



LINES TO MRS. R. G * * *

SUGGESTED BY HER PRESENT ILL HEALTH.

With some, there reigns around the bed of sickness
An air—though melancholy—not unpleasing,—
A soft serenity that marks the soul
From guilt, despair, and Death's dread terrors free,
And sinks, like something spiritually subtle,
In ev'ry sensitive or feeling heart.
In them all passion, suffering, and grief
Are mirrored in a melancholy smile—
Expression seems a spirit, softly veiling
The anguish which its innocence betrays!
I speak of those, whose purity of life
Sustains their souls against the frown of Death!
In whose calm sphere, the meditative mind,
And Friendship, if it be beyond a name,
Delight with fond solicitude to dwell :—
Where beaming through a sweet, but pensive gloom,
The thoughts, so pure, seem glances into Heaven—
So much so—memory for a time departs,
And Heaven and its path become familiar !—
Like stars careering through ethereal fields,
They waken in the heart that silent music—
The harmony celestial of the spheres—
And fill the soul with radiance that appears
The reflex of a bright eternity,
In which is seen, so beautifully shadowed,
That glorious point—the "Alpha and Omega,"—
To which Hope's undiminishable beams
Eternally aspire—as to their Home!
Think not, then, 'tis arduous or unpleasing,
The duty that repays me with your presence;
Nor think not, that the momentary flash
Of joy, is dearer or more lovely than
The impress, and the sweets of sympathy,—
When such results—so hallowed and so pleasing—
So precious and so edifying—follow !
May you, with all a mortal can desire,
Long live to grace the circle of your friends,
And see, with all a mother's anxious care,
The budding beauties of your child unfold ;
And when the summer of their bloom arrives,
May they, accordant with your fondest wish,
Be found, at least, the reflex of perfection,—
And ev'ry tint imparted by your virtue,
Reflecting honour, long reward your trouble,—
And all the picturings of Hope and Fancy
Be turned to bright realities at last !
Then when the dark horizon of existence,
(Alas ! I hope sincerely it is distant),
With all its multitude of clouds appears,
The bright, though mournful, sunset of your virtue
Shall lapse into a lovely halo round
The gates of Death—and light your path to Heaven!

A. D. M.

L'Europe depuis l'Avènement du Roi Louis Philippe. Par M. CAPEFIGUE. Pour faire Suite à l'Histoire de la Restauration du même Auteur. Paris. 1845.

[FROM THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.]

[Concluded.]

To the school of politicians by whom these doctrines are propagated, have belonged Louis Philippe and all his favorite ministers. Of course, the historian discloses truths like this with becoming reserve. He has studied under the Jesuits, and forestalled Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman.

In the midst of the grave and reverend seniors above commemorated are found in the July cabinet certain individuals ill adapted to co-operate with them, such as M. Dupont de l'Eure, M. Lafitte, and two or three other minor notabilities, the especial aversion of M. Capéfigue. These gentlemen seem to have taken the Revolution in earnest, and to have imagined that they could at once have a king and a free constitution, because such a thing has proved practicable in England. The historian pities them and so do we; they had, it seems, been long amusing themselves with dreams about 1688, and the American system, and what not, and now that they had overthrown the elder Bourbons, cherished the expectation that with a younger branch of that illustrious house, they should be able to accomplish all they desired. Experience, however, soon brought them to their senses. Like the horse, when he first put a man on his back, in order to avenge him against his enemies, they found that they had got a master, and the thought seems soon to have crossed their minds, that it might yet be possible to get rid of him. This idea in reality it was, that produced those fierce dissensions in the cabinet, which, with so much unction, M. Capéfigue commemorates. M. Dupont, he says, always entered with the thought of resignation uppermost in his mind, and the word upon his lips. Twice at least, in every twenty-four hours did he threaten Louis Philippe and his colleagues, that he would leave them to their fate. He opposed his morose and inflexible will to their courtly facility, and often forced them to adopt measures altogether against their preferences and convictions.

