





PRESIDENT WHITE LIBRARY,
CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

Cornell University Library

DC 165.M12

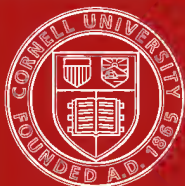
v.2

The French revolution,



3 1924 019 176 050

olin



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

VOL. II.

THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY

JUSTIN H. McCARTHY, M.P.

AUTHOR OF "AN OUTLINE OF IRISH HISTORY"
"ENGLAND UNDER GLADSTONE" ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE
1898

Copyright, 1897, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE SECRET OF THE BASTILLE	1
II. THE AGITATION IN PARIS	14
III. THE AGITATION IN VERSAILLES	24
IV. A DAY OF DEPUTATIONS	40
V. AT THE TOWN-HALL	54
VI. CONQUERING THE KING	76
VII. SAUVE QUI PEUT	95
VIII. THE SPREADING OF THE FIRE	111
IX. THE LANTERN	124
X. THE WILD DEMOCRACY	144
XI. THE CASTLE WAR	157
XII. THE MERIDIAN OF NECKER	177
XIII. THE GREAT RENUNCIATION	195
XIV. MAKING AND MARRING	214
XV. FAMINE AND FESTIVAL	233
< XVI. WOMEN MARCH TO VERSAILLES	258
XVII. INTENSE EXCITEMENT IN PARIS AND VERSAILLES .	270
XVIII. THE FIGHT IN THE PALACE	300
XIX. BACK TO PARIS	322
XX. "CARLE, AN THE KING COME !"	336
XXI. THE ASSEMBLY IN PARIS	349
XXII. POOR PARIS !	381
XXIII. DR. GUILLOTIN'S IDEA	400
XXIV. THE WINGS OF THE ANGEL	407

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXV. CLUBABLE MEN	427
XXVI. SEVENTEEN NINETY	444
XXVII. LET BROTHERLY LOVE	463
XXVIII. MIRABEAU DOES HIS BEST	493
XXIX. MIRABEAU HERCULES	513
XXX. PARIS BY WAY OF COBLENTZ	526
XXXI. THE FALL OF THE TITAN	543
XXXII. FLIGHT	560
XXXIII. VARENNES	593
XXXIV. THE KINGLESS CITY	608
XXXV. BACK TO PARIS	616
XXXVI. BROTHERLY LOVE	623
INDEX	655

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

CHAPTER I

THE SECRET OF THE BASTILLE

It has been said that the fall of the Bastille first revealed to France the weakness of her government, and that the government never recovered from the revelation. But, indeed, the weakness of the government had revealed itself before : first, when it consented to summon the States-General, and again, even more flagrantly, when it failed to accept the challenge of Mirabeau, and to coerce a mutinous Third Estate at the point of the bayonet. The weakness of the government was betrayed rather by the triumph of the Tennis-Court than by the humiliation of the Bastille. The weakness of the Bastille proved the strength of the people. The taking of the Bastille is not remarkable as a military achievement ; the pettiest war ever waged must needs bear witness to exploits far more illustrious in the eyes of the soldier and the strategist. It is remarkable as a proof of the immense importance of the part that symbolism and that sentiment play in the history of popular insurrection. The fall of the Bastille was almost an accident, but the echo of its fall has not died away within the century.

The taking of the Bastille was an event of the highest importance in the history of the Revolution, but its importance was principally of a symbolic kind. Although many ardent historians have painted pictures of the horrors within its walls, although Michelet and Louis Blanc apostrophize it in terms of the most passionate invective, it seems well-nigh certain that the Bastille was not at the time of its fall, and had not been for long previous to its fall, an especially detestable or an especially detested prison. It was of so little use, of so little importance, that in all probability, if it had not been destroyed by the Parisian mob, it would have been quietly pulled down in the most commonplace way by a loyal municipality acting under the approval and with the permission of its king. Edmond Biré in his "*Légendes Révolutionnaires*," Funk Brentano in his "*La Vie à la Bastille*," and Gustave Bord in his contributions to the "*Revue de la Révolution*," have made it unquestionably clear that the Bastille was, during the whole of the reign of Louis XVI., not at all the place of Dantesque gloom and terror that certain writers have imagined it to be. "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here," was by no means written above its gateways. The theory, advocated by many able writers, that the Bastille always was the grave of those who entered it, that they "ceased to belong to the earth," that they had "no longer friends, no longer a family, no longer a country"—the words are the words of Louis Blanc—bursts like a bubble before an investigation of the facts. It is proved by documents, by the documents of the prison itself, that the prisoners within its walls were, in the reign of Louis XVI., well fed, decently treated, permitted to receive the visits of friends and members of their family; that they were often permitted to enjoy the attendance

of their own servants. Some of the poorer prisoners were not merely fed at the expense of the State, but were sometimes clothed, were presented with tobacco, and were provided with money in pocket when they left. Prisoners were allowed to read, were allowed to write, were allowed walking exercise in the courtyard of the castle. Linguet declares that the castle gardens were closed to the prisoners, but Alfred Bégis, a close student of the Bastille, has communicated to Edmond Biré a document by which permission for Linguet to walk in the castle gardens is requested by Lenoir, an excellent lieutenant of police, and conceded by Major de Losme on May 13, 1782. The hideous dungeons of the Bastille, which have served for the display of so much indignation, were disused during Louis XVI.'s reign. Their employment had been formally forbidden by Necker during his first ministry in 1776, and the prohibition was repeated by De Breteuil in his ministry. According to Victor Fournel, in his "Hommes du 14 Juillet," not a single prisoner had been put in the dungeons during the period in which the turnkeys who were in office at the time when the Bastille fell had exercised their duties, and some of them had been turnkeys in the prison for fourteen years.

It must be remembered, however, that these layers of legends do not exorcise unchallenged. They are combated stoutly by Jules Flammermont, in his valuable volume "La Journée du 14 Juillet, 1789," published in 1892 for the Société de l'Histoire de la Révolution Française. His volume exists ostensibly for the purpose of printing the fragment of the unpublished memoirs of L. G. Pitra, which treat of the events of July 14, but the fragment only occupies some fifty pages and comes at the heels of an introduction five times as long,

written to resent the belittlement of the taking of the Bastille. He regards this belittlement as the work of reactionaries, as a piece of counter-revolutionism. Yet a study of all the arguments compels the conclusion that the Bastille suffered for a hate that it had logically long ceased to deserve.

But human beings are seldom logical as individuals, and never logical in the mass. The Parisian mob did not reason closely when it attacked the Bastille. The world did not discriminate finely between cause and effect when it heard of the fall of the Bastille. The fact that the Bastille had long ceased to be an evil prison is of very little moment compared with the fact that an insurgent mob chose to regard it as an evil prison. The innocence of its old age may be established beyond dispute, but it is no less beyond dispute that in 1789 a large number of people chose to regard it as a symbol of the old order which they hated, chose to regard its overthrow as one of the strongest as it was one of the earliest blows struck at the supremacy of the old order. When Fox described the taking of the Bastille as the greatest event in history, he did not merely exult over the easy capture of an antiquated stronghold: he would not have altered his judgment even if he had been assured that it had long been disused to iniquity, that its torture-chambers and its dungeons were things of the past, and that the dreaded institution of the Lettres de Cachet would soon have existed only in memory. The taking of the Bastille afforded the people of Paris the first proof of the weakness of authority and the strength of the mob. Whether the obtaining of that proof be rejoiced at or bewailed over, the fact that it was so obtained makes the day's work of July 14 inevitably and rightly momentous.

It is necessary to bear in mind that the symbolic meaning which the fall of the Bastille had for the insurgent Parisian, and for every sympathizer with insurgent Paris throughout France, it had also for the rest of Europe, for the rest of the world. The Duke of Dorset, the English ambassador, in a despatch to his government dated July 16, salutes the accomplishment of the greatest revolution that history has recorded, and declares that from that moment France may be regarded as a free country, the French king as a monarch whose powers are limited, and the nobility as reduced to the level of the nation at large. We read of the rapture with which the news was welcomed in Germany, of the frenzy it fanned in St. Petersburg. Jean de Müller, the historian of Switzerland, declared that the day of the popular victory was the most glorious day the world had witnessed since the fall of the Roman Empire. Euloge Schneider, professor at Bonn, began one of his lectures, most unacademically, with an ode in honor of the taking of the Bastille. His revolutionary enthusiasm was yet to earn him death by the guillotine and deathless infamy. Merck, the critic—Merck, of whom so much is written in the pages of Goethe's autobiography, professed to weep for joy at beholding the foundation-stone for the happiness of humanity laid in a drama truly Shakespearian. Ségur in his memoirs declares that in the streets of St. Petersburg, French, Russians, Danes, Germans, English, and Dutch rushed into each other's arms and congratulated each other upon the taking of the Bastille as if upon a personal delivery from captivity. Enthusiastic Russian ladies illuminated their windows; enthusiastic Danish fathers wept as they told their sons of the great day's great deed and of the free future opened up now to all the world. English enthu-

siasm found its finest expression in the lines of Wordsworth, lines written fifteen years later to express the raptures of those earlier hours. Bliss was it in that dawn, to be alive, but to be young was very heaven. Students of the French Revolution are learning almost every day from fresh sources how bright that dawn appeared to its contemporaries. One of the most important contributions that our time has made to the history of the Revolution is the publication, in 1895, of the first volume of the despatches of the Venetian ambassadors at the court of France during the Revolution. The Republic of Venice was always well informed by its representatives, and their communications have time and again proved of service to the historians of more than one country. They have never been more serviceable than in the present instance. Antonio Capello, the first of the three Venetian ambassadors in France during the revolutionary epoch, accepts the fall of the Bastille as an event of the first importance and as a direct answer to, and defeat of, the ministerial plan to accomplish by armed force the expulsion of Necker, the dissolution of the National Assembly, and the declaration of State bankruptcy. Capello is convinced, beyond a question, that it was the ministerial purpose to pour troops into Paris by Montmartre on the night of July 13, to hand over the city to fire and sword, and to crush insurrection by a horrible massacre. Capello, like so many others, finds himself forced into admiration of the great event. Posterity, he asserts, will find it hard to believe that a revolution which changed France into a democracy under a king could be accomplished, as it were, at a stroke and almost without bloodshed. To him, as to the others who wondered and admired, the Revolution was not merely made possible, but made certain by the taking of the Bastille.

Yet the very phrase, "the taking of the Bastille," is misleading. Élie admitted that the Bastille was not taken by force of arms, but that it surrendered before it was seriously imperilled. We find a similar statement in the memoirs of General Thiébault, which were published for the first time in the October of 1893. On July 14 he, as a lad of nineteen and a half years, flung himself into the insurgent cause with the heady enthusiasm of youth, of youth which, as he says, always belongs to the party of attack. That day, he wrote afterwards, was made famous by the taking of the Bastille, or rather by the surrender of that stronghold, which, in spite of the insignificance of its garrison, its conquerors were unable to take. But even this fact does not really diminish the significance of the event. If the Bastille had been the most hateful fortress that had ever buttressed tyranny, if, after a stubborn defence, it had fallen before the cannon of a people in arms, the result could not have been more important than was the actual result. It may be a legend that the Bastille was in 1789 a cave of infamy, it may be a legend that it was taken in any military sense of the term; but it is no legend that it was an object of popular hatred, that at the first opportunity it was made the object of popular attack, and that it did yield to the force that was directed against it. It is possible that if the Bastille had held out that day the whole course of the Revolution might have been altered. But it did not hold out, and the surrender of its gates was the unconscious surrender of the monarchy and of the old order of things. People are the creatures of appearances; it seemed to the Parisians that they had gained a stupendous victory by the capture of the Bastille, and the very fact that they so thought made it a stupendous victory. Even the

horrors which accompanied it find, if not their defenders, at least their logical interpreters in men like Thièbault. He declares it to be one of those truths which revolutions consecrate, that exaltation increases as much by atrocities as by glorious deeds or deeds reputed to be glorious ; and if the people regarded the possession of the Bastille as a victory over power, they only considered the death of its victims as a victory over its enemies and over traitors. The result, therefore, was decisive. The court had everything in readiness to chastise Paris during the night of the 14th to the 15th, but having lost an essential and devoted agent in M. de Flesselles and a point of vantage in the Bastille, it was practically powerless, in the matter of force, against the exultation of men's minds, and its position became more and more fatal.

Undoubtedly even the leaders of the revolutionary parties, who might be expected to have more accurate information, believed or affected to believe that the Bastille was in the year 1789 a place of horror. Barras, in his memoirs, long expected, newly published, and sadly disappointing, proves himself conspicuously gullible, conspicuously untrustworthy in his record. Though he declares that as soon as he heard the firing of the cannon he hurried to the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, mingled with the crowd, and was present at the enacting of the great drama, his account of the great drama is absurd and inept. He declares that he saw the victims of arbitrary power emerge from their cells, rescued at last from pitiless acts of vengeance, tortures, and the cells of life-long confinements. We have seen how baseless such charges were as far as the Bastille of 1789 was concerned ; we have seen that the prisoners were not the victims whom he commiserates. Among the liber-

ated prisoners he is pleased to include the Marquis de Sade, and his second statement is as inaccurate as the first. Barras, who in these memoirs of his has proved himself to be perhaps the most objectionable blackguard that disgraced an epoch somewhat too prolific of blackguards, seems to take a kind of pride in asserting a connection between his family and that of De Sade, and he wastes a quantity of space that might have been better employed in moralizings, at once obvious and obviously insincere, upon the vices of De Sade instead of writing one line which adds a particle of information to our knowledge of the attack upon and fall of the Bastille.

It is curious, indeed, that little information has been added to our knowledge of the whole of the business of the Bastille by the number of contemporary memoirs and papers which have recently been given to the world. The memoirs of Larevellière-Lépeaux, published in 1895, add nothing to the sum; the "Journal" of Adrien Duquesnoy, published in 1894, gives only a meagre account, written entirely upon hearsay within a few hours of the event, and for the most part entirely inaccurate. Duquesnoy believed in the tale of De Launay's treason in luring a party with a flag of truce within the walls of the Bastille, and there massacring them; he appears to believe that De Launay and Major du Puget were carried to the town-hall, and after a form of trial condemned to a formal execution. But it is at least not surprising, if ignorance was so flagrant in those who might have known better, that among those less qualified to form a composed opinion the legend of the Bastille should have taken the form that it did take, and that it has preserved and will preserve for so long. Nor is it surprising that opinions differ so passionately as to the significance of the taking of

the Bastille. Opinion as to inference may well be pardoned where opinion as to fact is so hard to verify. Not indeed for want of evidence. There is evidence in abundance, but it is evidence that often clashes and that seldom agrees. Immediately after the fall of the Bastille the most monstrous, the most ludicrous stories were bandied from mouth to mouth, were sent by impatient pens into the provinces, were believed, repeated, and have been as it were the stock pieces of melodramatic history ever since. The most fantastic fables were universally bruited abroad, universally believed, even by the least garrulous, even by the least credulous, in the feverish hours that followed upon the taking of the Bastille. But it was not long, it was only a very little while, before direct evidence began to take the place of rumors and legends and phantasms. The weeks that followed close upon the fall of the Bastille are characterized by a perfect mania for making statements on the parts of those who had or who thought that they had some important share in the play. The full, true, and particular account of this witness succeeds to the full, true, and particular account of that witness with a rapidity that is only excelled by their incompatibility to tally. The "Précis Exacte" of "le Cousin Jacques," the narratives of Cholat, of Curtius, of Humbert, of Pannetier, of Boucheron, of Thuriot de la Rosière soon made their appearance. Everybody who played any part in the business was eager to give his evidence as to the course of events, and to back up his claim to immortality as a conqueror of the Bastille by producing a narrative indorsed by the approval of some of the leaders of July 14—Maillard, or Hulin, or Élie. Nor are the narratives that exist all on the one side. There exists also the narrative of the Invalides, remark-

able chiefly for its animosity to the Swiss and to the Swiss officer La Flue. There is also, though it has only been known to the world in later days, the narrative of the Swiss officer, La Flue, the most valuable for its statement of what actually went on inside the Bastille, for its aid to judgment of the conduct of De Launay, as it is the most composed, the most straightforward, and the most military of all the competing and conflicting narratives. But at least from all these competing and conflicting narratives the student can be sure that somehow or other the Bastille was taken or did surrender, that those who took part in the attack undoubtedly thought that they were taking part in a very wonderful piece of work, and that the very fact of their so thinking makes it a more wonderful piece of work than it might otherwise seem to a careful investigator of all the facts and sifter of all the evidence relating to it.

Bailly seizes the significance of the event when he says that the capture and demolition of the Bastille was for the people a physical and material image of the overthrow of the old form of government and the destruction of arbitrary power. These great changes had, indeed, been made and thoroughly made by the enactments of June 17, 20, and 23, but their nature was only appreciable to legislators and men of enlightenment. The Bastille, taken and razed to the ground, spoke directly to the whole world. The Two Friends of Liberty, whose book appeared in 1792, are less temperate, less intelligent. After an account of the Bastille, based entirely upon Linguet, they flame into a rhapsody over the fall of the prison. For them it is a fearful palace of vengeance, whose towers and bastions have fallen before the voice of a free people. But its souvenir will be eternal in the memory of men; it will be the indestructible

rampart of French liberty. After long ages the Frenchmen who go to contemplate its ruins will evoke from their breasts the shades of the victims of tyranny, and will ask with astonishment what was the odious abyss which breathed abroad the asphyxia of slavery, and swallowed alive the men who dared to appeal to the laws, to speak of liberty, and to show themselves true citizens?

Naturally, such Friends of Liberty called for a succession of like deeds. They prayed that the terrible image of the Bastille might augment in every heart the holy love of liberty, and in consequence cause the overthrow of all the frowning towers of the castles of Ham, of Pierre-en-Cise, of Joux, of the walls of Charenton, of Saint-Ouen, of Mount Saint-Michel, of all the monuments of despotism which still in 1792 dishonored the free kingdom of the French. Tirades of this kind are at least valuable because they serve to show the turn of the popular mind at the time. However curious it may be for us to learn a century later that the Bastille was not the Gehenna of the pamphleteers, that civilization, ameliorating all things, ameliorated also its conditions, the knowledge does not detract from the importance of its fall. To the people who destroyed it the Bastille was the symbol of the system they hated—of the system that was passing away indeed, but passing away too slowly for their wishes. The Friends of Liberty interpreted in exaggerated language the popular feeling of the time when they shrieked aloud that the time had come for all these shadowy mysteries to be revealed to the light of day, that tyrants might fly away howling like carnivorous beasts before the light of the sun, so that the world might behold in France, even in its very prisons, no other empire than that of law, of reason, and of humanity. The same spirit of symbolism which makes the

capture of a standard a triumph, made the capture of the Bastille a triumph for the people of Paris and for all who were anxious to accelerate the Revolution.

Those who desired to accelerate the Revolution were not all of one mind, all for one purpose. Bailly observes that by the side of the good citizens who did everything for the common defence, there were a number of factionaries whose desire was to precipitate the Revolution and to carry it beyond all bounds. He found it impossible to doubt that the Republican party had animated and directed a number of minds, but the electors were well able to hold in check both their public enemies and those who, under the name of friendship, disguised a particular interest in an affected zeal for the general interest. Bailly had yet to learn the lesson of revolution. The extreme opinions persist, the extreme opinions prevail; it was the influence of the extreme opinions that had caused the fall of the Bastille. Those who believed that they could continue to hold the extreme opinions in check and keep their force within bounds were to find that they had attempted a task beyond their strength. The historian who said that the Reign of Terror began with the taking of the Bastille did something more than utter an effective epigram.

One result of the great event was the number of "Conquerors of the Bastille" that it generated. Rossignol says in his *Memoirs* that men who had no share in the deed, who were not in Paris on the day, came boldly forward and claimed honors they did not deserve. Rossignol flatly denies that Santerre, Hulin, or Maillard played any prominent part in the adventure. It was only the poor sans-culottes, he says, only the sons of the very people, who were found where blows were falling and bullets flying. The statement is at least a curious contribution to the contradictions of the time.

CHAPTER II

THE AGITATION IN PARIS

It would be hard to say whether Paris or Versailles was the more disturbed by the Parisian victory. The excitement which had governed Paris during the nights of July 12 and 13 increased on the evening of the day which had witnessed the fall of the Bastille. No one in Paris knew of the effect which the fall of the Bastille had had in Versailles. There was no one to tell the Committee of the Town-Hall, there was no one to tell the people, of the vigil of the National Assembly, of the counsels of the Duke de Liancourt, of the perturbation of the princes, of the vacillation of the king. Paris felt that it had done a great deed, but it did not know how soon retribution might fall upon it for its daring, how soon the gates of the city would be summoned to open for the entrance of an avenging army.

The reaction of alarm had succeeded to the debauch of battle and of bloodshed. The Titan was free, but he was ignorant of his strength ; he still trembled before the fury of the gods. As that July day deepened down from dusk to darkness terror thrived. Everybody was horribly afraid of everybody else. Every individual was a possible plotter against the people, every event the prelude of a possible plot. The grenadiers of the French Guards declared that they were unwilling to return to their barracks, where they feared to be made the victims of Heaven knows what snares and ambushes.

Their alarm was real, if their fears were unfounded, and they were accordingly quartered in various religious houses, whose occupants were ordered to shelter and feed them until further orders. Every moment suspected individuals were dragged to the town-hall by an excited populace. M. de Montbarrey, who had formerly been a minister, ran much risk of his life, and only saved himself by the skill with which he addressed the people, assuring them of his patriotic sentiments, and reminding them that it was his own son, the Prince de Saint-Mauris, who had made the revolution in Franche-Comté. The general fear, the general suspicion, provoked a general activity. People built barricades everywhere. I saw them myself next day upon the quay of the Tuileries, says Bailly. The paving-stones were plucked up from the streets; the stones were carried into upper rooms of houses to serve as missiles to be hurled from the windows. Every locksmith was forging pikes, every plumber was casting bullets. All the streets blazed with light, so that the actions of every man might be observed. Paris, according to Bailly, was a camp that contained a countless army; it had developed a great power, and suddenly citizens accustomed to repose and to luxury had been transformed into soldiers and into Romans.

Soldiers and Romans though they were, they dreaded an attack that seemed inevitable. It was said that a letter had been found written by dead Flesselles to dead De Launay, assuring the governor of the Bastille that he would be reinforced during the night. This letter Bailly says that he never saw; but that he was told that it was deposited in the district of Saint-Louis de la Culture, and that he would try to verify the fact. It is a pity that Bailly did not verify the fact. But the be-

lief in the letter justified the alarm of the believers. The Bastille was taken and De Launay was killed, but the help that was promised to him might, at any moment, be hurled against Paris. Every one who was wise with the wisdom of the Friends of Liberty knew that while thirty thousand soldiers were massed against Paris, in the heart of Paris itself secret agents of despotism were twisting their torches and sharpening their daggers, ready at any moment to carry fire and steel in all directions. The attacks might come anywhere, everywhere. The king's horses and the king's men might be upon Paris at the Clichy barrier, at the Barrière de l'Enfer, might be coming by the Faubourg St. Denis, or the Faubourg St. Martin. Citizens with arms in their hands rushed from place to place to repulse the enemy that their imagination created; the tocsin of every parish sounded its alarm. Agents of the committee made household visitations, and drew up lists of the male inhabitants available for active service. The Permanent Committee ordered lights to be kept burning in all the windows. Paris, like Ajax, dreaded the darkness; Paris, like Ajax, cried for light. Through all those hours of horror the town-hall was the centre of excitement, the centre of alarm. There had been a breathing-space immediately after the fall of the Bastille, during which the mob that had choked the hall had dispersed all over Paris to tell the tale of its deeds, to spread the story of what had passed. It threatened the Palace of Justice and the Châtelet with fire, and was only prevented by the zeal of armed Bazochians, of armed medical students. But with the darkness and the terrors born of the darkness the mob surged back again to the scene of the murder of Flesselles.

Flesselles had found a successor, a man of another

mould. Moreau de Saint-Méry, the man from Martinique, the San Domingo lawyer, had been in the town-hall all day; he was equally ready to remain there all night. Brissot de Warville has denounced him for venality, for advocating slavery; it is pleasanter to think of him as the man of courage and of composure, who watched at the town-hall through all that night, meeting increased danger with an increased composure, resembling a rock beaten by the tempest, in the phrase of his colleague on the committee, Dusaulx. When Bouchette, the deputy, was brought before him to the town-hall by the people, Moreau de Saint-Méry, in giving him his liberty, begged him to narrate to the Assembly the pains that the electors of Paris were taking to preserve order in the midst of all the public troubles. He begged him further to ask the assistance and the authority of the Assembly, in order to make its work the more efficacious, and to urge the Assembly to join with the city of Paris in entreating the king to revive his authority there, by the employment of no other weapon than the love of his people. That arm, said Moreau, would be sufficient; all others would be useless.

The man who could send so composed and sensible a message was the man for the moment. Bailly describes him as being tranquil in the midst of a tumult which it is hard to realize, as giving his orders with a presence of mind and a coolness which might well seem incompatible with the celerity that the circumstances and the dangers accompanying them called for, as displaying in all that critical and perilous period a constancy and a courage which won for him the gratitude and the esteem of the inhabitants of the capital. Moreau de Saint-Méry said of himself afterwards that on that memorable night when all the various authorities had

slipped from every hand to unite in his, he had given some three thousand orders without leaving his chair, and in the midst of incessant, of unbroken alarms. If it was fortunate for the Parisians that they had such a man to guide them during that night they needed his guidance no less with the daylight, and did not need it in vain. For the situation was scarcely less terrible on the morning of July 15th than it had been throughout the night of the 14th. It was true that the camp of the Champ de Mars had disappeared; but troops still were stationed by the Sèvres bridge; troops and cannon still were massed at Saint-Cloud. Bancal des Issarts, erstwhile notary, and Ganilh the parliamentary lawyer, whom the Committee of the Town-Hall had sent to Versailles after the fall of the Bastille, making their way back with difficulty, even with danger, through the encircling troops, brought with them little encouragement. They could only speak of the dubious, half-hearted answers of the king to the Assembly on the previous evening. Intercepted letters from officers outside Paris agitated the committee with their words of speedy attack. Food, too, was running short; there was only enough grain in all the city to victual it for three days. This knowledge the committee kept prudently to itself. As everybody was under arms, all business was suspended.

Outside the town-hall anarchy prevailed. Every section of the city thought itself qualified to face and master the national peril; every individual who had a voice or a presence to domineer with believed himself to be the savior of the situation. Everybody to whom anybody would listen gave orders, orders which nobody obeyed; everybody suspected everybody else. Members of the Permanent Committee sitting at the town-

hall, members armed with duly drawn certificates of their status, were suspected. Deputies from the Assembly fortified with fitting credentials were suspected. Certificates might be forged or stolen, credentials might be forged or stolen. So the mob argued in its wild way to the despair of committee-men, to the despair of legislators. The one predominant feeling was the feeling of terror—terror of the unknown; the abject terror that makes men hideous. This terror made Paris tremble still because of the fallen Bastille; for the fallen Bastille had subterranean passages, and through these subterranean passages the avenging armies were to emerge and to slay. Bodies of picked citizens were appointed to explore these mysterious passages; the bodies of picked citizens were in their turn to arouse suspicion. Perhaps they too were in the pay of the Austrian, and were concealing from their fellow-citizens the plots, the approaches, the catastrophe. Paris was a kind of mad city, a land of misrule, where everybody raved and was afraid, and was sane and brave at the same time and as it were in the same breath.

To intensify the terror fear of famine became a pressing fear. To meet it the committee endeavored to organize subscriptions, divided itself into different offices to dike out such a sea of troubles. Moreover, the hastily formed forces, the raw levies of Paris, the men who were to defend the capital against the soldiers of the crown, needed a leader, needed a stronger man than the Marquis de la Salle. The committee was at a loss to choose a man, but Moreau de Saint-Méry was at no loss. Perhaps he was tired of speech after those three thousand orders. At least, on this occasion he said nothing. He only pointed, significantly, to the bust of Lafayette, which had been presented to the Town-Hall by

the State of Virginia three years before. The gesture was enough ; it was resolved that Lafayette should be made the leader of the army of Paris. It is possible, it is even probable, that some suggestion of this nomination came from Bancal des Issarts, came from Ganilh, the parliamentary lawyer. For Bancal des Issarts and Ganilh had seen Lafayette at Versailles, had talked with him, had learned from his lips that the men whom the king proposed to place at the head of the popular forces were not men to be trusted by the populace. Whoever made the suggestion, it first came openly from Moreau de Saint-Méry ; it was adopted with enthusiasm. The young gentleman from Virginia was the hero of the hour.

But the young gentleman from Virginia was still at Versailles, and Paris still was fearful, still was suspicious. None of the actions of the ministers had roused more fear, excited more suspicion than the organization of certain works on the heights of Montmartre. For many months back some twenty thousand workmen had been employed on the hill in operations which the Parisians interpreted as preparing platforms for cannon that should domineer Paris. The supporters of the ministry alleged that these works were undertaken with the laudable object of finding occupation for a large body of men, and relieving the city from the danger of so many idle and impoverished individuals. The argument may have been sincere ; it was scarcely sensible. All this mass of men had to return to the shelter of the city every night, only to increase the famine there, and to increase also the elements of disorder.

If it really had been the ministerial intention to fortify Montmartre against the Parisians, their purpose now recoiled upon themselves. At a moment when the

Parisians found themselves suddenly masters of their own city, Montmartre and its possibilities were scarcely likely to pass unnoticed. If the ministry could think of fortifying Montmartre against Paris, the Parisians could arm Montmartre against the ministry. Somebody suggested that the spaces that had been levelled for the cannon of the king would serve equally well for the cannon of the people. The idea found favor, and immediately hundreds of men occupied themselves in transporting to the spot such pieces of ordnance, such necessary ammunition, as they could get. All along the paths leading to those heights, where the sails of innumerable windmills caught the winds, armed men tramped, dragging their cannon and placing them in position for the defence of Paris. Every kind of citizen swelled the ranks of the multitude, every kind of citizen lent his aid to the fulfilment of the task. Burgesses of standing, beggars, deserters from the royal regiments, French Guards, artisans from the city, and workpeople of Montmartre, all sorts and conditions of men gave the strength of their hands to the cause. Energy and force of numbers did much. The cannon were hauled to the heights, the existing works were taken advantage of, and Paris was, so far as this work went, well protected. If the operations at Montmartre were indeed part of the plot against Paris, they had succeeded only in strengthening the hands of the Parisians.

Strengthened hands did not mean strengthened hearts. The terror of the troops still weighed upon Paris. The Parisians knew that the neighborhood of the Sèvres Bridge swarmed with soldiers, that the park of Saint-Cloud was white with tents, was black with artillery. They did not know, they could not know, how little those troops were to be relied upon by their nominal

masters, or how doggedly determined the king was upon one point to defy and to deny his councillors. They did not, could not know how stubbornly he was resolved to refuse, then as thereafter, to sanction bloodshed. All they knew was that they and their city were menaced by a multitude of armed men. Who would not like to know something of the conduct, something of the thoughts of that multitude of armed men as they lay outside Paris in the heat of that July day? What a knowledge might be gained of the military organization of the time from the diary of one private in the Royal Cravate, of one private in any regiment. It would be precious to know what the unpaid Frenchmen, what the unpaid foreign mercenaries, thought of the business that was going on before their eyes, the business that they were brought there to prevent, the business that they might have prevented, the business that, by the will of fate, they did not prevent. What, as they drilled or lounged in the summer hours, were their thoughts of Paris and the Parisians. Paris and the Parisians had their thoughts of them, and hated them and feared them with all their heart.

It was true that the troops under the command of Besenval had been withdrawn, and withdrawn under somewhat remarkable circumstances. On July 12, Besenval, unwilling to provoke hostilities, and, which perhaps exercised a still greater restraint upon his discretion, unable to trust to the fidelity of the hussars of Berchiny, the dragoons of M. de Choiseul, and the soldiers of Salis-Samade who were under his command in the Place Louis XV., had withdrawn to the Field of Mars, where three Swiss regiments were ready encamped. He waited there through the long hours of July 13 and 14, receiving apparently no orders, writing

in vain for orders to the Marshal de Broglie. While he was waiting in this suspense on the afternoon of the 14th, with his position menaced by the cannon handled by the French Guards on the opposite bank of the Seine, news came to him of the fall of the Bastille and of the death of De Launay. How the news came to him Besenval does not state in his memoirs, but according to the "Tableaux de la Révolution Française" the tidings were brought to him by a young man named Mandar, and this is confirmed by the account given in the memoirs of Sergent-Marceau, where, however, the name, probably by misprint, appears as Maudar. Mandar was a young law student, who had devoted himself to the popular cause from the first, but he was not, to his great regret, present at the taking of the Bastille. Anxious to do something to deserve well of his country, he made his way with considerable difficulty to the encampment where Besenval was, and told him what had occurred. Besenval learned that the Bastille had fallen and that De Launay had suffered a traitor's death. At first Besenval and the other officers received the tidings with incredulity, but were finally convinced of the truth of the story. According to this account Mandar urged and entreated Besenval to withdraw his troops, and succeeded in persuading the general to do so. Besenval did indeed withdraw, but in his memoirs he makes no mention whatever of Mandar and Mandar's solicitations. He simply records the fact that on hearing of the state of affairs in Paris he deemed it most prudent to retire.

CHAPTER III

THE AGITATION IN VERSAILLES

BUT while Paris was thus overwrought, racked by anarchy, suspicious of every one, arresting every one, searching every one, ready at a moment's notice to hang any one, Versailles was scarcely less agitated. The Assembly had sat all through the night of the thirteenth with Lafayette for vice-president, waiting upon fate. Its members knew, or at least they feared, that the threatened attack upon Paris was about to be made, that the threatened attack upon themselves was impending, that the most conspicuous of the nationalists, Mirabeau, Sieyes, and others, would be seized upon and imprisoned. All through the long night they sat wearily, doing nothing, only waiting and watching, scarcely daring to hope. On the morning of the fourteenth they resumed business. Pétion proposed, and the Assembly accepted the proposition, that the Assembly should nominate a committee to prepare the plan of a Constitution. The committee was composed of Mounier, Talleyrand, Sieyes, Clermont-Tonnerre, Lally Tollendal, Champion de Cicé, Archbishop of Bordeaux, Chapelier, and Bergasse. So while Paris on that July morning was raging around the Bastille, the representatives of the people were preparing a constitutional government. Both were busy at the same work, but in very different ways.

Human vanity is seldom of more service to humanity

than when it prompts the politician to write memoirs. Even a dull man can confer a benefit upon posterity if he attempts to give something like a faithful picture, something like an honest account of the events that he has witnessed and the men that he has met. Even a vain man can help the student of history if he records what he saw as well as what he did, and finds space, in the enumeration of his own thoughts and his own actions for some consideration of the thoughts and the actions of others. Charles Élie, Marquis de Ferrières, was certainly not a dull man; he certainly was a vain man. A tranquil and amiably lettered life had been prolonged beyond middle age when the convocation of the States-General supplied De Ferrières at the same time with a chance of entering public life and with the conviction that he was destined to do great things for his country. He was elected as a deputy of the nobility for the bailiwick of Saumur; he soon learned that he was not destined to play any great part in public life or to do great things for his country. He does not conceal his chagrin at his disappointment, but he made the best of the business by devoting himself to a close observation of all that was passing around him, and recording those observations in memoirs of abiding value for the study of the history of the French Revolution during the days of the dominion of the Constituent Assembly.

The Marquis de Ferrières has left an account of the condition of Versailles at this time that makes it very living. The court, after long vacillation, had at last come to a decision. It had decided to act, and to act that very night. All the foreign regiments were under arms. The court wore its gayest aspect. Wine, music, dancing cheered the courtiers and stimulated the troops.

The ladies of the court moved hither and thither, encouraging the enthusiasm of the courtiers, spurring the loyalty of the troops. It was evident that the people of the palace were confident of victory, and in that confidence placed no bounds upon their exhilaration. The behavior of the Assembly formed a startling contrast to the behavior of the court. A majestic calmness, a firm countenance, a wise but quiet activity were characteristic of its members. Not that they were in the least blind to the peril they were in. Every man of the popular party was aware, as far as persistent rumor could instruct him, that there was a plan afoot for a double stroke at the champions of the popular movement. There was to be an attack on Paris, and at the same moment the hall of the States-General was to be surrounded by the regiments of Royal Allemand, Royal Étranger, and Hussars. The deputies, who were especially obnoxious to the court, were to be carried off, if necessary, by the employment of force. The king, having thus crushed his rebellious deputies, would appear to enforce the declaration of June 23 and to dissolve an assembly that had so little regard for his wishes. The threatened Assembly was not, however, wholly without resources. Their hall was surrounded by a multitude of men, wrapped "in a sort of dark and fierce silence," who would have resented fiercely any attempt upon the liberties of the members of the National Assembly. There were wanting in Versailles on the night of the 13th and the day of July 14 none of those elements of danger which may end in insurrection and in massacre.

The memoirs of Larevellière-Lépeaux add one more to the contemporary pictures of the position of the Assembly on the night of July 13 to 14. How, he asks, shall he paint those singular moments? Nothing could

be more grave or more calm than the Assembly in its deliberations; nothing could be more gay or more serene than its large majority when the deliberations were suspended. The respectable and tender wife of Rabaut de Saint-Étienne would not leave the side of her amiable husband. In spite of the imminence of the danger, she passed the night in the hall at his side, to the full as calm as any of the deputies, and willing to fall with him before the same stroke if he had to perish on that terrible night. The fortitude which inspired this loyalty survived the vague perils of this night of alarms to meet its fate in the more real dangers of the Terror. When the time came which was to take Rabaut de Saint-Étienne to the scaffold, his wife, like a new Portia, killed herself rather than survive him. Larevellière-Lépeaux offers one further contribution to the history of that wild night when he asserts that, in all the alarm and confusion natural to an Assembly agitated by rumors and surrounded by armed men, Lafayette had the noble audacity to propose to read a declaration of rights which he had drawn up. It is therefore to this great citizen, says Larevellière-Lépeaux, and not to Sieyes, that the honor is due of making the first proposition of this kind.

Adrien Duquesnoy, who took the opportunity of speaking several times during the debates of July 14, describes with characteristic gravity the effect of the protracted sitting. Throughout the night, he writes, a sufficient number of deputies remained to permit of the Assembly being promptly formed. He declares, and we can well believe, that it made a most interesting picture to see those deputies, wrapped some in their cloaks and some in pieces of carpet, sleeping upon the benches and waiting tranquilly upon events.

This is perhaps the best time to assert the importance of the journal of Adrien Duquesnoy as a contribution to the material for the study of the Revolution in the early days of the Constituent Assembly. Duquesnoy was a grave, earnest, moderate man, who was elected to the States-General, and was moved to write an account of all that he witnessed and all that he heard of the events going on around him in a series of letters addressed to Prince Emmanuel de Salm. Day by day, or, rather, night by night, he wrote these letters, and his pages are very living witnesses to the events of which they treat. The very solemnity, almost approaching to priggishness, of the writer adds to their value, and in a measure to their charm. He writes with no eye for the blood-red picturesque, he is always respectable, austere, restrained; he is a reformer, but he has no great delight in many of his fellow-reformers. His early horror of Mirabeau is fascinating in the simplicity of its childlike lack of judgment. He conceives Target to be a weightier, more dangerous man than Mirabeau—another delightful touch. He has the greatest contempt for the members of the Third Estate as a body. It would be difficult, he declares to his noble friend, to give any idea of the comic and ignoble faces that abound among its members, and he returns to the charge again and again, censuring the deputies of the Third Estate for their faults with a kind of demure ferocity which is unconsciously entertaining, but which is not always without justice. One learns to appreciate more intimately from these very precious papers the slow, laborious process by which the members of the Third Estate, huddled together at first like so many shepherdless sheep, gradually became compact into the National Assembly, took the Tennis-Court oath—of which

Duquesnoy by no means approves, though he took it himself—and declared themselves to be the nation.

There is, indeed, an ingenuous frankness, a straightforward self-esteem, and an honest, middle-class intelligence about Adrien Duquesnoy's journal which makes it not merely of great value as a document, but of great charm as a study. Its pages are written from day to day, and have therefore a freshness that is free from any suspicion of the after-touch, the second thought, the wisdom that follows, hot-foot or belated, upon the event. They are conceived in an earnest spirit, the spirit of a manly and a zealous nature, and a somewhat narrow but quite honorable intellect. He is eager for the amelioration of his country and his kind, but he inclines to an obvious impulsiveness, and a too easy enthusiasm which permit of alternations of unreasonable exultation and unreasonable depression. He is attached to the well-worn formula about loving liberty but loathing license, yet is endowed with no special sense of logic, no special knack of statecraft to distinguish or to discriminate between the opposing terms. His judgments are often shrewd, but never brilliant, and they are frequently grotesque with a quite unconscious, innocent grotesqueness. Yet, at their worst as well as at their best, they are always of interest, and in consequence always of value, from their sincerity and from the sense that they come fire-new from the appreciation of the moment, from the instantaneous observation of the spectator who is also an actor. For good or bad they are genuine and instantaneous impressions, swift with the swiftness of photography, free from the labor and the artifice of recollections recorded and estimates formed long after the events and the men whom they concern have passed away. No other chronicle, no other contribution to the

history of the time gives a more living picture of the Constituent Assembly, with its turbulence, its incoherence, its clumsy attempts to create order out of chaos, its flagrant follies and vices of vanity, gullibility, and affectation, its theatricalism, its noise, its weakness, even its cowardice, its disastrous capacity for wasting time, for doing the thing it ought not to do, and leaving undone the thing it ought to do, its heady enthusiasms, its distempers, its heats and chills of energy and apathy. The reader feels that he is getting a curiously intimate knowledge of that singular assemblage, at once so petty and so illustrious, so ignoble and so noble, so ludicrous and so admirable, so singularly compounded of warring orders, so devoted to phrases, so enchanted by melodrama, so dominated by the burges mind with its merits and its defects, so commonplace for the most part with a commonplace against whose blackness the genius of some few flaming spirits sticks fiery off indeed.

If Ferrières and Larevellière-Lépaux and Duquesnoy and their colleagues were inevitably ignorant of the purposes of their enemies at Versailles, they were better informed as to the actions of their friends in Paris. The committee at the town-hall had not neglected to send tidings to the National Assembly of what had come to pass. M. Bancal des Issarts, who had been a notary, and M. Ganilh, a parliamentary lawyer, were sent as we know to describe the condition in which Paris was, and to solicit means to avert the threatened civil war. But they were not the first to bring the news to the National Assembly. Before they arrived the Vicomte de Noailles had already succeeded in making his way from the capital and in telling the deputies of the events in Paris, the seizure of arms at the Invalides, the taking of the Bastille, and the death of De Launay.

The news froze the Assembly into silence. In the face of this unexpected action, theories of reform, aphorisms of constitutional government, seemed painfully inefficient. The Assembly was on the horns of a dilemma. It felt that it ought to do something, that its duty was to do something. The difficulty was to know what to do. The most obvious course, the easiest course, was to send a deputation to the king. A deputation was accordingly formed, a deputation which wisely included the Vicomte de Noailles, who could hear testimony in the royal presence to the gravity of the situation. Headed by the president, the deputation set off for the palace.

Whatever alarm the tidings might cause to a court that seemed inclined to disbelieve them, or to discredit them as exaggerations, they brought a very real alarm to the Assembly. The insurrection of Paris, the fall of the Bastille, events that were afterwards to be regarded by the champions of the Revolution as the dawn of liberty, then only impressed the Assembly either with terror or with despair. It does not seem to have appreciated the fact that Paris in arms had saved the Assembly, that the plots of the court against the new constitutionalism were baffled by successes in the capital. Those successes seemed to the Assembly at large, in those first hours of fear and rumor, to be merely excesses, as full of danger to the principles it represented as the machinations of the court themselves. The arming of the populace, the capture of the prison, were spoken of by the representatives of the nation as the misfortunes of Paris. Any mob of men becomes in uncertainty fitful and impulsive, and a mob does not cease to be a mob because it consists of duly elected delegates. The Assembly was on the whole an orderly mob, but

it was a thoroughly alarmed mob, and for a moment its fear of the court had given way before its fear of insurrection.

In the absence of the deputation that had gone to try and transmit its own alarm to the occupants of the palace, Lafayette as vice-president took the chair. A certain dramatic element in Lafayette's nature, which made him rather a play-actor in great events, prompted him. With a bearing that was nobly Roman he called upon the Assembly not to allow the presence of danger, the neighborhood of revolt, to disturb its labors. Be it theirs, he urged, to persevere in the face of faction, in the presence of dissolution, with a composure that circumstances were powerless to alter. It was while the Assembly was in this antique temper, striving with all seriousness to rise superior to the perils and the passions that environed it, that Bancal des Issarts and Ganilh arrived. To the account of the Vicomte de Noailles, to the breathless reports of messengers and couriers, the new-comers came to give an official, an authoritative statement. Once again all discussion came to an end; once again theory confronted with fact grew silent. The two men of law had drawn up a formal statement as to what had happened in Paris; they gave that formal statement to the Assembly. It was an ugly report, and the Assembly shuddered as it listened. What De Noailles had hurriedly imparted the two men of law coldly corroborated. They did not know, they could not tell all. The document which Bancal des Issarts read out bore the signature of De Flesselles. Of De Flesselles's death neither the deputation nor the Assembly knew. But the Assembly knew enough to feel once more and more keenly that its time had come for action. Lafayette at once explained to the new-comers that the

National Assembly had already sent one deputation to the king. It seemed to him that the best thing to do was to send another deputation. Just as this was agreed to the deputation that had visited the king returned, bearing with it a written reply of the king to their request.

The king had received the deputation in the hall that adjoined his own private cabinet. He was surrounded by his ministers; his manner was cold, his attitude reserved. It is said that during the whole of the time that the deputation was addressing him he kept his eyes fixed upon the face of Mirabeau.

It is curious to note in this connection, as an example of the extreme difficulty of decision in small details of revolutionary history, that while many historians give this episode to the deputation of the 14th, the historian of the most recent *Life of Mirabeau*, M. de Lomenie, says that it happened in the deputation of the 11th. But M. de Lomenie is not himself always accurate. He says that in consequence of the death of his father, Mirabeau did not appear at the Assembly either on the 12th or 13th. There was no sitting of the Assembly on the 12th, Sunday. But whenever the thing happened, Mirabeau, we may well believe, bore the scrutiny unmoved. His was too great a force for such a king to measure with the closest study. It was late in the evening, nearly ten o'clock; the hall was lit with candles, and the Archbishop of Vienne, who headed the deputation, could not read by candlelight, so the address of the National Assembly was read for him by Clermont-Tonnerre. When it was finished the king retired with his ministers to his private cabinet, and remained there for some half an hour before giving a reply.

The reply was as unsatisfactory to the Assembly as

it must have been to the court. It declared that the king was wholly absorbed in measures for the welfare of Paris; that he had called upon the provost of the merchants and the principal officials to present themselves at Versailles; that qualified officers would immediately place themselves at the head of the National Guard, and that the troops upon the Champ de Mars should be withdrawn from the vicinity of the capital. The royal reply hardly rose to the level of the occasion; it was received in silence, and a second deputation immediately proceeded to the palace to put the latest thoughts of the Assembly before the king. It soon returned with a reply that was even less satisfactory than the reply that was accorded to its predecessor. The king merely said that the orders given to the troops could not possibly have anything to do with the disorders in Paris, and that he had nothing whatever to add to the reply made to the earlier deputation.

As the royal communications appeared to be wholly unsatisfactory, the Assembly resolved that it would send yet another deputation to the king in the morning. In the meantime it bade the envoys from the town-hall return to Paris and tell the electors how loyally the National Assembly had acted in their interest, and how unsuccessful their appeals to the king had been. The two envoys set out upon a return journey that was in no sense an easy one. It was now two o'clock in the morning. Lafayette declared that the deliberations of the Assembly should cease, but that the sitting was still continued and might be resumed at any moment. Some one proposed that before deliberation ceased there should be sent yet a third deputation to the king. "No," said Clermont-Tonnerre, "leave them the night

to consult in. Kings must buy their experience as well as other men."

