. She had much love for the fine arts, and excelled in sculpture. She fitted up a studio in the palace of the Tuileries, in which she spent a great portion of her time with a sculptor's chisel in her hands. Among her statues was one of Joan of Arc, on horseback. The horse is a very fine Norman one, calmly and vigorously placed; the young warrior, armed cap-a-pie, holds in her hand that terrible sword which she has just used for the first time. The expression of her face is remarkable, and

could only have been conceived by a mind filled with the tenderest and noblest feelings. Joan of Arc, leaning from her saddle, is represented as having just slain an Englishman, whose blood is flowing at her feet. The sternness of the warrior has disappeared, and the innocent young shepherdess is seen under her cuirass. The sword nearly falls from her trembling hand ; astonishment, mingled with pity and alarm, is seen on her lovely countenance. It is not she who has killed the man : it is her sword, swayed by some power she could not control or resist. Another statue chiseled by the Princess Marie, was placed, after her death, at the tomb of her brother, the Duke of Orleans. In the pursuit of her favorite art, the princess did not spare her self-love, and she would take pleasure in relating that, more than once, she had sent anonymous works to the public exhibitions, and that the public had passed coldly before these first attempts, and not only the public, who seldom flatter, but also the courtiers, who always flatter. She would tell also of the just severity of the criticisms upon her, for unlike the greater part of her companions, who incessantly attack criticism, the Princess Marie paid deference to it, saying that truth was not so painful to hear as might be supposed. And with how much enjoyment would she repeat, that at one exhibition she had sent an anonymous painting, much valued by her, and when she passed before the despised work, and stopped complacently to look at it, a flatterer, who accompanied her, said, "Ah, princess, you who understand such matters, how can you stop before such baboons?"

Such was the family of Louis Philippe. His peculiar

province seemed to be, to bring up, instruct, and en rich his children. His sons were all educated at college, among other young men of their age. They pursued the same studies, contended for the same prizes, and of these prizes they had their share, but not without great difficulty and hard study. His children were the objects of Louis Philippe's enjoyment and activity. His errors chiefly arose from pursuing their aggrandizement more zealously than he did the welfare of the French people.

The most distinguished man connected with the government of Louis Philippe, was Francis Peter William Guizot. He was born of Protestant parents, in 1789. His father was a lawyer of some eminence, who, on account of his principles during the Revolution, was compelled to flee from the country. He was found in a remote province, by an agent of the police, who, knowing and respecting his character, offered to allow him to escape, being undesirous to contribute in any wise to the death of so good a man. The worthy advocate, instinctively apprehending that in thus saving his own life he would infallibly endanger the life of his generous and humble friend, did not an instant hesitate to relinquish the last hope left to him. He was apprehended and beheaded. Madame Guizot, the nother of the future distinguished minister of France was thus left a widow, with two sons, of whom the eldest, the remarkable subject of this brief sketch, was entering, at the period of the death of his father, into his seventh year. From the death of her husband and their parent, commenced, for this admirable woman, the austere practice of those painful duties which

devolved upon her. Notwithstanding the interest with which the sad fate of her husband invested her in their native town, she tore herself away from friends and relatives, and proceeded to Geneva, where she felt she could give her children a more solid and serious education than the distracted condition of France permitted at home.

In 1805, young Guizot went to Paris, and began the study of the law. Here the gravity and severity of his character, with poverty, and want of friends, kept him long in obscurity. But he finally procured a preceptorship in a family of great respectability, where he was treated according to his singular merits, and brought into connection with influential society. In this situation he became acquainted with Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan, a lady of excellent attainments and character, and of a distinguished family, but impoverished by the Revolution. She at that time conducted a periodical with great success; but being seized with a serious illness, she feared she should be obliged to suspend, if not to discontinue altogether, her labors, for lack of the necessary assistance. While these sad thoughts were revolving in her mind, she received, one morning, in an unknown hand, a letter, telling her to keep her mind at rest, for that if the zeal and industry of another could suffice, she might rely upon the regular aid of a substitute. The offer of the unknown contributor, who was none other than Guizot, was accepted; and it was not till she had completely recovered that Mademoiselle de Meulan was aware of the name of her benefactor. This good-natured act was not without its uses to Guizot. His humane and liberal

conduct procured him friends and admirers; and when, in the following year, (1809) he published a "Dictionary of Synonyms," the literary world, propitiated by his kindness to a suffering authoress, were civilly dis posed toward him. The work on synonyms was rapidly followed by a volume of "Lives of the French Poets." Guizot had now embraced literature rather than law for a profession. He published a French translation of Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, enriched with valuable and erudite notes, indicating depth of scholarship and historical research. The friendship, founded on his kindness to Pauline de Meulan, ripened into love, and five years after, (1812) they were married. Pauline was several years his senior. She was a superior woman, of a grave and reflective character, who struggled to make all who came into contact with her purer and more perfect. As was to be expected, she acquired a great ascendancy over the steady and sensible young man who had chosen her for a wife. The demure and hard-working student had many angularities to round off—many little defects of manner and gesture to modify. Madame Guizot became his monitress; and thus early habituated to prudence and self-control, these virtues became a part of his nature. Soon after his marriage he was appointed to the professorship of history in the Paris University. In 1814, on the restoration of the Bourbons, he was appointed to a government office, but Bonaparte's return from Elba sent him back to his professorship. From this period until the year 1820 his life was mostly literary, though he was occasionally in the employ of the government. Between 1820 and

1822, he published several political pamphlets, which had great influence on public opinion. In these products of a powerful and reflective mind, there was neither flattery of the people, nor abuse of authority. They appeared to be the views of a calm, conscientious man, taking his stand between anarchy and despotism. Guizot had, by these political treatises, become a sort of power in politics. Still, he did not abandon his serious historical studies, and he published twenty-seven volumes of memoirs relating English history. These were followed by twenty-eight volumes relating to the history of France. He also translated several of the tragedies of Shakspeare into French. In 1827, Guizot lost his first wife, but afterward married, and again became a widower.

During the ministry of Polignac, Guizot was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and wrote the famous protest of the Chambers against the despotic ordinances, of Charles X. Upon the accession of Louis Philippe, he was chosen as a member of the cabinet, and, except when employed as Minister to England, he may be said to have been a leading member of every administration until the overthrow of that monarch. His only rival in the public estimation was Thiers. An able but unscrupulous and dishonest diplomatist, he bent the whole energy of his genius to the promotion of the projects of Louis Philippe for the aggrandizement of his family. The chief, and almost only merit, that can be accorded to the career of Guizot, while minister, was his desire to preserve the peace of Europe. His tricky and dishonest course, while in office, has tended greatly to desroy the high position to which his ability, as a historian would entitle him.

The personal appearance and manner of Guizot are thus graphically described by an English author:—"Below the middle stature, somewhat square-built, and of an aspect always grave, if not severe, with a proud and piercing eye, Guizot strikes you at first sight as a man of thoughtful and reflective habits, and of an energy subdued rather than extinguished by severe study. Approach him nearer, and you will perceive that he is more spare in flesh, more somber in appearance, more livid in look, than you had supposed at a distance. His features, when excited, assume a disagreeable aspect—his lips become contracted, his eyes appear deeper sunk in their cavernous orbits, and his whole appearance gives token of a person of a restless and melancholy, as well as of a meditative disposition. There is no gayety in his look or manner. He does not laugh nor joke with his next neighbor on the bench of ministers, and appears altogether absorbed in public affairs or in his own reflections. He exhibits, on his entrance to the Chamber, the impassibility of a professor or college tutor. He crosses his arms, inclines his head on his breast, and attentively listens to the discussion. But if the orator at the tribune attacks the man or his system, Guizot becomes restless and excited, rises from his seat, interrupts the speaker, strikes his desk with his wooden paper-knife, and, giving a loud contradiction to the member in possession of the house, asks to be heard in reply.

"At the tribune, notwithstanding his diminutive stature, his appearance is imposing, for he has an expressive countenance—there is much latent fire in his deep-set eye, and notwithstanding his dictatorial and

pedantical air, there is a certain dignity in his manner His voice is full and sonorous, but it is neither very varied in tone nor very flexible. It is dry, sententious, clear, dogmatical, luminous, lacking the suppleness and vivacity of Thiers, and genial flow, pathos, richness, and grace. But its tone, it must be admitted, is generally philosophical and elevated, and he exhibits great power of expression, and often much adroitness in hitting the humor of the Chamber. No man seizes on a leading popular idea with greater address, or more artfully and elaborately produces it suited to the taste of a majority. Though he seldom breaks out into those happy bursts which enthrall and captivate the auditor and hurry him along against his will, yet he is almost always copious and fertile, and shows his superiority to the mass, as a scholar and a man of general information. Guizot is always self-reliant, and nearly always cool and self-possessed. The most frivolous and oft-repeated interruptions cannot turn him from the exposition and development of a favorite idea."

But there was a statesman in France even more influential, and held in higher estimation by the French, than Guizot. This was Louis Adolphe Thiers. He was born at Marseilles, April 26, 1797. His father was a locksmith and small iron-dealer, and his mother a daughter of a bankrupt merchant, of a poor but proud family. By the influence of some relations, Adolphe was admitted a free scholar in the Imperial Lyceum of Marseilles, where he acquitted himself creditably until 1815, when he removed to Aix, to enter upon the study of law. Here he formed a lasting friendship with Mignet the historian, who was his

fellow-student. In this situation, Thiers added history, philosophy, and belles-lettres, to his law studies, and imbibed radical notions. Even then he showed traces of the demagogue—declaimed against the restoration, and made himself suspected by the police and hated by the faculty of the college. Rather than confer the prize of eloquence upon him, his instructors adjourned the trial a year, when, producing the same piece, he was outdone, much to their satisfaction, by an anonymous oration sent from Paris; but what was their subsequent mortification to find that this also was a production of their mischievous little Jacobin, who had taken this pleasant method of entrapping them. As a lawyer in Aix, Thiers could get no employment, and went with Mignet to Paris. They took lodgings in the garret of a miserable house in one of the meanest streets of the capital. A common chest of drawers, of the cheapest wood, a bed to match, two rush-bottom chairs, a little rickety nut-wood table, incapable of standing steadily on its legs, and a white calico curtain, formed the inventory of the furniture which accommodated the future prime minister of the greatest country in Europe, and the future historian of the Revolution. After some time spent in poverty and restlessness, Thiers obtained a situation among the editors of an influential journal. His bold and vigorous articles soon excited general attention; and the young politician, in despite of poverty, found himself drawn into the best circles of Paris. He was, however, exceedingly diligent, and made the utmost improvement of the opportunities placed at his disposal Through the assistance of a generous friend, he became

proprietor of one-half of the journal he conducted. He rose at five in the morning, and from that time until noon, applied himself to his editorial duties, and made his paper so popular that its receipts were increased five fold. After having thus devoted those hours to labor which most Parisians were wont to consume in sleep and idleness, he went into society, where he sought, not only to extend his connections, but to collect information, which he well knew how to turn to account.

If Thiers were an ordinary man he would, doubtless, have been abundantly satisfied by his eminent success as a newspaper writer. But he sought for more permanent fame, and in 1823, published the first volume of a History of the French Revolution. So doubtful were the booksellers of his ability as a historian, notwithstanding his success as a journalist, that the work was published under the name of Felix Bodin, a writer then popular in France. It created a great sensation. and soon acquired a party value altogether independent of its literary merit. The clearness, vigor, and beauty of the young author's style — the art and wonderful tact with which he dramatized circumstances — added an inexpressible charm to his development of the revolutionary movement. Each volume appeared with increasing popularity. It was followed, after an interval of some years, by his brilliant, though not always reliable, History of the Consulate and Empire

After the Revolution of 1830, Thiers was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, where he soon distinguished himself. His most remarkable parliamentary effort, was one in regard to the finances. He was chosen to

write the report from the committee on that subject; but the debate in the Chamber having been suddenly and unexpectedly brought to a close one evening, the report was in order for the next morning. To write a report so voluminous in a single night, was a mechanical impossibility, to say nothing of the mental part of the process. What was to be done? Such reports are always prepared in writing and read to the Chamber, for this obvious reason, that although necessarily the composition of an individual member of the committee, they are in fact supposed to proceed from, and do really possess the sanction of all the members of the committee, as well as of that individual member who is more especially charged with their composition. Thiers, however, pressed by the exigency of the occasion, went down to the Chamber, and apologizing for being compelled to depart from the usage of the house, by the unexpectedly early period at which the report was called for, in giving an unwritten report, he proceeded at once to the subject, aided only by a few numerical memorandas, and delivered a speech of four hours' duration, in which he discussed and exhausted every topic bearing on the matter of the finances. He plunged, with ready and voluble fluency, into financial, political, and administrative details, intermingled with bursts of picturesque oratory, with which he astonished and confounded the Chamber. History, politics, public economy, questions of national security and progress, were passed in succession before his wondering hearers, like scenes exhibited in a magic lantern. As usual, no topic was omitted — every question was marshaled in its proper place and order, but the house, nevertheless,

exhibited no signs of fatigue; they listened with unabated interest to the end. On several occasions in pauses of his speech, after he had continued speaking for nearly three hours, they invited him to rest, not from fatigue on their part, but from apprehension of his physical powers being exhausted. He proceeded, however, to the close without suspension.

In 1832, Thiers was appointed a member of the cabinet, and signalized his advent to power by the arrest of the Duchess de Berri and the exposure of her frailty, which obliterated any sentiment of chivalrous compassion which the struggle of a brave mother, for what she believed to be the rights of her son, might naturally have produced. From that period he took a prominent position in the administration of affairs until the overthrow of his royal master.

In physical appearance, Adolphe Thiers is extremely unprepossessing. He has neither figure, nor shape, nor mien, to win favor. His voice is thin, harsh, and reedy—his aspect sinister, deceitful and tricky—a sardonic smile plays about his insincere and mocking mouth, and at first view all spectators are disposed to distrust so ill-favored a little dwarf. The first time he gets up to speak or rather squeak, there is a universal desire to put him down with a universal laugh. But let the little pigmy be fairly heard, and he greets his auditors with such pleasant, light, lively, voluble talk, interspersed with historical remarks, personal anecdotes, ingenious reflections, all conveyed in such clear, concise and incomparable language, that they forget his ugliness, his impudence and insincerity. They listen, and as Rousseau said, in one of his most eloquent letters,

in "listening they are undone." He fixes his huge spectacles, (which entirely hide his eyes,) upon his audience, and addresses them in a "how d' ye do" vein of eloquence, and soon captivates their attention just as if he was addressing each one personally. There is no warmth, no apostrophe, no rhetoric, no figure of speech, no pathos, but a wonderful tumbling forth of ideas rushing out like children from a country school house—but without any effort, any aim at originality any desire to excite surprise. It is cold, sensible, irresistible. Those who know him well,do not suppose he can be in earnest about any matter which does not intimately concern his own interests. The truth is that in his innermost heart he laughs at all theories, other than the one which can raise Adolphe Thiers to power, and maintain him there. He is more restless and rash than Guizot, but has the same perseverance and imperturbable determination to occupy the foremost place of power—the same love of eminence, not for its wealth, its luxury, or the other consequences of eminence, but for its own sake; for its activity, for its esponsibility, and because it satisfies the cravings of a spirit purely and naturally ambitious of managing great events.

Notwithstanding the pacific tendency of Louis Philippe's reign, the war in Algiers, begun by Charles X., was continued by him. Having taken possession of Algiers, it was thought dishonorable for the French to abandon it; while to occupy it, was to be in continual warfare with the natives. Another reason, probably, had great weight in the decision of Louis Philippe's cabinet, in regard to the continuation of the war. It

afforded congenial occupation to the most restless, and turbulent, portion of the French, who might otherwise have periled the peace of Europe. The occupation of the new possession, however, was a constant source of embarrassment, and occasioned a continual and enormous drain upon the treasury. The intractable natives of Algiers, it was found, were not reducible to method; and European colonists could not be induced to settle among them. At least the French, who understand the sword better than the olive-branch, and parade more than utility, could make nothing of their acquisition. Nominally masters of Algiers, they really only possessed those portions occupied by their garrisons. The neighboring Moors and Arabs gave them constant employment, making frequent attacks upon the French posts, while the French sacked and burnt their villages in retaliation. Instead of dealing with the Arabs on principles of conciliation, and nursing the infant colony with money, goods, markets and colonists, the conquerors assumed a contrary policy. The most active and powerful chief arrayed against them, was the celebrated Abd-el-Kader, Emir of Mascara, a province lying along the foot of the lesser Atlas mountains.

The public life of Abd-el-Kader, (who was born in 1806,) commenced with the conquest of Algiers by the French in 1830. Chosen Emir of the tribes arrayed in opposition to French domination, he contrived to rapidly extend his influence still more and more widely among the neighboring tribes, until he became the head of a powerful confederacy of belligerent Arabs. Thenceforward, for seventeen years, the Emir kept up an almost constant warfare against the

French. The Arabs, whose rude and savage love of independence is the redeeming trait of their character, and whose religious fanaticism in the hour of defeat arouses them to fresh exertions, were unanimous in their determination never to yield to the French. The latter gained victory after victory without advantage. The Arabs were able to flourish where the French could not exist. Their burning summers, their rugged and pathless country, were allies that no treachery could deprive them of. Their destitution of military supplies, without which no European army can perform the most ordinary operations, did not affect their constant power of annoyance, or diminish their opportunities of harassing and surrounding their opponents' position. They regarded Abd-el-Kader—who is descended from one of the most ancient Arabian families, as the gallant defender of their faith, and the heroic chief of a holy war, in which light their contest with the French was universally regarded. Pillaging, burning, and massacring were the order of the day on both sides. The following example of the atrocities committed by the French, is enough to justify any cruelty of which the Arabs may have been guilty. Among the French officers, in the early part of 1845, was a Colonel Pelissier, who, on one occasion, drove a large number of Arabs, belonging to the tribe of Ouled Riah, into a large cavern, in the mountains to which they were accustomed to retreat, and the entrance of which they had strongly fortified.

After having surrounded the caverns, some fagots were lighted and thrown by the French troops before the entrance. After this demonstration, which was

made to convince the Arabs that the French had the power, if they pleased, of suffocating them in their hiding-place, the colonel threw in letters offering to them life and liberty if they would surrender their arms and their horses. At first they refused, but subsequently they replied that they would consent if the French troops would withdraw. This condition was considered inadmissible, and more burning fagots were thrown. A great tumult now began, and it was known afterward that it arose from a discussion as to whether there should be a surrender or not. The party opposed to a surrender carried their point, and a few of the minority made their escape. Colonel Pelissier, professing a wish to spare the lives of those who remained in the cavern, sent some Arabs to them to exhort them to surrender. They refused, and some women, who did not partake of the savage fanaticism of the majority, attempted to fly, but their husbands and relations fired upon them to prevent their escape from the martyrdom which they had themselves resolved to suffer. Colonel Pelissier then suspended the throwing of the burning fagots, and sent a French officer to hold a parley with the Ouled Riahs, but his messenger was received with a discharge of fire-arms, and could not perform his mission. This state of things continued till the next night, when the fire was renewed and rendered intense. During this time the cries of the unhappy wretches who were being suffocated, were dreadful, and then nothing was heard but the crackling of the fagots. This silence spoke volumes. The troops entered and found eight hundred dead bodies. About one hundred and fifty, who still breathed, were brought into the

fresh air, but a portion of them died afterward. An officer under Pelissier's command, in giving the hideous details of this atrocious massacre, said: "Six hundred bodies have already been taken out of the cave, without counting those that were heaped one above the other, nor counting the infants at the breast, who were almost entirely concealed by their mothers' clothes. The colonel expressed the horror which he felt at this terrible result. He is afraid, principally, of the attacks of the journals, who will, no doubt, criticise so deplorable an act. One thing certain, is, that it has made the whole country submit. We have been obliged to remove our camp from the neighborhood of the caves on account of the infectious smell, and we have abandoned the place to the ravens and vultures, who have been flying for some days around the grotto, and which we can see from our encampment carrying away huge pieces of human flesh."

Abd-el-Kader, like another Antæus, rose with fresh vigor after each blow, and renewed the contest with increased spirit. For a large portion of the seventeen years that Abd-el-Kader maintained the war, the French had an army of over 100,000 men in Algiers, the support of which cost $200,000,000. In 1847, Abd-el-Kader was finally, through alleged treachery and bad faith on the part of the French, taken prisoner and confined at Amboise, in the west of France, where he lingered in captivity until 1852.

In person, Abd-el-Kader is very small; his face is long and deadly pale; his large black eyes are soft and languishing; his mouth small and delicate; his nose rather aquiline; his beard thin, but jet black.

His dress was always distinguished by the most studied simplicity, having no gold or embroidery on any part of it. His whole appearance is dignified and prepossessing. His disposition is humane, and many acts of generosity are told of him. His habits are correct according to the Arab standard, as he is guiltless of any infidelity toward his wives, four of whom accompanied him to his French prison. In regard to these wives, the French relate an amusing anecdote. Abd-el-Kader, it is said, lately employed a competent person to give his children lessons in writing. The teacher fulfilled his task in the most exemplary manner, treating his little pupils with the utmost kindness. The brave father, being very grateful, bethought him of making the teacher a present as a mark of his esteem, and, after much cogitation, concluded to give him one of his Arabian wives! The Frenchman in vain endeavored to explain that he already had a wife, and that European law only allowed him one. Abd-el-Kader thought the writing-master wished to be ceremonious, and persisted most perseveringly in his offer, stating, in a courteous manner, that he would still have three wives left—enough, in the name of Allah, for a poor prisoner. The matter ended and the writing-master was rescued from this ludicrous dilemma, by his wife—the original, European one—carrying him off from the chief's presence, and prohibiting him from ever entering there again.

Not alone in the early stages of his captivity, but ever since he became their neighbor, the ladies of Amboise, with continuous kindness, have exhibited their benevolent feelings both to him and to the females of

his suite and their children. Delicacies from their kitchens, and little useful presents have been sent to the poor captives, who have received these attentions in the spirit in which they were given. One instance of considerateness gave particular gratification to the Emir. A lady sent him a magnificent plant, a native of his own valleys of the Atlas. It is related that the Emir on receiving it burst into tears. He sent back the expression of his gratitude in the following characteristically poetical words,—"Too poor to offer you in return any thing worthy of your acceptance, not possessing even a flower that I can call mine, I will pray to Allah that for the love of his servant he will one day bestow Paradise upon you."

The large, mournful, gazelle eyes, of Abd el-Kader, his calm, beautiful mouth, and his rich, jet-black beard, have gained many a heart, both male and female; but his misfortunes are too interesting, too romantic, too *piquant*, to be lightly parted with, and the French will probably keep the lion still caged as an object on which to exercise their sensibilities. Occasionally the Emir appears on his balcony, accompanied by the ladies of his suite. One of them is said to be still young, and very handsome. This is the report of a young Frenchman, whose patient curiosity was rewarded on a happy occasion, when the vailed fair one withdrew the envious screen of her beauties one day, imagining that she was unobserved, that she might the better gaze upon the fine river, and feel the soft breeze of an evening in June upon her cheek. Occasionally some of the children of the captives may be seen playing round their parents, as they stand motionless, looking from

their high position. These little captives are of all shades, from white to ebony hue, and are by no means so silent or so still as their elders, for they clamor and climb and twist about upon the parapets in a manner quite startling to those who are watching them from below.

Some time ago the bishop of Algiers, passing through Amboise, stopped to pay a visit to the Emir; he exhorted him to resignation—alas! what else could he preach?—and received the same answer as the illustrious prisoner always gives to those who seek to console him,—"I gave myself up on the sole condition that I should be conducted to Alexandria, in order to go to Mecca, where I desired to finish my days. The promise was given me: I ask for nothing further, and I rely on the justice of Allah."

CHAPTER VI.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

When outraged and indignant France overthrew Charles X., by the three days of July, and drove that monarch—sworn to destroy the liberties of the people—into exile, it conferred the throne, in its headlong haste and infatuation, upon Louis Philippe. The throes of France are always felt in Italy, which has long groaned under the triple oppression of the Pope, Austria, and the petty princes; and, no sooner was Charles X. driven from Paris by a nation that loathed him, than groups of Italian patriots were in arms, burning to free their country from the shackles that enthralled it. The two sons of Hortense, now grown to manhood, had been waiting for an occasion to try their fortunes, and, encouraged by some of the Italian insurgents, they prepared to stake their all in the cause of Italian freedom. They believed that a brilliant career awaited them, not unworthy their great uncle, who had found a grave in St. Helena. When about to join the friends of freedom at Bologna, against Austria, Prince Louis Napoleon and his brother, addressed the following laconic note to their mother, who was unacquainted with their plans:

"Mother,—Your affection will comprehend our feelings. We have entered into engagements, which

we cannot fail to perform, and the name which we bear constrains us to succor the unfortunate who call to us."

Their afflicted mother soon after hastened to meet them, eager to withdraw her children, whom she loved with tenderness and cherished with pride, from that bloody and unequal struggle. "Feel proud, madam, (said General Armandi, an Italian patriot, to Queen Hortense, when he perceived her maternal anguish, and shared all her apprehensions,) feel proud at being the mother of such sons. The whole of their conduct in these melancholy circumstances, is a series of noble and generous sentiments, worthy of their name." Hortense, who was a woman of great penetration, endeavored in vain to dissuade her sons from their rash and perilous enterprise. The princes, listening only to their warlike ardor, armed and led forward a few determined patriots. Several brilliant actions were fought with much bravery and address, against greatly superior bodies of Austrians. They defeated the Papal forces on several occasions. Great rejoicings prevailed in the camp of the insurgents: alarm and confusion filled the Vatican. Both were of short duration. The crooked and double-tongued policy of the French and Austrian rulers gained the upper hand. The two princes were finally conquered and banished from the soil of Italy. At Faenga the elder of the two brothers was attacked with an internal inflammation and expired, March 27, 1831, in the arms of the younger. Louis Napoleon was also sick from fatigue, anxiety and affliction. The Austrians were in possession of the town where he was concealed, and it required all the

fortitude and ingenuity of the Duchess of St. Leu, (as Queen Hortense was called after her husband abdicated the throne of Holland,) to save the only son who now remained to her. She caused a report to be immediately circulated, that the prince had taken refuge in Greece; and although lodging in the immediate neighborhood of the commander of the Austrian forces, she succeeded, in the midst of the most harassing anxieties, in concealing her patient from the observation of all. By disguising herself as a domestic, and, what is still more difficult for a woman, concealing her grief of heart, she conducted him, under the protection of an English passport, and not without running great risks, through a large part of Italy; and, in order to take him to a safe asylum in Switzerland, she ventured to brave the law of proscription, which excluded her from the soil of France. "At length, (said she,) I arrived at the barriers of Paris, and I felt a sort of pride in showing that capital, in its best points of view, to my son, who could no longer remember it. From the windows of my apartment I looked upon the Boulevards; and, in my present isolation, I felt a sort of bitter joy in being able once more to behold that city which I was about to leave, probably for ever, without speaking to any one, or being at all distracted from the impression which that view made upon my mind." Thus it was that that young man, whose birth had been announced by salvos of artillery throughout the vast extent of the empire, from Hamburgh to Rome, and from the Pyrenees to the Danube, returned to Paris, after fifteen years of exile, a proscribed fugitive. A new impulse was given to the indomitable ambition of Louis

Napoleon, by his mother's showing him from the windows of her apartments, the scenes where she had received homage as a queen, and enjoyed an intimacy with the Emperor that few others could boast. Hortense announced in a letter to Louis Philippe, her arrival in Paris with her son. The king, notwithstanding his family had received many favors from the Emperor through the influence of Hortense,* gave her a peremptory order to quit the kingdom, and she proceeded, with her son to England. There the prince employed his time in completing his education, and visiting, with the most scrupulous attention, every establishment of industry or science. Hortense and her son returned to Switzerland in August, 1831. A deputation of Polish noblemen, who had been sent from Warsaw, visited Louis Napoleon, and urged him to place himself at the head of the armies of Poland. The letter of the Polish chief contained the following passage:

"To whom could the direction of our enterprise be confided with greater hope of success than to the nephew of him who was the greatest captain of all ages. Should a young Bonaparte appear upon our battlefields, waving the tri-colored standard for victory, what a moral effect would be produced, the consequences of which would be incalculable to our oppressed country. Go, then, young hero, the hope of Poland, and confide to the waves, that will obey at the whisper of thy great name, the future Cæsar, and what is more, the destinies

* The Emperor, through the solicitation of Hortense, permitted Louis Philippe's mother and aunt, (the Duchess of Bourbon, mother of the Duke of Enghein,) to remain in France, and granted to the former a pension of $80,000 a year, and to the latter $40,000. It was from this liberality that Louis Philippe was supported while an exile. These ladies wrote many letters to Queen Hortense, expressive of their gratitude for her beneficent influence with the Emperor in their behalf.

of liberty, and you will gather the acknowledgments of your brethren in arms, and the admiration of the universe."

This offer to a young man of twenty-two, however much it may have been influenced by the name he bore, certainly would not have been made unless the ability displayed by him in the Italian insurrection had entitled him to the confidence of the Polish generals. But the misfortunes of the Italian movement had rendered Louis Napoleon somewhat more distrustful of success, than he had been the previous year, and he declined to accept the proposal. This refusal was in accordance with the earnest entreaties of Queen Hortense, who, however frivolous she may have been in her youth, while intoxicated with the splendors and gayeties of a court, showed herself, throughout her exile, to be a prudent, sensible, affectionate, and noble-hearted mother. Louis Napoleon, restless and rash, was hardly contented with his inactivity, and even contemplated the recall of his answer to the Polish deputation, but the calamities that rapidly overspread that unhappy country, and its gallant patriots, put an end to his schemes. In the mean time his purse was always open to the unfortunate Poles. All the fugitives that passed through Constance, his Swiss home, were quartered at his expense, and departed from thence loaded with presents. All his large income was spent on them. Among other things, he presented the Polish committee a writing-case that had belonged to the Emperor, which was sold for $4000. The committee, as an expression of their gratitude, wrote him the following letter:

"We should be happy were we permitted to follow the impulse of our hearts, and to preserve, as a sacred relic, an object which formerly belonged to the great man, whose death the Poles, (who of late enjoyed the glory to belong to his phalanx,) deplore with the utmost grief. Five hundred of the Polish refugees, warmed by the generous solicitude of his heart for their misfortunes, have the honor to offer their sentiments of the profoundest respect which they feel for the illustrious descendant of the Emperor Napoleon."

In 1833, Louis Napoleon published a remarkable pamphlet, entitled, "Political and Military Considerations upon the Swiss Confederacy." It gave evidence of thoughtfulness and of a fine talent for composition. It created a considerable excitement in the diplomatic world, and in the minds of military men. The constitutions of the different cantons were examined, analyzed and described with astonishing sagacity for so young an author. It abounded in superior views and reflections, worthy of a thorough diplomatist. The prince proposed a line of defense, which, if adopted, would render the Swiss republic almost invulnerable to the hostilities of foreign powers. As a mark of their estimation of the pamphlet, the rights of citizenship were conferred on him by the canton of Thurgovia. He returned thanks, (May 15, 1833,) for this mark of esteem, in the following letter:

"I accept the rights of a citizen of Thurgovia with the greatest pleasure. I am glad that a new tie now binds me to that country, which for sixteen years has extended to us the most generous hospitality. My position as an exile, renders me doubly sensible to the interest you show me. As a Frenchman and as a Bonaparte, I am proud of being the citizen of a free country. My mother desires me to tell you how much she is affected by your kindness to me."

Two years afterward, Prince Napoleon published a work on artillery, for the use of the Swiss troops, as a reward for which, the government appointed him a captain of artillery. In acknowledging this mark of esteem and confidence, he wrote as follows:

"I have just received the letter which informs me hat the executive council of Berne have conferred the title of captain of artillery on me, and hasten to express to you my gratitude for this nomination. My country, or rather the French government, repulses me because I am the nephew of Napoleon; you are more just. I am proud of being numbered among the defenders of a state in which the sovereignty of the people is considered as the basis of the constitution, and where every citizen is ready to sacrifice himself for the liberty and independence of his country."

This work was the result of three years of laborious research, serious meditation, and an immense number of practical experiments. The most competent authorities gave this work the highest praise, and pronounced Louis Napoleon to be one of the most competent military tacticians of the age. The Swiss, French and English journals, almost unanimously pronounced it the best treatise on artillery existing in Europe. Although nominally prepared for the use of the Swiss troops, the real object of its composition, undoubtedly was to win the attention of the French officers, especially those who regarded with pride the splendid achievements of the Emperor. In this Louis Napoleon was eminently successful, for many who had scarcely thought of his existence at all, began to reflect upon his position as a Bonaparte, and upon what it might be, should a popular convulsion overthrow the throne of Louis Philippe.

In 1835, Donna Maria, Queen of Portugal, having lost her husband, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, (son of Eugene Beauharnois,) the question of providing her with another husband was agitated among the Portuguese. Some persons of distinction opened a negotiation with Louis Napoleon, on the subject of marrying the royal widow. But as such a step would destroy his prospects of becoming ruler of France, he peremptorily declined the proffered honor. A prince without power and an exile without a country, he seems to have had implicit faith that he would ultimately become the successor of the Emperor Napoleon, on the imperial thrône of France; and he was unwilling to barter off his hopes, however dim their realization might seem, for any present dignity, however brilliant. The following letter, published by him, in regard to his rumored intention of becoming the consort of the Portuguese Queen, is clearly characterized by this feeling:

"Arenemberg, December 14th, 1835.

"Several of the public journals have announced the news of my departure for Portugal, as a suitor for the hand of Queen Donna Maria. However flattering to me, might be the supposition of a union with a young, beautiful, and virtuous queen, the widow of a cousin who was dear to me, it is my duty to disclaim such a report, for which there is no foundation whatever. I owe it to myself moreover to add, that notwithstanding the lively interest which I feel in the destinies of a nation which has just recovered its liberties, I would refuse the honor of sharing the throne of Portugal, should I be deemed worthy of such an honor.

"The noble conduct of my father, who abdicated in 1810, because he could not combine the interests of France with those of Holland, has never departed from

my mind. My father has proved to me by his illustrious example, how much one's country is preferable to a foreign throne. I feel, in fact, that having been accustomed from my youth to cherish my country above every thing else, I could not prefer any thing to French interests.

"Persuaded that the great name which I bear shall not always constitute a title of exclusion in the eyes of my fellow-countrymen, because it recalls to their mind fifteen years of glory, I wait with calmness, in a free and hospitable country, till the people recall into their minds those who were exiled in 1815, by 1,200,000 foreigners. The hope of one day serving France as a citizen and a soldier, fortifies my mind, and in my eyes, is of more value than the whole world.

"Accept, &c.,
"NAPOLEON LOUIS NAPOLEON."*

As early as 1833, Louis Napoleon had been in consultation with Lafayette in regard to French affairs. The latter was dissatisfied with Louis Philippe, and regretted having placed him on the throne. "But France is not republican, (he added;) we considered the Duke of Reichstadt as a prisoner, and there was no one but Louis Philippe that we could place at the head of the nation." He thought that the government of Louis Philippe could not stand, and that the name of Bonaparte being the most popular one in France, Louis Napoleon might grasp the imperial eagles and bear them successfully to Paris. After the lamented death of Lafayette, Armand Carral, the

* At this period Louis Napoleon seems to have been unsettled in regard to the name he should assume. Although his baptismal name was Charles Louis Napoleon, his letters are indiscriminately signed "Napoleon Bonaparte," "Napoleon Louis Bonaparte," and "Napoleon Louis Napoleon." Since his accession to tho Presidency of France he has adopted the name of "Louis Napoleon."

acknowledged leader of the republican party, continued the intercourse with the Prince. "His political and military works, (said Carral in regard to Louis Napoleon,) prove that he has a noble character and a strong mind. His name is the greatest of modern times. If he understands the new interests of France, if he is willing to forget his claim to imperial rights, and think only of the sovereignty of the people, he may yet be called to play a great part." These words were reported to Louis Napoleon, and while they inflamed his ambition, strengthened his determination to court the republican party, whose assistance was essential to the overthrow of Louis Philippe. He sought diligently to obtain the confidence of the republicans, and to win the affections of the army. By means of trusty agents he sounded the dispositions of the troops and their officers, entered into communication with important personages, and obtained information as to the position of parties. The result of his investigation was neither quite favorable nor quite discouraging. There were germs of dissatisfaction in the army; no doubt it was attached by its recollections to the Emperor; some of the commanding officers promised their swords, but only after the first victory should be won. The persons of note to whom overtures had been made, showed themselves well-disposed rather than hostile. Louis Philippe was evidently unpopular, and doubtless it was from policy rather than from any partiality to the young Bonaparte, that they wished, without committing themselves to his cause, to be in a situation to make the most of circumstances, should Louis Philippe be overthrown.

In the month of July, 1836, Louis Napoleon went to Baden in order to be near the French frontier. He had resolved to make a decisive blow, though what the blow should be, or when it should be struck, were not matters of certainty. He relied more upon the happening of some favorable exigency than upon any prearranged plan. The magic of his name, however, was his chief reliance. His favorite idea was that of throwing himself into some large and strongly fortified town, and there, by the influence of his name, and the boldness of his movement, to rally around him the inhabitants and the garrison; then to hasten, by forced marches, to Paris, winning on his way both troops and people. After much thought, Strasbourg appeared to him the most favorable city for the execution of his designs, if such his crude hopes rather than purposes, may be called. An immense arsenal, with military resources of every kind in abundance, a garrison of ten thousand men, and a population greatly dissatisfied with the established government, made this an important place for the ground-work of his operations. The news of a revolution at Strasbourg — thus he reasoned — accomplished by the nephew of the Emperor, in the name of liberty and the sovereignty of the people, would influence all minds. Once master of the city, a national guard would immediately be organized, which would be sufficient to man the fortress. The same day on which this great revolution should be accomplished, every thing would be arranged for the march to Paris, on the morrow, with ten thousand men, as many camp followers, one hundred pieces of cannon, and a supply of arms for the population on

the route. The example of Strasbourg would carry with it all Alsace and its garrisons. The line of march would be through Vosges, Lorraine, and Champagne. What grand reminiscences would be awakened! What resources secured by the patriotism of these provinces! Metz would obey the impulse received from Strasbourg. Nancy, and her garrisons would be surprised, on the fourth day, before the government would have time to act! The national cause, as Prince Louis Napoleon seemed to regard his scheme, would be strengthened every day! Proclamations made to excite the sympathies of the people would penetrate everywhere; they would spread over the north, the west, the middle and the south of France! Besançon, Lyons, Grenoble, would feel the electrifying effect of this grand revolution! The government would be powerless! It would be unable to retard, much less to arrest, the progress of a movement begun with such energy! To this army of citizens and soldiers, enthusiastic for liberty and glory, it could only oppose regiments shaken by the contagious example of revolt! Paris and France would acknowledge Louis Napoleon as their liberator, and by so doing enable him to become their tyrant! So ran the reveries of the rash and audacious dreamer. His presence in France, and the magic of the name he bore, were to accomplish all! Strasbourg and all France must yield to him! "If the present government, (said he to the friends to whom he communicated his projects and his hopes,) has committed sufficient faults to make another revolution desirable; if the government of Napoleon has left sufficiently deep roots in the nation, I have but to appear before the

army and people, to remind them of their former prosperity and glory, of their present humiliation and grievances, and they will join me. France wishes for national institutions as representatives of their rights; for a man or a family to represent her interests. She wishes for the popular principles of the republic, accompanied by stability — for the national dignity, the order, the internal prosperity, but not the conquests of the empire; she might desire the external alliance of the restoration, but what can she wish or hope for from the present government? My ambition is to appear with the most popular and glorious banners; to rally all that is generous and noble in every party around me; to restore the national dignity without war, liberty without anarchy, stability without despotism. To succeed in this plan I must be acknowledged and assisted by the people, for from the people alone proceed reason and justice." It is by no means certain that the prince argued unwisely.

At Baden, Louis Napoleon became acquainted with several young officers, who declared themselves ready to join him One evening, after one of those brilliant parties, so customary at fashionable watering places, he mounted his horse, and accompanied by a friend, soon arrived at Strasbourg. In a room hired for the purpose, fifteen officers met that night. When they heard that Louis Napoleon was about to appear before them, they exclaimed enthusiastically: "The Emperor's nephew shall be welcome! He has nothing to fear; he has confided in us; we would defend him at the peril of our own lives!" The prince then made his appearance: "Gentlemen, (said he,) I have confided

in your honor; I have perhaps risked my life in order to see you. I wish to learn from yourselves what are your feelings and opinions. If the nation views the present state of the country as I do, I think I can be useful. The great man is no more, but our cause is the same as in his time. The eagle, that sacred emblem, represents, as in 1815, the rights of the people and the national glory. I act not from personal ambition, therefore tell me if I am wrong, and although exile with its cares and sorrows has weighed heavily upon me, I will resign myself to living in a foreign land, until happier days." "No!" exclaimed the assembled officers, "you shall not languish in exile; we have long sympathized with you; we will restore you to your country."

The ardor of the conspirators went on increasing and, had they not possessed resolution and daring of their own, there was a woman among them who would have set them a bold example. Madame Gordon, the daughter of a captain of the imperial guards, and brought up in the worship of the Emperor, appeared at Strasbourg and Baden as a professional singer. Louis Napoleon became her ardent admirer. She was informed of all his projects, and immediately plunged into the conspiracy with the characteristic impetuosity of female zeal. Young, beautiful, and fascinating, this ambitious lady speedily acquired great influence among the conspirators, and urged on the development of the plot.

On the 25th of October, 1836, Louis Napoleon, who had returned from Baden to Arenemberg, again left his mother under the pretext of joining a hunting

party. A rendezvous had been assigned in the grand duchy of Baden to some important personages on whom he counted. He found no one at the place appointed, and after waiting three days, resolved to set out for Strasbourg, where he arrived, October 28th The next day he had an interview with Colonel Vaudrey, which would have made a man of a more patient temperament hesitate. The colonel urged in objection, the rashness of the enterprise; the number of chances against it; the extreme uncertainty of success among so many hostile passions, and so many interests prompt to take alarm; and also the impropriety of exposing the Emperor's nephew to such great dangers. These prudential counsels had the more weight, coming from a man full of courage, who had been often proved in battle; but Louis Napoleon thought he had gone toc far to retreat, and the colonel gave way. The Prince then showed him a paper in which he agreed to confer an income of $2000 to each of Vaudrey's children, but the incorruptible old veteran indignantly tore up the document, exclaiming,—"I give my blood, I do not sell it!" Colonel Vaudrey was commander of the regiment in which the Emperor had made his first campaign, and which at a later period, (on his return from Elba,) proud of the recollection of this circumstance, welcomed him with transports at Grenoble, and formed his escort in his triumphal march to Paris.

Louis Napoleon found a still more important, although a less distinguished auxiliary, in the person of M. de Persigny. With a quick and easy wit, clever, energetic and bold, and with a mind full of resources, M. de Persigny was at once the directing intelligence

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and the acting agent of the adventures to which he had devoted himself. Diplomatic by instinct rather than by education, he wove the thread of the conspiracy with consummate ability, and in a manner to leave him free to impress it with whatever direction he thought best. Somewhat of a flatterer, flattery with him was only a means of ruling, and leading the self will and vanity of men, as with a chain of flowers, much stronger than a chain of iron. A conspirator by disposition and upon calculation, an adventure had irresistible attractions for him. Devoid of enthusiasm or passion, he enlisted himself rather in the fortunes of the man than for the man himself, or his cause. Cool and impassible in the face of danger, no peril could deter or stop him. With a forethought which prepared all the combinations, and a boldness intimidated by nothing, he was the most active man in the conspiracy.

Other actors, of secondary importance, were grouped around these leaders, who risked not only their own lives, but the repose of society, in their hazardous exploit. Madame Gordon, in the character of a public singer at Strasbourg, had drawn many of these around her as admirers, and, making their adherence to the plot for the elevation of Louis Napoleon, the condition on which they were to receive her smiles, had involved them in the conspiracy.

The 30th of November, 1836, was the day fixed for the commencement of the insurrection. It was agreed that the first thing requisite was to win a considerable armed force over to the Prince's side, so that the feelings of the inhabitants of Strasbourg might not be

epressed by the authorities. After some discussion, it was decided that the Prince should present himself to the 4th regiment of artillery, at the Austerlitz barracks, and from thence proceed to the Finkmatt barrack, where the 46th regiment of the line was quartered. If these two regiments joined him, all military difficulties were at once at an end. The Prince's proclamations would be instantly printed and posted up; the authorities would be arrested, and it would be impossible to put a stop to this popular movement. If, on the other hand, the 46th would not join the Prince, those officers who were devoted to him would assemble the 3d regiment of artillery, and the Prince would then have been master of a force superior to any that could have been opposed to him.

Rooms were rented in a private house, at a short distance from the Austerlitz barracks. Thither Louis Napoleon repaired on the evening of the 29th of October. A message was then sent to those officers upon whom he could rely. They came, successively, toward three o'clock, and his rooms were soon crowded. He now recapitulated his plans, and the means he possessed of executing them, informed every one of what he would be called upon to do in the morning, and then read his proclamations aloud. At 6 o'clock in the morning Colonel Vaudrey was to repair to the Austerlitz barrack. The Prince exclaimed, "My poor mother, I have deceived her! She believes that I am with my cousin. She must learn from myself what may be my fate." He then wrote two hasty letters, in one of which he informed his mother of the success of his enterprise; in the other he said, "I have fallen,

mother, but in a noble cause. Do not weep; do not blame any one; nothing but my own convictions could have induced me to act as I have done; I have been influenced by no one; when I crossed the Rhine I was prepared for all." He was evidently moved as he gave the letters to one who stood near him, saying, "If I am well received by the first regiment before which I present myself, we are certain of success; therefore let the first letter be instantly dispatched to my mother. If I fall, send the other; it will be my farewell." The tears started to his eyes as he spoke, but as the sound of the trumpet was heard at that moment, he conquered his emotion, and recovered that composure which did not desert him during all the events of that day. "This is a solemn moment, (said he, as he rose;) we are about commencing a great enterprise; if it succeeds, the benedictions of our country will be our reward; if it fails, the world will not find words strong enough to depict the folly of our attempt; but we will bear that with resignation. We will remember the long sufferings of the Emperor at St. Helena. We shall fall in a great cause, and the French nation will pity us."

In the mean time, the soldiers of Colonel Vaudrey's regiment, aroused at an unusual hour by the sound of the trumpet, hastened down to the court-yard of their barracks, anxiously inquiring what had happened. They were ordered to stand in two rows on each side of the court, so that every man might see all that was to take place. The Prince, having been informed that the regiment was assembled, hastened to the scene of action. A movement of curiosity was visible when

Louis Napoleon made his appearance. He advanced toward Colonel Vaudrey, who, putting his hand on his sword, exclaimed, "Soldiers, a great revolution is about commencing! You behold here before you the nephew of the Emperor Napoleon. He comes to reconquer the rights of the people: the people and the army may place full dependence upon him. It is around him that all who love the glory and the liberty of France ought to gather themselves. Soldiers, may the nephew of the Emperor count upon you?"

This speech was received with loud cries of "Vive Napoleon! Vive l'Empereur!" When silence was restored, Louis Napoleon addressed them as follows: "Soldiers! having resolved to conquer or to die for the liberty of the French nation, I was anxious that yours should be the first regiment before which I should appear, for we are united by strong ties. It was in your regiment that my uncle, the Emperor, first served; it was with you that he distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon; it was your brave regiment that received him at Grenoble, on his return from the island of Elba. Soldiers! new destinies are in store for you To you the glory of commencing a great enterprise! your's is the honor of being the first to salute the eagle of Austerlitz and of Wagram." Here the Prince seized the eagle borne by one of his officers, and, holding it up to the regiment, exclaimed, "This is the symbol of glory; may it be also that of liberty! During fifteen years it lead our fathers to victory; during fifteen years it glittered upon every battle-field, it towered above every capital of continental Europe. Soldiers, rally around this noble banner! I confide it to your

honor and to your courage. Let us march together against the traitors and the oppressors of our country, crying, 'Vive la France! vive la liberté!'"