But how happened it that M. Dupont de l'Eure could exercise so irresistible an influence? Was he a great statesman? Did he possess a mind of a superior order? Had he a long experience of business, or a great capacity for the conduct of affairs? Not at all, according to the historian. He had nothing, and was nothing but the leader of a party. But how came he to be the leader of a party? By the exercise, according to the historian, of his nonentity. People followed him just because he was incapable of leading them, they had no other reason in the world. This is an odd statement, and one might be inclined to disbelieve it, were it not that M. Capéfigue assures us of the fact. Upon his testimony, therefore, we must confide, falling as we do, bound hand and foot, helpless into his hands; he is the great magician of the period, and converts servility into wisdom, and honesty, ability, and patriotism, into folly, with a skill altogether marvellous.

Most persons will probably recollect the trial to which the revolutionary ministry was put, almost immediately after its formation. That it should not have pulled together under any circumstances, is quite intelligible, considering the elements of

which it was composed. There were, properly speaking, no political parties in France, and, therefore, no heads of parties, otherwise such a ministry would only have been a standing evidence of the utter profligacy of the country: it consisted of Republicans, Radicals, Whigs, and Conservatives, or of the things in France most analogous to those distinctions. It would, perhaps, have been difficult to patch up a better ministry at the time, or a worse at any other time; but even an able cabinet would then have experienced some difficulty in maintaining its ground.

The people of Paris, deeply enamoured of change, and proud of their success against the old monarchy, were little disposed to return at once to the jog-trot habits of daily life, under a strict and jealous government. M. Capéfigue, however, grossly caricatures their propensities; converting a few accidental outbreaks into a general rule, he maintains that they were desirous of forgetting altogether the rights of property, and that there was every disposition to toss up for a general scramble. Most literary men of the period, shut up in a little study with their books, conceived much the same idea. One of the most distinguished among them observed to us, during the prevalence to the excitement: "Sir, there are 12,000 rascals in Paris who would cut your throat for ten sous,"* and others seriously maintained that all the ragamuffins who fought during the three days, were actuated solely by the love of plunder, though accident prevented them from indulging the propensity.

Strolling about one evening in the neighbourhood of the Pantheon, or church of Ste. Geneviève, we were overtaken by a violent shower of rain. There was a lady with us, and having no umbrella, we were glad to take shelter in the first passage we saw open; it was that of a cobbler, who sat at work within, singing merrily, and, at intervals, pausing to chat with his wife, or poke with the handle of his awl a pretty, chubby little fellow who stood close to his knee. The cobbler very civilly asked us into his room, handed us a couple of chairs, and, while we were sitting out the continuance of the shower, amused us with the history of his life. He had been a soldier in the grand army, and accompanied Napoleon to Moscow. During the dire retreat from that city, he had the good fortune to escape the almost universal ruin, and on returning to Paris took up again with his old trade of making and mending shoes. He had at a later period married and become the father of three children, two of which now lay sleeping on a neat white bed, in a recess of the room where we sat, while the third stood, as has been said, at his knee, pleasantly, from time to time interrupting him in his work. "When the revolution of the three days began," said he, "I took down my old musket which hangs against the wall yonder, kissed my wife and children and went out, as I ought, to fight for liberty. I thought, it is true, that I had done with that sort of thing, and had no wish, I assure you, to be engaged in insurrection. If I kept my musket, it was merely as a *souvenir*, I had carried it through the snows of Russia; it had saved my life, and I loved it, monsieur, as one loves an old friend. And though a poor man, sir, I loved my wife and children too, and was very loath to part with them. Mais enfin que voulez-vous, monsieur, nous sommes tous enfans de la patrie." And with the words he paused and hammered away more energetically than ever on his lapstone, looking sideways at the little boy, and seeming to be under the influence of a good deal of emotion. While we replied: "You have fought bravely, and it is to be hoped have gained for yourselves a good government." "Ah, pour cela," answered he, without raising his eyes, "je n'en sais rien," accompanying the words by that expressive shrug of the shoulders, into which a Frenchman sometimes contrives to throw so much meaning.