While the king was thus left to buy and to pay a heavy price for his experience, the Assembly, although nominally suspended, still sat through the long hours of the night, waiting for the day and for the news that the day might bring. As on the previous evening, the majority of those present kept watch and ward through the night, while some sought for a little uneasy sleep on the tables and benches. So a night that was wakeful and weary in Paris went by, wakeful and weary, in Versailles. At the palace, in the Assembly, in the camp, rumor and the fear born of rumor were busy; king, commander, and president alike had anxious hearts, alike longed for the dawn. Perhaps, on the whole, there was less reason for anxiety in the Assembly than in the palace. If in one sense the events in Paris added to the toils of the Assembly, in another sense they lightened its load. It was scarcely likely that in the changed condition of things the court would attempt to carry out its scheme for the practical abolition of the National Assembly.

No one will ever know exactly what were the plans of those who at this moment surrounded the king, of those who at this moment were in the confidence of the queen. It can scarcely be doubted that the intention of the courtly party was to counteract by actual violence the spread of the new ideas and the upheaval of the new forces, but what the conspirators against the Assembly and against Paris seem to have lacked was any comprehensive plan of action, or the faculty for carrying out any such plan. It is probable that every member of the knot of counsellors who had the ear of the queen, or who strove to jog the elbow of the king,

had his or her own little plan, through which alone salvation lay. It is probable also that none of these plans was inspired by genius or guided by logic, that none of those who formed them was endowed with that strength of will which could force any plan into operation if not conduct it to success. The court certainly underrated the strength of the forces that were opposed to it, and overrated the strength of the forces on which it could count to meet and overwhelm its enemies. It would appear that many of those who were closest to the king and queen believed the existing disaffection to be the result of the intrigues of the Duke of Orleans, seriously believed that the Duke of Orleans was the most dangerous of the dangers they had to contend with.

Whatever the projects of the court may have been, the court would seem to have lain lapped in a marvellous ignorance of facts during that July Tuesday. Whatever the ministers knew of the course of events they kept the king in ignorance. Weber even goes so far as to say that the ministers themselves did not know what was going on, that no single one of the generals and officers of the *État-Major* of the army of Paris had the courage to inform either the ministry or their king of the disasters upon disasters that had come to pass in the city. No doubt that on such a day news travelled slowly along the highway to Versailles. No doubt that the first rumors must have appeared incredible, must have appeared too terrible to be true. The queen and her ladies, the Count d'Artois and his gentlemen, had played their part in encouraging the soldiery; in stimulating the loyalty of officers whose one wish was to please the king, and still more the queen, by dissolving the Assembly at the points of their swords.

The doomed Assembly might keep vigil if it pleased, but, as it seems, the confidence, the security of the castle were complete. The court party apparently thought that they had won the game, and had nothing better to do than to go to bed and sleep. At least, undoubtedly, that is what the king thought and did.

The king had gone to bed early on the night of the 14th, perplexed, perhaps, but unconscious of calamity. Berthier had been with him—had told him, indeed, that Paris was troublesome, tumultuous, threatening. But Berthier also did his utmost to cheer him by assurances that all might still be well. The king's sleep was harshly awakened. There was one honest man, at all events, in the royal service, the Duke de Liancourt. Between ten and eleven o'clock the duke, having official right of entry to the royal apartment, came in and woke Louis. All the terrible succession of events that had happened in Paris were set swiftly before the king. The king's comment and the duke's answer are perhaps the most famous, the most significant conversation recorded in history. "It is a revolt," said the king, apparently too sleepy still to realize the full force of what was being told to him. "It is a revolution, sire," the duke answered. On that very day Louis had recorded in his diary, the diary that recorded his happy hours, his hunting hours and their results, the one word "Rien." Nothing had happened that day, nothing worthy of note in the king's diary. Nothing at all: only the fall of the Bastille, only the fall of the monarchy! It is true that the king did not know all that had happened, but he knew of the plan for attacking Paris, he knew of the excited, watchful Assembly, he knew all the terrible rumors that were pouring in thick and fast, and still he wrote down in his diary that nothing was happening.

What part did the queen actually play during all this time? That is the question which every student of the story of the Revolution asks; that is the question to which it is indeed difficult to get a decisive answer. One historian of the queen's life, Maxime de la Rochette, says very truly that, in the absence of positive documents coming from her or from her confidants, it is difficult to establish with any exactitude the part she did play. In general the student has to be particularly suspicious, in a time so distracted, of writers of memoirs and of chroniclers, who often assume without reason and affirm without authority. It is very common to confound in the same party, and to regard with the same hate, Marie Antoinette and the Count d'Artois. But it must be remembered that at the time of the convocation of the States-General serious dissensions had risen between the queen and her brother-in-law. It is related by Ségur that in his first interview with the queen on his return from Russia she spoke sadly, but without bitterness, of those of her friends who were then at the head of the popular party. She added that she had no doubt that Ségur had heard that her opinions were very different from his, but that she would show him on the morrow that she was not so unreasonable as was generally supposed. And on the morrow she sent to Ségur, through the hands of Madame Campan, a sealed packet containing an essay by Mounier, who was the chief of the moderate constitutionalists. Did Ségur wish his readers to believe, or did the queen wish Ségur to believe, that by this action she declared herself to be of the opinion of Mounier? However that may be, we may very well assume that, given the proud character of the queen and the high opinion which she held of the royal power, she would rather be in favor of resist-

ance than concession. De Vyré, in his life of the queen, quotes her as saying, after the fall of the Bastille, that if they chose they could soon finish this business, but it would need the shedding of blood. It has been suggested, and the suggestion deserves consideration, that the queen was too deeply absorbed by grief for the recent death of her son to occupy herself much with politics, and that the sorrows of the mother interfered with, if they did not altogether overcome, the political activity of the sovereign.

CHAPTER IV

A DAY OF DEPUTATIONS

THE gray of the morning of July 15 found the Assembly still theoretically sitting, still practically sleeping or trying to sleep. At an early hour it resumed its work with the gravity of men who were prepared to face the worst. The Assembly seemed to regard itself with a kind of desperate complacency as affined to those Roman senators who waited in dignity and in silence the coming of the Goths. The dignity certainly was not wanting, but the Assembly was not silent. It was placed between two perils, the peril from the palace and the peril from the city. Fear of its enemies in the palace had now been swallowed up by fear of its friends in the city. Its foes had so far failed to overmaster the Assembly; would the Assembly now succeed in overmastering its own friends? That was the subject which occupied all thoughts, which prompted all tongues. Patriotic addresses from several provincial towns—from Strasburg, Marseilles, Cahors, and others—came in to cheer its spirits. But the immediate question was not what was to be done with or heard from Strasburg, Marseilles, or Cahors, but what was to be done with, what to be heard from Paris. The one dream of the Assembly at that moment was to restore Paris to the calm from which it had only wakened in time to save the Assembly and the work of the Assembly.

The unfailing resource of the Assembly in these criti-

cal moments was to send an address to the king. It had defied the king; its existence, its debates were an enduring defiance to the king, but it was always animated by a desire to act with the sanction of the royal authority, a desire which was not so inconsistent as it seemed. Like the Cromwellian soldiery, it might fight against the king, but it was very anxious to fight in the king's name. The latest proposal for a deputation to the king came from the Marquis of Sillery, the noble deputy for Rheims. Sillery had many claims to the attention of the Assembly. He had shown himself to be a gallant soldier in the Indian war. He was one of the first of the noble deputies to the States-General to show a desire to come to an understanding with the Third Estate. He was an intimate friend of the Duke of Orleans. Twenty-five years earlier he had married the Mademoiselle Saint-Aubin, who as Madame de Genlis was so intimately associated with the Orleans family. It was bad for Sillery in later times to be regarded as little more than the mere mouth-piece of Orleans. To be the mouth-piece of Orleans did not make him unpopular with the Assembly on July 15. Sillery's proposal was simple. It was time that the king should know the truth. The king had been deceived by guileful ministers, who had misinterpreted the aims of the National Assembly and the disposition of Paris. In the name of the National Assembly he called upon the king to withdraw the troops, to dismiss his ministers, "those public pests," and to aid in the establishment of peace by appearing himself in the midst of the Assembly, so that the people might know that the most perfect concord existed between the king and the National Assembly.

Mirabeau, who lost no opportunity of making himself conspicuous, immediately proposed an amendment. He

wished to call the king's attention to an historical contrast. When Henry IV. besieged Paris, he had corn secretly conveyed into the beleaguered capital. Now, in times of peace, supplies of flour were prevented from entering Paris by the troops of Louis XVI. This amendment and Sillery's proposal were hotly debated. Every man had his own idea of the form of words, of the form of action, which would save the State. At last it was agreed that a body of four-and-twenty deputies should wait upon the king again and bring under his notice the main points of the proposals of Sillery. Again Mirabeau interposed. The deputation should not depart without a further exhortation from the man who was resolved to be the master of the Assembly. Go, he said, and tell the king that the foreign hordes by which we are invested were visited yesterday by the princes and princesses, by his male and female favorites, who lavished on them their caresses, their exhortations, and their presents. Tell him that all night long these foreign satellites, gorged with wine and with gold, have predicted in their impious songs the slavery of France, and that their brutal vows have invoked the destruction of the National Assembly. Tell him that in his very palace his courtiers have danced to the sound of this barbarous music, and that such was the opening scene of the day of Saint Bartholomew.

This eloquence, though it has not been lost to history, did not come to the king's ears—at least, not then. For at the very moment when the new deputation was on the point of starting, headed by Lafayette, the Duke de Liancourt entered and asked permission to make an important communication to the Assembly. The communication was indeed important. The king of his own accord proposed to appear in the midst of the Assembly

of the representatives of the nation. That was what De Liancourt told the Assembly. What he did not tell them was of the entreaties, the arguments, the exhortations, by which he had at length induced Louis to take this step. The communication of De Liancourt was at first received with enthusiastic applause. To the majority of the Assembly the presence of the king seemed to promise the solution of all difficulties. But once more Mirabeau asserted himself. He sternly called upon his colleagues to wait in silence until the dispositions of the king were made known. A great phrasemaker, he concluded his appeal with a great phrase. The silence of the people is the lesson of kings. The phrase, the appeal, the dominant voice, the dominant manner, had their way for the moment, and it seemed as if the king would be indeed received in silence. But the moment that the king appeared, unattended by guards, and accompanied by his two brothers of Provence and Artois, the commands of Mirabeau were forgotten and a loyal assembly greeted its sovereign with loud applause. The speech that the king addressed to the Assembly was simple and straightforward. It is said that Bailly had been asked to frame the discourse that the Assembly wished to hear from the lips of its king, that Bailly had complied with the request and had drawn up the discourse, but that in the end Bailly's words were not adopted. They are scarcely likely to have been as brief and as direct as those that the king did speak. In a few sentences he declared that he came with confidence into the midst of the representatives of his people. He expressed his sorrow for the disorders that existed in the capital, and he invited the members of the National Assembly, as he now called them for the first time, to aid him in assuring the safety

of the State. He begged them to make known to the capital that he had ordered the immediate withdrawal of the troops. In the midst of the applause that followed the speech, the leaders of the Assembly showed that they were still discreet enough to make sure that the king's pledges were valid. The president, the Archbishop of Vienne, in answer to the king, said that the National Assembly assumed that the withdrawal of the troops implied not merely a removal to a certain or uncertain distance, but the absolute return to their garrisons. He also called upon the king to re-establish the communications between Paris and Versailles, and once more emphasized the argument that the principal cause of trouble was the change effected by the king in the composition of his council. To this the king answered that he would never refuse to communicate with the National Assembly whenever it considered such communication necessary. Thereupon the archbishop assured the king that the Assembly had long wished for free access to his royal presence, as the intermediary channels were suited neither to the majesty of the throne nor to the majesty of the nation.

This little lesson in plain thinking and plain speaking having been given and taken with all outward show of cordiality and good understanding, the king retired from the hall with his brothers, to return modestly to the palace on foot. The whole Assembly, without distinction of rank, immediately rose to accompany him. In the open air the deputies joined hand in hand to form a kind of chain around the king, and so to protect him from the eager curiosity of the crowd. One woman, heedless of the circling deputies, forced her way towards the king, pushing aside the Count d'Artois in order to do so, and deliberately asked Louis if he

were now sincere in his purpose, or if his advisers would make him change his mind as they had made him change his mind a fortnight earlier. The king replied, with a show of firmness foreign to his composition, that he would never change. The woman and the crowd appear to have been satisfied with the answer; the military band struck up an air that asked "Where could a man rest better than in the bosom of his family?" and so with music and huzzas and the applause of deputies the king trod a kind of triumph to the staircase of the Marble Hall. There he left his escort and the attendant people, and disappeared into the palace only to appear again in a few minutes on a balcony in company with the queen, the Dauphin, and Madame Royale, and to be greeted again, from the crowd below, with rapturous cries of "Long live the king!" Louis can hardly be blamed if at moments he seriously believed himself to be a popular prince upon a stable throne. Yet within a few minutes of that enthusiastic return to the palace an episode in the Assembly showed the unreality of the triumph and the futility of the enthusiasm. The Duke of Orleans had been careful to make himself conspicuous among those who escorted the king, but he promptly returned to the Assembly, and on his return he was greeted with the most rapturous applause. It was at that time the conviction of the majority of the deputies, and, indeed, of the majority of the Parisians, that the Duke of Orleans was a champion of popular liberty—a man to follow, to trust, to adore.

The popularity of Orleans was to prove as futile and as fleeting as the popularity of the king. There was one tribune at least who was soon to profess no further confidence in him. The 15th of July gave the duke a chance of coming forward as leader, which he was

urged by his boldest councillors to seize. But to seize an opportunity was never the way of this Duke of Orleans. As Brissot wrote of him in his memoirs, he was willing enough to play with conspiracies that did not last longer than four-and-twenty hours: once they went beyond that term he took fright. He will never become the leader of a party, Ducrest declared, because he would be afraid not to find the women of the opera and the women of the town in his camp. He had declared to Brissot that his action with regard to the Bed of Justice in 1787 had been inspired not by any feeling for a people whom he despised, and a legal body of whom he made no account, but solely on account of his personal resentment at the way in which he had been treated. The personal resentment still persisted, but it was not forcible enough for a daring deed.

It is obvious that the Duke of Orleans had lost a golden opportunity for placing himself at the head of the popular movement. He had been urged by the chief men of his own party; he had, which was more important, been urged by Mirabeau, to strike a bold stroke on this 15th of July. The bold stroke was to present himself at the palace, to demand an audience of the king, and to ask the king to give him the lieutenant-generalship of the kingdom. It is well within the limits of possibility that such an audacious step taken by an audacious man might have succeeded, and if it had succeeded the course of events might have been very different. Orleans was on the whole popular with the people; he would have been a very acceptable figure-head for a large number of the reformers; with Mirabeau at his back he might very well have hoped to bear down opposition. But a timely audacity was neither

among the crimes nor the virtues of Philip of Orleans. He did indeed go to the palace on the 15th, but he did not get far beyond the door. His resolution oozed away on the steps of the staircase ; if he came to bluster he only remained to apologize. He did not see the king, he only saw the Baron de Breteuil ; and this minister of twenty-four hours' standing, says Lacretelle, so imposed upon the Duke of Orleans that he could merely stammer out a few insignificant and timid words. The purport of these words was not even to entreat the office which he had come to demand, but to assure the king that his majesty had in him a most loyal subject who would be quite willing, if the times grew more unquiet, to retire into England. He would seem to have been so desperately afraid of being supposed to take any share in the insurrection that he did not stir from Versailles, from the neighborhood of the Assembly. He was not the man to reap the advantage of a crisis ; he was the man to dread greatly being compelled to share its disadvantages. His weakness disgusted Mirabeau. He thought of him as Menas thinks of Pompey : " For this I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more. Who seeks and will not take when once 'tis offer'd shall never find it more." Orleans, Mirabeau said, disdainfully, is but a eunuch in crime. He would, but cannot.

Ferrières held as poor an opinion of Orleans as Mirabeau himself. He believed that the position of leadership into which, for a season, he was thrust, was in no sense due to the ability of the duke, but to a chain of circumstances which converted him for the hour into the idol of the people and the head of a party. Orleans in his eyes seems but to have been a kind of sham David in a pinchbeck Adullam. All who were discontented and all who were in distress, and all who were in

debt, drifted towards him, not because of his genius, but because of his position and his wealth. Discontented nobles, greedy philosophers, men of no account, adventurers and bankrupts, all the better kind of rascal-dom, who were tempted to hope by the rapid march of public opinion, gathered about him and made him their nominal leader. The duke, according to Ferrières, was without talents, was debased by a life of drunkenness, was greedy of money to a degree that would have been perfectly reprehensible in a private man, but that was disgraceful and degrading in a prince; he had every vice which can make crime odious, and none of the brilliant qualities by which it can be in some degree illustrated in the eyes of posterity. His nature was so deadened, his temperament so dull, that it was necessary for his parasites to try and quicken his sluggish spirit into an appearance of activity, into at least the semblance of desiring something. So they tempted him to action by a splendid bait. They urged that he should be intrusted with the chief power in the State under the title of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom; that all the public money should be at his disposal, and that under these happy conditions he should hasten towards the further goal, secure the crown for his children, and thus make himself the founder of a new dynasty. For the gang of men who surrounded him Philip of Orleans was the ideal king, and the less his natural gifts the better were they able to work him to their purpose. It is impossible to know how far Orleans acted for himself, and how far he was the mere tool in the hands of able scoundrelism. But the scorn and contempt which he earned from the ablest and the shrewdest of his contemporaries, the scorn of Mirabeau, the contempt of Ferrières, must count for much in our estimation of his character. Mi-

rabeau, who would have cared nothing for his vices, disdained his political impotence; Ferrières, who was horrified by his vices, could discern no ability in any way redeemed them.

That Talleyrand held no less scornful opinion of the Duke of Orleans is made plain by the long and bitter passage devoted to him in the recently published memoirs—almost the only passage in those memoirs in which we seem to be brought face to face with the Talleyrand we expected to meet. He concludes a merciless portrait of the duke by asking, what now becomes of the opinion, so loudly asserted, that the Duke of Orleans was the author of the Revolution; that his name served as a rallying standard for a large number of citizens; that he was urged by the ambition of a few restless minds to turn his views to the throne itself? This opinion cannot be maintained in the face of his actual life. Immorality, extreme frivolity, want of thought, and weakness are quite sufficient to explain his moments of activity as well as his fits of inaction. Moreover, the impulse having once been given, the rapid and violent movement of the public mind left no room, at any period in the Revolution, for the development of individual ambitions. As all thoughts, from the very start, verged towards the establishment of equality and the weakening of power, high personal ambitions were necessarily disconcerted. Much later only, and after terrible ordeals, did the need of a chief begin to be felt who would modify the existing state of things—it was then that Bonaparte appeared.

Talleyrand insists that the Duke of Orleans could not possibly have been the last man to observe the tendency towards equality; and accordingly the real aim of his ambition has always remained open to doubt. He was neither the principal, nor the object, nor yet the

motive of the Revolution. He, like all the rest, was carried along by the raging torrent. He turned his attention to himself, his own tastes, his wants. Thence sprang the secret thought which made him consent, after October 6, 1789, to undertake the shameful trip to England which earned him the reproaches of all parties. It is from that time that may be dated the dwindling of his immense fortune; which, being more easily convertible, left still fewer traces than the splendid picture-gallery of the Palais Royal, now scattered so far and wide. All the available funds of the Duke of Orleans found their way to England by underhand means, and through secret agents, who, thanks to their obscurity, may have been dishonest and quietly enjoyed the proceeds of their dishonesty. Such was the opinion of the men who were then at the head of affairs. Talleyrand concludes by declaring that the historians who puzzle themselves to find out the men to whom they can attribute the honor or the blame of having started, or directed, or modified the French Revolution, give themselves very needless trouble. It had no creators, no leaders, no guides. The seeds were sown by the writers who, in an enlightened and enterprising age, when aiming a blow at prejudices, upset religious and social principles, and by the unskilled ministers who increased the deficit of the treasury and the discontent of the people.

Malouet comes to much the same conclusion when, in summing up the events that immediately preceded and immediately followed up on July 14, he wrote that if the Duke of Orleans and the faction of the Duke of Orleans had never existed, the world would probably have seen the very same scenes. If, however, such were the general opinion, the opinion was not universal. The utterances of the Orleanist faction, or of those who in-

clined to the Orleanist faction, do not of course count for much, if indeed they can be admitted to count for anything. If their private opinions ever differed from the opinions that were their party cries—and, as many of them were men of intelligence, we may not unconfidently or unreasonably assume that their private opinions did occasionally so differ—they kept those opinions to themselves. The opinions of the adherents of the courtly party are of course the opinions of partisans, and of partisans to whom the name of Orleans was a byword and his presence an abomination. But it must be recognized in fairness that there were men, pledged neither to the court nor to the Palais Royal, who seemed to have thought better of Orleans than he probably deserved. It does not, perhaps, count for much that, in the eyes of Barras, Orleans was a kindly and popular prince, who was altogether inoffensive in the matter of politics. The character of Barras is in itself too contemptible to serve as a guarantee of any character, and it deprives of all value his statement that he never discovered in Orleans anything else than an unpretending man, loving liberty like any private individual, wishing it for all, and devoid of any personal ambition. It may be, Barras admits, that some of his friends had ambition for him or for themselves, but he was never their accomplice, and it was with a good show of reason that it was said of him that he was the only one of his party who was not of it—that, in a word, he was the least Orleanist of the Orleanist party. It is of more moment, though it is not of much moment, that Duquesnoy seems to have looked upon Orleans with a temperate regard, and to have thought on the whole rather well of him. His opinion would seem in some measure to jump with that of Barras, and to accept the duke as, if not a more amia-

ble, at least a more inoffensive person than he is generally esteemed. But whatever be the judgment passed upon Philip of Orleans — and in our own opinion it would be hard to pass a lenient judgment upon him — we may certainly assume that to credit him with being the cause or a great cause of the agitation that now moved the whole of France, and that spent its force most strongly in Paris and in Versailles, is to overrate vastly his importance. Valueless as, for the most part, any testimony of Grace Elliott's is, she undoubtedly had means of knowing the duke's character, and for her the duke was a man of pleasure, who never could bear trouble or business of any kind ; who never read or did anything but amuse himself. According to her, at the time when he was supposed to be steeped in conspiracy, he was very madly in love with Madame de Bouffon, driving her about all day in a curriole, and taking her to all the entertainments of the evening, so that he had no time left for treason. It was, according to her, the duke's misfortune to be surrounded by ambitious men, who led him to their purpose by degrees till he was so much in their power that he could not recede. She attributes all his ills to the horrible creatures who surrounded him, and she names these horrible creatures: Talleyrand, Mirabeau, Biron, Noailles, La Marck, and the monsters Laclous and Merlin de Douay. It was this set of monsters who, according to her, ruined a very amiable and very high-bred man, with the best temper in the world, but the most unfit man that ever existed to be set up as a chief of a great faction. The last part of this sentence would seem to be the general and the final judgment.

When the Assembly grew tired of applauding Orleans it resolved to send a deputation to Paris to calm the

capital. The deputation was composed of eighty-eight members, headed by Lafayette and including the Archbishop of Paris, the Bishop of Chartres, Lally-Tollendal, the Duke de Liancourt, and Mounier. As soon as the deputation had departed the Assembly continued to discuss the situation. Barnave insisted that the first step to be taken was to pass a resolution calling for the immediate dismissal of the unpopular ministry. He was energetically supported by Mirabeau; but Clermont-Tonnerre dashed the proposition aside by a motion for its adjournment. It was not fitting on such a brilliant day, he urged, it was not consistent with the dignity of the Assembly, to occupy itself with such a degraded ministry. At this point the Assembly was informed that the gentlemen of the Royal Guard offered the services of a detachment of their body to accompany the deputies to Paris, not in any sense as a defence, but as a guard of honor. The Assembly gravely thanked the gentlemen of the Royal Guard for their courtesy and their patriotism, but declined the offer on the ground that a deputation going to restore calm to a distracted city would do well to make its appearance unaccompanied by any sign of military force.

It would seem, however, from the journal of Duquesnoy, who made one of the deputation, that the forty carriages were escorted from Versailles by the Guards of the Provostship. An immense crowd lined both sides of the road, a crowd that cried "Long live the nation!" more loudly and more lustily than it cried "Long live the king!" With the king in the bosom of his family, with forty coach-loads of deputies carrying consolation to a distracted capital, it was, perhaps, scarcely surprising if some of the spectators allowed themselves to believe that the youth of the world had come back again.

CHAPTER V

AT THE TOWN-HALL

THERE are buildings that play as important a part in history as the part played by a soldier or a statesman. There are epochs when an edifice becomes the hero of the hour, overtopping in importance the human actors. From the July of 1789 the Town-Hall of Paris takes a foremost place among the factors of the Revolution. The Assembly itself, although it was unconscious of the fact, had shrunk to a second place beside the Town-Hall. It was in the Town-Hall rather than in the Assembly that the Revolution was now fostered ; it was from the Town-Hall that much of the inspiration came which moved the forces of the Assembly. Paris had asserted itself, Paris was the heart of the Revolution, and for the moment the Town-Hall was the heart of Paris.

The burgher of Paris, in the closing years of the eighteenth century, had his decided affection for the Town-Hall. The critical spectators, the self-styled connoisseurs, might profess to disdain the delicate beauty of its Renaissance architecture—a beauty of which, indeed, its burgess admirer was in all probability wholly unaware. A more modern spectator would have appreciated its bold and monnmental façade, its belfry and towers and windows, its bass-relief in bronze by Biard of Henri Quatre on horseback adorning the semicircular black marble pediment over the principal entrance, its porticos which surrounded the court, its numerous in-

scriptions in golden letters upon the marble frieze commemorating the proudest events in the reign of the Sun-King. The latest of these inscriptions recorded how the majesty of France afforded protection in the year 1689 to the King and Queen of England and to the Prince of Wales against their rebellious subjects. But the burgher, who cared little for architectural dignity, and scarcely more for the sonorous enumeration of the glories of the Grand Monarch, felt a very peculiar pride in the presence of the Town-Hall upon one side of that vast Place de Grève which lay so completely open upon the side that bordered the course of the Seine.

To the burgher it represented the civic centre of his class and kind; it was the hearth of his municipal liberties, the shrine of his communal existence, the seat of the body that represented the population of Paris. In regarding it he felt that he and his order could boast of a palace worthy of their dignity if more than worthy of their power. They had not always been so nobly housed. Until the sixteenth century the municipality had but meagre accommodation for their work. In 1357 the civic officials had bought a house upon the Place de Grève which was known as the House of Pillars, because it was supported by a colonnade that formed a covered gallery. The municipality were eager to erect a town-hall which should do honor to the capital and rival the splendor of the town-halls of Flanders and the civic palaces of Italy. In 1533, by the advice of Domenico Bernabei de Cortone, called Boccadore, or Golden Mouth, and these plans were slowly executed, delayed by many interruptions through the generations, and were completed, as far as France of the Revolution is concerned, in the reign of Henri IV. This town-hall

was one of the first attempts to escape from the domination of the Saracenic or Gothic style which governed the Middle Ages. It weathered the fury of the Fronde and the ravages of the Revolution, to perish wholly by fire during the Commune of 1871. But the restored building renewed the façade of Boccadore, and so far at least the existing town-hall resembles the building which played such an important part in the Revolution.

The principal historian of the Town-Hall of Paris, Leroux de Lincy, does not carry his narrative later than the period of the Fronde. He gives as his reason for this neglect the fact that in the reigns of Louis XIV. and his two successors the municipality had been reduced to nothing more than a civil administration, affording no event more worthy of being chronicled than the cares of the magistracy for the health and embellishment of the city or the festivals given by them to their sovereigns. The memory of the political part played by the Paris burgesses during so many centuries and under such important circumstances was effaced in the middle of the glories of the great reign. The municipal magistrates were only occupied in solemnizing with splendid ceremonials the victories of their captains' arms, the births, the marriages, and the coronations of princes, or in clothing themselves in mourning when death struck down some one among them. Royal authority in its own growth had not entirely deprived the municipality of its power. If its prerogatives were restrained and influence diminished, it still preserved and was proud of its jurisdiction of the river, and the splendors of its incessant displays were enough to console it for the dominion that had dwindled and the prerogatives that had passed away.

The municipal body had lost all representative

character. It was entirely at the command of the ministers ; its members were generally occupied in the assiduous pursuit of their own worldly advantage, and the municipal right was frittered away in special privileges either useless or actually noxious to the public. But if the old strength had gone, the old forms still existed as rigorously as ever. In the old German fable the Trusty John binds his heart about with triple bands of steel to prevent its breaking for grief. But here in the municipality the bands that once served to hold together an entity still existed ; the steel was there, but the heart was wanting. The burgess ceremony, we are told, was quite as rigorous as that of Versailles. But its ceremonies were automatic ; they marked no intelligent vitality ; the Paris municipality was merely a political mummy.

Bit by bit royalty had despoiled Paris of her actual liberties, while all the time the formalities were carefully preserved for the purpose of cheating Paris into the belief that where the form existed the thing existed as well. It is not difficult to understand the reason for this semblance of respect paid to the municipal power of Paris. It was often exceedingly convenient for royalty's credit at a time of financial embarrassment to keep up the ingenious fiction of an elected deliberative Assembly, apparently free in its contracts. It was on the faith of contracts formally entered into between the king and the Provost of the Merchants, after the preliminary registration by the Parliament of letters-patent, that capitalists consented to lend their money to the royal exchequer. "Les Rentes sur l'État" were not then known, and though the State was really the only power able to receive loans, distribute the arrears, and, which was far rarer, to diminish or repay the capitals,

nevertheless these "Constitutions" were called by everybody "Rentes sur l'Hôtel-de-Ville." These rentes, which dated from 1521, were only once, and then temporarily, withdrawn in 1719, and they lasted until the Revolution. Under these conditions it was convenient for royalty to keep up the forms of a fictitiously free assembly, so long as that freedom was purely fictitious.

The Town-Hall, like almost all the administrative bodies of the Old Order, was at the same time a Jurisdiction, whose sentences were directly carried to the Parliament. But its competency was very restricted. It judged by civil law the differences between merchants negotiating by water and those who were obedient to the police of the banks; to it likewise all applications were made for the payment of notes to order concerning water merchandise; finally, by special attribution, revokable at the royal pleasure, it always pronounced in the first instance "en matière de rentes constituées" on the Town-Hall. Its criminal jurisdiction embraced all offences committed by the water-merchants and those employed in connection with water merchandise, and by the police-officers of the town or ports in the exercise of their functions, the quarrels, disputes, strifes of the boatmen; in a word, all offences, either criminal or felonious, committed on the Seine or the bridges, even the royal bridges. But this jurisdiction was always exercised on the condition that the Châtelet did not exercise its right of intervention.

The Municipal Council was composed of the Office of the Town, the body of town councillors, and of all officers of the town by whatever title. The Office of the Town was composed by the Provost of the Merchants, whose term of office was two years, but who

was generally re-elected to two successive provostships, by the four archers, by the chief clerks of the treasurer and of the advocate of the king and of the town. The town councillors were magistrates who varied in number. They were twenty-four in 1789; the previous year they had been twenty-six. All the municipal charges had become venal offices, lucrative to the holders in proportion to the fees, rights, and privileges belonging to them. In consequence these offices commanded a high price; but as their value depended upon the good-will of the government, instead of being a definitely fixed quantity, the venality did not bring any recompensing independence with it to the councillors. Occasionally the councillor was a pluralist, and held the office of archer as well, and held even other offices. The most costly title to obtain was not that of the Provost of the Merchants, which was still considered an office of sufficient importance to be given only to men who had shown some proof of ability. The office of the receiving treasurer was the dearest office to obtain, and the richest in rewards, for the official received a salary of fifty thousand livres and about as much again in taxation. But for all its venality, and all its weakness, the municipal body jealously preserved the formal freedom of its organization. On August 16 in every year a solemn ceremony was gone through for the election of the two archers, and, if the term of his office was expired, of the Provost of the Merchants. The ceremony concluded with a very stately and very costly banquet. It was one of the ironical anomalies of the whole system that no merchant ever was a member of the ruling council whose first magistrate bore the name of Provost of the Merchants.

The interior of the great building was familiar to all

classes of Parisians. All manner of public businesses, drawing of lots, payment of dividends and the like, were carried on in the Great Hall and the Hall of the Queen, and the crowd that was always pouring into these halls and tramping through the vestibules and up and down the staircases made the interior of the Town-Hall so persistently dirty that a woman with any pretensions to be neatly dressed had to pick her steps very carefully within the building if she wished to save her skirts from being smirched. When the building was thus so familiar to all Paris, it was not surprising that the electors of the city should, after the oath of the Tennis-Court, have resolved to meet in the Grand Hall of the Town-Hall which the provost had hastened in his recorded affability to place at their disposal.

Even then the old sham persevered for a little, but only for a little, longer. All this old-fashioned, outworn, belated semblance of authority and sham of a municipality fell as it were into dust, and was dissipated abroad upon the thin air with the first assertion of popular insurrection. The old Office of the Town, that had long been as naked of dignity as it was naked of liberty, vanished in a moment; its cheap splendor, its empty mask of magnificence, withered away before a fear of the fate that had overtaken the Provost of the Merchants. Paris found itself without the rule of any recognized authority. The lieutenant-general of police had hastened to send in his resignation. Most of the officials had taken to their heels. The Governor of Paris had no more troops at his command, for the regular regiments were either withdrawn or disbanded, and the civic militia only recognized its own freely chosen leaders. The solitary person left with any authority or semblance

of authority over Paris was the Minister of the King's Household, who was also especially charged with the administration of Paris, but he had practically lost all power and seemingly lost all desire to act.

Paris, thus left to her own resources, found the machinery, as it were, for a provisional government in the electoral system devised for her choice of deputies to the States-General. This machinery had for its basis the districts; above the districts were the Assembly of Electors. The districts were created in April, 1789, merely as electoral divisions for the Third Estate, and were composed of sixty voting districts, each of the sixteen old quarters of the town containing three or four of the new districts. These districts were intended by their founders to be temporary and evanescent; as soon as they had fulfilled their electoral purpose they were to cease to exist. They were not even supposed to endure so long as the election of the deputies; all they were to do was to nominate the body of electors who were to elect those deputies. This much done, and no more, they were to cease to be, as sweetly and as decorously as might be.

But organizations called into temporary existence for one purpose have often a way of persisting in existence for quite other purposes. What the National Assembly did on a large scale the districts of Paris did on a small scale. When men who have long been debarred from political influence, from political association, suddenly find themselves brought together, endowed with certain privileges, permitted to exercise civic rights and duties hitherto unknown to them, they often employ their little liberty to obtain more, and extend their privileges in a way undreamed of in the beginning. This was the way with the sixty districts of Paris. When the mem-

bers of the districts found that they could meet together, could discuss and debate, could consider reports and draw up resolutions, they liked so much this taste of the parliamentary quality that they were in no hurry to turn from the unfamiliar feast, but resolved rather to persevere at it.

When, therefore, they had done the definite and limited business for which they were called into being, they refused to cease to be. The perils that threatened the representatives of the Third Estate in the National Assembly stimulated the Third Estate of the Parisian districts to assert themselves, to continue in existence, and to form centres of action and of agitation in the popular cause. They were so distinctly recognized as such centres that on the evening of July 12, when the danger from the court seemed most menacing, the Permanent Committee sitting at the town-hall, the committee formed by the electors and by the old municipality, solemnly summoned the districts and called upon them to maintain the order and defend the liberties of Paris. The districts were ready for the summons, and responded to it with enthusiasm. They met in the churches which the rules of their existence had appointed for their places of meeting, and from which the districts took their names. There they formed in a very short time the citizen army which was to defend Paris against the forces of the king.

Paris had only two thoughts—food and arms. Authority at the Town-Hall declared boldly that there was food enough in the city to feed it for fifteen days. Authority at the Town-Hall knew very well in its heart that there was not enough food to feed Paris for three days. The troops that beleaguered the city kept back all provisions from entering. The question seemed to

be, would those troops starve Paris out and fall upon it when famine had made its defenders helpless, or would the attack come at once? The courage of the insurgents spurred them to face destruction. They had played a hazard for their lives, for their liberty, in a game which might very well seem to deny all hope of success, and suddenly they knew that they had won the game. There came to the Town-Hall one running like Pheidippides with the news of the king's surrender, the firmness of the Assembly, the approach of the deputation. Citizens in revolt pass with ease from pole to pole of emotion. A fear that was very reasonable gave way to a less reasonable joy. All was not over, all was not won because the king had spoken smooth words and eighty-eight deputies were visiting the capital. But half Paris did not stop to reason, half Paris only knew that for the moment there was no danger; half Paris poured out through its gates to greet the deputation on the Versailles road.

The progress of the deputation was greeted with a kind of delirium of enthusiasm. Mounier declares that the cheering which saluted their departure from Versailles did not cease or even flag till their arrival at the Town-Hall. Bailly, who had left Versailles heedless of his wife's entreaties that he should remain—Bailly flushed with excitement, might very well believe that the pageant was the prelude to an enduring triumph. All along the road from Versailles the royal carriages which carried the eighty-eight deputies were greeted with the applause, not merely of the masses of people, but even of the troops who had been ranked along the way for the reduction of Paris. As the deputation drew near to Paris the crowd grew denser and denser, and the deputies arrived at the steps of the Town-Hall sur-

rounded by a multitude that was shouting itself hoarse with rapture, beating drums, blowing trumpets, waving the flags of all the sections, a multitude armed with all manner of weapons, a multitude that greeted its guests with tears and kisses. Men who could not get at the deputies to embrace them embraced each other instead. Men and women, soldiers and monks, beggars, bourgeois, workmen, wept and laughed, sang and shouted, as if the world had grown young again. Rabaut de Saint-Étienne has recorded, in the simplicity of his heart, the astonishment, the incessant delight, with which the deputies beheld the most glorious spectacle which can be exhibited to men impassioned with the love of Liberty, men who glow with impatience to present her to their country. These rejoiced to find that Paris, so lately the theatre where bloody scenes were acted, Paris which, but two days before, expected to be stormed and pillaged, now gave way to transports of the most lively exultation. The deputies, we are assured, were consoled for the solicitude which had so long distressed them by the sight of streets crowded with citizens, windows crowded with spectators to see them pass, by the flowers which were strewn before them, the blessings which were showered upon them, the tender names of saviors, of fathers of their country, which were echoed to their ears. They were delighted by mothers presenting their children to them, and then clasping them in maternal arms, by the tumultuous applause, by the enthusiasm of citizens already free, by the overflowings of hearts carried to an amiable intoxication, and by the array amid these darling objects of one hundred thousand men in arms whose warlike voices were shouting "Long live the king! and long life to the nation!" Duquesnoy is not so enthusiastic, but is almost as

enthusiastic as Rabaut de Saint-Étienne. If he admits that at the barrier of the city a civic guard stopped the carriages, insisted upon knowing who the occupants were and whence they came, and compelled the carriages to proceed at a walking pace to the Place Louis XV., he recognizes frankly the excitement of the populace. Never since the world began, according to him, was a more imposing spectacle than that of the Place de Grève, with its motley crowd, with its raptures, its weapons, its good behavior, its medley of all ranks, all classes, all orders. "What a nation!" he exclaims, in a fine frenzy of approval. "What an astonishing love of Liberty!" Here he saw no license, here no passing effervescence, but a sentiment that was as durable as it was profound, since it was accompanied both by calm and by reflection.

At the Town-Hall Lafayette was the first to speak. He congratulated the Assembly of Electors and the citizens of Paris upon the liberty which they had conquered by their courage, and upon the peace and happiness which would now be their portion from the hands of a benevolent and undeceived monarch. He told them of what had passed during the two past days, of the vigil of the Assembly, of the surrender of the king. He assured them that the Assembly was deeply conscious that France owed the Constitution which would endow it with felicity to the great efforts which Paris had just made for public liberty. He spoke to delighted ears, he was rewarded by the applause of delighted voices. The Parisians, who but a few short hours before were desperate insurgents, men at bay, expecting to be treated without quarter, were now saluted as the saviors of society by men who spoke to them in the name of the king whom they still feared and still

revered. So they shouted themselves hoarse in cheering Lafayette, and then consented to listen to more speeches. Lafayette was followed by Lally Tollendal, the fattest of tender-hearted men, as he was called, with his Irish impetuosity and his easy tears. His tears might well be excusable on the spot where, thirty years before, his father had been most unjustly done to death. The situation was emotional, it threatened to become hysterical. Somebody produced a wreath of flowers, which patriots insisted upon putting on Lally-Tollendal's brow. Lally, modestly resisting, transferred the crown to Bailly. He, too, would fain have had none of it. But it was held firmly on to his protesting-head by the hand of the Archbishop of Paris. The blushing face of the star-gazer was crowned with flowers like an antique reveller.

There were more speeches, more congratulations, more applause. There was only one note of discord in the universal harmony. That was struck when the Duke de Liancourt accidentally used the phrase that the king pardoned the French Guards. Many French Guards immediately cried out that they wished for no pardon, that they needed no pardon. In doing what they had done they had served the king and served the State, and pardon was no word for them. It taxed the ingenuity of Clermont-Tonnerre to calm the offended patriots, but he did calm them, and in the calm the Archbishop of Paris proposed to celebrate immediately a Te Deum at Notre-Dame. But there was still some work to do. That suggestion of Moreau de Saint-Méry's was yet to be acted upon. Lafayette was ignorant of the fact that Paris was resolved to make him the commander of the national forces. He learned now of the resolve from the shouts of the crowd and

the assurances of the electors. He accepted provisionally the office thus offered to him. Drawing his sword, he swore to sacrifice his life in guarding the liberty intrusted to his defence.

Bailly's turn came next. Some one in the crowd shouted out that Bailly should be made Provost of the Merchants. The electors were about to salute Bailly with this new title—it is to be presumed that the offer had been resolved upon before—when another voice was heard coming from the crowd in protestation, not against the honor to Bailly, but against the form of the honor. The voice demanded that Bailly should be made, not Provost of the Merchants, but, by a return to an old title, Mayor of Paris. The suggestion was welcomed enthusiastically. With the death of Flesselles the office which had endured for so long died too. The dead man had made it so unpopular, his death had stained it with such a bloody stigma, that the desire to forget the facts in abolishing the office was generally felt. When Bailly left the Town-Hall, he left it as the informally created, but very seriously accepted, Mayor of Paris.

The deputies and the crowd immediately made their way to Notre-Dame. It was not a very easy way either for the deputies or the crowd. The crowd pressed in their eagerness so closely upon the deputies that at one time they seemed to be in greater peril from the enthusiasm of the populace than they had ever been from the hostility of the court. It was a strange procession. The Abbé Lefèvre, all grimed and black from his task of guarding powder, gave his arm in military fashion to the archbishop. The new Mayor of Paris walked side by side with Hulin of the Bastille. Behind Bailly came four sol-

diers. Around him and about were men in all sorts and conditions of costumes. Uniforms and rags, the colored coats of the gentry, the black habits of the deputies, the vestments of priests, the frocks of monks, the bright dresses of women, were mixed up in a kind of flamboyant confusion. Bailly was very happy, very proud. His exalted head seemed to touch the stars, which he knew better than he knew men. The vanity which formed so curious an element in a composition of virtues was wellnigh sated. And yet even he felt something that was, if not a misgiving nor a premonition, perhaps a vague appreciation of the incongruity of the scene. He thought that in spite of his fire-new honor, and his place in the pageant, he had something of the air of a man going to prison. If he had been a better prophet, says Michelet, he would have said that he looked like a man going to his death. In that hour of intoxication it was not likely that Bailly would attempt to speculate too curiously. Yet his remark rings significantly across the century. It is the peculiarity of the Revolution to afford many such omens.

When the *Te Deum* was celebrated the nominations of Lafayette and of Bailly were duly proclaimed on the Place de Grève. The Town-Hall still swarmed with restless humanity; its atmosphere still was thick with proposals, projects, plans of all kinds. The deputies, having gone from Notre-Dame to the Archbishop's Palace, were escorted with a military guard to the gates to return to Versailles. The wild day had ended. Triumphant Paris began to clamor for its king.

Lafayette very willingly and very wisely adopted the policy of accepting a situation which made him for the moment little less than king in Paris. His appointment was ratified by no authority, neither the authority of

the king nor the other authority of the Assembly. In theory it was invalid ; in fact it was very valid indeed, and Lafayette did not waste time on theory. He installed himself in the Governor's Room of the Town-Hall, and called to his side the Permanent Committee, which was now increased by the addition of Target, Duport, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, Clermont-Tonnerre, Count de Tracy, the Marquis de la Coste, the Count de la Tour-Maubourg—all members of the National Assembly. The first act of the committee was to order the destruction of the Bastille, and to issue a proclamation to that effect throughout Paris. The resolution to destroy the Bastille was also voted by the Assembly of Electors gathered together in the Great Hall, and a commission was immediately appointed, with Dusaux at its head, to secure all the papers, books, and registers of the prison, and to place them for safety in the Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. A committee was formed to deal with the question, the engrossing question, of provisions. Another committee was formed to draw up a plan for the organization of the citizen soldiery, to which committee each district was invited to send an elected citizen. Lafayette planned out the scheme of reorganization with the aid of his friend Mathieu Dumas. Each battalion was to be composed of six companies of volunteers and one of regular soldiers receiving pay. For the new force a new cockade was devised. The green emblems of the first hours of insurrection had been discarded in favor of cockades composed of the two colors of the town of Paris, blue and red. These were also, curiously enough, the colors of the Duke of Orleans. To these colors Lafayette, perhaps just because they were the Orleans' colors, now added the royal color, white, the color of all the banners

of the royal army and the royal navy, and so created the enduring tricolor. "I bring you," said Lafayette, in presenting the new cockade to the Town-Hall—"I bring you a cockade which will go round the world, and an institution at once civic and military which should triumph over the worn-out tactics of Europe, and which will reduce arbitrary governments to the alternative of being defeated if they do not imitate it, and of being overthrown if they dare to imitate it." What was of more immediate importance than the lesson the new force might convey to foreign sovereigns was the rapid way in which the example it set was followed at the instigation of the Parisian leaders all over France. In a little while every important city in France had its own body of National Guards; in a little while the regular army began to crumble into nothingness. Lafayette had declared that the only deserters were those who remained with their flags; in a little while there were few such deserters to be found.

All that day, July 16, was a wild as well as a busy day for Lafayette, with graver business than the designing of cockades. The turbulence of the mob had not abated; fear still spurred suspicion, and suspicion still prompted murder. Again and again Lafayette had hard work to rescue victims from the fury of the crowd. In one case a priest, the Abbé Cordier, owed his life to a curious chance. The crowd, mistaking him for some one else, some one obnoxious to it, was for dealing him scant mercy. Lafayette came to his rescue. While he was arguing with the crowd, M. Frestel, Lafayette's old tutor, came to the Town-Hall with Lafayette's son, George Washington. Lafayette seized upon the chance, took his boy by the hand, and, turning towards the throng, said: "Gentlemen, I have

the honor to present to you my son." In the ready enthusiasm that followed upon this the anger of the mob was for a moment disarmed, and in that moment the friends of Lafayette succeeded in removing the abbé to a place of safety. Lafayette's courage and energy saved many other lives that day, lives of men and of women, of the beautiful Madame de Fontenay, of Soules, the newly appointed commander of the Bastille, whom a commandant of patrol, who was no other than Danton, had arrested on suspicion, of M. de Boisgelin, General Turkeim, M. de Lambert, and many others. Long years later, according to Lafayette's biographer, when Lafayette was in Austria, a stranger whom he did not recognize saluted him, and thanked him for saving his life on July 16, 1789.

Bailly and the committee were all hard at work reorganizing the disorganized city. A proclamation signed by the Permanent Committee re-established free circulation in Paris and on the high-roads, forbade the patrols to stop carriages as long as they were walking or trotting, ordered the collection of tolls at the barriers, and prohibited only the exportation of provisions and convoys of arms, and ordered the reopening of the playhouses and the public promenades. The efforts of the committee to restore Paris to a normal condition were on the whole well seconded by the people. The shops took down their shutters, the manufactories opened their doors, and business resumed its ordinary activity. Orderly citizens took due steps to deal with any disturbers of the public peace. It was decided that four electors should be chosen every day to superintend the receipt and distribution of letters at the general post-office. The principle, though not the avowed purpose of this proceeding, was to oppose the hated

practice of the Black Cabinet, and to prevent all violation of the secrecy of correspondence.