This speech was received with acclamations. Many of the inhabitants, attracted by the noise, joined themselves, in crowds, to the retinue, and mingled their shouts with those of the soldiers. Joy and hope beamed on every face. The first steps to be taken were the arrest of the civil authorities and the general in command of the fortress. While some were dispatched to the residences of the magistrates, Louis Napoleon proceeded to the quarters of General Voirol. Approaching him, the Prince said—"General, I come to you as a friend. I should be much grieved to raise our old tri-colored flag, without having the aid of a brave soldier like yourself. The garrison is on my side—will you not follow me?" The general declining to join the movement, was put under arrest. After this the troops were set in motion, but owing to an error were led in a wrong direction. This created much confusion. The officer intrusted with the distribution of the proclamations, explanatory of the movement, had failed to perform that duty, and it became impossible to restore order, for the people were not informed of the object of the insurrection, nor by whom it was conducted. As the Prince was about to address a large body of troops, he was interrupted by a disturbance which arose at the other extremity of the regiment. A Colonel Taillandier had just arrived, and on being told that the Emperor's nephew was there with the 4th regiment, he could not believe such extraordinary intelligence, and his surprise was so great

that he preferred attributing it to a vulgar ambition on the part of Colonel Vaudrey, rather than to credit the movement on behalf of the Prince. "Soldiers! (he exclaimed,) you are deceived! the man who excites your enthusiasm can only be an adventurer and an impostor." An officer of his staff cried out at the same time, "It is not the Emperor's nephew; it is the nephew of Colonel Vaudrey; I know him." Absurd as was this announcement, it flew like lightning from mouth to mouth, and began to change the disposition of the regiment, which a moment before had been so favorable. Great numbers of the soldiers, believing themselves the dupes of an unworthy deception, became furious. Colonel Taillandier assembled them, and caused the gates of the barrack yard to be closed; while, on the other hand, the officers devoted to the Prince gave orders to have the drums beaten to bring forward the soldiers who had embraced the cause of Louis Napoleon. The space they occupied was so confined that the regiments became, as it were, confounded together, and the tumult was frightful. From moment to moment the confusion increased, and the officers of the same cause no longer recognized each other, as all parties wore the same uniform. Muskets were charged, and bayonets and sabers flashed in the air, but no blow was struck, as each feared to wound a friend. In the midst of the confusion Louis Napoleon became separated from his adherents, and hurried into the midst of those who doubted his identity. There, after barely escaping the bayonets of the indignant soldiery, he was arrested. His friends, finding that any further resistance was useless, yielded to the same fate. In

the mean time the magistrates had been placed under arrest, and the two regiments in the other part of the town had enthusiastically pronounced in favor of Louis Napoleon, and were proceeding to join him, when they heard of his arrest. This intelligence, with the reports which were in circulation as to the identity of Louis Napoleon, prevented them from acting decisively in his behalf. To still further embarrass and paralyze the friends of the Prince, it was also reported through all parts of the city that the insurrection was one in favor of the restoration of Charles X.—a movement for which they had no sympathy.

Louis Napoleon was placed as a prisoner in the citadel which, an hour before, he had flattered himself with the hope of commanding. General Voirol treated him with much kindness. "Prince, (said he,) when I was your prisoner, I could find none but hard words to use toward you: now that you are mine I have none but expressions of consolation to offer you." But afterward he was treated with the utmost rigor by a Monsieur Lebel, one of the creatures of the king. The Prince was not even permitted to open his window, to breathe the pure air, in a prison that stood in a circle of loaded muskets and drawn swords. But this excessive cruelty was of short duration, for in a few days he was removed to Paris.

As Prince Napoleon had every reason to suppose that he would be brought to trial before the house of Peers, he busied himself in drawing up his defense, which was found unfinished in his prison. It ran thus:

"Gentlemen:—I do not intend to defend my life! I knew that I risked it when I crossed the French

frontier, but I am anxious to defend my honor and my rights. Yes, gentlemen, my rights!

"After the revolution of 1830, I requested permission to return to France as a private citizen. I was repulsed. I desired to be allowed to serve as a common soldier. No notice was taken of this request. I have been treated as a pretender, (*aspirant*) I have acted as one!

"Do not believe, however, that mine was only the paltry ambition to fill a throne. I aspired to something higher. I wished to assemble a national Congress, which, consulting the wishes of each man, would have made French laws, without borrowing constitutions that are not suited to us, from other countries. The Emperor accomplished his mission; he prepared the nation for liberty, by introducing the principle of equality in their customs, and by making merit the only means of rising. Every government that has succeeded that of the Emperor has been exclusive; one rested wholly on the nobility and clergy, another on a *bourgeoise* aristocracy, a third solely on the working classes. The government of the Emperor rested on the people, as a general on his army. The government of Napoleon received the popular sanction four times. In 1804, the French nation recognized the hereditary rights of the Imperial family by four millions of votes. Since that period the nation has not been consulted. As the eldest of the Emperor's nephews, I was justified in considering myself, not as the representative of the empire, (for within twenty years many ideas have changed) but as the representative of the *sovereignty of the nation*. I have always considered the eagle as the emblem of the rights of the people, not of those of a family.

"Animated by these ideas, and by the justice of my cause, I exclaimed, 'Those princes who consider themselves of the Right Divine can find men to die for them, in order to re-establish abuses and privileges: and must I, whose name recalls so much glory and liberty, must I die in exile?' 'No!' answered my

brave companions in misfortune, 'we will conquer together in the cause of the French nation, or perish with you!' Do not suppose that it was my aim to imitate the last of the Roman emperors, who was raised one day on the bucklers of the soldiery, and overthrown on the next. I availed myself of the aid of the army in attempting a revolution, as this mode of action offered the most chances of success; and besides, I was anxious to avoid the confusion and tumult that usually attend on social conflicts. I made a great mistake in the execution of my project, but it is little to the honor of our old soldiers that their hearts did not bound at the sight of the eagle, the symbol of their past glory. They once more beheld that banner which they had planted from the Tagus to the Moskwa—that banner which they had watered with their blood— * * * they beheld it, and they trampled it beneath their feet!!! They told me of their new oaths, forgetting that it was the presence of one million two hundred thousand foreigners which had released them from that they had taken to the Imperial banner. A principle that has been annulled by force can only be re-established by force. I believed that I had a mission to fulfill; I have acted accordingly."

Contrary to general expectation, instead of bringing the Prince to trial, the government secretly determined to send him to the United States. "On the evening of the ninth of November," says Louis Napoleon, in a letter to his mother, "I was informed that I was to be removed to another place of confinement. On leaving my room, I found General Voirol and the Préfect waiting for me. They led me to the carriage without telling me whither I was to be conducted. I insisted on remaining with my companions in misfortune, but I found that the government had decided otherwise. On reaching the hotel of the Préfecture,

I saw two post-chaises. I was placed in one, with M. Guinat, the commander of the military district of the Seine, and Lieutenant Thiboulot; in the other were four non-commissioned officers. I cannot describe the pain I felt at learning that I was to be separated from my co-accused; that I was to abandon men who had risked their lives for me; that I was not to be allowed to explain my ideas, to defend my intentions. The two officers who had accompanied me had served in the time of the Empire, and were intimately acquainted with M. Parquin; I might have imagined that I was traveling with friends. At two o'clock on the morning of the 11th, we arrived at Paris, and alighted at the Préfecture of Police, where I was most kindly received by M. Delessert. He told me that you had come to France to implore the king's clemency in my behalf, and that I was to set out in two hours for L'Orient, from whence I was to sail for the United States."

Before leaving Paris, Louis Napoleon was allowed to write the following letter to Queen Hortense:

"MY DEAR MOTHER:—Your tenderness is proved by the step you have taken. You thought only of the danger in which I was placed, and not of my honor, which compelled me to share the fate of my companions in misfortune. It gives me the greatest pain to be obliged to abandon men whom I have led to ruin, when my presence and my testimony might have influenced the jury in their favor. I have written to the king to entreat him to show mercy to them; it is the only favor I ask. I am about leaving France for America, but, my dear mother, if you do not wish to increase my affliction, do not follow me, I entreat you.

"Will you see that the prisoners of Strasbourg are in want of nothing. Take care of the sons of Colonel Vaudrey, who are at Paris, with their mother. I should be resigned to my fate if I knew that the lives of my companions would be spared; but to feel that I had been the cause of the death of those brave men would give me everlasting pain.

"Farewell, dearest mother. Return to Arenemberg. Do not attempt to join me in America; it would make me too unhappy. Farewell."

The Prince was so anxious about the men from whom he had been separated, that, previous to his departure, he wrote to several other persons concerning them. One of his letters was quoted, at the trial of the prisoners of Strasbourg, by their counsel, who exclaimed—"Do you think it proper, do you think it generous, thus to expatiate on the faults of the Prince in his absence. If, by means of the press, the singular language you have held should reach his ear, would he not have cause to complain; would he not exclaim: 'Your government would not allow me to appear before its tribunals; and now that, contrary to my wishes, I have submitted to its orders, now that I have left my country, the instruments of the law are allowed to calumniate me. It is the object of the government to ruin me in the opinion of the French, whose confidence and esteem are to me invaluable. Let such clemency be revoked! I will not accept it at such a price. Death is a thousand times preferable to life with dishonor.' What generous mind could misunderstand this noble language? I am happy in being able to give France a more favorable opinion of Louis Napoleon. He was suddenly removed from

prison. He was taken to Paris, where he was allowed to pass a couple of hours to rest, after the fatigues of the journey, and to prepare for a long voyage. How did the noble young man employ the time thus allotted him? He could not forget that he had left his companions under the weight of a terrible accusation. He began a letter dated Paris, November 11th, but he had not time to conclude it immediately. The latter part of the letter bears the date of L'Orient, November 15th, for he would not put his foot on board the vessel, which was to take him far from France, without having done all he could to defend those who had compromised themselves for him. This letter, addressed to Odillon Barrot, ran thus:

"SIR:—Notwithstanding my desire to remain with my companions in misfortune, and to share their fate; notwithstanding my protestations on this subject, the king, from a kindly motive, doubtless, has ordered that I should be taken to L'Orient, and from thence to the United States. Although much touched by the king's generosity, I am deeply afflicted at leaving my companions, for I believe that my presence at the bar, and my testimony would have influenced the jury in their favor, and shed light on many important circumstances. As I am deprived of the consolation of being useful to the men of whose ruin I am the cause, I must confide to a lawyer what I am not allowed to tell the jury. We are all guilty for having taken up arms against the government, but I am the most so, for I had long meditated effecting a revolution; I snatched my companions from an honorable position in society, and induced them to risk all the dangers that must always attend a popular commotion. I seduced them by speaking to them of all that was most likely to move the heart of Frenchmen. They told me of their oaths. I reminded them

that in 1815 they had sworn fidelity to Napoleon II and his dynasty.

"The government has acted generously toward me. It has considered that my being an exile, my love for France, and my relationship to the Emperor, were excuses for me.

"Can the jury do otherwise than follow the road pointed out by the government?"

On the 21st of November, Louis Napoleon embarked on the frigate which was to bear him to the American continent. The captain had sealed orders to sail first to Rio de Janeiro, and afterward to proceed to New York. The voyage occupied five months, and the Prince did not arrive in New York until toward the end of April, 1837. During the voyage he wrote many letters to his mother, in one of which (dated December 14, 1836) the following passage occurs:

"Two months ago I wished for nothing except never again to behold Switzerland; now, if I were to follow my own inclinations, I should have no other wish than to find myself again in my little chamber in the midst of that fine country, in which I fancy I ought to be so happy! Alas! when one has a soul that feels deeply, one is destined to pass one's days oppressed with the sense of inactivity, or in the struggles of painful sensations. When some months ago I went to bring home Matilda, on re-entering the park I found a tree which had been blown down by the tempest, and I said to myself, our marriage will be broken off by fate. That which I vaguely guessed has become realized. Have I then exhausted all the happiness which was destined for me?"

The lady to whom the Prince makes the above allusion, was the daughter of Jerome Bonaparte, and was afterward married to a Russian prince. Her extraordinary beauty, her manifold graces and accomplishments

fully justified the choice which Louis Napoleon had made. She was rather small, but perfectly formed. Her head was beautifully shaped, and thrown into fine relief by her luxuriant brown hair. Her eyes were large and sparkling, and the features classically regular. The expression of her face was most captivating, and revealed an elevation of character that charmed at first sight. Her manners were full of spirit and elegance. Her voice was clear and ringing. She conversed with great fluency and vivacity, and her language was well chosen and pointed. When she subsequently took up her residence at Paris, she became a great favorite in fashionable society.

It happened by a singular coincidence, that on the same day Louis Napoleon made his attempt at Strasbourg, some soldiers of a hussar regiment, at Vendôme, were forming the plan of a mutiny, the object of which was to proclaim a republic. The plot, denounced before the hour appointed for its execution, was easily stifled. It had been conceived by a brigadier named Bruyant, a resolute man, and one of no common stamp. Being arrested, he escaped from his guards, and swam across the Loire. But his accomplices not having been able to imitate his example, he was unwilling to escape the fate that awaited them, and returned and surrendered himself a prisoner.

The government of Louis Philippe was in consternation. A long series of conspiracies, riots and disorders had occurred, in which the unpopularity and weakness of the king were displayed in a glaring and dangerous manner. Every device was put in practice to cloak the important nature of the events. The ministerial

journals sneered at the puerility of Louis Napoleon's enterprise, which they called a mere hair-brained freak, the agents of the government received orders to overlook a large number of the guilty; the authorities reported that only a small number of soldiers had taken part in the movement, and only three subordinate officers were deprived of their commissions; General Voirol was raised to the dignity of a peer of France, and thanks were given to the garrison at Strasbourg for its fidelity to the dynasty of Louis Philippe!

The accomplices of Louis Napoleon were brought to trial while he was on his voyage to the United States. Seven only appeared — Colonel Vaudrey, Parquin, De Bruc, Laity, De Querelles, De Gricourt, and Madame Gordon. The trial was one of extraordinary interest. The rank of the accused, most of them being military men; the glorious past days of some; the youth and spirit of the others; the ardent sympathy in favor of the revolt — all conspired to render the spectacle impressive. The demeanor of the prisoners corresponded with the interest they excited. Parquin expressed freely the attachment he bore to the memory of the Emperor and to his family. Madame Gordon was endowed with so much beauty and fiery eloquence that she won the sympathy of all. Querelles, De Gricourt and De Bruc sustained their examination almost with exultation. Colonel Vaudrey maintained a firmness and dignity becoming his high reputation. But none of the prisoners excited stronger interest than Lieutenant Laity. His countenance was serious and earnest. In throwing himself into an enterprise in which there was nothing but danger on all hands, he had felt that

he had given pledges to death. Beaten, he refused to defend himself, and was only prevailed on to do so by being informed how far such a determination was essential to the safety of his companions in misfortune. In the presence of the judges he was calm and indomitable: he expressed himself nobly, without art or effort, and concisely like a soldier. "I am a republican, (said he,) and I followed Louis Napoleon only because I found in him democratic opinions." The depositions of the witnesses gave occasion to various incidents that added to the impression produced by the whole affair. Colonel Talliandier having related, that in arresting Commandant Parquin, he had torn off his general's epaulettes, the latter replied — "It is very true that he insulted me, and he could do so with impunity: I was his prisoner."

In the city the excitement was continually increasing. The whole town rung with loudly expressed wishes for the acquittal of the prisoners. The sentiments of Lieutenant Laity were vociferously applauded. The republicans were eager to have the authority of the reigning king weakened — others desired merely the humiliation and defeat of the ministry. But all agreed in masking the real ground of their desire for an acquittal, by appealing to the principle of equity. It was injustice, they argued, to punish the accomplices of the Prince when he had been sent beyond the reach of punishment. At every step the jurors encountered symptoms and expressions of feeling that could not but have a contagious effect upon them. And when, on the 18th of January, 1837, the verdict of acquittal was rendered, the building was filled with shouts of

exultation. The same enthusiasm prevailed in the streets. The city of Strasbourg put on the appearance of a holiday, and a sumptuous banquet was given to the released prisoners. The issue of the prosecution struck the government with consternation. Louis Philippe was particularly mortified by it. The evidence of conspiracies and of implacable animosity which confronted him, and which put his life and his throne in hourly peril, rendered his position far from enviable.

When Louis Napoleon was sent to the United States, instead of being tried for high treason, it was generally believed that it was done upon his pledge not to return to Europe within ten years. That Louis Philippe should have been at the expense of sending him away — to say nothing of this exercise of clemency — without such a guarantee, either written or verbal, it is difficult to believe. The fact that his mother went to Paris to intercede for him would lead to the belief that some conditions must have been attached to his pardon. His letter to his mother on his departure clearly intimates his expectation of a long absence, and for a considerable time after his arrival in the United States, he had no thought of returning to the old world. He was actually making preparations for an extended tour through the Western States, when he received the following letter from his mother, announcing her dangerous illness, and the prospect of her speedy death.

"My Dear Son, — I am about to undergo an operation which has become absolutely necessary. In case it should not terminate successfully, I send you, in this letter, my blessing. We shall meet again — shall we not? — in a better world, where, I trust, you will come at the end of a long life to rejoin me. Believe me that

in quitting this world I leave nothing to regret except you, and your tender affection, which has alone given it any charms. It will be a consolation to you, my dear son, to remember that by your attentions you have rendered your mother as happy as her circumstances would permit. You will think of all my affection for you and take courage. Believe that the dead always have an interest in what they leave below, and that, assuredly, we shall all meet again. Dwell on this delightful thought: it is too necessary not to be true. I press you to my heart, my dear child. I am perfectly calm, and entirely resigned: still, I hope we may meet again in this world. May God's will be done.

"Your affectionate mother,

"HORTENSE.

"April 3d, 1837."

It is deserving of remark, that in this letter, Hortense makes no allusion to her son's return, as a step which he was at liberty to undertake—a step for which, as a mother, she would naturally feel anxious, if it could be taken without dishonor or danger. But on hearing of the illness of his mother, Louis Napoleon immediately embarked for London, and from thence went to Switzerland in time to receive the last embrace and blessing of his dying mother. A few moments before she expired, Queen Hortense stretched out her hand to each of the persons of her household: they were overwhelmed with sorrow, while she was calm and resigned. At the foot of her bed her son was on his knees. Dr. Conneau, who had long been attached to her person, and whose tender and assiduous care had prolonged her life, and alleviated her sufferings, watched anxiously the ebbing breath of his illustricus and unfortunate patient. Profound silence reigned in the chamber in which death was present. The queen turned slowly toward her son and the doctor, and said,

with a feeble voice, "You are very unfortunate, my children! farewell, Louis! farewell!" Her son threw himself into her arms; she pressed him to her heart, with a supernatural strength, and again, with fearful vehemence, uttered a final "*Adieu, adieu, adieu.*" She fell back exhausted; her noble figure resumed an angelic serenity, and her eyelids closed. Her son hung over her; and, with a voice which he in vain attempted to render calm, said, "Mother, do you know me? It is your son!—your Louis!—my mother!" She made an effort to speak, and to open her eyes; but her hands were already cold, and her eyelids paralyzed, and she could only make a feeble, almost imperceptible, movement to this earnest appeal. Her natural tenderness, so true and so exalted, had already conveyed to her half-expiring heart the voice of her son. A feeble motion of the hand which he held assured him of the fact, and in an instant after, the last sigh of his mother sounded upon his ears. She died on the 5th of October, 1837. Death gave her a tomb in her native land. Her remains were deposited in the village church at Ruel, by the side of those of her mother, the Empress Josephine, that noble woman, who was neither elated by the grandeur of the imperial throne, nor depressed, when, by an iniquitous political divorce, she was compelled to descend from it.

By her will, executed on the 3d of April, 1837, Queen Hortense—as she continued to be called long after she ceased to reign—bequeathed various legacies to friends and persons about her establishment, leaving, of course, the bulk of her property to her son. It concludes as follows: "I wish that my husband may

erect some memorial to my memory, and that he should know that my greatest regret was that I could not render him happy. I have no political advice to give my son; I know that he is aware of his position, and of all the duties which his name imposes upon him. I forgive all sovereigns with whom I have had relations of friendship, their injustice toward me. I forgive all persons for the falsity of the reports which they have constantly circulated about me. I forgive certain Frenchmen, to whom I have had opportunities of being useful, for the calumnies with which they have loaded me by way of requital. I forgive those who have believed these statements without investigating them, and I hope to survive for a little while in the memory of my fellow countrymen. I thank all those who are around me, as also my servants, for their attention, and I hope they will not forget my memory."

After the death of his mother, Louis Napoleon continued to reside at Arenemberg, where he seemed for a time to confine himself to the study of military tactics and political economy. But in 1838 he induced Lieutenant Laity, who had been involved in the Strasbourg affair, to write a pamphlet justifying the attempt which was then made to subvert the throne of Louis Philippe. His publication was looked upon by the government as the manifestation of a new conspiracy, and the luckless lieutenant was arrested. When he was upon the eve of his trial, Louis Napoleon wrote him a letter of condolence, so injudiciously expressed that it could not but aggravate the case of the person

where in France, from the workshop of tne artizan to the council-chamber of the king. He closed by saying—"But if one day the movement of parties should overthrow the existing powers, (and the experience of the last fifty years authorizes the belief,) and if, accustomed, as they have been for the last twenty-three years, to despise authority, they should undermine all the foundations of the social edifice,—then, perhaps, the name of Napoleon, may prove an anchor of safety for all that is noble and truly patriotic in France." This indiscreet letter aided in the condemnation of Laity to five years imprisonment.

The French government, to whom the presence of Louis Napoleon in Switzerland occasioned great uneasiness, required his expulsion from the country. This being refused, a considerable army was sent toward the Swiss frontier, to enforce compliance. The Swiss, on their part, made preparations for resistance, and for the defense of their territory. A painful and unequal conflict was in prospect, when the Prince prudently put an end to further trouble by voluntarily withdrawing from Switzerland. The following passages occur in his communication to the government announcing his determination:

"A month ago, Switzerland, by her energetic protests, and now by the decision of her great councils, at this time assembled, has shown that she was and is ready to make the greatest sacrifice for the maintenance of her dignity and rights. She has done her duty as an independent nation: I know how to do mine, and to remain faithful to the voice of honor. I may be persecuted, but never degraded. The French government. having declared that the refusal of the Diet to yield to its demands would be the signal of a conflagration,

of which Switzerland would become the victim; I have no alternative but to quit a country, when my presence is made the cause of such unjust pretensions, and would be made the excuse for such great misfortunes.

"In quitting, voluntarily, for the present, the only country in Europe where I have met with support and protection, and which has now become dear to me for so many reasons, I hope to prove to the Swiss people, that I was worthy of those marks of esteem and affection which they have lavished upon me. I hope this separation will not be perpetual, and that a day will come, when, without compromising the interests of two nations, which ought to remain friends, I shall be able to return to an asylum which twenty years residence and acquired rights have made, as it were, a second father-land."

Louis Napoleon then sought refuge in England, and remained in London from the end of the year 1838, until the month of August, 1840. During this period, it is said, many of his days and nights were spent on the race-course, in gambling houses, or other equally disreputable places of resort, and that often his intimates were among the least honorable members of the "gay" world. Meanwhile it is asserted that he was in the habit of frequently boasting, in the presence of Englishmen, that he would some day be Emperor of France, and that then the first thing he should do would be to invade England. "I like you very well as a people, (said he,) but I must wipe out Waterloo and St. Helena!"

While Louis Napoleon was making his daring attempt to restore the dynasty of the Emperor, Charles X., who had been driven into exile to give place on the throne of France for Louis Philippe, was dying in a small town in a remote corner of the Austrian empire.

For six years he had resided, as an exile, in England in Prussia, in Bohemia, and at Prague. In 1836, he removed to Goritz, in Styria, one of the Austrian provinces. The winter was excessively severe, and the rigor of the climate seriously affected his already impaired health. He was the prey of a profound melancholy, and the subject of death was frequently mentioned by him. "The day is not far distant, (he said,) that shall witness the funeral of the poor old man." On the morning of November 4, 1836, St. Charles' day, he was seized with a chill during the celebration of mass; and, in the evening, when he entered the saloon, where the members of his family were assembled, with a few who comprised his court, they were filled with dismay by his aspect. His features were strangely contracted; his voice was dismally sonorous; it could no longer be doubted that death was upon him. In the night his friends were called around the bedside of the dying monarch. He awaited with tranquillity the momentous change which was about to take place, and conversed calmly on the things of eternity with the Bishop of Hermopolis, who was present to cheer and comfort him in his agony. His family knelt down to receive his dying blessing. Laying his hands on their heads, he said—"God protect you, my children! Walk in the ways of righteousness. Do not forget me, and pray often for me!" In the night of the 5th of November, he fell into a deep lethargy, a slight motion of the lips alone showing that he still lived. Early on the morning of the 6th, all present fell on their knees, and agonizing sobs burst from their lips. Charles X. was dead. Five days afterward

his corpse was carried to the Franciscan convent, situated on a height at a little distance from the town. There, in an ordinary sepulcher, by the feeble light of a lamp, his friends were permitted, for the last time, to look upon the pale features of the fallen monarch. He had died at the advanced age of seventy-nine years. All the reigning houses of Europe put on the mourning prescribed by etiquette, one alone excepted — that of his relation, Louis Philippe!

The Duke d' Angouleme, (son of Charles X.,) who, after the death of his father, was called King of France, by the adherents of the Bourbons, died May 4, 1844, at Goritz. His death produced no other effect than to fix the eyes of the Bourbonists more distinctly upon the Duke of Bordeaux, his nephew, and son of the Duchess de Berri, who was thereafter called Henry V. He was a harmless character, of no marked talent, and of no decided propensities. During the government of Charles X. he was contented with doing what he was bid—at the Revolution of 1830 he was contented with doing nothing—and during his exile he was contented with being nothing. Though exiled he could scarcely be called unfortunate. He had the means of existence without the trouble of exertion—he had the name of a prince without its responsibilities—and he had the title of a king, without its labors, its duties, or its cares.

The Emperor Napoleon, while at St. Helena, had often expressed an ardent desire to be buried in France. This wish was solemnly and pathetically repeated in his will. "It is my wish, (said he, after making his numerous bequests,) that my ashes may repose on the

banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I loved so well." The predecessors of Louis Philippe had refused to request of the British government permission to remove the remains of Napoleon from their island tomb, for interment in France. The popular feeling on the subject had grown so strong in 1840, that Louis Philippe considered it politic to yield to the national wish, and accordingly his son, Prince of Joinville, was dispatched to St. Helena to perform the office of restoring the ashes of the Emperor to the soil of France. When the stirring announcement rung in the ears of the French, that the venerated remains of Napoleon were on the sea, wafted by every breeze still nearer to his idolized France, there was an upheaving of the popular heart which cannot be described or even appreciated by a foreigner. The energy and warmth of the emotions aroused by this intelligence attested the fidelity of the French heart to the memory of the Emperor. It was an event highly favorable to the views of the partisans of Louis Napoleon, and they urged him to undertake another expedition for the overthrow of Louis Philippe. "Is it fitting," it was asked, in the passionate language of many of the old followers of the Emperor, "is it fitting that the corpse of Napoleon should be insulted by the presence of the Bourbon family, which united with Europe in chaining him alive to the rock of St. Helena; which vindictively condemned to death his greatest marshals; and still pursues his nearest relatives in ignominious exile? Is it becoming," they persisted, "that his revered ashes should be touched by the profane hands of his enemies, when, as a duty and a right, they should be

delivered up to the pious care of his relatives, for those imposing ceremonies which the whole nation will stand by in solemn grief to witness?" In compliance with these requests, and the promptings of his own restless and ambitious heart, Louis Napoleon determined on a second invasion of France. The regiment that had declared in his favor at Strasbourg was then stationed in the neighborhood of Boulogne, and accordingly, at the latter place it was determined to undertake the Revolution. Hiring a steamer, he started, with sixty followers, for the coast of France.

There were but two companies of infantry quartered at Boulogne, and it was soon ascertained that they would zealously join the Prince. A captain, of one of these companies, however, who had received some favors from the king, adhered to his allegiance, and obstinately refused all the advances made to him. It was then decided to have him removed to some other point, and a short delay ensued in order to accomplish this. Orders were finally issued, transferring him to another command, and the day for his departure named. Some accident prevented his going, which event proved fatal to the enterprise of Louis Napoleon. On the 6th of August, 1840, the day following the supposed departure of the loyal captain, the Prince landed with his suite at sunrise just below the town, and repaired instantly to the barracks. His arrival was no sooner announced than every soldier rushed into the court-yard, giving the wildest expression to his enthusiasm. They mounted the Prince on their shoulders, and bore him about in triumph. Anxious to lose not a moment in escaping from Boulogne on

his road to St. Omer, where the garrison awaited him. Louis Napoleon endeavored to establish order, and addressing a few stirring words to the troops, he bade them follow him. Brandishing their arms, and uttering the most passionate cries of devotion, they obeyed his summons, and dashed toward the portal of the barracks. Here the whole movement was checked by the unexpected apparition of the afore-mentioned officer, who had hastened to the barracks on hearing of the event. His soldiers quailed at the sight of him, and, drawing his sword, he began a spirited harangue. The moment was critical in the extreme. Every minute's delay was attended with imminent danger. The partisans of the government were actively at work assembling the National Guard, which the small force on the side of the sedition was in no wise adequate to meet. Advancing impetuously toward the sole object in his path, the Prince addressed the contumacious captain in strong terms of remonstrance; words ensued, and in the heat of the moment the Prince drew a pistol and fired at him. The shot, missing its object, unhappily took effect on a poor soldier, who was at that very moment shouting "Vive Napoleon III.!"

This painful incident distressed the Prince, and threw a damper over the spirits of all. A report, too, was at that instant brought him, which afterward turned out incorrect, that one of his principal officers had abandoned his cause, and gone over to the king. Growing desperate with his situation, he made an energetic effort to dissipate the confusion prevailing, and rally the drooping courage of his troops. Their resolution returned, and, still accompanied by the greater

part, he made his way to the gates of the town. To his utter discomfiture, he found them closed; and turning round, he saw himself, and a handful of men, hemmed in on every side by the National Guard, which, as yet, had no distinct idea whom or what they were contending with. An immediate surrender would have been, perhaps, the most prudent thing under the circumstances, but such was not the mood of the Prince. Nobly supported by the forlorn hope which still clung to him, he charged with such impetuosity on the forces in his front as to scatter them in every direction. Without any purpose, and bereft of every chance of success, the idea occurred to him to make for the column erected near the town, to the Imperial army and cutting his way through all opposition he succeeded in reaching it. Here turning round he exclaimed to his devoted followers: "It is useless now to explain my projects—my cause and yours is lost—there is nothing left but to die;"—and he persisted in his mad resolution to fight till some well directed ball should save him the pain of surviving his defeat. In defiance of his struggles and menaces, his friends seized him in their arms, and carried him off to the beach, where a small boat was lying in wait to convey them to the steamer, which still lingered in the offing. They reached the shore in safety, and the Prince was entreated to shelter himself in the bottom of the skiff. They pushed off and made desperate efforts to reach the steamer, little dreaming that it had already, with all its treasures, fallen into the hands of the Government. They were but a few rods from the shore, when the National Guard overtook

them, and, though seeing them unarmed and entirely exposed, opened a galling fire upon them. Here a touching incident occurred, which gave a new turn to the melancholy affair, and brought it to a quick and tragic consummation. A brave old soldier, Colonel Mesonan, arrived after the boat had left, and being hotly pursued, threw himself into the surf, and made great exertions to overtake his friends. He had swum a considerable distance, amid a shower of fire, and had nearly reached them, when his strength began to fail, and he was about to sink. Efforts were made to rescue him, but he cried out, "Push on—save the Prince, and leave me to my fate!" Escaping from the grasp of his friends, who were endeavoring to keep him out of danger, the Prince, wholly regardless of the risk, laid hold of his faithful old partisan, and endeavored to drag him in. In the attempt the boat was upset, and the whole party were precipitated into the water. This painful event, instead of awakening the humanity of those on the shore, who disgraced the uniform they wore, only seemed to renew their zeal. They fired volley after volley on the unfortunate band, whose numbers were rapidly diminished. Some were shot, others drowned; but the Prince succeeded in reaching the shore, when he stood unshrinkingly up, folded his arms, and facing his enemy, calmly awaited his death-blow. Two of his friends, Count Dunin and M. Faure, faithful to the last, were shot dead at his side. Col. Voisin rushed forward to protect him, and received several balls in different parts of his body. M. Galveni, a Pole, in attempting the same thing, fell grievously wounded. The Prince himself was struck

by two balls in the arm and in the leg, but the injuries were not serious. When, at length, the National Guard of Boulogne saw that nearly every man was down, and that the Prince, perfectly unarmed, was standing a tranquil target for their murderous aim, they plucked up resolution enough to approach and seize him. The ensuing day he was conveyed to Paris, and all along the road received the warmest marks of sympathy and regret. In every garrison town the soldiers collected in groups about his carriage, and in their varied expressions of grief and anger, might be traced the strength of their attachment, and the bitterness of their disappointment.

Toward the end of September, 1840, Louis Napoleon and his accomplices were tried before the Court of Peers, when, on the 28th of that month, he made the following speech in his own defense:

"For the first time in my life it is permitted to me to lift my voice in France, and to speak freely to Frenchmen.

"Undaunted by the presence of the guards who surround me; in spite of the accusations which I have just heard brought against me; filled with the recollections of my earliest childhood, on finding myself within the walls of the senate; in the midst of you, gentlemen, whom I know, I can hardly believe that I have any hope of justifying myself, and that you should be my judges. An opportunity, however, is afforded me of explaining to my fellow-countrymen my past conduct, my intentions, my projects; all that I think, all that I have at heart.

"Without pride, but also without weakness, if I recall the rights deposited by the nation in the hands of my family, it is solely to explain the duties which these rights have imposed upon us.

"Since fifty years ago, when the principle of the

sovereignty of the people was consecrated in France by the most powerful Revolution which ever occurred in the history of the world, never was the national will so solemnly proclaimed, never was it asserted by suffrages so numerous and so free, as on the occasion when it adopted the constitutions of the empire.

"The nation has never revoked that grand act of its sovereignty, and the Emperor has declared it — 'Whatever has been done without its authority is illegal.'

"At the same time, do not allow yourselves to believe that, led away by the impulses of personal ambition, I have wished by these acts to attempt in France a restoration of the empire. I have been taught noble lessons, and have lived with nobler examples before me, than to do so.

"I was born the son of a king, who descended without regret from a throne, on the day when he had reason to believe that it was no longer possible to conciliate with the interests of France those of the people whom he had been called upon to govern.

"The Emperor, my uncle, preferred abdicating the empire to accepting by treaty the restricted frontiers, while he could not but expose France to the insults and the menaces in which foreign nations to this day permit themselves to indulge. I have not lived a single day forgetful of such lessons. The unmerited and cruel act of proscription, under which for twenty-five years I have endured a lingering existence — beginning at the steps of the throne, where I was born, and now stopping at the dungeon from which I have just come — has been alike powerless to irritate as to fatigue my heart; it has not been able for a single day to estrange me from the glory, the rights, and the interests of France. My conduct and my convictions sufficiently explain the fact.

"In 1830, when the people reconquered their sovereignty, I had expected that the policy of the following days would have been as loyal as the conquest itself, and that the destinies of France would have been established forever; instead of this, the country has

undergone the melancholy experiences of the last ten years. Under such circumstances I considered that the vote of 4,000,000 of fellow-countrymen, which had elevated my family to supreme power, imposed upon me at least the duty of making an appeal to the nation, and inquiring what was its will. I thought also that if, in the midst of the national congress which I intended to convene, certain pretensions should have made themselves heard, I should have had the right to re-awaken the glorious *souvenirs* of the empire; to speak of the elder brother of the Emperor, of that virtuous man who before me is his only heir; and to contrast, face to face, this France as she is now, weakened and passed over in silence in the congress of kings, and the France of that day, when she was so strong at home, and abroad so powerful and so respected. The nation would then have replied to the question, 'Republic or Monarchy? Empire or Kingdom?' And upon the free discussion of the nation upon this question depends the termination of our sorrows and of our dissensions.

"With respect to my enterprise, I repeat it — I had no accomplices. It was I alone who determined every thing; nobody knew beforehand my plans, nor my resources, nor my hopes. If I am guilty as against anybody, it is against my friends only. Nevertheless, I hope that they will not accuse me of having lightly trifled with courage and devotion such as theirs. They will understand the motives of honor and of prudence which prevent me from revealing, even to themselves, how widely based and how powerful were my reasons for hoping for a successful result.

"One word more, gentlemen. I represent before you a principle, a cause, and a defeat. The principle is the sovereignty of the people; the cause is that of the empire; the defeat is that of Waterloo. The principle — you have recognized it; the cause — you have served in it; the defeat — you would avenge it! No, then, there is no dis-accord between you and me; and I will not believe that I can be destined to be grieved by the disaffection of any others.

"Representing a political cause, I cannot accept as the judge of my intentions and of my acts, a political tribunal. Nobody will be imposed upon by your forms. In the struggle which is now commencing, there will be but one to conquer, one defeated. If you are in the ranks of the conqueror, I cannot expect justice at your hands, and I will not accept of your generosity."

On the 6th of October, 1840, the court delivered its sentence, convicting all its prisoners, with three exceptions, and condemning Louis Napoleon to perpetual imprisonment. The sentence of the others was less severe. When he heard the decision of the court he is recorded to have exclaimed — "At least I shall have the happiness of dying in France!" His letter of thanks to M. Berryer, the eminent counsel who conducted his defense, was a specimen of the extravagant rhetoric to which Louis Napoleon seems to have been much addicted, and which ever casts a shade of doubt over the sincerity of the fine sentiments he may utter. The letter was closed with the following words — "I know not what fate may have in reserve for me; I know not if I shall ever be in a position to prove to you my gratitude; I know not if you would ever consent to accept any proofs of it; but whatever may be our respective positions, apart from politics, and their painful obligations, we can always entertain feelings of friendship and esteem for one another; and I declare to you that, if my trial had had no other result than to obtain for me your friendship, I should consider myself immensely the gainer by it, and should not complain of my fate!"

Two months afterward, while Louis Napoleon was pining in the walls of a prison, the ashes of his uncle

were received in Paris and buried with the greatest pomp, and amid the enthusiastic rejoicings of the people of the whole country. This occasion Louis Napoleon seized to write a wild rhapsody, addressed, "Aux Mânes de l'Empereur;" of which the following is a translation:

TO THE MANES OF THE EMPEROR.

"CITADEL OF HAM, Dec. 15, 1840.

"SIRE—You return to your capital, and the people in multitudes hailed your return; while I from the depth of my dungeon can only discern a ray of that sun which shines upon your obsequies! Do not be angry with your family, that it is not there to receive you: your exile and your misfortunes have ceased with your life;—ours continue always! You have expired upon a rock, far from your country and from your kindred; the hand of a son has not closed your eyes; and to-day none of your kinsmen will follow your bier! Montholon, whom you loved the most among your faithful companions, has performed the office of a son; he remains faithful to your ideas and has fulfilled your last wishes. He has conveyed to me your last words. He is in prison with me! A French vessel, under the command of a noble youth, went to claim your ashes; in vain you would look upon the deck for any of your kin; your family was not there. When you touched the soil of France, an electric shock was felt; you raised yourself in your coffin; your eyes were for a moment re-opened; the tricolor floated upon the shore, but your eagle was not there! The people, as in former times, press around your coffin, and salute you with their acclamations, as if you were still alive; but the courtiers of the day, while rendering you homage, say with suppressed breath—'God grant, he may not awake!' You have at length seen again these French, whom you loved so much; you have returned again into that France, which you made so great; but foreigners have left their trace, which

the pomp of your return can never efface! See that young army; they are the sons of your veterans; they venerate you, for you are their glory; but it is said to them, 'Fold your arms!' Sire, the people are the good stuff which cover our beautiful country, but these men whom you have made so great, and who are yet so small—ah, sire, regret them not! They have denied your gospel, your glory and your blood; when I have spoken to them of your cause, they have said to me, 'We do not understand it!' Let them say, let them do; what signifies to the car which rolls, the grains of sand which it crushes under its wheels! They say in vain, that you were a meteor which has left no trace behind; in vain they deny your civil glory; they will not disinherit us! Sire, the fifteenth of December is a great day for France and for me. From the midst of your splendid funeral train, disdaining the homage of many around, you have, for a moment, cast your eyes upon my gloomy abode, and calling to mind the caresses you lavished upon me when a child, you have said to me, 'You have suffered for me; son, I am satisfied with you!'

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

Louis Napoleon was imprisoned in the fortress of Ham, in the province of Picardy. It is one of the strongest citadels in France, and has, for centuries, been occasionally used for the confinement of prisoners of state. It was used by Louis Philippe, after the overthrow of Charles X. in 1830, for the incarceration of the ministers of the fallen monarch.

The fortress of Ham is one of great antiquity, the place having been occupied as a military station as early as the time when the legions of Julius Cæsar were in possession of the country. Portions of the castle, still remaining, were constructed in the fourth century. On the plains in its neighborhood, the wild

and warlike Huns, under Attila, were defeated in the fifth century. It was a place of much importance during the feudal wars. In 923, an heir of Charlemagne was imprisoned in Ham; and 923 years afterward, the heir of Napoleon — the only French monarch whose fame rivals that of Charlemagne — was a prisoner within the same massive and gloomy walls.

One of the most remarkable features of the castle is the "Constable's tower." It is one of much interest, both from the singularity of its construction and its romantic history. It was built in 1460, by the Count St. Pol, Constable of France. This powerful feudal lord was on but indifferent terms with his wily sovereign Louis XI., and fearful that matters might go the length of an open breach, he bethought him of building this gigantic tower of one hundred feet in height, the same in diameter, with walls thirty feet in thickness, in whose capacious sides were constructed various chambers. A wide moat or ditch formerly surrounded it, adding to its security. Proud of this structure, he engraved on its massive portal the words still legible, *mon mieux*, (my best) and confidently relied on its strength to protect him in case of need against the worst assaults of his formidable enemy. He calculated without his host, poor fellow, and with a strange blindness to the character of his foe. The Louis of that day was notorious for his exceeding craftiness, and, of choice, preferred always to accomplish his aims by trickery, even when simple means would have been better. Instead of bringing his terrible artillery to bear on the impregnable sides of *mon mieux* which would have "laughed a siege to scorn,"

he expressed in dissembling language, his admiration of its noble masonry, and not long after, in affectionate terms, invited its enterprising projector to Paris, where the confiding St. Pol betook himself, little dreaming that the structure he had erected to preserve his life would only serve as a monument to commemorate his death. He was seized, imprisoned, and beheaded, on reaching the court of his treacherous master.

In one of the various cells of this great tower, according to a popular tradition, a Capuchin friar was once imprisoned. When and for what, no one knows. But it appears that his misfortunes were the consequence of his virtues—a very common thing at a time when vice was triumphant, and guided the affairs of the world! Providence, however, gave the most striking proofs of its favor and protection to the poor Capuchin; for, if we can give credit to the legend, the monk continued to live for a long period of years, in chains, supported by the fervor of his prayers alone! His body had become so hardened, so petrified, by his privations, that his head had worn the stone which served him for a pillow, and left impressed upon it the form of his countenance and the shape of his ear. It will easily be understood with what devotion this holy stone was visited, when it is known that every young girl who came to visit the shrine, and who, after having brought it into contact with her garments, religiously detached a small portion of it, believed she would not fail to find a husband within a year. It is needless to add, that in consequence of the soft and friable nature of the stone, that which is now shown in one of the

casements of the great tower, has yielded with such a good grace to the devotional acts of the successive generations of the damsels of Picardy, that at present, there is neither impression of countenance or of ear, nor, indeed, of any thing which has any resemblance whatever to any part of the good Capuchin friar.

There was a young man, named Lautrec, (says another tradition, much more recent and less doubtful than that of the Capuchin,) handsome in person and of an ardent temperament. He met with a young woman beautiful as himself, and full of generous passion, but chaste, pious and imbued with candor and modesty. Lautrec ardently loved her; with a love such as men of his character feel, impassioned and ill-regulated. The young girl reciprocated his affection. She loved Lautrec, but she loved him with tender innocence. Her condition was obscure, and she had no property to redeem her from it. Lautrec imagined, for some time, that love would gain the ascendancy in her mind over virtue; but he was deceived. The poor girl, astonished and humiliated, found an inflexible strength in her purity of mind. Lautrec had no hopes of prevailing over or soothing his father's pride, and he did not, therefore, make the attempt to obtain her as his bride. The fruitless passion which consumed him became an obstinate and irresistible evil. His complexion faded; his looks lost their vivacity; he lived in seclusion; and became gloomy, thoughtful, and taciturn. He scarcely listened to those who addressed him, and answered only with groans.

Lautrec had an uncle, still young, who had been early raised to high offices of dignity in the church,

and had always treated him with great affection. This uncle marked the serious change which had taken place in his nephew, and was distressed at the result. He often put very pressing questions, which the young man evaded. The uncle would not suffer himself to be repulsed, and persevered. Lautrec, at length yielding to his affection and importunities, allowed his secret to escape. In an age in which moral duties sat lightly, and men were very unscrupulous in their conduct, love was hardly ever treated as a serious affair. The uncle adopted all possible means to overcome the love of his nephew. Failing in this he urged the maid to submit to the young man's unlawful passion, and made offers of great wealth as a compensation for the sacrifice of her honor. But the virtue of the poor girl was not less deeply rooted in her heart, than her passion. The inflexible simplicity of her young mind disconcerted all the resources of ingenuity. The heart of the uncle himself was troubled, and a perverse, wicked and frightful idea entered his mind. He would himself effect her ruin. So many charms had captivated him, so much virtue filled him with inexpressible admiration. The unhappy man yielded to his passion, and ventured to declare his love. A cry of horror and fear was the only reply which the young girl could make: confounded and terrified, he fled. At the same moment, Lautrec arrived. The girl wept, groaned, and evinced symptoms of the most violent despair. The young man became desperate, and asked her the cause of such extraordinary agitation, such lively grief. He wished to know it, and to know it on the instant, without dissimulation or concealment. His voice was

at once suppliant and imperious. He entreated and insisted; he wept and commanded. What could the poor girl do? She was overcome by her own emotion—by the eagerness and impetuosity of Lautrec. In her indignation and her amazement, incapable of measuring her words or of foreseeing consequences, she made imprudent disclosures, and Lautrec learned the treachery of his uncle, or surmised it.

Overwhelmed with the intelligence, his mind became deranged, and scarce a glimmering of reason was left. He rushed away—seized his arms—followed the traces of his uncle—reached him at the foot of the altar, and although robed in the vestments of his exalted office, he struck him dead, and revenged himself in his blood. From that time the dungeons of Ham became the refuge of his madness and his crime. Forty years had elapsed, when the Revolution of 1789 took place, and he was liberated; but forgotten, and disavowed by his kindred, he had neither a resting-place nor bread. The people of Ham took pity on his condition, and committed him to the care of a poor woman to provide for his wants. Her care was not long needed, for he died in about three months afterward. He would probably have lived a longer time had not liberty, a stranger so completely unknown, come unexpectedly upon him, to derange and alter all the melancholy habits of his life.