This honest fellow had, at any rate, gained nothing by the three days, and we afterwards found, upon diligent enquiry, that the same was the case with by far the greater number of those who had overthrown the old monarchy. Nor do we think that they fought for plunder, it was opinion that swayed them. They fancied they were going to get a republic, and there is no conceivable earthly advantage which a French democrat does not believe to be signified by that magic word. Of course, the vagabonds of Paris availed themselves of the row to practise the legitimate arts of their profession; but they were far from being in a majority. In all the *émeutes* that afterwards took place, before and during the trial of the absolutist ministers, we were present and conversed freely with those desperadoes in *blouses Gauloises*, against whom M. Capéfigue inveighs with so much unction. They were by no means the tattered demagogues described in his "history." On the contrary, the most respectable portion of the working classes were out, and though they were certainly of opinion that Prince Polignac and his associates ought to be put to death, there was no ferocity either in their looks or their expressions. No doubt they were labouring under a grievous fallacy; they fancied the lives of poor men are of as much value as the lives of the rich and titled, which is a mistake in all monarchies, constitutional or unconstitutional. In France, at least, you have only to call people rabble and you may shoot them. It would argue something like relationship to feel any sympathy for the *canaille*. And then *canaille* can have no affections, no social domestic ties; they are none of them fathers or husbands, or sons, or brothers, or lovers, or friends. They are simply *canaille*, and when they happen to fall in an insurrection or otherwise it is enough to state their quality. There is no necessity for sorrow or commiseration, so,—at least, reasons M. Capéfigue, and he represents very accurately, we dare say, the prevalent feeling among the Philippists.

It is not our intention to deny that Paris wore a very alarming aspect during the trial of the ex-ministers. Angry and threatening crowds filled the streets and public places. Barricades were thrown up in various parts of the city. Even in the Place Vendôme and the Rue Rivoli, *voitures* and *diligences* were hauled out and jammed close together so as to completely choke the thoroughfare. The Place de la Revolution, the Gardens of the Tuileries, and all the open spaces round

* That Monsieur Capéfigue's ideas of his townsfolk are not a whit more favorable may be inferred from the following passages:—"Si cette multitude avait trouvé sous ses mains le Prince de Polignac, M. M. de Peyronnet, de Chantelaine, ou de Guernon Ranville, elle leur aurait arraché les entrailles, elle aurait promené leurs têtes ensanglantées sur des piques." . . . "Sous prétexte que la Chambre des Paris voulait sauver les accusés, ces masses affreuses espèrent le déchirer de leurs ongles." . . . "Ainsi la mort partout, peut-être l'échafaud en vertu d'une sentence arrachée au patrie par la violence, et ce qui est plus pénible encore que la mort sur l'échafaud les excès du peuple qui demande à déchirer les entrailles des victimes." L. iv., 109, 149.

the Louvre, were so densely thronged, that you might have walked over the heads of the people. At one moment, when the thought struck the mob that the criminals closely shut up in their prison were to be screened from the course of justice, the cry of vengeance was raised, and a vast body of men, with torches in their hands, passed the Barrière du Trône, and marched by night towards the Château de Vincennes. In such a temper of mind and fever of excitement they might, doubtless, have been betrayed into an act of atrocity. It was suggested by some one—some father, perhaps, who had lost his only son during the three days—that the people should fire the château, and thus take justice in their own hands; and with this idea in their heads, the multitude stretched forward in a column, and with shouts, and torches waving, advanced with fearful resolution along the road towards the State Prison.

The Château de Vincennes may be regarded as a second Bastille, with its turrets, moats, and dungeons, where indescribable crimes have at various periods of the monarchy been perpetrated. It was spared by mere oversight during the great Revolution, and the people appeared now to be resolved to correct the error of their predecessors.