The Town-Hall was soon the common centre to which everything tended. The municipalities of the suburbs came to it to take their orders ; the neighboring villages sought from it counsel for their civil and military administration. The new mayor explained to the first that the municipality of Paris had no authority over them ; to the second, that as there was yet no legal administration, it was impossible to indicate forms of which Paris itself was ignorant. But in consequence of this very deference to Paris on the part of the villages and neighboring towns, the Town-Hall and its executive enjoyed, as Bailly shows, a great degree of credit and a very veritable authority which he proudly declares was never abused. So great was the general esteem for the Town-Hall that the civil and criminal judge of La Villette sent to it the prisoners in the prison of his tribunal in order that the Assembly of the Town-Hall might decide what was to be done with them. All the tribunals seemed to have come to a standstill in their courts ; all authority seemed to be suspended ; the town of Paris seemed alone to exist, alone to be consulted, alone to be obeyed. But naturally the Town-Hall Assembly transferred these cases to the Châtelet and the ordinary judges. Even Bailly, in all the rapture of his exaltation, was not prepared to accept all the responsibilities of administration.

All the actions of Bailly show him to have been a most excellent man, but for the duties of a triumvir he was a little overparted. He had all the qualities that go to make a great scholar, that go to make a good citizen ; but he had none or few of the gifts that go to the making not merely of a great leader of men,

but of an average leader of men. He was vain with the dangerous vanity of the man of the library and the desk, who believes himself to be well equipped for the part of a man of action. A village school-master who should be suddenly called upon to take command of a pirate ship would have about as much chance of ultimate success as Bailly had in taking command of the turbulent people of Paris. He acted upon the theory that men could be swayed and directed as the courses of the stars are noted by the book of arithmetic. He was crammed to the lips with philosophies, with theories, with principles of justice, of government, of rights of man. He was convinced that the great laws of ethics, that the great doctrines of humanity, might be expounded and enforced from the town-hall, and that a people just emancipated from thralldom and seeking outlets in all directions for their newly acquired freedom, their newly loosed vitality, could be controlled and directed by an elderly gentleman who had passed the major part of his life in no sort of preparation for as much knowledge of affairs as would have justified him in assuming the control of a hen-yard. Never in the world did man mean better; seldom in the world was man less qualified to make his meaning take due effect.

The world has always been rich in men of the type of Sylvain Bailly; there is no page of political history in which we shall not find their like. They are honorable, they are estimable; they are earnest men of science, upright men of letters, decorous citizens, high-minded burgesses, anything, everything except men capable of taking a lead, of incarnating command. The race did not run its course with the French Revolution; Sylvain Bailly has reappeared time and again since

then, in France and elsewhere. It is generally a misfortune for the country, it is almost always a misfortune for the man, when an ironic fate persuades, forces, or permits the earnest man of science, the upright man of letters, to leave his stars or his cyclopedias and to play, for his little hour, the part of the ruler of men. The world has for the most part been content to be amused, gently or derisively, compassionately or contemptuously, according to its mood, at the thought of Sylvain Bailly on one day plodding peacefully home with his honest umbrella under his arm, his hands comfortably in his pockets, his eyes in the stars, and his soul in the blue ether like Richter's Poors' Advocate Siebenkaes, and of Sylvain Bailly a few days later playing the ruler's part, aping the grand manner, carrying himself with the conquering air of a king-maker, convinced that he was the hero of the hour and the hope of the Revolution. The world has sneered at the airs and graces, the very innocent airs and graces, assumed by Bailly, assumed by Madame Bailly, at the harmless affectations of a worthy pair who suddenly found themselves lifted from a state of burgress nothingness to the giving of orders, the consulting with statesmen, the conversing with kings, the combining of eminent respectability with the picturesqueness and the profit of successful insurrection. It was a transformation like that of *The Sleeper Awakened*; indeed, it was a transformation more marvellous than ever was dreamed of by the Arabian story-teller. But the transformation is not merely ludicrous or indeed largely ludicrous; Bailly is not a mere figure from Molière, an exalted, ridiculous M. Jourdain; neither the matter nor the man is mainly comic; the matter and the man are mainly tragic. The tragedy of the Revolution is the more terrible from

the very nature of the men who at one time thought that they could lead it. Bailly, as Mayor of Paris—Bailly, whose honest soul is revealed in all its amiable inadequacy, its simple vanity, its kindly commonplaceness in every line of his memoirs—is a sight rather to make angels weep than to make men laugh. For the man had all the virtues except the one virtue essential to the time and to the place: the virtue of directing men.

CHAPTER VI

CONQUERING THE KING

TRIUMPHANT Paris made many demands. The city had practically constituted itself a republic in the midst of a monarchy, a republic that raised its own army, named its own officers and officials, and was prepared to dictate its terms. History hardly knows of another change so swift as that which after the travail of two days transformed the old civic order into the new, shook off the customs, the traditions, the laws of centuries, and permitted Paris to declare herself to be a free city preparatory to declaring herself to be France. Her immediate demands were for the absolute destruction of the Bastille, the dismissal of the unpopular ministers, the recall of Necker, and the transplantation of the National Assembly from Versailles to the capital; but, above all, she desired the immediate presence of her king. It seemed as if the demands were to be satisfied as soon as expressed. The Committee of the Town-Hall, pending the formation of a regular municipality, issued an order, as we have seen, for the destruction of the ancient prison. The dismissal of the ministry was already an accomplished fact, and swift riders were carrying to Necker the news of his recall. The Assembly was ripening to the knowledge that what Paris wished it would do well and be wise to wish also. The king was called for in Paris; the question was, would the king come to Paris?

At Versailles the courage of the Assembly grew hourly greater. On the 16th it applauded, without ratifying, the nominations of Lafayette and Bailly. The Assembly was nothing if not constitutional. The appointments had been made by the electors of Paris independently of the existing government. This seemed to a discreet Assembly too revolutionary a step to be unhesitatingly endorsed by men who did not yet consider themselves to be revolutionary. It received with approval the communication from Lafayette informing them of the action of the Town-Hall, and requesting their sanction of the office imposed upon him. It listened with approval to Bailly's account of the honor he had received and of his obedience to the wishes of the Assembly. But it came to no immediate decision, and turned its attention to the lengthy reports of Mounier and of Lally Tollendal on the events in Paris on the previous day. The speakers assured the Assembly that the one cry in Paris was for the dismissal of the king's obnoxious ministers and for the recall of Necker. This brought Mirabeau to his feet. In vehement words he called for the immediate dismissal of the ministers—in vehement words that wounded the austerity of Mounier like strokes of a whip. Mirabeau was seemingly convinced that the one way to success was by violence—violence of demand, violence of expression, violence of utterance. He thundered at the ministers from his place in the Assembly with a thunder that apparently was not on this occasion borrowed from Dumont. They had deceived the king. They in their detestable policy rejoiced to have compromised the king with his faithful subjects. They had wrung from the king's piety, from his love for order, powers which if they could have been at once put into force would have brought about

in France a condition of anarchy. They had violated public faith; they had dishonored the reign. Mirabeau assured the king that when he reflected upon their crimes, upon the blood they had caused to flow, upon the horrors that were caused by them alone, all Europe would find the sovereign indeed merciful if he deigned to pardon them.

It was characteristic of Mirabeau that in the whole of this speech he made no allusion to Necker, no demand for his recall. He was even careful to assert that the Assembly could not presume to dictate to the king his choice of ministers. The Assembly could only censure, it could not venture to suggest. The old antipathy, the old personal feeling, were too much for Mirabeau. Necker was his enemy because he disliked and disbelieved in Necker, and Mirabeau was not the man to make smooth the way of his enemy. In the very torrent and whirlwind of his indignation he cherished his own rancors, and whatever his opinion about the recall of Necker may have been, he gave it an understanding but no tongue.

Barnave followed Mirabeau, and in a measure supplemented Mirabeau's omission. He agreed that the Assembly could not demand the nomination of any special minister, but that as regarded Necker it might express not merely its own wish but the wish that Paris had so forcibly expressed. After the Assembly had ceased from applauding words that expressed its strongest feelings, Clermont-Tonnerre rose to inform his colleagues that M. de Villedeuil had sent in his resignation to the king, a circumstance which the president of the Assembly declared could have no possible effect upon their declaration. It was at this moment that an event occurred scarcely less significant of the triumph of the

Assembly than the royal visit of the day before. A kind of embassy from the abstaining nobility announced to the Assembly that although up to that time their duty to their constituents had compelled them to stand aloof, they were now impelled by the gravity of the political situation to take part in the deliberations of the Assembly. A declaration of the same kind was made by Cardinal de La Rochefoucauld on behalf of the abstaining clergy. The Third Estate had conquered the two other orders as it had already conquered the king.

After the breathing space over this victory the debate raged again. Mounier, painfully austere, formal, sober, on the one side; Mirabeau, turbulent and unscrupulous, on the other. The printed version of Mirabeau's speech does not represent what he actually said. He puts, in the printed version, words into Mounier's mouth which he never spoke, attributes to Mounier imbecile remarks which Mounier never uttered, in order to allow himself to reply to them in epigrams which he had stolen from another man. Mirabeau seems to have considered that everything was fair in political controversy, an opinion which does not make him exceptional among politicians. He had not thought it dishonorable to invent an ancestry; he did not think it dishonorable to put into the mouth of a political opponent statements which that opponent had never made.

The debate was interrupted by an announcement of further concessions on the part of the court. The Assembly was informed that the king had already dismissed his ministers, had already resolved to recall Necker, had decided to visit Paris. There was no further need for any belligerent address from the Assembly. The king was learning to surrender betimes.

All the Assembly had to do was the congenial work of sending deputations—one to the king, with warm expressions of gratitude; one to Paris, to the Town-Hall, with news of the king's intended visit—the congenial work of addressing a letter to Necker, congratulating him upon his recall.

At six o'clock the deputies despatched to the capital by the National Assembly arrived in Paris and announced to a surprised and delighted committee that peace was concluded between the opposed powers of Throne and State, and that the king was coming to Paris to confirm it by his presence. The mobile Parisians were now swayed by a joy as universal as their fear had been. The people shouted for long life to the king as lustily as they shouted for long life to the nation. Lafayette's example was everywhere followed; the royal white was gladly added to the blue and red, the colors of the city, in the cockades that every one made it a point to wear. Many ecclesiastics even went about wearing on their surplices the symbols of union between the king and his people.

Bailly was up betimes on the morning of the 17th, for he wished to start for Paris at seven, and to prepare beforehand the words that he ought to say to the king on receiving him at the gates of Paris. He was very sad at having to leave Versailles. He had been so happy in an Assembly that seemed to him so worthy of the great work it had to do. He had seen so many great events, and had played his small part in them, and did not consider his part too small. "From that morning," he wrote in his *Memoirs*, "my content came to an end." He may have seen brilliant days and tasted moments of satisfaction, but he was never happy afterwards. With an almost comically keen sense of the sim-

plicity which was becoming in the first officer of the greatest city of the world, he took a simple hackney-coach of the kind which then went by a contemptuous, even a ludicrous name. The coachmen of Versailles had assembled in honor of his departure, and presented him with a too-early Tree of Liberty, loaded with flowers and ribbons, which they insisted upon fastening to the front of the humble vehicle. They accompanied him to the end of the avenue, setting off fireworks as they went, but at last they left him, somewhat to Bailly's relief, though he was evidently flattered by this eccentric homage. When he got to Paris he found the Town-Hall, which he reached at ten o'clock, busy with preparations for the reception of the king, and feverishly occupied with questions of ceremonial. Thus the archers were all for being separated from the body of the electors and for wearing their municipal velvet robes. Bailly told them that if they really wished to distinguish themselves from the electors who had saved Paris they were quite at liberty to do so. Legend also has it that the archers were anxious to know if they should speak kneeling, and that they got for answer that they were free, if they pleased, to perpetuate this degradation, but that in this case the electors would insist upon being separated from the archers. Of this request Bailly says that he knew nothing. The archers had no power to perpetuate the kneeling homage. It was for Bailly, and Bailly alone, to speak; and no power, as he assures the world, could have made him speak otherwise than standing erect. He had gained this case, he said, at Versailles and for the whole nation; he was not going to lose it at Paris and for his fellow-citizens.

When these nice sharp quilllets of etiquette had been

settled, to the satisfaction of Bailly if not to the satisfaction of the archers, it was time to set out to meet the king. Two archers accompanied the procession carrying the keys of the town. Bailly asked what the king would do with the keys when they were given to him. On being told that the king would hand them back to the mayor, Bailly asked what he in his turn was to do with them. Being told that he would have to carry them, he declared that he would do nothing of the kind, but would drop them at the first corner. The horrified archer begged him not to do this, as they were the historic keys that had been handed to Henry IV. The mention of Henry's name gave Bailly an idea for his speech, which he hurriedly put in pencil at the head of the draft he had already prepared. That hurried addition conferred upon Bailly's speech an immortality it might not have won. It remains an abiding monument of want of tact—of want of taste.

While these preparations, literary and other, were being made to meet Louis, Louis was making ready to leave Versailles. The king, who had conceded so much, had to set the seal to his concessions by the journey to Paris. Paris clamored for his presence, the Assembly urged his departure; his friends, his courtiers, his counsellors either could not or dared not suggest refusal. There were, indeed, among those who were nearest the king many men and many women who gladly would have urged defiance of the popular voice and an appeal to arms in support of such defiance. But it may be doubted whether the time for any possible appeal to arms, any successful defiance of the popular voice, had not passed. There were troops at hand, indeed, in abundance, but it was by no means certain that those troops would obey orders having for

their object a general attack upon the citizens of Paris. Indeed, it is possible to go further, and to say that it is almost certain that many of the troops would not have obeyed any such orders. But even if the troops had been wholly in hand, ready to march in any direction and fire upon any opponents at the word of command, Louis was not the man to make use of them. He had few of the kingly qualities—least of all, the most important of kingly qualities—the determination to make a desperate fight for his throne and lose all rather than make one concession, accept one humiliation. He had made many concessions, and would make more. He was now to taste the first of many humiliations.

It is impossible, we should imagine, for the most extreme Republican not to feel pity for the man; it must be no less impossible for any Royalist not to feel disdain for the king. Balzac, whose political opinions were those of a reasonable and moderate Royalist, has expressed in his essay, "Six Kings of France," views that are, no doubt, the views of those who respect royalty all over the world. "It is hard," says the author of the "Human Comedy," in writing upon a theme more pathetic than anything even that his own imagination had conceived—"it is hard to understand that the progress of rebellion did not at last unseal the eyes of the monarch, did not make it plain to him that for him and for the cause that he represented no further reconciliation was possible, and that all that was left to him was to defend what he believed to be his rights with the strong arm." But it was his misfortune, Balzac goes on to say, not to understand that the happiness of the nation depended, from his point of view, upon the maintenance of monarchical institutions, as it was his

misfortune to appear to admit that a king can possibly govern his subjects under their own tutelage. To the declaration of Louis that he did not wish one single life to be lost in his quarrel, a declaration that might be admirable and estimable in a private individual, Balzac answers, as the majority of Royalists no doubt would answer, that he was compromising the lot of perhaps ten generations by his blind weakness. The brief, the faint flicker of energy which had induced the king to menace for a moment mutinous Paris with Broglie and forty thousand men was in another instant extinguished and dissipated by the capture of the Bastille, the pillage of the arsenals, and the murder of a few citizens. From that moment, says the indignant Royalist, Louis XVI. prepared himself for martyrdom, and seems to have thought no more of carrying himself like a king. There is no need for us to enter here, as there would be indeed no justification for entering here, into any consideration of the comparative merits of limited or unlimited monarchy and limited or unlimited republicanism. Our more modest business is to observe what happened in the struggle of two opposing forces, and to endeavor, with as much impartiality as is humanly possible, to enter into the feelings and appreciate the actions of the leaders and the followers of each faction. But it would go hard with a Royalist not to agree with Balzac in denouncing the vacillation and the incompetence of the king. After all, it was his business to be a king, as another king said, wisely and wittily, and if he believed in kingcraft and the divine right of his order, he ought to have defended his order like a king. It is well, too, to remember that he could not possibly have fared worse if he had played the gallant part. But he could not play a gallant part ;

he could not even play a prudent part, and direct his degradation at least with some decent degree of wisdom.

If the king had been a wise man, or even a comparatively wise man, he would not have allowed a day to intervene between his surrender to the Assembly and his visit to Paris. Having conceded so much, it was inevitable that he would have to concede more; prudence would have urged that the concessions should be made with as much dignity and graciousness as possible. But he allowed the whole of the 16th to pass away, leaving Paris not merely a prey to alarms and agitations, but leaving Paris to learn that she could govern herself, could consent to be governed by men of her own choice, or of their own choice, without any sanction of royal favor. The time may not have seemed too long for the councils, the controversies, the despairs that occupied the court; for the consideration of all the different plans, all the impracticable proposals, all the vain suggestions that fear or fury could inspire. But it was too long to leave Paris to itself. A little longer and Paris would have come for its king and anticipated history. But on the 17th the king did resolve to go to Paris. He left Versailles at eight in the morning. He looked very pale, very serious, very melancholy. He had heard mass, and taken the communion, and had formally handed over to the Count of Provence his nomination as Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom in the event of anything happening to him in the capital. It was the fear, it was even the conviction of the court, that something would happen to him in the capital. They thought, at worst, that he would be killed by the men who had killed De Lannay, who had killed Flesselles. They feared, at best, that he would be detained as a hostage, as a prisoner in the city, and the

queen had actually prepared a draft of a speech that she intended to deliver to the Assembly in the case of the king's detention. However much Louis may have shared the fears of the queen and of the court, he did not allow them to bar his purpose. He set off on his journey escorted by a large deputation from the Assembly—more than three hundred, says Duquesnoy, who made one of the number of a deputation that included many of the most conspicuous leaders. He had a further escort of the newly formed militia of Versailles, a body of men clothed anyhow and armed anyhow, who resembled, in the words of a spectator of the scene, rather a troop of vagabonds collected together for the purpose of pillage than an escort for the king of a great nation. None of the royal body-guard went with the king. The militia of Versailles formed the royal escort so far as Sèvres; after Sèvres the escort was composed of the Paris militia. All the long highway to Paris was choking with people as it had choked with people on the day when the deputies went to Paris.

That ride from Versailles to Paris was like the entry into a new world for the king. Everywhere the popular colors fluttered—red, white, and blue; everywhere around him people carried arms, even women were armed. On heads and hearts men wore cockades of the new colors, the symbols of a new France. Above the king fluttered the conquered banners of the Bastille, in front of him rode Lafayette on his white horse, around him were the deputies, the citizen soldiers, the market-women, the successful mutineers of the French Guards, and everywhere, choking all the streets, the crowd with its wild weapons and its wild cries. Well might De Ferrières reflect that this procession of the greatest monarch of Europe could not but inspire the

most melancholy reflections on the instability of all human grandeur.

At the Chaillot Gate the king was received by Bailly, who immediately handed him the keys, saying that they were the same that had been presented to Henry IV. Henry, said Bailly, had reconquered his people ; now it was the people who had reconquered their king. Bailly said a good deal more than this famous phrase. He spoke, as he tells us, out of the abundance of his heart. He assures the world that he had always loved the king well, but that he loved his country better, and his speech flows with sonorous lines about a parent monarch in the heart of a united family, about the dawn of an eternal alliance between the monarch and his people. It had been carefully prepared, it was no doubt carefully spoken, but fame has only retained those lines hurriedly written at the top in pencil which contrasted Louis XVI. with Henry IV. and spoke of the city as reconquering her king. Bailly tells us that the phrase was universally applauded ; it was soon, and has been since, very bitterly condemned. Bailly strenuously denied that he had any thought of presuming upon the position of the king. The meaning of the phrase, he insisted, was that where Henry IV. had recovered his people, here the people had recovered their king. The word "reconquered" was only used because it was stronger and more impressive, but it only meant reconquered by love and from evil counsels. But the phrase has been remembered to Bailly's hurt, while the explanation has had the fate of most explanations and been forgotten or ignored.

It was not exactly a tactful speech, but Bailly was not exactly a tactful man. It certainly was not the speech of a courtier, but it had the merit, rare to the

speeches of courtiers, of truth. Everything that the king beheld announced a victory. Around his carriage and in all the streets were thousands of men armed with strange weapons. Pikes, scythes, pitchforks, pick-axes, anything that could strike a strong blow in strong hands, now formed the arms of the new royal body-guard. Even monks were seen in that motley army shouldering the musket or brandishing the sword. There were cannon on the bridges and cannon in the streets—cannon, indeed, that were courteously wreathed with flowers in honor of the royal visit, a courtesy that was in itself ironic. The royal carriage, surrounded by the anxious deputies, moved slowly through the streets amid the discharge of musketry and the shouts of “Long live the nation!” Over all fluttered conspicuously the tattered banners of the Bastille.

“No city in the world can afford a spectacle like that of Paris, when agitated by any grand passion, since in no other city is the communication so prompt nor the minds of men so active. Paris contains within her boundaries citizens from every province, and of this mixture of various characters is formed the character of the nation, which is distinguished by an astonishing impetuosity.” In this fashion Rabaut de Saint-Étienne reflected upon the events in the capital on July 17 and the arrival of the king, “plainly dressed, and in a carriage not magnificent,” but displaying “that confidence which is natural to him.” The king had certainly need, under the conditions, of all the confidence he could command.

He passed, says Duquesnoy, through streets that were lined with a double row of the soldiers of the Paris militia drawn up in admirable order. A hundred and fifty thousand men were under arms, some with

swords, sickles, spits, clubs, but the largest, by far the largest, number with well-ordered guns. It must well have been an astonishing sight for the king to see this Parisian militia stiffened with men who were but yesterday his soldiers; it must well have been an amazing spectacle for him to see all that concourse crying "Long live the nation!" where so few, so very few, shouted "Long live the king!" and indeed none "Long live the king!" alone, but even the most ardent of his well-wishers "Long live the king and the nation!" But what must have astonished him the most was that on approaching the Palais Royal, and in going along the Rue Traversière, the Rue Saint-Nicaise and yet other streets, not a single voice was raised, not a single hand-clap, nor a cry of joy given. On the contrary, men whispered commands for silence and peace, the proof of a preconcerted plan not to applaud the king until on his return. Duquesnoy was close to his carriage almost all the time, and he noted, or thought that he noted, a persistent air of satisfaction on the king's face. If the observation of Duquesnoy is to be relied upon in this instance, it has to be admitted that the king was not difficult to please.

The deliberate restraint of the people in their reception of the king seems to have made a deep impression upon those spectators of that day's business who committed their impressions to paper. To the emotional spirit of Rabant de Saint-Étienne the contrast was striking between the spectacle of this evening and that of the evening of the preceding day. It was not, he felt, that delicious extravagance of hearts which are overflowing with joy. The recollection of the past, the uncertainty as to the future, the oppressive sensation of a real and concealed calamity, restrained the populace,

as it were with one consent, from uttering expressions of gladness which could not be sincere. He too noted, as Duquesnoy noted, that little or nothing was heard but the cry of "Long live the nation!" This cry was as an oracle of public will requiring that the nation should be free and happy. Louis XVI. had not a very sensitive nature, but even a nature less sensitive than his must needs be impressed gloomily by such a reception, by the contrast between the fine phrases of his hosts and haranguers and the forbidding bearing of the multitude.

When the king alighted at the city-hall, Bailly once more asserted himself. He presented to the king the new cockade that every one was wearing, and begged Louis to accept "that distinguishing symbol of Frenchmen." With the best grace he could command, the king took the cockade from Bailly's hand and pinned it in his hat amid shouts of delight that were shouts of triumph from the multitude. Then, separated from his suite by the crowd, he mounted the steps of the Town-Hall beneath an arch of steel formed by the drawn swords of the citizens who surrounded him. This action, in which some have seemed to see a masonic significance, was intended as a graceful tribute, but its graciousness can scarcely have been very evident to Louis. Even if we need not accept the hostile suggestion that the sudden glitter and noise of the unsheathed blades alarmed the unstrung nerves of the king and made him for a moment shrink back in dread of assassination, it must have appeared a highly disagreeable ceremonial. To enter that building still blood-stained, still the centre of victorious insurrection, under those crossed and exalted swords must have forced upon Louis's mind the fact that he was indeed passing under the yoke.

At the door of the city-hall an inscription welcomed Louis, "Father of France and King of a Free People." Inside, in the Great Hall, a throne had been set up, and on this throne the king now sat to listen to speech after speech from the men who had brought him there—the men whom he must have hated in his heart, the men towards whom he had to assume an air of sympathy, even of gratitude.

It would not be an easy task for any king to have appeared heroic under those conditions. Certainly Louis did not seem heroic. He stood there with the insurgent cockade that Bailly had offered him pinned to his hat, a melancholy figure, a baited king. His emotions were too much for him, emotions of tenderness, of joy at reconciliation, of delight at being with his faithful people according to the interpretation of the sentimental rebels who surrounded him, and who harangued him with persistent, with pitiless eloquence. Moreau de Saint-Méry said his say with a characteristic merit of briefness, emphasizing the virtues of the people, emphasizing the virtues of the king. Ethis de Corny said his say. The conqueror of the Bastille suggested that it would be a graceful thing to erect a monument to Louis XVI. as the regenerator of public liberty, the restorer of national prosperity, the father of his people. The king wished to reply, but his feelings, of whatever nature, overpowered him, and he could not articulate a sentence. Bailly was always willing to speak for some one else as well as for himself. Having already addressed the king, he was now delighted at the opportunity of speaking as the king's mouth-piece. He stepped to the king's side, and, gathering the king's broken confidences, transmuted them into a neat speech, in which the sovereign assured his loving peo-

ple of his love, of his longing for peace, of his passionate desire that justice should be done.

Wherever there was any speech-making and Lally-Tollendal was present, Lally-Tollendal was hot to speak. He was not likely to let slip this opportunity, and he addressed the king and the assembled electors at great length, complimenting the king, complimenting the people, assuring the people of the royal goodness, assuring the king of the public devotion. Lally-Tollendal's sonorous periods and rounded compliments were received with applause by the hearers; they seem only to have completed the discomfiture of the king. With tears in his eyes, with tears in his voice, he could only respond to Bailly's entreaties that he should say something by whispering that his people could always count upon his love. In all that day's drama the king was most unkingly. He intensified the irony of his position by affecting to approve of Bailly's nomination as Mayor of Paris, by affecting to confirm Lafayette's appointment as commander of the National Guard. He was then induced to show himself at one of the windows of the Town-Hall to the shouting crowds outside, who now greeted him with lusty shouts of "Long live the king!" Then, having done all that was wanted of him, he was allowed to return. His departure was accompanied by more enthusiasm than had greeted his arrival. A lightly persuaded populace, hearing that the king had conceded much, had professed much love, was willing enough to blend cries of "Long life to the king!" with its cries of "Long life to the nation, to liberty, to Lafayette, and to the Assembly!" The wearing of the tricolor cockade seems to have afforded them special pleasure. To wear the cockade was regarded as a proof that the wearer was eager to make one with

the Third Estate, as the popular phrase then went, "être du tiers." The king's assumption of the popular badge was received with applause, and the cry that now the king, too, was one with the Third Estate. "Bon, il est du tiers!" But to Duquesnoy, observing all this enthusiasm, and feeling his own honest heart swelling with pleasure, there was still a regret. "It was unfortunate," he wrote in his record to Prince de Salm, "that the king did not utter a word; to have done so would have added infinitely to the impression produced by his presence." But Duquesnoy forgets this grief in his satisfaction at the fact that in no single street in Paris did he hear any cry of "Long live the Duke of Orleans!" and he approves this reticence as very wise indeed. He is enchanted, too, by the fact that on the king's return, while the streets were lined with the same ranks of militia as before, on this occasion swords were sheathed in their scabbards, and bayonets for the most part reversed. This idea, Duquesnoy said, appeared to him to be sublime. It may not have seemed so sublime to the silent king. But on that day Duquesnoy was in one of his happy moods, and saw everything rose-color. The people of Paris were good, generous, loyal, sensible. The king had only to show himself to them to calm in a moment their effervescence. Everything would settle down, he prophesied, order would be restored, military discipline re-established, the national spirit was the remedy for everything. He dwelt with delight upon the fact that in the national militia there were a very great number of very respectable men, citizens of repute, Knights of Malta, Knights of Saint-Louis, worthy burgesses, financiers, priests, advocates, monks, all excellently disciplined, and keeping their posts as admirably as regular troops. In such hands

how could a king be other than safe? He states that the door of the king's carriage was guarded by four men, who did not leave it for a moment.

Gouverneur Morris, who was another witness of the scene, thanks to Madame de Flahaut, from a window in the Rue St. Honoré, is not quite so ebullient as the enthusiastic deputy. Perhaps he was not put into the best of tempers by the fact that in squeezing his way through the crowd to get to his window he had his pocket picked "of a handkerchief, which I value far beyond what the thief will get for it, and I should willingly pay him for his dexterity could I retrieve it." His comment upon the king's surrender is brief. "This day will, I think, prove a useful lesson to him for the rest of his life, but he is so weak that unless he is kept out of bad company it is impossible that he should not act wrongly."

Taught or untaught, acting rightly or acting wrongly, the king got out of Paris under perhaps somewhat better conditions than those under which he had entered it. There was at least some display of popular enthusiasm. The crowd closed about the royal carriage, stood upon its steps, clung to the box, climbed on to the roof, hung on behind. The deputies kept as near as they could, loudly assuring the people of the good intentions, the large promises of the king. It was not until after nine that the king at last left Paris behind him; it was late when he got back at last to Versailles. The queen, who had been informed hour by hour by couriers of what was happening in Paris, came to greet him, but, according to one account, as soon as she saw the revolutionary cockade in his hat she drew back in scorn and anger. It is probable enough that Marie Antoinette would feel angry at the sight of a son of France with the symbol of insurrection on his forehead.

CHAPTER VII

SAUVE QUI PEUT

THE king returned to a changed Versailles. Rumors had reached Paris during that day of Parisian exultation which only served to increase the triumph of the city. It was said, and said with truth, that many of the king's most intimate relations, counsellors, and friends had fled from Versailles—were flying from France. The men whom the people already were denouncing as the conspirators of the plot of July 11 had fled from the fear of retribution at the hands of the people they had dreamed of crushing. The very sons of France, the Grand Captains, as Brantôme would have called them, the men whose place was at the foot of the throne, the ministers of the Six Days, were flying ignominiously from the dangers they had provoked. It might be an exaggeration to say that history offers no more pitiable spectacle than this of the First Emigration; it certainly offers few as pitiable. The men who had imperilled the monarchy, the men whose duty it was rather to die than to desert their king, were speeding, as fast as horses could help them, to put their own persons into safety. The emigration appears to have been fully discussed, to have had the approval of the king himself—one further proof of his hopeless unkingliness. But there was one man in the courtly counsels who saw the madness of the act.

Talleyrand had an important interview with the

Count d'Artois at Marly during the night of July 16. When Talleyrand presented himself at the residence of D'Artois the latter was already in bed; he admitted his visitor, however, and there, during two hours' conversation, Talleyrand explained all the dangers of the situation, and entreated the prince to lay them before the king. The Count d'Artois was moved at this intelligence; he got up, repaired to the palace, and, returning after a pretty long absence, declared to Talleyrand that there was nothing to be done with the king, determined as he was to give way rather than to have one drop of blood shed through his resistance to the popular movements. "As to myself," added the Count d'Artois, "my mind is made up; I am off in the morning, and will leave France." Talleyrand vainly besought the prince to give up such an intention, and pointed out to him the inconveniences and dangers it might have for him in the immediate present, and for his rights and those of his children in the future. The Count d'Artois was obstinate, and in the end Talleyrand said to him: "In that case, monseigneur, there is nothing now left for each one of us but to think of his own interests, since the king and the princes desert theirs as well as those of monarchy." "Quite so," replied the prince; "that is what I advise you to do. Whatever may happen, I can never blame you; always reckon on my friendship." The next morning the Count d'Artois emigrated.

The Count du Paroy, who was one of the none too numerous nobles who remained with his king, gives in his memoirs a very valuable account of the first flight of princes, the account of one who was intimate with the princes, who was intimate with the court. He relates how on the evening of July 16, before the pitiful

pilgrimage to Paris, the Count d'Artois, the Duke d'Angoulême, the Duke de Berri, the Princes of Condé and Conti, the Duke de Bourbon, and the Duke d'Enghien took farewell of his Majesty before leaving his Majesty's kingdom. The greatest precautions were necessary in order to get the Count d'Artois out of Versailles without being discovered. One of the first, one of the most assertive difficulties was the immediate, the amazing need of money. D'Artois was in such a hurry to depart, and at the same time so short of money, that he had to send round the hat to all his friends, and even so it was with the greatest difficulty that he was able to raise so poor a sum as three hundred louis. The father of the Count de Paroy, who was at Versailles as a deputy to the Assembly, lent the Count de Vandreuil, who was departing with the Count d'Artois, thirty louis, all that he had about him, for the service of the prince his master. With the money thus hastily and unceremoniously raised D'Artois made ready to fly from the country to which he was not to return for so many weary years.

D'Artois left the palace at break of day, the better to avoid the vigilance of the people who hated him, who had rejoiced to hear that in the Palais Royal a price was upon his head. He crossed in silence the sleeping town and joined a regiment that was waiting in readiness to protect the flight of a son of France. He took the menaces addressed to him with much seriousness. The Duke de Liancourt had warned him that he would be proscribed by the people of Paris. He was so convinced that he was the object of a terrible and special hatred that for a certain distance from the town he had arranged that his carriages were to be escorted by two pieces of cannon. It is impossible to decide how

far the prince's fears were justified; it would scarcely be a nice point to decide how far, even if those fears were well founded, a prince of the blood was justified in abandoning his sovereign, and the cause that sovereign represented, in order to assure his own personal safety. Those who do not admire the character of the Count d'Artois compare his conduct to that of a soldier who runs away from the battle-field. Those who, whether they admire D'Artois or not, seek to justify him, maintain that Louis gave up the cause when he decided on a policy of non-resistance, and that the cry of the devil take the hindmost was as justifiable for a prince of the blood as for any one else. The effect of what was not done we cannot guess; the effect of what was done was disastrous to the monarchy. But D'Artois's thoughts were not of the monarchy; they were of himself, and he fled from France.

His flight was not accomplished without some risk. The Count d'Artois and his companions arrived unrecognized and uninterfered with at Charleville, where the Count d'Esterhazy was in garrison with his regiment. He urged the Count d'Artois to rest for a while at Charleville, and invited him to dinner. The prince accepted the invitation, but while the company were at table a hasty message was brought to D'Esterhazy that his troops were mutinying on account of a rumor that the Count d'Artois had fled from Paris and was in Charleville. In this emergency D'Esterhazy ordered the general to be beaten, assembled his regiment in the barracks, and marched them outside the town as if for some important manœuvres, while in the meantime D'Artois slipped out of the town in another direction, and was joined later on by D'Esterhazy and a handful of horsemen upon whom he could rely, and who es-

corted the prince as far as the frontier. Paroy relates the Charleville adventure on the authority of the Count de Vaudreuil, who accompanied D'Artois. After crossing the frontier he made the best speed he could to Turin, to entreat the hospitality of his father-in-law, the King of Sardinia.

Men of the sword like the Princes of Condé, of Conti, of Lambesc, fled precipitately. Men of the robe, like Barentin, like Bréteuil, like Villedeuil, followed their example. Their one thought was to get out of France as quickly as possible. Undoubtedly France was no longer safe for them. The people of Paris were no longer the only enemies that the conspirators of July 11 had to fear. All France was now aroused; the spirit of revolution was spreading; if Lambesc and Condé, Broglie and Conti valued their lives beyond all things, it was obviously time for them to bestir themselves and put their persons beyond the reach of injury. But an observer like Burke, noting this flight of princes and of peers of France, might have anticipated his words about the extinction of the age of chivalry. The throne of France was indeed doomed when those whose swords should have been the first drawn to defend it, whose blood should have been the first shed in its cause, were the first to seek safety in ignominious exile, the first to leave their king to his fate.

On the Saturday, July 18, some one, presumed to be Cadet de Vaux, came to Bailly and told him that on the previous day, being at Franconville, on the Pontoise road, he had seen a troop of cavaliers galloping by at full speed, a troop composed of many princes and nobles of the court who were the most noted at the moment. Cadet de Vaux assured Bailly that if he had had any force at his command he would have arrested

the runaways. Bailly said nothing, but in his heart he confesses that he was exceedingly glad that Cadet de Vaux was unable to carry out his wish, for it seemed to Bailly that it was far better that these gentlemen should take to flight than be brought to Paris. That they should receive justice would be well and good, but to please Bailly it should be justice with all due forms of law, and he feared that the justice they would have found in Paris would have been of a rough-and-ready sort in the then temper of the people. How very right he was in this belief he was soon to learn. Of D'Artois he wrote that he did not believe that he had then any thought of war or of counter-revolution, and that his one thought was for his own safety. "And yet I do not think," adds Bailly, "that if he had remained and had behaved himself well he would have been in the slightest danger."

But the flight was not confined to princes and peers, to sons of France, and men of the sword. There were women whom the informal judgment of the Palais Royal proscribed as hotly as it proscribed the princes and the captains. Most of all Madame de Polignac was hated by the people, and on the night of July 16 Madame de Polignac, disguised as a waiting-maid, mounted the box-seat of the carriage which was to take her from France. It must be said of Madame de Polignac that it was not mere fear for her own safety that drove her into flight, or that it was even her wish to go at all. In going she obeyed the wishes of the queen, who herself was only forced to counsel this flight by the insistence of others. Madame Adelaide, the eldest of Louis XVI.'s aunts, had warmly urged Marie Antoinette that the presence of Madame de Polignac at the court was a peril for the duchess and a peril for the

queen. At first the queen was bitterly reluctant to part from the friend to whom she was so deeply attached. The friendship of the two women had been sometimes stormy, but of late it had grown stronger and closer, and the queen, in her loneliness and peril, dreaded the thought of parting from her friend. It was made plain to her, however, that the safety of the duchess lay only in flight. She gave her consent. The actions of the court were so closely watched that she was unable to be present when Madame de Polignac went away, but she wrote her a few pathetic words of farewell.

The Duke and Duchess de Polignac, their daughter, the Duchess de Guiche, the Countess Diane, and the Abbé de Balivière set off in company for Switzerland, taking the greatest pains to avoid recognition. To be recognized in the existing temper of the people probably meant death. Everywhere they went in their agonizing journey towards the frontier, when they heard their names mentioned, and they were often mentioned, it was with the liveliest expressions of hatred. It is said that on one occasion, while stopping in a village, they were only saved from discovery by the ready wit of the abbé who accompanied them, and who lulled the suspicions of the villagers by telling them that Necker had been recalled, and that the hated Polignacs had fled the kingdom. Hearing the abbé speak so strongly, the villagers took him and his companions to be excellent patriots and let them depart in peace. At Basle Madame de Polignac met Necker, and was the first to tell him of his recall and of the wild work in Paris. Then she got across the frontier and into long years of exile. She never saw the queen again.

News of this first flight reached Paris soon. On the evening of July 17 Gouverneur Morris was sitting over

his beefsteak and his bottle of claret at the tavern, when he was joined by a deputy from Brittany who was full of news: News of the recall of Necker, news of the resignation of the ministry, "except the Baron de Bréteuil, who says he never accepted"; news more surprising still that "the Comte d'Artois, the Duc and Duchesse de Polignac, M. de Vaudreuil, and in short, the whole Committee Polignac, have decamped last night in despair." Gouverneur Morris thereupon told his informant that travelling might be useful to the Comte d'Artois, and that therefore it might be well if he visited foreign parts. To the sturdy republicanism of Morris the flight seemed an absolute advantage, a cleansing of the Augean stables. As name after name of note was added to the list of fugitives, his only reflections were that there would be places in abundance to give away, and that of course there would be an abundance of intrigue to get them. He found delight, as a stranger and as an American, in reflecting that "the whole conspiracy against freedom is blown up to the moon." According to Ariosto, all lost things are carried to the moon. Probably Morris had not Ariosto in his mind, but his phrase was as apt as if he had. The cause which the flying princes represented was certainly carried to that moon where all lost causes linger.

News of the flight soon spread from Paris into the provinces. Arthur Young, sitting at the ordinary at Colmar, heard an officer describe his flight from Paris, and relate that the Count d'Artois and all the princes of the blood except Monsieur and the Duc d'Orleans, the whole connection of Polignac, the Marshal de Broglie, and an infinite number of the first nobility had fled the kingdom, and were daily followed by others. The officer also said that the king, queen, and royal fam-

ily were in a really dangerous situation at Versailles, without any dependence upon the troops near them, and in fact more like prisoners than free people.

A letter written by Mr. Miles to the Duke of Leeds from Frankfort on July 30, 1789, begins by saying that a private letter from Basle mentions that Monsieur Necker, accompanied by his wife and daughter, passed through that place on his return to Paris at half-past seven last Saturday morning. Mr. Miles immediately drops into French in order to express his opinion of the returning statesman. "C'est un charlatan enivré, qui va se perdre dans une révolution dont il ne peut pas voir les suites." The criticism would have delighted Mirabeau by its use of the epithet he found the most apt for his enemy. Miles returns to his own language in the same letter to paint a lively picture of the effects of the first flood of emigration. Marshal de Broglie was reported to be at Hesse-Darmstadt. The Count d'Artois was expected every moment at the Hôtel de l'Empereur in Frankfort. Miles observed that the fact of the count taking this route occasioned much speculation, and equally so that Marshal de Broglie should be in the neighborhood. He conjectured that the Count d'Artois and the late commander-in-chief were sent to negotiate for foreign troops to support the tottering throne of his most Christian Majesty. Two days later, on August 1, Miles wrote again to tell the duke that he might judge of the impression which the Revolution in France was making from the fact that every carriage that arrived in Frankfort from the Limburg side of the country was supposed to contain fugitives from Paris or Versailles. On the 6th he records the arrival of the Prince de Conti at the Maison Rouge in Frankfort, where he kept his rooms, waited upon only by his own

servant, while the master of the house and his servants were forbidden to enter the apartment. Some justification for this mystery is to be found in Miles's statement in the same letter, that Frankfort was not judged to be an asylum for the fugitives, as it was said that the magistrates would deliver them up on the first requisition. There were safer places for the emigrants, and London was one of them. A letter to Mr. Miles from Mr. T. Somers Cocks, written from Charing Cross on August 25 the same year, says : " We are crowded with Frenchmen, who come every week from their own country to enjoy the freedom of ours, many of whom rejoice when they are safely landed." Mr. Cocks declared that he used to look upon France as a more civilized nation, and could not have conceived that they would have been guilty of such barbarities and cruelty, and he winds up with the whimsical reflection, " The King of France must now be sensible of his mistake in having intermeddled in the American war. It has come home to him."

With the emigration the king found himself in a position of peculiarly painful loneliness. His kinsmen and his chief nobility abandoned him. The queen, it is true, was with him, but it may be taken as certain that her proud spirit chafed very bitterly at the inaction of the king. He could scarcely count upon the fidelity of his soldiers. He had, it would seem, to endure the insolence of his lackeys. Besenval relates, and we have no reason to disbelieve him, that on one occasion, he being present, when the king was reading a letter, a servant who was in the room actually craned over the king's shoulder to try and read what was written. The king, in a burst of anger, caught up a tongs, and was about to strike the rascal, when Besenval gently re-

strained him, whereupon the king's anger suddenly turned to tears. In the deserted palace, in the lonely suites of rooms that had once been so brilliant, there were no longer men of daring mind and ready hand to plan enterprises for destroying Paris, for clapping the Assembly into prison, for crushing the Revolution with army after army in the name of God and the king. But it was whispered and believed that other plots were hatched within the walls of the palace—plots, even baser plots, not against the enemies of the throne, but against the very occupant of the throne.

One story is so strange, it has had so much currency, it has been so widely credited, that it must needs be recorded. It is accepted by many historians; the chief evidence in its support is a manuscript narrative by M. Sanquiaire de Souligne, who stated that he received all the details from a fellow-prisoner at the Conciergerie who had been an intimate friend of the Count d'Estaing. According to this story or legend, some of those royalists who were most bitterly opposed to the Revolution fancied that in the king himself they found the greatest obstacle to its defeat. They distrusted his weakness, they disdained his good-nature, they detested his vacillations. They thought that at the moment when the dignity of the throne was so grimly menaced he cut but a sorry figure as the representative of French royalty. They found in him no leader; they revered in him no king; in their hearts they were longing to be well quit of him. What they longed for in their hearts they began, according to the story, to plan in their minds. News came to the ears of Count d'Estaing that there was a plot afoot against the king's life. How the news came to D'Estaing we are not told, but the news seems to have been explicit and comprehensive. On a cer-

tain night, at a certain hour, the king was to be done to death by assassins guided and prompted by a great person at court. The count was at first incredulous, but he told Louis what he had heard, and obtained the king's permission to stay close by him on the indicated night. The story goes that in the dead of night the attempt was made, that the king, accompanied by D'Estaing, faced the assassin or assassins himself, and that a man who held a dagger in his hand and who confessed to the intended crime, was secretly killed and his body disposed of in order that the horrible business might be hushed up. But the story blew abroad, as all such stories will, and many of the Royalists who were still attached to Louis not only believed in its truth, but actually went so far as to suggest that its prime instigator was none other than the king's own brother, the Count d'Artois. But it may well be believed that while there were fanatical monarchists who thought the king the worst enemy of the monarchy, and would not be unwilling to clear him from their path, the Count d'Artois was not among them. If the attempt were ever made it is of course possible that the Count d'Artois was indeed privy to it, but in the absence of all certainty the historian has to rely upon probability, and probability is against D'Artois's share in such a fratricidal conspiracy. His intelligence was too limited, his nature too narrow, his vices too common, and his virtues too insignificant to equip him for monumental crimes and merciless statesmanship of this temper. The story is the less likely as D'Artois was neither the direct heir to the throne nor a possible regent in the case of his brother's death. It seems of a piece with the wholly absurd legend of an attempt on the part of the Duke of Orleans to poison D'Artois after his flight to Turin.

It would seem hard to defend this first emigration. From the point of view of the royalists it must be admitted that it set a lamentable, a terrible example. Even if the mob orators of the Palais Royal did, in the exaggeration of their zeal, set a price upon the heads of princes like D'Artois, like Condé, and like Conti, even if the lives of these princes were not idly threatened but were seriously imperilled, it does not follow that they were justified or even excused in retreating from the danger. Fear is contagious; if the princes of the royal house rode off in a panic at the first menace, what protest could fairly be made against the nobles and the gentlemen who were to follow their example by the thousand and the ten thousand when the danger was immediate and mortal? The great waves of emigration which were to drain France, in the view of Taine and of those who think with Taine, of her best and bravest blood followed as by a law of nature that first ripple that reached beyond the frontier. The fear, again, so plainly, even so pitiably, manifested by the chiefs of one party was eminently calculated to confirm the belief of the other party in its invincible strength and its unlimited power. It is impossible to say what might have happened if the princes and the nobles had stood fast instead of flying, but at least we may confidently assert that things could not possibly have gone worse for the monarchy and the royal cause.