At the commencement of his sojourn in the citadel of Ham, Louis Napoleon occupied the rooms which nad been appropriated to Polignac, the minister of Charles X. These apartments were in a complete state of dilapidation, and comfort was as carefully

excluded from this melancholy abode as light itself No person was permitted to visit him, on any pretense, without a letter from the government at Paris, countersigned by the principal magistrate of Ham. His only servant, who had voluntarily entered the fortress with his master, was not allowed to leave it even to purchase articles for his subsistence or health. For some months Louis Napoleon patiently endured this rigor, and the privations of his daily allowance from the government of only a dollar and a quarter of our money: but in May, 1841, he addressed a protest from the citadel of Ham, complaining that in his person the usages of all nations, in the treatment of political offenders, were outrageously violated. The prisoner insisted that he was the son of a king, and allied to all the sovereigns in Europe; and that he derived his honors from the same source as Louis Philippe his throne—the sovereignty of the people; he referred to the fortitude with which he had borne twenty-seven years of proscription and exile, and complained that he was treated like an excommunicated person of the thirteenth century; that he was not allowed, in his letters to his friends, to describe his condition; that a civility from the attendants in the prison was punished as a crime; and that he was exposed to numerous vexations that were not necessary for his safe custody. In this expostulation, in which Louis Napoleon assumed the air of a martyr, he evidently had the advantage of the government, who, either yielding to the justice of his logic, or fearing to be accused of wanton inhumanity by their opponents, relaxed the detestable severity of his bondage. The condition of

the captive was henceforth materially improved, and though he still inhabited the dilapidated chambers that had been occupied by the infamous minister of Charles X., his valet, Charles Thelin, was allowed free egress to the town, and upon the failure of his health Louis Napoleon was permitted horse exercise within the limits of the yard. Jailers are proverbial reflectors of the powers they serve, and the commandant of the citadel now frequently, after shutting up the prison, retired to the prisoner's room to pass the evening at whist

Louis Napoleon passed a large portion of his time in intellectual pursuits. He rose early, and wrote until breakfast, at ten. He then walked on the ramparts, or cultivated a few favorite flowers. The remainder of the day was occupied in various studies. His evenings were passed in the society of his fellow-prisoner, General Montholon, or with the commandant. After his indignant protest in regard to his treatment, he was allowed to receive visitors, and many eminent men went to see the distinguished prisoner. His correspondence was quite extensive. In one of his letters (to Lady Blessington) this remarkable passage occurs— "I have no desire to quit the spot where I now am, for here I am in my proper place. With the name I bear I must either be in the seclusion of a dungeon, or in the brightness of power!" He corresponded with Arago, the astronomer, on scientific subjects, and with Sismondi, the historian, in regard to writing a life of Charlemagne.

Besides his works on the Swiss Confederation and on Artillery, Louis Napoleon, previous to his attempt

at Strasbourg, had published a volume of "Political Reflections," in which he seems to have endeavored to elaborate a theory of government embodying the idea of Lafayette in regard to "a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions." And on the eve of his revolutionary movement at Boulogne, he issued another work entitled, "Idées Napoléoniennes," in which he not only explained his own views on many political topics, but those also of his illustrious uncle. In this production there is the same commingling of republican and monarchical principles as in its predecessor.

Endowed with much activity of mind, and an insatiable ambition, the Prince gave up his time, while in prison, to the composition of several works. His literary pursuits not only afforded him occupation, but they brought him much applause and served to keep the public attention fixed upon him.

Shortly after the incarceration of Louis Napoleon in the citadel of Ham, the question whether the government should more effectually encourage the manufacture of beet-root sugar was discussed with great animation throughout France. The manufacture of beet-root sugar, factitiously created and supported by a high protective tariff, was one of the Emperor Napoleon's schemes for interrupting the ordinary course of commerce, and was adopted more especially with a view to the injury of England, from whom the French had obtained their sugar. It was natural, therefore, that the heir to the empire should think it his duty to adopt the prejudices and animosities of his uncle, and to advocate the policy bequeathed to France by the Emperor. The Prince's pamphlet had great success

The committee representing the interests of the sugar manufacturers, who were engaged in urging upon the government the necessity of protecting their industry, and who rejected the idea of a proposed compensation for the suppression of their trade, were about to draw up a paper to lay before the government and the Chambers, with a view to convince both of the advantages of preparing sugar from beet-root, and of the rights and claims of the manufacturers to protection. This committee, having been informed of the existence of a pamphlet on this question, published by the prisoner of Ham, found, on examination, that the Prince's paper presented the merits of the question in a manner so clear and concise, that they relinquished the idea of any other publication. They found their own ideas completely and admirably stated. In consequence of this opinion, the committee requested the author to place 3,000 copies at the disposal of the society, to distribute them among the members of the government, and other parties interested.

"In misfortune it is natural to think of those who suffer," said Louis Napoleon, in the preface of a work on the "Extinction of Pauperism," which he published in 1844. It was certainly magnanimous, and highly honorable to the Prince, that in the midst of the annoyances and sufferings of captivity, he should occupy his thoughts with studying the best means for either remedying or mitigating the evils which afflicted many of his fellow-countrymen.

The political economists of Europe seem to regard pauperism as a necessary evil, and affirm that all society can or ought to do is to repress it, for they

consider its extinction to be impossible. They would suppress mendicity by punishing paupers almost as if they were robbers, without even thinking of the possibility of bringing about a condition of things in which there need be no mendicant, by making a place for all at the social banquet which God has spread for his whole people, as he has made the sun to shine upon all. Although not directly avowed, nor perhaps wholly intended, the policy of the European governments toward paupers seems to be founded, in a great degree, upon the principle that pauperism, although unavoidable, is still criminal, and that it should be punished, rather than that its miseries should be mitigated. A Scotch economist, a few years ago, published a pamphlet in which he maintained that the most efficacious means of diminishing it would be to give no relief to paupers. They will die, said he, and their attenuated carcasses, in the streets and highways, will be a warning to all those who have not been careful to provide some resource against age and misfortune, in their days of health and activity!

However impracticable may have been the scheme of Louis Napoleon, he seems to have been impelled by the sacred injunction — "Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land." His plan for the aid of the poor, consisted, chiefly, in the adoption of means to bring into use the immense extent of uncultivated or neglected lands, yet lying waste in France, without yielding any profit either to the masses or to individuals. He proposed that the government should form, on these lands, agricultural colonies of unemployed laborers, and thus

while giving them employment, enrich the state. In the course of his work the following language occurs: "The reign of caste is finished: there is no way of government except through the masses; while government must be according to their will, it becomes the more necessary that they be so disciplined, that they may be directed and enlightened as to their true interests. Government can no longer be carried on by force and violence; the people must be led toward something better, through appeals to their reason and their hearts. But as the masses require to be taught and made moral, and as authority requires on its side to be kept within bounds, and to be itself enlightened upon the interests of the greatest number, two movements become, as of necessity, of equal force: action of power on the mass, and the reaction of the mass on power."

Louis Napoleon also beguiled the tedium of prison life by the composition of various other works, chiefly relating to the Emperor, or in explanation of his own views of government. His attention was so absorbed by these literary pursuits, that it was only when they were interrupted, that he remembered that he was confined within the walls of a prison, and that he was surrounded by vigilant jailers.

In the year 1844, while thus engaged, the states of Guatimala, St. Salvador and Honduras, sent an agent to Louis Napoleon, requesting him, if his liberation could be procured, to go to Central America, and take charge of the construction of a ship-canal near the isthmus of Panama, to connect the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The negotiations were continued until, early

in the year 1846, he was endowed with all the powers necessary to organize a company in Europe, for the accomplishment of that great enterprise. This canal, which was to open a new channel for the commerce of the world, was, in compliment to him, to be called the "Canal Napoleon." The civil wars which were raging in the various states of Central America, prevented the feasibility of the great project, the completion of which would have conferred imperishable renown upon the name of Louis Napoleon, and the enterprise was necessarily abandoned. In the unsettled state of affairs, in the states interested in the canal, European capitalists were unwilling to hazard the undertaking.

Toward the autumn of 1845, the Count of St. Leu, (formerly King of Holland, and father of Louis Napoleon,) who had long been in declining health, found his end approaching, and determined to make an earnest appeal to Louis Philippe's clemency, for permission to clasp his son once more in his arms before he should die. Louis Napoleon also requested permission to visit his dying father, and proposed, after performing the last sad offices to the corpse of his parent, to return again to his prison. Through a technical objection this application was denied, and he was referred to the king. The Prince then addressed Louis Philippe as follows:

"Fortress of Ham, January 14, 1846.

"SIRE,—It is not without deep emotion that I approach your Majesty, and ask, as a favor, permission to quit France, even for a short time. For five years I have found, in breathing the air of my country, ample compensation for the torments of captivity; but my father is now aged and infirm, and calls for my

attentions and care. He has applied to persons known for their attachment to your Majesty, in order to obtain my liberation; and it is my duty to do every thing which depends upon me to meet his desires.

"The council of ministers has not felt itself competent to accede to the request which I made to be allowed to go to Florence, engaging to return, and again to become a prisoner, as soon as the government might desire me to do so. I approach your majesty with confidence, to make an appeal to your feeling of humanity, and to renew my request by submitting it to your high and generous interference.

"Your Majesty will, I am convinced, appreciate a step which, beforehand, engages my gratitude, and, affected by the isolated position in a foreign land of a man who, upon a throne, gained the esteem of Europe, will accede to the wishes of my father and myself.

"I beg your Majesty to receive the expressions of my profound respect.

"NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE."

He also wrote numerous letters to ministers, courtiers, and persons of influence, and received, among others, the following in reply from M. Thiers:

"PRINCE,—I have received the letter which you have done me the honor to address to me, in order to make me acquainted with the refusal which has been given to your request. It seems to me, that the desire of seeing a dying father, accompanied by the promise of returning to prison on the first requisition of the Minister of the Interior, ought to have been regarded as sufficient. In my opinion, such a measure might have been adopted without inconvenience, upon the responsibility of the minister who had sanctioned it. I am sorry, Prince, not to have it in my power to be of any use to you whatever in these circumstances. I have no influence with the government, and publicity would serve you little. On every occasion in which I can possibly contribute to solace your misfortunes

without contravening my duty, I shall be happy to have it in my power to give fresh proofs of my sympathy with the glorious name which you bear.

"Accept, &c. "A. THIERS."

During the course of the negotiations, he was informed that the only condition upon which the government would sanction his release, was a positive renunciation on his part, of all right to the throne of France, and a written pledge never again to make war against the dynasty of Louis Philippe. Such a pledge he refused to give; and, finding the negotiations for his release to be hopeless, he determined to cut the Gordian knot by making his escape, in disguise—in the disguise of an honest workman. This project he carried into effect very cleverly, on Monday, May 25, 1846, by the aid of his faithful friend, Dr. Conneau, and his valet, Thelin. The Prince gives the following account of the proceeding, so far as he was concerned, in a letter, addressed to M. de George, the editor of a paper, for which he had often written while in confinement:

"MY DEAR M. DE GEORGE,—My desire to see my father once more in this world, made me attempt the boldest enterprise I ever engaged in. It required more resolution and courage on my part than at Strasbourg and Boulogne, for I was determined not to submit to the ridicule that attaches to those who are arrested escaping under a disguise; and a failure I could not have endured. The following are the particulars of my escape:—

"You know that the fort was guarded by four hundred men, who furnished daily sixty soldiers, placed as sentries outside the walls. Moreover, the principal gate of the prison was guarded by three jailers, two of whom were constantly on duty. It was necessary that

I should first elude their vigilance, afterward traverse the inside court, before the windows of the commandant's residence; and arriving there, I should be obliged to pass by a gate which was guarded by soldiers.

"Not wishing to communicate my design to any one, it was necessary to disguise myself. As several rooms in the part of the building I occupied were undergoing repairs, it was not difficult to assume the dress of a workman. My good and faithful valet, Charles Thelin, procured a smock-frock and a pair of sabots, (wooden shoes,) and, after shaving off my moustaches, I took a plank on my shoulders.

"On Monday morning I saw the workmen enter, at half-past eight o'clock. Charles took them some drink, in order that I should not meet any of them on my passage. He was also to call one of the *gardiens* (turnkeys,) while Dr. Conneau conversed with the others. Nevertheless, I had scarcely got out of my room before I was accosted by a workman, who took me for one of his comrades, and, at the bottom of the stairs I found myself in front of the keeper. Fortunately, I placed the plank I was carrying before my face, and succeeded in reaching the yard. Whenever I passed a sentinel, or any other person, I always kept the plank before my face.

"Passing before the first sentinel, I let my pipe fall. and stopped to pick up the bits. There I met the officer on duty, but, as he was reading a letter, he did not pay attention to me. The soldiers at the guard-house appeared surprised at my dress, and a drummer turned round several times to look at me. I next met some workmen, who looked very attentively at me. I placed the plank before my face, but they appeared to be so curious, that I thought I should never escape them, until I heard them cry, 'Oh! it is Bernard!'

"Once outside, I walked quickly toward the road of St. Quentin. Charles, who, the day before, had engaged a carriage, shortly overtook me, and we arrived at St. Quentin. I passed through the town on foot, after having thrown off my smock-frock. Charles

procured a post-chaise, under pretext of going to Cambrai. We arrived, without meeting with any obstacles, at Valenciennes, where I took the railway. I had procured a Belgian passport, but nowhere was I asked to show it.

"During my escape, Dr. Conneau, always so devoted to me, remained in prison, and caused them to believe I was ill, in order to give me time to reach the frontier. It was necessary, before I could be persuaded to quit France, to be convinced that the government would never set me at liberty, unless I would consent to dishonor myself. It was also a matter of duty that I should exert all my powers to be able to console my father in his old age.

"Adieu, my dear M. de George; although free, I feel myself to be most unhappy. Receive the assurance of my sincere friendship, and, if you are able, endeavor to be useful to my kind Conneau.

"NAPOLEON LOUIS."

Dr. Conneau, whose five years of imprisonment had at this time expired, was a free agent in the affair; and the noble disinterestedness of his character may be judged of from the fact that, by aiding his patron's escape, he placed himself again in the hands of the law for an indefinite period. Dr. Conneau, then, to whose affectionate devotion it is impossible to refuse a tribute of admiration, gives the following account of the Prince's escape, and of the anxious moments which he, the doctor, passed during the after part of the day; when, instead of going away himself, as he was free to do, he remained in the fortress, in order to conceal, by every maneuver ingenuity could suggest, the fact of the Prince's escape until the latest possible moment. At his trial for this offense, he said :—

"I tried to conceal the departure of the Prince, in

order to give him time to escape. I was anxious, if possible, in this way to gain at least twenty-four hours I first of all closed the door leading from the Prince's chamber into the saloon. I kindled a strong fire, although, in fact, the weather was extremely hot, to countenance the supposition that the Prince was ill; with the same intent I put the coffee-pot on the fire. and told the man-of-all-work that the Prince was indisposed. About eight o'clock, a packet of violet plants arrived by the *diligence.* I told the keeper to fill some pots with earth, and prevented him from entering the Prince's saloon. About half-past eight o'clock the man-of-all-work came and asked me where we would breakfast. 'In my room,' I replied. 'I shall fetch the large table,' he said. I answered, 'That is unnecessary; the General is ill, and will not breakfast with us.'

"My intention was, in this manner, to push off further knowledge till the next day. I said the Prince had taken medicine. It was absolutely necessary that t should be taken — accordingly I took it myself. I intended to have given him a bath — this was impossible, on account of the workmen. I then thought of an emetic, and attempted myself to perform the consequent functions; but that was impossible. I then took some coffee and threw it into a pot of water, with some crumbs of bread, and added nitric acid, which produced a very disagreeable smell; so that our man-of-all-work might be persuaded that the Prince was really ill.

"About half-past twelve I saw the commandant for the second time, and informed him that the Prince was somewhat easier. The commandant looked at the works, and offered to send me his servant, in consequence of Thelin's absence. About one o'clock I told Delaplace to come and make the Prince's bed. Every time that I came out of the small saloon, in which the Prince was supposed to be lying on a sofa, I pretended to be speaking to him; the man-of-all-work did not hear me — if his ears had been at all delicate, he would have been able perfectly to hear me speaking.

"The day passed on very well till a quarter past

seven o'clock. At this moment the commandant entered, with an air somewhat stern. 'The Prince is a little better, Commandant.' 'If,' he exclaimed, 'the Prince is still ill, I must speak to him — I must speak to the Prince!' I had prepared a large stuffed figure, and laid it in the Prince's bed, with the head resting upon the pillow. I called the Prince — who, naturally enough, made no reply. I retired toward the commandant, and indicated to him, by a sign, that the Prince was asleep. This did not satisfy him. He sat down in the saloon, saying, 'The Prince will not sleep forever — I will wait.'

"He remarked to me, that the time of the arrival of the diligence was passed, and expressed his wonder that Thelin was not returned; I explained to him that he had taken a cabriolet. The drum beat, and the commandant rose and said, 'The Prince has moved in his bed; he is waking up.'

"The commandant stretched his ear, but did not hear him breathe. I did the same, and said, 'Let him sleep on.' He drew near the bed, and found a stuffed figure. He immediately turned toward me and said, 'The Prince is gone! At what hour?' 'At seven in the morning.' 'Who were the persons on guard?' 'I know nothing.' These were the only words which were interchanged between us: the commandant left the room."

A brief imprisonment of only three months was imposed upon Dr. Conneau for his participation in the escape of Louis Napoleon. Thelin, for some indiscreet and not very respectful language respecting the authorities, on his trial, was sentenced to six months imprisonment. The commandant of the fortress was acquitted. After arriving in London, the Prince wrote to the French embassador in England, and to a member of the British ministry, explaining his motives and intentions. To the French embassador he said — "Ir

quitting my prison, I have not been actuated by any idea of renewing against the French government a war which has been so disastrous to me, but only to be enabled to visit my aged father." He requested the embassador to inform the king of his peaceable intentions, and expressed the hope that this voluntary assurance would hasten the liberation of those of his friends who still remained in prison.

The immediate purpose of Louis Napoleon's escape from prison — to attend by the deathbed of his father — was not attained, for the Austrian embassador at London, who was also the representative of Tuscany, where the Count of St. Leu was residing, positively refused to sign his passport. Application was then made to Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, but he replied that the influence of France compelled him to decline permitting Louis Napoleon to visit his father. The Count of St. Leu had been living, for some weeks, in the hope of at length dying in his son's arms. He survived, only a short time, the intelligence that this consolation was denied to him. He died on the 25th of July, 1846.

CHAPTER V.

REVOLUTION OF 1848.

On Monday, February 21, 1848, it appeared to every casual observer, that there existed in Europe a powerful kingdom called France. Its monarch surrounded by an accomplished and numerous family; supported by a vast army; sustained by an almost unanimous Chamber of Deputies; possessing the cordial attachment of the House of Peers; having an overwhelming force of friends among the moneyed classes; and with an electoral body, an immense majority of whom were enthusiastic adherents to his dynasty, and his policy; he seemed to be placed beyond the reach of misfortune. The accidental whim of a moment, in the Revolution of 1830, had made this man a king. That Revolution had been effected less by the organized efforts of the republicans, than by the spontaneous indignation of the middle classes, at the despotic policy pursued by the government of Charles X. The aristocracy were more powerful than the republicans, and declared for another monarchy; but to appease the disappointment of the latter class, the monarchy, it was said, should be one surrounded by democratic institutions, and Louis Philippe was to be a citizen-king! The republicans were never reconciled to this defeat. They, and the majority of the working

classes, had fought for a republic, and they looked upon themselves as deceived, tricked and ignominiously vanquished. But they were not disheartened. After a few unorganized attempts at revolution, they gave up, for the time, the system of insurrectionary movements, and determined to adhere to that far surer instrument, the pen, which they relied on to ultimately give them a complete victory. They wrote, talked, and industriously spread their doctrines. They also counted much on the errors of those in power. They were confident that Louis Philippe, as soon as he should feel himself secure on the throne, would labor for his own aggrandizement, rather than for the welfare of France, and that the unpopularity and hatred attendant upon his administration would strengthen the republican ranks. And they were right. While the spirit of insurrection was yet alive, Louis Philippe aimed at conciliating the republicans; but no sooner was this crushed, than he exhibited the same tendencies that had characterized the Bourbon dynasty. His policy was then to turn back the tide of democracy, and firmly seat his heirs on the throne of France. His first step was to separate from the republicans who had been the instruments of his elevation. Some he treated coldly; he dismissed others from office. With the good Lafayette he provoked an unwarrantable quarrel.

The strength thus lost he endeavored to replace by the actual purchase of new adherents. All the arts of corruption were put in practice. Some persons, less scrupulous than ambitious, rushed forward and met bribery half way — others, who held out for a time,

were finally swept along by the current. Every man of literary reputation, who would sell himself to the government, was gorged with offices and loaded with honorary decorations. Every rising young man, of the least promise, was lured to the same dishonorable distinction. Those only could resist the seduction whose virtue was superior to their eagerness for advancement. The deplorable effect of this policy was soon evinced by the profligate immorality which was rapidly spreading among the ablest and most accomplished young men of France. The examples of servility, baseness and cupidity, shamelessly exhibited in high places, were followed with frightful rapidity among all classes of society. It was notorious in France, that every electoral body, however small—with rare exceptions—left wholly uninfluenced, would elect men of liberal views, and favorable to the gradual progress of reform. But reform was not in accordance with the views of Louis Philippe. With an aristocracy of electors—there being less than 250,000 voters, out of more than 5,000,000 adult males—Louis Philippe and his partizans found it necessary to resort to bribery to obtain the support of these constituencies. There were more than 400,000 offices, great and small, at the disposal of the government. These, with grants of almost innumerable privileges, loans, and the direct purchase of votes, enabled the government to insure to itself a majority in the Chamber of Deputies. In the Chambers, out of four hundred and fifty members, two hundred held profitable places under government, and were, of course, always subservient to the wishes of the king.

The life of Louis Philippe was one of cold and undeviating selfishness. His administration was one long intrigue for the advancement of his family and himself; and sometimes, as in the case of the marriage of the Duke of Montpensier with the sister of the Spanish queen, the trickery was so obvious, and the breach of faith so gross, that his majesty could scarcely be said to appear in the light of an honorable statesman. He met with the usual luck of the crafty, and it is now apparent that he overreached himself; for he forfeited the good will of England, and the respect of his own subjects, and thus weakened the moral basis of his dynasty, without at all increasing its material supports. During a reign of seventeen years, in which, in spite of constitutional restrictions, his real authority and influence were immense, he did little for his country, little for the moral and intellectual elevation of the people, and nothing for the gradual improvement of the political institutions of the kingdom. His time and attention were absorbed in seeking splendid foreign alliances for his children; in maneuvering to obtain a pliant majority in the Chambers; and in endeavors to keep those ministers at the head of affairs who would second most heartily his private designs.

In favor of Louis Philippe it may be said, that he was unwilling to shed blood even for the gravest political crimes, and that he was sincerely desirous of maintaining the peace of Europe. Credit for these virtues are due to him, though both tended to the security of his throne. Prosperity is always attendant upon peace, and during the reign of Louis Philippe. France was eminently prosperous. The condition of

all classes of its population greatly improved. At peace with the whole civilized world, its commerce and manufactures were flourishing; its peasantry comfortable and unusually contented; and although taxation was enormous, it was equally distributed, no class being exempted from its pressure, but all sharing the burden alike. All were equal before the law, and toleration of opinion, in politics or religion, was complete.

But the prosperity of the country finally met a check in the frightful increase of taxation. In 1847, the taxes amounted to $300,000,000. This amount had been swelled by the system of creating numerous unnecessary offices to buy votes, but it was mostly attributable to the people themselves. The war in Algiers, which was solely a sacrifice to the popular appetite for military glory and foreign possessions, constituted a continual and prodigious drain upon the treasury. Louis Philippe dared not abandon his costly and unprofitable possession in Africa. The people would not hear of it; and so an army of a hundred thousand men was maintained there, to wage an inglorious war with a few Arabs, and to make useless expeditions into the desert.

For some years, the subject of electoral reform had been agitated among the people. Scarcely one in forty of the adult male population of France were voters. In the session of the Chambers for 1846, when allusion was made to this topic by some of the deputies, Guizot tauntingly told them that the people did not desire such a reform, as no petitions for it had been presented. As avowed political meetings were prohibited because

they had been so often made a cloak for insurrections, the people prepared to hold a series of banquets in different parts of the country, at which the toasts and speeches should bear entirely on the question of the extension of the elective franchise. This scheme was carried into effect. During the summer of 1847, seventy banquets were held in various parts of the country, attended by large numbers of electors. They all passed off quietly, but they gave evidence that public opinion was strongly in favor of reform. At some of these banquets, the usual toast of "the King" was omitted, and one in favor of universal suffrage and the unlimited liberty of the press was substituted. About the middle of September, the journeymen printers of Paris made the usual arrangements to celebrate their annual dinner. For several years, not the slightest opposition had been offered to their so doing, particularly as the banquet was of a social and private character, wholly unconnected with politics. But already had ministers and their friends entered upon the false and fatal path which led them to destruction. The banquet was to have taken place at a restaurant. Just as the body of workmen were about to sit down, a commissary of police ordered them to disperse. Being backed, as the man in office was, by municipal guards and soldiers, the artisans, after protest, obeyed; but determined not to be balked of their feast, demanded permission of a printer, known for his liberal opinions, to meet on his private premises, outside the town. The printer acceded, and as the law distinctly allows meetings in a private house, on the proprietor's own responsibility, no fear was felt for the result. But,

with the idea which now actuated the prefect of police, guided, as he was, by the cabinet, legality was of little moment. Scarcely had the printers re-assembled at the house which had been generously placed at their disposal, ere some hundreds of soldiers, municipal guards, and a commissary of police, presented themselves anew, entered the printer's house, and forcibly dispersed the assembly. Other assemblies were dissolved in the same arbitrary and illegal manner.

The king's speech, at the opening of the Chambers, December 28, 1847, closed with a contemptuous allusion to these banquets. On the 19th of the following January, the address of the Peers, in reply to the king's speech, was carried by a large majority. One of the paragraphs of the address was directed against the reform banquets. "Noisy manifestations, (said the Peers,) in which are blindly mingled vague ideas of reform and of progress, passions hostile to our monarchical constitution, opinions subversive of social order, and detestable reminiscences, have rather disquieted than convinced men." During the debates on this address, in the Chamber of Deputies, petitions were presented for electoral and parliamentary reform.

The severe allusion to these banquets in the king's speech, and the great majority which supported the address that echoed this condemnation of them, increased the fury of the opposition, as it was clear that the ministry were firm, and that there was no chance of unseating them by parliamentary weapons alone. They resolved, therefore, though with hesitation and many misgivings, to agitate the people still further Hitherto, the banquets had been held only in the

provinces, and after all the inflammatory speeches that had been made at them, not more than 200,000 persons, out of a population of more than 34,000,000, had been induced to petition for reform. But the Parisians were more excitable and dangerous, and so it was determined to hold a monster banquet in the capital, to be preceded by a grand procession, — a measure which was almost sure to bring the republicans into open revolt. The mere announcement of a great popular demonstration was enough to cause the desperate republicans to furbish up their arms, and concert all the measures necessary for the overthrow of the monarchy. The ministers expressed their intention of suppressing the banquet. They even declared that there should be no reform. Guizot, the prime minister, emphatically repeated his determination to put down all public demonstrations of opinion, in the shape of reform banquets. The friends of the measure met this declaration by expressing their determination to attend the banquet which had already been announced, and defying the minister to make good his threat — no law existing against a public meeting for any peaceable and constitutional object. The conduct of the minister was injudicious in the extreme. He had committed himself to a course, the tendency of which was utterly destructive of public liberty. Its illegality was obvious, but illegal or not, it became the duty of every man not in favor of absolutism, to make a stand against such an insufferable assumption of authority. To yield would have been to tamely bare the neck to the yoke of despotism, and to see the last vestiges of freedom trodden under foot. To try the question, it was decided that the

reform banquet, which had been postponed from time to time, waiting the course of events, should take a more imposing form, to which the independent members of both Chambers, and the public generally, should be invited. The object being a pacific demonstration of opinion, it was arranged, that to avoid all danger of collision with the authorities, the banquet should not be held in Paris itself, but in the suburbs; and to place the legality of the meeting beyond all doubt, by giving it as much as possible the character of a private party, the number of guests was limited to 1500, and no person not invited was to be admitted. Nearly one hundred Deputies, and a few members of the Chamber of Peers, signified their intention to be present.

The day fixed for the banquet was Tuesday, February 22, 1848, and it was not until Monday—the day preceding—that the government finally determined to attempt its suppression. The first plan of Guizot was to allow the banquet to proceed, under protest A civil officer was to be sent to verify the fact of the meeting, and afterward a crown prosecution was to be commenced against its originators; but on Monday the court took offense or alarm at an advertisement and programme, which appeared in the opposition journals, of a contemplated procession to the place of meeting; to consist of the guests invited to the banquet, officers, and soldiers of the National Guards—corresponding very nearly to the militia of our own country—with students and others, who were expected to act as an escort. They were to be so marshaled that the National Guards, though without arms, should appear to

surround and escort the other portions of the assemblage. The plan was a very skillful one, for the government dared not provoke any collision of the troops of the line with the National Guards, who were in fact the chief support of the monarchy; and though but a small portion of this civic militia would probably obey such an irregular summons, a few of them skillfully distributed around the procession, would effectually shield it from any attack by the regular soldiery.

Monday evening arrived. The public places were all filled with anxious crowds. The evening papers were looked for, half in terror, half in hope. Knots of men, of all classes, conversed in under tones, while others read aloud extracts from the papers, by torch light. Between nine and ten o'clock, when, of course it was too late to prevent the assembling of crowds the next day to witness the procession, — the banquet having been the sole theme of conversation for a fortnight previous, — proclamations were posted about the streets by the police, announcing that no banquet or procession would be permitted, and cautioning the public against tumultuous assemblages in the streets. Wherever these documents were seen, the people collected around while one man would read their contents to the excited populace. They were then torn down and trampled under foot. Several republicans moved silently from group to group, sounding the disposition of the people, who, artizans, shopkeepers, professional men, all showed but one desire — that of resistance. In restaurants, in reading rooms, the probable results of a struggle were calculated, and some asserted, with confidence, that the troops were wel.

disposed toward the people. Many a student, many an artisan, many an enthusiastic republican, passed the night in cleaning his arms and making ball cartridges preparing for an emergency. That evening, the trains which left Paris were unusually full; the more foreseeing and cautious among foreigners and rich citizens, started to leave the country, or seek refuge in their country-houses. Amid moderate men, who wished well to the dynasty, and even to the cabinet, if they would but make concession to the voice of public opinion, stupefaction, terror and sorrow were the paramount feelings.

A wide difference of opinion arose among the banquet committee in regard to obeying the proclamations. A minority were inclined to form the procession at all hazards; but it was finally agreed that the meeting should be given up—that the public should be urged to maintain a peaceable attitude, so as to put the government wholly in the wrong—and that the late discussion of the question in the Chambers should be renewed in a form that would lead either to a dissolution, and then bring it before the electors, or to a change of the cabinet. Articles of impeachment were therefore to be moved against the ministry. It was not expected that these would be carried, but they would suffice to create an agitation that would force the government to give way; or, failing to do so, the opposition, by resigning in a body, had the power in their hands of an appeal to the people.

In the morning, a formal announcement that the banquet was deferred, appeared in the papers, and the government having been assured that no attempt would

be made to form a procession, the orders that had been given to the troops of the line to occupy the ground and all the avenues leading to the place of meeting. were countermanded. Picquets, only, were stationed in places where crowds might be expected to assemble, sufficient, it was presumed, to disperse a mob; but no serious disturbance was anticipated, either by the ministry or its opponents. The proclamations of the government, however, and the announcement of the opposition journals, came too late. They had not been read by the multitudes of the working class, who had previously prepared for a holiday, and who, even if they had read the notices, were little inclined to be deprived of their anticipated enjoyment. The majority of these might be peaceably disposed, but their presence in the streets was necessarily calculated to render formidable the smaller number bent upon mischief, if an opportunity should arise.

The morning of the 22d of February was wet and gloomy, but the streets were crowded from an early hour. Crowds of people began to move toward the Madeleine church, in front of which the procession was to have been formed. Many were not aware that the banquet was given up, and went to witness the parade, while those who knew that the intention of holding the meeting had been abandoned, went with a vague desire to see what would happen. Others, doubtless, went with a settled determination to provoke an insurrection. About midday a crowd surrounded the Chamber of Deputies, which was soon protected against any risk of attack. Some of the windows of the residence of the minister of foreign affairs were broken, and

"Down with Guizot," was the cry; but in a short time the house was surrounded with troops. The crowd and agitation went on increasing, and in some parts of the city the shops were closed. The multitude around the Madeleine church became formidable in numbers, though no symptoms of disorder or violence were manifested. In fact, with few exceptions, the crowd, amid whom were many well dressed ladies and gentlemen, were excessively good humored. The majority seemed persuaded that the vast display of unarmed Parisians, who had turned out, would induce the minority to give way. Whatever disturbances arose, were the result of the confusion and injuries inflicted by dense masses of people moving impulsively to and fro, as they were impelled by noises or rumors from various portions of the city. Toward the close of the day the excitement grew more intense. In some cases where the crowds could not, or did not, disperse at the command of the military, violence was committed to enforce obedience. The aspect of the masses, who moved away telling what they had seen, was threatening. Consternation sat on the faces of the timid—anger and bitterness on those of the resolute. A few barricades were erected in the streets. In the evening the disturbances were increased. Additional barricades were erected. Coaches and whatever else the multitude could most readily seize, were used for this purpose. The drivers, when their vehicles were seized, led away their horses, in many instances laughing. 'We cannot carry you, (said one to a gentleman,) our carriages are hired—by the nation!" Gunsmiths' shops were broken open and their contents seized; the

lamps were extinguished; and anxiety for the result of the sanguinary contest on the morrow, which had become inevitable, spread through the whole of Paris.

The court party alone were without apprehension. Although slumbering on the edge of a volcano, they appeared unconscious of danger. Eighty thousand troops of the line had been concentrated in or near Paris. The city was surrounded with forts, to which the troops could retire in case of need, and by which all the principal roads of the metropolis could be commanded. A portion of the National Guard were known to be disaffected, but the general body, it was believed, being composed of the middle classes, who had something to lose, were disposed to assist in the suppression of any riotous demonstrations, that might directly or indirectly affect property; and of the readiness of the municipal guard, or armed police to support the government, no doubt was entertained. The worst that was apprehended was the loss of a few lives, and possibly the sacrifice of Guizot and the elevation of Thiers, his rival.

On Wednesday morning, the 23d, crowds began to assemble at an early hour around the barricades that had been erected during the night. These barricades were attacked and partially destroyed by the municipal guards or the regular troops. The morning passed in skirmishes, in which some were killed, and success was generally on the side of the authorities. The people, however, when dispersed in one place, assem bled instantly in another, and rapidly increased in numbers. The National Guard were called out in the hope that they would aid in the suppression of the

disturbance, and use their influence with the people to prevent the further effusion of blood. But when they appeared in the streets, although they at first wavered as to the course they should follow, it soon became evident they would yield to the contagion of popular enthusiasm, and act with, rather than against the movement. Many uttered the popular watchwords for reform, and deputations were sent in from several of the legions, asking for the dismissal of Guizot. Louis Philippe's heart failed him, and early in the afternoon he announced the appointment of M. Molé, as the successor of Guizot. Molé for Guizot appeared to the people to be a trick to deceive them. It is incomprehensible, had not the whole conduct of Louis Philippe been that of one bewildered by events, how he could have supposed that this would satisfy the people. He does not seem to have appreciated the extent of the danger. The impression on his own mind, and that of his family, was, that there was nothing serious. Thiers apparently thought otherwise, and had a long interview with the Duchess of Orleans, in regard to the affair. The officers who visited the various parts of the city, increased the fancied security of the royal family, by reporting that there was no likelihood of an insurrection. At the same time they assured the king that the plans arranged to suppress any revolutionary movement were such that no fear could be entertained of the result.

About ten o'clock on Wednesday evening, occurred the decisive incident that determined the fate of Louis Philippe's dynasty. All the streets were brilliantly illuminated, and every where immense numbers of

promenaders, men, women and children, were out enjoying the scene, and rejoicing that the terrible struggle of the day had ceased. Processions of workmen and students paraded the streets, celebrating the downfall of Guizot. The house of the deposed minister was protected by a large force of the military. As one of the bodies of workmen was marching through the street near his house, they were suddenly fired upon by the troops. The order to fire was the result of a mistake. The scene which followed was awful. Thousands of men, women, children, shrieking, bawling, raving, were seen flying in all directions, while sixty-two men, women and lads, belonging to every class of society, lay weltering in their blood upon the pavement. Next minute an awful roar, the first breath of the popular indignation, was heard, and then away flew the students, artisans, the shopkeepers, all, to carry the news to the most distant parts of the city, and to rouse the population to arms against a government, whose satellites murdered the people in this atrocious manner. A squadron of horsemen now charged, sword in hand, over dead and wounded, amid useless cries of "Mind the fallen," and drove the people before them. The sight was appalling. Husbands were seen dragging their fainting wives from the scene of massacre; fathers snatching up their children, with pale faces and clenched teeth, hurried away to put their young ones in safety, and then to come out in arms against the monarchy. Women clung to railings, ees, or to the wall, or fell fainting on the stones.

In two hours the terrible news was known all over Paris. During the night 3000 persons arrived by a

monster train from Rouen, with arms and artillery. All thoughts of slumber were abandoned. Groups stood at the corners of the streets. Everywhere barricades arose as if by magic. All night the population labored, and the number of persons so engaged may be conceived, when it is stated, that upward of two thousand barricades of the most formidable character were erected. Not less than one hundred and fifty thousand men—some of them National Guards—passed that night in fortifying themselves behind almost impregnable ramparts, which would have cost many thousand lives to have carried, had the troops remained faithful to the government.

The king at last became alarmed. Late at night he became convinced that a better guarantee of reform was required than a cabinet formed by a personal friend of the king, and in which the views of the court party would necessarily retain the ascendancy. Thiers and Odilon Barrot, the leaders of the two sections of the opposition, were sent for to form a ministry. Six hours earlier and the announcement of this fact would probably have satisfied the people and prevented further tumult. Now it came too late. The demand for reform had been converted by exasperation into a settled purpose of revolution, and the same spirit was likely to extend to the provinces. During the night the departure of the mails had been prevented, and the railways around Paris had been damaged or destroyed, at every point at which troops might be expected to arrive.

At six on the morning of Thursday, the 24th, Paris was covered with barricades, on which floated the

tri-color, (the flag adopted by the revolutionary party of Europe.) Behind the barricades stood resolute men, armed with muskets, swords, pistols and pikes. The tocsin rung the signal for battle, and the fight began between the people and the soldiers of the line. But the troops were ill-disposed to shed the blood of their brethren. At ten, one of the regiments joined the people. Just at this time a proclamation signed by Thiers and Barrot was distributed through the street. It announced that orders were given the troops to suspend the firing; that Thiers and Barrot were empowered by the king to form a ministry; that the Chambers would be dissolved; and that General Lamoriciere was named Commander-in-chief of the National Guard. The command had previously been given to Marshal Bugeaud, who, beside being unpopular with the people, was in favor of energetic measures against the insurrection. The proclamation announcing the advent of a new ministry was torn in pieces. The tide of insurrection was flowing rapidly, irresistibly, toward the Tuileries, the king's residence. About noon, the people, headed by numerous detachments of the National Guard, attacked the Palais Royal, took it and sacked the royal apartments. The noise penetrated the apartments of the Tuileries. Louis Philippe saw that it was useless longer to brave the storm that gathered over his head. But one hope was left. He might abdicate in favor of his grandson, the Count of Paris, and the heir to the throne. The queen only, of all present, resisted this proposition. She clung to the king and entreated him to be firm, to battle against the people. He gently pushed her aside and wrote — "I lay down the crown

which the will of the nation bestowed on me in July, 1830. I abdicate in favor of my beloved grandson, the Count of Paris." Immediately the king and royal family left the palace, and sought safety in flight. As they departed, the people arrived. The former occupants left so hastily that they had not even breakfasted. The new comers made merry with the adventure, and some sat down to eat the breakfast prepared for the fugitive king. A lad ascended the throne, turned round to the people, and putting his hand on his heart, said, in royal phrase—"Messieurs, it is always with the greatest pleasure that I see myself surrounded by my people!" The throne was then carried out into the streets and burned.

The Chamber of Deputies met in the afternoon. The Duchess of Orleans, accompanied by the Duke of Nemours, entered, leading her two sons. The abdication of Louis Philippe, the transfer of royal power to the young Count of Paris, and the appointment of the Duchess of Orleans to the regency, were announced. It was moved that an entry should be made in the journals, of the acclamation which had accompanied to the Chamber, and greeted on their arrival, the Count of Paris as King of France, and the Duchess of Orleans as regent, under the protection of the national wishes. M. Sauzet, the president, said, that the Chamber, by its unanimous acclamations,——Here he was interrupted on the right and on the left, by the spectators. All was confusion. Lamartine moved that the sitting be suspended, out of respect to the national representatives, and to the presence of the Duchess of Orleans. The president announced the suspension of

the sitting, until the Duchess of Orleans and the new king retired After some hesitation, the duchess and her children, with those around her, withdrew from the room. Odilon Barrot exclaimed—"Our duty is clear: the crown of July rests on the head of a child and of a woman: the regency of the Duchess of Orleans—a ministry selected from among the men of the most tried opinions, will give the best security for liberty: he could not undertake the responsibility of any thing else." A crowd of armed men, National Guards, students, and workmen, broke into the Chamber, many of them carrying banners. They loudly denounced a restoration of the monarchy. They exclaimed that the Count of Paris should not be proclaimed king. The cry of many was for a republic. Voices were shouting, "No more Bourbons!" "Down with the traitors!" "A provisional government!" Many of the deputies retired. Ledru Rollin obtained a hearing. He declared that a regency was impossible. He said that to proclaim the Count of Paris would be a new usurpation. He called for a provisional government, not named by the Chamber, but by the people; and an immediate appeal to a convention, to settle the rights of the people. Lamartine also spoke. He advocated a provisional government which should prejudge nothing as to the ultimate form of government which it should please the nation to adopt. Here a body of people burst into the hall. Still, amid the confusion, a list of names for the formation of a provisional government was adopted. From the office of the *Reforme* newspaper, the organ of the ultra republicans, another list was sent out. By an arrangement, the two rival

bodies met at the Hôtel de Ville—the government office—and agreed upon a compromise, at first by choosing four of the newspaper set to be secretaries to the other body, but a few days afterward by admitting these four to full membership, the decrees being signed by the whole number without distinction.

No sooner had the members of the provisional government been chosen, than began one of the most remarkable councils ever held by any government. For sixty hours the provisional executive of the nation sat without abandoning their post, now writing decrees, debating them, and sending them forth to the nation by the voice of the printing machine; now rushing out to do battle for their very existence, as new columns upon columns of people thronged to demand new concessions. Several times the government was on the eve of dissolution. One party demanded the red flag. The majority knew that this was to sanctify the triumph of anarchy. They resisted. The people threatened to rush in and destroy the provisional government. Lamartine hastened out, and stood on the stairs of the Hôtel de Ville; but the excited people brandishing their arms, refused to hear him. He persisted, and his voice at length drowned the tumult. He was heard, and his effective eloquence brought the people at once back to their senses. They then returned to their duties, and before night, the following proclamation was posted up in Paris, while rough proof copies were flying to every part of the country through the post. Though they have appeared largely in the press, it is impossible to avoid giving here these first acts of the government of the Revolution.

PROCLAMATION OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

"TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

"A retrograde and oligarchical government has been overthrown by the heroism of the people of Paris This government has fled, leaving behind it a track of blood which forbids its ever retracing its steps. The blood of the people has been shed, as it was in July; but this time that generous blood shall not be shed in vain. It has won a national and popular government in accord with the rights, the progress, and the will of this great and noble people. A provisional government, arising from the urgent acclamations of the voices of the people and the deputies from the departments in the sitting of February 24, is momentarily invested with the charge of organizing and securing the national victory.

"It is composed of Messrs. Dupont (de l'Eure,) Lamartine, Crémieux, Arago (of the Institute,) Ledru-Rollin, Garnier Pages, and Marie.

"The government has for its secretaries Messrs. Armand-Marrast, Ferdinand Flocon, Louis Blanc, and Albert.

"The citizens have not hesitated an instant to accept the patriotic mission which was imposed by the urgency of the case.

"When blood has flowed, when the capital of France is in flames, the mission of the provisional government is public safety. All France will listen to it, and lend it a patriotic concurrence. Under the popular government which the provisional government proclaims, every citizen is a magistrate.

"Frenchmen! give to the world the example which Paris has given to France! Prepare yourselves, by order and by confidence in one another, for those strong institutions which you are called upon to form!

"The provisional government desires a republic, but subject to the ratification of the French people, who shall be immediately consulted.

"Unity of the nation! formed henceforth of the classes of which the nation is composed; the government of the nation by itself; 'liberty, equality, and

fraternity' for principles; 'the people' for a motto, and the password of 'order!' Such is the democratic government which France owes to herself, and which shall have all our efforts for its establishment."

A position of greater responsibility, or one encompassed with more startling difficulties, than that to which the members of the provisional government had been chosen, can scarcely be conceived. France was in a state of anarchy. It was without rulers and without law. The Parisian people, the most excitable in the world, and headed by violent, daring and reckless leaders, were driven to the wildest excesses. To prevent civil war and all the atrocities and sufferings that were attendant upon the Revolution of 1798 — to calm the furious agitation — to restore and preserve the public tranquillity — and to call a convention, through which the will of the people could be ascertained, and such institutions of state organized as the nation might desire; this was the task which the provisional government had assumed, and well and gloriously, amid the thousand obstacles and difficulties that beset them, did they accomplish it.

But to Lamartine, the recognized leader and the most active member of the provisional government, is chiefly attributable the merit of having conducted France through so stupendous a crisis, with so little of outrage and so much of noble forbearance. During the paroxysm of this great and wonderful change, Lamartine exceeded all the expectations formed of him by his warmest friends, and won the admiration and the enconiums of the world. His name will stand on the page of history, among the greatest and noblest

statesmen of the nineteenth century. Wise, firm, benevolent and disinterested, he resisted the rash claims of the people, while he advocated those that were just.

Alphonse de Lamartine was born at Mâcon, October 21, 1790. His family name was De Prat, but some years ago he assumed that of his maternal uncle. His father was major of a regiment of cavalry under Louis XVI., and was imprisoned at the time of the overthrow of his royal master. The boy who, more than fifty years afterward, was to play so striking a part in a great revolution, passed many months of his infancy with his father while confined in prison. After the reign of terror, the royalist major was released, and passed the remainder of his days with his family at Milly, an old château in Burgundy. From his childhood young Alphonse was remarkable for his precocious intellect. Among the few habitual visitors at the château, was the good priest of the neighboring village, who, from his amiable temper and endearing manners, was the delight of all who came within the sphere of his influence, and particularly of the young folks at the château, who honored and revered him as a father, without ceasing to love and cherish him as a playmate and companion. On one occasion he had called at the château in passing homeward from one of his visitations of duty and benevolence, and nothing could satisfy his young friends, who crowded round him with welcomes and caresses, but his remaining to dine and spend the rest of the day with them. The lady of the château joined her solicitations to those of her children, and the priest's inclinations strongly seconded their wishes; but there was a serious obstacle

in the way. "It is Saturday, (said he,) and I've not prepared a line of my to-morrow's sermon. And to compose a good sermon, (added he, smiling,) is no joke. It will take me all the rest of the day, and it may be, an hour or two of the night." "Oh, if that's all, (cried Alphonse, who was then but twelve years of age, and who had receded from the crowd of little suitors around the priest, and was contemplating from a window the scene without,) I'll write your sermon for you, sir. I often write sermons, and preach them too—in my head! What shall the text be?" All present, the priest included, greeted this half-serious, half-jocular sally with good-humored smiles or laughter, and the good man himself appeared to yield to the argument for his stay among them. Accordingly he gave a text at random to the young aspirant for preaching honors, and determined to borrow a few hours from his pillow for the composition of his to-morrow's discourse. After dinner, Alphonse disappeared from the family party; but as this was the frequent result of his contemplative habits, nobody took notice of his absence till the priest was preparing for his early departure in the evening—when Alphonse made his appearance with a roll of paper in his hand. "Here is your sermon, sir," exclaimed he, with a smile of exultation on his beautiful and expressive countenance. The priest, innocently humoring the joke, took the scroll and opened it. "Well, (said he,) let us see what this sermon of our young friend is made of. Suppose we try a little of it upon the present audience;" and he proceeded to open and read it aloud. He had not read many lines, however, before his aspect

and manner became entirely changed In a word, the child of twelve years of age had produced a composition of deep thought, fervid eloquence, and high poetry, and the priest pronounced it at church the next day to a delighted and admiring audience.