It would, no doubt, have been a shocking thing, had they been able to carry out their design. All men, even the greatest criminals, have a right of a fair trial; and had the ex-ministers been burnt alive, the act would have been a stain on the civilisation of the nineteenth century. For once, therefore, we agree with M. Capéfigue, and reprobate as heartily as he can, the form which the vengeance of the populace seemed likely at that moment to take. But it would be the height of injustice to confine our sympathy to the prisoners. Pre-eminently guilty they, no doubt, were; all their acts and their demeanour during the trial proved it. But the period of active criminality had ceased, and they were now unfortunate. This fact would have sufficed, no doubt, to disarm the resentment of dispassionate men; whom they had not personally injured, whose whole hopes in life they had not blasted, whose nearest and dearest friends their acts of tyranny had not consigned to a premature grave; but some allowance must be made for the multitude, for those remnants of families which had been broken up for ever by the events of the three days, for those mourning and desolate persons who felt that they could never again know comfort, or hope, or peace in this world. M. Capéfigue seeks to interest us in the fate of the guilty ministers, by dwelling on their firmness and courage, by sketching with as much art as he is master of, their aristocratic bearing and physiognomy, their pale and passive looks, their devoted attachment to the old monarchy. But what was the old monarchy? What was it but a name, or, as he is fond of expressing himself, a tradition? We are quite aware that men are generally weak enough to be the slaves of associations, traditions, prejudices, even in politics; but when the lives of thousands, and the happiness of millions, are placed side by side with an antiquated prejudice, what man, who takes upon himself to write history, ought for a single moment to hesitate on which side he should give his vote? We respect all forms of government which are capable of commanding the attachment of mankind. There is, and must be some good in every one of them. Even despotisms become amiable when they put on the character of paternal sway, and are administered by mild and gentle tyrants. But when the light of an institution has been quenched in the blood of the people, we experience the greatest possible repugnance both for the memory of the thing itself, and for those who cherish a preference for it. Indifference for human life is in itself a crime, and we discern no very distinct line of demarcation between those who are guilty of such indifference, and those who take part with them against the people.

Few studies in politics can be more instructive than that of the planting and growth of what the French, with ridiculous affectation, call the monarchy of July. In the accomplishment of this undertaking, M. Capéfigue's work may be useful. It would be quite absurd to regard it, with the author, as a history of Europe from the accession of Louis Philippe. It is not even a history of France. It is simply a partial exposition of the arts and contrivances by which the present sovereign of that country has succeeded in setting up a new dynasty, and weaning his subjects from the love of liberty and independence. Most statesmen are of opinion that the passion for freedom is only a paroxysm among the French, and that the normal state of their feelings is an absorbing predilection for glittering and ostentatious authority. This at least is the settled opinion of Louis Philippe, who has made it the basis of his own policy, domestic and foreign. He believes that the French are willing to forego the advantages of free institutions, provided they can be enabled to enjoy a sufficient amount of drum-beating, waving of flags, marching and countermarching, and be regaled from time to time, with the smell of powder and blood. All these things are collectively signified by the word glory. There is, of course, an immense amount of this article in the sound produced by two sticks descending on a tight piece of parchment; there is still more of it in unfolding a large square of parti-coloured silk, and holding it up to flutter in the air; and there is an infinitely greater quantity still in applying fire to a little pile of saltpetre and charcoal, and thereby giving motion to a spherical piece of lead, for the purpose of perforating the skull, and epidermis, and fibres, and respiratory organs of a biped.

When men do these things under the conviction that they are necessary to their freedom, the greatness of the end appears to sanctify the means. Red cloth and frizzled worsted then assume a respectable look, and we denominate the wearer of them a soldier, because, for a moderate amount of pay, he is *soldé* or hired to fight in defence of his country's institutions. It is a wholly different thing when men put on uniforms, and play with lead and gunpowder, merely to make a noise, and call the echo of it *glory*. But this is the French notion. They think it extremely glorious just now to roast a whole tribe of Arabs alive, or wall up thousands of them in a cavern to perish slowly of hunger, or by each others hands. They think it glorious also to send their sons and brothers, by a hundred thousand at a time, to knock their heads against Mount Atlas, and perish in the sands of Africa, for the purpose of giving expansion to the fighting gas which might otherwise take fire and explode nearer home, to the no small danger of Louis Philippe's dynasty. But perhaps the height of glory, the delicate apex of that sort of passion, is to place paper and ink at the command of a dozen sophists, with the understanding that

they are to expend all the tropes and figures with which the Polytechnic School or the Sorbonne may have enriched their memories, in vilifying, libelling, and vituperating, *Perfidious Albion*.