At the same time there were difficulties in the way of any gallant action that might have disconcerted gallanter spirits than D'Artois, Condé, and Conti. It was said at the hour, observes the Abbé Papot in his anti-revolutionary history of the Revolution, that the Count d'Artois and Condé ought to have put themselves at the head of the Royalists, ought to have rallied

beneath their banners all that was left of loyal in the army, and by armed force restored to the crown its honor and its prerogatives by crushing its adversaries. It was easy to say so much ; it was very difficult to do so much. Loyalty in the army was an uncertain and hourly diminishing factor ; even a mercenary army must have pay or pillage, and there was no money for the one purpose, no special opportunities for the other. As for the nobility and the gentry in general, they lacked a common purpose, a common cause, and a common strength. On the one hand, their power as a party in the triple system of the State had been slowly wearing away for generations. While as an order they retained the privileges that made them detested and often detestable, they had lost the strength, had lost the unity that allowed them to assert and that enabled them to defend those privileges. On the other hand, many of their number—not, indeed, a large proportion, but still a conspicuous proportion—had been affected by the new ideas, had been captivated by the doctrines of the encyclopædists, had been allured by theories of liberty and equality, had worshipped, with Lafayette, the star of Washington, had dreamed the dreams of D'Aiguillon, and shared the heady aspirations of Noailles. With no army, with a nobility either scattered and enfeebled or divided against itself, with no money to purchase soldiers of other States or to reward their own, it was hard, indeed, for the princes of the royal house to hope to make an effective stand against the enemies of the king. But their greatest difficulty, of course, lay in the fact that the king's most dangerous enemy, in all that concerned his kingship, was the king himself. Louis XVI. could not inspire enthusiasm ; would not sanction resistance, when resistance would

have been of any use ; did not appreciate the importance of the part he might have played, or the ignominy of the part he was condemned by his own consent to play. A king who will not fight for his kingdom cuts a very pitiable figure. All that Louis believed in, revered, held precious, was at stake. Nay, more, all that he believed and that those who were of his party believed, and still believe, to be the best for France and for the world was at stake. Yet he was too vacillating, too weak, too phlegmatic, to strike a blow or to let other and stronger hands strike blows in its defence. The qualities that may make a commendable citizen do not of necessity compose an admirable king. Louis had neither the determination to be the king of the Old Order and to stand or fall fighting for it, nor the astuteness to make himself the king of the New Order and to guide the Revolution while he appeared to accept it. The one course was possible, and it would have been better for a son of France to have fallen at the head of his friends in defence of a throne that he believed to come to him from God than to end as it was fated that he was to end. The other might have proved impossible, but at least it was a thing to try, a game to play, a game, indeed, to win, a little later if the king had been sane enough to appreciate the fact that there was a man of genius who could save him if man or genius could, and that his name was Mirabeau. Louis was neither a dastard nor a dullard, but he forgot, what a brother ruler remembered, that it was his trade to be a king, and he forgot it at the time of all times when it was most his duty to remember it. And so, while history must condemn those pale, unhappy princes, spurring for their very lives along the high-roads to the frontier, flying from the throne that was as yet

unthreatened and the flag that had not yet fallen to the dust, history, remembering the kind of king for whose sake it was their duty to remain and put their own worthless lives in peril, must admit that, human nature being for the most part a sorry matter, this scurry of princelings, this first emigration, was, if quite unforgivable, also quite understandable.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SPREADING OF THE FIRE

THOSE who seek to find excuse for the first emigration and for the flight of the princes lay stress upon the condition of France at this moment. They urge that while the National Assembly had succeeded in diminishing the authority of the king and in degrading the throne, it had not itself any real authority to put into the place of the authority that it had overthrown. It could prevent and it had prevented the executive from using the old forces at its command to overawe public opinion, but it seemed to be powerless to guide that public opinion in any orderly direction. It could not keep the peace, it could not secure property or life; it was indeed incessantly disclaiming any right to usurp any of the legal functions of that executive whose action it had practically rendered helpless. What wonder, it was asked, if men fled from a country where the real authority was in the hands of men who would not allow others to act, and who would not or could not act themselves?

For the moment the administration of France was in the most curious condition. A kind of triumvirate existed; the National Assembly standing for Augustus Cæsar, the Parisian Assembly of Electors for Antony, and the king for Lepidus. Each possessed very differing degrees of power, and each was considerably troubled by what power it did possess. The king, the nominal

head of the State, sulked in his deserted palace, friendless, ministerless, almost alone in his humiliation and his bewilderment. The National Assembly was sorely perplexed by the difficulties that began to pour upon it by the action of Paris and the action of the provinces. The Assembly of Electors in Paris was sorely perplexed by the Palais Royal and the mob and by its own unauthorized, unorganized existence.

If the king was the most to be pitied, perhaps the National Assembly was most harassed. Of late its consultations had been seriously agitated. On the very morrow of the day which had seen Paris conquering her king, at a moment when the path of the triumphant Revolution promised to be all a path of peace, with much gracious speech-making and distribution of wreaths and civic dignities, the Assembly was called to the consideration of very grave, very momentous problems. In those far American forests, not unknown to Lafayette, a man might strike a light for some harmless, even for some admirable purpose, the temporary hearth, the temporary illumination, and in a breath cause conflagration to spread before and about him in miles on miles of devastation. This in some degree was what the National Assembly had done.

There was no doubt about it that France was taking fire after a fashion that was naturally discomposing to a newly born National Assembly anxious to be, above all things, Constitutional—anxious, indeed, to be in most things loyal and monarchical. The France that was not Paris, the paralyzed body, as it has happily been called, around that great central heart, had not waited for the fall of the Bastille to show that it was awakening to activity and to action; that it was quickened from its atrophy by the new conditions. The sud-

den vitality created by the summoning of the States-General, by the elections, by the early meetings and quarrels, by Tennis-Court oaths and Third Estate triumphs, had had its effect upon the provinces as well as upon Paris. The weary wretch whom Arthur Young had met upon the highway, the hardly human creature whom he discerned to be a woman, the premature hag who had uttered to the English traveller her dull belief in some wonders that the National Assembly was yet to accomplish for the poor, had folk of her kind all over France who suddenly became aware that their interests were being made the subject of serious consideration, that there was a great Assembly specially called in Paris to consider and to redress their wrongs. It dawned upon their dulled intelligences too, no doubt, that if their wrongs were thus to be considered, to be redressed, if they were allowed to voice their complaints, as it were, into the very ear of the king, they might do something with their hands as well as with their voices, and make good in their own neighborhood the claims they had already asserted in the charters that had been carried to Paris. There was no need for men in such a mood to wait for the news of the fall of a Bastille.

The news of the fall of the Bastille spread fast, as such news will spread, on the wings of the wind, carrying to every corner of France the tidings of what the Parisians had done for themselves. It is not necessary to consider closely the question whether certain politicians did or did not employ special means to spread the report of the fall of the fortress. There was not need for any one to take thought for the propagation of such news; it spread like the forest fire. But though it encouraged a kindred act wherever the news came, and as fast as the news came, it must not be assumed

that the capture of the Bastille set the example of armed disturbances in the other great towns or that Paris prompted the provinces. The provinces really had been beforehand with Paris in insurrection. One historian has computed that during the four months which preceded the fall of the Bastille there were no less than three hundred risings and revolts of differing degree and intensity all over France. In Poitou, in Brittany, in Touraine, in Orleans, in Normandy, in the Isle de France, in Picardy, in Champagne, in Alsace, in Burgundy, in the Nivernais, in Auvergne, in Languedoc, in Provence, there were disturbances, all much alike. In the main their impulse was the need for food, and the demand of the rioters was for food. Armed bands assailed impartially the mansion of the noble, the well-to-do farm-house, the opulent abbey, and took by force, for nothing or for the nominal price they sometimes chose to pay, the grain they wanted.

In many of these disturbances the marauders were moved by a kind of dim belief that they were in the right in what they did. The reforms that their charters called for they regarded as practically established. Then, under the new conditions, it seemed that to wish a thing, to ask for a thing, was practically to have that thing. They had called through their representatives in the National Assembly for the abolition of this due, for the amelioration of that abuse, and on the assumption that the National Assembly was going to prove all-powerful, they refused to pay the due or endure the abuse any longer. They had learned to shout for liberty, and the first use to which they could put their liberty was to get the food which they lacked from those who had abundance. It is certain that the French peasantry were not the most unfortunate peas-

antry in Europe, but it is also certain that they had many weary grievances, many grim woes, to complain of, and they set about the task of remedying those grievances and woes in the way in which ignorance suddenly invested with force always begins its work.

If their first desire was for food, they had other desires as well. The new ideas that agitated the philosophers, the new schemes of social and economical organization, had penetrated, in a confused but infinitely alluring form, into the cabin of the peasant, and the peasant was eager for a readjustment of the existing conditions. He disliked the nobles who had been tyrants, if they were no longer tyrants, and he was ready enough to lift his armed hand against their castles and even against their lives. He hated the old usages, rights, and customs which were the accompaniments of his time of serfdom. Most of these rights had fallen into disuse; of those that were still in use, the enforcement was often mild and the obedience nominal. But the peasant resented their existence. The agitations accompanying the elections for the States-General had convinced him that these and all other symbols of his old state were to be swept away, and it was with a kind of conviction that he was acting within his rights that he threatened the castles and their castellans, and demanded with so much eagerness the surrender of the contents of their muniment-rooms and charter-chests. For if one of the prompting forces of the new peasants' war was the procuring of bread, another was the destruction of paper. The court-rolls which preserved the lists of the feudal duties due by them to their lords, the title-deeds which proved the right of the lord to hold his castle and to exercise the remains of feudal rights, were the main objects of the peasants' enmity.

They believed that in destroying the one and the other they destroyed the power of the noble to exercise the old authority, and the right of the noble to reign in his own castle. It was in this belief that, in Peinier, a band of armed peasants attacked the President de Peinier, a man of eighty years of age, and compelled him to sign a formal act by which he renounced all claim to seigniorial rights of any kind. The history of the castle war, in its earlier stages, was a history of hungry men seeking food, of men oppressed by a privileged class seeking to destroy the privileges.

It should, however, be borne in mind—and it is not always borne in mind—by those who write about these agitations and these agonies of the early Revolution, that agrarian disturbances and provincial disorders did not come into existence for the first time with the summons of the States-General and the fall of the Bastille. On the contrary, they were frequent episodes in the history of France, the accompaniments of any popular upheaval, of any political unsettlement. They were as familiar to the France of the middle of the seventeenth century as they were now to be familiar to the France of the end of the eighteenth century. The Brigands of the dawning Revolution were but the immediate successors to Mandrin and his men, who, in the middle of the eighteenth century, under the name of the Great Companies, waged a long and often successful guerilla war against intolerable taxation. Mandrin had been forty years in his felon's grave when the Revolution broke out, but his memory was fresh enough and green enough in the minds of the people who recalled his influence, from Franche-Comté to Auvergne, to set them an example when they, in their turn, saw a chance of taking up arms against a sea of troubles. Mandrin was

but the legitimate successor to the Croquants of the seventeenth century, who, in their turn, were the successors to the much earlier Jacquerie. The history of the seventeenth century in France is written all over with records of peasants' wars. The terrible taxation was the almost invariable cause. The rising of peasants at Quercy in 1624, the Rebellion of the Barefeet in Normandy in 1639, which assumed something of the proportions of a civil war, the risings against the taille in 1643 in Rouergue, in Bas-Poitou, Saintonge, and Angoumois—all these upheavals, inspired alike by misery, characterized alike by brutality, and accompanied alike by bloodshed, were but so many precedents for the insurrections that flamed up all over France after the general disorganization caused by the new condition of things. What the Croquants did against their taxation the insurgents of the Revolution did against their taxation and the privileges that made taxation possible. The peasant had always hated the castle—and often with good reason for his hatred. The serf had small love for, and small reason to feel love for, the manor and the master. The condition of things in 1789 gave the peasant a better chance of turning upon the noble than he had had perhaps since the days when the Jacks laid siege to castles and cut the throats of castellans. But the inclination had been there, a sullen tradition through the generations. It was not begotten by the Revolution; the Revolution did no more than afford a sudden delivery to the long labor.

There was no need for men who were in the temper of the French peasantry to wait for the example of the Bastille in order to take some action against their enemies. The business of the Bastille was but one symptom of a general malady that caused outbreaks in all

directions. There were plenty of the peasantry to believe that the demands they had made, the desires they had formulated in their addresses to the National Assembly, were demands that would certainly be met, were desires that would certainly be gratified. The wish for the abolition of detested privileges, for the repeal of detested taxation, seemed to their rudely awakened minds to be synonymous with abolition, with repeal, to be, as it were, moreover, a general charter of reprisals against those who had possessed the privileges and enforced the taxation. But action that was irregular, casual, sporadic, received a new impulse from the fall of the Bastille. The news of that victory spread over disturbed France with astonishing rapidity. Along every road where coaches ran, along all the king's highways, the news was carried as far and as fast as horses could ride and wheels turn. On the very day of its fall men galloped with the national cockade in their hats, drew the reins of their steaming horses in the market-places of the nearest towns to Paris and proclaimed the good news, colored with much comment, of the death of tyranny and the birth of liberty. It gave a new impetus to popular indignation, a new example for popular passion to follow. Every town had its Bastille; might not every town have patriots to hurl it to the ground? And so bad news poured and continued to pour in upon a National Assembly eager to regenerate the world, and harassed by the problem of how to keep order in a few provinces.

At the close of the sitting of the Assembly, on July 17, just after everybody had congratulated everybody else upon the peace of Paris and the reconquest of her king, the Mayor of Poissy presented himself and commanded to be heard. He had an alarming tale to tell. The Brigands had made their

appearance in Poissy and in Saint-Germain, and were committing all manner of crimes and outrages with which he and his were wholly unable to cope. He therefore besought the National Assembly to put an end to these disorders. A deputy pointed out that this was not within the powers of the Assembly, being the business of the still existing executive and of the judicial tribunals. The argument, accurate enough in theory, was hardly applicable to the existing state of France. In any case, however, there was nothing to be done that evening. With the morrow, Saturday, July 18, Poissy and its perturbations were again brought before the notice of the Assembly. There was no doubt that the disturbances were serious. It was the old business—hunger and the hatred born of hunger against those who were supposed to conceal grain; while the popular discontent was as usual taken advantage of by all that riffraff whose advantage lay in disturbance, whose possibilities of plunder were enlarged by popular riot. An undisciplined mob had risen in Poissy and in Saint-Germain-en-Laye, had taken possession of the barracks and public buildings, had seized upon an unhappy miller named Sauvage, who was accused of defrauding the people, had dragged him to the Town-Hall, condemned him in a mock trial, and hacked off his head. Another miller named Thomassin, accused of the same crime, was in the hands of the mob. The National Assembly immediately resolved to send a deputation to Poissy to calm the popular fury, and eleven deputies, headed by the Bishop of Chartres, set off with all speed to Saint-Germain-en-Laye. There they found all quiet. Thomassin had been carried to Poissy, and to Poissy the deputies hastened. All the place was in a ferment. A crowd was raging round the prison where Thomassin was confined.

Every man in the crowd carried some kind of weapon. There was no municipal officer in the place to face the difficulty ; one had fled, another was absent ; there was no military force of any kind ; Poissy was in the hands of rioters howling for the life of the prisoner, and the eleven deputies stood alone against a multitude. They behaved courageously and wisely. The Bishop of Chartres got on to a chair and harangued the mob—argued, urged, implored that Thomassin should be given fair trial. Now his entreaties swayed the mob, and now their desire for vengeance. Thomassin was dragged out of the prison, and the sight of the man made the mob more furious than ever. Thereupon the bishop and the deputies fell upon their knees before the crowd and passionately demanded mercy for the man. The inexorable crowd would only accord as much delay as would allow for the finding of a confessor and the erection of a gallows. But that much delay proved, in the event, enough. The inhabitants of Saint-Germain-en-Laye and the inhabitants of Poissy began to quarrel among themselves as to where Thomassin ought to be hanged ; Poissy apparently insisting that Saint-Germain, and Saint-Germain that Poissy was the proper spot. The deputies took advantage of this disagreement to renew their entreaties, and they succeeded in persuading the belligerents to consent that Thomassin might accompany them. With furious threats that if the deputies did not see that justice was done to Thomassin they too should be hanged, the rioters reluctantly permitted the deputies to take Thomassin away, and they carried him with fear and trembling and by dubious and quiet ways back to Versailles, where they consigned him to the prison.

While the bishop and his companions were so gal

lantly engaged, the Assembly was occupied with things trivial and things grave. At one moment the president was solemnly announcing the assurances of M. de Brézé, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, that as the Assembly did not approve of his addressing them with his hat on, albeit that was the old usage, he would do so no more. At another the Chevalier de Boufflers was invoking the aid of his colleagues against a mob which had seized two hussars at the very door of the hall and was threatening to hang them. The threat would have been carried out if they had not been rescued by the deputies. After some vague discussion as to the best means to be adopted for dealing with the disturbances, which seemed to be so largely upon the increase, the Assembly elected a new president in the person of the Duke de Liancourt and adjourned until the following Monday.

On that Monday, July 20, the disturbances in the neighborhood of Paris and in the provinces were again brought prominently before the notice of the Assembly. News kept pouring into Versailles of the riots in the country; every mail, every messenger, brought fresh tidings of trouble, of disaster. The question was, what could the National Assembly do for peace, for order, for tranquillity? In the first place, it could listen to the report by Camus of the affair at Poissy; it could applaud Goupil de Prefeln when he reminded them that in Rome a civic wreath was allotted to him who saved the life of a citizen, and that they, no less Roman, should vote solemn thanks to the Bishop of Chartres and his companions. But the Assembly could not always hope to quell insurrection by the hands of lion-hearted bishops. Indeed, some members of the Assembly were of opinion that they had no right to be sup-

pressing insurrections at all, and that the sole business of the deputies was to occupy themselves without ceasing in making the Constitution, and rejecting any discussion that was not directly relative to that business. There was no more reason, according to these thinkers, for pacifying disturbances in Saint-Germain or Poissy than in the depths of Brittany or of Provence. They argued that if the Assembly implicated itself in one such turmoil it ought logically to carry itself bodily into every province and every town where there might happen to be disturbances. They insisted that they were not sent by their constituents to act as justices of the peace or as police magistrates, but to build a new order out of the ruins of the old. While they were willing to admit that it was a good action to save the life of some poor devil from a gang of rascals, they maintained that this was the business and the duty of individuals, not of the National Assembly, and that the Assembly, by interfering in such matters, was running the risk of teaching the people to reject its intervention and to refuse its requests. But the Assembly, as a whole, could not or would not adopt this attitude, could not stand aloof from a difficulty with which there was no one else to deal. The question was how to deal with the difficulty. In the general dearth of suggestions deputies were willing to listen to Lally-Tollendal, who, eloquent as ever, had his plan to propose. He thought that the disorders spreading in the provinces might be allayed by a proclamation reminding the people that the king and the Assembly had done much to merit their confidence, calling upon all good citizens to restore order, and authorizing the formation of a burgess militia under municipal authority.

Other speakers made suggestions for or against the

proclamation. Then Robespierre rose. He was still an obscure man in the national councils, but he was growing more confident in himself. He had accompanied the king to Paris, he had witnessed the triumph of an armed people, he had been profoundly impressed by the sight of soldiers among the insurgents, he had been thrilled by the animation of the Palais Royal, he had rejoiced over the ruins of the Bastille and exulted in the establishment of a national guard. All these things had incited him more than ever to advance, more than ever to play a leading part in the Assembly, to give utterance to the extreme opinions which he entertained. Now he rose and opposed vigorously, vehemently, the motion of Lally-Tollendal. We must love peace, he said, but we must also love liberty. He declared that the motion was unjust, that it would only serve to set tocsins ringing. He dwelt upon the peace that reigned in such provinces as Brittany and Burgundy, and he urged the Assembly to refuse so precipitate a measure. It was Robespierre's first triumph. Supported by De Gleizen, supported by Buzot, he carried his point, and Lally-Tollendal's motion was for the moment set aside. But it was destined to be heard of again under tragic conditions.

CHAPTER IX

THE LANTERN

WHILE so many princes and captains were flying across the frontier, one object of popular detestation sought to escape by a pretence of the ultimate emigration. Foulon was most unpopular; his name and that of his son-in-law, Berthier de la Sauvigny, stood high on the list of the proscribed persons which was current in the Palais Royal. Foulon was said to have expressed the heartless suggestion that the starving peasantry might eat grass, to have declared that if ever he were minister he would compel them to browse like cattle. Possibly, even probably, he had never said such words, but the people believed he had, and hated him for it—hated him too for his association with the Duke de Broglie. Berthier, his son-in-law, was hated, partly because he was the son-in-law of Foulon, partly because he was supposed to have helped to provision the troops massed against the capital. Foulon felt that he was in danger, endeavored desperately to avoid the danger. He caused news of his death to be spread abroad, even had a sham funeral, and then hid himself in his country-house at Viry. His hiding-place was betrayed by his own servants. He was seized by the peasants of the place on July 22 and dragged on foot to Paris, tied to a cart, with a bundle of hay on his back, a crown of thistle on his head, a chain of nettles round his neck. He was seventy-four years old.

He had passed those four-and-seventy years with no more dishonor than hundreds of his countrymen. He had been the intendant of the French army during the war of 1756 ; had fulfilled his task with skill, and had earned a reputation for great hardness in the requisitions of the invaded countries. He was supposed to have great financial ability ; he had made a great fortune and many enemies. He was said to be a strict master ; he was not an ungenerous man, for during the severe winter that preceded and inaugurated the year of Revolution he had spent sixty thousand francs in giving employment to the poor on his estate. Now, in the very dusk and evening of his life, he had been made Minister of Finance, one of that unlucky administration which Louis XVI., in one of his unluckiest moments, had established in the hope of fighting the States-General. It was the briefest and vainest of administrations ; it was disastrous to all concerned, and most immediately disastrous to Foulon. It has been said that his enemies worked upon the popular mind—that is the common argument in defence of an unpopular man : we may as well believe that the extreme unpopularity of Foulon had a firmer foundation than the machinations of his enemies and the jealousies of his rivals. The very heat and passion of the popular hate of Foulon, the very rapture of its delight in his capture and humiliation, show that the popular mind believed, rightly or wrongly, that in Foulon it beheld one of its bitterest enemies. And the popular hatred of Foulon was conferred in only less degree upon Foulon's son-in-law, Berthier de la Sauvigny. Berthier was a capable, earnest man of business ; the best thing to set to his account was that he had devoted some of his time and intelligence to the reduction of taxation ;

the worst, that he was believed to be implicated in the military conspiracy against Paris.

When the captors of Foulon had brought their victim to Paris they gave him up to the charge of André Arnould Acloque, who was the president of the district of Saint-Marcel. The charge was not an agreeable one. Acloque was a brave man, an able man, a man of great physical strength. He had been a carabineer in his youth; now, in his fortieth year, he was a brewer like Santerre, and a man of fortune and influence in his district. He was a man whose courage and nerve would stand him in good stead in any emergency, would enable him, later, to rescue from imminent danger a more illustrious being than poor Foulon. But it is hardly to be wondered at if he found the responsibility of guarding Foulon something too heavy for him. After a time he handed the prisoner over to the Commandant Carrette, under whose charge he was taken to the Town-Hall with a guard, and escorted by an ever-increasing crowd. At the Town-Hall he was temporarily placed in the Great Hall, while the distraught Assembly deliberated upon his fate.

The Committee of Electors were already gravely troubled by another arrest. On the previous day, July 21, they had heard from the municipality of Compiègne that Berthier had been arrested in obedience to the belief that such arrest had been ordered by the authorities in Paris. In a sense the belief was justified. The real authorities in Paris, the authorities of the Palais Royal, had proscribed Berthier. But nominal authority had done nothing of the kind. The committee sent back to say that no such order had been issued, that Berthier was not condemned, not even accused, and should be set at liberty. The Compiègne

municipality answered that the popular indignation against Berthier was so great that the only chance of saving his life was to send him to Paris to prison. Then the committee decided to send an escort of two hundred and forty men to Compiègne, with two electors, Étienne de la Rivière and André de la Préde, to bring in the prisoner. It would probably have been better, so Bailly reflected later, if a much slighter guard had been sent. With some four horsemen for escort it might well have been possible to effect the journey without danger. But the fear that the prisoner would be carried off by the people was so great that the large force was sent, which by its number only served to arouse curiosity and swell the crowd of spectators. In any case, Bailly reflected later, the end would have been what it was, seeing how strong was the determination to destroy the captive.

How hopeless any attempt at legality of procedure was at the moment is shown by Bailly's own melancholy confession concerning this arrest of Berthier. When it was known that the unauthorized arrest had to be maintained for the sake of the prisoner's safety, the Parisian Assembly decided that seals should be set upon Berthier's papers, and commissioned its president to give the order. Bailly advances this order as an example of the way in which administration was misunderstood at the time. "I was its true president," he asserts; "he whose duty it was to execute the orders of the Assembly, considered as a municipality, was the chief of the municipality." Bailly was that chief, Bailly was the only absolutely legal magistrate. But the spirit of such assemblies is always independent. When this one acted by its president, it believed itself to be exercising more emphatically its power than when

Bailly gave orders, even its own orders. In doing this the Electoral Assembly had not thought of doing anything of which Bailly could complain ; it always showed him esteem and affection, and Bailly declares that for his part, without any consideration of the legality of their powers, he had always loved and respected all its members as good and dear colleagues, and had always deferred to the Assembly, both as his elder brother in public functions and as the ever-venerable body that had saved the city of Paris. All of which is but further proof of Bailly's amiability as a man and his incapacity as a leader of men.

Now, before the business of Berthier's arrest had been duly dealt with, Foulon was unexpectedly brought before the perturbed Assembly in the Town-Hall. In the face of this new difficulty, in the face of the furious crowd that thronged the Place de Grève and choked the hall, the committee dreaded the arrival of Berthier, and despatched a messenger in all haste to Étienne de la Rivière to put off his arrival. In the meantime they made all the efforts in their power to appease the mob, which was howling for the death of Foulon. The one idea of the committee was to save the wretched old man's life, not from any love of the old man, but from their anxiety to preserve the integrity and the bloodlessness of the civic insurrection of which they were so proud.

When Bailly arrived on the morning of the 21st at the Town-Hall, he was immediately informed of the fact that Foulon had been arrested, and of his captivity in the building. What he was not told of, so he declares, was of the popular fermentation which indeed, perhaps, had scarcely developed at the time of his arrival. Bailly immediately shut himself, according to his daily custom, in the room of the Committee of Subsistances, attention

to its business being, indeed, imperative at a time when the safety of the State depended upon the provisioning of the capital. He remained immersed in this occupation until two o'clock. Then, on quitting the Town-Hall, he was surprised to find it surrounded by a clamorous mob who were crying aloud for justice on Foulon. Bailly, apparently taken aback, seems to have assured the mob that justice would be done, that the prisoner was in surety and would be duly tried. Angry voices howled back at Bailly that Foulon was already tried, and that it was high time to hang him. Bailly characteristically met the menaces of the multitude by expounding ethical principles to them. He admitted the evil reputation of Foulon, he expressed no doubt as to his guilt, but he reminded the malcontents that no one could be legally recognized as guilty until his crimes had been formulated, and until he had been proved, according to regular procedure, to have committed them. He pointed out with a simple pedantry to the mob that was raving around him that all these precious formalities for the safety and defence of the innocent had to be observed in order to give society the right to dispose of the life of a citizen, but that neither the mob nor he, their first magistrate, could assume that right without becoming criminals and executioners. Having addressed all these fine sentiments to men who answered him only with cries that Foulon should be hanged out of hand, Bailly walked calmly away, serenely confident that he had done all he ought to do, and that the prisoner was perfectly safe within the walls of the Town-Hall.

In the meantime Foulon, who had at first been kept in the Great Hall, was removed for greater security into another hall, called the Hall of the Queen, which was

not a public hall like the Great Hall. At this the crowd grew suspicious that Foulon was being spirited away, and its imprecations and demands increased in violence. The electors were in the most unhappy position. They had to deliberate under terrible conditions. Outside, louder and more menacing, came the demands for Foulon's life. The one hope of the electors was to get Foulon conveyed in safety to the prison of the Abbaye Saint-Germain. There at least he would be safe from the violence of the mob. But how was this to be accomplished? Lafayette was away; Lafayette was sent for; in his absence persuasive addresses were made to the people. The electors seemed to think that all might yet be well, and were even settling down to discuss the question of the organization of a new municipality for Paris, and to consider the crime of Caronde Beaumarchais in abstracting papers from the archives of the Bastille. But these decorous legislative processes were soon interrupted. The crowd outside had increased in volume and proportionately increased in ferocity. Denunciations of the electors for attempting to shield a criminal were beginning to be uttered. There was wild talk of burning down the Town-Hall, and involving the committee and their captive in a common doom. In vain did many electors, in vain did many priests, endeavor to tranquillize the mob. In vain did they appeal to the populace not to dishonor its triumph by sullyng it with the blood of an old man of seventy-four, whose age, indeed, should not shield him from justice, but whose head should only fall under the sword of the law.

To these appeals the mob only replied by renewed clamor for Foulon. As they could not see the prisoner, the people began to imagine that he had somehow or

other been spirited away in secret. To satisfy them that the man was still in the building, Foulon was made to appear for a moment at the window of the Hall of the Queen. The sight of their enemy only renewed the rage of the people. In an instant the guards were pushed aside, the barriers were swept away, and the flood of furious humanity poured into the Great Hall. Then began a kind of horrible comedy between the mob and the electors. The mob insisted upon the immediate trial of Foulon. The electors tried to gain time by urging that there were no judges present qualified to try a prisoner. The mob through its spokesmen insisted upon the electors acting as judges. The electors replied that they had no power to do so; that if the people wanted judges they must name them themselves. This the mob proceeded to do, calling out the names of certain popular electors, and ever mingling these nominations with shouts for Foulon's death. The electors, still in the hope of gaining time, accepted for the most part these popular nominations. Two priests declined on the ground that they could not condemn to death. Bailly and Lafayette, who were nominated, were absent. These places had to be filled up, and all these processes took time. But at last a kind of grotesque tribunal was formed, and the populace insisted that Foulon should be arraigned before it. On the solemn assurances of the leaders of the mob that he should come to no hurt, the wretched old man, suffering and fearing through all those agonizing hours, was brought by his four guards into the hall where the electors were endeavoring desperately to preserve the appearance of an organized and orderly tribune. He was placed on a little chair before the president's desk and a number of persons formed a chain around him to keep the people off.

Only at this moment, as it seems, did Lafayette arrive. Lafayette, who was confident that his words could at any moment bend the turbulent Parisians to his will; Lafayette, who believed that he could count upon the devotion of the Parisians, who hoped that his eloquence could hold those mad passions in charge and cool that frenzy, spoke for some half an hour, urging respect for the law, entreating permission to carry the prisoner to the Abbaye Saint-Germain. Foulon wanted to speak himself, stammered out some sentences of confidence in his fellow-citizens and confidence in the justice and generosity of the people. Then a well-dressed man, whose name history does not preserve, rose up and asked what need there was of further judgment upon a man who had already been judged for thirty years. Once again Lafayette spoke, strove to save him, almost convinced the multitude, who applauded. Foulon, in his fear or folly, applauded also. The crowd saw the action which sealed his fate. "They are in connivance!" they shouted, filled again with their old wild idea that the electors were seeking to trick them and justice of its due. "Let him be taken to prison!" Lafayette shrieked once more, for the last time and in vain. His voice was drowned in the roar of hate with which the mob flung themselves upon Foulon. His guards were dashed aside, the electors were swallowed up in the raging sea, a hundred arms seized upon Foulon, a thousand arms struck at him. He was whirled, helpless and piteous, out of the Great Hall, hurled down the steps, and dragged to the angle of the Rue de la Vannerie, where, from a grocer's shop a great iron lantern protruded, hard by a bust of Louis XIV. There was no more hope of Foulon then, no talk of law and of justice could save him. Ferocity, sure of its victim, saw in

that harmless lantern the appointed instrument of his fury. No one will ever know to whom in that mad mob that idea of execution came; who, first looking from the pale, imploring face of the old man to the great bar of iron that had done its honest duty for so long, conceived so hideous a union. Whoever thought the thought, the thing was easy and speedy to carry out.

Foulon was forced to his knees, and made to beg pardon of God, the nation, and the king. He was made to kiss the hand of one of his executioners. He begged piteously for his life in vain. Twice was he suspended by a rope to the lantern, twice did the cord break, and twice the old man, on his knees, cried for mercy. Some were compassionate enough to be ready to cut him down with their sabres; but his assassins saved him till a fresh rope was got, and he was then hanged for the third time. His two gold watches and his money were carried to the Committee of Electors, who gave a receipt for these articles. His body was then torn down, while the mob fought for fragments of his clothes. A man cut off his head, stuffed a handful of hay into the mouth, and carried this trophy about the streets of Paris.

Foulon was not long dead when Bérthier arrived in Paris. The order to retard his arrival could not be carried out. A crowd accompanied Bérthier and his escort with threats and curses. On arriving at the Barrier St. Martin a wagon appeared, containing boards arranged one above another with inscriptions which declared that he had robbed the king and France; that he had devoured the substance of the people; that he had been the slave of the rich and the tyrant of the poor; that he had betrayed his country, and the like. He was accused by

furious voices of having intended to cut the crops green, both to feed the horses of the troops and to raise the price of grain. The black and bitter bread which was the common food of the poor was thrust at Berthier on the points of pikes, or thrown into his carriage, while furious voices bade him behold the bread which he made the people eat. By this time evening was falling, and torches illuminated the hideous procession of howling men and raging women, escorting the pale prisoner with his yet paler guards.

All the way to Paris it was but too clear, as Berthier was brought along under the conduct of the civil power, that no civil power would be sufficient for his protection. At Saint-Méry the savages that had just murdered Foulon brought the head, bloody and muddy, upon a pike close to the carriage where Berthier was sitting. Étienne de la Rivière, his conductor, had the presence of mind to say that it was the head of De Launay, but Berthier, it appears, knew better. Étienne de la Rivière attests that he said in his despair: "I should believe such outrages as these without example if Jesus Christ had not experienced still more cruel insults. He was a God, I am but a man."

Étienne de la Rivière was unable to lodge him, according to his orders, in the prison of the Abbaye, and he could only bring him to the Town-Hall. By this time Bailly had wakened up to the fact that the difficulty was not to be met by maxims. He had procured a strong guard from Lafayette for the purpose of removing Berthier to prison, if possible, preparatory to his trial. It was nine in the evening when Berthier was brought into the Great Hall of the Town-Hall before the electors. He replied with dignity to the questions of Bailly. "I have obeyed your orders. You have my

papers ; you are as well informed as I am." The interrogatory was prolonged by Bailly, apparently to get time; but the Place de Grève was roaring, and the approach of the dreaded Faubourg Saint-Antoine was announced. A crowd rushed into the hall. Bailly, unsifted in such perilous enterprises, lost his presence of mind, and could only stammer out that the prisoner must go to the Abbaye. Berthier left the hall accompanied by Étienne de la Rivière. If he was aware of his imminent danger, at least he showed no sign of fear. He had not far to go. The mob was now rehearsed in murder. The butchery of Foulon was to be renewed. As soon as Berthier reached the Place de Grève he was seized and dragged towards the lantern on which Foulon had been hanged so short a time before. But Berthier was a younger man, and Berthier made a fiercer end of it. He died fighting, not pleading. He snatched a gun from one of those about him, threw himself upon his assailants, and fell pierced with wounds. A dragoon of Royal Cravate seized the body and cut the heart out of it. Francis Félix Dénon, the cook, who had hacked off De Launay's head, happened to be hard by, and he was compelled, according to his testimony given some months later, to carry it, dripping with blood, to the Town-Hall, where Bailly sat helpless with despair, and where Lafayette appealed to Heaven to deliver him from a duty which compelled him to witness such horrors. It is said that the comrades of the ferocious soldier avenged the honor of their body by compelling him to fight with them, and he fell that night in a duel. But some hold this to be a tale fabricated by the Two Friends of Liberty. The multitude next attempted to bring in their victim's head on a pike, and were already on the staircase when the paralyzed committee sent

word that no admission could be allowed, as they were at the moment sitting and engaged in business. In these terrible moments, says Bailly, pretexts had to be made use of to escape from these atrocities. There was a real danger, he declares, a danger it was useless to brave, for those who attempted to speak the language of justice and humanity to a people who would listen to nothing, and who regarded whoever differed from them as himself a traitor.

The writer of the famous "Tableaux de la Révolution Française," which the Restoration did its best to destroy, declares that probably no other place in the world presented at that time, and more especially upon that day, a collection of contrasts more bizarre, more striking, more monstrous, than the Palais Royal. He declares that he was present at a spectacle there on this evening which, as it is not surprising to find, left an indelible impression upon his mind. He paints the scene with skill—the time, nine o'clock in the evening; the place, the garden, surrounded by houses unequally lighted up. Between the alleys illuminated by lamps placed at the foot of the trees, or under two or three tents set up for refreshments, assembled a crowd composed of all ages, all ranks, of both sexes, moving together without disorder and without even fear, for the period of danger seemed to be at an end. Here were soldiers of all arms, boasting of their latest exploits; here were young women talking of theatres and amusements; here were national guards, as yet without uniforms, but armed with bayonets; here were reapers with their scythes or sickles; here were well-dressed citizens conversing with each other. The laughter of folly resounded near to a political conversation; the discussion of a debauch hard by the trestles of a mountebank; here, people

talked of a murder ; there, of the song from a vaudeville. In the space of six minutes the spectator might fancy himself to be in a smoking-room, in a ball, in a fair, in a seraglio, in a camp. The disorder and the astonishment which it caused stimulated a confusion of ideas recalling to the fancy at the same time Athens and Constantinople, Sybaris and Algiers. Suddenly a new sound was heard—the sound of the drum, seeming to command a silence. Two uplifted torches attracted all eyes, and their light displayed a livid, bleeding head carried on a pike, and preceded by a man who cried, with a lugubrious voice, “Let the Justice of the People pass by!” The spectators stood struck dumb, while twenty paces behind the evening patrol in uniform, indifferent to the sight, passed in silence through a multitude astonished to find a show of public order blended with such an upheaval of all public order as was attested by the hideous remains that were paraded with impunity before all eyes. That was not the final horror of the night in that fair garden where, in the words of a later writer, a year before good society came on leaving the opera to chat, often until two o’clock in the morning, under the mild light of the moon, listening now to the violin of Saint-Georges and now to the charming voice of Garat. The savages who carried the remains of Berthier entered an eating-house in the Palais Royal, and, according to the testimony of Dénon, made their meal with Berthier’s heart lying on the table. A crowd came and demanded the heart, which the dragoon obediently threw out of the window. It has been said that the gratified mob carried the ghastly relic about in triumph in a nosegay of white carnations. Gouverneur Morris was walking under the arcade of the Palais Royal after dinner, waiting for

his carriage, when the head and body of Foulon were introduced in triumph, the head on a pike, the body dragged naked on the earth. "Gracious God, what a people!" is the American's grim commentary.

The deaths of Foulon and Berthier, which gave birth to the "Discours de la Lanterne," and allowed Camille Desmoulins to confer upon himself the terrible title of Procureur-General of the Lantern, gave birth also to a number of more or less savage expressions of sympathy with the crime and the criminals. It is a curious error to suppose, as a great number of historians and writers of memoirs do suppose, that the mass of the public heard of these popular executions with an active repugnance. They were looked upon by many, if not with approval, at least with acquiescence—as acts of rigorous but not unrighteous judgment. That they were looked upon by many with more active approval is proved by the caricatures and pictures of the period. A vast quantity of pictorial representations of the killing of Foulon and of Berthier were published and promulgated throughout the length and breadth of France, and served to familiarize Paris and the provinces with the crimes of popular passion and make them callous to their consequences. Some of these pictorial representations were miserable things enough, coarsely drawn, coarsely colored, as contemptible as works of art as they were dangerous as instruments of political propaganda. But others were more carefully executed, more subtly noxious. One, which was considered to be of sufficient importance to be proscribed by the National Assembly, showed a man in mean attire seated at a table on which a number of decapitated human heads are thrown. He is counting them on a piece of paper. They are five in number. They are the heads

of Flesselles, De Launay, Foulon, Berthier, and another. The man who is making up his list decides grimly that he has need of fifteen more heads. Even this demand soon came to be regarded as moderate. The list of proscriptions posted up in the Palais Royal soon called for the heads of more than twenty victims. But the appearance of such a cartoon so early in the story of the struggle serves to show something of the popular feeling of the hour. Perhaps this very image came under the notice of Dr. Marat, then hotly busy in stimulating the public zeal. That picture of a man of the people counting the fallen heads of his oppressors and demanding more to swell the desired total, was curiously prophetic of a certain demand which the Friend of the People was yet to make, of a certain political theory which Marat was yet to formulate to his own hurt and the hurt of France. Even Mirabeau, in his letters to his constituents, while he reproves, condones these outbursts of popular passion. The punishment may have been unceremonious, informal, but it was a punishment long deserved and long withheld. He practically echoes the cry of the herald of the ghastly procession, "Let the Justice of the People pass by!" Mirabeau was not going to imperil his popularity and his influence with the extreme party by condemning any of their actions. It was no part of the game he chose to play to interfere with the Parisians in the exuberance of their hate.

He contrasts the popular punishments with the crimes that had provoked them, recalls the cruelties and injustices of the Old Order, and the hideous conspiracy for the destruction of Paris, and asks if more blood would not have flowed had the courtly conspiracy triumphed than was shed by a provoked people in punishing the few whom it had been led to regard as the chief authors

of its evils. At the same time, of course, Mirabeau was careful to express his disapproval of the dictatorship of the mob as perilous to liberty as the plots of its enemies. Camille Desmoulins went further still when, in a note to his "La France Libre," he speaks of the murders of July 14 and 22, and declares that the horror of the victims' crime surpasses the horror of their punishment. "At last," he says, "the traitors who wished to strangle us without form of law have disappeared. They have undergone the law of Talion. Some are dead, some have saved themselves by flight. Like the Tarquins, let them never return to the country which has cast them forth."

Lally-Tollendal has recorded a touching incident of this tragedy. He was roused from his sleep on that July morning by cries of grief, and a young man, pale and agitated, rushed into his room and flung his arms about him in passionate appeal. The young man was Berthier's son. He begged Lally-Tollendal, who had devoted fifteen years of his life to defending the memory of his own father, to assist the suppliant in saving the life of his father—of at least insuring that he should be heard by fitting judges. Lally-Tollendal immediately took the youth to the President of the Assembly. Unhappily there was no sitting in the morning; in the evening it was too late. At the first sitting Lally-Tollendal hastened to call the attention of the Assembly to the terrible event. He spoke in the name of a son whose father had just been murdered, and he records his horror at the action of Barnave, a son who was in mourning for his own father, and who rose to reproach Lally-Tollendal for feeling where he should only reason. It was then that Barnave asked the question which he was afterwards to regret, Was the blood which has been shed so

pure? Every time, says Tollendal, that he raised his arms in the midst of his declamations he showed to every eye the mournful marks of recent affliction in the mourning which he wore for his own father, mourning which seemed to Lally-Tollendal to be the incontestable witness of his barbarous insensibility. Barnave was really neither barbarous nor insensible, but he thought, as Mirabeau thought, that these excesses were but the incidents of a reaction against oppression. Barnave soon repented of his question concerning the purity of the spilled blood. He wrote in his memoirs, "People thought that I had a ferocious soul because I allowed an unfortunate and thoughtless phrase to escape me." It is the inevitable lot of revolutionary leaders to have to accept in some degree responsibility for deeds they condemn, lest by condemning they come under the suspicion of being reactionary.

Lally-Tollendal took the opportunity, as soon as the announcement of the events in Paris was made to the Assembly, of bringing forward again his motion for a proclamation to the people of Paris. It was received with no greater favor than before. It was supported by Mounier and by others who thought like Mounier, but it was warmly opposed by Mirabeau, acting in the same spirit that prompted his letter to his constituents. Mirabeau declared that the dignity of the Assembly would be gravely compromised by such action. He maintained that the chief cause of disorder in Paris was the want of authority that existed there, and the want of sympathy between the districts and the electors. He concluded his argument by suggesting that a deputy should be sent to each district to establish a centre of correspondence between all the assemblies in order to harmonize them and make them work together. If

Mirabeau dreamed of dominating insurgent Paris, he was not going to put insurgent Paris against him by protesting against its summary executions.

Lally-Tollendal replied impetuously, attacking Mirabeau. A man, he said, aiming his words at Mirabeau, might have great ability, great ideas, and still be a tyrant. The debate raged on all through the day and night of the 23d. The Abbé Grégoire, in supporting the motion for the proclamation, suggested that all the clergy of the kingdom should be called upon to tranquillize the people in the name of religion. Volney pointed out that there were actually in existence in the capital three distinct powers, the Assembly of Electors, the Permanent Committee, and the growing power of the Assemblies elected by the Communes, and urged that some tribunal was necessary to keep them all in order. After much profitless discussion it was resolved to meet again in the evening, and in the evening a proclamation of a kind was agreed upon. In this proclamation the Assembly called upon all Frenchmen, by virtue of the respect which they owed to the king and to their representatives, to establish order and restore public tranquillity. It admitted that those in power who by their crimes had caused the misfortunes of the people ought to be punished, but punished only after formal accusation, trial, and conviction according to the law. The following up of crime, of treason, against the nation was the duty of the representatives of the nation.

If all this was eminently calculated to encourage insurgent Paris, it is probable that no sterner protest on the part of the Assembly would have done much to discourage it. Yet the warmest admirers of the Revolution may not be unwilling to admit that some sterner protest might well have been made, if only for the Rev-

olution's sake. It was no question of the guilt of Foulon, of the guilt of Berthier. Had they been worse than the worst that was then said of them, their illegal execution was, if merely as a matter of expediency, to be deplored. But it is easier to set a revolution going than to restrain it when it is once afoot. It was afoot now with a vengeance, and already anticipating its own history in establishing terror as the order of the day. The excellent Assembly, in its work of regenerating mankind, had forgotten that for the most part man, when enabled with impunity to kill, will kill.

CHAPTER X

THE WILD DEMOCRACY

It has been recorded in grave histories that Bailly and Lafayette, shocked by the murders of Foulon and Berthier, immediately tendered their resignations of their respective offices and were scarcely to be prevailed upon to change their minds. Yet Bailly's own words prove conclusively that this was not the case. Bailly expressed pity for the magistrature which had not the power to prevent crime from being committed under its very eyes, but he had no immediate intention of quitting his office. When Lafayette came to him and announced his intention of publicly resigning his command of the military forces of the capital, Bailly argued earnestly with him, urging him to take no such step. Bailly reasoned with him thus: that he, Bailly, was in like case, and had as much cause for resignation of his office as Lafayette, that he was only too anxious to resign his office, and had every intention of doing so one day or other, but that he did not think that in the first moments of a revolution the two chiefs of administration, honored with the special confidence of the citizens, could, in spite of whatever sorrow they might feel at the crimes they were compelled to witness, abandon, without making themselves blamable, and even perhaps criminal, administration and public life, seeing that the success of the Revolution and the fate of the Constitution depended upon the tranquillity of Paris.

Bailly having thus made it plain to Lafayette that he had no thought of resigning, Lafayette in his turn eased Bailly's mind by frankly admitting that he too had no serious intention of resigning, as he was quite convinced that his resignation would not be accepted, but that he was only going to propose it in order to teach the mutinous people a lesson. Thus reassured, Bailly consented to accept from Lafayette a formal letter announcing the general's intention of resigning, a letter in which Lafayette expressed in firm language and clear terms his wish to leave a post where he could no longer be of use, as he had evidently lost the confidence of the people. He also addressed a circular letter to all the districts, signifying to them his resolution, and entreating them to find him a successor as speedily as possible.

This elaborate device ended exactly as Lafayette expected that it would end. He appeared before the Communal Assembly at a specially convened evening sitting, burdened with the replies of the different districts, all calling upon him to withdraw his resignation. The Communal Assembly joined eagerly in the general appeal. One member, whom Bailly believes to have been named Osselin, went so far as to fling himself at the young soldier's feet in an agony of entreaty. In the end Lafayette consented with seeming reluctance to do what he had all along determined to do, and he withdrew his resignation amid the rapturous applause of the Communal Assembly, which promptly issued a proclamation declaring that Lafayette was once again chief of the national guard.

Both Bailly and Lafayette may well be excused for feeling that there was need of strong men at the head of affairs in the capital; their error was rather in assuming that they were the strong, the indispensable men.