The early life of Lamartine was one of meditation and of study, rather than of action. After his departure from college, he passed some time at Lyons, made a brief excursion into Italy, and visited Paris during the last days of the empire. He was already dreaming of literary, especially of dramatic, renown, and was a favorite with Talma, the greatest of French tragedians, who was pleased to hear him recite, with his clear and melancholy voice, the unpublished fragment of a tragedy on Saul. In 1820, the publication of a volume of "Poetic Meditations," placed him in the first rank of French poets. From that period he published many works, all of which were highly popular. In 1824 he entered diplomatic life as secretary of the legation at Florence. Afterward he went to London in the same capacity, but was subsequently returned to Tuscany as chargé d'affaires. At London he married a rich English heiress, by whom he had one daughter. After the Revolution of 1830, he aspired to a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, but being rejected by the constituency before whom he presented himself, he undertook an oriental journey with his wife and child. While in Asia, he received the announcement of his election as a deputy from Dunkirk, and in 1834, hastened home to take his seat in the Chamber. He did not attach himself particularly to any party, but appeared always as a friend of justice, of humanity

of tolerance, of morality, and of the poor. He rapidly rose to the position of one of the first orators of France. His rare courage and independence; his ardent advocacy of all measures calculated to elevate the people and ameliorate their condition; and his masterly eloquence, all pointed him out as the most suitable head of the revolutionary government, after the over throw of Louis Philippe. His success at calming th violent, and subduing the obstinate, — his introduction of great, comprehensive and beneficent measures, and his guidance of the state safely through the elections for a constitutional convention, when the national peace was endangered by a turbulent host of ignorant demagogues, are proofs that the French people were fortunate in making him a member of the provisional government.

The other members of the provisional government, although they possessed the respect and confidence of the citizens of Paris and of the French people, were scarcely known out of France. Arago, it is true, had obtained celebrity abroad, but as an astronomer and not as a politician. He had, however, been a staunch advocate of republican views for many years. The reputation of the others was almost exclusively local. Dupont de l'Eure, an old man of eighty, and a staunch republican — Crémieux, an able lawyer of the Jewish persuasion — Ledru-Rollin, an ultra democrat of the revolutionary school, earnest and zealous — Marie, a violent agrarian, having an extreme prejudice against the wealthy classes — Garnier Pages, a distinguished financier — Marrast, editor of the "National," a man talented and energetic, with broad and enlightened

sympathies—and Louis Blanc, an enthusiast and a socialist,—these were the most conspicuous members of the provisional government.

Louis Philippe and all the various members of his numerous household escaped safely to England, and took up their residence at Claremont. The provisional government, instead of making any arrests, seemed to prefer that all might leave France without molestation.

In exile, the peculiar excellencies and graces of Louis Philippe's character were exhibited in a favorable light. However grave the errors of his administration, however reprehensible his conduct as a king, in his family and in his social intercourse he was unusually affectionate and winning. Those who saw him around his domestic hearth or met him in society, could not fail to admire him. On his arrival in England, he assumed the title of Count of Neuilly, and though in his own circle, all the respect, and in some degree the etiquette of royalty, were maintained, the exiled king fell easily, and indeed it may be said, naturally, into the character and manners of a private gentleman. The vicissitudes of his earlier days, had confirmed the simplicity of his personal tastes; and certainly no man that ever existed could have stepped from a throne into the mediocrity of private life with less sacrifice of his ordinary habits, than Louis Philippe. He rose late, and breakfasted with his whole family about ten or eleven. He then read his letters or the newspapers till about one, when he received visitors, of whom, both French and English, there was a pretty constant succession, and with whom he conversed upon all subjects, with a fluency and propriety

of diction, a copiousness of information, and, above all, with an unreserve and a frankness that surprised those who were not already intimate with him. His conversation was as diversified as his visitors, and, amusing and often instructive to all, it was appropriate to each. His own life was a fruitful topic, on which he was always ready to speak with frankness, and with a singular indulgence to the curiosity or even the criticism of his auditors. He had an excellent memory for family history, as well as for the events of his own long and varied times. Of his reign, and in regard to his overthrow, he spoke with freedom and moderation What seemed to touch him most nearly was the indifference with which his abdication and departure from France were regarded. He once said to a friend: "When I was on the throne they would say to me—'Sire! you are the key-stone of the arch on which rests the peace of Europe and the world.' I smiled internally at the exaggeration, and thought my shoulders hardly broad enough 'to support the peace of the world.' These, I said to myself, are either flatterers or over-partial friends who exaggerate my influence. Well; a day came that seemed in some sort to justify that opinion. I fell; and at that moment an explosion of revolutionary wars burst forth throughout Europe—at Vienna, Berlin, Rome, Munich—in Sicily, Lombardy, and Hungary; yet not a voice—not one—was heard to ask whether 'this man, whom we have just condemned to die in exile, had not, after all, some little share in that general tranquillity and prosperity of nations which were so generally and so deplorably interrupted by his fall.' Was tnere due to him no

parting word of condolence — no regret — not even a remembrance — *nothing?*"

All his children and grandchildren, even the very youngest, dined at the same time and table with Louis Philippe. He had something particularly fatherly in his character, and was never so happy as when he had his children about him. It was something new to a visitor's eye to see all these children, two or three of them almost infants, sitting at table intermixed with the elder members of the royal family, the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and a few English and many French occasional guests. Louis Philippe always carved, (as he used to do at the Tuileries,) and seemed to take a kind of good-humored pride in the dexterity and attention with which he helped every body all round the table. He himself was moderate, though not abstemious, both in eating and drinking; and immediately at the end of the dessert, all retired from table at a movement by the queen, and followed their majesties into the saloon. This was the joyous hour for the children. One of the elder princes would amuse them with some new toy — a magic lantern, a lottery, or some general game — or they would riot about the room, and escalade and storm the king's chair as if it were a breach in a fortress. This seemed to delight the king. The queen, the princesses and the ladies, worked at a round table; sometimes her majesty had a table of whist. The king generally sat in another part of the room, and either read the newspapers or conversed — especially with any visitors. If, amidst the vast variety of his conversation, a doubt should happen to occur on any topic, he would appeal to the

excellent memory and judgment of the queen, on which he seemed to place the most entire reliance, or to such one of the princes as he thought likely to be best acquainted with the topic in hand. He seemed to take a pleasure in bringing forward the special accomplishments of each, and they in general answered his appeals with an intelligence and an accuracy that justified his paternal pride, which was evidently one of his strongest feelings. It was impossible to be half an hour in his company without seeing some indication of his remarkable respect for the queen, and affection for his children.

In spite of the heavy thoughts that must have weighed upon his mind, his conversation had a strong tendency to cheerfulness and even gayety; and he enlivened even graver topics by a ready abundance of pleasant illustrations and anecdotes of all the remarkable men he had seen or known—and he had seen and known every man who had made any figure in the world for the last seventy years—except Bonaparte—about whom, however, he had a considerable store of anecdotes.

Although seventy-five years of age, Louis Philippe retained his mental and bodily vigor until near the period of his death. In May, 1850, his health began to decline, and toward the last of August, his physician deemed it proper to assure him that his end was rapidly approaching. This intelligence he communicated to him in presence of the queen. The king received the announcement with—for a moment—something of incredulous surprise and regret, but quickly recovered his composure, and accepted his

destiny with the calmness and resolution which had characterized his whole life. He remained alone with the queen for some time; no one can tell what passed between that royal couple, than which there has seldom existed one in any rank of life so long, so uninterruptedly, and so entirely happy in each other,—bound together by so many domestic ties—by the participation of such exalted fortunes, and by the dearer trials of such reverses and vicissitudes. When at last one of the king's confidential attendants was permitted to enter the room, he saw the aged couple—the king sitting in his usual chair, and the queen standing opposite to him—motionless and tearless, with eyes fixed on each other—like statues. Not a word was spoken till the king, with a firm yet interrupted voice, addressed to her some words of love and consolation. These he repeated with an increasing tenderness of voice two or three times.

He then recollected that about four months before, he had been writing some notes—relative to his return to France in 1814—and said that he had stopped in the middle of an anecdote which he wished to have finished. He asked for the bunch of keys he always wore, and told General Dumas, who was then in attendance, to go to a certain cabinet where he would find the paper. The general seemed not to know which key to use, upon which the king said with a smile, "I could never teach you to distinguish my keys," and, taking the bunch with a trembling hand that did not answer to the energy of the mind, he took off the key, and gave the general exact directions as to the shape and place of the paper. When the paper was brought,

the king said, "My hand is already too cold to write. but I will dictate to you." The general sat down at the bedside and began to write; and then followed two small incidents which showed the perfect — the minute — possession of his faculties even in that awful moment. Without looking at the paper, or asking what was the last word he had written, four months previous, he went on with his narrative with the very next word that the sense required; and when he saw the general writing, as he thought, on his own original paper, he said, "You are not writing on my manuscript, I hope;" but the general showed him that it was a loose sheet which he had only placed on the manuscript to enable him to hold it more steadily. The anecdote itself was of no great importance, and was one which he had often told; but in the manuscript it had broken off in the middle of a sentence, and as it completed a chapter of his Memoirs, he did not choose to leave it imperfect.

When this affair, which occupied but a short time, was over, he announced his desire to receive the sacraments of the Catholic Church, and desired that all his children and grandchildren, then at Claremont, with the whole household, should be assembled to witness these last acts of devotion; and in their presence "he discharged, (says the official announcement of the event,) all the duties of religion with the most perfect Christian resignation, a stoical firmness, and a simplicity which is the real evidence of human greatness." The queen and all their children remained for a long time, kneeling, weeping, and praying around the bed, the king appearing perfectly sensible and

tranquil, and recognizing with a look of affection every eye that was occasionally raised to him. The fever increased in the night, but did not in the slightest degree affect his mental composure: nay, he seemed at one moment to feel so much better as to give a gleam of hope, which he accepted with alacrity. Even after he ceased to speak, his eye distinguished benignantly the persons around. At length he closed his eyes, and after breathing faintly for some time, without apparent pain, he expired. This event occurred, August 26, 1850.

Upon the overthrow of Louis Philippe, in February, 1848, the provisional government of the Republic labored energetically to mould the convulsed elements of France into their new form. Large demonstrations of the people, in behalf of various measures, were frequently made, while deputations from the Irish, Polish, and Italian revolutionists, demanding assistance from the republican government, considerably embarrassed its operations. Yet the country was saved from serious difficulty by the admirable line of policy adopted by Lamartine and his associates. The bitter dissensions, among all classes, on the subject of socialism, created the most imminent dangers to which the republic was exposed. The Parisian population were so violently agitated by this question, that on several occasions the National Guards were called out to overawe the most turbulent.

In April, elections were held throughout the country, for deputies to a National Assembly, to organize a constitution. Early in May this body, about eight hundred in number, assembled at Paris. The members

of the provisional government presented themselves before this Assembly, the immediate representatives of the people's will, and resigned the informal authority they had exercised over France. The venerable Dupont de l'Eure, who was chosen to perform this office, read the following address to the Assembly :

"Citizens! Representatives of the people! the provisional government of the Republic comes to incline itself before the nation, and to render conspicuous homage to the supreme power with which you are invested. Elect of the people! welcome to the great capital where your presence excites a sentiment of happiness and hope that will not be disappointed. Depositaries of the national sovereignty, you are about to found new institutions upon the wide basis of democracy, and to give to France the only constitution that is suitable to her — that of Republic. But after having proclaimed the grand political law, which is henceforth to definitively constitute the country, you will endeavor to employ the efficacious action of the government, as far as possible, in the relations that the necessity of labor establishes among all citizens, and which ought to have for a base the holy laws of justice and fraternity. In fine, the moment has arrived for the provisional government to place in your hands the unlimited power with which it was invested by the Revolution. For us, the dictatorship was only treated as a moral power in the midst of the difficult circumstances we have traversed. Faithful to our origin and our personal convictions, we have all been called to proclaim the rising Republic of February. To-day we inaugurate the labors of the assembly, with the cry that always rallies us together, '*Vive la Republique!*'"

Immediately after the organization of the National Assembly, Lamartine, Arago, Garnier Pages, Marie and Ledru-Rollin were elected an executive council to administer the government. Numerous delegations

from clubs and associations entertaining extreme opinions on political questions, filled the galleries of the halls, and attempted, sometimes by persuasion and sometimes by threats, to control the action of the Assembly, and have their favorite views embodied in the new constitution. This was generally the case with those who held radical—and especially with those who held extravagant notions in regard to the attitude which the government justly bears toward the laborers. The more enlightened, discreet and moderate of what may be called the socialist party, took no part in these violent attempts to overawe the Assembly. But the ignorant workmen, feeling that the rights of the masses had always been sacrificed to promote the interests of favored classes, and fearing that the wrongs under which they had smarted were to be continued by the new government, fully determined to obtain justice, though without any definite idea of the measures necessary to accomplish that end; and having their apprehensions excited and their passions aroused by ambitious and unscrupulous demagogues, were constantly creating disturbances and embarrassing the action of the government. As early as the 15th of May, a band of rioters actually invaded the Assembly—declared its dissolution—and proceeded to the formation of a new provisional government. But they were surrounded by the National Guards, defeated, and their leaders were arrested. Yet the dangerous position of the government was by no means ended by the suppression of this insurrectionary movement. The thousands of workmen who had been temporarily employed by the government, seeing that they would

soon be without regular means of support, furnished ready material for the designs of those parties who aspired to the ascendancy. For more than a month the city remained in a disturbed and anxious state, which increased from day to day, until the 23d of June, when another insurrection, more violent and more wide-spread than its predecessor, broke out. Formidable barricades were erected, and on the morning of the 24th, no less than 40,000 insurgents were armed for the struggle. The crisis was a fearful one. The national executive committee were powerless. Its members had formed the provisional government, and as such, immediately after the overthrow of Louis Philippe, had restored peace to Paris and to the nation by offering employment and liberal wages to all persons, in national workshops. This measure, most salutary at the time, was inevitably productive of evil results, for as soon as employment was withdrawn from these artisans, they assumed a hostile attitude toward the government. On the 24th, the committee were superseded by the appointment of General Cavaignac as military dictator. General Cavaignac had won great distinction in the war against Algeria, and had been at the head of the war department under the provisional government. He immediately declared martial law in Paris, and so prompt and energetic were his measures, that on the 26th of June, after many severe conflicts and great slaughter, the insurrection was quelled, and peace was restored to the city. The number of killed was variously estimated at from 5000 to 10,000. The name of Cavaignac was everywhere greeted with the most enthusiastic acclamations

But no sooner were the insurgents subdued, than Cavaignac, with an unselfish patriotism worthy of the highest admiration and praise, modestly resigned the absolute authority that had been placed in his hands. As an expression of their gratitude and confidence, the Assembly determined upon confiding to him the executive power, with authority to appoint his own ministry. His cabinet was composed of men generally acceptable to the people, and while he remained in power, tranquillity was established in France.

Louis Napoleon was in London when the Revolution of the 24th of February, 1848, again threw the social elements of France into confusion and doubt. He immediately hastened to Paris, (the interdict against his family being now nugatory,) where he was among the first who saluted and recognized the provisional government. The provisional government, however, being apprehensive that the presence of the Prince in Paris, might be made a pretext for disturbances by the enemies of the republic, he discreetly retired again to London.

On the 24th of May, the Assembly, by an almost unanimous vote, passed a decree of perpetual banishment against Louis Philippe and his family. The law was so worded as to vindicate itself against the complaints of those who were affected by it. It ran thus: "The territory of France and her colonies, interdicted forever to the elder branch of the Bourbons, by the law of the 10th of April, 1832, is equally interdicted to Louis Philippe and his family." There was a terrible emphasis in the almost entire unanimity with which this retaliatory sentence was pronounced against the

ex-king and his family. At the passage of this decree a threatening allusion was made to the Bonaparte family by some members of the Assembly. Three members of the Bonaparte family—Pierre Napoleon, son of Lucien: Jerome Napoleon, son of Jerome; and Napoleon Achille Murat, son of Caroline Bonaparte, and all nephews of the Emperor—had entered France immediately after the Revolution, and had been elected delegates to the National Assembly. They manifested great excitement on the occasion, and asserted their rights of citizenship on the ground of their election to that body by the people. There was no desire, however, to exclude them from France, Louis Napoleon only being the object of republican jealousy, he having on two occasions attempted to make himself Emperor of France. The proposition thus made in the Assembly, drew the following letter from Louis Napoleon:

TO THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

"London, 23rd May, 1848.

"CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES,—I learn, by the newspapers of the 22d inst., that it has been proposed in the National Assembly to retain against me alone, the law of exile which has been in force against my family since the year 1816; I now apply to the representatives of the people to know why I have merited this penalty?

"Can it be for having always publicly declared that, in my opinion, France was not the property (*apanage*) either of an individual, or of a family, or of a party?

"Can it be because, desiring to accomplish the triumph, without anarchy or license, of the principles of national sovereignty, which alone can put an end to our dissensions, I have been twice the victim of my hostility to a government which you have overthrown?

"Can it be for having consented, out of deference to

the wish of the provisional government, to return to a foreign country after having hastened to Paris upon the first news of the Revolution? Can it be because I disinterestedly refused seats in the Assembly which were proffered to me, resolved not to return to France until the new constitution should be agreed upon, and the republic firmly established?

"The same reasons which have made me take up arms against the government of Louis Philippe, would lead me, if my services were required, to devote myself to the defense of the Assembly, the result of universal suffrage.

"In the presence of a king elected by two hundred deputies, I might have recollected that I was heir to an empire founded by the consent of four millions of Frenchmen. In the presence of the national sovereignty I can, nor will claim more than my rights as a French citizen; but there, I will demand them with that energy which an honest heart derives from the knowledge of never having done any thing to render it unworthy of its country.

"Receive, gentlemen, the assurance of my sentiments of high esteem. Your fallen citizen,

"NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE."

In the mean time elections had been held in various parts of France, to fill vacancies in the National Assembly. Louis Napoleon was unexpectedly elected a delegate from five different departments. He addressed the following letter to those who had honored him with their suffrages:

London, June 11, 1848.

"CITIZENS,—Your suffrages fill me with gratitude. This mark of sympathy, which is the more flattering as I had not solicited it, found me at a moment when I was regretting that I should remain inactive while my country is in want of the co-operation of all her children, in order to pass out of the difficulties in which she is now placed.

"The confidence you have reposed in me imposes duties which I shall know how to fulfill. Our interests, our sentiments, our aspirations, are the same. A native of Paris, and now a representative of the people, I shall join my efforts to those of my colleagues in order to re-establish order, public credit, and industry; to insure peaceful relations abroad; to consolidate democratic institutions; and to conciliate interests which now seem to be adverse to one another, simply because they suspect one another, and clash, instead of marching together toward a single object—that of the prosperity and grandeur of the country.

"The people have been free since the 24th of February. It may obtain any thing, (it requires?) without recourse to brute force. Let us, then, rally ourselves round the altars of the country, under the flag of the republic, and let us present to the world the grand spectacle of a people regenerating itself without violence, without civil contests, without anarchy.

"Receive, my dear fellow-citizens, the assurance of my devotedness, and of my sympathies.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

Some days afterward, Louis Napoleon learned that the hostility against him in the Assembly was so great that he could not safely take his seat as a delegate, and he therefore wrote a letter resigning the place to which he had been elected. He said—"I wish that my disinterestedness should prove the sincerity of my patriotism; I wish that those who charge me with ambition should be convinced of their error." The next month he was elected a delegate from the island of Corsica, but he again declined. In August, however, he determined to become a candidate at the elections called to fill vacancies that had occurred in the Assembly. The result of the election was, that the Prince was returned for the department of the Seine, (Paris,) by 110,752

votes, and also from Tonne, Moselle, Charente, and Corsica, in all of which he received large majorities He decided to sit for Paris his native city.

It was on the 26th of September that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte took his seat in the National Assembly. He had been elected amid such manifestations of popular enthusiasm as to have strengthened the uneasiness and deepened the distrust with which the heir of the Emperor had been viewed by the republican party. It was resolved, however, to treat the Prince with perfect indifference. When Louis Napoleon entered the hall he was greeted with no friendly welcome. Quietly, almost timidly, he crept to the seat which was held vacant by his old tutor, M. Viellard, whose affectionate smile and pressure of the hand were the only demonstrations of kindness that had cheered this hitherto unfortunate exile. As soon as the president proclaimed that the *citizen* Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was a representative of the people, he mounted the tribune without a mark of encouragement. His self-possession did not forsake him as he proceeded to read from a written paper, which, in concise and appropriate language, declared that he owed too deep a debt of gratitude to the republic, which had given to him, after thirty-three years of proscription and exile, a country and the rights of citizenship, not to devote himself to its service.

Skillful, yet simple, as was this appeal, it did not break the icy reserve which had been adopted. It was expected and hoped that he would have made his appearance in the midst of some theatrical display, some miserable parody of his wonderful uncle's

manner, that would have raised a laugh fatal to his popularity. He did quite the reverse. His manner was unassuming, his remarks were full of spirit and dignity.

Shortly after Louis Napoleon took his seat in the Assembly, a discussion arose upon the articles in the constitution, relative to the presidency. One member proposed the insertion of a proviso declaring that no member of the families who had reigned over France should be elected to that office. This proposition created much agitation, but it was finally withdrawn, in consequence of the solemn and repeated assurances of Louis Napoleon and the other members of the Bonaparte family in the Assembly, that they were devoted to the republic, and had no ambitious views to serve by its subversion.

In his address to the Assembly, on first taking his seat as one of that body, he had said — "My conduct, you may be certain, shall ever be guided by a respectful devotion to the law. It will prove, to the confusion of those who have attempted to slander me, that no man is more devoted than I am to the defense of order and the consolidation of the Republic." When it was proposed to exclude both Bonapartes and Bourbons from eligibility to the presidency of France, Louis Napoleon, with apparent humility, declared, "that he was too grateful to the nation for restoring to him his rights as a citizen, to have any other ambition." This assurance being given, the proposition was withdrawn. In another address to the Assembly, he exclaimed,— "How little do those who charge me with ambition know my heart!" Yet two weeks afterward Louis Napoleon was publicly announced as a candidate for the presidency.

The presidential election was to be held on the 10th of December. Louis Napoleon was among the candidates, and he lost no time in issuing the following address to the French people.

"FELLOW CITIZENS, — In order to recall me from exile, you elected me a representative of the people. On the eve of your proceeding to the election of chief magistrate of the republic, my name presents itself to you as a symbol of order and security.

"These testimonies of a confidence so honorable, are due, I am aware, much more to the name which I bear than to myself, who have as yet done nothing for my country; — but the more the memory of the Emperor protects me, and inspires your suffrages, the more I feel myself called upon to make known to you my sentiments and principles. There must not be any thing equivocal in the relations between us.

"I am not an ambitious man, who dreams at one time of the empire and of war; at another of the adoption of subversive theories. Educated in free countries, and in the school of misfortune, I shall always remain faithful to the duties which your suffrages, and the will of the Assembly, may impose upon me.

"If I am elected president, I should not shrink from any danger, from any sacrifice, to defend society, which has been so audaciously attacked. I should devote myself wholly, without reserve, to the confirming of a republic, which has shown itself wise by its laws, honest in its intentions, great and powerful by its acts.

"I pledge my honor to leave to my successor, at the end of four years, the executive powers strengthened, liberty intact, and a real progress accomplished.

"Whatever may be the result of the election, I shall bow to the will of the people; and I pledge beforehand, my co-operation with any strong and honest government which shall re-establish order in principles as well as in things; which shall efficiently protect our religion, our families, and our properties — the eternal

basis of every social community; which shall attempt all practicable reform, assuage animosities, reconcile parties, and thus permit a country rendered anxious by circumstances, to count upon the morrow.

"To re-establish order is to restore confidence — to repair, by means of credit, the temporary depreciation of resources — to restore financial positions and revive commerce.

"To protect the religion and the rights of families, is to insure the freedom of public worship and education.

"To protect property is to maintain the inviolability of the fruits of every man's labor; it is to guarantee the independence and the security of possession, an indispensable foundation for all civil liberties.

"As to the reforms which are possible, the following are those which appear to me to be the most urgent:—

"To adopt all those measures of economy, which, without occasioning disorder in the public service, will permit a reduction of those taxes which press most heavily on the people — to encourage enterprises which, while they develop agricultural wealth, may, both in France and Algeria, give work to hands at present unoccupied — to provide for the relief of laborers in their old age, by means of provident institutions — to introduce into industrial laws, modifications which may tend not to ruin the rich for the gain of the poor, but to establish the well-being of each upon the prosperity of all.

"To restrict within just limits the number of employments which shall depend upon the government and which often convert a free people into a nation of beggars.

"To avoid that deplorable tendency which leads the state to do that which individuals may do as well, and better, for themselves. The centralization of interests and enterprises is in the nature of despotism: the nature of a republic is to reject monopolies.

"Finally, to protect the liberty of the press from the two excesses which endanger it at present — that of arbitrary authority on the one hand, and of its own licentiousness on the other.

"With war we can have no relief to our ills. Peace, therefore, would be the dearest object of my desire. France, at the time of her first Revolution, was warlike, because others forced her to be so. Threatened with invasion, she replied by conquest. Now she is not threatened, she is free to concentrate all her resources to pacific measures of amelioration, without abandoning a loyal and resolute policy. A great nation ought to be silent, or never to speak in vain.

"To have regard for the national dignity is to have regard for the army, whose patriotism, so noble and so disinterested, has frequently been neglected. We ought, while we maintain the fundamental laws which are the strength of our military organization, to alleviate, and not aggravate, the burden of the conscription. We ought to take care of the present and future interests, not only of the officers, but likewise of the non-commissioned officers and privates, and prepare a certain means of subsistence for men who have long served under our colors.

"The republic ought to be generous, and have faith in its future prospects; and, for my part, I, who have suffered exile and captivity, appeal with all my warmest aspirations to that day when the country may, without danger, put a stop to all proscriptions, and efface the last traces of our civil discords.

"Such, my dear fellow-citizens, are the ideas which I should bring to bear upon the functions of government, if you were to call me to the presidency of the republic.

"The task is a difficult one — the mission immense. I know it. But I should not despair of accomplishing it; inviting to my aid, without distinction of party, all men who, by their high intelligence or their probity, have recommended themselves to public esteem.

"For indeed, when a man has the honor to be at the head of the French nation, there is an infallible way to succeed, and that is to desire to do so.

"Louis Napoleon Bonaparte."

The remaining candidates for the presidency were

General Cavaignac, Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, and Raspail. A few days showed that there were only two who could dispute the great prize — General Cavaignac and Louis Napoleon. The first had all the claims arising from undoubted personal merit and eminent services to his country. The other bore a name dear to the French people; and, if he had committed great faults, he had paid the atonement of great sufferings, which he had borne patiently. Within the five months that General Cavaignac governed France, he had given proofs of every qualification necessary to the head of a republic. He had come before the nation an almost unknown man. He had never held a chief command in Algeria before February; but as Colonel and then Brigadier Cavaignac, he had been esteemed as a highly meritorious officer. He was a man who never sought to push himself into notice or to attract attention to his acts. He drew up a report once of an affair in which he had been severely wounded, without mentioning his wound. Appointed governor of Algeria by the provisional government, he set at once about his duties, and it was remarked that the first paper which he issued on his appointment was of a singularly superior kind. Called home to take the post of minister of war, he applied himself to the duties of his department as if he had no other object to attend to. He sought not to attract attention to himself by speeches, and he dreamed not of intrigues. When, to his clear judgment, a battle was impending, he prepared to meet it; when it came, he mounted his horse and inspected the barricades with that concentrated intensity of purpose which would not allow him to ward off the balls flying about his head.

Elevated to the head of the government, he applied himself to the study of foreign affairs, and having satisfied his mind that peace was for the interests of France, he determined that no earthly consideration should induce him to entangle the country in a war, so long as her honor was not affected. Taking the lead in every debate, he never said a word more than was essential for the purpose of making known the views of government. Nor would he have spoken at all if he did not deem it to be his duty to accept, frankly, the burden that had been placed on his shoulders. Regarding situations exactly as they were, he recognized that, pending the proposition of the constitution, his government was only provisional; that the Assembly was master, and that he should, as in duty bound, execute the wishes of the Assembly so long as he held its confidence.

The election of General Cavaignac to the presidency of the republic was by his partisans deemed secure. He was a man whom no situation had taken by surprise; and as all situations had been met and filled with perfect ability, the measure of such a man's capacity could not even yet be said to have been reached. New trials were before the republic, and there was the man, who, holding a true, straightforward course, and taking things as he found them, could yet adapt himself to an encounter with any difficulty with marvelous plasticity. At the prime of life—tall, well-formed, and dignified; with the proud head of a Coriolanus, and the sensibility of the stoical Brutus. His quickness to feel suspicion or slight, explains why he shunned occasions for display. This characteristic

quality explains, too, his tenure of office in times so difficult; for his readiness to resign power secured power in his hands. Thus, brave, proud, sensitive, dignified, able, and unostentatious; full of republican zeal, and yet anxious for the maintenance of all social rights, as concentrated by the sentiments, habits, religion, and laws of society; a moral and military disciplinarian; it would seem as if providence had sent the right man at the right time to the French people, and they rejected him. Although rejecting, they revered and esteemed him.

The election day arrived. The weather was of extraordinary clearness and beauty for the season; the animal spirits of the people rose cheerfully. The name of Napoleon proved a charm for the peasantry, who marched to the ballot-boxes with outspread banners. In the leading towns, Cavaignac was well supported; but the farmers and peasantry voted almost unanimously for the heir of the Emperor. It was calculated that it would take a fortnight, at least, to examine the votes; but the result was not doubtful from the first hour. Conjectures of an injurious character to General Cavaignac were hazarded by people who did not know the man; the unworthiness of these aspersions was soon demonstrated. On the evening of the 20th of December, an unusual movement was observed in Paris. Troops, appearing in all directions, were seen converging to one point—the National Assembly. The avenues to the Assembly bristled with bayonets. and were animated by cavalry. It had been resolved upon suddenly to proclaim the president of the republic without waiting until all the votes had been counted. The reason assigned for this step was, to

defeated by anticipation the suspected designs of a party, to carry Louis Napoleon from the Assembly to the Tuileries, and there abrogate the oath to the republic, by proclaiming him Emperor. But the ceremonial of inaugurating the newly elected president was not attended by any disturbance. On counting the votes, it was found that 7,327,345 had been cast, and that of these —

The Citizen Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had obtained.	5,434,226
The Citizen Cavaignac	1,448,107
The Citizen Ledru-Rollin	370,110
The Citizen Raspail	36,920
The Citizen Lamartine	17,810

General Cavaignac rose, and without preface, handed in the resignation of ministers, adding simply, "I came also to resign into the hands of the Assembly the power with which it was good enough to invest me. The Assembly will comprehend, much better than I can express, the sentiments of gratitude that its confidence and kindness have ineffaceably engraved on my memory." A burst of enthusiastic plaudits accompanied the gallant General to his seat. The successful candidate was then proclaimed president of the republic, and after a short address, delivered with fervor — an address conceived in the most unostentatious language, and breathing of peace and concord, Louis Napoleon descended from the tribune and walked to the place where sat his honored rival, whose hand he respectfully took and pressed, amidst renewed applause. The Assembly needed no fresh proof of the magnanimity of Cavaignac; but the behavior of Louis Napoleon at this, the first hour of his triumph, produced a most favorable impression, and tended to remove many prejudices.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY

The history of France, during the past sixty years, bears a striking resemblance to those fabrications of oriental genius, in which human events are continually under the guidance of spirits of the air—in which fantastic fallacies are erected by a spell, and the treasures of the earth developed by the wave of a wand—in which the mendicant of this hour is exalted into the prince of the next; and while the wonder still glitters before the eye, another sign of the necromancer dissolves the whole pageant into air again. A king of France is seized by his subjects and beheaded. The country is torn in pieces by fierce and conflicting factions. Everywhere confusion, bloodshed and suffering, are witnessed. Suddenly an unknown stripling rushed forward, collected the scattered fragments of the Revolution and combined them in a new and powerful shape, changed anarchy into order, and subdued all factions to his will. Through the clouds and tempests of the Revolution, he sprung into the highest position of power. Placing an imperial crown upon his own brow, he led his triumphant armies over all Europe. Impetuous and daring, from the first hour of his public life, the government of this imperial despot was, like himself, a model of fierce and indomitable energy

Whatever was to him an object of ambition, was instantly in his grasp, and whatever he seized was made the instrument of a fresh seizure. He was apparently the agent of Providence for the punishment of a long course of kingly guilt. He crushed the monarchs of Europe in bloody encounters; captured their capitals; plundered their provinces, and humbled their pride by contemptuous and bitter conditions of peace. But when his destined work was done—when the victims were broken on the wheel, the wheel and the executioner were alike hurried from the scene. The man who had guided the empire of France in its track of conquest and devastation—the soul of all its strength and of its ambition—was swept away. History has no record of so much power, so widely distributed, and apparently so fixed above all the ordinary casualties of the world, so instantly and completely overthrown. This man of boundless but brief grandeur, died a captive on a distant rock, but his sepulcher was placed in the midst of that people so slow to learn that ambition always pays for its splendor by its calamities; that the strength of a nation is in the justice of its councils; and that "he who uses the sword shall perish by the sword." Upon the fall of Napoleon, the family overthrown and driven into exile by the Revolution, was again restored to the throne of France. But they were permitted to occupy it for only a brief period. Scarcely fifteen years had passed away when another king of France was dethroned. So sudden was the Revolution, so unexpected the catastrophe, that the king apprehended no danger until his power was gone. He left the card table, to which he had sat down in

fancied security, to flee from his palace and from his kingdom. France accepted another king. He passed the seventeen years of his reign in carefully fortifying his throne. But one morning, when his power was apparently the greatest, and when his dynasty seemed to be firmly established, the door of the breakfast room, where he was calmly seated with his family, was thrown open and two men entered, pale as ghosts. They were ministers of state. Their news was as unexpected as it was momentous. Discontent prevailed in the city; the populace were out; the soldiers were disarmed; the king's infuriated subjects were approaching the very apartment in which he had but just enjoyed his meal. It was enough. "Let us go," exclaimed the monarch, and leaning heavily upon the queen, whose head was erect and haughty, he hurried away. He escaped from his capital. Then shaving off his whiskers, putting on green spectacles, burying his face in his handkerchief, speaking English, and calling himself William Smith, he embarked for England. The other members of the royal family crept into hiding places, until they could find opportunities to escape over the frontiers. Is this history or fiction? reality or illusion? The most substantial power fades suddenly away, as if by the enchantment of the genii of the "Arabian Nights"—kings, to human view, firmly seated on their thrones, become, by the changes of an hour, proscribed and hunted fugitives—friendless and impoverished exiles are as rapidly and unexpectedly snatched from their obscurity and poverty, and invested with supreme power and unlimited wealth! The kings of the earth are not commonly undone by a single blow; kingdoms

do not change their dynasties without a struggle. But the four diadems of the Napoleon race, as well as those of the Bourbon and Orleans families, fell from their wearers' brows with scarcely a touch from the hands of man.

We have followed one of the Bonaparte family, from the splendor of his uncle's imperial court into a long and unfortunate exile, and from exile back again to the highest dignity in his native France: it will not be uninteresting to follow the varying fortunes of the other members of the Bonaparte family, scattered as they were, at the time of Napoleon's death, over all parts of the civilized world. And first, of Maria Louisa, the wife of the Emperor, and her infant son, the King of Rome.

Maria Louisa at the time of her marriage with Napoleon, in 1810, was nineteen years of age, tall and fair, but not beautiful. She had been taught, like all princesses, to embroider, to paint, and to play on the piano. Beyond this she was educated in little else than hatred of Bonaparte and the French; for the king-slayers had been twice at the gates of her father. Austria had twice lost all, and had nothing to give, when the lion roared for more prey, except her own flesh and blood. So Maria Louisa was yielded up. The mild creature never had an independent wish of her own; she never knew how to show any reluctance to other people's demands. She had been taught to hate, and she hated; she was now bidden to love, and she married. When, in 1814. dangers and disasters were thickening around the devoted head of her imperial husband, she hastened the catastrophe by fleeing

from France with her reluctant infant. From this moment she considered herself to be virtually divorced from him. The idea of sharing his misfortunes, and of soothing his agony, never entered her head. He became once more the arch-fiend and ogre of her childhood. His solicitations that she should join him were disregarded. From the first instant of her departure from Paris, no symptom of affection for her husband, or sympathy for his fate, was witnessed in her. After her return to Austria, her time was spent in the most frivolous occupations. She even joined her relations in their clamorous rejoicings at the *enemy's* downfall. Her aunt, Maria Caroline of Naples, gave her a hint as to the propriety of tying up her bed-clothes, to let herself down from a window, and of joining her husband at Elba. But Maria Louisa evinced no desire to cling to the wreck of departed greatness. In the duchy of Parma, over which the allied powers had promised to make her sovereign, all her ambition was centered. She dwelt, with an inconceivable fondness, on the prospects of unshared sovereignty; and her anxiety for the exercise of undivided dominion was increased by the artful postponement of its enjoyment. The allies required her to divest herself of her proud titles; to forget her husband; to deliver all his letters into her father's hands; to cease from all correspondence with him; to surrender her son to an Austrian governess; to renounce, in his name, all rights of succession to the French throne; to rebaptize him as Charles Joseph, Duke of Reichstadt; and to suffer him to linger behind, in a kind of imprisonment, at Schönbrunn. Her obedience outdid even the immoderateness of their

demands. She was, above all things, eager to advance her prospects as a candidate for an Italian principality.

In 1814, while Napoleon was at Elba, she was permitted to go, unattended by her son, to the baths of Aix, in Savoy. There she was tempted into a career of profligacy. Her father, who had sacrificed her heart as a bride, seemed not unwilling to even immolate her fame as a wife. All that remained pure and ingenuous in the character of the ex-empress was corrupted among the pleasures and dissipations at Aix. She became discreditably intimate with the Count of Neipperg, a Hungarian nobleman. In one of his early campaigns the count had lost an eye; but that honorable wound was carefully covered by a black band drawn round the brow in the shape of a diadem, and there remained charm enough in the one eye he had left to drive Napoleon's image from the heart of Maria-Louisa. As her private secretary, the count was brought into the closest intimacy with his royal mistress. In consultations of state, (for the duchess busied herself much respecting her future subjects,) as well as in parties of pleasure, riding, dancing, or traveling, they were inseparable. She was encouraged in this career of folly, not only by the courts of Europe, but by her own father. In her and in her sickly son, the Duke of Reichstadt, were centered the hopes of the Bonapartists. As a virtuous woman she would have still been formidable; but she soon ceased to be virtuous.

Her base intrigues with Neipperg continued at Vienna, where the count accompanied his sovereign lady in September, 1814. A few months afterward

Napoleon was again triumphant in Paris. Maria Louisa was in a fever of anxiety about her hard-won Italian sovereignty, which that untimely invasion might wrench from her grasp. Under that apprehension she solemnly disclaimed all knowledge of, or participation in, her husband's enterprise, and implored the protection of her father and the allies against him, as against her most dangerous enemy. She rejected all his advances, revealed and frustrated an attempt made by his friends to carry her off with her child, and then sat down to embroider banners for the Austrian regiments warring against him!

In 1816, surrounded by pomp and magnificence, with her one-eyed secretary by her side, Maria Louisa was permitted to enter her insignificant principality.

The duchy of Parma, Placenza, and Guastalla is one of the most fertile and beautiful districts in the valley of the Po. It is about 2,200 square miles in extent, and the population has never exceeded half a million. In the middle ages it consisted of three petty states. they shed their best blood in endless as well as useless feuds, till, after passing from one tyrant's hands to another's — from Correggio to Visconti, and from Visconti to Este — they were finally united into an independent duchy by Pope Paul III., who invested his illegitimate son, Pier Luigi Farnese, with the sovereignty; and although that son of a pope did not fare too well at the hands of his subjects, who strangled and flung him from a high window of the citadel of Placenza into the moat beneath, yet the sovereignty remained in possession of his descendants, some of whom became famous, or infamous, in history. Like

most other Italian reigning families, the Farnese became extinct from their impotence, occasioned by habitual debauchery, in 1748. The ill-fated duchy became a bone of contention for all the powers of Europe, and had, in the end, to pay most of the expense of the wars it had given rise to. It was finally adjudged to belong to Don Philip, one of the Spanish Bourbons. Don Philip having broken his neck in the chase, Don Ferdinand, his son and successor, called the bell-ringer from his partiality for that pious and healthy exercise, found himself involved in the great catastrophe of the French invasion, and, in 1802, his duchy was united to France. To the prejudice of the heir of Don Ferdinand, an illegitimate child, the duchy was bestowed upon Maria Louisa. Her reign was one of gayety and extravagance. She lavished large sums upon the erection of a theater, and was proud of possessing an unrivaled orchestra; she bid a cheerful welcome to all the strolling fiddlers and players who applied to her for patronage. She took an active part in all the gorgeous processions, and was the soul of the carnival. Her theaters, her menageries and aviaries; her superb villas and magnificent train; her regiment of grenadiers; her profuse liberality to mimes and charlatans,— before long exhausted her revenue. Already, at her arrival, the new duchess had been preceded by a decree raising a sum of $600,000, with which her subjects were to pay for the honor of receiving an Austrian archduchess for their liege lady. Ever afterward, money went over to Austria, under a thousand pretexts, and without pretexts. It was now a tribute of vassalage, now a

bargain of allegiance. Parmesan manufactures were closed, as injurious to Austrian industry. Parmesan steamboats on the Po were stopped, as encroaching on Austrian commerce. Ignorance and filial submissiveness might account for this mismanagement of her subjects' interests. She knew she could do no better. But the amount of her own prodigality, and the foolish expenses of her endless journeyings, were not less fatal to the state than the insatiate cupidity of Austria. She was never long in her own dominions. Now she had her son to embrace at Munich; now a new gown to try on at Milan; then a wedding to attend, or a christening, or a funeral; and wherever she went, there followed a long caravan of dames, pages, grooms, lapdogs and monkeys. She went through Europe as an empress. Newspapers expatiated on her splendid attire and her unbounded liberalities. No one knew what terrible grinding all this extravagance inflicted on her people.

The scandalous intimacy of Maria Louisa with Neipperg was continued until she heard of the death of Napoleon at St. Helena, when she married her one-eyed lover. Three children were the offspring of this connection. If we are to believe all the scandals current at Parma, Neipperg had no easy time with his mistress. Her confessor, a German youth, stout and rosy, was made a bishop to remove him from his too fond penitent. Captain Crotti, a handsome Italian, and Mac Aulay, an ardent Irishman, it was thought judicious to remove from the neighborhood of the susceptible lady. But Neipperg died in 1828, and Maria Louisa was free again to select her favorites.

During the revolutions of 1838, the successor of Neipperg, for the time being, was a Baron Verclein, who was far from being popular with the Parmese. He and his mistress were driven from the duchy. She was finally permitted to return, but the favorite was not. Instead, she was constrained to accept of one Mistrali, as principal minister of state. This able and conscientious man undertook to repair the shattered finances of the principality; and by a wise and firm rule he got his sovereign out of debt. The duchess herself was the first victim of the minister's economical schemes. He reduced her household; bullied her singers and fiddlers from the court; carried havoc and devastation among her parrots and monkeys; sold her diamonds and melted her jewels. The results of this policy was an unembarrassed exchequer. Maria Louisa would have grumbled, but she dared not.

In this state of distress she bethought herself of the priests. Like many a wanton, she was destined to die a bigot. In 1834 she grew devout and married Bombelles, an old dandy, at the same time. She spent the remainder of her days mostly at Schönbrunn, for her subjects hated her too cordially to make her residence in Parma agreeable to her. She died in the year 1848.

The life of young Napoleon makes but a meager little story, interesting, one might say, only from its very insignificance. As if to sever him completely from all the circumstances that had marked his birth, he had hardly set his foot in Austria when the very name he bore was taken from him During his mother's

life, he was to depend on her, and her only; after her death, he was to enter on the possession of a property assigned to him by his grandfather—an estate in Bohemia, with a revenue of about $100,000. In the mean time, laying aside his baptismal name of Napoleon-François, he was to assume the name and title of Francis Joseph Charles, Duke of Reichstadt, ranking, by virtue of that title, among the nobility of the Austrian empire, immediately after the princes of the imperial family, the archdukes of Austria.

Only three years of age when he went with his mother to reside at Schönbrunn, the young Duke of Reichstadt spent the whole remainder of his life either there or at Vienna; only on one or two occasions traveling from either beyond the distance of a few miles. By his grandfather, the Emperor, as well as by all the other members of the royal family, he seems to have been always treated with extreme kindness. After the departure of his mother for her Italian states, he was committed to the care of various masters, under the superintendence of an Austrian nobleman. Regarding his early education, only two facts of any interest are mentioned: his excessive reluctance at first to learn German, which, however, soon became more his own than French; and his fondness for historical reading, and especially for books relating to the career of his father. As a boy, he was, on the whole, dull, grave, and mirthless; but docile and affectionate.

The news of his father's death, which occurred when he was ten years of age, is said to have produced a visible effect on him. It was evident, indeed, that the boy, young as he was, had been brooding in secret

over the mystery of his own changed condition, and cherishing, as well as he could, the thought of his connection with the extraordinary being whom he could dimly recollect as his father; whose busts and portraits he could still see; and who, as they tried to explain to him, was now living shut up in an island on the other side of the earth, whither the nations of Europe had conspired to send him for their own safety. This thought of his father became the boy's single passion; and when he could no longer think of that father as still existing on the earth, his respect for his memory amounted to a worship. Every book that could tell him any thing about his father, he devoured with eagerness; and if he chanced to hear of the arrival of any one at Vienna who had had personal relations with the Emperor, he was uneasy till he had seen him. At last, to gratify this anxiety for information about his father, his tutors, at his grandfather's command, began to instruct him systematically in modern history and politics; concealing from him nothing that could enlighten him as to the real course of his father's life, and its effects on the condition of Europe, and only adding such comments and expositions as might make him aware, at the same time, in what points his father was thought to be reprehensible. Perplexed by such lessons in history, the poor boy did his best to come to the right conclusion, and to express himself judiciously to his tutors regarding what he was taught to consider his father's errors and excesses. In all cases of feeling and instinct, however, the memory of his father prevailed. The very books that his father had liked, such as Tasso and Ossian, became, for that

reason, his favorites. His father's campaigns and dispatches he made a subject of diligent study, using them as texts for his own military lessons. In short, before he had attained his seventeenth year, he had read and re-read every thing that had been written regarding Napoleon, and had fixed in his memory all the most minute particulars relating either to his military or political life, the names of his generals, his chief battles, and the various incidents in his long career, from his birth in Corsica to his burial in St. Helena. One point in this great history he would dwell on with special interest—that, amid universal acclamations, he himself had come into the world the unconscious heir of a mighty empire.