Knowing these little harmless foibles of the people over whom he was called to reign, Louis Philippe seriously set himself, from the very outset, about putting in practice the arts by which he could alone hope to render them happy. He knew it to be one of their crochets that they would like to be free, and it cost him very little labour to manufacture certain forms of liberty, which would of course serve their purpose just as well as the reality. It was likewise quite easy to satisfy the popular leaders, who would think themselves honestly labouring in the cause of democracy, if raised to office and power, and enabled from time to time to indulge the people with flaming eulogiums on their heroism and idolatry of glory. Democracy in France means talking about the people, and serving one's self. Panegyrics cost little, particularly to those who are used to the manufacture of the article; and Louis Philippe commissioned all his popular supporters to keep the enthusiastic folks of Paris in good humour by all manner of rhodomontade. He foresaw what would be the issue of the business, and that he should be able to let the heroes down softly from the slippery pinnacle to which the surge of the Revolution had lifted them.

It is not just now in our power to pause to describe minutely all the means by which this exemplary monarch managed successively to deliver himself from his old friends. A man so illustrious, so fortunate in the acquisition of power, so lofty by his position, so mentally enriched by study and reflection, should be above the weakness of friendship. In the serenity of those elevated regions which princes inhabit, the passions which disturb the tranquility of the *canaille* ought to have no place. Every person there takes care of one individual, and universal contentment is the result. To describe a man living in perfect independence, the people of a different class often say of him, that when his hat is on his house is thatched. So exactly is it with princes. Every one of them is a perfect whole, *teres atque rotundus*, so that when his own microcosm is nestled snugly under the wing of fortune, all the rest of the world may go to the devil, if they think proper.

In strict accordance with this theory acted his majesty Louis Philippe. As a great statesman and a wise prince, he could not but know that friends are mere incumbrances, unless they can be made to serve as stepping stones from a lower to a higher level of society. The man who aims at power should never entangle himself with inextricable relations, but hold every one about him by a slip-knot, which, when it suits his purpose, he can let go at a moment's notice. In this admirable art the new king was a great proficient. He felt the most profound contempt for the rest of the world, and was even wiser than Pistol, who regarded the whole system as his oyster, which he, as he said, with sword would open. Louis Philippe's wisdom, we say, was of a higher quality than this. He despised the sword, because he felt himself to be in possession of an instrument far more delicate and finely tempered, with which, like another adept of his fraternity, he would confidently have undertaken to wheedle the devil, had his majesty been weak enough to believe in such an entity. He knew much better, but undertook and accomplished a task of equal difficulty, when he enlisted Talleyrand in the service of the new dynasty.

That old gentleman was chiefly formidable from the perfect laxity of his character. All affections, principles, and sense of duty dropped through him like water through a sieve. He was bound by nothing, and to nothing. His only pleasure in life was to delude as many people as he could, to practise universal hypocrisy, to raise himself, if possible, and if not, to keep other people down. When brought into contact with Louis Philippe, this Corypheus of knaves felt that he was overmatched, and experienced a strong anxiety to be removed as far as possible beyond the sphere of his master's influence. It was painful for him to recognise even secretly that he had met with his superior in the virtues of diplomacy. It was for this reason chiefly, that he desired the embassy to London rather than any post in the cabinet.

It is no doubt true, also, as M. Capefigue observes, that Talleyrand hated the people and everything popular, and loved to be buried either in the obscurity of an office or in the misty glitter of a saloon. But the historian does not, apparently, comprehend the reason of this idiosyncrasy which we shall endeavour therefore to explain. Lax principles of morals, epicurean indifference to good and evil, which some philosophers have dignified by the name of equanimity, aversion from strong emotions trace their origin to some defect in the physical organisation. What may be denominated the defensive passions, as fear, caution, hatred, revenge, are strong in such persons; while the attractive and expansive passions, as love, friendship, patriotism, are feeble or inactive. They, therefore, like spiders, delight to wrap themselves in the web of their own artifices, and lie in wait for men, that they may trip them up in the dark. Mobs, public assemblies, parliaments, are hateful to them, because they dislike meeting with opposition face to face, and also because they cherish an instinctive fear of popular men, who are commonly bold and energetic. This in part, at least, explains the repugnance of our countryman Hobbes for the institutions of a free commonwealth, and the anxiety of Talleyrand to sneak away from Paris, and place himself out of hearing of the tumultuous voice of the populace.