Lafayette learned on the day of the murders of Foulon and of Berthier that he could not enforce his commands; he was to learn it time and again no less significantly. Bailly is always complaining in his memoirs that though he was the Mayor of Paris his authority was incessantly ignored and his advice unsolicited by the Assembly. There is something pathetic about Bailly's indignation and amazement because others would not consider him as important to the State and to the city as he believed himself to be. There is something pathetic in his assurances, too vehement and emphatic to be quite sincere, that, in spite of the far greater popularity of Lafayette, Bailly never felt the slightest pang of jealousy. There was always, he says, enthusiasm for Lafayette. His talents, his name, his lovable personal qualities justified this enthusiasm. But it was none the less in marked contrast to the position of the civil chief. Him they frequently forgot; for him there was no enthusiasm. Truth and justice were unadorned with flattering accompaniments for him. But the flattery lavished on the one could not, so he says, arouse the jealousy of the other. Nature had given him a happy disposition and circumstances sufficiently favorable to make him content with his modest lot.

The immediate civic need was the proper organization of administration. Already, we are told, in spite of the eminent services rendered to the city by the electors during the days of July 12, 13, 14, many persons saw with disapproval, or, as Bailly suggests, with envy, that they continued in administration. Already every district had set up its own administration for its own section, and those who were prominent in these centres were ambitious of taking a share in the general administration, and of driving out of it those who had

done their work so well, but had done it without any special legal authority. These desires were made known to Bailly, and Bailly, though in the main he believed them to be prompted by envy or jealousy, was constrained to admit the necessity for a popular and authorized Assembly, and he set himself to scheme out such an organization. The same idea had already occurred to the electors. They had been considering it for several days unknown to Bailly, who only set himself to the subject on July 23. On the same day Mirabeau brought the subject before the attention of the National Assembly.

Bailly did not view with favor the administration of the affairs of a great city by an assembly of more than four hundred persons. It was his belief that all executive power should be held by a small number of hands. The old Bureau de la Ville could not last any longer. A new one was needed, more numerous, that it might be more popular. It was essential that its officials should be legally chosen and elected by the wish of the people. Hitherto the elections of the Provosts of the Merchants and of the Archers had been a mere form, as they were always appointed by the king. Bailly thought that the best way of meeting the difficulty was to write a circular letter to all the districts, asking each of them to name two commissioners to act as their representatives at the Town-Hall for the purpose of drawing up a plan of municipality. Bailly admits that he said nothing of his scheme to the Communal Assembly; not, indeed, of any purposed malice, for he professed the greatest affection and respect for all the electors, but simply because he did not think of it. It would seem, in fact, that the Communal Assembly and Bailly worked each in its own way without intercom-

munication of its acts or plans, the excuse for this curious lack of cohesion being that in the heavy pressure of affairs there was no time to think of such inter-communication.

On the same day on which the Assembly succeeded in persuading the easily persuadable Lafayette to retain his office, Bailly's letter to the districts was discussed. The Assembly took no offence at Bailly's independent action; it invited him to preside over their deliberations, and aid them by the explanation of the motives which had inspired his letter. Bailly assured the Assembly that he had not the slightest desire to evict them. On the contrary, he conceived it to be a misfortune if the charge of affairs was transferred from the experienced in public business to the inexperienced; but there was a necessary and essential change which would take place the moment that a legal municipality had been chosen by the citizens. The Assembly approved of Bailly's arguments, and an address was immediately drawn up assuring the districts that while the Assembly continued by sheer necessity to fulfil the functions of a municipality under the stern pressure of circumstances, it would cease to do so on the very moment when the wish of all the districts should, following the advice of the mayor, have formed a provisional plan of municipal government. The address concluded with the assurance that the members of the Assembly were only too happy to have been enabled to offer any proofs of their zeal and their devotion to their country.

Indeed there was nothing left for the Electoral Assembly but to make its bow with such sweetness, such decorum, as it could command. The conquest of Paris was not for it. The circle of authority was spreading

wider with every day; every day put power into a larger number of hands. The Sixty Republics, as the sixty sections have been called, were jealous of any assumption of sovereignty, almost as jealous of the Electoral Committee at the Town-Hall as of the National Assembly at Versailles, almost as jealous of the National Assembly as of the king's ministers or of the king. The sections were energetic, strident, earnest, so many humming hives, whose bees, persistently seeking the honey, liberty, persistently buzzing, were ever ready to sting. The men of the sections were the men of the streets, or those who could influence and animate the men in the streets. They, in the general dissolution of an existing order, had the real strength; it was they who sanctioned the Palais Royal proscriptions, the rough-and-ready trials, the street-corner condemnations, the lantern executions which filled the Malouets of the National Assembly and the Baillys of the Town-Hall with despair. Insurrection was consolidating, and consolidated insurrection was in no wise inclined to accept the domination of the amiable enthusiasts who had inaugurated the age of liberty.

Some, indeed, of these amiable enthusiasts began to fear for their own liberty. It is scarcely surprising to find that the murders of Foulon and of Berthier terrified many who in the nature of things would have little cause to fear. Whatever the faults, whatever the crimes of the two victims of Paris mob-law, it was by no means certain that mob-law would exert its power solely upon men whose offences were notorious. Thus M. de Crosne, who was a man generally loved and esteemed, who had rendered great service to the civic committees during the dangerous days that saw and that followed the fall of the Bastille, who had proved

himself a zealous patriot, took an invincible alarm for his own safety. In despite of all arguments that Bailly and others could urge, he remained convinced that his life was in peril. His house had been attacked on July 13; the misapprehension or the malevolence which had prompted this outrage might inspire another more deadly. He insisted upon quitting the country, and he persuaded the Communal Assembly to grant him a safe conduct to England, and to color his departure by attributing to him a commission from the Committee of Subsistences for the purchase of grain in England. His request was granted and he left France, although Bailly declares that he was convinced that he was in absolute safety—a conviction which does not jump with Bailly's earlier admission that at that time and hour it needed but a single enemy and a single calumny to raise up a multitude against an individual.

Suspicion was alert; to be suspected was to be arrested, and to be arrested already meant a great danger. Much excitement was caused by the arrest of M. de Castelnau, Minister of France at Geneva, who was said to have immediately destroyed a letter that he was holding in his hand at the time of his arrest. He was searched and many letters were found on him, including one from Lord Dorset, the English Ambassador, to the Count d'Artois. M. de Castelnau and his letters were conveyed to authority at the Town-Hall. Authority at the Town-Hall was sadly embarrassed. It did not like to take upon itself the responsibility of opening the letter of an English Ambassador to a prince of the blood. It set M. de Castelnau at liberty, but retained his letters and sent that addressed to the Count d'Artois to the National Assembly. The Duke de Liancourt, then President of the Assembly, was as

much embarrassed as the people of the Town-Hall had been, and was very little grateful to them for transferring the responsibility to him. He returned the letter to Bailly, declaring that the Assembly had no executive power, and could not concern itself with the affairs of Paris. This action did not please the Assembly; the matter was angrily discussed, and De Liancourt had after all to apply to Bailly through Dr. Guillotin to return the letter. In the meantime the letter had been a renewed embarrassment to the Paris Committee. Bailly declined the responsibility of opening it, whereupon one of his colleagues, who remains anonymous, but who was made of sterner stuff and quick to cut the Gordian knot, took it upon himself to open the famous letter. The result was a disappointment to those who looked for conspiracy everywhere, a relief to those who were less suspicious or less readily alarmed. The letter only contained the expression of a few formal compliments, and had no political, no sinister significance whatever. As, however, the Assembly still clamored for the document, Clermont-Tonnerre solemnly assured the House that he had been present at the sitting of the Permanent Committee when the letter was opened, and that it treated only of indifferent matters. Contented with this assurance, the Assembly passed to the order of the day, and so what Bailly calls "this great affair" came to an end, or seemed to come to an end. Its chief immediate effect was to provoke Mirabeau to deliver a fervid speech in defence of the inviolability of letters. Those who clamored for the opening of letters urged that the well-being of the people was the supreme law; but Mirabeau insisted vehemently that the well-being of the people would be best secured by respecting a privity the abuse of which could lead

to no advantage. Treason, he declared, was scarcely likely to convey its communications by the medium of the public post. Even Bertrand de Moleville, who hated Mirabeau, records his admiration of a speech which had much to do in guiding the action of the Assembly.

Camille Desmoulins, in the intemperance of his youth, became almost rabid over this business of the letter of M. de Castelnau. The early pages of the "Discours de la Lanterne aux Parisiens" foam with fury. Why, he shrieks—for it is, indeed, nothing but shrieking—why were not the pieces of the ruined letter carefully gathered together and offered to the public to read, side by side with the letters of Flesselles to De Launay, of Besenval to De Launay, of Sartines to De Launay? The sanctity of correspondence is mocked at by Camille. It is true, he admits, that the Athenians forwarded without opening them the letters written by Philip to his wife. But, retorts Camille, to whom one classical example is authority until it is capped by another, the Athenians did open those letters that were addressed to their enemies. He insists that in time of war the English open all letters. He concludes by denouncing to the popular indignation Clermont-Tonnerre for having testified to the innocent nature of the letter which Bailly had been unwilling to open, and which Camille apparently confuses with the letter which De Castelnau is said to have destroyed. Is Clermont-Tonnerre Aristides the Just, Camille asks, disdainfully, that the Parisians should be so ready to accept his solemn assurance that he had read the letter and had found it innocuous?

These pages of Camille are witty reading, but there is a horror in the wit, as at a man who should draw

caricatures upon a death-warrant and stab with a sneer. For these clamors of Camille were not to be ignored. It had come to pass that what Camille Desmoulins thought, said, wrote, was a matter of public importance. His years of patience, of preparation, had borne him fruit at last. An unexpected event had given him an opportunity of speaking, and from that moment onward, so long as his life remains, all that he says, all that he does, is of importance.

But a few short weeks earlier, in the May of 1789, he had written to his father from Paris describing the solemn procession of the States-General. In the letter he seems to express a regret that the father to whom he is writing was not included among the deputies, but the regret would really seem to be for his own absence from the illustrious band, for he adds, immediately afterwards, "One of my comrades has been more fortunate than I. It is Robespierre, deputy of Arras. He was wise enough to be a lawyer in his own province." From this and other expressions of Camille's one of his biographers, Édouard Fleury, imagines that Camille may have hoped to be returned as deputy for Guise to the National Assembly, and that the bitterness with which in his later writings he speaks of Guise and the Guisards is due to frustrated ambition in this regard. But if his ambition was indeed frustrated then, he was now about to enjoy all the popularity for which he longed.

On the day of July 12, when Camille Desmoulins entered into history, he devoted himself heart and soul to the triumphant Revolution. But he was always rather the man of letters who made himself a revolutionary than the revolutionary by nature. He lacked the logic, the consistency, the uncompromising purpose of the born revolutionary. He was a brilliant journalist,

easily fluttered by all the vacillations incidental to if not inevitable to journalism. He was swift to appreciate, with his febrile, almost hysterical temperament, the emotions of the multitude. He was readily impressed, readily roused to enthusiasm, scarcely less readily moved to repentance and regret. The picturesqueness in the Revolution attracted him; he was pleased and excited by the crowds, the clamor, the popular passions, the fierce popular vengeance, the opportunities it afforded to unknown young men like himself to emerge from obscurity. He liked to play a part in the pageant, for to him at first it was largely a pageant, and there was even a time when he seems to have looked upon himself as the author of the Revolution. He was gifted with eloquence, with wit, with a style as supple as silk and as strong as steel; he could translate the popular moods into mordant epigrams and merciless indictments; he made himself the exquisite chronicler of the hour; his fine irony lifted personality to the level of an art.

The day after the fall of the Bastille Camille published "La France Libre," a political pamphlet which he had written in the months of May and June, and which he would have brought out earlier if he had not been restrained by the fears of his publisher, Momoro. It was not apparently his first political publication. The *Moniteur*, in its list of the books, pamphlets, and writings which helped to bring about the Revolution, includes a publication of the year 1788 entitled "La Philosophie du Peuple Français," by Desmoulins. In this the author appears to have developed a plan for a Constitution. What that plan was there is no means of knowing, for the work has disappeared from all human knowledge as if it had never been. Perhaps it may some day fall into the hands of a finder as lucky

as he who discovered the long-lost treatise of Dr. Marat on gleans. It was probably, however, only an earlier form of "La France Libre."

"La France Libre" produced an immediate effect upon the political world. Mirabeau approved of and applauded it. The Palais Royal welcomed it as it had welcomed the eloquence of the orator of the Café Foy. Its sentiments were far in advance of the opinions held by those who then led the revolutionary movement. It roundly and boldly declared that a republic was the best form of government for France, and that a king was an anomaly that was out of date. This brought upon it the dislike at once of the moderate reformers like Malouet or Mallet du Pan, whom Camille nicknamed Mallet Pendu, and of the pronounced Royalists like Barrel Mirabeau. Camille's republicanism, then and thereafter, was of a somewhat visionary poetic type, a kind of sham Athenianism born of day dreams and desultory reading. He talked and thought of the love-feasts of the antique cities, of a fraternal republic where kisses should sound louder than sounds of hate, a sentimental, idyllic State, a neo-pagan Utopia, a blending of Plutarch and an opera ball. "I dreamed," he said, in later days, "of a republic that every one would have loved." The phrase is characteristic of Camille, the lovable, the light-hearted, the light-headed dreamer of dreams. Not in that way, with feasts of flowers and fraternal embraces, was his revolution to work itself out.

It was scarcely to be wondered at if Camille was slightly intoxicated with his own success. At last he was known, discussed, praised, blamed, attacked—in a word, a public man. If he was not famous, he was at least notorious; he was still young enough to confound the two attributes, and for him notoriety was sufficient

for the hour. He rapidly brought out another pamphlet, which added more to his notoriety than to his fame. "La France Libre" had been written for the educated, for the thoughtful; the "Discours de la Lanterne" appealed for its success to the wild passions of the mob that had killed De Launay and Flesselles, Foulon and Berthier.

It did not appear until September, but it was the outcome of July 21 as it was the herald of October 6. It was a very brilliant pamphlet, and it had a great success. It is not pleasant reading now, after the interval of more than a century, but it is easy to understand how it affected and attracted the unstable, the agitated minds of 1789. The pamphlet is dated in the first year of liberty, thus forestalling the later famous revolutionary calendar. It bears upon its title-page the words of St. John (iii., 20), "Qui male agit odit lucem," which he was pleased to interpret as "Les fripons ne veulent pas de lanterne," or, as we should say, "Rogues recoil from the lantern." Its humor is akin to that of the Parisian children Bailly tells of, who walked the streets with two cats' heads stuck on sticks, in ghastly parody of the heads of Foulon and Berthier. It shows us a Camille whose epigrams are scrawled in blood, who finds an amused delight in cruelty like a gamin or a *voyou*, who salutes himself with savage satisfaction as the "Procureur-General of the Lantern." He came in the fulness of time to regret its utterances as bitterly as ever Barnave regretted his foolish phrase about the spilled blood. It is a horrible piece of work, and its influence was incalculably evil, but with all its horror it charms by its genius, by its dazzling insolence, by the wit which wings the most venomous shafts of a murderous personality.

CHAPTER XI

THE CASTLE WAR

THE Castle War raged with a fresh ferocity. In all directions the fires of burning castles were mounting to the skies; in all directions the lords of the castle were ever falling victims to the fury of their enemies, or flying, with difficulty and in danger, from it. It has been asserted, it has been believed, that the Castle War was the result of a carefully planned Parisian plot, organized and financed by the able and unscrupulous men who stood around the Duke of Orleans, and who constituted his party. It may very well be that the men of the Orleans faction not merely welcomed the Castle War, but did all that they could to ferment it and to assist it to spread. But there really was very little need of any Parisian organization to do this; it was not necessary to tap the Orleans treasury to subsidize an agitation that was quite able to go on without any assistance. The Castle War had begun before the fall of the Bastille; the fall of the Bastille only gave it a new energy and a new enthusiasm. And, therefore, castles blazed in Alsace, in Franche-Comté, in the Mâconnais, in Beaujolais, and in the places which were afterwards the centres of the Royalist stand against the Revolution. Neither patriotism nor plunder guided the peasants; they were waging a kind of land war against property and its rights.

It was obvious that if the Assembly was to cope at

all with the rising tide of disorder it must do so by means of some regularly organized force. The ordinary instrument upon which the executives of nations rely in time of agitation was no longer to be depended upon—was scarcely any longer in existence. The army, that force which habitually represents the power of authority to enforce its decisions and preserve the peace, had been honey-combed, had been disintegrated by a variety of causes. Ill-treatment, injustice, long arrears of pay, had made the army, if not a disaffected, at least a discontented body before the Revolution began; after the Revolution began it learned that disaffection was a civic virtue, that loyalty to the flag and obedience to the word of command meant disloyalty to the nation and disobedience to the first duties of citizens. Naturally these new principles of military law spread and found favor in the eyes of semi-mutinous garrisons. Side by side with the peasant war a kind of military war broke out. While the new *Jacquerie* was burning castles, destroying title-deeds, menacing and even murdering proprietors, the regiments in garrison towns were openly insubordinate, defiant of their commanders, ready at any time to refuse to obey orders and to fraternize with the people. From all points of the compass came news of mutiny. At Strasburg the soldiers, who had beheld unmoved an attack upon the Town-Hall, took to rioting on their own account, breaking open the prisons, releasing the prisoners, pillaging the wine-shops. At Rennes the regiments of Artois and Lorraine not only refused to march to the defence of the arsenal, but a large number fraternized with the insurgents, who rewarded their patriotic conduct by a great public banquet. Some of these soldiers of the Artois regiment afterwards made their way to Caen, where they got into

a conflict with the dragoons of the Bourbon regiment who were quartered in the town. The people rose against the dragoons, attacked the barracks, seized upon the officer in command, M. de Belsunce, dragged him to the open space in front of the Town-Hall, and savagely butchered him. At Lyons the military abetted the populace in their attack upon the castle of Pierre Eneise, in which Louis XVI. had confined Goislard de Monsabert. The attack was, however, frustrated by the prompt surrender of the governor of the castle, who handed over the keys and the prisoners to the mob without a moment's hesitation, and was rewarded by much popular applause.

All these risings and riotings filled the Assembly with alarm. Paris was daily invaded by crowds of deserters from regiments in all parts of France. In Paris these deserters hoped to be received into the ranks of the citizen soldiery, and to receive substantial pay, and their hopes were seldom disappointed. According to Ferson they were warmly welcomed, better paid than in their old regiments, and no means neglected to seduce them. Not very long after July 13 it is estimated that there were nearly thirteen thousand deserters, without counting the French Guards.

It is especially fortunate for the obtaining of an intelligible, unexaggerated picture of what was going on that Arthur Young was still pursuing his travels in the provinces when the Castle War was raging. He recorded in his diary in the early days of July that the spirit of revolt was abroad in the kingdom, and that the price of bread had prepared the populace everywhere for all sorts of violence. At Dijon, in Burgundy, he found at his inn a gentleman of the noble order, who, with his wife, family, three servants, and an infant but

a few months old, had barely escaped, half naked and in the night, from their flaming mansion. They had lost all their property except the bare land. Yet they were a family esteemed by their neighbors, blessed with many virtues to command the love of the poor, guilty of no oppression to provoke enmity. Of course Young saw signs of the strange fear that haunted rural France in that stormy summer, the fear of mysterious marauders whom panic named "The Brigands." At Dijon Young talked much with De Morveau, the celebrated chemist, who assured the traveller that all the outrages in that province which had come to his knowledge were the work of the peasants alone, and that all the alarm about the Brigands was entirely without proof. This was Young's own opinion, for he saw nothing of the dreaded Brigands, although he went all through Burgundy and Franche-Comté, in which they were supposed to be going about in bodies of many hundreds.

Arthur Young arrived in Strasburg on July 20, and found the town roaring with excitement, and so much trumpeting of cavalry and drumming of infantry and shouting of the mob that his French mare took fright and came near to trampling upon the gentlemen of the Third Estate. When he alighted at his inn he heard the news which was the cause of so much tumult—news of the revolt of Paris, and of what his shrewd intelligence recognized as the practical overthrow of the old form of government. He saw at once that the revolt gave the kingdom absolutely into the hands of the Assembly. It invested them with the power to make such a Constitution as they thought best. He expressed the keenest interest at the sight of the representatives of twenty-five millions of people engaged in the construction of a newer and better fabric of order and lib-

erty than Europe had yet offered. He was curious to see if they would adopt some improved form of the English Constitution, or would endeavor to frame from theory a speculative system of their own. In the former case it appeared to him that they would prove a blessing to their country. In the latter it seemed to his far-seeing mind that they would probably involve it in inextricable confusion and civil war sooner or later. It was his idea that the Assembly would do well to remove from Versailles and the dominion of an armed mob to some central town like Blois, or Tours, or Orleans, where their deliberations might be free. But he reflected, thinking of the raving and the roaring all around him, that the Parisian plague of turbulence spread quickly, and that it might soon be very difficult to find any place free from the dominion of a mob whose chief desire was to have bread at five sous a pound, and whose one cry was "No taxes, and long live the States-General!"

It is curious to think of the quiet, alert English traveller, seated at his ease in his inn, and reflecting so wisely upon the problems that were crying for solution. He listened with cool composure to the wildest rumors that agitated the ordinaries at which he ate. On one occasion he argued against the assertion, based on a line in some foolish letter, that the queen had hatched a plot to blow up the National Assembly by means of a mine, and then to march an army to the massacre of all Paris. He argued in vain. If the archangel Gabriel had taken a place at the table to reason with them, it would not have shaken the general faith in each and every insane story. Thus it is in revolutions, Young moralized: one rascal writes something, and a hundred thousand fools believe it.

His fears for the tranquillity of the large towns were

justified in Strasburg on July 21, when he witnessed the attack of the mob upon the Town-Hall—an attack which he witnessed with his characteristic courage and coolness from the roof of a low stall. He saw the mob, encouraged by the apathy of the soldiers, assail the building with scaling-ladders and break in the doors with iron bars. The magistrates had only time to escape by a back door before the assailants swept in like a torrent. Then the spectator saw a strange sight. From all the windows of the Town-Hall front, which was some seventy or eighty feet long, there came a caseless shower of objects—casements, shutters, sashes, chairs, tables, sofas, books, papers, and pictures. When the mob inside had exhausted all the easily removable objects, they began to tear down bannisters, wrench out tiles and skirting boards and framework, and every part of the building that force of fist or crow-bar could detach, and send it in its turn hurtling through the gaping window spaces into the crowded square. The soldiers, both horse and foot, stood in statue-like composure and surveyed the riot. At first they were far too few in number to have interfered with any success, even if they had any hearty readiness to interfere. Later on, when their numbers had increased, the mischief was so far done that interference would have been useless. The military authorities contented themselves with guarding every avenue leading to the square, and allowing no one ingress to it, though they readily permitted egress to any one who wished to make off with such plunder as had pleased him. Guards were placed at the doors of the churches and the public buildings to save them from the fate of the Town-Hall. Arthur Young saw the whole affair for two long hours from different points of view. He took good care to keep out of the range of the fall-

ing furniture, but he came near enough to see a fine young lad crushed to death by some of the ejected woodwork as he was in the act of handing his own plunder to a woman whom Young supposed to be his mother, from the horror pictured in her face. He also noticed several common soldiers, with their white cockades, among the plunderers and instigators of plunder, even under the very eyes of their officers. Much to his surprise, too, he noticed a number of very decently dressed people among the rioters. All the public archives were wantonly destroyed by the mob.

Arthur Young did not always move with such complete immunity among perilous conditions. On July 26th, as he was passing through a little town, he was stopped and asked why he was not wearing a patriotic cockade. The angry villagers insisted that the wearing of the national cockade was ordered by the Assembly, and that he ought to obey the order if he were not a noble. Young, who did not take the turmoil very seriously, asked, in jest, what would happen if he were a lord? To which the villagers replied that in that case they would incontinently hang him, and that he would richly deserve his fate. Young saw that it was no time for jesting. The crowd grew thicker, and showed all the signs of meaning mischief. He promptly and prudently declared himself an Englishman, wholly ignorant of the ordinance. On this plea he was permitted to live and to buy a cockade. But this cockade was so badly pinned on to his hat that before he reached Lille it blew off into the river. This time he was in even greater danger. His declaration of nationality was received with disdain. The mob would needs have it that he was a noble, presumably in disguise, and certainly a great rogue. Luckily an intelligent

priest intervened, and Young was allowed to buy another cockade, which he took very good care this time to have fastened so securely into his hat that there should be no danger of losing it again.

At Besançon Young saw from his inn a rich peasant, who had applied for a guard to protect his house, ride by followed by an officer of the civic guard and his parti-colored detachment, who were followed in their turn by some infantry and cavalry. In some surprise he asked why the militia took precedence of the king's troops, and he was told that the troops by themselves would be attacked and killed, but that the populace respected and would not assail the militia. At Besançon Young found that the rumors and records of mischief wreaked in the country towards the mountains and Vesoul were numerous and shocking. Many manors had been burned, many more plundered. The nobles were hunted like wild beasts. Their wives and daughters were ravished. Their papers and title-deeds were burned. Their property was looted and destroyed. So far as Young could find out, these abominations seemed not to be wreaked on marked persons, whose conduct or principles had made them odious, but to be done from an indiscriminate rage and love of plunder. He believed that robbers, galley-slaves, and scoundrels of all kinds instigated the peasants to commit these outrages. Some gentlemen whom Young spoke with in the Besançon inn assured him that they learned from letters received from the districts of Mâcon, Lyons, Auvergne, and Dauphiné that similar horrors were being committed everywhere, and that it was confidently expected that the outbreak of crime would pervade the whole kingdom.

Young's testimony is of singular interest and value

in all this business. It is the evidence of a clear-headed, high-hearted man as to what he saw and what he heard during a time of terrible excitement. It is not to be assumed that all he heard was always accurate. In such times of popular agitation rumor blows prodigious breaths, but the fact that he saw such sights and heard such rumors is the most living testimony that we could have to the distracted state of the country. Young was much exasperated by the exceeding difficulty of obtaining accurate information and by the backwardness of France in everything that pertained to the regular diffusion of news. On the whole journey from Strasburg to Besançon he was not able to see a single newspaper, and when he did at last obtain one, it was nothing but the *Gazette de France*, a journal for which at that time, as he said, no man of common-sense would give a copper coin, or else a number of the *Courrier de l'Europe* a fortnight old. It amazed the Englishman to find well-dressed people talking of the news of two or three weeks back, and showing plainly by their discourse that they knew nothing whatever of what was actually passing. In the whole town of Besançon there was no one who could afford him a sight of the *Journal de Paris* or of any paper that gave an account of the transactions of the States-General. Yet Besançon was the capital of a province as large as half a dozen counties and contained twenty-five thousand souls, and to this important centre the post came in but three times a week. It amazed the Englishman to think that at such a time, when no restraint curbed the freedom of the press, there was not a single paper established in Paris for circulation in the provinces with the necessary steps taken by due advertisement to inform the people in all the towns of

its establishment. For all the country at large knew to the contrary, in Young's judgment, at that time their deputies might have been in the Bastille instead of the Bastille being in the dust. The provincial mob plundered, burned, and destroyed, in complete ignorance of what was going on in Paris—a proof that the Castle War was not a consequence of the fall of the Bastille, but an independent outbreak. Young admitted readily enough that this ignorance on the part of the mass of the people of events that vitally concerned them was due to the old government. But he could not understand the helpless inaction of the nobility, who suffered like sheep without making the least resistance when by combining, even if the major part of the army fell away from them, their own numbers were in themselves enough to form a sufficiently formidable army. But they neither combined nor resisted. Young's phrase was apt; they seemed to suffer like sheep, and their sufferings were grim enough.

In Languedoc the Marquis de Barras was cut to pieces in the presence of his pregnant wife. In Normandy the steward of an estate who refused to deliver up his lord's title-deeds was tortured by the application of fire to the soles of his feet to compel him to comply. In Franche-Comté the Baron de Montjustin was suspended in a well for an hour while his assailants wrangled over the manner of his death, an altercation fortunate for him, as it lasted long enough to allow of his rescue by some soldiers who happened to pass by. At Troyes the mayor, Huez, suspected wrongfully of profiting by the famine, was attacked in the Town-Hall, savagely tortured by assailants who were anxious to protract his death as long as possible, and who dragged his blinded, bleeding body through the gutters of the streets, stabbing him afresh at every

corner, until at last the wounds could be felt no more by the murdered victim. The list of atrocities could be made long enough and lugubrious enough—could be swelled by examples from all parts of France, wherever unreasoning panic and unexpected power spurred latent ferocity into active vengeance for real or imaginary wrongs. There is no need for such amplification. These examples will serve. It has to be remembered, too, that plunder was not always accompanied by bloodshed, nor the destruction of property by the destruction of life. In many cases popular and just and generous landlords were even protected by their peasantry against depredation.

It seemed for one wild moment, or series of moments, as if one at least of the noble order did entertain, in a crude fashion, some thought of reprisals. This was M. de Mesmai, of Quincey, at Vesoul, in the Franche-Comté. He professed enthusiastic sympathy with the popular cause; he invited all the peasantry and the patriots and their kind of the neighborhood to a great banquet in honor of the nation. There is a glowing, even a lurid account of the feast given by the Two Friends of Liberty, whose pictures are always painted with fire and blood. Mesmai himself was absent from the festival; he pleaded his order—he was of the noble rank; he pleaded his creed—he was of the Protestant faith. He suggested that his absence would be a relief to the merrymakers. They made merry enough without him, and were taking their ease in a fair garden, when all of a sudden the fair garden was rent by a hideous explosion, and the revel was abruptly converted into a tragedy of killed and wounded. The smiling landscape, the perfume of the flowers, and the other enchantments so gaudily described by the Two

Friends were forgotten in the groans of the wounded and the fear and fury of the survivors. The first impulse was for revenge on Mesmai, but Mesmai had prudently disappeared; the next was to destroy Mesmai's house at Besançon. This was prevented by the authorities, but a number of other castles and manors were assailed and ravaged under the pretext of retaliation for the treachery of the Lord of Quincey.

A furious petition was sent from the country to the National Assembly, crying out to Heaven for vengeance upon the vanished De Mesmai. It came to the ears of the Assembly on the same day, Saturday, July 25, as an address from the municipality of Vesoul, signed by Count Schombert de Saladin and Jacques de Fleury, the mayor, bewailing the disorders of the neighborhood, the ruined mansions, the destroyed archives, the robberies, violence, and threats, and entreating the Assembly to issue a tranquillizing decree and to authorize respectability in general to put down unrespectability in general. Pinelle, the deputy for Franche-Comté, retorted to this demand by reciting the mysterious tragedy of the feast at Quincey. There was an inquiry into the affair, but De Mesmai had disappeared, and little came of it. The crime of Quincey was a splendid cry against the nobles for long enough after. Widely propagated, the tragedy of Vesoul made all France shudder. In many parts it was regarded as the proof of a vast conspiracy, whose aim was a general massacre of the peasants.

The sequel to the Vesoul story is not always remembered. About a year later a man was brought before Bailly. The man had been arrested on some suspicion, and had declared himself to be M. de Mesmai. Bailly, recalling the circumstances of the case, was much grieved to find himself compelled to surrender a man

who could scarcely fail to suffer the punishment of death. It was his duty not to allow the man to escape, as his crime had been horrible, and the Assembly had decreed that he should be demanded of any foreign country in which he might take refuge. But Bailly reflected that as the National Assembly had already dealt with the matter, he might very well, before giving De Mesmai over to the law, consult with the Committee of Researches. Bailly was the more moved to this course because his prisoner had none of the attributes that betray criminals, but seemed on the contrary a simple and timid man. Bailly learned from the Committee of Researches that in the evidence collected at Vesoul, M. de Mesmai had been neither accused nor even named. The supposed mine had diminished to no more than a barrel of powder left imprudently in a corner, which chance had fired on the day of the feast at the castle, where many were drunk. Bailly was delighted to think that a little reflection had hindered him from treating M. de Mesmai as a criminal, and had spared him so much indignity.

A darker dread than that of conspiracies in the De Mesmai manner dominated the rustic mind. Though Arthur Young could not believe in the Brigands, the fear of them and the fame of them spread like a sickness. The words "the Brigands" seem as terrible and as vague in the story of the time as the words "the Mothers" seem in "Faust." Everybody was afraid of the Brigands, everybody believed in the Brigands, nobody ever saw the Brigands. They were always doing terrible things somewhere else; they were always going to come, but they never came; for any one to cry out in a village street, "Here come the Brigands!" was enough to send all the villagers flying for their lives

into the fields and woods, or, if the place was larger and its people gallanter, to set the tocsin swinging and all the inhabitants arming themselves to meet a foe as impalpable as shadows. It is not difficult, however, to see how that unreasoning terror of a non-existent scourge was caused and fostered. In all directions over the face of France the roads were covered with bodies of men. Now it was peasants hurrying in confused union to the assault of a castle. Now it was some troop of self-disbanded or semi-mutinous soldiers. Now it was some wretched gang of hungry toilers seeking piteously for food. Now it was laborers flying with their few poor cattle from the deserted fields to seek the shelter and protection of the nearest large town. Now it was messengers spurring fast to carry news of wild events from one centre to another, to propagate excitement and to propagate alarm. The myth of the Brigands might well thrive under such conditions.

Danger and the fear of danger were not limited to the noble and the peasant. In many of the large centres the burgesses found themselves in a very difficult position. On the one hand lay the antique feudalism which it was their earnest desire to destroy. On the other side lay the proletariat, newly unchained and dangerous in their undisciplined fury. In some places the burgesses used the raw powers and passions of the peasants against the nobles; in others they beat down the peasantry as angrily as the nobles themselves could possibly have done. The burgesses of Tournai defended the Castle of Comartin against a peasant attack, killed a number of the peasants, captured others, and hanged the ringleaders of the rising. Similar conflicts between the burgesses and the proletariat occurred in

other places. But the great battle between the two classes was fought out at Lyons.

At Lyons, when the Revolution broke out, the burghesses united in organization to preserve public order and to repress popular agitations. The sons of civic families, bankers, merchants, lawyers, and the like, enrolled themselves as volunteers under the orders of the municipality, and held themselves in readiness to put down all turbulence and riot. The people called this unauthorized body by the name of *Muscadins*, a name destined to be revived in later years with even more hated associations. When news came to Lyons that the peasantry intended to attack certain castles in the neighborhood, and had attacked and destroyed others, these volunteers made a sortie from the city, attacked, defeated, and dispersed the insurgent peasantry, and brought a number of them as prisoners into Lyons. The sight of the prisoners stirred the proletariat of Lyons to fury. They rose in revolt, assailed the volunteers, and were only quelled after some bloodshed by the employment against them of regular troops. In this instance, as in many others, the struggle was not between the people and the peers and princes, but between the people and the very class of men who had been instrumental in bringing about the Revolution, and in whose hands the guidance of the Revolution was to be left for long enough.

It was little consolation, however, to the nobles to find that the men of the Third Estate who had overthrown the Old Order were themselves threatened by the forces they had unchained. While in every corner of France their strongholds were flaming to the sky, their ancient title-deeds crumbling into ashes, while so many of their order were flying for their very lives across the fron-

tier, the more advanced, the more enlightened of the peers felt a kind of despair. The men who had steeped their minds in the radicalism of the new philosophy, who had fostered the growth of the Revolution, the men whom Rivarol had called the demagogues of democracy, saw with regret that what they had done so far was insufficient to bring about the happiness they had anticipated. They had conceded much, they must concede more to save the country from ruin. The Old Order was doomed.

The condition of affairs was gradually declining from bad to worse. France, in the phrase of Michélet, tossed about without advancing between the old system and the new system, was steadily starving. And the sufferings of France meant the sufferings of Paris. Truly in one sense Paris governed France, but in another sense France governed Paris. Paris depended for her existence upon imports, upon the arrival of the means to support life from one quarter or another. When the authorities of the city made a great sacrifice to lower the price of bread, the inhabitants of the environs immediately flocked into Paris to buy their food at the cheaper rate. The bakers found it advantageous to sell their stock at once to those who came from outside the walls without asking or caring where they came from, and then, when the Parisians found that there was nothing for them in their own shops, they loudly blamed the authorities for not provisioning Paris. But that was just what the authorities could not do. In a time of famine, agitation, and uncertainty those who had provisions either reserved them for their own future use or stored them up with a view to a profit as the price rose. A desperate executive was prepared to get food by fair means or foul—

to pay for it, certainly, but first of all to get it. Yet this was the difficulty. Other places hungered as well as Paris and Versailles. Convoys on the road to Paris were seized by hungry towns upon the way; supplies intended for Paris were eaten by other mouths. Even Versailles, which was supposed to cast in its lot with Paris, fared better than Paris, for it kept, or was said to have kept, the best of the flour, and in consequence ate a better bread. At one time this quarrel became dangerous. Once when Versailles turned aside for its use a convoy of flour intended for Paris, Bailly wrote to Necker that if the stolen supplies were not restored thirty thousand men would march from Paris to fetch them. Bailly was not, as a rule, the sort of man to make these kind of menaces. But he knew something now of the temper of the people who had made him their mayor; he knew that it might go very ill indeed with him if Paris had nothing wherewith to stay its stomach. Bailly's memoirs for this period are one long record of desperate efforts to keep Paris alive and tranquil. One must have been a mayor of Paris, he wrote, or an official officer during these trying circumstances, to know what human sensibility had to suffer at every moment of the day. It happened, time and again, that at the end of one day's weary business he had in hand no more than half of the flour absolutely necessary for the markets of the morrow.

Trade seemed to be at a standstill. The farmers would not thresh, the millers would not grind; speculators were afraid to act. Camille Desmoulins threatened the brothers Leben, who had the monopoly of the royal mills at Corbeil, and where Camille threatened there was reason to fear. At this moment an event happened which caused profound agitation. A man named

Pinet was found lying dead in a wood near Paris. He had either been killed or, as seemed more likely, had killed himself. There was one loaded pistol in one of his pockets ; another, discharged, was found in the forest some distance off. He was not dead when he was found on July 30, and he insisted with his dying breath that he had been assassinated, but that his affairs were all in good order, and that the sureties of all those who had dealings with him would be found in a certain red portfolio. Pinet died. The portfolio was never found. The importance of the death and of the loss was great. Pinet was ostensibly a money-changer in Paris, but he was believed to be in reality a great deal more than that. He had been a secretary to the king ; he was known in all his public dealings as a man of agreeable manners and probity in business. He was held in such confidence that all classes of people were eager to put their money into his hands—money for which he paid an enormous rate of interest. Nobody knew how he employed the money, but it was said that he was the active agent of a secret society of monopolists of whom we have heard before, who had made fortunes out of the sufferings of the people by holding all the grains of France, transporting them to Jersey or Guernsey, and selling them at an exorbitant rate. Such operations could not survive after the beginning of the Revolution. It was believed that Foulon and Berthier were prominent members of the secret association, and it was thought that their violent deaths had terrified Pinet and driven him to suicide. Others, however, believed that he had been deliberately assassinated after his securities and papers had been made away with, in order to cloak the names and save the lives of those who were behind him in the great conspiracy. Some time

after an attempt was made to prove this theory, and application was made to Bailly for permission to stop and open the letters of a certain relative of the dead man. "The law," says Bailly, "did not permit me, and in the end I heard no more about it." Whatever the cause of Pinet's death, it brought ruin with it to some fifteen hundred families who had trusted their money to him. His portfolio was never found; he was bankrupt for no less than fifty-three millions of livres. A later suggestion is that the court, which had large sums in Pinet's hands, suddenly drew them to pay for armies, and to aid in the proposed flight to Metz.

The death of a man like Pinet, not in itself momentous, may under certain conditions have momentous results. Even the fact that his death brought with it financial disaster to a vast number of persons who had confided their money to his care, is neither the most curious nor the most important circumstance of the strange case. In a moment it was declared that the deed was a murder, a planned assassination, that it was one more offence to lay to the account of Philip of Orleans. This charge is set forth at length in the curious volumes of the "*Histoire de la Conjuration de Louis-Philippe-Joseph d'Orléans*," published in Paris in 1796; it is repeated many times by other writers, and very lately by the author of "*Les d'Orléans au Tribunal de l'Histoire*." The theory of those who sustain this charge is that Pinet was assassinated by the orders of the Duke of Orleans in order to release the duke and his friends from their heavy indebtedness to the money-lender. By Pinet's death and the theft and destruction of the portfolio containing the names of his creditors, the Orleanist party were enabled, according to this theory, to employ the money they owed for the purposes of their

propaganda. The accusation is portion and parcel of the theory that attributes every act and every event of the Revolution to the secret machinations of the faction of Philip of Orleans. That it could be made at all is a curious comment upon the popular character of the duke and the popular beliefs of the hour.

CHAPTER XII

THE MERIDIAN OF NECKER

THROUGH all agitation the Assembly still stubbornly kept devoting itself to what it believed to be its mission. Though France was all on fire with insurrection, though the wild justice of revenge might rage in the streets of Paris, still the Assembly would be found patient and persevering in its great work, desperately busy about its business of getting a Constitution into shape. To do this had been its earliest preoccupation. After June 30 a committee of thirty members had been formed for this purpose, and through all the summer heats and through all the summer troubles the activity of the Assembly was mainly directed to this end.

Already on July 9 Mounier had presented the first report of the Committee of Thirty. He began by admitting that France, without doubt, was not absolutely deprived of all fundamental laws, but those laws, from the dawn of the monarchy, had been movable, changeable, variable, and at the last always submitted to the will of a single authority. He declared that the Constitution of France as it now existed was composed of confused, uncertain powers, wherein no one knew the beginning or the end of his rights, and a scattered, doubtful, and fluctuating authority. He insisted that it was time to put an end to such anarchy, and that this could not be done without redistributing all the powers and regulating all the rights.

The opinion which Mounier expressed was the opinion of the majority of the Assembly. It was also the opinion of the majority of the charters, not merely of the Third Estate, but of the clergy and of the nobility. In creating a new Constitution the Assembly was only obeying the voice of the people as expressed in its charters. In beginning that business, as Mounier proposed to begin it, by a formal declaration of the rights of man, the Assembly was also obeying the voice of the people as expressed in its charters. However much the result may have condemned the action and inaction of the Assembly, it certainly could justify itself by an appeal to the directions it had received from those who called it into being. But before the National Assembly could busy itself effectively upon the business of making a Constitution for the nation, it had, in the first place, to frame some sort of Constitution for itself. It was considerably harassed by the incessant deputations that waited upon it from all parts of France. It passed a rule regulating and restraining their advent. It was considerably harassed by communications, such as the letter received from Lord George Gordon, written in English and addressed to the Assembly. The Assembly received the letter with civility and civilly put it on one side. After considerable discussion it did succeed in drawing up for itself a fairly workable code of regulations embodying, amending, and amplifying those by which their proceedings had hitherto been directed. They still adhered to the fortnightly term of office for the president of their debates, assigned his duties, and carefully enacted that in all cases he should obey the will of the Assembly. The regulations for the preservation of order during debates were minute and punctilious. They fixed the opening of each

sitting for eight o'clock in the morning, but at the same time the sitting could not begin unless there were two hundred members present. All signs of approval or disapproval were rigorously forbidden. No member might address the Assembly without asking permission from the president, or speak other than standing. If several members rose, the president was to call upon the member who first caught his eye. But here the president's decision was not final, for if any objection was taken to his ruling it was left to the Assembly to decide who should speak. It was the president's duty to keep a speaker to the question, to call him to order if he uttered unseemly personalities, or showed want of respect to the Assembly, and if the president neglected to call any erring member to order any other member had the right to do so. The president was not permitted to speak upon a debate except to explain some question of order. Any member could propose a motion after laying it upon the table in writing, so long as it was seconded, but it could not be discussed on the same day that it was handed in except under conditions of extreme urgency, such urgency to be voted by the Assembly itself. No member was allowed to speak more than twice upon any given motion without the express permission of the Assembly, and the privilege of second speech could only be exercised when all who wanted to speak for a first time had spoken. The votes on all questions were taken by the system of rising and sitting, but if any doubt arose, by a calling of the roll according to the alphabetical order of the bailiwicks. Much of the work of discussion was done in committees drawn from the Assembly, according to certain rules, but in these committees no result could be arrived at. On the whole, the arrangement was on paper a fairly workable arrangement, resembling

in many points the rules that regulated the British House of Commons then and since.

But it did not prove very workable off paper. The accounts of those early sittings of the National Assembly would seem the very triumph of burlesque upon parliamentary proceedings if they were not destined to be outdone in extravagance by the events of a slightly later time. It is not surprising to find that the English statesmen who visited Paris soon after the taking of the Bastille were amazed and amused by a parliamentary behavior so different from the dignity and the decorum of Westminster. Members of the House of Commons were not always dignified and not always decorous, but the average of conduct, carriage, and language was admirable, whereas the worst possible behavior of the worst possible member of Parliament was only characteristic of the manners of the majority of the National Assembly. Impetuous legislators would seek to assist that process of voting known as voting by rising or sitting either by trying to hold their colleagues to their sides by their coat-tails if they wished them to sit, or by stimulating them with kicks if they wished to induce them to rise. Men battled for the possession of the tribune from which orators addressed the house with the ferocity and the undignified zest of school-boys at a muss. It is hardly surprising to find that when a speaker had fought for the privilege of speaking, had pushed and elbowed and fisticuffed his way to the rostrum, he should be inclined to abuse his privilege, usurp his tenure, and talk at intolerable length. Nor is it surprising that members who talked at intolerable length did not always receive an attentive hearing. The din of voices was often deafening. Members talked with each other, brawled with each other, made

abusive remarks about their opponents, inaugurated arguments that flamed into quarrels which sometimes threatened to end in blows, and which did occasionally end in a challenge and an appeal to arms. The confusion had in its very grotesqueness, in the extravagance of its absurdity, a kind of magnificence of its own. We read that the police of the Assembly was so inept that frequently strangers, spectators of the debates, wearying of inaction, blended unnoticed with the deputies on the benches and gave their votes unheeded and unchallenged, as coolly as if they had their charters in their pockets and an army of constituents behind them. Sir Samuel Romilly, to whose virtues and endowments Brougham pays so passionate a tribute, might well watch with astonishment proceedings so ludicrous. He had compiled, to oblige Mirabeau, a digest of the rules and regulations of the British House of Commons, and these rules Mirabeau had translated into French and presented to the Assembly in the vain hope that it might adopt them. The Assembly preferred to blunder on in its own way, and to try and fashion the Constitution for a convulsed kingdom under conditions that were at once humiliating and detestable. But at least it did keep on at its purpose. It struggled after the Constitution of its dreams and hopes through all the entanglements, the obstructions, the delays, and the dangers as zealously as the adventurers in the fairy tale strove to pierce the perilous thicket and rouse the sleeping lady. And the new adventurers, like the old, whitened the enterprise with their bones.

It has seemed to some, indeed to many, that the Assembly cuts a somewhat sorry figure, with its tireless discussions of the rights of man and its endless debates on the ideal form of Constitution at a time when a whole

form of civilization, a long-established order of things, was falling into ruin around them. But in judging, in criticising the Assembly it is necessary to bear steadfastly in mind the fact that the conditions under which they were working were not so patent to them as they are to those who review their operations a century later. The majority in the Assembly believed with all their hearts that the creation of a precise, formal, elaborate Constitution would be the immediate and sufficing answer to any problem and to all the problems that the revolt against royal authority and absolute monarchy had created. They did not think, and it was hardly possible that they could think, that they were wasting time in the construction of a Constitution, for they were convinced that they were called into existence for that purpose, and that the accomplishment of that purpose meant the tranquillization of France, the rejuvenation of human society.

It is an inevitable consequence of the parliamentary institution that those who compose it believe themselves to be the cause rather than the effect. An organization that administrates by conversation is often and easily tempted to put an undue value upon words. Never, perhaps, was a higher value attached to words than in France during the closing years of the last century. The time was characterized by an exuberant faith in the power of words, of phrases, of ideas, of formulas, of laws. A sonorous aphorism often appeared to be an eternal truth, a truth appeared to be eternal and irresistible when it was neatly fashioned into the form of a law. With a starving and seditious capital a few miles from their door, with a great country breaking out in all directions into craters of insurrection, with a mutinous army, an empty treasury, a

ruined credit, a spreading famine, a suspected ministry, and a hostile court to deal with, the majority in the Assembly believed, and can scarcely be blamed for so believing, according to their lights, that a carefully conceived and painfully executed Constitution would meet every difficulty and banish every danger. And believing this, they acted up to their belief and labored hard and ceaselessly at the creation of the Constitution that was to sanctify the Revolution and to succor France.