This brooding on the past naturally assumed, as he grew up, the form of a restless anxiety, respecting the future. That he, the son of Napoleon, was no common person; that, as the possessor of a great name, superior actions and qualifications would be required of him; that in some way or other, he must take part in the affairs of Europe—such was the idea that inevitably took possession of him. The pedantry of his teachers appears to have fostered it to an undue extent. If, for example, the poor youth contracted an admiration for the poet Byron, his teachers were at hand to criticise the poet for him, and reduce his opinion to the just shape and standard, lest he should commit what in his case would be the signal impropriety of exaggerated praise. If, again, he was seen to be falling in love with a lady of his grandfather's court, they were at hand to reason him out of the affair by considerations of what was due to his peculiar situation, and his

importance in the public eye. With this notion of the peculiarity of his position brandished before him from morning to night, he would go moping about the imperial court, an amiable youth, the prey of unknown cares. And what, after all, *was* the peculiarity of his situation, except extreme insignificance? A pensioner, in the mean time, on the imperial bounty, ultimately the mere possessor of some Bohemian estates, doomed to inactivity by the misfortune of too great a name,—was there not a mockery in all this solicitude of which he found himself the object? Haunted, it would appear, by some such feeling, and yet carried forward by the restless sense that he must do something or other to merit his name, he seemed to have grasped eagerly at the only chance of activity that was presented to him—military promotion in his grandfather's service. Hence the assiduity with which he pursued his military studies, and the regularity with which he presented himself on horseback at all reviews and parades; the Viennese pointing him out to strangers on such occasions, as the son of Napoleon. When, at last, after going through the previous grades, he was permitted by his grandfather to assume the rank and uniform of a lieutenant-colonel, his delight was unbounded. For three days the poor youth appeared at the head of his regiment, giving the word of command; on the fourth he was laid aside with loss of voice.

There was one quarter of the political horizon, however, to which the son of Napoleon would often wistfully look—that France to which he belonged; to which his dying father had bequeathed him with such solemn injunctions that they should be true the one to

the other; and where, even yet, there were myriads of veteran hearts that beat high at the name of Bonaparte. His Austrian education had indeed isolated him from all means of direct communication with his native country, and had made him, in many respects, an alien from it; but certain chords there were that no force could snap, which still secretly bound him to France. On the other hand, if he was personally forgotten or unknown, in the city that he thus knew only from the map, there were at least principles and men there that were ready to burst out in his behalf. So, at all events, it appeared when the Revolution of July, 1830, came to be transacted. Had the young Napoleon been in Paris, or near it, when that Revolution occurred, how different might have been the issue! "Absent as he was, (says a French writer,) if an old general of the Emperor had but pronounced his name to the people, France might have had a Napoleon II. instead of a Louis Philippe." Some timid Bonapartist attempts, it appears, were actually made. In Paris one Bonapartist, who came to a meeting of the leading politicians with the name of the Duke of Reichstadt on his lips, was dexterously locked up in a room till the business was over. Communications were even conveyed to the duke himself. When the news of the Revolution reached Vienna, the young man could not conceal his agitation; he even requested, it is said, in the flutter of the moment, to be allowed to go to the assistance of Charles X. But with the news of the accession of Louis Philippe, other thoughts succeeded. One evening, as he was ascending a staircase in the imperial palace, a young woman, enveloped in a

Scotch plaid, rushed forward from a landing-place where she seemed to have been waiting, and taking his hand, pressed it eagerly to her lips. His tutor, who was with him, asked her business. "May I not kiss, (she said,) the hand of my sovereign's son?" and immediately disappeared. For some time, the incident could not be explained, but at length no doubt remained that the fair stranger was his cousin, the Countess Camerata, a married daughter of his deceased aunt Bacchiochi. On a visit to Vienna, the countess had constituted herself the medium of communication between the Bonapartists and her young cousin, to whom she even ventured, some months after the Revolution of July, to address a letter, encouraging him, even then, to assume a decided part. From these, and all overtures of the same kind, the poor youth seems to have shrunk with a kind of dutiful horror; and his excitement regarding the Revolution of 1830 soon subsiding into a calmer mood, he began, we are told, to write down, in the form of an essay, a series of very Austrian reflections on his own life, and the relations which he bore to France.

From the very first, indeed, it had been seen that the young Napoleon could not live long. Undoubted symptoms of the presence in his constitution of the seeds of that malady that had carried off his father, early presented themselves; and to these were added other symptoms, too clearly marking him out as the prey of consumption. From being a handsome, delicate boy, he had suddenly shot up, before his eighteenth year, into a tall, feeble, and sickly, though still handsome young man, the constant care of the imperial

physicians. Toward the end of the year 1831, he became rapidly worse, and was obliged to abstain from his military exercises, and from all active exertion whatever. During the winter of that year, and the spring of 1832, he lived at Schönbrunn, almost wholly confined to his chamber. It had been resolved to remove him to Naples, should it be possible to do so, in the autumn of 1832; but the disease made such progress, that before that time the fatal result had taken place. For many weeks he had been in great pain, and incapable of any change of position, save that of being wheeled to a window-balcony overlooking the gardens of Schonbrunn. Even this was at last beyond his strength; and, stretched on his bed in great suffering, he waited anxiously for his release. Maria Louisa arrived from Italy only in time to see him die. It was on the 22d of July, 1832, that he breathed his last. Some days after, there was a funeral procession through the streets of Vienna, and the body of Napoleon's son was committed to the imperial vaults.

While the heir of Napoleon was thus living and dying at Vienna, the other members of the Bonaparte family were dispersed over the world, gazed at every where as the relics of a grandeur that had passed away.

Joseph, the elder brother of Napoleon, and through life his most intimate friend, was born in Corsica, January 7, 1768. He was, together with Napoleon, educated at Autun, where the tendency of their respective tastes and character developed itself by their preference of, or excellence in, particular studies—Joseph, the man of letters and of peace, doing for his

soldier-brother his Latin and Greek verses; while the future conqueror studied Cæsar and Alexander, and helped his brother in the mathematics. Elected a deputy from Ajaccio to the Corsican Assembly, in 1790, Joseph ardently embraced the principles of the French Revolution, which he cherished to his death. He was, speculatively, always a friend of freedom, and though the crown of two nations had graced his brow, and two others tendered to him — one in this our new world —were set aside by him, he did not, in power forget, so far as he was free to act, his early pledges. His career in France was rapid and brilliant. In 1796, he was the French embassador at Rome — subsequently a member of the Council of Five Hundred, and in 1800, a counselor of state, in which capacity he concluded a commercial treaty between France and the United States. He was the plenipotentiary who signed the treaty of Luneville, which gave peace to the continent of Europe in 1801 — and the treaty of peace with England at Amiens in 1802.

When the empire arose, Napoleon being without nale issue, Joseph and his brother Louis, and their descendants, were looked to as the successors of the Emperor; and then it was that Napoleon first required that Joseph, so distinguished in civil and diplomatic life, should put on the harness of the soldier. He insisted that one to whom the succession might fall, should be versed in military, as well as in civil conduct, and accordingly, Joseph became colonel of a regiment in the famous camp of Boulogne.

While there, the crown of Lombardy was offered to him, but he refused it because the Emperor made it a

condition of acceptance, that he should renounce his claim to the succession of the empire, and moreover that he should pay an annual tribute to France.

In 1806, at the head of an army of 40,000 men, he was commissioned to overthrow the English and Russian domination in Naples, and the throne of Queen Caroline. He easily and rapidly effected the conquest, and his own brow bore the crown which he had conquered. His brief reign of two years was a succession of benefits to a people who had been long degraded by a most oppressive despotism. He founded civil and military schools, some of which yet exist—overthrew feudal privileges—suppressed the convents—opened new roads—caused the paupers of Naples to work and be paid—drained marshes—and everywhere animated with new life and hope a people long sunk in abject servitude. Joseph was here in his element, for he loved to do good.

From these scenes, so congenial to him, he was called by the Emperor in 1808, to Bayonne, and there the crown of Spain was forced upon him. In this new sphere he strove to adhere to his previous course, and by mildness and persuasion and benefits conferred, to conciliate the affection of Spain. He even besought the Emperor to withdraw all the French troops, trusting by frank and loyal conduct toward the Spaniards, to obtain their confidence and support. His request was not acceded to, and the hatred and jealousy of foreigners, which mark the Spanish character, exasperated by the clergy and encouraged by the presence of a large English army, rendered all Joseph's efforts for a peaceful success, such as he had accomplished in

Naples, impossible. He was obliged to be the soldier and although worsted in the event, he gave in the various battle-fields where he was present, decisive indications of courage and conduct. Wearied with a fruitless struggle which promised no opportunity for the exercise of the kindly plans he alone desired to carry out in his new kingdom, he wrote to the Emperor on the 23d of March, 1812, from Madrid, earnestly asking permission to resign the crown that four years before had been imposed upon him. In that letter he says: "I have done no good and have no hope of doing any. In accepting the crown I had no other object in view than the promotion of the happiness of this great monarchy. It has not been in my power to accomplish it. I therefore ask to be received by your majesty as a simple subject." Permission was refused, but the fortune of war drove Joseph from his crown and kingdom, and he was once more in France. The reverses of 1813–14, had overtaken French triumphs; the capital was menaced; Napoleon, with the fragment of his victorious armies, was maneuvering between the Marne and the Seine, with the hope of covering Paris—but the overwhelming number of the adversary rendered success hopeless. From Rheims, on the 16th of March, 1814, he wrote to Joseph, to whom, on leaving Paris, he confided the defense of the capital, and the care of the Empress and her son—recalling to him and renewing his verbal instruction not to permit either Maria Louisa or the King of Rome to fall into the hands of the enemy. In this letter he says emphatically "Quit not my son, and remember, I would rather knew him to be in the Seine, than in the hands

of the enemies of France. The fortune of Astyanax prisoner of the Greeks, has always appeared to me the most melancholy fortune recorded in history."

After the abdication of Napoleon, Joseph retired to Lausanne. Soon the events of the hundred days found him again in Paris, and again deeply trusted by his brother. With the final downfall of Napoleon, Joseph's public career terminated. He came to the United States and established himself at Bordentown, on the Delaware, living the life of a gentleman of accomplished education, refined taste, and liberal hospitality. Here, under the title of Count of Survilliers, he continued to reside for many years. While Napoleon lived, he still hoped — after he died, and while his son still lived, yet did he continue to hope — and when the Revolution of 1830 burst forth in Paris, he addressed from New York an eloquent protest to the Chamber of Deputies, against their assuming to place on the throne, without consulting the nation, any other family than that of Bonaparte. "Napoleon, (said he,) was called to the throne by three millions five hundred thousand votes; if the nation thinks right to make another choice, it has the right, but it alone. Napoleon II. was proclaimed by the Chambers in 1815, which recognized in him a right conferred by the nation. I accept for him all the modifications discussed by that Chamber, which was rudely dissolved by foreign bayonets." The protest was unheeded. The younger branch of the Bourbons was placed on the throne; and still, as under the older branch, the name and family of Bonaparte were proscribed from the soil of France.

Abandoning, thenceforth, not his interest for the

nonor and welfare of France, but all expectation of being permitted to contribute thereto himself, he passed his days in tranquillity on the banks of the Delaware. It was in this retirement that a deputation of leading men from Mexico sought him out, and tendered to him a crown in the new world, which, without hesitation, he put aside. The former King of Naples and of Spain, replied as follows to the deputation which offered him the crown of Mexico: "I have worn twc crowns; I would not take a step to wear a third Nothing can gratify me more than to see men who would not recognize my authority when I was at Madrid, now come to seek me in exile, that I may be at their head; but I do not think that the throne you wish to raise again can make your happiness; every day that I pass in the hospitable land of the United States, proves more clearly to me the excellence of republican institutions for America. Keep them, then, as a precious gift from heaven; settle your internal commotions; follow the example of the United States; and seek among your fellow-citizens for a man more capable than I am of acting the great part of Washington." In 1839, family affairs required his presence in Europe. In 1840, an attack of apoplexy smote his previously vigorous health and fine faculties; and languishing from the effects of that, and finally permitted,

"An old man, broken by the storms of state,"

to visit Florence, in the hope of benefit from its genial climate, he there breathed his last—with his latest breath invoking blessings on that country which had rewarded his services with twenty-nine years of exile.

In the United States, Joseph was known only by his

benefactions. Of most amiable and courteous manners, with admirable conversational powers, which he was fond of indulging—and without any of the pretensions with which his career might have inspired a mind less evenly balanced,—he moved among the people a well-bred gentleman, a kind and generous neighbor, a most agreeable and instructive companion; a man of head and heart unspoiled by the loftiest honors of the world, and unsoured by its reverses.

Joseph Bonaparte had two daughters: the elder, Zénaide, was married to her cousin, Charles Bonaparte, son of Lucien; the younger, Charlotte, was married to her cousin, Napoleon Louis, son of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense. Her husband died March 17, 1831.

Lucien, Napoleon's second brother, was born in 1775. The effective assistance which he rendered to Napoleon on some of the most important occasions in the earlier period of his career, and the misunderstanding which, at a later period, took place between these two brothers, render Lucien an object of much interest. The political career of Lucien may be said to have commenced in 1797, although he had previously held several important civil and military appointments. Although he had not completed his twenty-third year, he had so distinguished himself as to be nominated a member of the Council of Five Hundred by the electors of the Liamone, his native department. His first appearance in the tribune was in July 1798. At that time the revolutionary party, in its warfare upon Christianity, was endeavoring to abolish the Sabbath, and a law was proposed to compel tradesmen

to keep open their shops except on every tenth day Upon this occasion Lucien advocated the cause of Christianity. "Tolerance, (said he,) is the sister of liberty; persecution the daughter of tyranny. What right have we to prevent a citizen from celebrating any day which may be indicated by his profession of faith? At Rome, an Israelite is not forced to work on a Saturday; and shall we, the representatives of a free people, afford less scope for the unshackled exercise of religion than the sovereign pontiff?"

When, in September, 1790, the debates took place on the motion of General Jourdan, for declaring the country in danger, Lucien opposed it with much talent and ingenuity. He declared, that the only mode of surmounting the crisis was, by intrusting a great extent of power to the executive authority. He, however, thought it his duty to combat the idea of a dictatorship. "Is there one among us, (he cried,) who would not arm himself with the poniard of Brutus, and chastise the base and ambitious enemy of his country?" After this, Lucien, on several occasions, distinguished himself in the Council of Five Hundred; and although he had hitherto affected much republican zeal, he opposed the reviving influence of the democrats. Notwithstanding the interruption of the communication between Toulon and Alexandria, there is little doubt that he found means of announcing to his brother in Egypt the unsatisfactory state of parties in Paris, and the dreadful disasters which had taken place on the frontiers. In the mean time, the eighteenth of "*Brumaire*" was drawing on, and Lucien succeeded in being elected to the presidency of

the Council of Five Hundred —a circumstance highly favorable to his views.

On Napoleon's return to France, Lucien presided at all the private meetings preparatory to the Revolution of Brumaire, (9th November, 1799.) On that memorable day, when the legislative body held the extraordinary sitting at St. Cloud, he exerted every effort to stay the opposition which manifested itself against his brother; and when Napoleon entered unarmed into the council, he firmly opposed the sentence of outlawry called for against him. "Can you ask me, (he cried,) to put the outlawry of my own brother to the vote?" Finding this appeal to his personal situation and feelings to make no impression upon the Assembly, he flung on the desk his hat, scarf, and other insignia of his office. "Let me be rather heard, (he said,) as the advocate of him whom you falsely and rashly accuse." At this moment, a small party of guards, sent by Napoleon to his assistance, marched into the hall and carried him out. Lucien mounted on horseback, and called out, in a voice naturally deep and sonorous, "General Bonaparte, and you, soldiers! the president of the Council of Five Hundred announces to you, that factious men, with daggers, have interrupted the deliberations of the Assembly. He authorizes you to employ force against these disturbers. The Assembly of Five Hundred is dissolved." De Bourrienne, who was present, tells us, that perceiving a slight hesitation on the part of the troops, Lucien, drawing his sword, added, "I swear that I will plunge this into the bosom of my own brother, if he should ever aim a blow at the iberties of France."

To Lucien the success of this memorable day may in no inconsiderable degree, be attributed. The portfolio of the minister of the interior was the reward of his services; and though he had scarcely attained his twenty-fifth year, his administration acquired a character of energy and elevation which commanded respect. By great vigilance and close attention to certain mysteries of office, he contrived to make up for that profound knowledge which he had not had time to acquire. His official duties were discharged with firmness and activity; and without any sacrifice of personal consequence, he knew how to assume the most amiable suavity of manners toward individuals of all classes. He was the friend of public instruction, and the patron of science and the arts. While he was minister of the interior, Lucien lost his wife, Christine Boyer. She is said to have been a woman of a mild disposition, amiable manners, and great goodness of heart. He caused a handsome monument to be erected to her memory, on which is the following simple inscription:—"A daughter—wife—and mother—without reproach!"

Distinguished as were the services which Lucien had performed for the First Consul, the two brothers did not long continue on brotherly terms. Lucien soon found it necessary to resign his position at the capital and accept the appointment of envoy to Spain, where he was extremely successful in promoting the ambitious views of Napoleon. Upon his return from this mission, Lucien took a step which was highly offensive to Napoleon, by marrying the widow of an exchange-broker, named Juberthon, who "for greater

convenience, (observes De Bourrienne, significantly,) had been dispatched to the West Indies, where, in the course of a couple of months, the yellow fever snatched him from the cares of this transitory life." This marriage was a severe blow to the system of Napoleon, who contemplated nothing less than royal alliances for all the branches of his family. When assured of the fact by the curate who had performed the ceremony at the Hotel de Brienne, he fell into a violent rage, and from that moment determined never to make Lucien a prince of France, on account of what he termed his unequal match.

The old misunderstanding was now revived with increased bitterness; and to such lengths were matters carried, that Lucien formed a sort of league against his brother in his own family. Directions were given, that Napoleon's name should never be mentioned by his household, and the family portraits were taken down and consigned to the lumber-room. The only one that escaped the proscription, was that of his mother. He was shortly after commanded to leave the French territory.

In April, 1804, only a few weeks previous to the change of the government from consular to imperial, Lucien quitted Paris. The conjuncture was, in one respect, favorable to his reputation; since it created a general impression, that the cause of his disgrace was his opposition to his brother's ambitious policy—an impression which Lucien, of course, was not very anxious to weaken He proceeded to Milan; but, on Napoleon's arriving there, to place on his brow the iron crown of Lombardy, he removed to Pesaro; and.

in 1805, to Rome, where the pope treated him with marked attention and kindness.

After the treaty of Tilsit, in June, 1807, an attempt was made by Joseph to reconcile the brothers. An interview was arranged at Mantua, but no accommodation resulted therefrom. Lucien was willing to comply with certain conditions proposed by the Emperor, among which was the marriage of his daughter to the prince of the Asturias; but, to his great honor, he refused to repudiate his wife. "Separate from her, (said Napoleon,) for a time, and we shall see what can be done." "Not for an hour!" rejoined Lucien.

When, in the early part of 1808, Napoleon resolved upon dethroning the Spanish Bourbons, it was his wish to have made Lucien king of Spain; but Lucien, who had so recently resided in Spain, and knew the Spanish character, and who was at this time living at Rome, happy in his family and in his pursuits, declined, without hesitation, the proffered elevation. In the following April, while at his country-seat, near Frascati, (the same that belonged to Cicero,) and to which Lucien had restored its original name of Tusculum, he received a letter from his brother Joseph, then king of Naples, recommending him to leave the papal territories without delay, as they no longer afforded him an asylum. He retired to an estate which he had recently purchased at Canino twenty-five leagues from the capital. Here all his attention seemed directed to agricultural and rural pursuits, for which he had always manifested much fondness. Dressed in a coarse woollen coat and thick shoes, he would pass whole days in superintending the laborers. He established foundries and iron

works, and the whole country assumed new life and vigor. While Lucien was thus laudably occupied, far other objects engrossed the attention of his imperial brother. In May, 1809, he issued his first decree, declaring the temporal sovereignty of the pope to be at an end, and incorporating Rome with the French empire. Lucien, now considering himself no longer safe in the papal dominions, left Canino, on the 1st of August, 1810, intending to proceed to the United States. But the vessel in which he embarked was captured by the British cruisers, and he was sent to England. There he occupied his time in writing an epic poem on the subject of Charlemagne. His ambition seemed now to be confined to the attainment of a distinguished rank in literature, and to be numbered among the eminent poets of France.

Restored to personal liberty by the peace of Paris, in 1814, Lucien returned to Italy, where the pope conferred on him the dignity of a Roman prince, with the title of Prince of Canino. Thus it would appear that Lucien's fortune had acquired fresh strength by the recent events, gaining in stability what it might have lost in grandeur; while that of Napoleon, lately so gigantic, was now limited to the possession of a little island, scarcely acknowledged as a part of that empire which he had shaken to its foundation. This astounding reverse sensibly affected Lucien. He tendered his brother his fortune and his services; and while the latter was at Elba, a full reconciliation was effected, through the mediation of their mother and their sister Pauline.

In 1815, as soon as Lucien had heard of Napoleon's

escape from Elba, he wrote him a letter of congratulation. "Your return, (he said,) fills up the measure of your military glory; but there is another glory still greater — civil glory. The sentiments and intentions which you have solemnly promulgated promise France that you know how to acquire it." When Napoleon, apparently paralyzed by the unexpected reverses at Waterloo, betrayed symptoms of irresolution, Lucien did all he could to reanimate his drooping spirits. "You give up the game, (he said,) without having lost it. The death of thirty thousand men cannot decide the fate of France." Finding his brother still undetermined, he remarked to his secretary, that "The smoke of Waterloo had turned his brain."

The second abdication obliged Lucien to retire to his sister Pauline's château at Neuilly, where he prepared to leave France. While Napoleon was at St. Helena, Lucien's mind and heart were incessantly directed to that spot. He applied to the British government to be allowed to proceed thither, and to reside there two years, with or without his wife and children; engaging not to occasion any augmentation of expense, and promising to submit to every restriction imposed on his brother, or that might be imposed upon himself, but his application was peremptorily denied. During the remainder of his life, Lucien Bonaparte was heard of merely as a Roman nobleman of taste; at once a patron of literature and an aspirant for literary honors. His great epic of "Charlemagne," on which he spent many years, was published in two ponderous quartos, but failed to procure him the laurels he coveted. His principal literary attempts, in addition to the

"Charlemagne," were a poem on Corsican history, called "Cyrneide;" a defense of Napoleon; and a volume of his own memoirs.

During the last ten or twelve years of his life, he found a new and congenial occupation in the collection of Etruscan remains. The estate of Canino being a portion of the extensive tract of country that the Etruscans had once occupied in Italy, it might have been anticipated that it would be found to contain ancient tombs, such as had been already discovered in other parts of the Roman States, near the known sites of pristine Etruscan cities. It was not, however, till the year 1828, that, in consequence of the accidental exposure of one such tomb in a field, systematic excavations were commenced on the estate, with a view to exhaust it of its Etruscan antiquities. From that time forward the prince, and in his absence, the princess, zealously prosecuted the work, employing workmen to dig continually in various parts of the estate; and the result was the accumulation at Canino of a vast number of vases, bronzes, and other relics, forming a museum of Etruscan antiquities, superior, in some respects, to any that existed in Italy. The name of the Prince of Canino became known in all the antiquarian circles of Europe; travelers in Italy used to visit his museum; and at one or two balls in Rome, the princess created quite a sensation by appearing in a magnificent set of ornaments that had been taken from the ancient tombs on her husband's estate.

Dying at Viterbo, in June, 1840, at the age of sixty-five, the Prince of Canino left a numerous family of children, of various ages. Two daughters, the issue

of his first marriage, had been married, the one to an Italian, the prince Gabrielli; the other, first to a Swedish count, and afterward, in 1824, to an Englishman, Lord Dudley Stuart. Of his children by the second marriage, there survived four sons and four daughters. One of the daughters, Lætitia, born in 1804, became the wife of an Irish gentleman, and member of Parliament, Mr. Thomas Wyse. The sons, all of whom are still alive, have distinguished themselves in various ways. The eldest, Charles Lucien, styled until his father's death, Prince de Musignano, and afterward Prince of Canino and Musignano, was born in 1803, and married, in 1822, his cousin Charlotte, one of the daughters whom Joseph Bonaparte had left in Europe. Selecting a path that had not yet been trodden by any member of his versatile family, he devoted himself from the first to natural history, in which science he soon attained eminence. Crossing the Atlantic after his marriage, on a visit to his father-in-law, he took the opportunity of making himself acquainted with the ornithology of America; and was able, after a year or two, to produce as the result of his rifle-practice, many new birds not figured by his predecessor, Wilson. Devoting himself with similar assiduity, after his return, to the zoological illustration of Italy, he gave to the world in 1841, a magnificent work in three folio volumes, containing, under the name of "Iconografia della Fauna Italica," perhaps the most detailed and elaborate account of the animals of the Peninsula, that has yet been attempted.

Louis, the third brother of Napoleon, was born September 2, 1778. When, in 1794, Napoleon joined

the army of Italy, Louis accompanied him, and, although but little more than fifteen years of age, evinced the coolness and courage of a veteran. The first time he was led into an engagement, Louis, far from betraying any astonishment, was anxious to serve as a rampart to his brother.

While the enemy were keeping up a brisk fire of artillery, Louis placed himself before Napoleon, as he proceeded along the outside of the intrenchments, for the purpose of examining them; and in this position he continued during the whole of the inspection. On another occasion, being in a battery, against which the enemy kept up a well-directed fire, he remained always standing with his head erect, although the gunners were taking all possible pains to shelter themselves from the enemy. Napoleon asked him the reason; he answered: "You have told me, that an artillery officer should never be afraid of cannon. They are our arms—I follow your example." Louis was little more than seventeen when he a second time joined the army of Italy, then commanded by his brother; to whom, though he had only the rank of lieutenant, he was appointed aid-de-camp. At this early stage of his career, he was an observant and silent character. He felt, he remarks, a vacuity of heart and a sentiment of deep regret, at seeing himself impelled into a career of troublesome ambition. He already sighed for retirement and a peaceful occupation. He was in nearly all the battles in Italy, discharging all the duties of his station with scrupulous exactitude; but he had no ambition for military distinction. At the memorable battle of Arcola, which

lasted three days, he was frequently exposed, during the hottest period of the attack, to imminent peril. The brave Lannes fell wounded by his side; and Napoleon's horse having sunk with him in a morass, Louis succeeded in getting hold of one of his brother's hands; but not being sufficiently strong, he was drawn along with him, and both must have perished, had not Marmont, with two subalterns, extricated them from their perilous situation. This took place on the first day. On the second, Louis was charged with important orders from the general-in-chief to General Robert, and being the only person on horseback, he was marked out by the enemy, and exposed for a long time to their fire. On regaining his brother, Napoleon expressed a feeling of surprise and joy at seeing him: "I believed you dead," said he; and his death had been actually announced to him by some of the grenadiers.

Louis accompanied his brother to Egypt, in 1778, and was from that time usually with the army until the year 1806 — his unhappy marriage with Hortense, in 1802, causing him to remain more constantly with his regiment than was otherwise necessary. In 1806, Holland, exhausted by dissensions and internal struggles, threw itself into the arms of France, and asked for a prince from the family of Napoleon, who might preside over its destinies. Embassadors from the Dutch people came to offer the throne of Holland to Louis; "We come," said they, "of our own free accord, supported by the suffrages of nine-tenths of our fellow-citizens, to entreat you to join your fate with ours, and save a whole people from the dangers which

threaten them." Louis was really unwilling to accept the proffered honor, but founded his objection on the ground that the climate was unfavorable to his health. "Better to die as a king than live as a prince," was the characteristic reply of Napoleon. On the 5th of June, 1806, Louis was proclaimed king of Holland, and set out in hopes of finding, in his solicitude for the public interests and in the labors of administration, exemption from the melancholy, which slowly undermined his constitution. Faithful, above all, in his immovable attachment to duty, he devoted himself entirely to the well-being of the country, which Providence had committed to his charge; and when circumstances placed him in a situation in which he was obliged to choose between his duties as a king and his affection to his family, he never hesitated to range himself on the side of duty. He gave himself up with enthusiasm to the hope of being useful to two millions of men, and resolved to devote himself to their happiness. He remained a week in St. Leu, and during that time endeavored to gain from the deputation a general notion of the state of the country over which he was about to rule. Finding its treasury empty, and that France owed it $1,000,000, lent to the French governors of the colonies in the East Indies, he demanded of the Emperor the repayment of it, but without success. On reaching his capital his first care was to form a ministry. He inquired into the integrity and merit of individuals, and on these he founded his confidence. To the several addresses presented to him, he replied, "that from the moment he set foot on the soil, he had become a Dutchman." He promised

to protect justice, as he would protect commerce, by throwing the access to it open, and removing every thing that might impede it. "With me, (he said,) there shall be no different religions—no different parties; merit and service shall form the sole ground of distinction."

The necessities of his treasury demanding immediate attention, he dispatched an individual to Paris, to inform his brother that unless he liquidated the debt due to Holland, took the French troops into his own pay, and lessened the naval force, he would instantly abdicate; meantime, without waiting for an answer, he gave directions for such reductions of expenditure as it was in his power to make.

He soon perceived that the government of Holland must found its chief support on public opinion. He set about drawing up in silence, the plan of a constitution, of the most simple description, alike suited to the tastes and habits of his subjects; and he took steps for obtaining a uniform civil and criminal code, which should unite the principles of justice with those of humanity. He also appointed two committees, composed of the ablest professors and men of letters, to draw up a uniform system of weights and measures; and though the good he thus intended was not attained during his reign, it has since been carried into complete effect. Besides these, Louis projected sundry ameliorations connected with the health of his subjects and the salubrity of the country. He enlarged the public libraries, encouraged the fine arts, founded a General Institution of Arts and Sciences, and created the order of Union and Merit, selecting for its device

the Dutch maxim, "Doe wel en zie niet om"—"Do what you ought, happen what may."

In January, 1807, a shock like that of an earthquake was felt at the Hague, and a light in the horizon announced a terrible fire in the direction of Leyden. Louis happened to be on his way thither, when he was informed that a vessel laden with gunpowder had blown up in the center of the city. On his arrival, he was horror-strück at the spectacle that presented itself Eight hundred houses had been leveled with the ground; and with their fall, numerous families, while enjoying the repast of dinner, were precipitated into eternity—fathers, mothers, children, and domestics, all were hurried to a promiscuous grave. Every window in the place was dashed to atoms, and thus the bread, flour, and other necessaries of life were rendered dangerous and useless, by the showers of powdered glass that fell in all directions.

Attended by the magistrates, Louis traversed the scene of desolation. He ascended the ruins, mixed with the laborers, visited the wounded, promised a reward to every one who succeeded in rescuing a fellow-creature from beneath the rubbish, and did not quit the spot till daybreak of the following morning. He sent off to the principal towns for succors of all kinds, and ordered his palace in the wood, between Leyden and the Hague, to be thrown open to those respectable families whom the accident had left houseless. On afterward receiving the thanks of the magistrates, he returned a most benignant answer. "The dead," said he, "I cannot restore to you; that is above human power; but all that I can I will do for you.

city." Louis kept his word. He proposed to the legislative body the measures necessary for its restoration; directed a general subscription to be set on foot, which was so productive, that the inhabitants were indemnified for their pecuniary losses; and decreed that Leyden should become the seat of the Royal University.

Again, 1809, when a sudden inundation spread desolation over several districts, Louis was on the spot, performing the same beneficent offices. He traversed the whole of it during two days and a night, visited every village, consoled and encouraged the inhabitants, and promptly rewarded those who most exposed themselves to danger.

At the close of 1806, the famous Berlin decree was enacted, prohibiting all intercourse with England, and Louis was required to enforce it in Holland. He could not avoid taking some analogous steps, but he would not re-enact the decree. On complaints being made, that a contraband traffic was carrying on, Louis coolly replied, "Empêchez donc la peau de transpirer!"—"You might as well forbid the skin to perspire!"

When Napoleon was making arrangements to take possession of Spain, he conceived the design of transferring Louis to the throne of that country. He accordingly addressed a letter to him, in March, 1808, in which he opened his plan, intimating, among other things, that the climate of Holland was unfavorable to his health. "Tell me categorically," he said, "if I make you king of Spain, will you agree to it? answer me—*yes* or *no*." The surprise of Louis, on

receiving so impolitic, unjust, and shameful a proposition, was only equaled by his indignation:—"I am not the governor of a province," he said: "for a king there is no promotion but to heaven; they are all equal; with what face can I demand an oath of fidelity from another people, if I am unfaithful to that which I have taken to the Dutch?" His answer was a direct refusal; and the throne of Spain was given to Joseph.

As Louis defended Holland against the ever-increasing encroachments of his brother, a dispute ensued between them. Louis was ordered to Paris, where it was with the greatest difficulty that he effected a prolongation of the existence of the Dutch state. July 1, 1810, he abdicated in favor of his eldest son, and left Holland, accompanied by two friends, and, under the title of Count of St. Leu, repaired to the baths of Teplitz, where he devoted himself to literature, and wrote several works. He lived a retired life, endeavoring to re-establish his health. Immediately after his abdication, he separated from Queen Hortense, and they never afterward lived together, though no formal divorce had been sought by either party. The education of the children was yielded to Hortense. Louis finally settled in Italy, where he engaged in literary pursuits. Among the works he gave to the world was a novel entitled "Marie," in the style and story of which may be discerned the expression of the author's own griefs, and still abiding melancholy; a collection of poetical and historical documents relating to Holland; an essay on versification; a number of poems; and finally, in 1829, a critique on Sir Walter Scott's

Life of Napoleon. Until his death, which occurred in 1846, at the age of sixty-six, he lived in extreme seclusion.

Jerome, the youngest of Napoleon's brothers, was born December 15, 1784. At the age of fifteen, he entered the navy. In 1801 he was appointed to the command of a small sloop of war, and employed in the expedition to St. Domingo, commanded by his brother-in-law, General Le Clerc. In 1802 he returned to Paris. In the same year he visited Brest, launching into extravagances, contracting debts which he had not the means to pay, and drawing on his brother's secretary, for sums which the First Consul discharged with much reluctance. One of his letters, in particular, excited Napoleon's anger: it was filled with accounts of the entertainments he was giving and receiving, and concluded that he had drawn for several thousand dollars. To this, Bonaparte wrote the following reply:—"I have seen your letter, and am impatient to hear that you are on board your frigate, studying a profession intended to be the means of your glory. Die young, and I shall have some consolation; but if you live to sixty, without having served your country and leaving behind you any honorable recollections, you had better not have been born." Jerome never realized the wishes and expectations of his brother. On the receipt of this letter, he set sail for Martinique, and resided, while there, with Madame de la Pagérie, the mother of Josephine. In 1803, on the resumption of hostilities between England and France, he had frequent opportunities of distinguishing himself; but, after cruising

for a few months, he thought proper to put into New York, where he passed in dissipation that time which, it was expected he would have employed in facing the enemy. Toward the close of the year, he married Miss Elizabeth Patterson, the daughter of a rich merchant of Baltimore. He remained in America until the spring of 1805, when he embarked for Europe. Landing at Lisbon, he proceeded by land to Paris, directing the ship to proceed to Amsterdam, from which place he intended his wife should follow him, as soon as he had obtained the requisite permission from his imperial brother. On her arrival, however, Madame Jerome Bonaparte, not being permitted to go on shore, thought it advisable to trust herself to the English. She accordingly landed at Dover, took up her residence during the summer at Camberwell, and in the autumn returned to her native country.

Hitherto, Jerome had displayed no want of affection for his American wife—a lady distinguished alike for her beauty and her talents. On the conclusion of the peace of Tilsit, Napoleon having represented to him that the branches of the imperial family were not entitled to enter into alliances according to the dictates of their own feelings, but were bound to form such as were most suitable to his policy, Jerome was tempted to sacrifice the connection which his heart had chosen, and become the tool of his brother's overweening ambition. The better to secure his influence in Germany, Napoleon demanded in marriage for him a daughter of the Elector of Saxony; but as that princess would not listen to the proposal, another was immediately sought after. On the 12th of August, 1807, Jerome

espoused the Princess Frederica Catharina, daughter of the King of Wurtemberg, and, a few days after, was proclaimed King of Westphalia. On the 7th of December, a decree was issued, containing, in four pages, the constitution of the new kingdom; by an article of which, in default of legal descendants of King Jerome, the throne was to devolve on Napoleon or his heirs. It was published on the 15th, the new monarch's birthday, who had then completed his twenty-second year.

Jerome had no lack of common sense. Where he was not imposed on by intriguers, but was left to pursue the dictates of his heart, he generally took the right course; and had his ministers united a turn for business with integrity and a knowledge of the world, he might have become popular; but, from the individuals whom he had collected around him, it was soon very evident that his government would not be a wise one. Volatile as a boy just escaped from school, he had a passion for imitating, in public, the pomp and state of his imperial brother; but, shut up within the walls of his palace, he would give loose to all the idle gayeties of childhood, down to the taking part in a game at leapfrog with his courtiers.

On his arrival at Cassel, he had the mortification to find his treasury empty. Jerome applied to one Isaac Jacobson, a Jew banker, who obligingly advanced him $400,000 at a reasonable interest. Jerome was not ungrateful. A few days after he had received the moneys, a deputation from the Jews residing at Westphalia, consisting partly of rabbis and partly of elders, were introduced to him by Jacobson, who was their

spokesman on the occasion; and the following was the royal reply:—"I am satisfied with your speech. The article in the constitution of my kingdom which establishes the equality of all religions is in unison with the feelings of my heart. The law ought to interrupt no one in the exercise of his worship. Each subject is as much at liberty to observe the rules of his faith, as the king is to follow his religion. The duties of the citizen are the only objects which the laws of the government can regulate. I trust I shall never have reason to regret what I am doing in favor of your people." Westphalia became, indeed, a sort of land of promise for the Tribes of Israel. Individuals with long beards were seen in all the public offices. The minister of state was a Jew; the counselor of finances (the aforementioned Jacobson) was a Jew; the commissary at war was a Jew; the superintendent of hospitals was a Jew; the barrack-master was a Jew.

Cassel now presented a most singular spectacle. Around the dissolute and extravagant court crowded a host of rapacious foreigners and idle hangers-on, of both sexes and of every age and condition. Unlike his brother Louis, Jerome affected to despise the native manners of his subjects, and would not even give himself the trouble to learn their language. This luxury and dissipation of the court had only an influence on the habits of the people; but the proscription of the national language in public acts mortified their self-love, and inflicted a deep wound on their feelings. As the French were to be imitated in every thing, a revolution in German manners and German morals was sought to be effected by Parisian boys of twenty

and courtiers grown gray in profligacy. Jerome, at one time, was seized with the mania for building. He ordered a part of the town to be pulled down; and as German activity could not keep pace with his impatience, he summoned an architect from Paris, who would soon have transformed the royal city into another Babylon, if the resources of the treasury had corresponded with the vast conceptions of his genius. The labor of the morning was frequently destroyed in the evening, because, when the job was completed, Jerome fancied it was not done in good taste. He would say, "I will have this done to-night; I expect to find that finished by the morning;" and four or five hundred workmen were often seen toiling by torchlight to execute the supreme command. Contractors and architects found their account in the frivolity and caprice of the royal spendthrift.

In 1812, when his revelings were at their height, he received an unexpected summons from his brother, to attend him in the Russian expedition; but as his military movements were unfortunate, he was ordered to return home. To conceal his mortification, he shut himself up with his favorites, and sought to dissipate his chagrin by a train of frivolous amusements. In the following year on the evacuation of Germany by the French, Jerome's own subjects rose up against him, and forced him to abandon his capital. Jerome took refuge in France, accompanied by the amiable princess his wife, whose attachment seemed to increase with her husband's reverses. On the abdication of Napoleon, in April, 1814, they were compelled to quit Paris. Jerome was at Trieste when his brother

returned from Elba. Though closely watched by the Austrian government, he contrived to escape to Paris. He soon after set off for the army with the Emperor. He fought at Waterloo, where he displayed much ability and courage, exclaiming, "We ought to die here!—we can die no where better than here!" It was to him that Napoleon left the task of collecting the wreck of the French army after the defeat.

After the second abdication, Jerome quitted Paris, and, assuming a disguise, wandered about from place to place, until at length he obtained permission from his father-in-law, the King of Wurtemberg, to join his wife. In February, 1816, the king conferred on him the title of Count de Montfort,—still not allowing him to appear at court, or enjoy unrestrained liberty. Jerome, however, two years afterward, obtained leave to settle in the Austrian dominions.

Of all Napoleon's brothers, Jerome was unquestionably the least indebted to nature. He has been truly described as a good-natured, silly, unprincipled voluptuary; whose only wish was to enjoy the sensual gratifications of royalty, without submitting to its toils, but, at the same time, without any natural inclination to exercise its rigors. His subjects were accustomed to call him "Heliogabalus in miniature." Notwithstanding the bustle and splendor which he created among them, the Hessians most cordially detested him and his whole crew of corrupters and squanderers. Napoleon they feared and cursed; Jerome they despised and laughed at. When, on his flight, he carried off the public treasures, and even the furniture of the palace, they were thunderstruck, "not at the meanness

of the thing, but at the possibility of King Jerome possessing so much foresight!"

There is, however, one evidence in Jerome's favor, of which it would be unjust to deprive him. On the downfall of Napoleon, the King of Wurtemberg tried hard to prevail on his daughter to separate from her husband. The princess, who clung with true female constancy to her disgraced husband, in reply to her father's solicitations, wrote two affectionate, touching, and truly noble-minded letters, by which, to use Napoleon's expression, she "honorably inscribed her name in history." She avowed her irrevocable resolution to live and die with one to whom she was bound by honor and duty, and whom neither could permit her to leave, especially in his misfortunes. She appealed to her irreproachable conduct while a child, to prove that she was no stranger to the voice of duty, and that her conduct as a wife and a mother might be expected to be equally blameless. She acknowledged that the match was originally one of policy, but affirmed, that her husband now possessed her heart, and that her happiness depended on her continuing with him. "Best of fathers, (concluded this amiable woman,) I hrow myself at your feet, and implore you to desist from your purpose; for, on this point, my resolution and my principles are unalterable. It would be cruel to compel me to continue a contest in which I should be opposed to a father, whom I cherish more than I do my own existence."

After the death of the Princess Catharina, in 1835, Jerome removed to Florence, where he remained until the Revolution of 1848, when he returned to Paris,

where he still resides. The admirable Catharina of Wurtemberg bore him three children — two sons and a daughter. Jerome Napoleon, the eldest, (born in 1814,) was remarkable for his extraordinary resemblance to the Emperor; but died in 1846, without having distinguished himself in any way. Napoleon, the youngest, (born in 1823,) was elected to sit in the National Assembly of France, after the last Revolution, and is known for his ultra-republican views. The daughter, Letitia Matilde, married, in 1841, a wealthy Russian nobleman, Count Demidoff, with whom she passes her time, partly at Petersburg, and partly at Paris. Jerome had a son by his American wife, born shortly after the separation of his parents. He has continued to reside in this country.

Marie Annie Eliza, eldest of Napoleon's three sisters, was born on the 8th of January, 1777. In May, 1797, she was married to Felix Bacciochi, a native of Corsica, of a noble family, but at that time only a captain of infantry. In 1800, her husband being absent with his regiment, Madame Bacciochi went to Paris, where she remained until 1805. That year, the republic of Lucca, and afterward that of Piombino were changed by Napoleon into a principality, and bestowed on Eliza. Upon this occasion her husband was created a prince. It is related of him that when the principal personages of the capital were presented to his newmade highness, being accustomed to republican manners, they apologized for acquitting themselves rather awkwardly at court. Bacciochi, however, put them quite at their ease, by good-naturedly answering, "In that case, we must excuse one another; for I have been

just as little in the habit of acting the prince, as you the courtiers."

In March, 1809, Eliza was further created Grand Duchess and governess-general of Tuscany; and in her administration of Lucca, she displayed a good deal of that energy of character which marked the genius of Napoleon. She conducted the department for foreign affairs herself, corresponded directly with the French minister, whom she often resisted, and sometimes obliged her brother to interfere in the discussions. Jealous of her authority, Eliza allowed her husband to take little or no share in the government. At public ceremonies his place was always after hers; and at reviews he was merely her aid-de-camp. She was fond of luxury, and gave way to the feminine weakness of encouraging admirers, who, if common fame may be credited, were not suffered to sigh in vain. By a lively writer of the day she has been designated as "the Semiramis of Lucca." She nevertheless proved herself, on numerous occasions, the friend of improvement. She constructed new roads, drained marshes, colonized the deserted wastes of Piombino, founded seminaries for education, and, when called upon to relinquish her throne, had taken measures for the establishment of an institute for the encouragement of arts and sciences. An enlightened traveler states her to have been greatly beloved by her subjects; and he goes so far as to add, that during her reign the principality of Lucca "had become a paradise."

In 1815, on the occupation of her states by the troops of the allies, Eliza was desirous of taking up her abode at Bologna; but she was sent to join her

sister Caroline, the ex-queen of Naples, in Bohemia. Some time afterward she obtained permission to settle at Trieste, where, on the 9th of August, 1820, she died. We are told that Napoleon, on accidentally reading at St. Helena an account of his sister's death, was thrown into a state of stupor, and continued for some time motionless, like one a prey to the most violent grief. "Eliza, (he said,) has just shown us the way. Death which seemed to overlook our family, now begins to strike it I shall be the next to follow her to the grave."

The peaceable disposition of Bacciochi formed a striking contrast with the active, bustling spirit of his wife. He seems to have been considered a good sort of man, who did not care to apply himself to business, and only sought to indulge in the comforts and advantages of his situation. Bacciochi and Eliza were the parents of two children — Napoleonne Eliza, born June 3d, 1806, and at an early age married to a Count Carnerata ; and Jerome Charles, born July 3d, 1810.

Maria Pauline, the second of Napoleon's sisters, was born on the 20th of October, 1780. A sad accompaniment of vanity and frivolity, she emerged into womanhood a very paragon of beauty. At the age of sixteen she had displayed a very reprehensible taste, by becoming warmly attached to Stanislaus Freron, who superintended the operations of the guillotine at Marseilles until the death of Robespierre. Fortunately saved from pollution with such a wretch, and her reputation becoming endangered by the crowd of admirers she encouraged around her, her brother hastened her marriage with young Leclerc, an officer of humble origin, but of considerable promise, whom

he immediately elevated to the rank of general. Pauline was by no means favorable to this union, insomuch that, when her husband was appointed, in 1801, to head the expedition to St. Domingo, she refused to accompany him, and it required all the authority of Napoleon, who wished to silence the calumnies of his enemies by so signal a proof of his faith in the success of the enterprise, to compel her compliance with an imperative duty. She went out to the Antilles accordingly, and by her enlivening entertainments, struggled for a time against the desolations of pestilence; but after the death of Leclerc, she gladly escaped from so dismal a scene; and carrying back his embalmed body and her treasures in the same coffin, she hurried with impatient alacrity to enjoy again the pleasures of luxurious Paris. Never did a more gay or fascinating widow flutter in the brilliant circles of that dissipated capital. Her ambition was to outstrip in attractions the graceful Josephine. Her displays were theatrical and indelicate, while in envy she exceeded the usual measure of female weakness, although in other respects she was full of generosity and good nature. She often provoked the displeasure of Napoleon, but never failed to pacify him by her blandishments, for he knew she was really attached to him, and he willingly suffered himself to be coaxed into the pardon of her follies. Nevertheless, he deemed it prudent she should take again, with all dispatch, another husband, who might at least throw over her the mantle of the conjugal name. Accordingly, in 1803, she was married to the Prince Camille Borghese, an Italian nobleman of large possessions, who united to eligibility in this respect

the complaisance of a high-bred consort. During the early period of the Revolution, he was known only by his having filled, with many other noble names, the muster-roll of a corps of national guards raised by the patriots of the city of Rome, where he was remembered for the more than Roman indolence of his disposition, and the perfect stoicism with which he performed the duties of his military toilet, amid the crash of empires and the dissolution of the entire frame of European society.