But in whatever way we explain the fact, certain it is that Louis Philippe contrived to rid himself of Talleyrand, and at the same time to turn his unscrupulous morality to account, by despatching him to the court of St. James's, where he could engage in the congenial employment of doing mischief, and amuse himself with repeating the hackneyed tricks of diplomacy. Here in London, however, he was held in no high estimation by statesmen; the minister who had most to do with him, and knew him best, thought meanly of his abilities, and considered him much better adapted to shine in the confined and murky atmosphere of a continental court, where genius itself is dwarfed and paralysed by the influence of despotism, than to carry on public business in a free country like this, where if statesmen overreach their rivals at all, it is by dint of sheer openness and candour in which men accustomed to fraud can put no faith, and therefore suppose them to conceal something else which they vainly torture themselves to discover.

Talleyrand, we say, was regarded in London as a wicked old woman, abounding in scandalous gossip, full of tricks, artful to the last degree in the fabrication of frivolous impostures. While he was hugging himself, therefore, in the belief of his own impenetrability, he was earwigged, hoaxed, and baffled, by more than one British diplomatist. Nevertheless, there are still left some public men who cherish a sort of traditional respect for this old sinner, whose inferiority is irrefragably established by this, that he was incapable of noble thoughts and could not comprehend an elevated theory of humanity. The corrupt and ignoble never can, whatever may be their abilities. A man truly great, must put faith in human greatness, because he derives from himself his archetype of humanity. He at least knows what thoughts and aspirations inhabit his own soul, he discovers there no taint of meanness; he loves his country and his kind, because it is his pleasure to love them, because he knows that the counterpart of his own greatness and goodness must exist external to himself. All the elements of grandeur are concentrated in this ennobling creed, which is firmly believed in by none but the chiefs of human kind. Talleyrand, in common with all other knaves, repudiated it utterly. He felt his own intrinsic worthlessness, and sought to avenge himself on the rest of the world, by being sceptical in regard to their virtues.

Our object, however, is not to paint the character of this vacillating and hackneyed diplomatist, but cursorily to indicate the manner in which Louis Philippe, after his accession to the throne, eased his shoulders of the burden of obligation, through whatever motive conferred upon him. It has, we believe, been said, that from gratitude to hatred there is but one step; this is more especially true in the case of princes; they always hate such of their subjects as have done them greater services than they can repay. In their presence, they feel themselves to be in some sort their inferiors, because in the reckoning of honor they are debtors, and to owe is a mark of circumscribed power. Besides, it is hard for men whom accident has raised to a throne, to persuade themselves that they do not deserve their advancement. They, therefore, soon learn to imagine, that as they exercise supreme authority, so ought they to monopolise all endowments and all fame. They are above all things jealous of their rivals in popularity. To be esteemed by the people is to trench upon their prerogative, to stand before them, to eclipse them, and ultimately to deprive them of the affections of the country. This made Tiberius abhor his triumphant generals, and regulated Louis Philippe's machinations to effect the overthrow of the popular leaders, whose folly had placed him over their heads.

It is not, meanwhile, our intention to absolve the victims of Louis Philippe's craft from all blame. They were many of them weak, vain, grasping, and overbearing. They should have understood their situation better. Experience ought to have taught them that a throne, like the seat of the Delphian priestess, inspires all who sit on it with supernatural wisdom, and that frankly to advise a king, therefore, is like attempting to intermeddle with the laws of nature. They had undertaken to reconcile contradictions, to wed democracy to royalty, to give supremacy at once to the will of the people, and to that of the sovereign. But one result could consequently follow. Louis Philippe felt secretly persuaded, and perhaps justly, that they repented of having made him king, and would soon be engaged in endeavouring to unmake him; while, on the other hand, they felt that their presence was irksome to the new court, because it always seemed to wear an air of importunity; and that persons who had done nothing for the monarch, were for that very reason more agreeable to him.