It is De Tocqueville's opinion that no epoch of history has ever seen on any spot on the globe so large a number of men so passionately devoted to the public good, so honestly forgetful of themselves, so absorbed in the contemplation of the common interest, so resolved to risk all they cherished in life to secure it, as the patriots of 1789. Those who are most opposed to the principles of '89, as well as those who most applaud them, may very well be content to assent largely if not wholly to De Tocqueville's theory. Probably only Frenchmen will endorse his further assertion that there is but one people on the earth which could have played so brave a part, or admit that there are undertakings which the French nation can alone accomplish, that there are magnanimous resolutions which the French nation alone can conceive, or that her moments of sublime enthusiasm bear her aloft to heights which no other people will ever reach. Even the sanest, even the most philosophical of French writers cannot deny himself this kind of pleasure; in De Tocqueville's case we may regret it the less because it does not really bias his fine judgment or film his clear vision. It is certainly true that the great impetus of 1789 does not only seem great to the children of a later day, but that it seemed as great to all those who lived under its immediate influence. All foreign nations

were indeed moved by it. There was indeed no corner of Europe so secluded that the glow of admiration and of hope did not reach it.

However pure the purpose of the men of 1789, of the men who advocated those principles of '89 that have passed into a proverb, their progress was slow. We learn from the diary of Duquesnoy how hotly he for one resented the incessant interruptions, the harassing impediments to the process of making the Constitution. Something always seemed to occur to delay it. On July 27 Clermont-Tonnerre announced the result of the deliberations as to the basis of the Constitution, which was composed of eleven principal articles. These articles laid down certain propositions. The French Government was a monarchical government. The person of the king was inviolable and sacred. The crown was hereditary in male line. The king was the depository of the executive power. The agents of authority were responsible. The royal sanction was necessary for the promulgation of the laws. The national consent was necessary for the raising of loans and the levying of taxes. It was decided that taxation could only be imposed from one States-General to another. Finally, all property was asserted to be sacred, and individual liberty declared to be sacred. This was followed by the reading by Mounier of an elaborate declaration of the rights of man and of the citizen. This was followed in its turn by the consideration of the correspondence between Lord Dorset, the English ambassador, and the Count de Montmorin, in which Dorset asserted his own and his country's absolute innocence of any intrigues against the French nation.

The next day, July 28, agitation prevailed over constitutionalism. From the provinces came news of wild

disorders. A helpless mayor of Soissons begged for help against the invasion of the Brigands, who were cutting the corn in defiance of local authority poorly backed by twenty-five hussars. After some debate Duport proposed the formation of a committee of four members, to report upon the troubles near Soissons and other provincial disorders. After more debate it was finally decided that the proposed committee should be formed, but that it should consist of twelve instead of four members, and that the members should be re-elected every month. Such were the small, almost the insignificant, beginnings of a body which was yet to develop into the famous Revolutionary Tribunal and fill the world with its name. But what a Revolutionary Tribunal might in the fulness of time find itself able to accomplish was rather too heavy a task for the small, the inexperienced handful of theorists who were called upon to fight against chaos and to exorcise anarchy. Lally-Tollendal strove in vain to meet the difficulty by formulating a motion against disorder and disturbance. The motion was opposed by Mirabeau. No parliamentary motion could meet the difficulty. The insurgent peasantry of the provinces were no more to be pacified by the proclamations which the National Assembly could issue than they were to be put down by a force which the National Assembly could not, even if it had desired or dared to, exercise. Besides, the insurgents took up their arms in the very name, as it were, of the National Assembly.

Undoubtedly to the mass of the French peasantry the meeting of the States-General was a kind of millennium. They were as indifferent to, as they were ignorant of, political theories of constitutions, theories of liberty, of equality, of the rights of man, the whole fabric of the

new political existence. Want and oppression were the forces they feared, the forces they hated, the forces that they expected the National Assembly to annihilate. The business of the National Assembly was to pull down the pigeon-houses, to abolish the feudal rights and dues, to put an end to forced labor. Some twenty millions of peasants were intrusted for the first time since the beginning of the monarchy with the power of giving voice to their grievances, of gathering together to choose representatives, to instruct representatives. They knew nothing and they cared nothing for systems and schemes of government; they knew that they were hungry, they knew that they were poor; they knew that in the castles of the nobles and of the great gentry there were strong boxes containing papers which gave the nobles and gentry the power to extort all manner of dues. If the National Assembly would put more food to their mouths, more money in their pockets, would take or would let them take those hateful papers out of the castles and destroy them, the National Assembly would be fulfilling its mandate so far as the twenty millions of peasants were concerned. Not all the tears of Lally-Tollendal would wash this belief from them.

In opposing Lally-Tollendal's motion, Mirabeau was practically opposing a proposition of his own made a short time earlier. But with Mirabeau consistency of this kind was a matter of little moment. He was consistent with his own immediate purpose, which was to make himself the foremost man in France. The purpose was not a mere adventurer's ambition; Mirabeau seems to have firmly believed that he was the strongest and the sanest man that the Revolution had called forth; that he was the man most capable, if not the

only man capable, of guiding its course and bringing it to a safe conclusion. To gain his end he was perfectly prepared to oppose to-day what he had proposed yesterday, and to accept to-morrow what he had rejected to-day. It was now his wish to dominate Paris, and if he could do so he was not unwilling to let Paris appear to dominate the National Assembly. He had all the strong man's disdain for the two men most likely to check his influence in Paris, Necker and Bailly ; he had all the unscrupulous man's contempt for their probity. Bailly felt that Mirabeau was sapping his power in Paris and resented it bitterly. He has recorded his suspicions of Mirabeau's machinations, his indignation at Mirabeau's plots. He admits that he has no proof of this story and of that story which have been told him of Mirabeau's intrigues against his authority, but he believes them implicitly, and they vex his honorable, unapt spirit.

There is no good reason to doubt that Mirabeau did intrigue against Bailly. It cannot be said that Mirabeau was a rival to Bailly. It were as wise to talk of a rivalry between Hercules and Hop-o'-my-Thumb. The strength and the genius of Mirabeau had no equal in France at that hour, and against them the virtuous vanity of men like Bailly, and of abler men than Bailly, asserted itself in vain. But in the same degree that the influence of Mirabeau was formidable and fatal to Bailly, so it was formidable and fatal to Necker. Necker was vain like Bailly, virtuous like Bailly, with the same kind of civic virtues; he was convinced like Bailly that the Revolution was to be led by men of the middle class of mind. The grandeur for good and for evil of a character like Mirabeau's was a thing out of his range, to be disliked, to be even dreaded, certainly not to be understood. It would

have been better for Necker's fame, certainly better for Necker's peace of mind, if he had never obeyed the summons to return from his exile. For by the time he got back to Paris Mirabeau's star was in the ascendant, and his own star was sinking to set forever. He thought that he was coming back to drive the chariot of the sun, when he was not even to be permitted to hold the horses' heads for a moment. Yet the circumstances of his return might well seem to excuse his belief, to flatter his self-esteem. Paris received him in a rapture; his progress was a triumph; the acclamations intoxicated him; he thought that he could sway the fierce democracy to his will, he fancied that because he was offered godlike honors he possessed the attributes of a god, and, above all, the attributes of mercy.

Necker had a very special desire to exercise, and to induce Paris to exercise, the quality of mercy. Insurrection had made a new prisoner, and Necker feared that insurrection would serve this man as it had served Foulon, as it had served Berthier. The new prisoner was Besenval, the stout soldier. He was unpopular with the people because of his action during the Bastille days; he was also, as it seems, unpopular in Versailles and at the court. He had become, he says, the target of a party that was perhaps even stronger, in proportion, at Versailles and in the king's house than at Paris. The plotters, he declares, hated him, because they believed that he animated the king against them, in which they attributed to him a power which he frankly confesses that he never possessed. The poor king, he asserts, weary of taking counsel, incapable of acting with vigor, drawn hither and thither by all manner of contradictions, abandoned himself helpless

to the drift of events, and, without ignoring the checks that diminished his authority, seemed to believe that he retained enough of kingly divinity to serve his turn. Over such a king Besenval was as little likely as another to have any influence ; but Besenval's enemies thought that he had, and Besenval's friends were filled with alarms for his safety. They would crowd into his little rooms in the palace with all manner of rumors. He was to be arrested that very day in the gallery. He was to be assassinated that very evening on his return home by civic patriots specially appointed for the purpose. Not being of an easily intimidated temperament, Besenval treated all these reports as fables, and contented himself, in the proper spirit of an old soldier, with the reflection that he was at his post. The king, however, seems to have shared the alarm for Besenval's safety. He urged, and finally ordered, Besenval to withdraw from the threatened danger, and Besenval, thus commanded, decided to return to Switzerland. At the entreaty of his friends he consented against his own wish to adopt as a kind of disguise a uniform of the company of the *Maréchaussée des Chasses*, and to leave Versailles at dusk with an escort of two horsemen. These precautions, which seemed to suggest a fear wholly foreign to Besenval's nature, galled him bitterly then, and galled him more bitterly in the recollection because they were so wholly unavailing. Early the next morning he rested at the little village of Villenaux. There his appearance and some imprudent remarks and actions aroused suspicion. The belfry bell was sounded, the inn where he was resting was surrounded by armed peasants, whose leader insisted that Besenval was a fugitive aristocrat, and, with a no doubt unconscious irony, asked his permission

to put him in prison. His prison was a room of the inn for that day. On the next two commissioners came for him from Paris to conduct him to the capital. One of these told his prisoner of the fate of Foulon, and cheerfully assured Besenval that it would be very difficult to save him from a like doom. At nine o'clock of that evening Besenval's custodians carried him towards Paris. Besenval found nothing to complain of in their conduct to him, but he chafed at what they called the glories and he the horrors of the dawning Revolution. Besenval was undoubtedly riding to his death when unexpected intervention saved him. The intervention came from Necker, whom Besenval in all probability never thought likely to play such a part in his life.

When Madame de Polignac, flying from France, met Necker at Basle on July 20 and told him of his recall, and of the wild work in Paris, her news caused him to stop where he was. A few days later the letter of the king and the resolution of the Assembly reached him and decided his return. He wrote to the king and to the Assembly, assuring them of his devotion to France, and immediately set off for Paris. All that journey must have been one long rapture to him, the last joy of its kind that he was to taste. With joy-bells ringing in his ears, with flowers strewn before his feet, with the acclamations of enthusiastic crowds, with the salutations of citizen soldiers, he made his pompous progress to Versailles, where he arrived on July 28, exactly a fortnight after the fall of the Bastille. It was roses, roses all the way. At Versailles, as on the march, his pride was flattered by his reception and by the conditions of his return. The surrender of the court was a greater compliment to his statesmanship, he may well have thought, even than the congratulations of the As-

sembly. The congratulations of the Assembly were lavish indeed. The Duke de Liancourt, as its president, assured Necker, who was only too willing to believe him, that he was the only man who could remove the obstacles that still stood in the way of the regeneration of France. But there was a subtler, sweeter flattery in the abasement and desolation of the court that had driven him into banishment only to recall him to greater glory. The loneliness of the king, the passion of the queen, were convincing proofs of the triumph of the popular cause, and Necker believed himself to be, if not the incarnation of the popular cause, at least indispensable to the popular cause. Flattered by the abjection of the king and the adulation of the Assembly, he believed that he was all-powerful in France, and he proceeded to put his power to the test. On July 30 he paid a formal visit to the city of Paris, and was received there with the familiar raptures, with the new cockade, with the greetings of the new authorities. Necker had just heard of Besenval's arrest, and it is to his credit that the first use he sought to make of his popularity was to try and save Besenval's life. He had already delayed Besenval's progress towards Paris. Now with tears in his eyes he appealed eloquently to the representatives of the districts and to the electors for mercy, for the mercy of justice for the prisoner. He admitted that his absence from Paris left him ignorant of Besenval's offence or of the reason for his arrest. He assured his hearers that he had no predilection for Besenval, but that he had a predilection for justice. He paid a tribute to Besenval's soldierly zeal and sagacity. He reminded his hearers that Besenval was a general officer, and that it would be a grave and cruel error to drag a general officer, not formally im-

peached, to Paris like a common criminal. He reminded them also that he was a stranger, a son of friendly Switzerland, and entitled to the hospitality due to a stranger. He reminded them further that he had the king's authority for his departure. For the sake of all these reasons he implored the Parisians to pardon Besenval, and to deal generously with all those whom they looked upon as their opponents.

Necker's speech had an immediate if not an enduring effect. The electors accorded him, or seemed to accord him, a promise of amnesty, and he returned with that promise to Versailles. His action certainly saved Besenval's life, though it did not immediately afford him liberty. Besenval recorded his gratitude in a soldierly fashion. "I am not ignorant," he wrote, "of all that has been said to lessen the merit of Necker's action, but once for all I have no right to estimate all these arguments for and against. I only know, only see one thing, that M. Necker saved my life. Wherefore, without changing my opinions as to his political actions, or, to be frank, his errors, I vow him attachment and gratitude to my latest day." This was an honest, handsome way of expressing thanks for what was honestly and handsomely done. Necker wrote of that day, later, as a great and happy day for him, as a beautiful and memorable epoch in his life, and he declared that on that day the greatness and the magnanimity of the French people showed them to be worthy of a liberty to whose altitude they were exalted.

But the promise made, so far as it had been made, by those who came under the immediate influence of Necker's speech, was not ratified by the rest of Paris. The rest of Paris seemed to resent very strongly the rescue of Besenval. The decision of the electors aroused

angry opposition in the districts. The district of the Oratory flamed forth into a declaration that the decision of the electors was an abuse of their power, and issued an order that two deputies from the districts should at once set out to secure the person of Besenval. This action on the part of the district of the Oratory is significant. It was the district over which Mirabeau had most influence, the district in which, so far as he could be said to have a domicile in Paris, he was domiciled. Bailly does something more than suggest that Mirabeau was the actual author of the agitation in the district of the Oratory. He feels bound, for the illumination of history, to record the strong and general suspicion that Mirabeau encouraged the condemnation of the Town-Hall and the clamor against the liberation of Besenval. Certainly Mirabeau supported in the Assembly the deputation from the district of Blancs-Manteaux, or White Cloaks, which had carried to Versailles a like protest to that of the district of the Oratory.

Besenval insists that Mirabeau took action in the matter solely for the voluptuous pleasure of mortifying Necker by checkmating his recent success. Mirabeau certainly did, in the discussion on Besenval's case, so persuade the Assembly by arguments which had the zealous support of Robespierre, that it revoked the apparent determination of the Parisian electors. Besenval was imprisoned for three months in a half-ruined castle at Brie-Comte-Robert, whose custodian, Bourdon, was afterwards to earn a kind of fame as Bourdon de l'Oise. Bourdon, says Besenval, "believed imbecilely in the babble about the siege of Paris, the red-hot cannon-balls, and all the rest of it, in which, therefore, apparently Besenval did not believe. Bourdon was perpetually entreating Besenval to gain his liberty by

revealing his plots and confessing his accomplices, and could not be induced to believe that Besenval had no plots to reveal and no accomplices to betray. In the end Besenval was transferred to the Châtelet, where he played, as it would seem, a passive part in the strange story of Favras. In the March of 1790 he was formally brought to trial, and though many efforts were made to convict him of crime against the nation, he was fully acquitted. Here he goes out of the Saga. He died in the next year, on June 2, 1791. It may be said of him as of Goethe's Valentine, that he died a soldier and brave. He will be mainly remembered by history as the innocent instrument of Necker's ruin.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GREAT RENUNCIATION

NOTHING is more unnerving, more unsettling, than political excitement; nothing is more contagious than the enthusiasm spasmodically generated by political excitement. A body of men assemble in a room together, agitated by some vague, unrealized peril, undetermined what course to follow, or half pledged to some particular line of action. Some one in that vacillating, incoherent assemblage sets an example, makes a proposition that catches the general fancy; the example is followed, the proposition is welcomed: what one man does his fellow is eager to do, till in the end the disorganized multitude becomes for the moment homogeneous in its devotion to principles for which individually it had little or no inclination on coming together.

Such, at least, is very much the story of the famous session of the National Assembly on August 4, 1789. Seldom since the history of man took shape did any large body of men suddenly display such unexpected unanimity, manifest a more headlong precipitancy to sweep away institutions for which some of them certainly, but a few months earlier, would at least have talked of dying. It was, indeed, obvious that something had to be done to stem the growing peril, but on the means to that end the Assembly seemed to be wide as the poles asunder. Every one had his own little specific, but there was little or no union of opinion.

On the evening before August 4, Malouet pressed upon the Assembly a proposal to open boards of charity and establish workshops for labor. The Assembly received the suggestion with aversion or with indifference, and it was set aside. It is of little importance to consider here whether this proposition, which has since been advocated again and again by a certain school of economists, would have been of any service or would only, as its opponents contend, have added to the artificial system of France another artificial arrangement which could only give temporary relief with the certainty of producing future and greater difficulties at the cost of additional taxation. The importance of the proposition historically lies in the evidence it affords of the experiments men were prepared to make in the hope of meeting and quelling the difficulties that had so suddenly come upon them. Almost every man had his own panacea for the popular discontent. Every one was willing to admit that the existing condition of things was unbearable, but every one seemed to think that the only way to win health and hope again lay in the adoption of his own particular proposition. It is only fair to remember that the National Assembly resembled every similar body of men that had preceded them, and every similar body that has succeeded them.

The morning sitting of August 4 was noisy, even stormy. The deputies were weary of the long discussion, were clamorous to come to a vote as soon as possible. They rejected impatiently an amendment by which Camus proposed that the declaration of the rights of man should also be a declaration of the duties of man. The amendment was rejected by a majority of five hundred and seventy against four hundred and thirty-

three. The Assembly then decided almost unanimously that the Constitution should be preceded by a declaration of the rights of men and citizens, and it was decided that the declaration should be presented that evening by the committee appointed to draw it up. But before the morning sitting ended two important letters were read to the Assembly. The first was from the king, announcing the appointments he had made to the vacant places in the ministry. He gave the seals to the Archbishop of Bordeaux. He gave a portfolio to the Archbishop of Vienne, the war department to M. de la Tour-du-Pin-Paulin. He called the Marshal de Beauvau into his council. The other letter was from Lord Dorset, assuring the Assembly, through M. de Moutmorin, of the friendly disposition of the King of England and his ministers. Both letters were applauded by the Assembly.

All this, if interesting, was scarcely eventful. There could hardly, under the existing conditions, have been a morning sitting employed in a more tranquil, even a more commonplace fashion. While Paris was slowly shaping itself into the form that was to make it the centre of the new scheme of things, while every department, every town, every hamlet of France, was torn with excitement, fluttered with false news, frightened with false fire, while castles were blazing and nobles riding for their lives to cross the frontier and follow their fugitive princes, the National Assembly was conducting its legislative business with an apparent composure which impatient beholders might well be pardoned for regarding rather as the fatuousness of incapacity than the dignity of strength. But if the Assembly passed its morning in discussing the abstract rights of man, in thanking its king for royal conces-

sions, and in approving of an exchange of international compliments, it had work of another and a very different kind waiting for it in the evening.

The different committees of the Assembly met at six o'clock to elect the presidents and secretaries of each committee, to nominate an archivist for the Assembly, and to elect members to take the places in the committees left vacant by the recent additions to the ministry. The Assembly itself met at eight o'clock, under the presidency of Chapelier, who had been chosen instead of Thouret, the Rouen lawyer, whom the Palais Royal did not like, whom the Assembly did not dearly love.

Chapelier began the business of the evening by ordering the reading of the report of the committee on the disturbances in the kingdom and the best means of calming them. While this report was being slowly read out, an intelligent, observant stranger, watching the scene, would have noted certain facts. He would have seen that the section of deputies who belonged to what was known as the Breton Club had something of an anxious, preoccupied air, that they looked as men always look in popular assemblies who have resolved upon a course of action and are watching for the moment to carry it out. He would have noted that the young Viscount de Noailles was sitting as a man sits who is only waiting for an opportunity to spring to his feet. He would have noted that in all that assemblage its most remarkable member was not to be seen. Mirabeau was absent. Yet Mirabeau had been present at the morning sitting. He had voted with what was almost the unanimous majority of the Assembly for the Declaration of Rights to be placed at the head of the Constitution. He had been named as one of the special

committee of five members appointed to draw it up, a committee whose other members were Monseigneur de la Luzerne, Bishop of Langres, Desmeuniers, Tronchet, and Redon. He had been further charged with the function of chairman of the committee, a high mark of confidence from an Assembly that had shown itself at first so ill-disposed towards him. Thus he had been prominent enough in the morning sitting. But his form was missing from the night sitting.

Scarcely had the president finished his reading when the Viscount de Noailles sprang to his feet and asked to be heard. He was a young man, only thirty-three years of age, of no great weight in the Assembly, remarkable chiefly in the large view of the world for having married the sister of Madame de Lafayette, and being thus associated with one of the most conspicuous men of the hour. But the young viscount had got a great chance, and he was going to make the most of it. He was about to play for the first and last time in his life on a great stage and to a great audience. He had heard, it would seem, of what the Breton Club dreamed of doing, of proposals which they had intrusted to the Duke d'Aiguillon, as their spokesman, to make—proposals that would stir the Assembly to its centre and make the man who uttered them indeed remarkable. So what the Duke d'Aiguillon was quietly waiting to say, De Noailles impetuously sprang up and said. For one brief succession of instants De Noailles was the most remarkable man in France, the self-chosen mouthpiece for the words that had to be said, the self-appointed instrument for the deed that had to be done. There may be fifteen insignificant years to come, years of idleness, years of Napoleonic service, before the sea death at

Saint Domingo, but for this one eventful hour De Noailles was significant, important, and his name is associated forever with that night's work.

What he had to say was startling to all hearers, but most of all to those hearers who belonged to the Breton Club. For he spoke, as it were, with their words though not with their authority. He said that the object of the proposal contained in the report of the committee was to check the disorders in the provinces, to secure public liberty, and to confirm proprietors in their true rights. But he maintained that prompt measures were necessary to destroy the existing evils by ascending boldly to their origin. He proposed, therefore, that the Assembly should immediately declare that taxes should be paid by all persons in the kingdom proportionally to their income, that all public burdens should in future be equally supported by all, that all feudal rights should be made redeemable by the communities in a money value, that all seigniorial burdens and other personal services should be abolished. In a word, he struck a sweeping blow at the whole system by which the Old Order existed. Like the hero of a fairy tale, he lifted his puny hand against a giant. His speech was listened to with a grave silence by the Assembly, but it moved the members of the Breton Club to the liveliest excitement. What they had wanted to say, what they had wished to come from them, and through the mouth of their chosen spokesman, had been audaciously stolen from them, and stolen from them by whom? By a young man who was only the younger member of a noble family, who had no feudal rights to surrender, and who could afford to display a cheap generosity in proposing their abolition. Coming from him the words might well seem to have no weight,

they were but the facile proposals of a man ready to abandon all claims to privileges which he did not possess. The Duke d'Aiguillon and his friends, on the contrary, were men of substance, men to whom such a measure as they had intended to propose would mean a great diminution of their incomes. It was not a little bitter for the duke and for his friends, who had carefully weighed the sacrifice that they were prepared to make, to be forestalled with so much effrontery by a man who had no sacrifice to make and no rights to abandon. For the Duke d'Aiguillon and for his friends to make such an offer was to take a serious step, to make a weighty proposal. An offer, impressive in itself, became tenfold, a hundredfold more impressive from the character and position of the man who made it and the character and position of the men whose opinions he represented. However, there was no help for it now. The proposal had been sprung upon the Assembly by the irresponsible, impetuous De Noailles ; nothing was left to the responsible and serious D'Aiguillon but to follow the unwelcome and unlooked-for lead. If the Assembly had listened in wonder to the speech of De Noailles, it was now to listen with greater wonder while it was supported by the richest feudal proprietor in France after the king.

It is never agreeable to follow where it was intended to guide, but D'Aiguillon did his best to redeem his defeat and conceal his discomfiture. While he painted a striking picture of the disturbed condition of France, he admitted that even the excesses had their measure of justification in the sufferings and vexations of the feudal system. He proposed to meet that difficulty by proving to his fellow-citizens and to the world that it was the generous ambition of the nobility

to meet the general wish by surrendering those ancestral rights which time had rendered obnoxious, and establishing the equality that ought to exist between all men. He proposed, therefore, that, in the first place, all corporate bodies, towns, communities, and individuals who had hitherto enjoyed particular privileges and personal exemptions should for the future bear their share of public charges without any distinction. In the second place he submitted that feudal and seigniorial rights were a burden injurious to agriculture, but, as they were still property, and as all property was inviolable, these duties should for the future be redeemable at the pleasure of those who owned them, and at a reasonable rate which was to be fixed.

The proposals of the duke were received, not with the silence that had greeted the speech of De Noailles, but with the most enthusiastic applause. There was but one word for the touching, the dignified, the noble attitude of the nobles, who, instead of manifesting any exasperation at the attacks which had been made against them, were so eager to prove to the whole French people the purity of their patriotism. In vain did a constitutionalist like Dupont de Nemours rise and strive for a season to stay the flowing tide of enthusiastic abnegation. In vain did he urge that it was the first duty of every citizen to obey the law, and to respect the liberty and the property of other citizens. In vain did he urge that the first duty of the Assembly was to maintain the laws, however imperfect, which had for their object the preservation of public order. His words were deferentially listened to, but they were unheeded.

When a sudden spirit of enthusiasm takes hold of a popular Assembly, counsels of prudence, appeals for

deliberation, seldom command attention. Two men of the noble order had set the example to their class of protesting against the privileges that had belonged to their order for so many centuries, had shown the greatest eagerness to meet the wishes of the people. It was not at such a moment of heady enthusiasm, of contagious generosity, that considerations of respect for the existing laws, because they existed, were likely to find much favor. De Noailles had set his snowball rolling; it was destined to grow into an avalanche.

The enthusiasm aroused by D'Aiguillon's speech was increased by that of the Breton deputy, Le Guen de Kerengal, who wore the farmer's dress of his province, and who now rose to make his first speech in the Assembly. He insisted that the Castle War would have been prevented if the Assembly had been more prompt in declaring that the terrible arms which the castles contained, and which had tormented the people for centuries, were to be destroyed by the compulsory redemption which it was now going to decree. These terrible arms were the title-deeds which had roused the fury of the peasants, the title-deeds which Le Guen de Kerengal called the monuments of the barbarity of their ancestors. Let them be brought here, he said, these title-deeds, which insult not merely modesty, but even humanity; let them be brought here, these title-deeds, that humiliate the human species by requiring men to be yoked to a wagon like beasts of labor; let them be brought here, these title-deeds, which compel men to pass the night in beating the ponds to prevent the frogs from disturbing the sleep of their voluptuous lords. But while the Breton deputy thus thundered against privileges and prerogatives that were scarcely actual, while he called imperiously for the destruction of all

the feudal rights and the abolition of the last traces of servitude, he supported the Duke d'Aiguillon in urging that there should be compensation for the destruction of these rights.

From that moment out the excitement rose in great waves. It was a struggle as to who should speak first, who should offer to surrender most. Noble after noble came forward to lay upon the altar of the country his feudal rights. Deputy after deputy of the Third Estate drew thrilling pictures of the horrors of feudal rights, many of which, however, had not been in force for generations. Bishops fought with bishops as to which should be first to declare the readiness of the Church to part no less willingly than the nobility with its ancient rights for the general good. One sees the whole scene in Monnet's picture—the great amphitheatre, the pillared place, the blazing lights, the eager members rushing from their seats to lay some new concession on the president's table, every one excited, every one talking, every one fired by an intoxication of patriotism, generosity, heroism. It would be difficult to find a parallel picture in the history of the world. What has been happily called a delirium of abnegation governed the Assembly. The frenzy of generosity spread like one of those nervous manias of religious feeling which are so mysterious and so contagious. There is a political excitement which corresponds to hysteria; and such a hysteria took possession of the majority of the Assembly. The impulse was admirable, the original proposals excellent, but the enthusiasm swelled to a degree which blinded the enthusiasts to all consideration for the immediate consequences of their acts.

The Marquis de Foucault protested against the abuse of court pensions. The protest prompted the Duke de

Guiche and the Duke de Mortemart to declare the willingness of the high nobility to renounce such pensions for the commonweal. The Viscount de Beauharnais called for the equality of punishments for all classes of citizens, and the right of all citizens to enter clerical, civil, and military employments. The Duke de Châtelet proposed to convert tithes into a money-tax. The Duke de La Rochefoucauld advocated the setting free of the blacks in the colonies. The Duke de Liancourt thought the moment propitious for striking a medal to commemorate the union of the three orders. M. Cottin demanded the immediate abolition of seigniorial justice, and M. de Richer supplemented this by the suggestion that the Assembly should declare justice to be gratuitous in the whole of the kingdom. Everybody had some suggestion to make for the suppression of old privileges, for the emancipation of the poor. Abolition of the privileges of the magistracy was demanded in one quarter, suppression of the dove-cotes called for in another. The clergy vied with the nobility in readiness to surrender feudal rights. Bishops and archbishops contended with viscounts and dukes in sympathy for the poor and zeal for the oppressed. With every fresh speech, with every fresh proposal, with every fresh concession, the enthusiasm, the exultation of the Assembly flamed hotter. Every demand for the destruction of some antique custom was hailed with rapture, every offering made by the wealthy and the privileged was passionately applauded. Those who had no rights to surrender almost wept for their unhappy case. One noble, of more wit than wealth, declared that he resembled Catullus in possessing but a single sparrow to devote. The deputies of the Third Estate had their offerings to make. They were ready to renounce the

privileges of provinces and towns, and thus to establish equality, not only among individuals, but among all parts of the French territory. Some offered to surrender their pensions, others to devote their services to their country. The steps of the bureau were littered with the papers containing the renunciations of the deputies—renunciations which in some cases were conditional, as they had no power to act where their individual interests alone were not concerned. At last, as the long hours came and went, as the night grew older, as the rage for abolishing or abandoning something gradually decreased, as the desire to speak waned, it was decided to rest for the time content with what had been done, to survey rapidly the reforms that had been advocated and acclaimed, and to leave their reduction to form and order for the morrow. The king was solemnly proclaimed the restorer of French liberty. The Archbishop of Paris proposed a *Te Deum* in honor of so glorious an evening. The chief heads of the evening's work were read over to the excited men. The evening's work resolved itself into the following heads. The abolition of serfdom and of mortmain under any denomination. The power of purchasing the seigniorial rights. The abolition of seigniorial jurisdictions. The suppression of exclusive rights in the chase, in dove-cotes, and in rabbit-warrens. The substitution of a money-tax for tithes. The possible purchase of tithes of all kinds. The abolition of all privileges and pecuniary immunities. The equality of imposts. The admission of all citizens to civil and military employments. The declaration of the speedy establishment of free justice, and the suppression of the venality of offices. The abandonment of the particular privileges of provinces and towns. The suppression of fantastic

feudal rights and of the plurality of benefices. The destruction of pensions obtained without due title. The reformation of wardenships. These summary headings represented, or seemed to represent, an extraordinary social revolution. In a single night the whole system upon which authority in France was based was shattered into pieces, and an inspired Assembly went home to bed with the glorious conviction that it had created a new France, and in doing so had saved, at the same time, the country and the monarchy.

Never since the world began, so it seemed to Duquesnoy, did any people afford such a spectacle ; it was all a splendid contest as to who should yield the most. He who watched it with his mortal eyes was fired by the excitement into an almost theatrical description of the scene. It was a gallant competition to offer this, to give that, to lay the other at the feet of the nation. I am a baron from Languedoc, says one ; I abandon my privileges. I am a member of the Artois States, says another ; I also offer my homage. I am a magistrate, says a third, and I vote for free justice. I have two benefices, says a fourth, and I vote against the plurality of benefices. Away with all the privileges of great cities ! Paris renounces them, Bordeaux renounces them, Marseilles renounces them. The spectator becomes hysterical over the grand and memorable night when everybody wept, when everybody fell on everybody else's shoulder, when the universal feeling was, what a nation, and what a glory and an honor to be French ! It was all a delirium, all an intoxication, the enraptured beholder swears, during which the work that seemed to loom so terrible through a length of weary months was accomplished in some six short hours. It did not occur to him to question if work done under the

influence of delirium or of intoxication was either necessarily or probably good work ; he did not think with Alceste that it was less a question of the time the thing took to do than of the way in which the thing was done.

The enthusiasm of the evening means often the dejection of the morning. The high passions, the strenuous emulations, the ferocious abnegations of the night of August 4th were in many cases cooled and tempered by the time that the Assembly met again on the 5th. The majority, indeed, of those who helped to make the great renunciation held firmly to their protestations and their pledges. But some of the renunciators had found that their enthusiasm weakened upon reflection, and were wavering in their adherence to this point and that point of the magnificent programme. There was also a minority of dissent and discontent which had not ventured to raise its voice during the ebullience of the previous evening that now gained courage to make itself heard in frequent criticism and occasional condemnation of the suppressions and abolitions of the previous night. Dissent and discontent were belated ; the time for criticism had passed away. Even if the Assembly had been willing—and it was not willing—it had gone too far to retrace its steps. Like the hero of the Egyptian tale, the stairs by which it ascended to popular favor fell away as they were surmounted, and there was no alternative but to continue to climb. The list of the sacrifices that the magnanimity of the previous night had made was by this time distributed all over Paris, was familiar in the Palais Royal and in Saint-Antoine, was welcomed with intense joy in every quarter of the capital. Eloquent patriotism saluted the members of the Assembly in the language of ancient Rome as the fathers of their country. Bailly commented, with his

wanted melancholy, in later days, upon the raptures of that day. "Where have ye vanished, ye delightful moments?" he asked, as he remembered that "the imposing union of all wills and the combat of sacrifice for the commonweal" had been the cause of many vexations and of many misfortunes. The disorder, the precipitancy of the reforms had loosened all bonds, weakened all springs, and as men's minds had not grasped the limits of the good they wished to do, those limits had been extended by imagination and by interest until all things were destroyed, even those that men wished and had been wise to preserve. That night, Bailly confesses, cost me, in my administration, many troubles and much embarrassment; yet none the less all those resolutions were useful and even necessary. It was imperative to calm the people in the country who had been too long forgotten. It is true that prudence would have exercised restraint, would have waited until the state of the finances, the relation between debt and resources were understood. But the Revolution had to be assured, the new order of things established, and the only sure way to accomplish that was to assure the attachment of the people. It is not a leaning towards popularity, Bailly declares, which makes him write thus, it is in consequence of a political insight which rightly belongs to the wisdom of legislators, and which appertains to their duties as trustees of the interests of the nation.

With such a feeling in Paris it would have been impossible for the Assembly to undo aught of what it had done. As a body it had no wish to undo anything. While Freteau was reading out, on the sitting of August 5, the report of the previous night's work, the Assembly wore very much the same enthusiastic aspect that had characterized it a few hours before. There were

still deputies ready to offer fresh proofs of their devotion, to testify anew their desire to share in the general sacrifice. Men who had been absent from the sitting of the 4th wished to bear a part in its great business.

Nevertheless, there existed among the adventurers who had gone in so gallantly for the new life, a minority who were influenced by the inevitable reaction, and who began to feel some pangs for regret for that Old Order, to which in their hearts they were attached, and which they had just helped, so unceremoniously, to destroy. Others, again, more pronounced in their hostility, thought that the Assembly had wantonly sacrificed the property and the rights of thousands of families to a greed for popularity, to a fear of the people, to a desire to pacify the people.

The Two Friends of Liberty represent, with hysterical rapture, the contemporary enthusiasm for the great renunciation. They admit, indeed, that the National Assembly seemed to be wellnigh buried beneath the ruins of despotism and feudalism, that the executive power was suddenly paralyzed in all its parts, that at the sight of so many shattered idols the enemies of the public weal were animated in the midst of their fear by the horrible hope that anarchy might arise out of the general disorganization. But they oppose to these admissions their assertion that the spirit of civism already spread abroad by dawning liberty was creating order out of chaos. The citizen began to reflect upon his duties and to discover that they were compatible with and essential to his proper interests. New lines of subordination began to extend across the length and breadth of the kingdom. Every city was eager to revive the municipal government dear to its ancestors. Thus paternal administration, supported by many mill-

ions of citizen soldiers, beat back the menacing plague of anarchy, and struck a wholesome terror into the aristocrats and the Brigands. In spite of disorders produced by the sudden revenges of the people, and yet more by the darksome manœuvres of the agents of despotism, it was true to say that there never was a revolution so complete in the laws, manners, and prejudices of a great nation that was less stained with blood and crime.

According to these impassioned spectators of passing events, the whole of France presented to Europe the newest, the most imposing spectacle. Every day saw a succession of rapid and varied scenes which were linked by a mutual interest, and which animated the courage of all friends of freedom. The capital in especial continued to present a moving picture of which it was hard for the eye to seize the whole effect or to follow the development. Set in the centre of political agitation, it was moved by all the shocks that disturbed the kingdom. Rival passions, contending parties, warred the more fiercely within her breast. It was there that the brilliant and dangerous reptiles which infested the avenues of the throne congregated to sharpen their darts and to distil their venom. But it was there also that the hatred of tyranny was the most ardent, the idolatry of liberty the most extreme. On the still ensanguined ruins of the Bastille was the hearth of that patriot flame which was to illuminate and regenerate the nation.

To listen to these kinds of ravings it would seem as if an eighteenth century Paris had been suddenly converted, put back into the fairest days of Greece and Rome. Those Athenian festivals of which Desmoulins dreamed would seem to have been realized if the glow-

ing words of the Two Friends could be accepted as serious descriptions of facts. To them Paris was a new city with a new populace. They were stirred to a kind of delirium by the sight of monasteries converted into barracks, of armed citizens, of cannon at the door of churches, of public places turned into camps, of civic feasts, of pulpits, which after being prostituted to the despotism of kings and priests and the dogma of passive obedience, now preached the true laws of nature and the evangel of liberty. They rejoice over the youth of the city meeting in popular assemblies to discuss and to maintain the rights of man, over the long processions of young women and young girls clad in white robes, adorned with the colors of the nation and cheered by martial music, who thanked Heaven in the temple for the conquest of liberty, and paid homage in the Town-Hall to the heroes of the Revolution. But to the Friends of Liberty and their kind, through and above all these sounds of civic exultation rolled the beat of the drum ; the streets were filled with convoys of provisions escorted by soldiers in different uniforms and by troops of dusty burghers, with the cannons which companies of militia brought in incessantly from the neighboring castles. All this apparatus of war and battle in the midst of feast and mirth, blended with the memory of victories, and quickened the sense of an ever-present danger. Thus the display of such objects of terror in the midst of transports of delight kept alive in every heart that spirit of watchfulness which alone could assure the possession of liberty.

The spirit of untempered extravagance which inspired the Two Friends of Liberty was the dominant spirit of the hour for the popular party. It was all splendidly Spartan, austere Roman ; everybody was

eager to deserve well of the country ; and the country for the most part was very willing to be deserved well of. The peasantry, who had been burning castles and sacking muniment chests, saw plainly that what they had done met with approval. They accepted with joy the renunciations sanctioned by the National Assembly; they paid no heed to the limitations of those renunciations which the National Assembly sought to establish. They would hear nothing of composition, of compensation, of redemption. For them the whole feudal system had been blown away in a breath, as lightly as a child's lips puff into nothingness a dandelion-ball. They saw that privileges were abolished, but they stubbornly refused to see that there was anything to pay for the process of abolition. Done was done for them, and the Assembly might sigh or supplicate as it pleased, but it would not induce them to pay one penny piece for the past. The National Assembly had broken the seal of Solomon ; it had let its genie loose from the jar, but it could not, charm it never so wisely, lure it back into the jar again.

CHAPTER XIV

MAKING AND MARRING

THE heady effervescence of the Great Renunciation was followed by a lull. The month of August and the month of September were months of comparative quiet. It might well have seemed to the hopeful that France, after her first flame of revolution, was settling down to a state of law and order, of peace and progress again. The National Assembly in Versailles, rejoiced at the prospect of making the Constitution move more rapidly, acted on this assumption. The other and more potent Assembly, which was composed of the populace of Paris, seemed less ready to acquiesce in the assumption. It wished to play its part in constitution-making too, and it did not always, or indeed often, like the way in which the National Assembly played the game. But even Paris, for the few weeks that immediately followed upon the Great Renunciation, took its life less turbulently. The Palais Royal, in truth, still fretted and fumed, roared against the proposed royal veto, and raved death and destruction against the deputies who approved of it. Still a relative quiet reigned. There was a kind of resemblance between the conditions of the political game in the two centres, the centre of activity which was Paris, and the centre of inactivity which was Versailles. In the Assembly men were engaged in the consideration of what they should do with the old France in order to make her a new France. In

Paris men were busy about the same business, albeit in a very different way, and with a very different spirit. And in each place action and agitation was affected by a question of famine. In Versailles the famine was financial; in Paris it was physical. In Versailles there was a famine of money; in Paris there was a famine of food.

Necker in Versailles was at his wits' end to raise money. Bailly in Paris was in sore straits to feed the people who clamored to him for food. But the want of money in the executive exchequer did not affect the Assembly so profoundly as the want of bread in the civic bakers' shops, as the want of flour to make bread with in the civic granaries affected the people of Paris. The Assembly, or at least the majority in the Assembly, was honestly convinced that the one great thing to be done, the one work which was paramount to all else, was to fit France with a brand-new Constitution. The majority of the people of Paris was convinced that the most urgent business was finding food for famished wretches. It would have been well if the majority in the Assembly had been of the same mind as the majority in Paris. But the Assembly was wrapped up heart and soul in its occupation of making the Constitution, and Necker appealed in vain for money, and Bailly sought in vain for food.

The days of Necker's glory were over forever; he was perhaps beginning dimly to appreciate the position. He had been welcomed back to Paris and to office with rapture, had pleaded for Besenval with the authority of a saviour of society; he was going to make the crooked straight; all would be well with France now that Necker was her own again. All that was but a few short days, a few poor weeks earlier, yet it was

gone, and gone forever. Necker was not the saviour of society. He could not fill the empty treasury, he could not choke the deficit. The state of French finances had been growing steadily worse since the days of Turgot. Effort after effort had been made to mend the broken money-box. The tinkering sometimes patched the place for a while, but it never lasted long, and then the rent was more ragged, more unbotchable, than before. Now in Necker's day it seemed to have got past mending, to have got past botching, to be simply a hopeless business. Necker tried his best ; a man of genius might perhaps have saved the situation ; Necker was not a man of genius, and doing his best amounted in the long-run to doing nothing.

Necker came to the Assembly on August 7, and asked leave to raise a loan of thirty millions under certain conditions. He preceded this demand by a picture of the financial condition of the country which was not at all exaggerated, but which was terrible enough to make the request for a poor thirty millions seem timid and even ridiculous. When Necker had returned to office in the preceding August there were no more than four hundred thousand francs in crowns or notes in the royal treasury ; the deficit between the revenues and the ordinary expenses was enormous, and the financial operations anterior to that period had entirely destroyed credit. Since then the longed-for period of calm and order to be inaugurated by the National Assembly had been delayed, it followed that extraordinary expenses on the one hand and unexpected diminutions in the revenues on the other, had increased the embarrassment of the finances. The king had been obliged to make large purchases of wheat, which entailed, not merely the heavy expense, but a large loss as well, as

the king was obliged by the suffering of the people to sell again under cost price. The loss was increased by the incessant, the daily pillage which public authority was unable to prevent. The establishment of extraordinary works round Paris to give work to the unemployed, the diminution in the price of salt by one half in many parts of France, the disturbance in customs dues, the delay in the payment of taxes, all combined to make the condition of the finances deplorable. With a poor thirty millions Necker believed that he could meet the most pressing engagements to which the king was pledged, and it was with a kind of agony of entreaty that Necker begged the Assembly to grant him this loan, which he proposed to raise at five per cent. When Necker had finished, Clermont-Lodève rose and asked the Assembly to give a proof of patriotism, for which he found permission in his charter, by immediately sanctioning, without discussion and before the ministers quitted the hall, the loan demanded. There is a legend current in some histories that Mirabeau immediately called for the proscription of the vile slave who dared to make such a suggestion, but no mention of such an episode is to be found in the "Archives Parlementaires," nor in the life by the Loménies. In any case the Assembly entirely declined to act in the blind spirit suggested by Clermont-Lodève; the ministers retired, and the deputies proceeded to discuss the question. The discussion lasted for two days. Among those who opposed the proposal, and they were many, Buzot was one of the most vehement and the most eloquent. He declined to palter with his principles, to emancipate himself from the commands of his charter. Not till the Constitution was firmly established should they even consider the question of a loan. Buzot expressed all

admiration for Necker, but he reminded the House that Necker had been dismissed before, and might be dismissed again ; that courts were capricious. The court, he insisted, was only feeling its way with the Assembly. Grant this loan for thirty millions, a loan which is avowedly insufficient to-day, and in a short time they will come to you and appeal to your generosity for a loan of sixty millions. And so the thing will go on endlessly, in the old evil way. What Buzot said many agreed with. First make the Constitution, they argued, then proceed to a serious study of the finances. But the Assembly followed neither the advice of Buzot nor of those who were in favor of the loan. It did, perhaps, the most foolish thing it could have done. It voted the loan, but it reduced the interest of five per cent., proposed by Necker, to four and a half per cent. In doing this the Assembly as a body believed that it would show that the capitalists were also patriots, that they would not need the inducement of five per cent. to come to the aid of a distressed country. It hoped to prove that public opinion looked with a very different favor upon loans raised by an absolute king and loans that were guaranteed by the representatives of the nation. The Assembly was soon undeceived. Very few capitalists indeed were tempted by the offer sufficiently to put their hands in their pockets and produce seven or eight hundred thousand francs. As Lacrosette said, the most magniloquent proclamations could not animate the patriotism of the Bourse. The difference between four and a half per cent. and five per cent. chilled the spirits of men who might indeed be lovers of liberty, but who loved no less exact calculations and round sums.

It was the old principle that business is business,

which, if it does not assert itself most conspicuously at times of patriotic revolution, at least seems to assert itself with especial stubbornness, especial ungraciousness, in an hour of national fervor. Necker, who was in a sense a revolutionary minister, was experiencing exactly the same kind of rebuff that was experienced by the revolutionary ministers of England in the summer of 1649, when they attempted to raise a large loan for the purpose of fitting out an army for Cromwell to conduct into Ireland. The city merchants, as we are told by the great historian of the Civil War, instead of taking up the loan, offered to bet twenty to one that Cromwell would never leave England. It is perfectly possible that the financiers of Paris, who would not put their hands in their pockets to relieve Necker from his abject embarrassment, were giving and taking bets as to the duration of his office and the destiny of the Assembly. A provisional government is always in a predicament. The Parliamentary government of 1649 was a provisional government, and it was not popular with the purse-holders ; the government which was accepted by the National Assembly in 1789 was a provisional government, and was not popular with the purse-holders. The men who have money to lend are seldom willing to lend it to authority which came into being yesterday and may cease to be to-morrow.

If the failure of his project made Necker's heart heavy it did not diminish his energy. He set to work again with a kind of doggedness that might have accomplished much if it had only been doubled with genius. He constructed a fresh scheme for inducing people to pour money into a yawning treasury. Twenty days later, on August 27, he again tempted the Assembly with a new and improved financial scheme. This

time he was unable himself to read to the Assembly the elaborate report which he had drawn up of the exigencies of the financial situation. His health and strength had suffered under the mental and physical strain of his work and its attendant anxiety, and he was not well enough to attend the Assembly in person. The memoir was long, elaborate, exhaustive ; it presented the familiar dismal picture of the straits to which the administrators of the finances were reduced ; it made the old piteous appeals to the Assembly for aid. This time the Assembly seemed more conscious of the gravity of the situation. Viscount Mirabeau urged the House to have confidence in Necker. We cannot deny, he said, that our financial knowledge is very limited. We are composed of cultivators, of magistrates, of soldiers. If there are any financiers among us their number is small. The best thing, therefore, is to trust to Necker, and by establishing the Constitution to bring about the desirable calm in which capital will revive. Viscount Mirabeau cited the maxim that man follows metal as fish follow the course of a stream.