Shortly after Pauline's marriage, the prince took her to his estates in Italy. Her journey from Paris to Rome partook of the character of a public progress. She was every where accompanied by a guard of honor, and received homage in every town and village, as sister of the Emperor and wife of a wealthy Italian prince. In a few months after his marriage, Borghese reverted to the frivolous and dissipated habits of his youth. The princess soon had rivals; the public decencies were not always preserved; in a few years a separation took place, which, notwithstanding various attempts to negotiate a return, continued uninterrupted till within a few months of the lady's decease.

Pauline now took up her residence principally at Paris or Neuilly. She is allowed to have been at this time one of the most beautiful women in Europe. Neither jealousy nor envy, so quick to discover faults in whatever claims general admiration, ever presumed to hint at the slightest blemish in her classical countenance. Artists were unanimous in considering her a perfect Venus de Medicis; and so little was her encouragement of the fine arts limited by the ordinary

deas of decorum, that Canova was permitted to model from her person a naked Venus, which is esteemed one of the most exquisite of his works. It is reported of Pauline, that being asked by an English peeress how she could submit to such an exposure of her person, she conceived that the question only related to physical inconveniences, and answered "that there was a fire in the apartment!"

Throughout the whole of Napoleon's short reign in the island of Elba, Pauline proved that she had some head and more heart; and a large share of the execution of the popular conspiracy which ensued was in her hands. The greater portion of her own private jewels were sacrificed to the Emperor on his return to France; and when every hope was lost, she proposed, with a frame and health debilitated in the extreme, to watch by his death-bed at St. Helena. With this view she addressed, in July, 1821, only three weeks before the intelligence of her brother's death reached Europe, an earnest appeal to the Earl of Liverpool, then at the head of the British government. "The malady, (said she,) by which the Emperor is attacked, is mortal at St. Helena. In the name of all the members of the family, I claim a change of climate. If so just a request be refused, it will be a sentence of death passed upon him; and, in this case, I demand permission to depart for St. Helena, to rejoin my brother, and to receive his parting breath. I know that the moments of his life are counted, and I should eternally reproach myself, if I did not employ all the means in my power to soften his last hours, and to prove my devotion to him." The prayer was granted; but the concession came too late.

After the fall of Napoleon, Pauline preserved her position at Rome with great éclât; though certainly with some diminution, in consequence of her separation from her husband. She was allowed to occupy the splendid building of the Borghese palace, the prince himself residing at Florence. Her residence was distinguished by order, elegance, and comfort. It was the most hospitable house at Rome; her dinner-parties were frequent and sumptuous; her concerts and *soirees* weekly. In her lively circle a great number of the cardinals were always to be found; and it has often been observed, by way of pleasantry, that, since the days of Pope Joan, no lady was ever so attended by cardinals as the beautiful Pauline. Her person was not tall, nor imposing; but she had about her all that indefinable persuasiveness which captures the affections in silence. Her forehead was classically small; her eyes of a gentle blue, and generally suffused with a sort of coquettish sleepishness, which, whether produced by pain or pleasure, wooed and won the imagination more effectually than the brightest sparkle from the haughtiest eye. The nose was straight and delicate; the mouth exquisite, particularly when she spoke. On her head the most beautiful hair was generally moulded into the choicest forms. Her voice was of the most fascinating sweetness, and enveloped every thing in its charm. Her conversation is represented as having been perfectly easy, often graceful, but always trifling. There was nothing in it of the daring and decision of her family. Once, however, when the embassador Blacas had caused a French painter, whom she had employed in the decoration of the Villa

Paolina, to retire from her service, she replied to the notification, that, "A government which feared women could have little to hope from men." She spent the greater part of her latter days in Tuscany, far from Rome and her former circle of associates. She became reconciled to her husband, in whose arms she expired, at the Borghese palace near Florence, on the 9th of June, 1825.

Caroline Maria Annonciade, the youngest of Napoleon's sisters, was born March 26, 1782. In 1800, she was married to Joachim Murat, one of Napoleon's generals. In 1806, Caroline was created Grand Duchess of Berg, and two years afterward she became Queen of Naples. In 1815, when the reverses of the French and the advance of the Austrian army overthrew the government of Murat, and the city of Naples was on the brink of anarchy, plunder and massacre, Caroline adopted measures equally prompt, wise and energetic, for preserving the public tranquillity. She assembled the guards, and, assuming their uniform, addressed them in a speech full of spirit and eloquence. She was on horseback nearly the whole of the day, and remained to the last hour, visiting every post, and assuring herself of the vigilance of all the authorities, until the approach of the Austrians compelled her to capitulate to an English officer, who received her and her children on board his ship; to which she was actually followed by the infuriated lazzaroni, insulting and shocking her ears by the most licentious songs.

Nature had endowed Caroline with a resolute temper, a vigorous understanding, lofty ideas, and a flexible and delicate mind. Her manners were highly

graceful and captivating. Talleyrand said of her, that "She had Cromwell's head on the shoulders of a pretty woman." Nothing mortified her more, when only Grand Duchess of Berg, than to be constrained to address the wife of her brother Joseph as "Your majesty;" and she often complained to the Emperor of what she called his undue partiality to that prince, and his forgetfulness of herself and husband. "Your complaints surprise me, (said Napoleon, on one occasion;) to hear you talk, any one would imagine that I had deprived you of your succession to the inheritance of the late king your father!"

Made a widow, in 1815, by the execution of her husband, Caroline Bonaparte, with her four children, settled, after various changes of residence, at Trieste, where, under the title of Countess of Lipona, she resided with her sister Eliza. In 1836, she returned to Paris, where, for some time, she enjoyed a pension from Louis Philippe, but finally removed to Florence. She died in May, 1839, at the age of fifty-seven. Of her four children, the oldest, Napoleon Achille Murat, (born in 1801,) came to the United States in 1820. Here he married, resided for a time in New York, then practiced as an advocate in Georgia, and afterward purchased a plantation in Florida. He visited Europe in 1831, and wrote a book "on the moral and political condition" of the people of the United States. He returned to this country, but finally, in 1839, again went to Europe and died in 1847. His younger brother, Napoleon Lucien Charles, (born in 1803,) went through a similar career—coming to the United States when young, marrying an American wife, entering into

practice as a lawyer in New York, and yet, notwithstanding this virtual naturalization, finally forced back to Europe by the ineradicable Napoleonic interest. His two sisters, (the one born in 1802, the other in 1805,) were married, the elder to a Count Rasponi, the younger to Count Pepoli, a well-known Italian patriot, who was driven as a political exile to London, where he obtained a professorship in a college.

Letitia Bonaparte, the mother of Napoleon, went to Rome, after the second abdication of her son; she lived to the extreme age of eighty-six, and died February 2, 1836. She was a woman of extraordinary vigor of mind, and possessed much pride and loftiness of spirit. Shortly after Napoleon's assumption of the imperial purple, happening to meet his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud, he, half-playfully, half-seriously, presented her his hand to kiss. She flung it back indignantly, and tendering her own, exclaimed, in the presence of her suite, "C'est á vous de baiser la main de celle qui vous a donné la vie"—"It is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life." Napoleon immediately stooped over his mother's hand, and affectionately kissed it.

From the period of the imprisonment of Napoleon at St. Helena, until his death, her mind seems to have been engrossed by one object—that being, whose pride she had reproved in the days of his brightest glory. Napoleon fully appreciated her love. "For me, (said he,) she would doom herself to live on brown bread." In October, 1818, she addressed an affecting appeal to the allied sovereigns assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle, in his behalf: "Sires, (said she,) I am a

mother, and my son's life is dearer to me than my own. In the name of Him whose essence is goodness, and of whom your imperial and royal majesties are the image, I entreat you to put a period to his misery and to restore him to liberty. For this, I implore God, and I implore you, who are his vicegerents on earth. Reasons of state have their limits; and posterity, which gives immortality, adores, above all things, the generosity of conquerors." The death of Madame Letitia, which was preceded by long and severe bodily suffering, took place in February, 1836, fifteen years after the decease of her imperial son at St. Helena, and nearly four after that of his sickly heir at Vienna. Of the eighty-six years that she had lived, fifty had been passed in widowhood — a widowhood how eventful!

Eugene Beauharnais, the son of Josephine, after the events of 1815, repaired to the court of his father-in-law, the King of Bavaria, where he received the title of Duke of Leuchtenberg. He died in 1824, in the forty-fourth year of his age, leaving two sons and four daughters. Most of these have made what may be called fortunate matches. Of the sons, Augustus espoused, in 1835, the young Queen of Portugal, Donna Maria, daughter of Don Pedro, but he unfortunately died shortly after the nuptials; the youngest, Maximilian, now Duke of Leuchtenberg, obtained, in 1839, the hand of the Grand Duchess Maria Nicolajewna, daughter of Nicholas, Czar of Russia. The eldest daughter, Josephine, is the present Queen of Sweden, having married Oscar, son of Bernadotte, in 1823. The second is the wife of a German prince; the third

married Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, and thereby became the mother-in-law of her own brother, the husband of Donna Maria; the fourth married a certain Count of Wurtemberg. To complete this medley of European alliances, the daughter of Stephanie, Grand Duchess of Baden, and niece of the Empress Josephine, has been recently united to a Scotch nobleman, the Marquis of Douglas, only son of the Duke of Hamilton, ranking one of the highest among the British peerage for martial ancestry and vast possessions.

No family, plebeian or patrician, has ever become so truly considerable and cosmopolitan, either as regards elevation or diffusion, as the Bonapartes. Napoleon was twice crowned; Joseph was successively King of Naples and of Spain; Louis was elevated to the throne of Holland, and afterward declined two other crowns; Jerome was made King of Westphalia; one of the sisters was a queen, and the others were elevated to high dignities. The immediate descendants of these have formed royal and aristocratic alliances. It cannot be denied that, on the whole, they have merited this distinction, for they have generally remained faithful to the cause of progress, in whose name they first obtained power. Their fortunes, for a time partially obscured, are again brightening. Scarcely had the Revolution of February, 1848, occurred, when, rising from their haunts in all parts of Europe, the various members of the family, with Jerome, the old ex-king of Westphalia at their head, hurried to the scene of action. France received them with open arms. At the first elections to the National Assembly three of them were returned as representatives — Pierre

Bonaparte, the second son of Lucien, and the brother of the ornithologist, aged thirty-three; Napoleon Bonaparte, the son of Jerome, aged twenty-six; and Napoleon Lucien Charles Murat, the former New York lawyer, aged forty-five. The case of Louis Napoleon, as we have seen, was more peculiar. People naturally hesitated before admitting to the benefits of republican citizenship so exceptional a personage as the imperialist adventurer of Strasbourg and Boulogne. Twice he was elected by several departments simultaneously, and twice he found himself compelled to decline the honor; and it was not till after the supplementary elections of September, 1848, when he was returned at the head of the poll for Paris, with a number of other candidates, that he was able to defy opposition and take his seat. Once restored to France, the outburst of opinion in his favor was instantaneous and universal. From Calais to the Pyrenees, from the Bay of Biscay to the Rhine, he was the hero of the hour. Lamartine, Cavaignac, and everybody else that had done an efficient thing, were forgotten; and the result of the great election of the 10th of December was, that, as if in posthumous justification of enterprises that the world till then had agreed to laugh at, the former prisoner of Ham was raised, by the suffrages of five millions of people, to the presidency of the French republic.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "COUP D' ETAT" AND EMPIRE.

THE act of the French nation which placed Louis Napoleon at the head of the Republic, and confided to his hands whatsoever remained of the authority of government, was undoubtedly as clear and emphatical an act of popular sovereignty as had ever been performed by a vast nation. It was scarcely less unanimous than that acclamation of the emancipated citizens of the United States which called the successful defender of our fortunes in the field, to be the sage and pacific founder of our federal constitution. Regarding, as we do, the will of the people to be the highest sanction of authority, and the safest rule of government, we must acknowledge that there has seldom been an election more absolute than that in France, December 10, 1848, which elevated Louis Napoleon to the presidency of that great nation. It set aside every conflicting claim ; it baffled every hostile calculation. The full consequences of the choice then made by the French people are not yet completely developed.

The first act of Louis Napoleon was to assure the Assembly and the country that he was devoted to republican principles and that the aim of his administration would be to develop and establish republican

institutions. "We have," he said, "a great mission to fulfill—it is, to found a republic in the interest of all, and a government, just and firm, which shall be animated by a sincere love of progress, without being either reactionary or Utopian. Let us be men of one country, not party men, and by the help of God we shall be able, at least, to do some good, if we are able to do no great things." The suffrages of the nation, he said, and his personal sentiments, commanded his future conduct, and imposed upon him duties which he would fufill as a man of honor. He would treat as enemies of the country whoever should attempt to subvert the constitution, and between him and the Assembly would exist the most perfect harmony of views. He would exert himself to place society on its real basis, and to relieve the sufferings of a people who had borne such generous and intelligent testimony. He would endeavor to restore to the government the moral force of which it stood in need, and to maintain peace and order. He had called around him men distinguished for talent and patriotism, who, notwithstanding the differences of their political origin, would assist him in consolidating the new institutions of the country. He then eulogized the becoming conduct and loyalty of which General Cavaignac had given so many and such signal proofs, and pledged himself strenuously to labor to accomplish the great mission of founding a republic.

The constitution of the republic, which Louis Napoleon had sworn to support, had been adopted by the National Assembly in November, 1848. It commenced by declaring France to be a republic. The

legislative power was conferred on an Assembly of nine hundred members, to be elected by universal suffrage. All Frenchmen of the age of twenty-one were constituted electors, and were to be eligible to office at the age of twenty-five. The executive power was vested in the president, to be elected for four years, and to be ineligible to re-election until after an interval of four years. A council of state was also constituted, consisting of forty members, to be elected by the Assembly, and were to hold office six years. They were to be consulted in prescribed cases, but were to have no voice respecting the finances, the state of the army, or the ratifications of treaties. The vice president of the republic was to be president of the council. It was provided that the constitution might be revised in case the Assembly, during the last year of its term, should vote any modification to be advisable.

From the outset, it was assumed by a large body of the Assembly, that Louis Napoleon would prove unfaithful to his oath, and endeavor to establish an imperial dynasty. With this view, an active opposition was organized, which, however well-grounded were their suspicions, or however patriotic their motives, could have no other tendency than to urge the President into the adoption of unauthorized, but decisive measures, for the maintenance of his authority.

Another circumstance rendered an ultimate collision between the President and the Assembly almost inevitable. The constitution of the republic had been adopted with extreme haste. The distinctive rights and duties of the Assembly and of the President had

not been defined with sufficient clearness. In the ex ercise of its prerogatives, either party was open tc the jealousy of the other. The Assembly comprised adherents of the elder and younger branches of the Bourbons, of socialists and ultra republicans. There was always a majority against Louis Napoleon, except when, playing faction against faction, party against party, he gained a momentary ascendancy. He had no power to prorogue or dissolve the Assembly, and thus permit the people by a new election to approve or condemn his policy. Being constrained to select his ministry from the majority of the existing Assembly, every measure he succeeded in carrying was accomplished through a new combination, and of course occasioned the formation of a new ministry. If an appeal to the people, through the dissolution of one Assembly and the election of another, could have been made, the great disaster which has befallen republican institutions in France, would probably have been avoided.

Every successive month, after the elevation of Louis Napoleon, exhibited an increasing hostility between the President and the Assembly. But throughout these difficulties, Louis Napoleon evinced a political skill and dexterity scarcely inferior to that manifested in the field by the Emperor Napoleon. Although his personal adherents in the Assembly never exceeded one-third of the members of that body, he managed to carry his measures by a division of his opponents. Every conflict with the Assembly considerably strengthened his popularity with the people, for he succeeded in convincing the middle classes that the

only hope of peace and stability rested on his possession of power. In one of his tours through the country, he visited Ham, the scene of his former imprisonment, and in a speech at a public banquet, made the following remarks : "Now that I am the choice of all France, because the legitimate chief of this great nation, I cannot glory in a captivity which had for its cause an attack against a regular government. When we see what evils follow even the most just revolutions, I can scarcely comprehend the audacity of having wished to take on myself the terrible responsibility of effecting a change. I do not, therefore, complain of having expiated in this place, by an imprisonment of six years, my rashness against the laws of my country; and it is with happiness that, in the very place of my suffering, I propose to you a toast in honor of—'the men who are determined, in spite of their convictions, to respect the institutions of their country.'"

It must not be forgotten, in an estimate of French affairs, that at the time of the Revolution of 1848, no great party out of Paris, was in favor of a republic. The monarchy was annulled by the excited populace of Paris, and a handful of resolute individuals, deeply penetrated with the conviction that all kings are mischievous, and prompted by a sincere desire to frame a government upon thoroughly democratic principles, seized the occasion when all was confusion, to decree a republic. Once decreed, no party thought it safe to unsettle a framework whose destruction might result in the greatest calamities. The probable rivalry between the Bonaparte, Bourbon and Orleans parties, in the event of the restoration of a dynasty, offered serious

objections to a resumption of monarchical government. Hence, the republic, once proclaimed, accepted by some foreign powers and rejected by some of its neighbors, became inevitable. But the whole career of the first Assembly was a series of intrigues against the President, of squabbles among its members, of assaults upon the liberties of the nation, of violations of its trust, and of decisions which gave the lie to its origin and its professions. Elected under a republic to perfect and consolidate republican institutions — commencing life by swearing allegiance and fidelity to the republic, it was in great part composed of Bourbons, Orleanists, and Bonapartists desirous of making Louis Napoleon Emperor. These parties made no secret of their actual views or of their ulterior designs. Probably not more than two hundred and fifty were genuine republicans, who were faithful to their important trust. The Orleanists openly visited Louis Philippe and intrigued for the return of the exiled family. The "legitimists" — adherents of the elder branch of the Bourbons — avowedly received their directions from Wiesbaden, where the representatives of that family resided. The Bonapartists openly sighed for the empire, and were encouraged by Louis Napoleon, although he remained professedly attached to the republic. A sadder, more factious, or more disreputable spectacle than that presented by President and Assembly, a free country had seldom seen. The legislative body turned around almost immediately upon the constituents who had elected them. They abolished universal suffrage by a majority of 466 to 223 and disfranchised three millions of electors. They sent an army to crush the

republic of Rome, then so gallantly fighting for its existence, by 469 votes to 180. They handed over the education of the youth of the country exclusively to the catholic clergy by 445 votes to 187. They enacted laws and sanctioned proceedings against the liberty of the press, more severe than Louis Philippe had ever ventured upon.

While the Assembly were thus conspiring against, and violating and discrediting the constitution to which they owed their existence, and which they had sworn to maintain, the conduct of the President seemed also unpatriotic and dishonest. Almost from the day of his inauguration, it was evident that he was determined on a re-election — by a revision of the constitution, if that could be obtained, if not, in defiance of the constitution. It is almost certain that he aimed. not only at a prolongation, but at an increase of his power. For this he flattered the army; for this he removed and appointed military and civil officers; for this he made concessions to the priests; for this he joined the majority which enacted the law restricting suffrage; and for this he afterward joined the republicans in demanding the repeal of that law. His actions appeared to display a patient, plodding, and unscrupulous ambition. But, on the other hand, he always evinced so much sagacity, and often such dignity; his language and bearing were moulded with such unerring tact to suit the tastes and fancies of the French people; and his personal objects, so far as they were seen, were supposed to harmonize so much with the apparent interests of the country, that his popularity evidently increased with all classes. His messages and speeches,

whatever may be thought of their sincerity, were always characterized by moderation and an apparent patriotism. His speech at a public banquet in Paris, on the first anniversary of his election to the presidency will serve as an example of the style and tone of his addresses :

"GENTLEMEN, — I thank the municipal body for having invited me to the hotel de ville, and for having to-day distributed bountiful assistance to the indigent. To relieve misfortune was in my eyes the best manner of celebrating the 10th of December. I shall not here recapitulate what we have done during the last year, but the only thing of which I am proud is of having, thanks to the men who have surrounded and who still surround me, maintained legality intact, and tranquillity without collision. The year which is about to commence will, I hope, be still more fertile in happy results, more particularly if all the great powers remain closely united. By great powers, I mean those elected by the people — the Assembly and the President. Yes, I have faith in their fruitful union; we shall march forward, instead of remaining motionless; for what gives irresistible force, even to the most humble mortal, is to have before him a great object to attain, and behind him a great cause to defend. For us, this cause is that of entire civilization. It is the cause of that enlightened and sacred liberty, which every day finds itself more and more threatened by the excesses which profane it. It is the cause of the laboring classes, whose welfare is incessantly compromised by those senseless theories which, by rousing the most brutal passions and the most legitimate fears, excite hatred against even the idea of ameliorations. It is the cause of the representative government, which loses its salutary prestige by the acrimony of the language, and the delays which arise in the adoption of the most useful measures. It is the cause of the grandeur and the independence of France; for, if the ideas which we oppose were to triumph, they would destroy our

finances, our army, our credit, and our preponderance, while forcing us to declare war against the whole of Europe. Never, therefore, has a cause been more just, more patriotic, and more sacred than ours. As to the object which we have to attain, it is as noble as the cause. It is not the pitiful copy of a past of any kind that we have to make, but it is to call on all men of heart and intelligence to consolidate something which is more grand than a charter, more durable than a dynasty—the eternal principles of religion and morality—at the same time as the new rules of a wholesome policy. The city of Paris, so intelligent, and which does not wish to remember the revolutionary agitations except to appease them, will understand a line of conduct which, in following the narrow path traced out by the constitution, permits the view of a vast horizon of hope and of security. It has been often said, that when honor is spoken of, it finds an echo in France. Let us hope that when reason is spoken of, it will find an equal echo in the minds as in the hearts of men devoted, before all things, to their country. I propose a toast—'To the city of Paris and to the municipal body.'"

For the double purpose of conciliating the pope, and of preventing the increase of Austrian influence in Italy, one of the earliest acts of Louis Napoleon was, to send an army, under the command of General Oudinot, against the republicans of Rome, who had driven the pope from his dominions and established a liberal government. Pope Pius IX., who commenced his pontificate in 1846, was at first inclined to favor many reforms in the papal states; but in the revolutionary movement, which swept like a hurricane over the thrones of Europe in 1848, he found his people desirous of obtaining more thorough reforms than he was willing to grant, and in the conflict which ensued, the republicans obtained the mastery. A brief notice of

these events cannot be without interest, as they are intimately connected with the development of Louis Napoleon's policy.

About thirty years before his elevation to the papacy, Pius IX. had been one of the gayest, handsomest and most fascinating gentlemen in Italy; and was on the eve of marriage with a lovely and noble lady, to whom he was tenderly attached, when death suddenly deprived him of his treasure. Her loss occasioned him such deep sorrow, that he renounced the hopes and pleasures of the world, and became a priest. He had, until then, borne the epaulettes of the Austrian service, and was distinguished among his companions by his proud and gallant bearing. Now, his martial ardor was exchanged for a martyr's zeal, and he went as a missionary to preach the gospel among the tribes of South America. In vain did he expose himself to the toils and perils incident to this life of self-devotion; he survived them all; and after an absence of some years, returned to Italy, whither he had been recalled by his superiors. Here his worth and merit soon became known. He was shortly afterward appointed bishop of Imola, then archbishop, next cardinal, and now he had been elected pope at the age of fifty-four years!—a circumstance almost unprecedented in the annals of the sacred college. The popularity of the new pontiff was still more apparent on the day of his coronation. On that morning, his name was repeated with the wildest enthusiasm by the vast masses of people who thronged the streets to witness the solemnities of the day. The enthusiasm of the Romans did not end with these splendid and solemn

ceremonies of the coronation. All men spoke of Pius IX. as being the dispenser of no empty blessing; but that he came to bear liberty to the nations, redress to the wronged, and consolation to the afflicted. Such, truly, seemed to be his ambition.

During the first two years of his pontificate, many deeds of goodness and of mercy crowned his life. Wheresoever misery appeared among the Romans, there also was Pius IX. to be found, lending his best endeavors to relieve or allay it. On one occasion, when a certain district near Rome was deluged by the overflowing of the Tiber, so that the wretched inhabitants were flooded in their dwellings, and they themselves exposed to the complicated miseries of want, and of exposure to the inclemency of the weather, tidings of their misfortune reached the pontiff's ear. Not content with sending some aid to the sufferers, he resolved to inspect their condition himself, and mounting his horse, rode off briskly to the scene of distress, followed by the cardinals, who, accustomed only to lounge luxuriously in their coaches, inwardly cursed the active benevolence of their new pope, which would not suffer him to indulge in lazy benevolence. Pius IX., on his accession to the papal chair, found himself placed in circumstances so intricate and perplexing, that it would have required the highest genius to direct them to a happy issue. By nature benevolent and firm, with a strong sense of justice, possessing an intelligent and cultivated mind, he longed to give freedom to his people, and to ameliorate their condition, morally as well as physically. At the same time, his attachment to the church was ardent and sincere; and

while he was full of indulgence toward his people, he was inflexible in his reform of ecclesiastical abuses, and was the practical opponent of all priestly tyranny. Many anecdotes, corroborative of this assertion, have been afloat in the world. We will relate but one, which has reached us from an authentic source. A rich Italian noble, desiring in his old age to atone for the sins of his youth, was advised by his confessor to bestow the bulk of his property on the church. He had two nephews, who expected to inherit his fortune, but, swayed by priestly counsel, he assigned to each of them only a small annuity, and made a will, disposing of his vast wealth in favor of the priest who should chance to say the first mass for his soul on the day of his funeral. This will was safely deposited with the proto-notary of the Holy See. The nobleman soon afterward died, and the proto-notary, on opening his will, immediately communicated its contents to the sovereign pontiff. It was late at night when this news reached him; but the following morning he rose before the dawn, hastened to the chapel where the funeral rites were to be formed, ordered the doors to be opened, and offered immediately the sacrifice of the mass. Having thus constituted himself the universal legatee, the holy father at once sent for the nephews of the deceased, and yielded into their hands the whole of their uncle's fortune.

The letter of a distinguished Italian refugee, dated from Rome, in January, 1847, just after an interview with the pope, of whose benignity and good intentions he speaks with enthusiasm, thus describes his first impressions of Pius IX.:—"I think the pope is a rare

and an evangelical man. I found as much facility in expressing my opinions to him as if he had been only my equal. We spoke long on the political condition of the country, on its industrial resources, and on the liberty of the press. After much thoughtfulness of aspect and manner, he approached me with an air of confidence. 'Son, (said he,) I cannot *totally* change the form of government!'" Here was the seed of future dissensions. Pius IX. was sincere in his desire to reform civil as well as ecclesiastical abuses, but he was not prepared to grant the institutions which were desired by his people. His first prepossessions were all in favor of freedom and progress. He granted liberty of the press, and became quickly alarmed at its license: he appointed a civic guard, and was surprised to find that its ardor could not be confined within the limits he had assigned to it; he named a council consisting chiefly of laymen, who were to assist him in the administration of civil affairs, and listened with dismay to the cries for a representative assembly, who should have the right of governing the country as well as of advising its chief.

Whether the pope was unequal to the task now assigned to him, of guiding the vessel of St. Peter amid the storms of a revolutionary period, or whether the task he had undertaken was one too difficult for the ablest mortal to accomplish, we do not pretend to decide. Suffice it to say, that early in the year 1849, symptoms of reaction began to appear. The Romans became more exacting, and their sovereign less willing to concede the privileges they desired. The appointment of Rossi, an Italian by birth, but a foreigner by

prejudice as well as habit, to the post of prime minister, exasperated the people, and diminished the pope's popularity.

Rossi set about the business of suppressing the democratic movement, and from his eminent talents and resolute character it was believed that he would succeed. His avowed hostility to the people caused him to be regarded with hostility in turn, and finally on the 15th November, 1849, he was assassinated in the street, as he was proceeding to open the Chambers. It is not known whether this act was the result of a conspiracy, or of a sudden impulse on the part of the assassin. The plans of the reactionary party were deranged by the death of their leader, while the smouldering indignation of the Roman people broke out in open revolt. The next day they surrounded the pontifical palace in large numbers, demanding of the monarch the promulgation and full adoption of Italian nationality as the basis of his policy, together with the convocation of a constituent assembly and the formation of a federal compact for the whole Italian peninsula, the declaration of war against Austria, and the appointment of ministers possessing the public confidence. To these demands the pope first replied evasively, and then, being pressed for an answer, flatly refused. This was followed by a quarrel between one of the sentinels and the people near him, in the course of which the sentinel was disarmed; the guards then closed the gates of the palace and prepared for a decided resistance. Demonstrations were made of a design to attack, whereupon they fired and scattered the assailants, killing a few of them; but the number

increased, and returned the shots. At last a truce was proclaimed, and another deputation admitted to the pope, who was informed that if the resistance were protracted, the palace would be stormed and all its occupants except himself put to death. Hereupon, he yielded so far as to appoint the ministry required, and the multitude quietly dispersed; nor was any violence subsequently offered to either his residence or his friends.

Pius, however, refused to participate in the action of the ministry which he had thus appointed. He remained in Rome eight days after these events, and finally, on the night of November 23d, 1848, left the city and went to Gaeta. The King of Naples received him with great satisfaction, and provided for his entertainment and that of his suite, in the most lavish manner. It was a great triumph for him, and for the whole band of European tyrants, that the man who had set the revolution on foot should thus come to them for refuge, after having recanted all his former imprudent liberality, and fled from his capital in disguise, by night. The popular movement, they reasoned, had suffered a great loss, when the head of the church became arrayed against it.

At the time of the pope's flight, the electioneering campaign was being prosecuted in France, where Cavaignac was making strenuous efforts to defeat Louis Napoleon. He at once comprehended that the position of the pope might be turned into political capital for himself, and lost not a moment in taking the steps necessary in order to appear to catholic voters, the special friend of the pontiff. An eminent diplomatist was

dispatched to solicit his Holiness to seek a refuge in France, and the minister of education and public worship hurried to Marseilles to receive the expected guest with all possible honors. The maneuver was, however, unsuccessful; Pius IX. preferred the cordialities of the King of Naples to the attractions of the hero of June, and the election resulted in Louis Napoleon becoming President, and in the defeat of Cavaignac.

The new President of France was not slow to perceive that his own aspirations to increased power would be advanced by a papal alliance, and lost no time in urging the French Assembly to send an army to Rome. The ostensible purpose of the proposed expedition was to prevent the increase of Austrian influence in Italy. Under the command of General Oudinot, an army was sent to Rome, which, after a campaign of several months, succeeded in putting down the new republic and in restoring the pope to power. The French army finally entered Rome, which was stoutly defended by the republican government — freedom was crushed — the pope was reinstated. But Pius IX. entered the "eternal city" a changed man. The honest zeal in behalf of reform which he entertained on his inauguration as pope, was transmuted into an embittered and determined support of absolutism. The blessings which had been showered upon him less than four years previous, by a grateful people, were changed to execrations. He entered his palace stealthily and at night, fearing assassination from the very men who so recently would have confronted death in his defense.

May 31, 1850, the French Assembly, with a lack of prudence quite incomprehensible, adopted a law which,

while it weakened their own popularity with the people, greatly increased the strength of the President. In a revision of the electoral law, so many restrictions were thrown around the right of suffrage that no less than three millions of voters were disfranchised. The constitutionality of this measure was doubtful, while it was manifestly impolitic.

The question of a revision of the constitution was brought before the Assembly early in 1851, in accordance with a provision of the constitution. It was the occasion of some very exciting and stormy debates. The plans and wishes of parties were then fully developed. The Bonapartists desired an alteration in only a single point: that which rendered the President ineligible to a second term at the conclusion of the first. The monarchists favored a revision, for they hoped to effect an entire abolition of the republican constitution, and the establishment of a monarchy—one party being eager for the restoration of the elder branch of the Bourbons, the other for the elevation of the heir of Louis Philippe. The republicans, who constituted a minority in the Assembly, united in opposing a revision. Defective as they felt the constitution to be, they feared that republican institutions would be endangered by any alteration at that time. The debates in the Assembly on the subject increased in bitterness and acrimony from day to day, sometimes hardly stopping short of personal violence. In July, 1851, a vote was taken on the question of a revision. The whole number of votes cast was 724; of these 446 were in favor of revision, and 278 against it. Three fourths of the votes cast was the number constitutionally

required to carry the proposition; so that it failed by nearly a hundred votes. By a rule of the Assembly the subject could not again be introduced until after the expiration of three months.

Early in November, Louis Napoleon, (who had favored a revision of the constitution in the expectation that his ineligibility to a re-election would be removed,) sent his annual message to the Assembly. It opened by proclaiming the continued preservation of peace, but expressed the apprehension that this tranquillity was in much danger. A vast conspiracy, the President said, had been organizing throughout Europe, for the overthrow of existing governments. The approaching election in France, he suggested as the period fixed upon for the outbreak of the revolutionary movement. He expressed his reliance upon the patriotism of the Assembly to save France from these perils. The best means of doing this, he urged, was to satisfy the legitimate wants of the French people, and to put down, on their first appearance, all attacks on religion, morality, or society. "Well, then, (proceeds the President,) I have asked myself whether, in presence of the madness of passions, the confusion of doctrines, the division of parties—when every thing is leaguing together to deprive justice, morality, and authority of their last prestige—whether, I say, we ought to allow the only principle to be shaken which, in the midst of the general chaos, Providence has left upstanding as our rallying point? When universal suffrage has again upraised the social edifice, when it has substituted a right for a revolutionary act, ought its base to be any longer narrowed? When new powers shall come to

preside over the destinies of the country, is it not to compromise their stability in advance to leave a pretext for discussing their origin or doubting their legitimacy? No doubt on this subject can be entertained; and without for a moment departing from the policy of order which I have always pursued, I have seen myself, to my deep regret, obliged to separate myself from a ministry which possessed my full confidence and esteem, to choose another, composed also of honorable men, known for their conservative opinions, but who are willing to admit the necessity of re-establishing universal suffrage on the largest possible base. In consequence, there will be presented to you a bill to restore that principle in all its plenitude, in preserving such parts of the law of May 31 as free universal suffrage from its impure elements, and render its application more just and more regular." The law of May 31, he said, disfranchised three millions of electors, most of whom were peaceable inhabitants of the country. It gave an impetus to the revolutionary spirit by denying to the people their just rights. He concluded by saying, that, "To restore universal suffrage is to deprive civil war of its flag, and the opposition of their last argument; it is to afford to France an opportunity of giving herself institutions which will insure her repose; it will be to bestow on the powers to come that moral repose which exists only when resting on a consecrated principle and an incontestable authority."

Immediately after the reading of the message, one of the ministry proposed the repeal of the law restricting the right of suffrage, and the re-establishment of the electoral law of March 15, 1849, by which all

citizens twenty-one years old, and having resided six months in the commune, (or electoral district,) were declared electors. The minister, on presenting this law demanded its immediate consideration. A warm debate followed, and the demand was rejected by a large majority. The bill was then referred to a committee, which reported the succeeding week. The report was very explicit against universal suffrage, and closed by advising that the bill be rejected at once, without passing even to the second reading. This was carried by a vote of 355 to 348 — a majority of *seven* against the government. During the debate, one of the friends of Louis Napoleon asked, "Is it not probable that the disfranchised electors will present themselves at the elections in May, 1852, and declare their determination to vote?" This was regarded as an invitation to the people to pursue such a course, and created much excitement.

On the 25th of November, the President made a brief but significant speech, on distributing to the manufacturers the prizes they had won by the articles exhibited at the World's Exhibition. After expressing his satisfaction at the proofs of French genius and skill which had been afforded at the Exhibition, he proceeded to speak of the check upon industry which the continued machinations of evil men in France could not fail to create. On the one hand France was disturbed by demagogical ideas, and on the other by monarchical hallucinations. The former disseminate everywhere error and falsehood. "Disquietude goes before them, and deception follows them, while the resources employed in repressing them are so much

oss to the most pressing ameliorations and to the relief of misery. The schemes of monarchists impede all progress, all serious labor; for in place of an advance, the country is forced to have recourse to a struggle. The efforts of both, however, will be in vain." And the President exhorted the manufacturers to continue their labors. "Undertake them without fear, for they will prevent the want of occupation during the winter. Do not dread the future; tranquillity will be maintained, come what may. A government which relies for support on the entire mass of the nation, which has no other motive of action than the public good, and which is animated by that ardent faith which is a sure guide even through a space in which there is no path traced: that government, I say, will know how to fulfill its mission, for it has in it that right which comes from the people, and that force which comes from God." This speech created a profound sensation, and elicited general discussion. The "Constitutionnel," the organ of Louis Napoleon, added to the excitement by an article proclaiming the existence of a monarchical conspiracy, and menacing that section of the Assembly with instant seizure and imprisonment upon the first movement toward the accomplishment of their plans.

The crisis was fast approaching. A law was proposed authorizing the impeachment of the President in case he should seek a re-election in violation of the provisions of the constitution. In addition to this measure, it was rumored through Paris, that a decree of accusation would be brought against Louis Napoleon, charging him with treason, and ordering his arrest. This brought on the final struggle between the

President and the Assembly. He had already made preparations for a *coup d'etat*.* This he had done with the utmost secrecy, no one being in his confidence, until the hour of putting his plans into execution had arrived. In the mean time, he appeared perfectly unconcerned, and seemed more deeply engaged in the gayeties of social life than in political intrigues. On the night of Monday, December 1st, he entertained a large party at his palace, and was unusually attentive to his guests until a late hour.

On the morning of the 2d of December, 1851, the inhabitants of Paris awoke to find the city occupied by troops, and a decree by the President, posted on every wall, announcing the dissolution of the National Assembly, the restoration of universal suffrage, and the establishment of martial law throughout Paris. There were also proclamations addressed to the people and to the army. The first of these was as follows:

"APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

"FRENCHMEN,—The present situation cannot last much longer. Each day the condition of the country becomes worse. The Assembly, which ought to be the firmest supporter of order, has become a theater of plots. The patriotism of 300 of its members could not arrest its fatal tendencies. In place of making laws for the general interest of the people, it was forging arms for civil war. It attacked the power I hold directly from the people; it encouraged every evil passion; it endangered the repose of France. I have dissolved it, and I make the whole people judge between me and it. The constitution, as you know, had been made with the object of weakening beforehand

* A sudden and decisive measure in politics, sometimes, as in the present instance, of an illegal and revolutionary character and justified on the ground of extreme necessity

the powers you intrusted to me. Six millions of votes were a striking protest against it, and yet I have faithfully observed it. Provocations, calumnies, outrages, found me passive. But now that the fundamental part is no longer respected by those who incessantly invoke it, and the men who have already destroyed two monarchies wish to tie up my hands in order to overthrow the republic, my duty is to baffle their perfidious projects, to maintain the republic and to save the country by appealing to the solemn judgments of the only sovereign I recognize in France — the people.

"I, then, make a loyal appeal to the entire nation; and I say to you, if you wish to continue this state of disquietude and maladministration that degrades you and endangers the future — choose another person in my place, for I no longer wish for a place which is powerless for good, but which makes me responsible for acts that I cannot hinder, and chains me to the helm when I see the vessel rushing into the abyss! If, on the contrary, you have still confidence in me, give me the means of accomplishing the grand mission I hold from you. That mission consists in closing the era of revolution, in satisfying the legitimate wants of the people, and in protecting them against subversive passions. It consists, especially, in creating institutions which survive men, and which are the foundation on which something durable is based."

"Persuaded," said the President, in another proclamation, "that the instability of the government and the preponderance of a single Assembly, are permanent causes of trouble and disorder, I submit to your suffrages the following fundamental basis of a constitution which assemblies will develop afterward: — 1. A responsible head, named for ten years. 2. Ministers dependent on the executive power alone. 3. A council of state, formed of the most eminent men, preparing the laws and supporting the discussion of them before the legislative body. 4. A legislative body

discussing and voting laws, named by universal suffrage. 5. A second Assembly, formed of all the illustrious of the country, a preponderating power, guardian of the fundamental compact and of public liberties. The system created by the First Consul at the commencement of the century has already given to France repose and prosperity; and it would again guarantee them to it. Such is my profound conviction. If you share in it, declare it by your suffrages. If, on the contrary, you prefer a government with strength, monarchical or republican, borrowed from I know not what past, or from some chimerical future, reply negatively. Thus, then, for the first time since 1804, you will vote with a knowledge of what you are doing, in knowing well for whom and for what. If I do not obtain the majority of your suffrages, I will then call for the meeting of a new Assembly, and I will give up the charge which I have received from you. But if you believe that the cause of which my name is the symbol — that is to say, France regenerated by the Revolution of '89, and organized by the Emperor — is still your own, proclaim it by consecrating the powers which I ask from you. Then France and Europe will be preserved from anarchy, obstacles will be removed, rivalries will have disappeared, for all will respect, in the decision of the people, the decree of Providence.—Given at the palace of the Elysées, this second day of December, 1851."

The events of the preceding night gradually became known to the astonished citizens of Paris. At an early hour in the morning, many of the leading members of the Assembly had been arrested and sent to prison. The President's proclamations, which had

been privately printed, were posted on the walls. About 130,000 troops—those on whom Louis Napoleon could implicitly rely—had been silently con centrated near Paris, and now occupied positions which commanded almost the entire city. So secretly had the measures of the usurper been concerted and carried into execution, that his purposes were scarcely suspected—and every thing had been so admirably arranged, every contingency had been provided for with such consummate ability, that none of the plans of Louis Napoleon failed. So quietly were all things accomplished, that the people of Paris were utterly ignorant of what was going on. They awoke to find the chief members of the National Assembly in prison, and Louis Napoleon absolute dictator of France. Not a man was left of sufficient ability and popularity to rally the people against this sudden and extraordinary usurpation.

The official account of the arrest of some of the principal persons whose influence was feared by Louis Napoleon, is highly interesting, as it brings out some of their most striking points of character. The details generally are supposed to be quite accurate. The person whose arrest was deemed most important of all to the President, was General Changarnier, who possessed, in an eminent degree, the confidence and affection of the army. The affair was intrusted to a commissary of police in whom Louis Napoleon had implicit confidence. This officer and his followers forcibly entered the house where the general resided, and repaired to his bed-room. As the door was burst open, the general was seen standing with a loaded

pistol in each hand; the commissary seized hold of his arms, and struck down his weapons, saying, "What are you about, general? Your life is in no danger; wherefore defend it?" The general remained calm, surrendered his pistols, and said, "I am at your orders; I am going to dress myself." The general was dressed by his servant, and observed to the commissary, "I know M. de Maupas to be a gentleman; have the kindness to tell him that I trust to his courtesy not to deprive me of my domestic, whose services are indispensable to me." This request was at once acceded to. During the journey, and while in the carriage, General Changarnier discoursed of the events of the day. "The President's re-election," said he, "was certain; there was no necessity for him to have recourse to a *coup d'etat;* he is giving himself much needless trouble." And he subsequently added, "When the President embarks in a foreign war, he will be glad to seek me out, and intrust me with the command of an army."

The arrest of General Cavaignac was also peaceably effected. The commissary rung at the door of his apartment, and inquired for the general. At first a female voice replied, "He is not within." A moment afterward the commissary rung again; and a man's voice inquired, "Who's there?" "Commissary of police! Open in the name of the law." "I shall not open!" "Then, general, I shall force the door." The general then opened it himself. The commissary said to him, "General, you are my prisoner! Resistance is useless; I have taken all due measures. I have been ordered to make sure of your person by virtue

of a warrant which I will read to you." "It is needless!" The general showed signs of exasperation. He smote on a marble table, and used violent expressions. On the commissary trying to calm him, the general eyed him steadily, and said, "What do you mean by arresting me? Give me your names." "We will not conceal them from you, general; but this is not the time. You must dress yourself, and follow us." The general became tranquil, and said, "Very well, sir, I am ready to follow you; only give me time to dress; send out your people." He asked permission to write, and leave was given him to do so. When the general was ready, he said to the commissary, "I have only one favor to ask you—it is, to allow me to go to my place of destination with you only." The commissary consented. During the journey, the general was much engaged in thought, and he only spoke once. "Am I the only one arrested?" "General, I am not called on to reply to that question." "Where are you taking me to!" "To the Mazas prison."

General Lamoriciere was also taken by surprise He first took the police officer for a thief, but being assured of the nature of the visitation, he submitted. The officer said to him—"General, I have received orders from the prefect of police to treat you with all possible deference. I am, accordingly, desirous to show you every attention in my power; and if you will but give me your word of honor that you will make no attempt to escape, I shall consider it my duty to place you in a private carriage, with none but myself to keep watch upon you." "I give you nothing. I

answer for nothing. Deal with me as you will." He was thereupon conducted to a hackney-coach, with an escort of police. As they reached the post of the legion of honor, the general put his head out of the window and attempted to harangue the troops. The commissary did not give him time to utter a single word, but intimated to him that he should feel himself called upon to resort to rigorous measures did he repeat his attempt. The general answered, "Act as you please." On his arrival at the Mazas prison, the general displayed more calmness. He requested the commissary not to seize his valuable weapons, and to send him some cigars and the history of the French Revolution. The commissary complied with his request.

General Leflo took matters less coolly. He said to the commissary, "Napoleon wishes to make a *coup d' etat!* We'll shoot him at Vincennes. As for you, we'll shoot you along with him." The commissary replied that resistance was out of the question; that a state of siege was the order of the day, and that he knew full well the consequences of such a crisis.

Colonel Chanas, another of those chosen as the first victims of the President's power, because they were most feared by him, at first refused admission to the commissary selected to arrest him, but seeing that his door was about to be beaten down, he exclaimed, "Hold! I'll open." The commissary told him of the warrant against him. The colonel said, "I foresaw it right well; I expected as much. Escape was easy, but I would not quit my post. I thought that this would have taken place two days earlier, and thinking so I had loaded my pistol; but I have withdrawn the

charge:' and he pointed to a double-barreled pistol which lay on a piece of furniture. The commissary a once took possession of it. "Had you come on that day, (said the colonel,) I would have blown your brains out." He entered the carriage without offering the slightest resistance. During the journey he requested to know whither he was being conducted. As the commissary hesitated in his reply, he said, "Are you taking me to be shot?" He was informed that his destination was the Mazas prison.

Thiers, always so watchful where his own interests are concerned, was found in his bed, fast asleep. The commissary drew aside the curtains of crimson damask, with white muslin lining, woke up Thiers, and informed him of his calling and commission. Thiers started up in bed, raised his hand to his eyes, over which a white cotton cap was drawn, and said, "What is the matter?" "I am about to search your apartments; but compose yourself, no harm will be done to you, your life is in no danger." This last assurance appeared very necessary, inasmuch as Thiers exhibited great consternation. "But what mean you to do? Do you know that I am a representative?" "Yes, but I cannot discuss the point with you, I am merely to obey orders." "But what you are now doing may cost you your head." "Nothing shall hinder me from accomplishing my duty" "But you are making a *coup d'etat?*" "I cannot answer your arguments, but have the kindness to rise." "Do you know whether I am the only one in this present predicament?—are my colleagues similarly treated?" "I do not know, sir.' Thiers rose and slowly dressed himself, rejecting the

assistance of the agents. Suddenly he said to the commissary, "Supposing, sir, that I were to blow your brains out?" "I believe you incapable of such an act, Monsieur Thiers; but at all events I have taken every precaution; I am at no loss for the means to prevent the execution of your threat." "But do you know what law is? Are you aware that you are violating the constitution?" "I have received no instructions to hold an argument with you; besides, you are by far my superior in intellect. All I have to do is to act in obedience to my orders, as I should have acted in obedience to yours when you were minister for the home department." The search made in Thiers' study led to the discovery of no political correspondence. Upon the commissary expressing his surprise at this circumstance, Thiers replied that he had for some considerable period been in the habit of forwarding his political correspondence to England, and that nothing would be found on his premises. The versatile statesman, after a brief detention, was hurried out of the country, instead of being sent to prison with his companions.