Had they read history with any care, they might have foreseen that things would necessarily happen thus. Here, in England, precisely the same game was played. Charles II., immediately after the restoration, turned adrift all those who had done him any service during his exile. He felt exactly like a debtor in the midst of duns, and took the first opportunity to deliver himself. Every one remembers the fate of Clarendon, and how pathetically the old gentleman bemoaned himself. Yet the reward he received was the proper one. He had written a lying history, and been for many long years engaged in fabricating false and mischievous proclamations, malicious libels, and fraudulent state papers. Charles II. knew all this, and could not trust him. He remembered the old proverb—the dog that will fetch will carry, and arrived instinctively at the conclusion that the abilities which Clarendon had prostituted in his behalf, he might some day or other be tempted by self-interest to turn against him. It is the fate of dishonesty never to inspire confidence.

The example of Louis Philippe and his friends may be regarded as a fresh illustration of this truth. Many of them had been dishonest. If they believed in the practicability of a republic, they were dishonest in raising him to the throne; and if the contrary was their opinion, they were dishonest in seeking to lead the country to expect the establishment of a democracy. Nothing accordingly could have taken place but that which actually happened. Lafayette, Dupont de l'Eure, Lafitte, Odillon Barrot, and their friends, demagogues, not statesmen, naturally dropped away from about the new idol. Louis Philippe no longer wanted them, and their interference in what were now his concerns, became a bore to him. He abhorred their fantastic nonsense about a republic of which he knew himself to be the antipodes, and he soon grew weary of acting a farce no longer necessary to his political advancement. The consequence was obvious.

It is the business, however, of M. Capefigue to represent the circumstances of those times in a different light. What he wishes to make appear is this; that while the leaders of the movement were silly and ridiculous pretenders to statesmanship, and as destitute of virtue as of ability, the king was all probity and honor, endowed by nature with a superior intellect, and by experience with every variety of knowledge. This apology adroitly leads to the comparison of Louis Philippe with Augustus Cæsar, whom, indeed, he somewhat resembles. He is quite as cunning, and, perhaps, quite as wicked. He has something also of his munificence, though little or nothing of the genius which overthrew the last bulwarks of liberty in Rome, and by policy, snavily, generous confidence and the native force of his character, sub-

dued into acquiescence the boldest and sturdiest of her votaries.

Louis Philippe has in his own country had no great enemies to overcome. France has produced no Brutus or Cassius, and even no Anthony in these latter days. Against Napoleon, who in genius and villainy was a Roman, Louis Philippe would have been able to effect nothing. His enemies have been the Fieschi's and Alibaud's, antagonists far more worthy of him. He has had to escape from infernal machines, from garret conspiracies, from the Lilliputian wickedness of a Lilliputian race. There was a magnitude and a grandeur about the crimes of Rome, of which, even in imagination, France is incapable. In the worst days of the revolution, when the genius of villainy was emancipated and even encouraged to exercise its utmost invention, there was no massiveness, no originality in the atrocities which were perpetrated. Even the Noyades were an imitation.

M. Capefigue labours hard to create a contrary impression, but only practically exemplifies the truth, that the sublime is next door neighbour to the ridiculous. His pen would fain invest a row with all the attributes of an insurrection. He imagines what the people might have done, and is led by a sort of national consciousness to compare them with an old raven flapping his wings and digging his beak and talons into a corpse,* accompanying the act by the most disgusting croakings. No writer, even in the worst times of the empire, would ever for a moment have thought of debasing the Roman people by such a comparison. When most a prey to corruption and degeneracy there was terror in their indignation. Trepidation accompanied their outbreaks, and the most hardened tyrants trembled to face them in the paroxysms of their fury. An *émeute* in France has generally, since the accession of Louis Philippe, been a hole and corner business instigated by some obscure criminal, and carried into effect by a handful of desperate vagabonds. To overcome such adversaries surely requires no transcendent abilities. Anything superior to the anile incapacity of Charles X. will suffice to govern France. There is not a despot in Europe who would be unequal to the task. The Parisians bend their neck to the yoke, they only ask bread and journals, and incessant abuse of England.