Talleyrand supported the proposals ; so, more influentially, did Mirabeau. Mirabeau protested against those who would fain postpone the discussion. He was not, he said, somewhat superfluously, one of those who were ready to make themselves the echo of anything issuing from the mouth of a minister. But in this instance the need of sustaining the public credit was so peremptory that he considered it essential to adopt the two principal proposals made by Talleyrand. The first of these voted the loan of eighty millions ; the second assured the creditors of the State of the absolute security of the National Debt. These two propositions, Mirabeau contended, held together essentially. To approve

the loan without consecrating the debt would be to proclaim bankruptcy while asking credit. And the time was ill-chosen for such folly when the Constitution was put up to auction. This phrase provoked some murmurs from his hearers, whereupon Mirabeau repeated and reaffirmed it. Yes, he insisted, owing to the happy effect of the faults and depredations of the ministers, the Constitution was now put up to auction. It is the deficit which is the treasure of the State ; it is the National Debt which has been the germ of our liberty. Are you willing to receive the benefit and yet unwilling to pay the price ?

Thanks to Mirabeau, the two propositions of Talleyrand were carried and the loan was voted. But the thing had been done too late. It had come tardy off. To vote a loan was one thing ; to get the loan taken up was another. Public credit was shaken by a revolution whose end was not yet. The new loan met with no greater success than the old loan of twenty days earlier. The capitalists had no confidence in the stability of affairs. Those who had money were most reluctant to part with it on promises that might possibly never be fulfilled. At the same time, however, if capitalism was quiescent, patriotism was active and generous in a spasmodic, theatrical fashion. Voluntary contributions dribbled rather than poured into the exhausted exchequer. The widow gave her mite ; the soldier parted with a portion of his pay ; from all parts of the country, and from all sorts and conditions of men, came gallant, if scanty, doles which had about as much effect upon the treasury as a pebble cast upon the seven seas. An itch for the conspicuous, an eye for the picturesque, animated some of these ebullitions of patriotism. On September 7, while the machine of the As-

sembly was grinding slowly at constitution-making, the business of the day was graciously and dramatically interrupted. The president, the Bishop and Duke of Langres, announced that several citizenesses of Paris, wives and daughters of artists, inspired by patriotism and the desire to set a good example, desired to make a sacrifice of their ornaments and jewels for the good of the country and the diminution of the public debt, and that a deputation of these citizenesses wished to wait upon the Assembly.

The delighted Assembly unanimously agreed to receive them, and the ladies were ushered in amid the most rapturous applause of the deputies and the spectators. They were dressed in white, without ornaments, without luxury, "but adorned by that fair simplicity which characterizes virtue, or rather, enriched by the absence of their jewels." Chairs were eagerly found for them and placed on the floor of the House, and they seated themselves while their spokesman, M. Bouche, read the discourse they had drawn up, in which patriotism and the example of the antique Romans inspired the givers to offer an august Assembly jewels which they would blush to wear when patriotism called for their sacrifice. Then the youngest of their number placed on the table a casket containing the united gifts. "The table thus became a veritable altar of the country, where women immolated that idol of woman, the love for ornament." The Assembly was in an ecstasy at the performance. In the words of the Two Friends, it rejoiced at the spectacle of so much modesty, so much simplicity, and the timidity which the sight of so august an Assembly inspired in them, a timidity which added a new charm to their grace, a new value to their gift.

The example thus gracefully set was zealously imitated ; there was a tender emulation in making sacrifices on the altar of the country. But the sacrifices were made in vain. They were too few, too slight, to count. Their whole sum did not tot up to a million of francs. The difficulty was too great to be met by a casual subscription of this kind. Money was flying from the country instead of pouring into it. We learn that six thousand passports had been issued in five days to rich inhabitants ; that wealthy strangers were hurrying away ; that there were scarcely five or six English residents left in Paris. Necker, more in despair than ever, sought to devise some new plan. On the Thursday, September 24, he came in person to the Assembly, having recovered from the indisposition which had prevented him from attending on August 27, and for the third time he placed the lamentable condition of the finances before the deputies. Necker's reports resembled the Sibylline books in being more costly every time they were presented. The situation was simple enough in its unrelieved gloom. So many millions of deficit, so many millions of expenses, and practically no resources to fill the one or meet the other.

Necker had his plan, a somewhat fantastic plan, resembling rather the finances of some kingdom of comic opera than of a great empire. Still, the conditions of the hour were fantastic, and it was a plan of a kind. Necker proposed the levying of a contribution of a quarter upon all revenues of all citizens. The minister practised as he preached ; he set the example he was urging. He placed upon the table of the House a packet of notes to the amount of one hundred thousand livres, a sum which he solemnly declared to exceed the fourth of his revenue.

The proposition of Necker was eccentric, was audacious. It was a desperate remedy for a desperate ill. It was received by the Assembly at large with a sullen suspicion, with a sullen hostility. Such a sacrifice, says a contemporary witness, appeared exorbitant, either to those who had just imposed or endured considerable sacrifices, or to those who had come from their constituencies with the hope of lightening the load of a heavily laden people. The calculations of the minister were keenly criticised, sharply contested. His judges seemed to read an unstatesmanlike incapacity between the lines of his despair. In spite of the alarming pictures he painted of the inevitable necessity of ceasing to meet the obligations of the public debt and the pay of the army, his adversaries only saw in his strange proposal a fresh attempt on the part of the court to menace popular liberty. The name of Necker could no longer exorcise alarms, and the very earnestness of his appeal seemed to his opponents only to cloak his secret hatred for a revolution of which he was no more the idol. The debate grew bitter and more bitter, criticism more hostile; the attitude of the majority more sombre, more menacing. There was only one man in the Assembly with a genius great enough to see the extent of the calamity that threatened France, with power enough to sway an angry Assembly to his will, and the man was Mirabeau, the personal enemy of Necker. Necker distrusted Mirabeau, and Mirabeau returned his distrust with disdain. But now Mirabeau, to the amazement of his hearers, gave all his support to Necker's scheme. Duroveray and Malouet had attempted to bring about an intimacy between the two men, but the attempt had failed. Clavière, who had prophesied years earlier, with a smile, that he would one day be a minister, had

done his best to influence Mirabeau against the earlier schemes of Necker. But now Mirabeau, to the amazement of his hearers, gave all his support to Necker's scheme. On the Saturday, September 26, Mirabeau urged the Assembly to accept Necker's proposal. It is not for us, he argued, to propose an alternative plan; that is neither our mission nor have we the qualifications for such a task. Nor have we the leisure which would allow us to examine closely the report of Necker. The mere verification of Necker's figures would occupy several months. He urged them, therefore, to accept Necker's project without themselves guaranteeing it. He insisted that the responsibility should be left with Necker; if he succeeded, so much the better for him and for the nation. If he failed, the National Assembly would still be at its post, with unstained credit, to do its duty.

Mirabeau's speech had an extraordinary effect upon the audience. He was immediately called upon to draw up a motion expressing succinctly the consent of the Assembly to the proposal of Necker. For this purpose Mirabeau withdrew from the Hall to return after an interval with a formal motion, which expressed at too great length and in guarded, if not ambiguous language, the gist of his earlier speech. The motion provoked fresh debate, stimulated new amendments. M. de Virieu declared that Mirabeau sought to stab Necker's plan. In saying this he represented the feelings of those who thought that Mirabeau, as the enemy of Necker, wished to crush the minister under the weight of responsibility for disasters that were sure to follow.

Mirabeau promptly rose to defend himself and his motion. He admitted that he had not the honor to be the friend of Necker. But he added that were he Necker's dearest friend, still, as a citizen in the first

place, and as a representative of the nation, he would not hesitate for a moment to compromise his friend rather than the National Assembly. He frankly declared that he did not think the kingdom would be endangered even if Necker should prove to be mistaken. But he insisted upon the necessity of giving a chance to the statesman who had a scheme where the Assembly had no scheme and could have no scheme. He called down the vengeance of Heaven upon the wretch who should set himself against the man whom the very nation seemed to have called to the place of dictator, or who should not wish him all the success of which France had so pressing a need. He sat down with an appeal to the Assembly to show their confidence in Necker. To this appeal the Assembly answered by branching off into the wildest, the futilest imaginable discussion, a discussion in which the spectators took part until even the solemn chronicler of diurnal events declares that not a speaking soul could be heard for the tumult. Then Mirabeau, whom we may imagine beholding the strange scene with amazement and disdain, made another and a successful effort to dominate the Assembly. The speech which he sprang to his feet to deliver is one of the finest speeches that stand accredited to his name, and it is one of the few that stand accredited to his name alone, and bear no proofs of collaboration and of more than collaboration. Mirabeau seems to have spoken with the words of Mirabeau, not with the words of Dumont, or Duroveray, or Casaux, or Pellenc, or Clavière, or Reybaz, or Lamourette, and to have spoken at his very best, at the high-top-galant of his eloquence.

Dumont declares that the effect upon the Assembly was amazing. Mirabeau was not deeply learned in

finance, although he had published several financial pamphlets in which he had been assisted by Panchaud and Clavière. But in this speech he had, and could have, no assistance, for it was an unexpected reply, and he was obliged to depend entirely upon his own resources. But Panchaud had said of Mirabeau that he was the first man in the world to speak on a question he knew nothing about, and this speech justified Panchaud's praise. The force, says Dumont, with which he presented so commonplace a subject was miraculous; he elevated it to sublimity. Those who heard the speech, he declared, could never forget it. It excited every gradation of terror; and a devouring gulf, with the groans of the victims it swallowed, of which the orator gave a very appalling description, seemed pictured to the senses of the audience. The triumph was complete. Not an attempt was made to reply. The Assembly was subjugated by that power of a superior and energetic mind which acts upon the multitude as if it were only a single individual, and the project was adopted without a dissenting voice. From that day, says Dumont, Mirabeau was considered as a being superior to other men. He had no rival. There were, indeed, other orators, but he alone was eloquent.

Dumont records a curious example of the effect which this unprepared speech had upon one of its hearers. Molé, the celebrated actor of the Théâtre Français, was among the spectators of the sitting, and we are told that the force and dramatic effect of Mirabeau's eloquence, and the sublimity of his voice, made a deep impression upon the comedian, who took an opportunity soon after of expressing his admiration to Mirabeau. He warmly complimented Mirabeau upon the speech,

and upon the accent with which he delivered it; and, carried away by his enthusiasm, he assured Mirabeau that he had missed his vocation, implying that Mirabeau's true vocation was the stage. Molé had scarcely spoken before he was forced to smile at the singular nature of the compliment which his professional enthusiasm had prompted him to pay, but Mirabeau was immensely flattered by it. And, indeed, the compliment conveyed a truth; there was a strong element of the actor in Mirabeau's nature, and it was his intense appreciation of dramatic effect which counted for much in the authority he swayed over the Assembly, and through the Assembly over France.

A study of this great speech will show that however willing Mirabeau was to rely upon others for the preparation of speeches, which he afterwards offered without even taking the pains of reading them over to the Assembly as his own compositions, he had in himself all the qualities that go to make a great political orator. The conclusion of this very speech is a masterpiece of dexterity and directness. Some days earlier a foolish speaker in the Assembly, in discussing a rumored rising from the Palais Royal, asked, in imitation of Cicero, if they chose to deliberate while Catiline was at the gates of Rome. The reference to Catiline was aimed at Mirabeau, who now retaliated in an eloquent apostrophe. Verily, he declared, we have at hand no Catiline, no perils, no faction, no Rome. But, this very day, bankruptcy, hideous bankruptcy, is here. It threatens to devour you, and all your goods, and all your honor—and you deliberate. The impassioned appeal moved the Assembly to its depths, and Mirabeau secured a triumph which Madame de Staël has very unfairly char-

acterized as one of astuteness and perfidy. Mirabeau did not love Necker, but he had here no thought to entrap him. He did not support Necker's demand in order to impose upon the unhappy minister all the risk and all the shame of failure. He thought that the only wise, statesmanlike, patriotic, and even possible course in the emergency was to accept the scheme of Necker. In that thought he spoke, in that spirit he acted.

If Mirabeau's spirit could have always swayed the Assembly, the story of those summer days might have been very different. As the hours waxed into days, and the days into weeks, as August grew into September, and as September filled and waned, the Assembly busied itself a great deal in doing very little, and that little not of a very profitable nature. It seemed not unlike a ship's company, who, in all the throes and all the terror of an intolerable storm, should gather together in the captain's cabin and discuss the theory and practice of navigation. The ship's company wrangled for hours and days and weeks over the rights of man; wrangled for hours and days and weeks over the question whether a representative Assembly should have one chamber or two chambers; over the question whether the king should have the absolute right to veto laws submitted to him, or only a partial right of veto, or no right of veto at all. And outside the elements battled and the storm increased. Riot raged its way in the provinces, and riot afforded the pretext for what was little less than a general arming of the whole nation. If the old French Guard was formally suppressed and dissolved on August 31, it was because there was no further need for its existence. A citizen soldiery had taken possession of France. The National

Guards of Paris had their colleagues in every provincial town. The country was full of armed men, champions of the new ideas, children of the Revolution. The standing army, disaffected by long arrears of pay, was latently mutinous and for the most part unreliable. But the courtly party believed that there were still reliable regiments, believed that with their aid something might still be done to save the day. So the courtly party planned and plotted at Versailles, and had all kinds of plots attributed to it. A mysterious conspiracy hatched in June to deliver Brest to the English was attributed to the friends of the court, if not to the court itself. It was first made generally known in Dorset's letter to Montmorin, in which the English ambassador urged, as a proof of England's friendship, her prompt communication to the French ministry of the projected plot. If such a plot had really been planned, it was most unlikely to succeed. When the Bastille fell, the soldiers and sailors at Brest sided with the people against their officers. Brest was destined to be a hot-bed of mutiny. The Brest conspiracy was generally believed, so were all manner of other conspiracies. The popular party armed and agitated everywhere. Through all the tumult the National Assembly went on its wonderful way.

Perhaps, from its point of view, the Assembly may be admitted to have done something. It did, at last, after a great deal of wrangling and much citation of Rousseau, draw up its formal Declaration of the Rights of Man which will remain to the end a monument of philosophical wisdom to one half of the civilized world and a monument of human imbecility to the other half. Whether we admire the declaration or whether we deplore it, we may very well agree with Mirabeau that it would have been at least as well to defer its considera-

tion until after some workable kind of a Constitution had been put together. But the hour was under the influence of dead Rousseau and of living Lafayette, of the self-torturing sophist who prayed for a return to nature, and of the high-minded egotistical soldier who found a new gospel in the Declaration of Independence and wished to renew the youth of an ancient monarchy according to the formulas of the rising republic. The Declaration of the Rights of Man reads a little coldly nowadays. It was not, after all, given to the majority in a heterogeneous assemblage largely composed of country lawyers to promulgate revelation with the voices of angels. But, noble or ridiculous, the Declaration of the Rights of Man was at last shaped; the last division was taken on the last clause in the codified doctrine of Rousseau, and the Assembly was able to devote its energies to work that had at least the appearance of being more practical. It declined, after much discussion, to accept Mounier's suggestion that there should be two chambers in the French Legislature after the English manner. Mounier, made very peevish by the rejection of his plan, was all for leaving the Assembly in a huff, and was only temporarily pacified by being elected to the presidential chair for a season.

The single chamber being decided upon, the question of the king's veto came next under consideration. Mirabeau was ardently in favor of the absolute veto. As Mirabeau was always a Royalist, this need have surprised no man, but it surprised and infuriated the politicians of the Palais Royal. Madmen clamored for his life; fanatics wrote pamphlets denouncing the treason of Count Mirabeau. Mirabeau went his way undismayed by threats, unchanged by the loss of popularity. "I always knew," he said, grandly, "that it was but a step

from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock." But Mirabeau could not carry his point. Necker and Lafayette between them, in their insane and inane antagonism to Mirabeau, devised the clumsy compromise of a suspensive veto by which the king could only suspend any measure for six months. Necker induced the king to consent to a compromise that neither pacified his enemies nor pleased his friends. The suspensive veto was of no service to the monarchy, and any veto at all was obnoxious to the people, who promptly christened the king and queen Monsieur and Madame Veto. The nickname stuck; the nickname stung; it contrived to make its victims at once hateful and ridiculous, and the queen could not afford to earn more hatred, the king to earn more ridicule.

CHAPTER XV

FAMINE AND FESTIVAL

VICTIMS of hunger are often victims of hallucinations. Paris, sick with famine, was sick with fancies. It believed, on the one hand, in appalling conspiracies inspired by the queen, conspiracies that aimed at the lives of the leaders of the Revolution, that were prepared to proscribe like the second triumvirate, that were governed by a secret and terrible oath. It believed, on the other hand, that its ills would disappear if the king only knew of them ; the king whom imagination pictured as cut off by evil advisers from true knowledge of the condition of the capital. Monsieur Veto might be ridiculous, but Monsieur Veto had a good heart. If the king knew, he would act well ; in order that he should know, it would be necessary for him to come to Paris. Thus, side by side with the growing hatred of the queen, grew up the conviction that the king ought to leave Versailles ; that he ought to come to live in Paris, and that his presence in Paris would in some mysterious way provide bread for a hungry city. With every day this desire grew keener till it became an article of popular faith that the one remedy for the existing evils was the appearance of the king in his capital city. The cry that the king should come to Paris swelled with the growth of the fear that the king would leave Versailles, not for Paris, but for some

distant town where he would be entirely at the mercy of his unscrupulous counsellors.

The popular feeling was fanned by the popular leaders. They wished to have both the king and the National Assembly in Paris, that the one and the other might be more surely under the dominion of the men who could control the crowd, and the men who could command the National Guard. It would be harder for the king to get away from Paris than from Versailles, and the leaders and the led alike dreaded, though for different reasons, the king's removal from their reach. The people for the most part wished to separate the king from his evil advisers; the leaders of the people wished to have the king under their thumb. Lafayette, who had boasted somewhat ignobly to Gouverneur Morris of the puppet part he had forced the king to play on July 17, was as anxious to get the king to Paris, and to keep him there, as was the savage St. Huruge, who blustered and bellowed in the interests of Orleans to the throngs in the Palais Royal. Royalists and revolutionists were agreed in wishing to get the king away from Versailles. The difference lay in the destination.

In the middle of September the members of the National Assembly who were known to be adherents of the monarchy received confidential communications to the effect that on October 5 some decisive act might be expected. The Royalist deputies immediately held a council at the house of Malouet and anxiously discussed the situation. After some deliberation it was agreed that the best thing to do would be to advise the king to transfer the National Assembly from Versailles to Tours. Malouet himself and the Archbishop of Langres were deputed to convey this idea to the ministry. They

saw Montmorin and Necker, and told them of the conclusion to which Malouet and his friends had come. They were very soon informed that the king was absolutely opposed to the removal of the Assembly; they were further told that all necessary precautions had been taken for the common safety. This was not very satisfactory, but it was all the satisfaction that those were likely to get who were not in the secrets of the intimate circle that it is convenient to call the Court. The king, irresolute, would not make up his mind to go. Later he declared to Fersen that he wished to go; that he ought to have gone to Metz after July 14, but that he was dissuaded by Monsieur his brother, and by De Broglie himself, who had declared that it was feasible to go to Metz, but asked what they should do when they did get there. It is probable that the king did not wish to go as he said, probable that in those later days he only wished that he had so wished. But whatever his inclinations and whatever the intentions of those around him, a fear of his flight was one of the chief fears of the Paris mob.

If the threats of the Palais Royal, prompted by St. Huruge, alarmed the court, the action of the court irritated the Palais Royal. St. Huruge had talked of leading fifteen hundred men to Versailles. On the heels of this menace came another. The French Guards announced their desire of returning to their posts at Versailles. Lafayette, who saw in this proposal only another proof of the working of a secret cabal, which he dreaded and detested as much as the court, warned the minister Saint-Priest, warned D'Estaing. Was D'Estaing, he asked, in a condition to resist the advance of an army of eighteen hundred men, whose strength would no doubt be swelled to a greater number by all

manner of malcontents and evilly disposed persons. D'Estaing, who commanded the militia at Versailles, communicated this warning to his staff, and his officers agreed that in the event of such an invasion as Lafayette spoke of they would not be sufficiently strong to resist. They accordingly succeeded in inducing the municipality to express alarm at the undefended condition of the town, and to ask for the presence in Versailles of an additional regiment. The Regiment of Flanders was proposed; the Regiment of Flanders was popular with the Court party, who believed that they could rely upon it implicitly; the Regiment of Flanders was accordingly summoned to Versailles. The news of this action on the part of the municipality aroused great indignation among the National Guards—an indignation that found an echo within the walls of the National Assembly. Mirabeau vehemently denied the right of any municipality for reasons that were not communicated to usurp to itself the privilege vested only in the executive power of summoning troops to its assistance. He was, however, reminded that a decree of the Assembly had conferred upon municipalities in general the right in cases that they deemed urgent to take the precaution of summoning troops, and that the municipality of Versailles had not been excluded from this privilege. In fact, the majority of the Assembly were sufficiently uneasy at the turbulence of Paris to welcome any steps that would assure the tranquillity of Versailles, and the ministers entirely supported the action of the municipality. It was pointed out as a conclusive argument that the regiment which had been summoned was under the command of the Marquis de Lusignan, who was a member of the Assembly.

In due time, therefore, the Regiment of Flanders

came into Versailles with its cannon and its provisions of war, spreading, according to Rabaut de Saint-Etienne, a general consternation in the town. This was on September 23. The consternation spread to Paris, for Bailly, as mayor of the city, took upon himself to write a letter to La Tour-du-Pin-Paulin, expressing the ardent wish of the capital for the immediate recall of the Regiment of Flanders. The Assembly, however, paid no heed to Bailly's protest. A rumor of his intended resignation only provoked from Duquesnoy the comment that he had been found far below what was expected of him, and that he had neither character, nerves, nor strength for such stormy times.

Many thought Bailly's protest impertinent, but there were some who thought it very pertinent indeed. For the arrival of the Flanders Regiment, fresh from proofs of fidelity at Douai, stirred the suspicious into new suspicions. The deepening distrust of the court, of the queen, of the counsellors of the king, conjured up out of the mists of speculation a sufficiently alarming theory of a plot. It was urged and believed that this importation of the Flanders Regiment was one more move in a daring game, the aim of which was to whisk the king away from Versailles and the scrutiny of the Assembly to some spot farther removed from Parisian vigilance, to this place or to that place, to the most likely of all places, to Metz. Bouillé was at Metz, devoted heart and hand to the king; Metz was near to the frontier, so that if the king could not immediately march back upon Versailles, or could not even remain with safety in the fortified city, he would have but a little farther to go to find himself in another country, where other armies would be ready to fight for him. The suspicions may have been well founded, the flight

to Metz may have been planned. D'Estaing wrote to the queen, even before the arrival of the Flanders Regiment, warning her that a false step would be fatal. But if the flight to Metz were really planned, it needed two things to carry it into execution—men and money; and the court lacked both the one and the other. To get to Metz at all required an army of escort; to get an army of escort required money. To let the pay of the troops fall into arrears in tranquil times seemed a matter of little moment to the rulers. But at a time when the safety of the monarchy, or, at all events, of the monarch, depended upon an armed force, to be able to pay for that armed force was a peremptory necessity. In their desperate straits desperate means were resorted to by the king and queen, or, perhaps, it were more accurate to say by the queen and king. It had suddenly become the fashion for persons who allied a patriotic turn of mind with a taste for public applause to come forward with suggestions for filling, and contributions to assist in filling, the lean exchequer of the State. In those autumnal days, during the meetings of the National Assembly, the business of reconstruction was generally precluded by announcements of donations from this person and from that person. Now it would be a student laying upon the altar of his country a box of medals of uncertain value; now it would be a lady at the head of a manufacturing business, who would accompany a solid gift of some three thousand livres with a letter, painting the sufferings of the country people, of tillers of the field fighting with the beasts of the field for their necessary nutriment. Now it would be a letter from a young girl, enclosing the modest sum of three hundred livres, her savings for many years, with which she had proposed to buy herself some jew-

elry, but had decided that it would be better to offer it to the country. Now it would be a poor priest, offering his mite, now a wealthy burgess contributing liberally. A soldier of the Parisian militia was fired with the idea that if he and his like were provided with cheap metal buckles instead of costly silver buckles with which their shoes were adorned, an immense saving would be effected in the interests of the State. He accompanied this suggestion with the formal presentation of his own pair of silver buckles to begin with. The public was prompted by a fine rage for generosity, for sacrifice, for rendering unto Cæsar the things that were not Cæsar's. The king seems to have taken advantage of this popular enthusiasm to raise a little money for his immediate need. He insisted upon sending all his plate to the Mint; the queen insisted upon sending all her plate to the Mint to be converted into or exchanged for so much coined money. The Assembly at first saw in this an act of patriotic abnegation, and protested against it. In the first place, much of the royal plate was of antique and excellent workmanship; and though Mirabeau declined to feel emotional over the dishes of the great, it seemed to many that the conversion of works of art into coin was a thing to be regretted. So the king was courteously requested by the Assembly to keep his plate, but the King persisted and got his money. It was something, but it was not enough, and a secret subscription-list was opened which was not, it would appear, filled up with anything like alacrity.

It was natural enough that the Royalist party should feel keenly the need of reliable auxiliaries. Even at Versailles they were surrounded by enemies. They had enemies even among men who were dependent upon the court, but who were none the less sympathizers

with the new ideas and the new men. The chief domestics of the court, whose families lived at Versailles and formed a considerable proportion of the population of the town, were for the most part animated by the spirit of revolution, were for the most part members of the National Guard. These men were very proud of their uniforms, were bitterly resentful of the disdain with which the Royalists spoke of the citizen soldiers and made mock of the transformation of lackeys into captains. It had been a mode of affectation on the part of the men and women of the Old Order to assume that servants were but a kind of automata, having neither eyes nor ears save for their master's business. Yet much of the unpopularity of the court was due to the gossip of servants, and now one, and not the least, of the perils that harassed the Court party was the inevitable presence of soldier-servants, who were so many spies upon their actions, and who might at any moment be so many armed opponents of their enterprises.

It was at this moment of crisis that the Regiment of Flanders marched into Versailles, to the horror of Rabaut de Saint-Étienne. The horror was not shared by his colleague, Duquesnoy. Duquesnoy saw nothing objectionable in the arrival of the regiment. All was quiet, he said. He ventured to predict that all would be quiet, that there was no commotion to fear. Certainly every precaution was taken by the court to prevent its regiment giving offence to the militia of Versailles. The officers were instigated to take solemn oath before the municipal body. The cannon, the munitions of war were confided to the custody of the burgesses of Versailles. According to Duquesnoy, when the Flanders Regiment first marched in, some of the women of the people, who came to look at them in the Place d'Armes, said to each

other in astonishment, "Why, this is the Regiment of Flanders, and its men speak just as we do." The common speech simplified corruption. Immediately the court on the one side and the people on the other did their best to assure the allegiance of the newly arrived soldiery each to their own cause. The people worked upon the private soldiers; the court brought its influence to bear upon the officers. The people tempted the private soldiers as, a little earlier, they tempted the French Guards, with protestations of brotherhood, with the attractions of wine, with the attractions of women. The court tempted the officers with much the same attractions in a more splendid degree. It hailed them as heroes, welcomed them as redeemers, was eager to feast them, to honor their bright swords with smiles and wine. The officers of the Regiment of Flanders were flattered by the friendliest words from the royal family, were still further flattered by being specially permitted to be present in the room where the queen played cards, an honor most unusual to accord.

There were further honors to come. The gentlemen of the Body-Guard felt naturally a soldierly affection for the new-comers, and were eager to entertain them as comrades should do. The Body-Guard was an institution that dated from the middle of the fifteenth century, when it had been established for the interior service of the royal house. Variousy armed and equipped during successive reigns, they formed under Louis XVI. four companies. The first of these companies still bore the title of the Scotch Guard, in obedience to the old tradition, though the Scotch element which had played so prominent a part in the days of Louis XI. had almost entirely disappeared, and the company was practically a purely French company. The other three divisions

were known respectively as the first, second, and third French company. The whole strength of the Body-Guard amounted to a little more than eleven hundred men. It was the duty of the captain of the Body-Guard never to quit the king, and his presence was necessary even when the king went to bed and when the king got out of bed. Their appearance was very handsome, especially that of the first or Scotch company, and they were very proud of themselves. Their uniform was very magnificent. They wore a blue tunic with red facings and linings, broad silver stripes and binding, sword-belts, and cross-pockets trimmed with silver, shoulder-belts of white silk and silver edged with silver lace, hats bound with silver and adorned with black cockades, blue cloaks embroidered with silver and lined with scarlet. They were armed with swords, partizans, musketoons, and pistols, and their horses were scarcely less splendid than themselves in trappings of scarlet cloth edged with silver. This brilliant body of men greeted its comrades of Flanders with enthusiasm. With even more enthusiasm, as far as numbers went, it was noted, than would in the ordinary course of events have been possible. For it was the custom to employ only a certain number of the Body-Guard to attend upon the royal person. One portion did duty for one six months of the year, and was duly relieved by another portion. But it had been noticed by jealous observers that when the time came in this autumn of 1789 for the Body-Guards actually on duty to be relieved by their successors, they were, instead of being sent on furlough, carefully retained and joined with the relieving body so as to form a body of double the ordinary force at the palace. The move was not perhaps uningenious; those who made it could scarcely have hoped that it would

escape observation ; it did not escape observation, and the public excitement doubled as the Body-Guard had doubled.

The gentlemen of the Body-Guard, thus swollen in numbers, invited the new-comers of the Regiment of Flanders to a banquet, to be held on October 1. To this banquet were bidden not merely the officers of the Regiment of Flanders, but the officers of the Hundred Swiss, of the Swiss Guards, of the Chasseurs, and also several of the officers of the National Guard. By the favor of the king the banquet was permitted to be held in the Great Hall of the Opera, a room habitually reserved solely for festivals of the court, and used rarely even for them, on account of the great size of the room and the extreme costliness of illuminating it. Here places were set for three hundred guests; here, heedless now of the cost, innumerable candles blazed; here, at the great tables, arranged in horseshoe shape, the glittering uniforms of the Body-Guard blended in harmonious masses of color with the uniforms of the officers of the other regiments. The banquet was in every way as splendid as the hosts could make it. The German historian Von Sybel, indeed, does point out that the matter was not very costly; nor, indeed, would it, under other conditions, have seemed a profligate expenditure of money on the part of the gentlemen of one regiment entertaining their brothers in arms of other regiments. It would seem that the cost of the feast came to thirty livres a head, which would represent in modern French money some sixty francs—not an amazingly extravagant sum for a public dinner in ordinary times. But the times were extraordinary. The court knew perfectly well, and the officers of the Body-Guard knew perfectly well, that the time was singularly ill chosen for feasts

at thirty livres a head when starvation threatened the capital, when the bulk of the people of Paris were crying, and crying in vain, for bread. It was one of those foolish acts, one of those wanton acts, in which the courtly party seemed to rejoice in proportion to their foolishness and to their wantonness. The money came from the court. The court promoted, patronized the feast. When the tables were spread upon the stage which had last been used at the festival in honor of Joseph II., when the guests, after assembling in the Hall of Hercules, trooped in to take their places, a gentleman of the Body-Guard alternately with an officer of the Flanders Regiment or other guest, the boxes began to fill with the ladies of the court. They were curious, it was said, to see the sight; their presence was certainly a well-calculated stroke. The spirits of the guests, the enthusiasm of the hosts, was not likely to flag while so many fair faces, so many bright eyes, shone upon them. The brilliant coloring of the banquet was rivalled, was outdone, by the brilliant coloring of the boxes where the beauties of the court wore their bravest dresses and their brightest jewels. Music was played by military bands; sight and hearing and taste were appealed to; the feast was prepared by Harmes, the most famous caterer of the day; comradeship, goodfellowship, were encouraged; it promised to be a memorable banquet.

It proved to be a memorable banquet. For a while it passed off, as one might say, in good order; officer by officer cheerfully fraternizing, telling each other, no doubt, stories of love and war, at a simple soldierly reunion of a kind familiar to all the world. But as the banquet went on it began to change its character, or rather, perhaps, it should be said that its real character began to disclose itself. There were toasts to propose,

toasts to be honored with full glasses. A number of common soldiers who had been admitted into the amphitheatre to watch the scene were summoned by the captain of the Body-Guard to come on to the stage, and were there generously plied with wine. Faces began to flush a foolish red, tongues to grow somewhat incoherently eloquent. The health of the queen was proposed and drunk in a rapture. On the fringe of this enthusiasm somebody, perhaps a guest wearing the uniform of the National Guard, seems to have suggested, feebly enough, the toast of The Nation. Some authorities have it that the toast was rejected with disdain, with insolence; others that it was simply ignored; in any case, it was not proposed, it was not drunk. To those excited gentlemen the monarchy was the nation, not the fellows in black who sat over there and called themselves the National Assembly, not the rabble of Paris who proscribed the names of nobles and princes in the Palais Royal, not the surly burgesses of Versailles who dared to masquerade as citizen soldiers. God save the queen by all means and with all our hearts, the feasters said or thought, but not this new-fangled nation of which we know nothing, for which we care less. Suddenly, in the midst of the excitement that swept away the half-hearted proposal, something happened which gave to the scene its full, its fatal significance, which fanned the flame of passion to its height.

The doors of the great hall were thrown open, and, to the amazement and enchantment of the guests, the queen appeared before them, with the dauphin by her side and the king behind her, all booted and spurred as he came from the chase. Graciously smiling, the queen moved among the enraptured guests. Holding her child in her arms, she made the round of the tables,

the idol of all those adoring eyes, the queen of all those adoring hearts, with a word, a smile, a salutation for the soldiers who worshipped her in that wild hour. The passion became delirium; it is scarcely surprising if in the eyes of those excited gentlemen who watched, dizzy with wine, the slow passage of the queen, the old beautiful belief in royalty and loyalty seemed unutterably fair, as if the best thing in the world would be to die for, the next best thing in the world to live for, such a cause and such a queen. In a moment more than two hundred swords leaped from their scabbards; the band struck up the air of Grétry, "O Richard, O my king, the universe abandons thee!" The great hall rang with the shouts of Long live the queen! Long live the king! The ladies in the boxes leaned out and applauded; the hearts of the men stiffened with valor, the hearts of the women melted with tenderness, and through all that carnival of frenzy the queen moved slowly, majestically, shining like a star, until, having completed the circle of heroes, she reached the door again and vanished as suddenly as she came. An Englishman, a sober historian, writing about the events of that evening a generation later, has recorded with an unexpected emotion, that is the more valuable because of its obvious sincerity, his own testimony to the heady passions of that hour and the magic of Grétry's music. Never, he asserts, in words whose sudden enthusiasm contrast with the habitual gravity of his discourse, were sounds that so completely conveyed the sentiment that was to be expressed. They are put into the mouth of the queen, who, disguised as a minstrel, addresses her song to the captive king: "O Richard, O my love, by the tyrant world forgot," as the original words were translated for the English stage. "It is

many years," wrote Professor Smith, "since I heard them delivered at one of our own theatres, no doubt by the sweetest voice that theatre ever listened to ; and to this hour I can recollect the melting of the heart and the indignation that was excited against the oppressor and an unfeeling world, that thus abandoned the royal captive to his brutal tyrant." The historian, remembering this, and how at the distance of so many lustres from the real event, sitting only for his amusement at a public spectacle, he could be thus affected, as he remembered himself to have been, by the mere delusion of the scene, asked himself wisely what must have been the effect produced by the same music upon the hearts of Frenchmen, of young officers, of men of honor and of arms, fearless of the future and prodigal of life, each animated by the banquet and the sympathy of surrounding minds, while they saw palpably standing before them, with his queen and dauphin, their own unhappy Richard, whom surely the world seemed to abandon ; for where was he to look for aid, and how had he offended ?

This is the sympathetic spirit in which the historian should, and too seldom does, approach the appreciation of those glowing moments in a great story when the hearts and brains of men are moved to a kind of madness by irresistible influences. He may defend, or he may deplore, the results of the delirium which drives men to desperate extremes, but he can only rightly interpret them and duly estimate their consequences if his imagination be warm enough to call up a living picture of the moment and its actors, and to sympathize as a human being, if not as a philosopher, with the passions that were then so powerful. The great statesman with his deathless picture of the beauty of

the dauphiness at Versailles, the grave lecturer with his honest, almost melancholy tribute to the charm of Grétry's music, and the contagion of hot-blooded enthusiasm, help even the most hostile student to a closer appreciation of the influence of the Old Order than the most elaborate attacks or the most reasoned defences.

But the enthusiasm that the royal presence had aroused did not die away with the royal departure. It flamed higher and higher. It has been said, but the statement is not certain, that the queen, as she made the round of the tables, carried condescension so far as to favor one of the officers present with an ornament that she was wearing; carried imprudence so far as to allow that ornament to be a black cockade she wore in her hair. The black cockade was the emblem of Austria, the emblem of an alien power, the emblem of all that the people feared and hated. Rashness could hardly have done a more desperate deed than to choose that moment to make the black cockade the badge of her party. The gift of the black cockade is not certain. But it seems certain that, after the queen's departure, a kind of general distribution of white cockades, emblematic of adhesion to the royal cause, took place. The gentlemen of the Body-Guard still wore the white cockade; they now urged their companions and guests to wear it with them. It would seem that, in the great majority of cases, their wishes prevailed. White cockades were accepted in some cases. In other cases the national cockade of red, white, and blue was converted into a white cockade by being reversed. It is said, but the statement lacks authority, that some of the officers, in their insensate loyalty, went so far as to tear off and trample under foot the tricolor cockade.

Folly went far enough ; it is not proved that it went so far as this.

In point of fact, it is wellnigh certain that it did not go as far as this. Mounier, whom it can scarcely be possible for a serious student to regard as in any way corrupted by the influence of the court, contradicts most emphatically the stories of the insults offered to the popular emblem. He admits that ribbons and handkerchiefs were converted into cockades, but he declares that, after the most strict investigation, he is enabled to assert that the Parisian cockade was not trampled upon, as the people had been industriously taught to believe, and that no imprecation whatever was uttered against the National Assembly. He argues that if any individuals had been rash enough for this, it was certain that it would be impossible to ascribe it to the Body-Guard, since it could not have taken place in a public company, and since many of the persons who were present would not have suffered it had it been attempted. He further points out that it is impossible not to know that the entertainment had not and could not have had any anti-civic design, if he may be allowed to use that expression, since the militia of the city were invited, and a great number of spectators of all ranks were admitted. Mounier speaks with authority. Yet it must be recognized that so composed a person as Duquesnoy, while allowing for a great deal of exaggeration in the accounts of the banquet, thinks that there can be no doubt either of the insult to the national cockade or of the assumption of the black cockade. Thus to this, as to any other event of the French Revolution, there is abundance of testimony, but little or no agreement.

It is not certain, it cannot be certain, whether the appearance of the queen and king was a deliberately

planned theatrical effect or the result of chance. According to some versions, the queen was sitting sad and silent in her apartments at the time when the feast was going on. She was only reluctantly prevailed upon to witness the scene of enthusiastic loyalty by some unhappy counsellor, who thought that the sight might cheer her drooping spirits. Madame Campan, unfortunately no very reliable authority, declares expressly that the queen told her that she had been advised to be present, but that she thought, under the circumstances, that such a step would be most ill-advised, and that it would be best for her, for the king, to have no direct part in the ceremony. She, however, bade Madame Campan be present and give an account of the proceedings to her. A very extraordinary account of the proceedings Madame Campan does give. She went into a private box with her niece and another young girl; the girls, excited by the scene and the general enthusiasm, began to cry Long live the king! with the rest and the best. They were immediately interrupted by a man in the next box, a deputy of the Third Estate, whose name Madame Campan did not know, who gravely reproved the girls for their exclamations, and pointed out to them the pain that it would cause young American girls to find young French girls corrupted at so early an age by the insidious doctrines of monarchy. Madame Campan, all in a flutter of indignation, was sternly reproofing this mysterious deputy for his impertinence, when, to her amusement, she saw the king, the queen, and the dauphin enter the hall. It was M. de Luxembourg, she declares, who brought about this change of the resolution the queen had made. After this it is not surprising to find that Madame Campan forgets all about the intrusive deputy, but it is impossible for her readers not

to wonder how he got there, or, having got there, why he did not make use of his knowledge to describe all that took place to the National Assembly. Barras, as the world has lately learned from his memoirs, professed to have been present at the banquet. No statement by Barras carries conviction with it; if he were present one might be tempted to think that Madame Campan had mistaken him for a deputy. The smug impertinence of the speech she resented might very well have come from the lips of Barras. Another eye-witness of the banquet, a witness no whit more reliable than Madame Campan, declares that the king and queen only honored the banquet with their presence at the express request of the Count de Tresse and the Count d'Agoult, who, struck by the picturesqueness of the sight, thought it would please their majesties to witness it. Weber solemnly asserts that the banquet, which he sat out, never for one moment passed the bounds of the most scrupulous gayety and decency. As for the distribution of white cockades, he declares that some of the ladies of the court made cockades of white paper, which they gave to such officers as they chanced to meet; that it was done in all simplicity, in all gayety of heart, and meant nothing more than the expression of a great attachment for the king and his family. According to Duquesnoy, it was Madame de Tessé who inclined the queen to visit the banquet.

It was said at the time, and it has been frequently asserted since, that the Body-Guard had no right, by custom or position, to give any such entertainment. On this point a curious piece of contemporary evidence is forthcoming in a note to John Gifford's "History of the Reign of Lewis XVI. and the French Revolution," published in 1794. According to this note, the entertain-

ment to the military at Versailles, "about which so much has been said," was of itself a circumstance so trivial and insignificant as scarcely to justify historical notice; but the events for which it was made the pretext rendered it an object of some consequence, calling for some remark. Gifford observes that it had been said by some that it was the usual etiquette in the service for the officers in garrison to entertain the new-comers upon being joined by strangers. On the other hand, he notes that Rabaud has positively and unequivocally said that this was certainly the first banquet which the King's Guards as a corps had ever given. And the Two Friends of Liberty also remark that it was the first entertainment that the King's Guards had ever given at Versailles. To this assertion, however, Gifford states that he is able from his own personal experience to give the most direct contradiction, as he was present at an entertainment given by the Body-Guard, as a corps, in the very same place, the Opera-house of the Palace of Versailles, in the year 1782, on the occasion of the birth of the eldest son of Louis XVI. "Whether," he goes on, "the Gardes-du-Corps were accustomed to give entertainments to regiments newly arrived I cannot pretend to say; it was seldom that any troops were to be seen at Versailles except those immediately attached to the king, but the Abbé Sabatier assures us they were accustomed to give such entertainments in all places where they were quartered; and certain it is that it was the general etiquette of the army, observed in all garrison towns, for the regiments previously quartered in a place to entertain the new-comers." It would certainly seem from this that the fact of the Body-Guard entertaining the Regiment of Flanders was not in itself an event either unusual or in itself a proof of any sug-

gestion of political conspiracy. But the event gained an adventitious significance from the circumstances which attended on it. The appearance of the king and queen, and the rapture aroused by their appearance, forcibly gave it the character of a political demonstration—a character which the enemies of the monarchy, or at least the enemies of the court, were only too glad to insist upon and even to emphasize.

It is curious to read the dry account of the banquet that was forwarded to England by the British Minister on October 7 and published in the *Gazette*. Under its careful reserve it is easy to appreciate the feeling of an unprejudiced contemporary of the event. It states that as it was the custom of the Body-Guard at Versailles to give an entertainment to any new regiment that arrived there, the Flanders Regiment was “on Thursday last sumptuously entertained with a dinner by that corps in the palace. After dinner their Most Christian Majesties judged proper to honor the company with their presence, and condescended to show their satisfaction at the general joy which prevailed among the guests. On their appearance the music instantly played the favorite song of ‘O Richard!—O mon Roi!’ and the company, joining in chorus, seemed to unite all ideas in one unanimous sentiment of loyalty and love for the king.” The report proceeds to state that the zealots tore the national cockades from their hats, trampled them under their feet, and supplied themselves instead with black cockades. “The news of these proceedings soon reached Paris, where a general ill-humor visibly gained ground. On Saturday there were great disturbances in the Palais Royal, and it became unsafe for any one to appear with black cockades, as several foreigners experienced, from whose hats

they were torn with much violence and abusive language."

The Englishman Perry, who was in Paris at the time, was stirred to especial fury by the display of black cockades. He insists that precisely at the same hour at which the black cockades were displayed in Versailles some thousands were mounted in the hats of people in the Palais Royal and other public places. Could it be surprising, he asks, if those who wore them, and who hoped to pass for foreigners, should be examined and suspected of counter-revolutionary intentions? It was notorious that every well-disposed foreigner was desirous to show his readiness to conform to a general custom; and though in his own country he might wear a black or a yellow cockade, he could feel no compunction, whatever might be his particular way of thinking, to change it for a tricolored one while residing with a people in the effervescence of a revolution. There was but one class of persons, in Perry's view, who might be supposed to refuse compliance in this respect, and these were prisoners of war. The French people, he declared, had never been without due regard to this circumstance, and had never insisted upon their prisoners taking out of their hats the colors of the nation under which they had fought.

An extraordinary and mysterious story was current at the time, a story to which several historians since have given, if not credence, at least currency. It is to the effect that on the night of the banquet Miomandre, a former officer of the Regiment of Turenne, found in the passage which leads from the terrace to the grand staircase a chasseur of the Trois Evêchés with his sword drawn. The man appeared to be laboring under intense excitement and poignant grief; he uttered wild and

whirling words about his good king and the monsters who were plotting against him, amongst whom he mentioned the Duke of Orleans. A crowd gathered; the half-frantic soldier tried to kill himself, and succeeded in inflicting a severe wound before Miomandre and others could wrench his weapon away. He was carried to the guard-house, and left lying almost inanimate upon some straw until, to crown the inexplicable mystery of the whole adventure, his fellow-soldiers came to where he lay and trampled and kicked the life out of him. What truth, if any truth, there is in this story; what meaning, if any meaning, it has if true, we cannot know. Madame Campan gives a kind of authority to it by a slightly altered version of the story. According to her, a soldier of the Regiment of Flanders killed himself with his own sword on the evening of the banquet. One of Madame Campan's relations, a chaplain of the queen's, who was supping with Madame Campan, saw the wounded man lying in a corner of the Place d'Armes. He approached to offer his spiritual aid, and the dying man confessed that he had killed himself from regret at having been corrupted by the enemies of his king. Here it is clear that we have another and a sufficiently emphatic version of the legend. After this it is curious to find that Weber declares the whole story of a soldier attempting to kill himself because of his crimes against the king to be absolutely false, and invented solely by the Jacobins. Conspirators, says Weber, scornfully, do not admit soldiers to share their mysteries. But whether the story be true or false it cannot be laid to the credit of the enemies of the king when we find Madame Campan giving authority, and such intimate authority, for a story that resembles it in all the important particulars.

In the general credulity it is interesting to find so unimpassioned an observer as the Marquis de Ferrières expressing the gravest disbelief in the deliberate purpose of the court to attempt a counter-revolution. He is willing enough to believe that enthusiastic court ladies, that feather-headed courtiers, might have believed that they discerned the infallible force of a counter-revolution in the temporary vinous exaltation of a few hundred people, that they might dream foolish dreams, and talk foolish talk about the white cockade. But he could not bring himself to believe that the court and the ministers, with so little force at their command, should have thought of doing in October what they did not dare to attempt on July 14, when they had to their hand forty thousand troops of the line, a general to command them, and a hundred pieces of artillery. He could not believe in such insane rashness; he insisted that no man of sense could believe in it. None the less there were plenty of people in Paris, and these not all senseless, who were perfectly ready to believe it.

Paris raged and raved over the rumors that kept coming in thick and fast from Versailles. Had not the queen openly professed to a deputation of National Guards, who had come to thank her for a gift of colors, that she was enchanted with the events of the day of the banquet? Had not citizens and soldiers, who ventured to present themselves at the court in the uniforms dear to the people, been openly insulted, been even expelled from the palace? Were not the ladies of the Bull's Eye busy in manufacturing white cockades for gentlemen who derided the national colors and swore to sweep away the rabble at the points of their swords? Were not all manner of plots being hatched at Versailles—plots to carry the king off to Metz or elsewhere, plots

to crush the people by organized famine? The wildest stories were buzzed abroad; the wildest stories were eagerly believed.