When the members of the National Assembly learned that many of their colleagues had been arrested, they hurried to the halls of legislation. These they found surrounded by troops who obstructed their entrance. They then withdrew to another part of the city, where, to the number of three hundred, they organized the Assembly, and adopted the following decree with almost entire unanimity:

"In pursuance of article 68 of the constitution, viz:
"'The President of the republic, the ministers, the

agents, and depositaries of public authority, are responsible, each in what concerns themselves respectively, for all the acts of the government and the administration. Any measure by which the President of the republic dissolves the National Assembly, prorogues it, or places obstacles in the exercise of its powers, is a crime of high treason. By this act merely, the President is deprived of all authority, the citizens are bound to withhold their obedience, the executive power passes in full right to the National Assembly. The judges of the high court of justice will meet immediately, under pain of forfeiture; they will convoke the juries in the place which they will select, to proceed to the judgment of the President and his accomplices; they will nominate the magistrates charged to fulfill the duties of public ministers;'—

"And seeing that the National Assembly is prevented by violence from exercising its powers, it decrees as follows, viz.:

"Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is deprived of all authority as President of the Republic. The citizens are enjoined to withhold their obedience. The executive power has passed in full right to the National Assembly. The judges of the high court of justice are enjoined to meet immediately under pain of forfeiture, to proceed to the judgment of the President and his ccomplices; consequently, all the officers and functionaries of power and of public authority are bound to obey all requisitions made in the name of the National Assembly, under pain of forfeiture and of high treason.—Done and decreed unanimously in public sitting, this 2d of December, 1851."

This decree received the signature of three hundred members of the Assembly. Another was adopted, appointing General Oudinot commander of the public forces. These decrees had scarcely been signed by all the members present, and deposited in a place of safety, when a band of soldiers, headed by their officers, sword in hand, appeared at the door, without

however, daring to enter the apartment. The Assembly awaited them in perfect silence. The president alone raised his voice, read the decrees which had just been passed, to the soldiers, and ordered them to retire. They hesitated. The officers, pale and undecided, declared they would go for further orders. They retired, contenting themselves with blockading the passages leading to the apartment. The Assembly, not being able to go out, ordered the windows to be opened, and caused the decrees to be read to the people and the troops in the street below, especially that decree which, in pursuance of the 68th article of the constitution, pronounced the deposition and impeachment of Louis Napoleon. Soon, however, the soldiers re-appeared at the door, preceded this time by two police officers. These men, amid the unbroken silence of the Assembly, summoned the representatives to disperse. The president ordered the officers to retire. One was agitated, and faltered; the other broke out in invectives. The president said to him, "Sir, we are here the lawful authority, and sole representatives of law and of right. We will not disperse. Seize us, and convey us to prison." "All, all!" exclaimed the members of the Assembly. After much hesitation, the police officers caused the two presidents to be seized by the collar. The whole body then rose, and arm-in-arm, two-and-two, they followed the presidents, and all were marched off through the streets, to the various prisons, without knowing whither they were going.

When the Assembly was thus destroyed, measures were taken to disarm the power of the press. All the offices of the journals were occupied by the military,

and none of the journals, except the government organs, were allowed to appear. During the whole of this day the people remained quiet and apparently indifferent, and there was so little alarm that even the jewelers' shops remained open as usual.

On the following morning, Wednesday, the 3d, a decree was promulgated regulating the proposed election. It convoked the people in their districts, for the 14th of the month, to reject or accept the following declaration:—"The French people wills the maintenance of the authority of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, and delegates to him the powers necessary to frame a constitution on the basis proposed in his proclamation of the 2d December." All Frenchmen aged twenty one, and enjoying their civil rights, were called on to vote. The period of voting to be the eight days ending on the 21st of December. The minister of war addressed a circular to the generals of the army and the chiefs of corps, ordering that the soldiers were to vote for the election of a president within forty-eight hours from the receipt of the circular. A provisional consultative commission, in lieu of the abolished council of state, was appointed, embracing eighty distinguished members of the late National Assembly.

The tranquillity which had hitherto prevailed was first interrupted on this day. A member of the late Assembly, M. Baudin, appeared on horseback in the Rue St. Antoine, followed by several other members, and endeavored to excite the workmen to rise. He succeeded in getting together a small body, who threw up two slight barricades. Troops were instantly marched against them, and, after a brief skirmish, the

barricades were taken, Baudin and another representative being killed on the spot, and several of their followers wounded. Decrees were immediately put forth by the chief of police and the minister of war, declaring that every person taken in the act of erecting or defending a barricade, or bearing arms, should suffer according to the most rigorous laws of war. Groups were to be dispersed by the armed force and without previous notice; and the circulation of public carriages was prohibited. During Wednesday night, several representatives passed through the streets, attempting to address the people; but they were everywhere prevented. The body of one of the representatives, shot at the barricade in the Rue St. Antoine, was put on a litter and carried through several streets. As it passed along, causing great excitement in its course, the bearers were met by troops, and turned into a by-street. Here there was such resistance that the troops charged, and fired; and two of the men carrying the corpse were killed. Proclamations signed by various persons, calling on the people to fight and offering to lead them, were posted in a multitude of places, but were speedily observed and removed.

Thursday, the 4th, opened gloomily. From an early hour of the morning, the people were astir, and temporary barricades were thrown up here and there, but abandoned on the appearance of the troops, whom it appeared to be the wish of the populace to harass. The alarm began to spread, and the shops in the neighborhood of the disturbed quarters remained closed. Barricades of a more formidable character were thrown up — amounting in all to more than a hundred — before

information could be forwarded to the troops. Before twelve o'clock the aspect of affairs became so serious that all the small posts of soldiers were withdrawn, to prevent their being surprised and disarmed by the people, and shortly afterward three or four regiments of cavalry and as many of infantry, with six battalions of artillery, were marched upon the disaffected quarters, and fierce and determined conflicts commenced at the barricades. Charges by large bodies of lancers were made every five minutes, to clear the principal streets. No quarter was given by the soldiers, who shot all that resisted them.

Before two o'clock there were 30,000 troops in the streets, and the most peremptory orders were issued by the officers, that the windows of the houses should be kept closed, and that no persons should show themselves in the balconies or they would be fired at. Volleys were fired at windows, and many persons were killed. In the middle of the day a formidable attempt was made by the people, moving from different quarters, to get possession of the bank and the post-office; but the large force stationed near these having deployed into line, the populace, after firing a few volleys, retreated. During the greater part of the day the bank was partially blockaded, as by some accident the communication with the main body of the troops was not kept up, and the one hundred and fifty soldiers stationed there were without provisions, the barricades erected in the neighborhood cutting off their communication and supplies. At four o'clock, however, the barricades were carried, and the garrison relieved. At eight o'clock in the evening, tranquillity had been

restored, the fighting had ceased on all sides, the populace appeared to have been completely disheartened by their want of success, and the harassed troops were permitted to repose after their bloody victory.

From the departments, meantime, came news of resistance. In the frontier districts of the south-east particularly—the whole valley of the Rhone, in fact the whole region from Joigny to Lyons, including several departments, the rural population rose in great strength against the usurpation. There was very hard fighting in the Nievre, in the Herault, and in the frontier districts of the Sardinian and Swiss Alps, and in many places the contest was distinguished by atrocities. In the course of two or three days, however, all resistance was quelled.

Preparations were made for the election. The army voted first, and of course its vote was nearly unanimous in favor of Louis Napoleon. The popular election was to take place on Saturday and Sunday, the 20th and 21st of December. The simple question submitted was, whether Louis Napoleon should remain at the head of the state ten years, or not. No other candidate was allowed to be named. The official returns show 7,439,219 votes in his favor, and 640,737 against him. On New Year's day, the issue of the election was celebrated with more than royal magnificence. Cannon were fired in the morning—seventy discharges in all, ten for each million of votes recorded in his favor; and at noon the President went to Nôtre Dame, the principal church of Paris, where the event was celebrated with the most gorgeous and dazzling pomp

The scene was theatrical and imposing. All Paris was covered with troops, and the day was one of universal observance. From Nôtre Dame, Louis Napoleon returned to the Tuileries, where the reception of the authorities took place, and a banquet was given at which four hundred persons sat down. The day before, he had received the formal announcement by the consultative commission of the result of the election. M. Baroche, the president of the commission, in announcing it, said that, "France confided in his courage, his elevated good-sense, and his love; no government ever rested on a basis more extensive, or had an origin more legitimate and worthy of the respect of nations." In reply, Louis Napoleon said that France had comprehended that he departed from legality only to return to right: that she had absolved him, by justifying an act which had no other object than to save France, and perhaps Europe, from years of trouble and anarchy: that he felt all the grandeur of his new mission, and did not deceive himself as to its difficulties. He hoped to secure the destinies of France, by founding institutions which respond at the same time to the democratic instincts of the nation, and to the desire to have, henceforth, a strong and respected government.

On the 14th of January the new constitution was decreed. In the proclamation accompanying it, the President said that, not having the vanity to substitute a personal theory for the experience of centuries, he sought in the past for examples that might best be followed; and he said to himself, "Since France has made progress during the last fifty years, in virtue alone of the administrative, military, judicial, religious, and

financial organization of the Consulate and the Empire, why should not we also adopt the political institutions of that epoch?" After sketching the condition of the various interests of France, for the purpose of showing that it had been created by the administration of the Emperor, Louis Napoleon declared the principal features of the constitution established by the Emperor had been adopted, as the foundation of the new constitution which he submitted to the people. The constitution consists of seven sections. The government is intrusted to Louis Napoleon, actual President of the Republic, for ten years: he governs by means of the ministers, the council of state, the senate, and the legislative body. He is responsible to the French people, to whom he has the right always to appeal. He is chief of the state, commands the land and sea forces, declares war, concludes treaties, and makes rules and decrees for the execution of the laws. He alone has the initiative of the laws, and the right to pardon. He has the right to declare the state of siege in one or several departments, referring to the senate with the least possible delay. The ministers depend solely on him, and each is responsible only so far as the acts of the government regard him. All the officers of the government, military and civil, high and low, swear obedience to the constitution and fidelity to the President. Should the President die before the expiration of his office, the senate convokes the nation to make a new election — the President having the right, by secret will, to designate the citizen whom he recommends. Until the election of a new President, the president of the senate will govern. The number

of senators is fixed at eighty for the first year, and cannot exceed one hundred and fifty. The senate is composed of cardinals, marshals, admirals, and of the citizens whom the President may name. The senators are not removable, and are for life. Their services are gratuitous, but the President may give them $6000 annually, if he sees fit. The officers of the senate are to be elected on nomination of the President of the Republic, and are to hold for one year. The senate is to be convoked and prorogued by the President, and its sittings are to be secret. It is the guardian of the fundamental law and of the public liberties: no law can be published without being submitted to it. It regulates the constitution of the colonies, and all that has not been provided for by the constitution, and decides upon its interpretation—but its decisions are invalid without the sanction of the President. It maintains or annuls all acts complained of as unconstitutional by the government or by petition. It can fix the bases of projects of laws of national interest, in reports to the President; and can also propose modifications of the constitution; but all modifications of the fundamental bases of the constitution must be submitted to the people. In the legislative body there is to be one representative for every 35,000 electors—elected by universal suffrage. The deputies receive no salary, and hold office for six years. The legislative body discusses and votes the projects of laws and the imposts. Every amendment adopted by the committee charged with the examination of a project of law, shall be sent, without discussion, to the council of state, and if not adopted by that body, it cannot be submitted to

legislative deliberation. The sittings are to be public, but may be secret on the demand of five members. Public reports of the proceedings shall be confined to the journals and votes — and shall be prepared under direction of the president of the legislative body. The officers are to be named by the President of the Republic. Ministers cannot be members of the legislature. No petition can be addressed to the legislative body. The President of the Republic convokes, adjourns, prorogues, and dissolves the legislative body: in case of dissolution, he shall convoke a new one within six months. The number of councilors of state is from forty to fifty. They are to be named by the President and are removable by him. He presides over their meetings. They are to draw up projects of law and regulations of the public administration, and to resolve difficulties that may arise, under the direction of the President. Members are to be appointed from its number by the President, to maintain, in the name of the government, the discussion of the projects of law before the senate and the legislative corps. The salary of each councilor is $5000. The ministers have ranks, right of sitting, and a deliberative voice in the council of state. A high court of justice judges without appeal all persons sent before it accused of crimes, attempts or plots against the President of the Republic, and against the internal and external safety of the state. It cannot be convened except by decree from the President. Its organization is to be regulated by the senate. Existing provisions of law not opposed to the present constitution shall remain in force until legally abrogated. Such are the provisions of the new constitution of France.

From the first, Louis Napoleon exercised the power which he had seized, in the most arbitrary manner. Arrests of disaffected persons were made in all parts of France, and in the course of a few weeks, several thousands of persons were sent into temporary banishment, and twenty-five hundred were directed to be sent to the penal colony of Cayenne, on the coast of South America. These acts of high-handed severity created a deep feeling of disapprobation, to which, however, it was unsafe to give expression, either in print or in conversation.

Among the numerous decrees of Louis Napoleon to restrain the liberties of the people and establish his own authority, was one for the regulation of the press, which destroys every semblance of freedom of the press, and makes it a mere subservient tool in the hands of the government. It consists of four chapters, and the following are their provisions: (1.) No journal can be published without first obtaining permission of the government; nor can any foreign journal be admitted into France except by the same permission; and any person bringing into France an unauthorized paper, will be liable to a year's imprisonment and to a fine of $1000. Every publisher must deposit caution-money, from $3000 to $10,000, before he can issue a paper, under heavy penalties. (2.) Stamp duties are imposed upon journals whether published in Franco, or introduced from other countries; and the authorities are enjoined to seize all publications violating these regulations. (3.) Every violation of the article of the constitution which prohibits legislative reports, is punishable by fine of from $200 to $1000. The publication

of false news subjects to a fine, and if it be of a tendency to disturb the public peace, imprisonment is added. No account of the proceedings of the senate or council of state, and no report of trials for press offenses, can be published; and in all affairs, civil, correctional, or criminal, the courts may forbid the publication of their proceedings. Every editor is bound to publish official documents, relations, and rectifications which may be addressed to him by any public authority; if he fail to do so, he may be fined and his journal seized. No one can carry on the bookseller's trade, or issue or sell engravings, medals, or prints of any kind, without obtaining permission of the authorities, and becoming subject to the same restrictions as are imposed upon journals. (4.) With regard to existing journals, three months are allowed for them to deposit the caution-money required, and to conform to the other provisions of the new law.

The promulgation of a decree in regard to the property of Louis Philippe and his family, created much dissatisfaction, especially among the royalists. It declares that the Orleans family, their husbands, wives and descendants, cannot possess any real or personal property in France, and directs the whole of their present possessions to be sold within one year. The immense property possessed by Louis Philippe when he ascended the throne, and given by him to his children at that time, was declared to be confiscated. Of the proceeds of its sale, $2,000,000 is to be allowed to the mutual assistance societies organized among the people; $2,000,000 will be devoted to the establishment of institutions for making loans on mortgages; $2,000,000

is to be used as a pension fund for the poorest of the clergy; and the remainder is to be distributed in pensions to military functionaries. In this decree a considerable sum was directed to be paid annually to the Duchess of Orleans. That spirited lady addressed to Louis Napoleon an indignant protest against the decree. She said — "As I do not acknowledge your right to plunder my family, neither do I acknowledge your right to assign to me a dotation in the name of France. I refuse the dowry."

The opening of the new senate and legislative body took place on the 20th of March, 1852 In his speech on that occasion, the President briefly rehearses the reasons which made his usurpation necessary, and cited the readiness with which the people submitted to a temporary abridgment of their liberties, as proof of their conviction that they had been abused. He said, with regard to the rumors that he intends to make himself Emperor, that he had had the opportunity to do so on three occasions if he had been so disposed, and he referred to his forbearance then, as evidence of the falsehood of the reports. He declared that he was firmly resolved to maintain the government in its present form, unless the machinations of the disaffected should compel him to proclaim greater powers. He repeated his assurances of peace, and declared that he would restore popular freedom and rights as rapidly as the security of the country would permit.

On the 21st of March, Louis Napoleon reviewed the troops, and bestowed upon them the medal instituted by the confiscation of the Orleans estates. In the speech which he made on the occasion, he said, his

object in instituting the medal was to make some more adequate compensation for the services of the army than they usually received. He urged them to accept it as an encouragement to maintain intact their military spirit. "Wear it, (he said,) as a proof of my solicitude for your interest, and my affection for that great military family, of which I am proud to be the head, because you are its glorious children."

On the evening of April 4th, the highest judicial authorities of the state attended at the Elysée to take the oaths prescribed by the constitution in presence of Louis Napoleon, who received them surrounded by his ministers. A complimentary speech was made to him on behalf of the judges. In his reply the President used strong expressions concerning the basis of his right to the office he holds. He said: "Since the day on which the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people replaced that of divine right, it may be affirmed with truth, that no government has been as legitimate as mine. In 1804, four millions of votes, in proclaiming the power to be hereditary in my family, designated me as heir to the empire. In 1848, nearly six millions called me to the head of the republic. In 1851 nearly eight millions maintained me there. Consequently, in taking the oath to me, it is not merely to a man that you swear to be faithful, but to a principle—to a cause—to the national will itself." These expressions have been generally considered as indicative of hereditary imperial pretensions, to be made good at the earliest convenient opportunity.

With but few exceptions, the prominent citizens of France universally acknowledged the authority of

Louis Napoleon, and took the oath of fidelity which had been prescribed by him. Among the dissentients was General Changarnier, who addressed a remarkable letter to the minister of the Interior in reply to his demand that he should take the oath of allegiance to Louis Napoleon. He says that the President had repeatedly endeavored to seduce him to his support—that he had offered not only to make him marshal but to confer upon him another military dignity unknown since the empire, and to attach to it immense pecuniary rewards; that when he perceived that personal ambition had no effect upon him, he endeavored to gain him over, by pretending a design to prepare the way for the restoration of the monarchy to which he supposed him to be attached. All these attempts had been without effect. He had never ceased to be ready to defend with energy the legal powers of Louis Napoleon, and to give every opposition to the illegal prolongation of those powers. The exile he had undergone in solitude and silence had not changed his opinion of the duties he owed to France. He would hasten to her defense should she be attacked, but he refused the oath exacted by the perjured man who had failed to corrupt him. In reply to this letter, the editor of the "Constitutionnel," the official organ of the government, brought against General Changarnier specific charges—that in March, 1849, he demanded from Louis Napoleon written authority to throw the constituent Assembly out of the window—that he subsequently urged him in the strongest manner to make a *coup d'etat;* and that in November, 1850, he assembled a number of political personages, and proposed to

them to arrest Louis Napoleon and send him to prison, to prorogue the Assembly, and to assume the dictatorship. General Lamoriciere, also, in a published letter, refused to take the oath required; he declared his readiness to defend France against foreign foes whenever she should be attacked, but he would not take the oath of fidelity to a perjured chief. The venerable astronomer, Arago, also refused to take the oath of allegiance required of all connected in any way with the government. He wrote a firm and dignified letter to the minister notifying him of his purpose, and calling on him to designate the day when it would be necessary for him to quit the bureau of astronomy, with which he had been so closely connected for half a century. He also informed him that he should address a circular letter to scientific men throughout the world, explaining the necessity which drove him from an establishment with which his name had been so long associated, and to vindicate his motives from suspicion. The minister informed him that, in consideration of his eminent services to the cause of science, the government had decided not to exact the oath, and that he could therefore retain his post. These examples of non-concurrence in the new policy of the President were followed by inferior magistrates in various parts of France. In several of the departments, members of the local councils had refused to take the oaths of allegiance. The civil courts of Paris had, also, in one or two instances, asserted their independence by deciding against the government in prosecutions commenced against the press. On the 23d of April, moreover, the civil tribunal gave judgment on the demand

made by the princes of the Orleans family to declare illegal the seizure of the estates of Neuilly and Monceaux, under the decree of the 22d of January, relative to the property of the late king, Louis Philippe. In answer to this demand, the government called on the tribunal to declare that the decree of 22d January was a legislative act, and the seizure of the property an administrative act, and that consequently the tribunal had no jurisdiction.

The session of the legislative body was closed on the 28th of June by a message from the President, in which he thanked the members for their coöperation and support, and especially for having "occupied themselves with the great interests of the country, laying aside all susceptibility, and feeling that the epoch of sterile and impassioned discourses had passed away, and that of business had arrived." He hoped that they would extend throughout the country the sentiment, of which from their own observation they must be possessed, "that there exists in France a government animated with the faith and the love of good — which reposes on the people, the source of all power — on the army, the source of all force — and on religion, the source of all justice." During the latter part of the session, the budget was discussed with some interest and with some attempts at freedom of debate; but ministers gave out such threatening intimations, that the assembly were made to feel that they possessed but the name of legislative authority. The opposition members drew up a strong report, reviewing in a critical manner the events of the session, and expressing an emphatic condemnation of the policy of the President;

but as the paper could not be printed, it was widely circulated in manuscript.

The session of the senate was closed by decree on the 5th of July. The severity of the restraints upon the press was carried to such an extreme, that the Paris correspondents of three of the London journals were summoned to the department of police, and were assured that in future they would be held personally responsible, not only for the contents of their own letters, but for whatever the papers with which they were connected might say, in leading articles or otherwise, concerning French affairs.

On the 17th of July the President left Paris, to celebrate the opening of the railway between Paris and Strasbourg. At the latter city he was received with every demonstration of respect, coming now as a sovereign, and not as an adventurous pretender to the throne. All the ceremonies were on the most extensive scale. During his stay at Strasbourg he crossed the Rhine, and went to Baden-Baden, his object being, according to rumor at the time, to seek an interview with the Princess Caroline Stephanie de Vasa, grand-daughter of the Duchess of Baden, to whose hand it was supposed he aspired. Another rumor was that the lady, with whom the President was desirous of an alliance, was another Baden princess, and a grand-daughter of Eugene Beauharnais.*

* In connection with these rumors, we give a fact of previous occurrence:

When the late J. Fenimore Cooper was residing at Paris in 1833, his republican sympathies as well as personal friendship for General Lafayette led to a familiar and confidential intercourse between them.

On his return the President was honored with a grand military display, and an apparently cordial welcome by the Parisians. A change was now made in his ministry, and his household was arranged on quite an imperial footing, a grand marshal of the palace, a grand master of ceremonies, a grand equerry, and officers of like character, being appointed. New titles of nobility were also conferred, higher titles were applied in the government papers to the President himself, all indicating a preparation for the empire. The 15th of August, the birthday of Napoleon, was signalized by *fetes* of extraordinary magnitude and splendor. The scenes were skillfully adapted to recall the memory and glory of Napoleon. The citizens,

On one occasion, when calling on Lafayette, Mr. Cooper was received by the servant with an unusual appearance of caution. He found the general alone, who inquired whether he met an acquaintance in the passage. On finding he had not, Lafayette remarked that his servant must have secreted the visitor in a side room; and went on to inform his friend that Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had just left him! that although a Bonaparte then risked his life by entering France, the prince had come to propose a marriage with his grand-daughter Clementine, thus uniting the Republicans and Imperialists, and making himself Emperor! Lafayette replied that his family adopted the American practice of choosing husbands for themselves, and that the prince could address the lady if he pleased. Of what followed, we are not informed; but must infer that his suit, if preferred, was unsuccessful, as the lady afterward married M. de Beaumont, French ambassador under Louis Napoleon, to the court of Austria. When in London, some time after, Mr Cooper mentioned to the Princess Charlotte, (widow of the elder brother of Louis Napoleon,) the prince's daring visit; to which she only replied, "he is mad!"

Mr. N. P. Willis, who related the fact some years since, prophetically added, "there is a 'method in his madness,' for the same match between Imperialism and Republicanism has been the prince's pursuit ever since, and the chances are that he will bring it about."

however, complied to a manifestly small extent with the request of the government for a general illumination. Solicitations to sign petitions for the restoration of the empire were already addressed to the inhabitants of the faubourgs of Paris, but the number of subscribers was not very encouraging. In the month of September, Louis Napoleon made an extensive tour through the south and west of France. Though the accounts in the journals were without doubt exaggerated, the various receptions and displays arranged by functionaries of the government, and various means taken to stimulate enthusiasm, yet it must be admitted that this journey was highly successful in producing an exhibition of popular homage and attachment. The name of Napoleon still demonstrated its potency with the masses of the French. Along the entire route the President was hailed with cries of "*Vive l' Empereur.*" His liberality excited admiration and increased his popularity. He donated thousands of francs to the charitable institutions of various towns through which he passed, and distributed gold with his own hands to the veterans of the old empire. His munificence was even exercised in a way which evinced his arbitrary assumption of power. He published a decree at Toulon to the effect that the fortifications of that important place were to be immediately enlarged and strengthened. The decree was placarded on all the walls of the town, much to the satisfaction of the inhabitants, who looked upon it not only as a means of increasing the importance of their town, but also of affording labor to the working classes. The President had previously granted two million five

hundred thousand francs for the building of the new cathedral at Marseilles. This prodigality on the part of Louis Napoleon, without even the formality of asking the legislative corps, was the subject of strong animadversion on the part of those who had hoped that the parliamentary system was not altogether destroyed.

The ceremonies at Toulon were somewhat ludicrous and unlucky. The mayor, in his confusion, when receiving the President at the gates of the town, forgot the important ceremony of presenting him with the keys of the town. He afterward wished to repair the omission when Louis Napoleon visited the arsenal; but the admiral told him bluntly that the arsenal was quite independent of the town, and that he (the admiral) would allow no mayor to assume any jurisdiction over it. In the ball-room a rather awkward affair occurred. The decorations were of a former period, and the workmen omitted to change the initials "R. F." Fortunately the mayor discovered the mistake in time. The "R" was altered into an "E," which at once converted *Republique Francaise* into *Empire Francaise.* The distant magistracy of Toulon could hardly be blamed for not keeping their mottoes corresponding with their oft-changing allegiance to their central government.

At Lyons, the President witnessed the ceremony of erecting an equestrian statue of the Emperor Napoleon, and made a speech of considerable significance in connection with his progress toward the imperial dignity:

"Lyonese," he said, "your city has always been

associated by remarkable incidents with the different phases of the life of the Emperor. You hailed him Consul previous to his crossing the Alps to gather fresh laurels. You hailed him in his omnipotence, Emperor; and when Europe had confined him on an island, you were again among the first, in 1815, to salute him as Emperor. To-day your city is the first to erect a statue to him. This fact is significant. Equestrian statues are only erected to sovereigns who have resigned, and it was on that account the governments who preceded me have ever denied that homage to a power of which they would not admit the legitimacy. And yet who was more legitimate than the Emperor, thrice elected by the people, consecrated by the chief of religion, and recognized by all the continental powers of Europe, who were united to him by bonds of policy and by ties of blood? The Emperor was the mediator between two hostile epochs. He destroyed the old *regime* by re-establishing all that was good in it. He destroyed the revolutionary spirit, by causing the blessings of the revolution everywhere to triumph. This is the reason why those who overturned him soon deplored their triumph. As for those who defended him, I need not call to mind how profoundly they lamented his downfall. On that account, when the people found themselves free to make a choice, they directed their eyes to the heir of NAPOLEON, and it is for the same motive that, from Paris to Lyons, everywhere on my passage the unanimous cry of *Vive l' Empereur*, has been raised! But that cry is much more, in my view, a recollection that affects my heart, than a hope that excites my pride. A faithful servant of my country, I shall ever have but one object—that of reconstituting in this great country, convulsed by so many revolutions and Utopian schemes, a peace founded on conciliation of persons, on the inflexibility of the principles of authority, morality, and affection for the laboring and suffering classes, and of national dignity. We are only just emerging from those critical times, when, the notions of good and evil being confounded, the best minds were perverted. Prudence and patriotism

require that at such periods the nation should pause and consider, before it fixes its destinies, and it is still difficult for me to know under what name I can render the greatest services. *If the humble title of President could facilitate the mission confided to me, and before which I did not recede, I should not, from personal interest, desire to exchange that title for the title of Emperor.* Let us, then, deposit on this stone our homage to a great man. We thus honor both the glory of France and the generous gratitude of the people, and testify likewise the fidelity of the Lyonese to immortal souvenirs."

This speech was received with loud cries of *Vive l' Empereur!* It was immediately transmitted by telegraph, and placarded in the streets of Paris.

At another place, in answer to an address from the authorities urging the Imperial regime, he remarked: "When the general interest is at stake, I will try to anticipate public opinion; but I follow it in the case of an interest which may appear personal." The sincerity of such expressions may be justly subject to suspicion, when mercenary agents were shouting among the crowds, *Vive l' Empereur!*

Previous to the entrance of the President into Marseilles, a discovery was made of a supposed plot to assassinate him by means of an infernal machine, in imitation of a similar attempt made upon the life of Napoleon when First Consul. Numerous pieces of gas pipe, so constructed as to answer the purpose of musket barrels, and loaded with hundreds of bullets, were discovered in a house situated on the route by which it was presumed the prince would enter the city. Many arrests were made of individuals supposed to have a connection with this affair, and the impression

was sought to be conveyed that the ramifications of the plot were extended to various prominent places throughout France. There was quite a strong suspicion on the other hand, that this whole affair was but an ingenious device of the police to increase the popular interest in the President; and there are some important considerations favoring such an idea.

After having passed over the most of his contemplated route, and having had a good opportunity to observe the temper and inclinations of the people, the prince more explicitly announced his opinions as to the assumption of the title of Emperor, in the following speech at Bordeaux, which is given with the reporter's remarks as to its reception :

"The object of my journey, as you are aware, was to become personally acquainted with our beautiful provinces of the south, and to study their necessities. It has, however, given occasion for a much more important result. In fact, and I may say it with a frankness as far removed from vanity as false modesty, never did a people testify in a direct, more spontaneous, more unanimous manner, their determination to relieve themselves from anxiety for their future condition by consolidating in one hand a power with which they sympathize. (Applause.)

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"The nation now surrounds me with its sympathy, because I do not belong to the family of '*ideologues.*' To achieve the well-being of the country, there is no necessity for the application of new systems, but it is before all things necessary to give confidence in the present, and security for the future. This is the reason why France appears to wish to return to the empire. ("Yes, yes." "Bravo." "Vive l'Empereur.") There is, nevertheless, one apprehension to which I must allude. In a spirit of mistrust, certain people exclaim, 'The empire is war.' But I say, 'The empire is peace.

It is peace, for France desires it; and when France is contented, the world is tranquil. (These words, pronounced in a firm and emphatic tone, produced an immense sensation.)

"Glory may be bequeathed as an inheritance, but not war. Did those princes who gloried in being the descendants of Louis XIV. recommence his combats? War is not made for pleasure, it is made from necessity, and at those epochs of transition when, side by side with so many elements of prosperity, so many causes of death also germinate, we may well say with truth, cursed be he who shall be the first to give the signal in Europe of a coalition, the consequences of which would be incalculable. I admit, however, that I, like the Emperor, have many conquests to make. I desire, as he did, to conquer, by conciliation, dissenting parties, and to bring back into the current of the great popular streams those hostile rivulets which run to nothing, without profit for any one.

"I desire to conquer, by religion, by morality, by prosperity, that yet numerous part of the population, which, in the midst of a country of faith and belief, scarcely knows the precepts of Christ—which, in the midst of the most fertile country in the world, can scarcely enjoy such of the produce of the earth as the first necessity requires. (Sensation.) We have immense uncultivated territories to clear, roads to make, ports to deepen, rivers to render navigable, canals to finish, our net-work of railways to complete.

"We have, opposite to Marseilles, a vast kingdom to assimilate to France; we have all our great western ports to bring nearer to the American continent, by the rapidity of communication which we still want; in a word, we have everywhere ruins to rebuild, false gods to cast down, truths to make triumph. (Prolonged applause.) Thus do I understand the empire—if the empire is to be re-established. (Sensation. "Vive l' Empereur!") Such are the conquests which I contemplate; and all you who surround me, who desire, with me, the good of your country, you are my soldiers." ("Yes, yes." Repeated plaudits.)

On his way back to Paris, Louis Napoleon stopped at the Chateau d'Amboise, and liberated Abd-el-Kader from his captivity, informing him that he would be conducted to Broussa in Turkey, where he would receive from the French government an allowance befitting his rank.

About the middle of October the President reached Paris, and was greeted with imposing demonstrations and great apparent enthusiasm. The ordinary elements of such spectacles were more profuse than usual — triumphal arches, banners, transparencies, gilded eagles, deputations, processions, the army, and the citizens in their holiday suits, all exhibited their splendors to the best advantage under the favor of a cloudless sky, and weather as fine as could be wished. The inscriptions and devices exhibited a remarkable uniformity of sentiment, the consequence, it was charged, of being prepared by the orders of the government, though this was denied by the official journal, which maintained that the reception in all parts was the spontaneous tribute of the people of Paris. The prince entered the city on horseback, by the bridge of Austerlitz, which was spanned by a grand arch, dedicated by "the city of Paris to Louis Napoleon, Emperor." Of similar purport were all the inscriptions. An immense concourse of troops and people followed him to the Tuileries, with shouts of "*Vive Napoleon III!*" He was surrounded by a numerous staff, among whom were several foreign officers; but it was remarked that none of the foreign ministers took part in the display. In the evening the city was illuminated. This was, without doubt, the finest reception with which the President

and ever met in Paris, and must have satisfied him, had he any scruples, of the feasibility of speedily reaching the summit of his ambition.

He now no longer hesitated in taking that step for which he had made such long and patient preparations. By talent, by maneuvering, by flattery, by unfaltering energy of purpose, and the unscrupulous use of all necessary means, he had formed the antecedents of the empire. Immediately, therefore, on his return, he issued a decree, summoning the senate to meet on the 4th of November, to consider the question of changing the form of government, and re-establishing the empire, in consequence of the expressed wishes of the people of France. The senate met on the day appointed, and was opened by Prince Jerome Bonaparte with a brief statement of the object of the session. The following message from the President was then read by the minister of state:

"SENATORS,—The nation has clearly manifested its wish for the re-establishment of the empire. Confident in your patriotism and your intelligence, I have convoked you for the purpose of deliberating on that grave question, and of intrusting you with the regulation of the new order of things. If you should adopt it, you will think, no doubt, as I do, that the constitution of 1852 ought to be maintained, and then the modifications recognized as indispensable will in no way touch its fundamental basis.

"The change which is in preparation will bear chiefly on the form, and yet the resumption of the Imperial system is, for France, of immense significance. In fact, in the re-establishment of the empire, the people finds a guarantee for its interests, and a satisfaction for its just pride. That re-establishment guarantees the interests of the people, by insuring the future, by closing the era of revolutions, and by again consecrat-

.ng the conquests of '89. It satisfies its just pride, because in restoring, with liberty and reflection, that which thirty-seven years ago the entire of Europe had overturned by the force of arms, in the midst of the disasters of the country, the people nobly avenges its reverses without victims, without threatening any independence, and without troubling the peace of the world

"I do not ignore, nevertheless, all that is full of peril, in at this day accepting and placing on one's head the crown of NAPOLEON; but my apprehensions diminish with the idea that, representing as I do, by so many titles, the cause of the people and the national will, it will be the nation which, in elevating me to the throne, will herself crown me.

(Signed) LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Given at the Palace of St. Cloud, Nov. 4. 1852."

A proposition to modify the constitution, signed by ten senators, was then presented; and a committee of ten was appointed, which submitted a long report, accompanied by a *Senatus Consultum*, consisting of eight articles. After some discussion on each of the articles, the whole was adopted by a vote of eighty-six out of eighty-seven senators. The substance of this act of the senate is as follows: it declares that, 1. The empire is re-established, and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is Emperor under the name of Napoleon III.; 2. The imperial dignity is hereditary in his direct and legitimate male descendants, by order of primogeniture; 3. If he has no male descendants, he may adopt the legitimate children and descendants in the male line of the brothers of Napoleon I.; 4. Adoption is interdicted to his descendants; 5. He is to regulate by an organic decree the order of succession, in case he should leave no direct, legitimate or adopted heir; 6. The members of the family of Louis Napoleon who

can eventually be called to the sucession, and their descendants, constitute the imperial family, whose position is regulated by the senatus consultum, and none of whom can marry without the Emperor's sanction; 7. The constitution of January 15, 1852, is maintained in all its provisions not contrary to the present senatus consultum, and no modification of it can be effected except in the manner and by the means which it has prescribed; 8. The proposition that the empire be re-established upon this basis and on these conditions, is to be submitted to the people for their acceptance.

Immediately after the adoption of this act, the senators in full costume, and the cardinals in scarlet robes, preceded by an escort of cavalry, repaired to the palace of St. Cloud, where they were ushered into the presence of the Prince President.

In his reply to the senate at this interview, Louis Napoleon observed:

"When, forty-eight years since, in this same palace, in this same room, and under analogous circumstances, the senate came to offer the crown to the chief of my family, the Emperor replied in these memorable words: 'My spirit will no longer be with my posterity from the day when that posterity shall cease to meri' the love and the confidence of the great nation.' What now most affects my heart is the thought that the spirit of the Emperor is with me, that his ideas guide me, that his shade protects me, since, by a solemn proceeding, you come, in the name of the French people, to prove to me that I have merited the confidence of the country. It is not necessary for me to tell you that my constant care will be to labor with you to promote the grandeur and prosperity of France."

On the 21st and 22d days of November, the expression of the popular will was taken throughout France

But little opposition was manifested. The result of the vote was as follows:

For the empire,	7,864,189
Against it,	253,145
Votes canceled as illegal,	63,326
Majority for Louis Napoleon,	7,547,718

On the 1st of December, the legislative corps, numbering two hundred and forty members, assembled for the purpose of making the official declaration of the election; then proceeding to St. Cloud, in full costume, announced the result. The next day, December 22d, the anniversary of the *coup d'etat*, Louis Napoleon made his public entry, as Emperor, into Paris. His arrival was greeted with the acclamations of the people, the national guard, and the army. The public proclamation of the empire was made at the Hotel de Ville during the same morning, previously to his arrival. To the congratulatory addresses from the senate and the legislative corps, his Imperial Majesty made the following reply:

"GENTLEMEN: The new reign which you this day inaugurate has not its origin, as so many others which history records, in violence, conquest, or intrigue; it is, as you have just declared, the legal result of the will of an entire people — what it had founded in the midst of agitation.

"I am deeply grateful to the nation which three times in four years has supported me by its suffrage, and which each time has only augmented its majority in order to increase my power. But the more this power gains in extent and in vital force, the more need it has of enlightened men like those whom I address, to guide me by their counsels, and to reduce my authority within just limits, if ever it should transgress them.

"From this day I take with the crown the name of Napoleon III., because the opinion of the people has

already bestowed it on me in their acclamations, because the senate has legally proposed it, and because the whole nation has ratified it.

"Does this, however, signify that in taking this title, I fall into the error imputed to the prince who, returning from exile, declared all that had been done in his absence null and void?

"So erroneous a notion is far from me. Not only do I recognize the governments which have preceded me, but I inherit in some sort what they have accomplished of good and evil; for successive governments, notwithstanding their different origin, are severally bound by the acts of their predecessors.

"But the more I accept that which, for the last fifty years, history hands down to us with its inflexible authority, the less was it allowed me to pass over in silence the glorious reign of the chief of my family, and the title, regular although ephemeral, of his son, which the chambers proclaimed with the last outburst of conquered patriotism.

"Thus, then, the title of Napoleon III. is not one of those dynastic and obsolete pretensions which seem an insult alike to truth and common sense; it is the homage paid to a government which was legitimate, and to which we are indebted for the finest pages of our modern history. My reign does not date from 1815; it dates from the very instant that you have communicated to me the suffrages of the nation.

* * * * * * * * *

"And here receive the oath, that I will use every exertion to assure the prosperity of this country; and that, while maintaining peace, I will yield nothing which affects the honor and dignity of France."

The most enthusiastic cries of "Vive l' Empereur," "Vive Napoleon III.," followed this speech.

The senate was convened the next day, and proceeded to determine the civil list of the new regime A general amnesty relating to offenses of the press, and also in many cases to political offenses, was declared

The presumptive inheritance of the crown was settled upon the ex-King Jerome Bonaparte and his family who bear the title of "their Imperial Highnesses." Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, the cousin of the Emperor, was appointed viceroy of the kingdom of Algeria.

There was no hesitation on the part of foreign powers to acknowledge the empire. The acquiescence of England was so promptly accorded as to excite the "most vivid satisfaction" of his Imperial Majesty. The Pope conveyed to the Emperor expressions of his entire satisfaction with the new order of things.

The Emperor submitted to the senate certain amendments to the last constitution, whereby the prerogatives of granting amnesties, making treaties, decreeing public works, and the right of ministers to vote upon the budget, were assured to him. The senate ventured on a small show of independence, by hesitating to confirm the proposed modifications, and finally appointed a committee to wait upon his Majesty. This committee used every argument to dissuade him from his determination, but his only answer was: "So the senate wants a conflict, for form's sake."

To give eclat to the Emperor's clemency, Abd-el-Kader was permitted to come to Paris, while these first days of the restored empire were elapsing. He was entertained with splendid military reviews, and visits to all places of interest in the grand capital. His presence in public excited full as much attention and applause as did that of the Emperor. Had he been able to speak the language, he would have become celebrated for the readiness and piquancy of

his repartees. One day he was taken to Versailles, to visit the palace of Louis XIV. His hosts avoided showing him the rooms, in which is the series of pictures illustrating the war in Algiers. He, however, insisted on seeing them, and his desire was gratified. He said nothing till he came to the splendid painting by Vernet, representing the taking of the tent of Abd-el-Kader. He then quietly observed: "If I had had painters at my command, I should have ordered pictures, too!" After being royally entertained at Paris, he sailed on the 21st of December for his place of exile in the East.

In the month of January, 1853, Paris was taken by surprise on the announcement of the expected speedy marriage of the Emperor. The negotiations with the royal families of Europe, if they ever existed, came to an unsuccessful conclusion. Either the charms of the lady, or the sudden discovery of a more profound and useful policy, put an end to all schemes of politico-matrimonial arrangements, and Napoleon III. selected his wife, as one of the humblest of his subjects might have done. The present Empress of France is a Spanish lady, but of Irish extraction, her family having intermarried with the noble Spanish house of Palafox. She bore the name of Eugenie de Montejo, Countess of Teba. She possesses rare personal attractions, but more in the style of English than of Spanish beauty. Her complexion is transparently fair, her features regular and yet full of expression. She is a little above middle stature, with manners extremely winning, and at the time of her marriage was about twenty-six years of age. With brilliant

social charms, she was naturally the center of fashion in the gay capital, and attracted in a special manner the attentions of the new Emperor. His proposals to her were made and accepted on the 16th of January and on the following day the fact was publicly announced. One immediate consequence was the resignation of the ministry. The resignations were not, however, accepted.

She is said ever to have been quite a dashing, eccentric, and independent young lady, and has all her life followed the dictates of her own fancy. She used frequently to be observed on the Prado, at Madrid, in the midst of the fashionable crowd, in a simple little carriage drawn by two ponies, no larger than dogs, and which she drove herself, accompanied by her sister or friend, and with some noblemen of her family on a very small seat behind. The Queen of Spain has been seen to recognize her in this equipage. Many piquant anecdotes are told of her free and rather unfeminine conduct in both Madrid and Paris. In the former metropolis, she once waited on an actor of the French theater, with the somewhat abrupt, though dashing and sprightly declaration that she *liked him*, and would learn something of his history and travels. She insisted that he should take a seat in her carriage. Remonstrance would not avail. Into the carriage he did get, and after a ride of four hours around the city, he was safely landed at his *cafe*, much to his own astonishment, and her amusement.

On the 22d of January the various chief functionaries of state presented themselves at the Tuileries, to receive from the Emperor the announcement of his

intended marriage, which he made in the following speech:

"Messieurs: I yield to the wish so often manifested by the country, in coming to announce to you my marriage.

"The alliance which I contract, is not in accord with the traditions of ancient policy, and therein is its advantage. France, by its successive revolutions, has ever abruptly separated from the rest of Europe. Every wise government ought to try to make it re-enter into the pale of the old monarchies. But this result will be more surely attained by a straightforward and frank policy, by loyalty in conduct, than by royal alliances, which create a false security, and often substitute family interests for those of the nation. Moreover, the example of the past has left in the mind of the people superstitious feelings. It has not forgotten that for seventy years foreign princesses have mounted the throne but to behold their race dispossessed and proscribed by war or by revolution.

"One woman alone seemed to bring happiness, and to live more than the others in the memory of the people—and that woman, the modest and good wife of Gen. Bonaparte, was not the issue of royal blood. It must, however, be admitted that in 1810 the marriage of Napoleon I. with Marie Louise was a great event. It was a pledge for the future, a real satisfaction to the national pride, as the ancient and illustrious branch of the house of Austria, who had been so long at war with us, was seen to solicit the alliance of the elected chief of the new empire. Under the last reign, on the contrary, the *amour propre* of the country had to suffer, when the heir to the crown solicited, fruitlessly, during several years a princely alliance, to obtain it only in a secondary rank, and in a different religion.

"When in the presence of old Europe, one is borne on by the force of a new principle to the height of ancient dynasties, it is not by giving an ancient character to one's escutcheon (*envieillissant son blason,*) and by seeking to introduce oneself at all costs into a

family, that one is accepted. It is rather by even remembering one's origin, by preserving one's own character, and by adopting frankly, in presence of Europe, the position of *parvenu*—a glorious title when one obtains it by the free suffrages of a great people. Thus, obliged to depart from precedents followed to the present day, my marriage became a private affair, and there remained only the choice of the person.

"She who has been the object of my preference is of distinguished birth. French in heart, by education, by the recollection of the blood shed by her father in the cause of the empire, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having in France a family to whom it might be necessary to give honors and fortune. Endowed with all the qualities of the mind, she will be the ornament of the throne; in the day of danger she would be one of its courageous supporters. A Catholic, she will address to heaven the same prayers with me for the happiness of France. In fine, by her grace and her goodness, she will, I have the firm hope, endeavor to revive, in the same position, the virtues of the Empress Josephine.

"I come, then, Messieurs, to announce to France that I have preferred the woman whom I love and whom I respect, to one who is unknown, and whose alliance would have had advantages mixed with sacrifices. Without disdaining any one, I yet yield to my inclinations, but after having taken counsel from my reason and my convictions. In fine, by placing the independence, the qualities of the heart, domestic happiness, above dynastic prejudices and the calculations of ambition, I shall not be the less strong because I shall be more free.

"Soon proceeding to Notre Dame I shall present the Empress to the people and to the army; the confidence they have in me assures me of their sympathy, and you, Messieurs, on learning better to appreciate her whom I have chosen, you will allow that on this occasion also I have been inspired by Providence."

The civil marriage was celebrated at the palace of the Tuileries on the 29th of January, and the religious

ceremonies took place the next day, which was Sunday at the church of Notre Dame. At an early hour in the morning all Paris was astir, to witness one of those displays which have so often appeared to compensate the French for the loss of their liberties. The description of the scene is given in the words of an eye-witness :

"Shortly after 9 o'clock, large bodies of cavalry and infantry were to be seen directing their way from the different barracks in and around Paris toward the point allotted to them on the route between the palace of the Elysée, and between the latter and the cathedral of Notre Dame. At the same time the whole of the national guards of Paris were called out for the purpose of doing honor to the day, by forming the line on one side of the streets through which the procession was to pass, while the infantry of the line formed the other. A vast number of deputations of the trades and work-people were to be seen with flags and banners directing their steps toward the garden of the Tuileries, which was the spot specially set aside for that purpose. Many of the deputations were very picturesque, consisting as they did of young women dressed in white, adorned with wreaths of flowers, and carrying boquets in their hands.