Where then is the mighty merit of governing, during fifteen years, so submissive and docile a people? There is no nation in the world whose relations, internal or external, are less complex. The population is homogeneous, and addicted to little variety of occupation; and a large amount of political ignorance lies like a dead weight on public opinion all over the kingdom; and this is a necessary result of the rural occupations of the people. An immense majority of the French, engaged from father to son in the pursuits of agriculture, live scattered over the face of the country, in villages and small towns, where much more thought is bestowed on fiddles and five franc pieces than on the franchise, on *réunions* than on reform, on soup than on political economy. There are few great cities which may be regarded as the forges of political opinion. There is little movement in the population, which has everywhere a local impress, a provincial character, a traditional cast of thought utterly inconceivable to us. No speculation, no enterprise, disturbs or intermingles the various strata of society. The descent of trades and professions operates almost like the laws of caste among the Hindus. The channels of trade are few and narrow, and swept by no brisk current. A sluggish communication goes on between place and place, like that which existed in England during the middle ages. Externally, France has no multiplied relations, little commerce, few colonies, no neighbours but those on her own frontier. Great Britain is neighbour to three-fourths of the world. Innumerable nations stand in contact with her. Half the world depends on her for clothing and the productions of the useful arts. France has nothing to offer to strangers but wines or gewgaws, things which they can very well do without. Her people, therefore, are not much tempted abroad, and, consequently, never acquires that reckless independence of character which is incompatible with a tyrannical government.

The English people could not live under Louis Philippe for one week. They would not attack him with infernal machines, they would hatch no conspiracies, they would break out into no *émeutes*, but they would smother him under petitions, or brain him with a remonstrance. They would meet from one end of the kingdom to the other, they would agitate, they would shake the whole soil of the island with popular emotion. There would be no rest for him or his ministers, night or day. Trade would cease, politics would absorb man, woman, and child, throughout the three kingdoms. He would perceive that he could hope for no peace or intermission till he granted them their rights, and he would therefore grant them.

If M. Capefigue be of a different opinion, as most probably he is, we should like to hear his reasons for the faith that is in him. These he has not given in the lengthy volumes before us. We grant he is very severe on the French people, abundantly ready to acknowledge their imperfections and to exaggerate their wickedness; for the worse he can prove them to be, the more credit must be due to Louis Philippe for keeping them quiet.

That the King of the Barricades very early learned to distrust his subjects we are aware. Even so far back as December, 1830, he began to be apprehensive of a fatal termination to his reign, and issued a curious order, to the knowledge of which we came by accident. Traversing the Champs Elysées one rainy day, wrapped up to the nose in a cloak, we were about to step into the gardens of the Tuileries, when a sentinel stepped forward and said: "You can't go in." "And why not?" said we. "Because," replied the man, "you have a cloak on." "And what harm," we inquired, "is there in a cloak?" "Oh, none in the world," rejoined he, "but it is feared there may be something under it." "And what is to be done?" continued we. "Why, just slip off your cloak," observed the soldier, "and then step inside the gate and put it on again. I shall have done my duty, and that's all I care about. His majesty, however, I can tell you, is afraid of cloaks, and of the people who wear them."

The soldier was right, Louis Philippe had already begun to dread his people. For a few weeks after the Barricades he

* This delicate image is, with some slight variation, thus expressed by M. Capefigue, "Le General Daumesnie le vieux soldat, fut obligé de venir parlementer avec cette troupe rugissante, et il parvint à calmer ce rassemblement, plus sombre que le battement des ailes des corbeaux qui s'abattent pour agniser leur bec sur les ossements des cadavres."—T. iii. 158.