"A wooden structure was raised, in three compartments, over the grand entrance and the two side doors, and painted in the fashion of the medieval ages, to match the character of the building. Green predominated in the decorations, that being the color of the Emperor, and the letters 'N. E.' were to be seen in various places, in honor of the imperial couple. Above the wooden erection, long draperies of green velvet floated to the wind, and higher up, along the *facade* of the building, was to be seen a line of flags of various colors ; higher still, the old towers themselves were covered with gold brocade. The effect was unusu ally rich ; and as the weather was dry, though cold, the pleasure of regarding these precious materials, thus exposed to the open air, was not marred by any

apprehension of injury from rain. The lower part of the decorations near the various entrances, was hung with crimson velvet, edged with gold lace.

"The first feeling of the spectator on entering was one of unmixed admiration. Along the whole of the nave was suspended from the arched roof an absolute forest of chandeliers, containing thousands of wax lights. The pillars were enveloped, from plinth to capital, with crimson velvet. At the top of each capital was affixed a richly gilt shield, bearing a gilt eagle. Between the pillars, springing from the arches, higher up, was to be seen a drapery of crimson velvet, edged down the sides with an imitation of ermine, and fringed at the bottom with deep gold lace; this drapery served to mask the wood-work of a long line of galleries, erected from pillar to pillar, and filled with elegantly dressed ladies. Again, higher up, a pallium of green velvet, studded with golden stars, was seen between every two pillars, and bearing in its center a gigantic 'N.' Garlands of flowers were festooned among these draperies, and other shields were placed on the flat wall of the building, under the lofty windows, each having on it a figure of Our Lady, to whom the cathedral is dedicated. The crimson velvet on the pillars next to the nave, had no other ornament than an edging of gold lace under the capital of each; but those of the side aisles were studded with golden stars, and bore the letter 'N' in front Three chandeliers, one large one, and two smaller, gave light to each tribune above; and three ranges of immense lustres of beautifully cut glass, ran down the centre of the nave. At the eastern end of the building the chancel had been cut off from the ceremony by the erection of a temporary altar just where the transepts leave the choir. Above the altar rose a lofty canopy of crimson velvet, lined, to all appearance, with ermine, and surmounted with a gilt eagle of immense size. Between this canopy and the altar, was to be seen a sort of tabernacle in the Byzantine style, which extended at each side to the transepts, and thus formed a screen, shutting out the chancel and its side aisles. But though the building was cut into two unequal parts, the portion

not occupied by the ceremony was by no means lost, as immense chandeliers hung from the roof in that part of the church, just the same as in that appropriated to the spectators. The consequence of this illumination was, that as the temporary screen broke the distance, and rendered the view uncertain, the lines of lights appeared absolutely interminable, and the general effect was infinitely enhanced.

"About 12½ o'clock, some of the deputy chamberlains of the palace appeared in their scarlet uniforms, and immediately the drums beat a salute and the trumpets sounded a flourish. Marshal Valliant entered the moment after, and then came a number of ladies in dresses of the brightest colors and the richest materials.

"The clergy then proceeded down the aisle, with the Archbishop of Paris at their head, to meet the Emperor and the Empress. At five minutes to one, the Emperor and Empress arrived, and having been offered the morsel of the true cross to kiss by the archbishop, four ecclesiastics held a rich dais over the imperial pair, and the procession advanced up the church. Marshal Magnan and the Duke de Bassang led the way, followed by Marshal de St. Arnaud and the Duke de Cambaceres. Then came the Emperor, leading the Empress by the hand, he advancing on the right. The Empress was exceedingly pale, but perfectly composed. She looked neither to the right or to the left, and advanced steadily. She wore a dress of white velvet. A vail flowed from underneath the small crown sparkling with diamonds. The front of her dress and the *basque* behind also shone with the same rich ornaments. The Emperor was dressed in the uniform of a general officer. He had on the grand collar of the Legion of Honor which had belonged to Napoleon, and the collar of the Golden Fleece, which had been suspended from the neck of Charles V., and which the Queen of Spain had sent to him. The Emperor looked uncommonly well—in high spirits and good health.

"The *cortege* returned to the palace of the Tuileries in the same order as it went to Notre Dame; but, instead of following the streets, it came along the quay

as far as the Place de la Concorde, and entered the palace by the grand entrance to the garden of the Tuileries. The deputations, drawn up in the gardens, were respectful but not warm in their salutations."

The Emperor signalized his marriage by pardoning four thousand three hundred and twelve persons, who were suffering banishment or imprisonment for political offenses ; but the list embraced the names of no men of prominence, and by its extent, evinced the actual rigor by which his rule had been previously marked. All the banished generals, and the men of note, who were proscribed after the events of December 1851, are still under the ban. The Empress gained large accessions of esteem and popularity by his liberality. The city of Paris desired to present her with a superb necklace, valued at six hundred thousand francs. This present she declined, and at her request, the municipal council devoted the money to the foundation of a school for poor girls, to be under her special patronage. A quarter of a million of francs, which her husband placed at her disposal, she also devoted in charity.

The legislative assembly met on the 14th of February. In his speech at the opening, after relating the prosperous and tranquil state of the nation, the Emperor said :

"These results have not cost great efforts, because they were in the minds and for the interests of all. To those who would doubt their importance, I will reply, that scarcely fourteen months ago France was delivered up to the hazards of anarchy. To those who regret that a wider field has not been given to liberty, I will reply, that liberty has never aided in founding a durable political edifice ; it crowns it when it has been consolidated by time. Let us, besides, not forget that the immense majority of the country has confidence

in the present and faith in the future; there still remain incorrigible individuals, who, forgetful of their own experience, of their past errors, and of their disappointments, obstinately persist in paying no attention to the national will, deny the reality of facts, and in the midst of a sea which every day grows more tranquil, call for tempests, in which they would be the first to be swallowed up. These secret proceedings of the different parties serve no purpose but to show their weakness, and the government, instead of being disturbed at them, only thinks of governing France and tranquilizing Europe."

The condition of France, under a stable and efficient government, evinced the marks of an immediate and increasing prosperity. The public revenues increased, and the financial condition of the state became better than it had been for the previous twenty years. By the firm determination of the Emperor, and the zealous coöperation of the Assembly, the expenditures were brought within the limits of the national income; a rare occurrence in French finance. Large reductions were made in the line of the army, and every indication of a peaceful intention was given by the Emperor. Considerable apprehension, however, was felt in England, of a rupture between the two governments. It is related that at this time an English nobleman was riding with the Emperor toward Compiégne, and being desirous of surprising him into a candid answer, abruptly asked him if he really thought of invading England. The reply to this rather imprudent question was: "I have no such intention unless you force me to it; but from what I see and hear of your democratic spirit in England, I think it very likely that I shall have to go over some day, and

help your Queen." My lord was compelled to pocket the rejoinder.

Louis Napoleon evidently strengthened himself greatly by the assumption of the imperial title and dignity. He took his place among sovereigns, and Europe was compelled to acknowledge him as one of the crowned heads. He gathered around his person those memories of the First Emperor, which are so precious to the mass of Frenchmen, and which tend in their eyes to invest with a bewildering splendor the individual who by any act can connect them with himself. As he became more exalted, absorbing in himself more of the higher powers of the state, his rule from necessity became more rigorous. As usual, the public press first felt this increased rigor. Its freedom was sternly suppressed by warnings, censorship, and severe penalties. Yet his occasional clemency toward political offenders won him great praise; more than was deserved, when it still remained true that great numbers languished in the prisons, or died after untold sufferings in the penal colonies.

The Emperor's rival, General Cavaignac, remained unreconciled to him, though submitting to his rule. He continued a rigid republican, as was his father before him. The following anecdote is given of him: Bergere, the prefect of the Seine, met him at the horticultural exhibition, and raised his hat. The general responded to the civility with a frigid stiffness. "But," said the prefect, approaching him more nearly, and mingling cordiality with deprecation in his tones, "General Cavaignac's services to society, and his varied worth, command a respect and

esteem, the expression of which ought not to be affected by a difference in political opinions." "It is not a simple difference of opinion between us," replied the ex-dictator; "we belong to different camps."

A republican demonstration, such as had not been attempted since the *coup d'etat*, took place in Paris not long after the imperial marriage, when a body of nearly twenty thousand men marched together in the funeral procession of Madame Raspail, wife of the celebrated republican, then a state-prisoner on account of his political views. A detachment of cavalry and a strong force of police were present, and prevented any speeches over the grave. This immense line of men, five deep, marching with bare heads and in solemn silence past the columns of liberty on the *Place de la Bastile*, evinced the yet strong sentiment in the hearts of many against the existing form of government, as well as the popularity of the imprisoned Raspail.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EMPIRE AND THE RUSSIAN WAR.

Louis Napoleon declared that the "Empire was peace;" but it did not long continue so. It was internal peace to France; for it placed in one hand those vast powers of the state, under which all opposing political parties were crushed But it was consolidated by a war which revived in a degree the military excitements and glories of the first empire. For this domestic influence, this confirming of his own power at home, and the increase of his influence in the politics of Europe, the French Emperor was the more ready to engage in that war with the Emperor of Russia, which has signalized the middle of the present century.

The Emperor Nicholas of Russia, throughout his whole reign, directed his policy toward the extension of his influence in the affairs of Turkey. The ostensible motive for his interference in the affairs of that nation in the year 1853, was his solicitude respecting the Holy Places, so called, in Palestine, and also concerning the condition of those subjects of the Sultan who belonged to the Greek church. Regarded throughout all the Russias with an almost religious reverence, as the great defender of that church, he claimed the right to extend his protection over its members living under a Mohammedan sovereign.

The disputes between himself and the Sublime Porte early attracted the attention of the prominent nations of Europe. The Western States properly regarded the independence of Turkey as essential to the maintenance of the political equilibrium of Europe. This independence was now seriously assailed by Russia. Early in the history of the dispute, a French official journal contained an article, attributed to the pen of Louis Napoleon himself, in which it was maintained that France was desirous that the treaties of 1815 should be upheld, and that the Czar should be prevented from seizing upon Constantinople, as that act would be inconsistent with the balance of power established by those and subsequent treaties. The article plainly intimated that France would be found with the other powers, resisting the pretensions of Nicholas. Meanwhile the combined fleets of England and France in the Mediterranean were moved to within striking distance of the probable scene of conflict.

An attempt upon the life of the French Emperor was made on the 4th of July, 1853. He was to attend the opening of the Opera Comique. Three men stationed themselves at the door, by which he was to enter the building. When ordered to withdraw, they refused. Several others joined them in resisting the police, but they were all surrounded and captured. They were found to be well armed. Thirty-three persons in all were arrested; and on the trial the discovery was made of the existence of secret societies organized for the purpose of assassinating the Emperor and proclaiming the Republic. One of the parties had agreed to shoot him on a given signal, and suc-

ceeded, on the occasion referred to, in getting within three feet of him, but did not fire simply because the signal was not made. Almost the entire number were found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment and banishment for periods varying from three to eight years.

Meanwhile, affairs in the East became more com plicated and threatening. The original grounds of dispute between Turkey and Russia began to be lost sight of in the greater scheme of attack evidently meditated by the Czar, upon the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and thus upon the general peace of Europe. England and France maintained that they were bound by treaties to uphold the independence of the Sultan. They announced their intention to act according to the purport of those treaties. Diplomatic notes, filled with skillful pleas, explanations, and arguments, passed constantly between the different parties to the strife. Recriminations also were not lacking. Russia then, having concentrated troops upon her southern frontier, ordered them to take post in the Danubian provinces. It was claimed on her part that this was not intended as an act of war, but merely as a means of obtaining material guarantees, until the Ottoman government should yield to the demands which had been urged for the past two years. Some 80,000 Russian troops, therefore, entered Moldavia and Wallachia. The French and English combined squadrons were at the same time drawing nearer to Constantinople, and the representatives of these governments were encouraging the Sultan with their counsels and promises. By the

advice of his allies the Sultan agreed not to consider the occupation of the provinces as a sufficient reason for war, while they in the meantime exerted themselves to bring about an amicable settlement of the affair. Austria offered her services as a mediator, and a conference of the great powers of Europe was held at Vienna, which drew up a series of propositions as the basis of an adjustment. This basis was accepted by Russia, for it admitted substantially what the Czar had claimed.

But it was rejected by the Sultan, as making the very concessions to which he had persistently objected. The Sultan very properly required that the Russian troops should withdraw from the principalities they had invaded, and declared his determination to commence hostilities unless this demand was promptly acceded to. With a refusal to comply, the war commenced. Between the 28th of October and the 4th of November, four bodies of Turkish troops, the strongest of which consisted of 18,000, crossed the Danube at different points. Though warmly resisted, the Turks established themselves on the north side of the river. When the news of the passage of the Danube was received in Constantinople, the English and French Ambassadors ordered twelve vessels of the combined squadron into the Bosphorus.

A naval engagement on the Black Sea took place on the 30th of November, in which the Turks acted bravely but suffered severely. A small Turkish fleet, convoying a number of transports laden with materials of war for the coast of Circassia, was chased into the harbor of Sinope. The Russian fleet followed,

and succeeded in destroying three frigates, one steam frigate, two schooners, and three transports. The intelligence of this affair created great excitement in Paris and London. The French Emperor was especially indignant, and declared his intention to act with energy in resisting the aggressions of Russia.

The war actually going on between Russia and Turkey, efforts, however, were still made by England, France, Austria, and Prussia, to secure a satisfactory peace. At the same time extensive preparations were making by the two former nations for active measures of assistance to Turkey. On the 30th of December, the French minister for Foreign Affairs addressed a note to the different French legations in Europe, intended to define the actual condition of the controversy, and the line of conduct which France and England would pursue. He reviewed the course of Russia, showed how much Turkey had borne, and how sincere had been the efforts of the European powers for peace, how cautious they had been to avoid any collision, and how reasonable were their requirements that Russia should act with like caution and moderation. He maintained that the affair of Sinope had disappointed their expectations, and had obliged the allied powers to assume a new attitude. They had, therefore, decided that their squadrons should enter the Black Sea, and so operate as to prevent the territory or the flag of the Sultan from being the object of any fresh attack on the part of the naval forces of Russia. The allied squadrons accordingly entered the Black Sea, forming a fleet of fourteen English, twelve French, and five Turkish vessels of

war. On the Danube, new successes were achieved by the Turks.

On the 29th of January, the Emperor of the French addressed an autograph letter to the Emperor of Russia, going over the same ground which had been reviewed in the note of his minister, and making final propositions of a pacific character. The letter closed by quoting from the Czar's letter of a year previous, his protestation that their relations ought to be sincerely amicable, and to repose on the same intentions, the maintenance of order, love of peace, respect for treaties, and reciprocal benevolence; "that programme," said Louis Napoleon, "is worthy of the sovereign who traced it, and I do not hesitate to affirm that I have remained firm to it." This letter was regarded rather as a manifesto to the French nation than as an appeal to the Czar. The Emperor of Russia replied to it, skillfully defending his own course, and expressing his reliance upon God and on his right in the conflict about to ensue.

The Legislative body, at its session in March, voted unanimously a bill to authorize a loan of two hundred and fifty millions of francs for the unusual expenses of the approaching war. The whole body waited upon the Emperor to present him with the vote, in order "to render still more striking in the eyes of Europe the testimony it offers to the Emperor of its entire confidence and most resolute concurrence." The formal opening of the war was made by a declaration to the Chambers, the 27th of March, that the final resolution of the cabinet of St. Petersburgh had placed Russia in a state of war with respect to France. The

Chambers pledged the support of the nation to the government in carrying on the war. On the 10th of April a convention was signed by the representatives of France and England, in which it was agreed that the two nations entered into alliance offensive and defensive for the reëstablishment of peace on a durable basis. The contingent of French troops first sent to the east was agreed to be from 50,000 to 100,000 men.

On the 22d of April, a squadron of five English and three French steamers bombarded the town of Odessa, on the Black Sea, for several hours, the fire being warmly returned from the Russian batteries. The Russian vessels in port were burned or sunk, the batteries silenced, and the establishments of the admiralty destroyed.

During the summer a body of some 11,000 French troops was taken on board the English and French fleet for the Baltic, and landed on the 8th of August near the fortress of Bomarsund. This fortress, and with it all the Aland Islands, fell into the hands of the allies, after a regular siege of a few days, on the 16th of the same month.

On the arrival of the French and English troops in Turkey, they were established for the time in a camp at Varna. Here the cholera broke out during the summer, and committed fearful ravages, especially among the French regiments.

The Emperor established large camps at home, at St. Omer and Boulogne. At the latter place, in the course of the summer, some 100,000 troops were assembled; and here a grand military display took

place, under the supervision of the Emperor, for the entertainment of Prince Albert of England, the King of Belgium, Pedro, the young King of Portugal, and other distinguished visitors. The troops from these camps were transferred to the east, as the demands of active service required.

An extract from a letter of Barbes, a republican, who had been in prison since the *coup d'etat*, was communicated to the Emperor, in which he said he craved victory for the French in the war then going on, and declared that he pitied the republican party if there were any it who did not rejoice in the military glory of France. The Emperor immediately ordered his release from prison, remarking that "a prisoner who preserves, in spite of long sufferings, such patriotic sentiments, should not in his reign remain in prison." Barbes, instead of being gratified at his release, refused to accept any favor from one he deemed a usurper. Having been forcibly removed from prison, he demanded to be restored; and this being unneeded, he immediately went to England.

The military operations toward the close of the summer began to be more important. The allied commanders resolved to change the scene of the war, and instead of joining the Turks on the Danube, to make a sudden effort to capture Sebastopol, in the lower part of the peninsula known as the Crimea. This extensive fortress was the pride of Nicholas. Upon it he had for years expended vast sums, in order to render it impregnable by sea or land; and this it was claimed to be. Within the harbor his large Black Sea fleet could be sheltered,

while it added to the defenses of the place; and here it was now shut up by the superior fleet of the allies.

The camp at Varna, full of dismal rememorances of inaction, disease, and death, was broken up. A fleet of three thousand guns and 25,000 seamen, convoying over six hundred transport vessels, carried the army across the Black Sea to the shores of the Crimea. It was the greatest expedition of the kind known in the history of war. The landing was effected in the bay of Eupatoria, about fifty miles to the north of Sebastopol, on the 14th of September, 1854. No opposition was offered to the landing. The French troops disembarked numbered 23,000, and were under command of Marshal de St. Arnaud. The English amounted to 27,000, under Lord Raglan. They soon extended themselves into the country, and took up the line of march for the south, the French on the right, resting on the sea, the English on the left. Moving in this order, the allies came upon the Russians in a strong position behind the river Alma, and close to the coast. The night of the 20th was passed a few miles to the north of the Russian army; and on the morning of the 21st, the united army of French and English moved forward to make an immediate attempt to force the Russian position. The Russians were posted on the south side of the river, on the slopes and tops of a series of abrupt hills. Formidable batteries had been planted in excellent positions, a trench had been dug in front of the most important point, and the Russian army, under the immediate command of Prince Menschikoff, with a front extending two miles, was prepared

to make an obstinate defense. As the allies had marched, so they attacked—the French on the right against the Russian left, and the English on the left against the Russian right. The plan of attack was to outflank the Russians on each extremity of their line.

The French were first in the battle, their line having in the march advanced beyond that of the English. Their attack began about half past twelve. The attacking division was commanded by General Bosquet. They quickly crossed the river, and were met by a heavy fire, but in spite of it they climbed the hills, and established themselves on the Russian left flank. The work was done in true French style. Two divisions, under General Canrobert and Prince Napoleon, soon reinforced them. The artillery was brought to bear, the troops pressed on, supported by the second line, and by two o'clock the battle on this side was won.

The English had approached under greater disadvantage, being exposed for a long distance to the fire of the Russian batteries. Their own artillery could reply but ineffectually. About one o'clock the light division, under Sir George Brown, crossed the river by wading, and rushed up the opposite steep, under a most destructive fire. Officers and men fell fast before it. Meanwhile, the second division was hotly engaged against the Russian center. For a time the terrible fire of the batteries held this division in check. But they only withdrew to re-form, and then turned upon their assailants—who had issued out of the battery—and drove them before them

over the top of the hill. The light division took the battery against which their attack was directed, but were driven out of it by a large reinforcement of Russian infantry. The first division, comprising the choice troops of the army, then took its place, covering the light division, and allowing it to re-form Before this new attack, made with genuine British steadiness and valor, the Russians, after warm resistance, were compelled to retire, leaving the entire position in the hands of the allies. The Russians left three generals, three guns, 700 prisoners, and 4,000 wounded behind them. The loss of the allies was over 600 killed, and about 2,700 wounded. The British suffered more than the French. Part of the retreating army went into the interior, and part into Sebastopol.

Marshal St. Arnaud kept his horse during all the day, though in very feeble health. In a few days he resigned his command to General Canrobert, and died on the voyage home, on the 29th of September.

The way was now open to Sebastopol. The armies made a *detour* around the fortress, and posted themselves on the south of it. Their general position now was this:—The French on the left, nearest the sea, and having easy communication with their vessels; the English on the right, and of course farther from the sea, being about six miles from Balaklava, to which port their siege train and stores were brought The valley running behind the British position, and extending to Balaklava, was defended immediately by some redoubts, in which a few Turkish troops were placed. The Russians under General Liprandi,

and 30,000 strong, issuing from the city, took possession of the upper end of this valley, and menaced the British rear, and their connection with their seaport. On the 25th of October, Liprandi attacked in large force, drove the Turks from the redoubts, and advanced down the valley toward Balaklava. The 93d regiment, Highlanders, successfully repulsed one division of the Russians, while the British cavalry charged upon and broke up another. An attempt, made by the light cavalry under the Earl of Cardigan to retake the guns which the Russians were carrying off from the redoubts, brought this corps under the full fire of the Russian army, by which it was fearfully cut up and almost entirely destroyed. The next day seven or eight thousand of the enemy sallied out of Sebastopol, and made another attack upon the English right. This was successfully repulsed. In both these actions portions of the French army came to the aid of the English. The losses were heavy on both sides.

On the 5th of November a still more formidable effort was made by the Russians against the extreme right of the British, the weak point of the whole line, and not as yet properly defended by earth-works and artillery. Large reinforcements had arrived in Sebastopol. Strong columns under cover of a fog were concentrated on the British right, and early in the morning began pouring up the slope, bringing with them over ninety pieces of artillery. The British troops hurried to the defense of their assailed position, but were at first repeatedly borne back by overwhelming masses and a withering fire. They held the whole

Russian force in check, however, until at length two battalions of French infantry, comprising the famous Zouaves from Algeria, came to the support of their allies, and the Russians were driven back into the valley with immense loss. The enemy far outnumbered the allied troops engaged, and nothing but the stubborn firmness of the British kept the important position from being forced. In this fierce and bloody action the English had over 400 killed and 1,900 wounded; the French over 1,700 killed and wounded. The Russian loss was stated at nearly 3,000 killed and over 5,000 wounded.

The expedition to the Crimea began now to assume a greater magnitude than those who planned it had imagined. Constant reinforcements were required to make good the losses from these various battles, and to place the assailants in a proportionate superiority to the besieged. The French army at home and abroad had been raised to 580,000 men, and 113,000 horses. The navy contained 62,000 sailors. Beside this, a levy of 140,000 men was demanded by the Emperor. He also demanded a new loan for these extraordinary expenses. These requisitions were made upon the Legislative body, which met on the 26th of December, and was opened by the Emperor in a speech much praised for its eloquence and dignity. His wishes were met. The levy was ordered, and a new loan of five hundred million francs was authorized and promptly taken. It was said that three times the sum required was offered to the government. In his speech the Emperor said: "Our arms have been victorious in the Baltic and the Black Sea. Two

great battles have shed luster upon our flag. A striking testimony has proved the intimacy of our relations with England. The British Parliament has voted thanks to our generals and soldiers. A great empire, reinvigorated by the chivalrous spirit of its sovereign, has separated itself from the power which for forty years has menaced the independence of Europe."

The proper siege of the great fortress of southern Russia went on slowly during the autumn of 1854. The labor of bringing the heavy guns and mortars into position on the slopes, commanding the southern and main works of the enemy, was immense. The rains rendered the plateaus and the valleys an expanse of mud. The bleak winds found the troops unprovided with adequate shelter. The mortality among them was excessive and alarming. The French suffered less than the English and the Turks. The military system of the former was more thoroughly and wisely organized, and the troops were more accustomed to camp life.

The siege opened on the 9th of October. The first batteries of the English were established at such a distance that their fire produced very little impression. The French, from the nature of the ground which they occupied, had been able to open their trenches at a much nearer point. The effect of their fire, however, was so slight that the speedy production of a breach through which the place might be assaulted was very improbable. The besieging armies kept making their approaches with great steadiness, gradually bringing their guns nearer to the enemy's works.

The fortress was skillfully, zealously and bravely defended. Being invested only upon the southern side, reinforcements of men, ammunition and provisions could be introduced without interference both by land around the head of the bay, and by water from the north side of the harbor. The immense arsenals, and the ships of war, now lying useless in the harbor, supplied the guns to replace those disabled or to be mounted upon the new defenses constantly constructed. Frequent sorties were made by the garrison, directed chiefly against the French positions. The Russians, as would naturally be the case, suffered more in these attacks than their assailants did. The entire winter, however, was consumed without making any important progress toward the reduction of the formidable fortress. The Russians in some portions of their line of defense contracted their works; in other places they boldly pushed them out so as seriously to check the operations of the besiegers, and even to threaten their positions. A young engineer officer of remarkable energy and genius, Todleben, had been appointed to the task of superintending the defensive works. And to his superior talent, and the enthusiasm with which he inspired the army, must be ascribed in a great degree the long and admirable defense of the place against the mighty engines of warfare which the allies were able to bring against it. He originated and carried out a system of earthworks, in some places exterior to and in others within the original defenses. When the original masonry towers and redoubts were knocked to pieces by the

storm of large shot from the monstrous batteries of the allies, these works rose as by magic in their stead.

Throughout the winter the troops suffered exceedingly in their bleak position on the hills. This was especially the case with the English soldiers; for the army system of that government, in the midst of the crisis, proved cumbrous, and totally insufficient for the demands made upon it. Through the fault of officials the army dwindled away fearfully, and its very spirit was seriously menaced. Thus passed the gloomy and fatal winter. With spring came hope and life. Fresh troops from France and England, with a contingent of 15,000 from Sardinia, who had joined the alliance, and a more complete and formidable siege train, qualified the allies for a more vigorous assault upon the fortress which had so long defied them.

In the spring efforts were made for a settlement of the great controversy, by a conference of the powers at Vienna; but after several sessions the ambassadors separated without coming to any amicable terms. On the 2d of March, 1855, Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, died at St. Petersburgh, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He was quietly succeeded by his eldest son, Alexander, who was born in 1818. The new Czar acquiesced in the policy of his father, and proceeded to carry out the projects already inaugurated. There was not even a temporary cessation of the war.

In the month of April, the national alliance was signalized by a visit of the Emperor and Empress of France to England. They crossed the channel on the 16th, and were the guests of the Queen, at Windsor Castle until the 21st. The imperial visitors were

received with great enthusiasm in London. In passing through the streets, the Emperor was observed to point out to his wife the house he had occupied as a private man and an exile. The city authorities gave them a public reception in the Guildhall. In reply to a complimentary address from the Recorder, Napoleon observed in part as follows: "England and France are naturally united on all the great questions of politics and of human progress that agitate the world. From the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Mediterranean—from the Baltic to the Black Sea—from the desire to abolish slavery, to our hopes for the amelioration of all the countries of Europe, I see in the moral as in the political world, for our two nations, but one course and one end. It is, then, only by unworthy considerations and pitiful rivalries that our union could be dissevered. If we follow the dictates of common sense alone, we shall be sure of the future You are right in interpreting my presence among you as a fresh and convincing proof of my energetic co-operation in the prosecution of the war, if we fail in obtaining an honorable péace. Should we so fail, although our difficulties may be great, we may surely count on a successful result; for not only are our soldiers and sailors of tried valor—not only do our two countries possess within themselves unrivaled resources, but above all—and here lies their superiority—they are in the van of all generous and enlightened ideas. The eyes of all who suffer instinctively turn to the west. Thus our two nations are even more powerful from the opinions they represent than by the armies and fleets they have at

their command." The Queen of England also during this visit invested the Emperor with the royal order of the Garter. The return of the imperial pair to Paris was welcomed by an enthusiastic popular demonstration. The French might well regard this visit to England as one of the most signal triumphs of Louis Napoleon.

Shortly after this gratification to his pride and ambition, the Emperor was again reminded of the uncertainty of his power and the constant exposure of his life. On the evening of the 28th of April, he left the palace in plain clothes, and accompanied by two of his household officers, to take his usual ride in the Champs Elysées. Near the Barriere de l'Etoile, a well-dressed man on the side-walk fired with a pistol twice, the second ball grazing His Majesty's hat. The assassin was an Italian, named Pianori, and according to his own statement, he acted from personal revenge, having, it was said, served in the Roman Republican army, which the French troops had destroyed. He died on the scaffold, making no confession to implicate any other person or party, and with the expression on his lips, "long live the Republic."

The French Exposition or Palace of Industry, after the fashion of the celebrated Crystal Palace of Hyde Park, London, was opened formally on the 15th of May, by the Emperor and Empress. As a whole, this Exhibition was very far from equaling its famous prototype in the British capital.

A change in the office for Foreign Affairs took place about this time. M. Drouyn de Lhuys resigned, on the ground, it was supposed, of a difference of

views from the Emperor as to the policy of peace. Count Walewski, a natural son of Napoleon I., and for some years Ambassador to the Court of St. James was appointed in his place.

To return to the Crimea and the history of the war A siege train had been placed in position, near to the Russian works, such as had never before been collected in the world. Five hundred pieces of artillery opened the terrible bombardment on the 9th of April, and continued it incessantly till the 28th, then ceasing for want of ammunition. Thousands of tons of iron were hurled against the devoted but obstinate stronghold. The Russian commander in his dispatch to his Emperor, well termed it "an infernal fire." And yet no decided result was effected. The soft earth-works received the heaviest shot and shell with but slight damage. Before the next morning the indefatigable Russians repaired the injuries of each day's fire. During the nights also the trenches were the scene of fierce and bloody encounters. Pits in which riflemen were concealed, were dug by the Russians outside of their works, and in places whence an annoying and destructive fire could be kept up on the advance works of the allies. For these rifle-pits the struggles were furious. Yet slowly and steadily the allies pushed their works nearer to those of the enemy, until in some places the cannons were nearly mouth to mouth.

Some changes had taken place in the arrangements of the line of attack. The English remained in about the same relative position, though nearer Sebastopol. The French still maintained their close attack on the

extreme left; but as their army had been largely increased, a new series of approaches had been made on the right of the English, thus extending the line farther than at first in that direction. The Sardinians had also been posted on the extreme right. General Canrobert had resigned the command of the French forces, on account of his shattered health, and General Pelissier had been appointed commander-in-chief. This appointment was a popular one, and was regarded as an indication that the siege would be pushed with more energy.

In the month of June a detachment of the allied armies, under command of Sir George Brown, embarked and sailed toward the sea of Azoff. This force took possession of the towns of Kertch and Yenikale, the Russians retiring without resistance. Kertch was an important capture, as it contained a large amount of ammunition, and a foundry where shot and shell were made for the supply of Sebastopol. The allies also thus gained command of the Sea of Azoff, and closed this channel for the furnishing of supplies to the beleaguered fortress. In the vicinity of Sebastopol, also, the allies extended their line farther inland.

General Pelissier, in order to meet the expectations formed regarding his activity and energy, planned and directed several assaults upon Sebastopol. One was executed on the 7th of June, after a twenty hours' cannonade. It was directed principally against a work, called the Mamelon, which had been erected since the siege began, for the protection of a more important work, the Malakoff, which was regarded and proved to be the key to Sebastopol. The French and

British moved in parallel columns, and after a severe engagement drove the Russians out of the Mamelon and the Round Tower, and retained possession.

On the 18th of June, the assault was renewed—the French holding the Mamelon, and from it attacking the Malakoff—the British assailing the Redan, a work lying to the right of the Malakoff, and forming, in fact, an outwork of it. The Malakoff, it must be observed, lay to the right of the British, and in front of that part of the French army which now formed the right of the general line of attack. Three heavy columns of French infantry marched upon this formidable battery—a fortress in itself. They were all beaten back with dreadful slaughter. Neither did the English attack upon the Redan operate as an effectual diversion in favor of the French main assault, as was hoped. The loss to the allies was very severe. The French, however, vigorously pushed their trenches still nearer to the Malakoff, in preparation for another assault.

Lord Raglan died on the 28th of June, after a few days' illness. General Simpson succeeded him in the chief command of the British forces.

The Legislative Assembly of France met on the 2d of July. Bills were readily passed, authorizing another war loan of seven hundred and fifty million of francs, and a levy of 140,000 men for the army.

A visit of the Queen of England to Paris was made in the month of August. She left London on the 18th, and reached Paris the same day. The Emperor received her in person at Boulogne. The Queen was welcomed with great cordiality and enthusiasm by

the French, and a great variety of public displays was made for her amusement.

Toward the close of the summer of 1855, the great contending powers in the Crimea were maneuvering for a final desperate struggle. The Russians found the lines of the besiegers drawn more and more closely around them. They made one more great effort to break up the siege by an attack upon the more exposed right flank of their foes, which had been extended to the vicinity of the river Tchernaya. The attack was directed by Prince Gortschakoff in person, who brought to the charge over 50,000 men, with one hundred and sixty pieces of artillery and 6,000 cavalry This host was met by 30,000 French and Sardinians together. The battle was fought on the 16th of August, and lasted several hours, during which the Russians repeatedly sought with desperate bravery to force the allies from their position. They were repulsed, with a loss estimated at 5,000 ; while the allies did not lose half that number.

The Russians now began to prepare for the evacuation of Sebastopol. They constructed a floating bridge to the north side of the harbor, over which they removed great quantities of munitions and supplies. The allies, meanwhile, arranged for another assault upon the Malakoff. The French lines were close to it. An active bombardment throughout the whole long line was kept up from the 5th of September to the 8th. At noon precisely on the 8th, the French assaulting columns, to the amount of 30,000 men, began pouring out of the trenches, and rushing toward the Malakoff with the greatest impetuosity.

The intervening space was quickly cleared, and then in close quarters within the formidable work itself the struggle went on. The French reinforcements crowded on to the aid of their companions, while from the other side of the Malakoff, the Russian troops poured up in great masses to the defense. The fight for an hour was furious, and then the Russians gave way and abandoned the work. The French also took what was termed the Little Redan, but they were exposed to so severe a fire in it, that they withdrew. Batteries were planted, which poured a storm of shot and shell down upon the Russian ships of war in the harbor, setting fire to several of them.

Meanwhile, the British attack upon the Great Redan had been going on. The distance between their trenches and this work was considerable. The assaulting column was consequently exposed to a destructive fire immediately on leaving their own cover. Many men and officers fell before this space was crossed. The assailants, however, effected a lodgment in an angle of the work, where for a long time they resisted the efforts of a large body of Russians to drive them out, and waited in vain for reinforcements. The enemy, driven by the French from the Malakoff, pressed in overwhelming numbers upon the British in the Redan, and finally compelled them to withdraw. The attack on this point was a failure; and nowhere else along the line was any serious effort made, as it was plain that the Malakoff was the key to the fortress.

This final assault cost the allies about ten thousand men in killed and wounded. During the night fol

lowing the fall of the Malakoff, the Russians exploded mines under various fortifications, and withdrew their entire army to the north side of the harbor. The allies were slow to penetrate into the city, fearing the explosion of mines made by the enemy. Gradually, however, they took possession of the various parts of the stronghold, for which they had so long contended. Immense stores of cannon, powder, shot, and all materials for war, were found in Sebastopol. The Russian commander admitted the loss of from 500 to 1,000 men a day during the last month of the siege. The allies promptly planted batteries, and opened a fire upon the north side of the harbor, while the enemy went regularly to work to strengthen the forts on that side by exterior earth-works, showing readiness to endure another siege. The allies also entered upon the work of destroying the magnificent docks, arsenals, and various establishments which had been necessary to make Sebastopol a great naval depot. The Russians had in the outset sunk enough of their large ships of war across the mouth of the harbor to make the entrance impracticable. The remainder had been burned and sunk when they evacuated the city.

An expedition, consisting of 15,000 French and 4,000 British troops, was embarked at Balaklava, and on the 15th of October successfully bombarded the fortress of Kinburn, the garrison of 1,500 men surrendering as prisoners of war. This movement was made in order to open the way to an attack upon certain important interior towns.

The approach of winter put a stop to operations by sea or land. The Russians made one more field at-

tack upon the allies; but few were engaged in it, the losses were small, and the results nothing. They kept up a heavy cannonade upon the south side of the harbor, to which the allies made little reply. Both parties tacitly agreed to wait for more genial weather for active operations, or to see what might be the issue of the rumors of peace.

On the 11th of January, a grand council of war, presided over by the French Emperor, and composed of the prominent military men of the allies, met in Paris, to enlighten the governments upon the state, the exigencies, and the issues of the war. During the winter Sweden also joined the allies. A portion of the French troops returned from the Crimea was warmly received in Paris, and the Emperor addressed them as follows: "I have recalled you, though the war be not terminated, because it is only just to relieve in their turn the regiments which have suffered most. Each will thus be able to take his share in glory, and the country, which maintains 600,000 soldiers, has an interest in maintaining in France a numerous and experienced army, ready to march wheresoever necessity may require. Preserve, then, carefully the habits of war, and fortify yourselves in the experience you have already acquired."

While the armies in the Crimea were rendered inactive by the winter, Austria, with the consent of France and England, again made certain propositions to Russia; which propositions were deemed the *ultimatum* of the allies. The Czar accepted these propositions, "as the basis of negotiations." In the latter past of February, the plenipotentiaries of France,

England, Austria, Russia, Sardinia and Turkey, assembled in Paris, and on the 30th of March, 1856, the treaty of peace was signed. It was subsequently ratified by all the governments. It consisted of thirty-four articles, embracing the following important points: All territories occupied during the war were restored. Turkey was admitted to the political system of Europe, and her indepencence was guaranteed; the Black Sea was neutralized, and ships of war of all nations forbidden to enter it, with certain unimportant exceptions, trade in it also being free; Turkey and Russia agreed to maintain no military maritime arsenals on the coast of the Black Sea; the Sultan conceded the equal rights of all Christians in his dominions. The treaty gave great satisfaction in France. The Czar also claimed that he had obtained all he had sought; though his satisfaction can hardly be understood, when it is remembered that his entire naval power in the Black Sea was destroyed, and he was prohibited from ever reëstablishing it. In England the peace did not give so great satisfaction among all classes; there was a general feeling that the military honor and glory of Britain had been damaged by the war, and that the political importance of the administration had been made subordinate to the ambition and influence of the French Emperor. The war undoubtedly added not only to the glory of the French arms, but to the importance of Louis Napoleon in the political affairs of Europe. His power was greatly augmented by this struggle with the Colossus of the North. By his policy France was placed for the time at the head of European nations. His throne

was strengthened, and the forces of opposition within and without the nation were weakened and scattered.

France sent in all to the Crimea during this war about 200,000 men, of whom it was estimated that 60,000 were lost, including those killed and wounded in battle, or who died or were disabled by disease. England lost in similar ways about 22,000; while Count Orloff, the Russian Plenipotentiary, is said to have admitted in Paris that the loss on the part of Russia was about 500,000 men.

The hopes of the Emperor of France, and of those desiring the continuance of his dynasty, were greatly gratified by the birth of a son on the 14th of March, during the sessions of the peace congress in Paris. The circumstances of this event were all arranged with that particularity and pomp which pertain by custom to such important affairs in reigning families. Paris was made gay with the rejoicings and displays of the occasion. The name given to the heir of the throne was Napoleon-Louis-Eugene-Jean-Joseph. As the heir of the first Napoleon was entitled King of Rome, so this child received the title of King of Algeria.

The Emperor, rendered good-humored and clement by so promising an event, offered an amnesty to all political exiles who would return and take the oath of allegiance.

One Orsini attempted to blow up the Emperor by throwing bombs under his carriage. Such attempts seemed to add to his popularity with the people.

The Italians had made several heroic but unsuccessful attempts to throw off the power of Austria.

Their leader was the gallant Victor Emanuel. The Emperor Napoleon found some pretexts for joining forces with the Italians. Having a finely appointed and large army he fought several very sanguinary battles with the foe of Italy. Among the more famous was the greatly celebrated Quadrilateral. The four fortresses of Mantua, Leguano, Peschiera, and Verona possessed such a strategetical position as to render the enclosed space impregnable. But they were all forced to surrender to the Italians and French. These fortresses formed the line of defence of Venetia, and were ceded to that state, by the French-Austrian treaty of Oct. 3, 1866. The war ended, a treaty was executed at Villefranca, by which all the Italian duchies fell to Sardinia. France received Nice and some other places for her services. It was soon after that Napoleon recognized Victor Emanuel as King of Italy.

China having given umbrage to some of the European powers, by non-fulfilment of treaties, France once more joined forces with England. Their united warlike expeditions resulted in the capture of the capital of China, and the destruction of some of the most splendid palaces in Pekin. After which the Chinese signed an enforced treaty. Cochin-China was treated in much the same manner, by Napoleon about the same time.

Mexico being largely in arrears to French, English and Spanish money lenders, Napoleon had the address to win England and Spain into a joint attack upon that nation. Before long Spain and England became convinced that Napoleon had designs of his own, and they withdrew from the compact. The French Emperor proceeded with his design. His troops on several fields defeated the Mexicans. Maximillian, a worthy Prince of the Austrian imperial family was crowned Emperor of Mexico. Napoleon, soon after, being remonstrated with by the United States, withdrew his French troops. Maximillian was shot, and his wife became hopelessly insane. When, in 1863, a Polish insurrection made kingly thrones totter in Europe,

Napoleon tried to unite the monarchs in a sort of defensive league. The attempt failed, however.

The inglorious war against Mexico, and his strange apathy, while Prussia was bringing Austria to her knees, were greatly diminishing his popularity. Apparently with the intention of regaining it, he began to loosen the reins of authority, and gave much more liberty of expression and action to his people. He, also, voluntarily submitted to the people the question of his governmental acts. Immense majorities implied that the French people were satisfied with his rule. A plot to assassinate the Emperor was discovered in April, 1870. It was frustrated.

The most momentous act of his life occurred in 1870, when he declared war against Prussia, or rather, against Germany. For by this time the astute Bismark had succeeded in establishing a confederation of nearly all the states of that powerful, but previously disjointed country. England made an offer to mediate between France and Prussia, but her offer was declined. Large French armies hurriedly marched to cross the Rhine. But before they could leave their own soil, they found themselves faced by German troops, led by the great General Von Moltke. A month of battles followed. Nearly every one of which resulted in favor of the Germans. Indeed the French showed scarcely any martial quality except courage. The "Star" of the Second Empire went down at Sedan. This battle was won by the Germans. The army capitulated. The Emperor became a prisoner, and was borne as a captive into German territory. Here he received kingly treatment from his captors. He was subsequently released and proceeded to England. Here he met his wife, Eugenie. After the Sedan defeat the Empire was overthrown, and the Empress had sought refuge behind the chalky cliffs that had so often sent navies and armies to combat to the death with all who bore the name of Bonaparte.

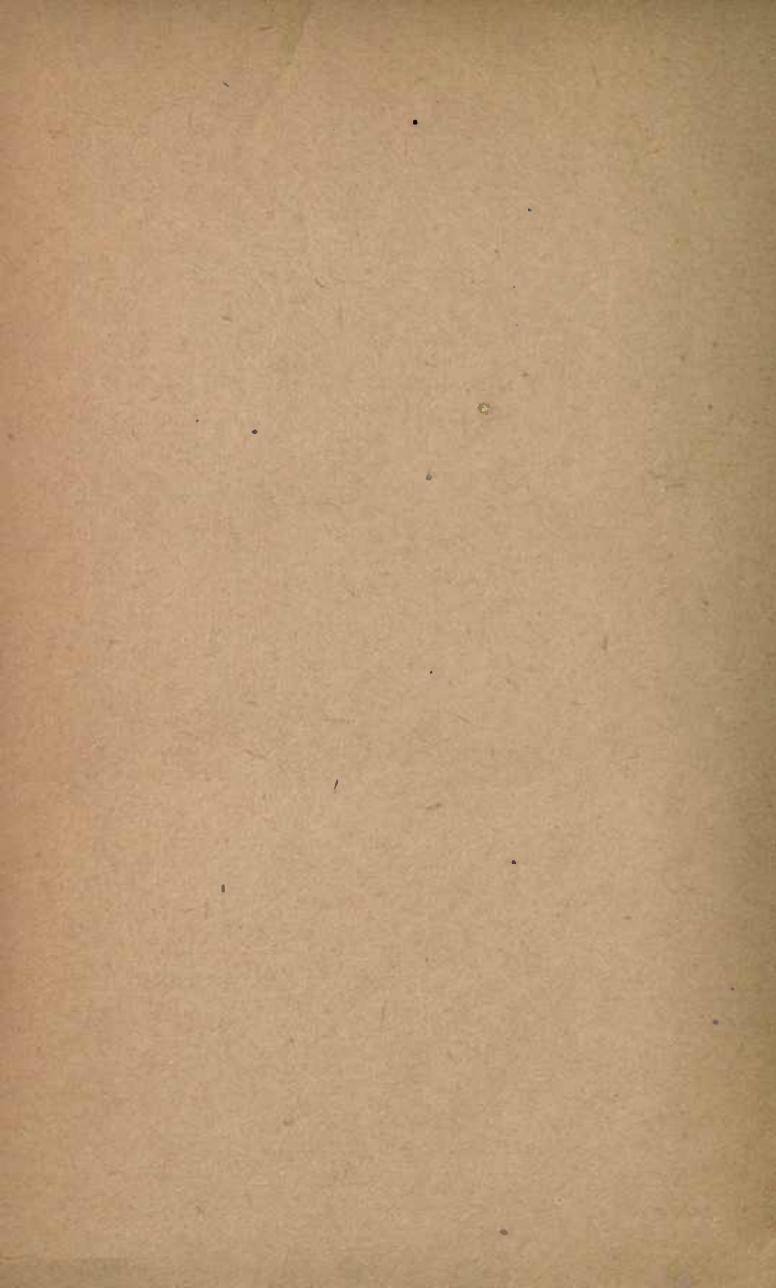
Napoleon III died on the 9th of January, 1873, at Chiselhurst, in England.

The least culpable of all that ever bore the name of Bonaparte was the son of Napoleon and Eugenie—

the Prince Imperial, who appeared only to have lived and died "to point a moral and adorn a tale." His mother having made England her home—where it is but right to say that this family in its misfortunes has been treated with a noble hospitality—and the young scion of emperors went for his military education to the British Army Academy.

Here he displayed considerable ability. He proved an apt scholar, and acquired an excellent soldierly education. When he stood on the threshold of manhood, he tired of inglorious ease, and notwithstanding the natural objections of his mother, Eugenie, he solicited and obtained permission to join a British corps, as a volunteer, destined to fight against the Zulus, in Africa. Here he displayed a good deal of ability as an engineer officer. But with more courage than discretion he ventured too far in the advance, and his small escort was cut down, and he himself slain, in 1879. To close this truly strange eventful history, it only remains to write that his mother—who dearly loved him—made a pilgrimage to the spot where he fell, and brought his remains to England. There they repose beside the father whose actions fill a vast space in the annals of the world.

Only one of this great family remains alive. That is, if we allow any legality to the infamous act of Napoleon I, by which he sought to throw the shadow of illegitimacy apon the "American" Bonapartes, (the children of his brother Jerome by that brother's wife, Miss Paterson.) The one we allude to is the cousin of Napoleon III. He is officially styled Prince Napoleon, but popularly known as *Pon-plon.* His father was Jerome, brother of Napoleon I; his mother the Princess of Wurtemburg. He married Clotilde, daughter of Victor Emanuel. No action of his life has lifted him into historical significance.



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