However fierce the indignation which the news of the banquet may have aroused in Paris and in certain parts of Versailles, it did not at first rouse any display of indignation in the National Assembly. During the sittings of the 1st, 2d, and 3d of October no deputy had a word to say in blame or in defence of the entertainment. It was not until the morning of the 5th that Duport made allusions to military orgies and Pétion denounced conspirators—nameless indeed, but possible to name. But Paris had been ringing with reports, and tingling with anger, ever since the morrow of the ill-starred festival. It had not waited till the 5th to express its fury. But it did wait until the 5th to put its fury into form and action.

CHAPTER XVI

WOMEN MARCH TO VERSAILLES

UP to this time the disturbances that racked Paris had been organized by men, guided by men, fought out by men. In every rising, every riot, every gathering of a mob since the attack upon Reveillon's house, there had naturally been a certain proportion of women in every crowd. Wherever there are street meetings, street fightings, the women of the people and the children of the people will always be found playing their part in the bustle, either as instigators, peace-makers, or mere spectators on the fringe of agitation. But now an insurrection took place which was, at least in the beginning, the work of women alone—an insurrection which is strikingly significant of the straits to which poverty and passion, hunger, and hope and fear had brought the people of Paris. The pangs of hunger, the fluctuations of hope and fear, if they told heavily upon the working-men of the city, told still more heavily upon the working-women. They were tortured with their own bodily pains, tortured with the bodily pains of their children, with terror for the fate of those dear to them, their husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers, sons. To them in their agony nobody seemed to be doing anything worth the doing. The labors of the patriots in the Town-Hall, the eloquence of Bailly, the white horse of Lafayette, helped not to increase the

supply of bread, prevailed not to decrease the rumors from Versailles.

The women of the great markets of Paris had always been accustomed to play a certain part in the political life of the capital. The fish-wives, the women who sold herrings, the women who sold vegetables, had their opinions upon passing events, and were accustomed to express them loudly with great freedom of speech. They had always taken their part in the agitations of the capital. As they had taken sides during the dissensions of the Fronde, so they took sides now during the first disturbances of the Revolution. But they took sides more keenly, cried their opinions more shrilly now, with the the sting of hunger to urge them, with the fear and the hate of Versailles to spur them. While the Palais Royal buzzed from morning till night with angry men, the two great markets buzzed with angry women. And not the markets alone, but all the little narrow twisted streets where small commerce fought for life ; where the women dwelt who sold linen, and the women who sold cloth, and the women who sold shoes, there was the same agitation, the same growing irritation, the same ever-pressing consciousness of hunger. As the hours of famine lengthened the hatred of Versailles increased, and the disbelief in the aid of the burgesses deepened from doubt into disdain, and from disdain to ferocity. To many of the wild women of the market-place and the little streets there did not seem to be a pin to choose between the despotism of the Versailles Orangery and the despotism of the Parisian Town-Hall.

It is almost always impossible to discover the precise act which gives its impetus to a popular movement, to a sudden rising, to an unprepared demonstration. Dis-

content widens and deepens in sullen inaction ; a mass of units are filled with a common anger, a common suffering, and a common apathy. Unexpectedly it comes into some one's head to say something, to do something, which has the effect of fusing all those units into a solid body, of inspiring them with a single purpose, of driving them to a definite goal. Of all the hundreds of women who lacked for bread in Paris city on the morning of November 5, 1789, it would seem as if it only came to the mind of one, or at least only came to the mind of one with sufficient force to compel its utterance, to suggest that perhaps the best way to get the bread for which their emptiness yearned was to go and clamor for it at the Town-Hall. Such a suggestion as this, thrown out at random to a fluctuant mob, may or may not succeed in concentrating its individual passions, in fixing its unstable purposes. But this idea did succeed. Whoever the woman was that with the sound of her voice to the accompanying beat of her drum suggested the appeal to the Town-Hall, she conquered the fancies of her fellows. The idea spread like a forest fire among the women of the markets and the little twisted streets, urging all their fears and their furies into a single channel. From their darkened shops and their dismal booths, from their stalls of fish and fruit, from beneath the big umbrellas where they knitted and watched their wares, from the street corners where they stood in groups and groaned, from the highways and the byways, the poor women, the women of the people, came pouring, so many rivulets swelling the great sea that was to flood the Town-Hall.

It has of course been suggested, it always is suggested in such cases, that the action of the women was due to deliberate conspiracy planned by this person or by

that person. Some of course saw in it the machinations of the Duke of Orleans, whose money was supposed to flow freely at all times for the purpose of fomenting disturbances in the capital. Others, more rashly, have seen in it a device of Lafayette's. If this were indeed the case, the sanity of Lafayette would be but a dubious or scarcely dubious matter. The more obvious reasons are sufficient to account for the movement without recourse to a relief in dark plottings. The pinch of hunger was one and the sharpest goad; the inaction of the men of the people was another. Since the fall of the Bastille order had been kept, and well kept, by the National Guard. Imprisonment had taught the more active leaders of street disturbances that riot could not always be aroused with impunity. Even St. Huruge was not allowed to pass from bawling to brawling unheeded and unchecked. The mob, so far as it consisted of men, was for the moment dulled if not cowed; seemed to have fallen from its late frenzy into apathy, suffering much, but doing nothing. If the men would do nothing, the women were ready enough to do something, anything, and it only needed prompting to prove to them that the best thing to do was to go to the Town-Hall.

To the Town-Hall, accordingly, the women began to make their way, their volume growing with every street they trod, with every house they passed. They had everything their own way from the first. The unexpectedness of the rising, the suddenness of its action, the absolute want of any preparation to meet such a difficulty, combined to make their way smooth. There were only a few soldiers on the Place de Grève at the time, and these soldiers, taken unawares, and in any case unwilling to turn their weapons against women, made

no attempt to stop their course. The crowd of amazons found the Town-Hall almost deserted, its doors easily opened, its corridors easily invaded, its rooms easily occupied. The women swept into the place unresisted and uncontrolled. We are told that their leaders—those, that is to say, who were the first to mount the steps of the Town-Hall—were young women, neatly dressed in white, with well-ordered hair and audacious mien. We are told that as the women poured into the Town-Hall they at first conducted themselves as if they were engaged upon a party of pleasure; that they danced and sang and shouted as if the invasion of a public building was the rarest sport, the ripest jest in the world. But this frolic mood was not the mood of the majority, and it did not last very long. Their easy capture of the Town-Hall seemed to inspire the women with a kind of ferocious resentment against the building. The distrust of Bailly and of Lafayette showed itself in wild imprecations against their names. Bailly and Lafayette were elsewhere, happily or unhappily ignorant of this new form of civic insurrection. Bailly was not long left in ignorance, but he and his fellow municipal officers seem to have been paralyzed by the new problem, as indeed it was their way to be paralyzed by any new problem, and could do nothing except send messenger after messenger for Lafayette. Lafayette has been bitterly accused since, he was bitterly accused at the time, of inactivity at the best, of treachery at the worst. The accusations are scarcely well founded. Lafayette seems, for the most part, to have acted like an honorable man, if not always like a very wise man. He had been anxious to take precautions to protect Versailles from possible invasions from Paris, and had placed troops upon the way at different points, but the deputies had protested

against these precautions, and Lafayette had been forced to withdraw the posts. The road to Versailles, accordingly, lay open for all who would to take.

If the women in possession of the Town-Hall could not find Bailly, could not find Lafayette, could not find bread or any one to give them bread, they could find things to destroy and things to kill. There were plenty of papers in the Town-Hall; in their distrust or disdain of the Commune the women declared that all they had done had been to blacken paper, and that paper the women were now eager to burn. By this time the women were not alone. Men had come to their assistance, men armed with pikes and axes, who treated the Town-Hall as a place taken by assault, and who ranged over it in all directions, seeking arms and finding them. Some of these, scaling the stairs to the belfry of the clock, found there the Abbé Lefèvre, who had behaved so bravely during the days of July. In their unreasoning fury they were for hanging him out of hand: the rope was run round his neck, he was actually swung off, when a woman cut the rope, and Lefèvre escaped with a fall of some five-and-twenty feet into a room below, dizzy but unhurt.

At this moment, when arson and murder were imminent, a man appeared upon the scene who had already played a prominent part before in helping to direct the course of insurrection. This was Stanislas Maillard, the man of the Bastille. He appeared suddenly in the midst of the tumult, and took its leadership upon himself, not without difficulty, not without danger. At first the crowd did not recognize the tall, sad-faced young man of six-and-twenty—the man with the long nose, with the sunken eyes, with the protruding lower lip—the man clad all in black, who presumed to give

them orders. But his coolness and his determination had their way. In his short life he had been many things; he had been a lackey, he had been a soldier, he had been a student. In his strange nature many qualities were blended. His equivocal manner, his impenetrable character, masked ambition, the passion for pre-eminence, the soldier's appreciation of the power of command, the appreciation of the man of the law for the forms and the formalities of the law. A man of the sword by one instinct, he was a man of the robe by another; akin to those children of the Covenant who slew with the Bible in one hand and the bare blade in the other, he was ready to spill blood, but to spill it in accordance with all legal observances. His passion for acceptance of and deference to existing forms was to evince itself very markedly that day, as it was to evince itself yet more markedly on another and more dreadful day. The man of the ready brain, of the unfailing resource, of the cold audacity, had many of the gifts that go to make a great revolutionary leader. He had youth, he had strength, he had experience, he had self-control; he was at once a fanatic and a formalist. He had ambition and self-confidence—everything, indeed, except money, which was of little moment, and health, which was of great moment. He was not made to live long; he had only five years to live.

The chance that brought him to the Town-Hall at that moment came about thus: According to the version of the *Moniteur*, which shows his conduct in the most favorable light, he was, on the morning of October 5, the bearer to the Commune of a complaint from his comrades, the Volunteers of the Bastille, in whose ranks he counted as a captain. The disturbance broke out while he was fulfilling his mission, and M. de Gouvion,

the Major-General of the Parisian National Guard, seeing the danger, ordered him to march with his company, which was the nearest to the scene of the tumult, to restrain if not to overawe the multitude. He at once returned to the Place de la Bastille, where it would seem that the Volunteers of the Bastille were already drawn up under arms, under the command of Hulin. As he gave them the orders of the major-general, it would appear that the workmen employed upon the Bastille, suspecting some hostility, prepared to attack them. The Volunteers immediately assured their assailants of their absolute fraternity with the people, and to prove their fidelity laid down their arms. In the meantime, Maillard, thus unsupported, returned alone to the Town-Hall, to try the last. At first he was not recognized. The women took him, from the black habit which he always affected, for one of the Municipality. Suddenly he was recognized as one of the heroes of the Bastille, named as Maillard, welcomed as a brother. In that moment he saw that chance had given him the power to direct the disorder. He gave commands veiled in the forms of suggestions, of appeals, and the unstable multitude behaved as they always behave before the strong man, and obeyed. He stayed the hands of the women, who wanted to burn, first the papers of the Town-Hall, and then the Town-Hall itself. He harangued them with earnestness, with skill; urged them to waste no more time at the Town-Hall, but to go at once to Versailles, where the king was. He offered to lead them to Versailles himself, and the offer was rapturously accepted. In all this he was at the same time interpreting their wishes and doing what was best for the safety of Paris. As he showed to Major-General d'Ermigni, the best thing for Paris would be to get

all the wild rabble out of the way until it was possible to organize authority. Maillard, keeping his nerve and his head, asked D'Ermigni, who had kept neither, for his authority to allow him, Maillard, to lead the women to Versailles. D'Ermigni, sadly unsettled by the unexpected, consented to nothing and opposed nothing. He declined to give Maillard any authority, but he left Maillard, he declared, free to act as he pleased upon his own responsibility. Which thing Maillard accordingly proceeded to do. D'Ermigni only stipulated that nothing should be done to affect the public tranquillity. Maillard calmly replied that his purpose was to assure and not to injure the public tranquillity, and that the best thing for that immediate purpose would be to free the Town-Hall from its monstrous regiment of women. And the only way to effect that was to lead them upon the road to Versailles.

An eye-witness of the business, Thibaudeau, son of a Deputy Thibaudeau, and himself reserved for a remarkable career, has left some interesting notes of what he saw. He was walking in the Gardens of the Tuileries, on the terrace by the side of the water, with a number of other curious spectators, when the wild mob swept by on the quay. He found it "a most grotesque spectacle." Except for two detachments of men armed with guns, who led and closed the march, it was all composed of women, armed with all manner of strange weapons — sticks, forks, pikes, anything. They were decked out with ribbons of all colors; they alternated cries for bread with cries of "To Versailles!" they danced, they sang, they seemed gay rather than menacing. Among them could be noted certain women of a better quality, whom they had picked up on their course and had compelled to accompany them. The

road was very muddy, and they were all splashed and stained to the waist. Thibaudau had a quick eye to see, and took notes with intelligence: his words serve us to see that amazing procession as it swept howling and singing on its way to Versailles, with the melancholy figure of Maillard moving, persuasive and punctilious, at its head.

The women whom Maillard led insisted upon going by way of the Tuileries Gardens. Even persuasive Maillard could not persuade them to another road. Therefore punctilious Maillard, with his official instincts, with his official manner, formally asked permission of the Swiss soldier at the gates. The Swiss refused, attempted to back his refusal by force, and went so far as to draw his sword upon Maillard. In a moment he was set upon, swept aside, disarmed, and thrown down, only rescued by Maillard's intervention from a worse fate, and the regiment of women tramped in triumph through the gardens to the Place Louis XV. and the Elysian Fields.

As the march lengthened the wild army swelled its numbers. The women led the van flourishing such weapons as they had, and dragging with them two pieces of cannon. At their heels came the Volunteers, the conquerors of the Bastille, and reinforcements from the faubourgs. At the Place Louis XV., or rather at the middle of the Elysian Fields, according to Maillard's own statement, they were joined by detachments of other women coming from all directions, and armed with all manner of strange weapons—broom-handles, lances, pitchforks, swords, pistols, and guns. None of the women apparently had any ammunition for their fire-arms, and some of them were all for pillaging the arsenal to find powder and ball. But Maillard, who was

very unwilling that this should be done, spoke them fair and earnestly, urging the disrespect they would show to the Assembly if they came so menacingly armed, as if to enforce what they should rather hope to win by prayers. He pleaded so earnestly and so well that he not merely dissuaded them from seeking for powder, but actually persuaded the majority of them to lay aside their arms altogether, though a certain number of the termagants resolutely clung to their weapons, and would by no means part from them. Under these conditions Maillard and his amazons set off afresh for Versailles after a short altercation with two new-comers, who professed to be ex-vivandières, but whom Maillard strongly suspected to be men in women's clothes. According to his own account, Maillard had a very trying time of it on the long march. He might very well be believed in this if he were not to be believed in anything else. He represents himself as making the most strenuous efforts to preserve peace and order at each village through which they passed, as making incessant appeals to his women to deserve well of their country by displaying exemplary conduct. He got them through Chaillot in order, but at Sèvres their clamor for food was so great that he had to halt, and with difficulty he managed to keep his following in comparative calm. Every door was closed in terror, and many of the men and women were for breaking down doors and pillaging shops; but Maillard, by persistently beating on his drum, gathered them together as well as he could, harangued them on their duties as good citizens who did not wish to be taken for bandits, and succeeded in keeping at least his own immediate following within bounds and in getting them some wine to drink. For this wine some paid and some did not,

but Maillard offered to pay for it as long as his money held out, and then to give an order on the city, which he felt sure that the city would honor. A little while later Maillard resumed his march, after appointing a kind of lieutenant to look after the ragged fringe of rascals who hung at the heels of the march, and who, as Maillard afterwards testified, behaved very decently and proved quite amenable to extempore authority. On the resumed march Maillard's chief difficulty was to save the lives of sundry imprudent citizens who must needs ride abroad with the hated black cockade in their hats. Their imprudence might have cost them their lives at the hands of the Mænads; but Maillard's plausibility, Maillard's pertinacity, preserved them, though each offender was promptly unhorsed and compelled to tramp ignominiously at the tail of his own steed, which was mounted instead by one of his conquerors. When at last the troops reached the outskirts of Versailles, Maillard once again harangued his amazons. He deprecated the display of the pieces of cannon; he urged that they should carry themselves in Versailles with an air rather of gayety than of revolt, as Versailles, knowing nothing of their purpose, might take their intentions to be hostile. The amazons expressed again, as before, the utmost readiness to obey Maillard's orders, and so, shouting "Long live Henry the Fourth!" and "Long live the king!" the amazing army marched into Versailles in the midst of the rapidly formed crowd that greeted them with responsive cries of "Long live our Parisian women!"

CHAPTER XVII

INTENSE EXCITEMENT IN PARIS AND VERSAILLES

WHILE Maillard was on the march with his unmanageable amazons and their yet more unmanageable tale of men, Paris was seething with excitement. The sound of the tocsin summoned the districts to assemble; the National Guards turned out; the old French Guard, which was now portion and parcel of the National Guard, occupied the Place de Grève amidst the enthusiasm of the crowd. The mob that had occupied the Town-Hall had been broomed out by the National Guard, and the members of the Assembly met to deliberate and to deal with the new difficulty. They sent to seek Bailly. Then they drew up an address to the National Assembly, warning it of the tumult in Paris. They declared that they knew of no better reason for the sudden disturbance than the display of cockades of other than the popular colors and the fear of the scarcity of bread. They added that as the insurrection broke out in several places at the same time, it was obviously premeditated and far from being finished. As some of the insurgents seemed to be determined to go to Versailles, the Paris Assembly judged it right at once to warn the National Assembly, so that they, in their turn, should inform the king and his ministers of what had happened.

Having despatched this message, the members then proceeded to consider the ever-pressing question of sub-

sistence. But the crowd in the Place de Grève began to grow impatient. They wanted something done, and they were determined that something should be done. A deputation composed of certain grenadiers of the old French Guard obtained an interview with Lafayette at the Town-Hall. Lafayette had come to the Town-Hall immediately on hearing of the disturbance, and had cooperated with Bailly in sending messages to the ministers at Versailles. Again and again, during the course of the long hours of that day, Lafayette, as he heard the people in the Place clamoring to march to Versailles, declared that he would not go to Versailles, and that the National Guard should not go. When the grenadiers of the French Guard saw him they assured him that they had undiminished confidence in his patriotism, but that they believed him to be deceived by the ministry. They insisted that they must go to Versailles to bring the king to Paris and avenge the insults offered to the national cockade by the Flanders Regiment and by the Body-Guard. It was a trying situation for Lafayette. It would not take much to turn the temper not merely of the mob, but of his own soldiers against him. Guns were aimed at him again and again as he parleyed with the soldiers and the people in the open Place. When he sought to return to the Town-Hall his men detained him, expressing the wish, which, under the circumstances, was a command, that he should not leave them. At last Lafayette in despair declared that he could not leave without a special order from the Communal Assembly. Very soon after an order was brought to him, in which the Communal Assembly, declaring its readiness to meet the wishes of the people, authorized Lafayette to proceed to Versailles. It was no doubt the best thing that could be done under the cir-

cumstances. If an armed mob had already marched upon Versailles, it was high time that some disciplined force should be sent to preserve order. Such, at least, was the decision of the Communal Assembly, and Lafayette had no choice but to obey its decree. At a little before five o'clock Lafayette gave the order to march amidst the wildest enthusiasm on the part of the victorious mob.

An irregular body of some eight hundred men, variously armed with guns, pikes, and sticks, preceded a regular advance guard, formed of three companies of grenadiers and one of fusiliers with three pieces of cannon. Then the National Guard defiled by in three columns with its artillery. In its ranks, according to an observer, there were to be seen none but citizen soldiers, but every now and then in the intervals between one company and another were to be seen ill-clad and ill-armed fellows whom the spectator took to be vagabonds, that the advancing army wished rather to remove from Paris than hoped to turn to any advantage elsewhere. Lafayette, with a heavy heart, rode with his men. The Revolution was certainly taking a very different turn from that which had been looked for by the impetuous young soldier who had raised the demand for summoning the States-General only two short years before. Whatever his thoughts may have been, he could scarcely have conjured up gloomier possibilities than the events that waited unborn in the immediate future.

In the meantime Versailles was throbbing with excitement. From about eleven in the morning stragglers, couriers, visitors, kept bringing in news of the fermentation in Paris. News soon reached the Assembly, would seem first to have reached Mirabeau. On that morning, October 5, the Assembly had met, ac-

ording to its custom, between nine and ten. It had to consider a letter from the king in which the king expressed a qualified measure of approbation of the constitutional decrees and the Declaration of the Rights of Man which had been submitted to him three days earlier, but none the less adjourned his sanction on the ground that some of the principles of the declaration might be capable of misinterpretation.

The king's letter lashed the extreme men to fury. Muguet de Nanthou declared that it was ambiguous and insidious. Robespierre maintained that it was destructive, not merely of any constitution, but even of the national right to have a constitution. Pétion of Villeneuve scaled the tribune to denounce the banquet of the Body-Guard on the preceding Thursday, October 1. Pétion's vehement attack was gravely and strongly supported by Mirabeau. He passed from reprobation of what he called an orgy to investigation of the royal letter, and suggested that the Assembly might be well advised to say to the king what the jester said to Philip II., "What would you do, Philip, if all the world said no, when you said yes?" Mirabeau insisted that the troops should be restrained, that offensive banquets which mocked the public misery should be prohibited. Mirabeau called upon the king to explain satisfactorily his letter.

The temperance of Mirabeau's tone lent a sobriety to the debate which was speedily dissipated by a deputy of the right, M. de Monspey, who was foolish enough to lead the discussion back to Pétion's denunciation, and to demand that Pétion should lay it in written form upon the table of the Assembly. Mirabeau immediately leaped to his feet in one of those moments of impulse which so often governed him. He declared that though

he thought the denunciation at the moment unpolitic, he was prepared to indorse and support it on the condition that the Assembly should declare that the person of the king alone was inviolable, and that all other individuals in the State, whosoever they might be, were equally subject and responsible to the law. Amidst the clamor that his speech provoked, Mirabeau, according to some witnesses, added, as he resumed his seat, that he would denounce the queen herself and the Duke de Guiche, who was one of the captains of the Guard. It has been said that Mirabeau brought in the queen's name to frighten the Assembly from proceeding further in the matter. His contemporaries have declared that he said as much after the discussion was over. Other witnesses, however, assert that the mention of the queen's name came from one of the seats of the spectators, who then as afterwards played so prominent a part in the deliberations of the Assembly.

However that may be, an instant after he had sat down Mirabeau rose and went behind the chair of Mounier, the President of the Assembly, who was trying vainly to bring the house back to the consideration of the letter of the king. Mirabeau had received some communication from outside. Leaning, he whispered to the president, "Mounier, Paris is marching upon us." Mounier replied dryly that he knew nothing of it. "Believe me or don't believe me, as you please," said Mirabeau; "I care little, but Paris, I tell you, is marching upon us. Pretend to be unwell, hasten to the palace, give them the warning; say, if you like, that the warning comes from me, I am quite willing; but stop this scandalous controversy; time presses, there is not a moment to be lost." Mounier, according to his version of the hurried conversation, answered that it was so much

the better. "They have only to kill us all—all, you understand—the affairs of the republic would only gain." "Sir," answered Mirabeau, according to Mounier, "the phrase is neat." Mirabeau, however, insisted that Mounier said, "So much the better, we shall the sooner be a republic," and Mirabeau afterwards observed, "If we remember the black humors that vexed Mounier, if we call to mind that he looked upon me as the firebrand of Paris, we shall find that this phrase, which has more character in it than the poor fugitive ever showed after, only did him honor."

In any case, Mounier did presently resign the presidential chair to the Archbishop of Langres and go to the palace, unaware that the king was absent on a hunting-party. Mounier presently returned to the Assembly, and messengers were soon despatched to find the king, who at once returned to Versailles when he heard of the trouble in Paris. "They come for bread," he is reported to have said to those who accompanied him; "if it had depended upon me, they should not have waited until they came to ask it of me." When he got to the palace the Count of Luxembourg asked him for orders. "Orders!" said the king, "orders against women! You are jesting." The queen was hurriedly summoned by M. de Saint-Priest from the grotto in the Trianon Gardens to join the king.

In the absence of Mounier the Assembly voted a deputation to the king, calling upon him to accept as they were the decrees and the Declaration of Rights. Immediately after this Mirabeau quitted the Assembly and did not return again for the rest of the afternoon. There are wild legends as to the way in which he employed the hours of that afternoon, legends which may be considered in due course. For the moment it is

enough to note that at four o'clock, when Maillard and his women arrived in Versailles, neither Mirabeau nor the Duke of Orleans was in his place at the Assembly.

At the Palace a hasty council of ministers discussed the situation. Saint-Priest had a straightforward plan. He was for fighting force with force. Let the Flanders Regiment and the Swiss Guards hold the bridges over the Seine. Let the queen and royal family take refuge at Rambouillet, where the Chasseurs of the Regiment of Lorraine were stationed. Let the king get on his horse and ride at the head of his two hundred Chasseurs des Evêchés and his eight hundred Body-Guards, meet the Parisian troops, command them to return, and if they refuse give the order to charge upon them. In case the conflict were not successful for the royal arms, the king was immediately to retreat upon Rambouillet. Saint-Priest has been accused of inciting to civil war. As a matter of fact the civil war had practically begun, and he only proposed to fight rather than surrender. Necker, on the other hand, was all for surrender. He considered that a display of force strong enough to irritate, not strong enough to compel, would expose the king to great peril, and that the best bulwark of the king's safety was the love of his people. The ministers were divided : De Beauvais, De la Luzerne, and La Tour-du-Pin were all for Saint-Priest's policy. Montmorin, the Archbishop of Vienne, and the Archbishop of Bordeaux were all for Necker's plan of conciliation. The king, as usual, was undecided, could not make up his mind to any plan, could think of nothing better than to consult the queen. The queen absolutely refused to leave the king, because of her devotion to him, according to some ; because, according to others, she knew

that she was the especial object of the animosity of the Parisians, and that she would be safer with the king than elsewhere. Such would seem to be the meaning of the evidence of Thierry, the king's valet de chambre, given before the Châtelet.

Such undecided decision as might be arrived at under these conditions of conflicting counsel was to wait upon events. The Body-Guards drew themselves up in order of battle on the Place d'Armes, before the gate facing the Avenue de Paris. The Regiment of Flanders occupied the same ground, defending the palace with its right wing and deploying its left wing towards the Avenue de Saint-Cloud. Soon after the Versailles Guard spread itself out in a parallel line from the gate as far as the Avenue des Sceaux. Waiting upon events, they had not long to wait.

While the king's ministers were fuming and fretting, while the king was vacillating, while the queen alone seemed of all the courtly party to have her mind made up as to what she would or would not do, while the Assembly was still somewhat weakly discussing the unnecessary, Maillard and his monstrous regiment had threaded their way through the Versailles streets and the Versailles crowd, and had come to the door of the Assembly. This was or seemed to be their journey's end, their butt, the very seamark of their utmost sail, and, not unnaturally, every woman Jill of all the women that howled at the heels of Maillard wanted immediately to be ushered into the hall where the national deputies sat and span words. Once again Maillard, face to face with a great emergency, proved himself equal to it, proved himself persuasive, punctilious. With his easy eloquence, with his easy plausibility, he convinced his shrieking sisterhood that nothing would be more unseemly, more

uncomely, than for the whole bulk and body of them to force their way into the chamber. The ideal thing was to send a delegation, a specimen, as it were, of the womankind, to keep Maillard company, and the ideal number of that delegation would be fifteen. Once again, overcrowded by Maillard's persuasiveness, the women gave way. Fifteen of their number were chosen by some rude process of selection or election, and those fifteen accompanied Maillard in his solemn procession from the door to the bar of the National Assembly.

It was not, indeed, the first time in the course of history that a rabble of women had endeavored to interfere with the authority and direct the course of a Revolutionary Assembly. The English Revolution, which, with all its differences from, was to afford so many parallels to the French Revolution, provides the curious with a similar instance, that was very dissimilar in its results. When, in the April of 1649, Lilburne the Leveller was on trial for his opinions, on the 23d of the month a great crowd of women came down to Westminster and tried to get permission to appear at the bar of the House to speak their demand for Lilburne's release. But the Cromwellian Parliamentarians were men of a different temper from the deputies of the National Assembly. They had asserted before sternly and sharply enough that no one would be permitted to interfere with the course of justice, and they greeted their monstrous regiment of women with no such toleration as that which the gentlemen of Versailles accorded to Maillard and his Mænads. The women who worshipped Lilburne were not allowed so much as to cross the threshold of the House of Commons, but were ordered, with a paternal irony, to "go home and wash their dishes." There was nobody in the National Assembly

bold enough to treat the women of Paris after this fashion. Mirabeau, who might have done so, was not present, and the women had it all their own way. No one bade them to pack home and wash their dishes.

It was a great moment for Maillard. The eye of the Assembly, implicitly the eye of Europe, was upon him. On his own showing he did not make the least of his opportunity. He was only twenty-six years of age. Three months before he had been as nameless, as unimportant, as the obscurest man in France; but to-day, on October 5, 1789, he faced the assembled delegates of the nation with the composure and the cool blood of a statesman and a hero. He demanded the right to speak, and the right was at once accorded to him. It is a curious picture of the condition of the time that an unknown adventurer at the head of a mob of women could thus indifferently enter the Parliament House and claim, with no man to say him nay, the right to be listened to. Maillard was listened to while he made his speech, while he showed that Paris was in a state of famine, that the people were driven to despair, that they not only demanded bread, but that they demanded justice upon the monopolizers. From these economic questions Maillard passed to other matters. He declared that the Body-Guard had insulted the national cockade, and that this insult called for public reparation, such reparation to consist in the immediate assumption by the Body-Guard of the national cockade, which, as Maillard dexterously observed, was also the cockade of the king. Duquesnoy, who does not seem to have known Maillard's name, describes him as a man passably clad, speaking with great facility and in a very pure style. In this pure style Maillard made his demands. And every

demand that Maillard made was driven home by the clamor of his womankind.

A rumor that the Body-Guard had adopted the national cockade lulled for the moment the clamor of the womankind. But it soon rose again, now against the Flanders Regiment, now in demand for bread. The Assembly, practically helpless in the presence of the invading women, consented to send a deputation to the king, headed by President Mounier himself. The Bishop of Langres was again to preside in Mounier's absence, and Maillard declared that he would stay in the Assembly and preserve order among the women. What Maillard promised there was, at least, the possibility that he might perform. Certainly the Assembly was quite powerless to keep the women in check.

The moment Mounier left the Assembly he found himself, to his dismay, followed and surrounded by a mass of women, all of whom were eager to accompany him to the palace. After a great deal of argument, which seemed, for a time, as profitless as arguing with an advancing tide, he succeeded in persuading them to choose six of their number to represent the whole body in the presence of the king. But though the women agreed to this they were not to be persuaded to quit Mounier and his colleagues. They accompanied them, the strangest of escorts, on their way; and though before the palace the Body-Guard succeeded in dispersing them for a moment, they soon came together again, as vociferous, as imperative as ever.

They made, however, no attempt to force their way into the palace. Five of their number accompanied Mounier and his deputies into the king's presence. These five had chosen for a spokeswoman a girl named Pierrette Chabry, who seems to have been so overcome

at finding herself in the royal presence that her speech failed her and she fainted away. The king addressed her with gentleness and courtesy, gave her wine to drink, gave her a kiss with a gallantry that was half fatherly and wholly awkward, and promised that all they asked should be attended to.

The women left the presence in a rapture, but they were not received rapturously by their fellows outside. A glass of wine, a kiss, and a few civil words were not enough for them, and some of the fiercer spirits were all for strangling Pierrette Chabry for her easy acceptance of royal favor, and it would have gone hard with her if it had not been for the intervention of some of the Body-Guard. She was sent back to the palace to demand assurance in writing from the king that he would consider their grievances. The king wrote the required assurance, came on to the balcony in company with Pierrette, and showed himself to the crowd of women below, who greeted him with acclamations, and immediately sent off some of their number to Paris to spread the good news that the king had promised everything, and that all would yet be well.

But the bulk of the women remained; the crowd that their presence attracted grew momentarily greater; the conjunction of so many hostile forces rendered collision inevitable. It is not easy to ascertain how the inevitable collision came about. It is said that there was a kind of brawl between a Body-Guard and a militia-man; that the militia-man gave way before the Body-Guard, who had drawn his sword upon him, when a soldier of the National Guard came to his comrade's rescue, fired at the Body-Guard and broke his arm. But the precise way in which the latent passions were stirred into action, the particular form of scuffle which first changed a

passive and sullen ill-feeling into an exchange of blows with all its consequences, is not of vital importance. It is enough to know that something of the kind did take place, as indeed it was bound, under the conditions, to take place.

Those who were on the courtly side of the quarrel earned a dishonorable distinction for inaction and incapacity. No one seemed to have the right, no one seemed to have the power, no one seemed to have the intelligence, to keep order. From time to time D'Estaing, who was one of the principal commanders of the National Guard, made his appearance on the scene to reproach and argue with the Versailles militia, who received his reproaches with defiance and his arguments with disdain. His second in command, the Marquis de Gouvernet, was as incapable as his chief.

On the popular side there was much greater determination, much greater energy. One man, Laurent Lecointre, a Versailles cloth merchant, who held the rank of an officer in the civic militia, showed himself then to be rich in that insane energy which was to make him notorious in later years. He was here, there, and everywhere, stimulating activity, simulating heroism, loudly inculcating a policy of peace, deprecating violence, anxiously asking the growing groups the reason for their congregation. They answered that they wanted bread, and bread Lecointre promised to find for them if they would keep together in the one place and keep the peace.

But to promise bread was one thing, to get it and give it quite another. Lecointre appealed to the Versailles municipality; but the Versailles municipality, which was Royalist in its sympathies and resentful of the invasion of the town, had, or said it had, no bread

to give, and only made a vague promise, which it did not fulfil, of distributing some sacks of rice. The people, growing hungrier and angrier, drifted hither and thither, its vagabond humor rapidly becoming more dangerous. To add to their wretchedness and increase their resentment, as the night came on rain began to fall in torrents, soaking the starving and shelterless mob. All Versailles was full of noises ; the ringing of bells, the clamor of the crowd, the trampling of thousands of feet, the marching of armed men, blended with the sound of the driving rain.

Agitation and uncertainty ruled inside the palace as well as outside. Nobody knew what to do. The queen, as we are told by Madame de Tourzel, showed great composure, and gave evidence of that grandeur of soul and courage which had always characterized her. Her countenance, we are assured, was noble and dignified ; her face was calm. Though she could not deceive herself in regard to all she had to fear, nobody could perceive the slightest trace of anxiety. She reassured everybody, thought of everything, and occupied herself much more with those who were dear to her than with her own personal safety. We may very well believe this picture. It is part of the business of princes to meet possible danger with composure. She came of a courageous stock, in any case, and she showed, time and again, fortitude in the face of terrors.

But others in the royal palace were less self-restrained, less resolute, than the queen. Whatever one counselled another negatived. The Marquis de Favras, fiery-tempered, was all for gathering together the gentlemen of the court, bidding them mount their horses and charge the mob. Count d'Estaing, earnestly entreated to do something, did nothing, declaring that he awaited the

orders of the king. The king had apparently no orders to give, and Saint-Priest urged that in a case where the king gave no orders it was the duty of a general to decide and to act like a soldier. But D'Estaing could not decide, could not act.

Saint-Priest seems to have played the most manly part played by any one, except the woman who was queen, among those who stood near to the king during those October hours. It is told of him that he said to one of the women who came from Paris and who cried out for bread, the saying which has long been associated with his name, the saying for which Mirabeau reproached him—"Formerly," he said, "you had only one king, and did not want for bread. To-day you have twelve thousand kings; it is from them that you must ask for it." It should be remembered, and seldom is remembered, that Saint-Priest's own version is different. According to that, he said that the king had done everything that lay in his power to supply the failure of the late harvest, and that calamities of this kind should be borne with patience, as men had to bear with drought when rain failed. It is not very important, after all, whether Saint-Priest uttered an epigram or preached patience. In either case the bread was wanting; in neither case would the answer serve the turn. But Saint-Priest was more than a mere phraser of aphorisms. The king had summoned a council, which had assembled when a letter from Lafayette was put into the hands of Saint-Priest. It was dated from Autenil; it assured him that the Parisian National Guard was going to arrive, and that it guaranteed that there should be no disorder. Saint-Priest doubted, as he was wise to doubt, the weight of Lafayette's assurances. He insisted that in spite of them the wisest course the king

could pursue would be to leave for Rambouillet at once with his family and an escort of regular troops. It is possible that if Saint-Priest's advice had been taken at the time when he tendered it the course of French history might have been different. But it was not taken then, not followed until it was far too late. Necker strongly opposed the proposal, and his vehemence greatly influenced the king. Even a stronger man than Louis XVI. might very well be perplexed by his position. He disliked the thought of flying from his enemies in the first place. In the next he knew very well that his flight would rejoice the hearts of his enemies. It would certainly rejoice the heart of Mirabeau, for it would leave the world for Mirabeau to bustle in. In the absence of the king, it would be as easy as lying to set up the Duke of Orleans as a sort of regent, and the regency of Orleans would mean the rule of Mirabeau. It is possible that the king appreciated all this; it is probable that he was humanely influenced by fears for the safety of those whom he would be obliged to leave behind him and undefended. Still, Saint-Priest stuck to his point. He insisted with a prophetic insistence that if the king were to suffer himself to be taken to Paris by the populace, his crown was lost. Between Saint-Priest and Necker the king vacillated, procrastinated. At last he went to consult the queen, and at last the queen decided him in favor of departure. But if departure had been at all possible when Saint-Priest first proposed it, it was now no longer possible. In the damp darkness of that October evening, when it was nearly ten o'clock, a number of carriages, some five in all, drawn by teams of six and eight horses, were brought to the Grille du Dragon. As far as it was possible to make the attempt seem inconspicuous, every-

thing was done. The coachmen and the postilions wore no livery, and, risking one peril to avoid another, the escort was composed only of a few horsemen in civilian garb. But the presence of any carriages, of any horsemen, was enough to rouse the suspicions of those who watched the palace. The citizen soldiery that served under Lecointre were not the men to let even the most unassuming preparations for flight pass unchallenged. Madame Campan says that the challenge first came from one whom she describes as a miserable mummer from the town theatre. Weber ascribes the arrest simply to the National Guard of the street of the Orangery. Whoever made the challenge, the challenge was made; the carriages were stopped, refused leave to go out, and were conveyed back under armed escort to the royal stables. Naturally no resistance was attempted. Any resistance would then have been too late, as the intended flight was too late. A few hours earlier the king and queen might have made their way easily enough to Rambouillet and altered the course of history. Now escape was impossible; they were both prisoners, and destined to remain prisoners.

In the meantime the condition of the National Assembly was hourly growing more ludicrous and more dangerous. Maillard's multitude of women, no longer limited to a mere delegation, swarmed all over the place, not to be restrained, not to be appeased. The deputies made a feeble pretence of going on with their session under the most grotesque conditions, with the women clambering over all the benches, clustering round the secretaries, forcing kisses upon popular representatives, denouncing those who were unpopular, insulting the Bishop of Langres, who occupied the presidential chair in the absence of Mounier, and alternately calling for

food and clamoring for Mirabeau. Their incoherent cries took the coherent form of a demand that bread should be taxed at six liards the pound, and meat at eight sous. As the Assembly was unable immediately to comply with these requests, the demands turned to menaces; wild orators spoke with hands uplifted to strike traitors. The Bishop of Langres, hustled and threatened, could think of nothing better than to adjourn the sitting. He hurriedly left his chair, which was promptly occupied by one of the women, to the delight of her companions and to the disgust of such of the deputies as curiosity or courage tempted to remain and see the strange scene out. It would, however, indeed seem as if all the blame of all the disorder did not wholly rest with Maillard's Mænads. Duquesnoy reproaches bitterly the conduct of certain members of the Assembly, who left their seats to chatter and chaffer with the invading women, and makes it plain that Royalist gentlemen, or at least one Royalist gentleman, namely, Barrel Mirabeau, chose to take the whole business in a jocular spirit, and to toy amicably and even amatively with the prettiest of the women who came to hand. Thus, sighs the shocked spectator, the most indecent scene imaginable was enacted in the sanctuary of the representatives of the first people in the world.

During all this while the deputation headed by Mounier did not return from the palace. One of its members—indeed, none other than Doctor Guillotin—did straggle back with verbal assurances that the king was determined to do everything in his power for the provisioning of Paris and the free circulation of grain. This announcement woke a temporary flicker of loyal enthusiasm among the invaders of the Assembly. But the enthusiasm soon died away, and once again noise

and disorder dominated the hall. In the meantime Mounier was waiting wearily, anxiously, at Versailles for the king's approval of the Declaration of Rights, was driven at last to threaten resignation if the approval was not given. At the end of five hours the king sent for him and gave his consent verbally. Mounier, perhaps with the memory of the market-girls warm in his mind, asked for the consent in writing, and got it. So far armed and so far successful, Mounier returned with all speed to the National Assembly.

The sight he saw there was sufficiently startling to shock a less grave and formal statesman than Mounier. The hall, which he regarded as the temple of French liberty, was thronged with raving women and riotous soldiers. The president's chair, deserted by its bishop, served as the throne for a market-woman. Mounier managed to eject his curious lieutenant. He summoned the absent deputies by the roll of the drum; he announced to the excited audience the king's acceptance unconditionally of the Declaration of Rights; he instigated an attempt to return to formality and order by initiating a discussion on the reform of the criminal laws. But the women and the soldiery, who were encamped in the hall, cared little for such things. They were faint from long fasting; they clamored for food. Mounier saw that there was nothing for it but to accept the situation with as good a grace as possible. He gave orders that the people should be fed, and the caterer for the Assembly accordingly supplied the mob not only with food, but also with wine and other liquors. A wild, popular banquet immediately began and endured; the guests were still noisy, but less menacing than before; with the tamed hunger there came a tamer temper, and the deputies struggled along as best they might

with their semblance of governing the country, with their semblance of reforming the criminal laws.

This strange feast was at its height when the beating of many drums and the blazing of many torches announced the arrival at Versailles of the Parisian army with Lafayette at its head. Just before entering Versailles Lafayette halted his troops in the driving rain and made them solemnly renew their civic oath of allegiance to the nation, to the law, and to the king. Having so far reassured himself as to the loyalty of his troops, he resumed his march, halted his wet and weary army in the avenue, and presented himself at the National Assembly, where he offered his respects to Mounier, who assured him of the king's acceptance of the Declaration of Rights and demanded the reason of Lafayette's military visit. Lafayette, on his side, assured Mounier of the fidelity of the troops, assured him that they had no intention of imposing any law upon the Assembly. These assurances given and taken, Lafayette hurried to the palace to place himself at the king's orders.

While Lafayette was on his way, the king sent to the National Assembly to summon Mounier and his fellow-deputies to be at his side when he received the general of the Parisian army. But Lafayette was too quick for them. In company with the two commissioners of the Commune, he presented himself at the closed gate of the court of the palace crowded with Swiss Guards. At first admission was refused to him ; when Lafayette insisted on entering, accompanied by the two commissioners, the captain of the guard expressed his surprise to see them alone. Lafayette answered composedly and aloud that he would always trust himself with confidence to the brave men of the Swiss Guard. At length

the gate was opened, and Lafayette entered the palace. As he passed through the Bull's Eye, crowded with men and women, some one of the spectators is reported to have called out that it was Cromwell who had come among them. To this Lafayette answered with dignity that Cromwell would not have come alone.

Lafayette was received by the king surrounded by his ministers, his kinsmen, and his courtiers. Lafayette, always with an actor's eye to the dramatic side of any situation, promised the king that he had come to lay his life at the feet of his sovereign, and that if his blood must flow, it were better that it should be shed in the service of the king than by the light of the torches of the Place de Grève. The interview between the general and the king was not very long. Lafayette assured the king of the loyalty of the troops. The two commissioners of the Commune explained the needs and expounded the wishes of Paris: food in the first place, removal of the troops from Versailles in the second place. The king appealed to Necker, asking if he had not done all that he could to satisfy the first demand. The Count de Provence prompted him with the suggestion that it was not he but the Versailles municipality that had summoned the Flanders Regiment to the town. Lafayette, intrusted by the king with the task of relieving the posts occupied by the French Guards by men of the Parisian Guard, took leave of the king. He left just as the deputation from the Assembly arrived with Mounier at its head. The king made them a brief speech, in which he assured them that it was never his intention to depart, and that he never would withdraw himself from the National Assembly. Mounier immediately returned to the As-

sembly, which still struggled to deliberate in the midst of persistent disorder.

It was only at this moment that Mirabeau made his first appearance in the hall since he had quitted it early in the day. The women, who had been so long calling for Mirabeau, were now rejoiced to welcome him, but Mirabeau was less rejoiced at their welcome. The sight of the fluctuant mob, the sound of the shrill voices crying their persistent cry for more bread and less talk, irritated Mirabeau, and brought him to his feet with the angry question, Who dared to disturb the sitting? The fierceness of his manner, the popularity of his name, had their momentary effect. Like Cæsar, promising to hang the pirates in whose power he lay, Mirabeau denounced, defied the Mænads. His action succeeded in quieting the clamor, which gradually lessened as the hours grew longer. At a little before four o'clock there was comparative calm in the National Assembly. Mounier repeated the assurances of Lafayette that he would be responsible for the safety and order of the town, and on the motion of Mirabeau the sitting was adjourned to eleven o'clock of the next day.

The conduct of Mirabeau during those hours of his absence from the Assembly is, and will probably always be, a mystery. His enemies, of course, insist that he was in the swim of the conspiracy, that he had packed cards with Orleans, that the presence of Camille Desmoulins as his guest at his house, praising his wines and Maraschino, was a proof of his complicity with the Paris mob. Mirabeau was formally accused of passing those hours of absence in parading before the Flanders Regiment with a drawn sabre in his hand, and calling upon the soldiers to mutiny. Mirabeau deigned to defend himself with a willingness that ought to have

been superfluous. He protested against being made, even by calumny, to act so ridiculous a figure. He pointed out that though of the patrician rank, yet, as a member of the Third Estate, he always wore the habit of that order, and he declared that the appearance of a deputy of the Third Estate in black clothes, round hat, neck-cloth, and mantle, swaggering with sword in fist, at five of the afternoon, in the face of a regiment belonged solely to the kingdom of caricature. Whatever Mirabeau was he was in no wise an idiot or a fool, and we may very well let this charge fall to the ground. We do not know how he filled those hours: we may be very sure that he did not fill them in that fashion.

It is curious, here again, to read the comments made on events of these days while they were going on by *Gonveurneur Morris*. They represent not merely what society in Paris thought, but what so shrewd and sane an observer as *Morris* thought. To him the host of women going towards Versailles with cannon is merely "a strange manœuvre," and "this tumult is the continuation of last night—a wild, mad enterprise." At eight o'clock *Morris* went to the Louvre to take *Madame de Flahaut* to sup with *Madame Campellis*. *Campellis* assured them that the Flanders Regiment, the Versailles Militia, and the Body-Guard intended to give the Parisians a warm reception. "Lafayette has marched by compulsion, guarded by his own troops, who suspect and threaten him. Dreadful situation! Obligated to do what he abhors or suffer an ignominious death, with the certainty that the sacrifice of his life will not prevent the mischief." *Morris* went to supper, where there was "much discourse about what is to happen at Versailles, and we agree that our Parisians will be beaten, and we consider it as fortunate that they are gone." *Morris*,

on this occasion, goes so far as to venture the assurance that from this day forward the French army will return to its sovereign, presuming always that the Flanders Regiment will, as it is said, do its duty this night.

The observant American is animated by a profound contempt for the observed Parisians. In his notes for the memorable Monday, October 5th, he records an anecdote which has been told to him, and which, in his opinion, shows how the French nation is adapted to the enjoyment of freedom. The narrator of the anecdote was walking near a knot of people who were collected together listening to the harangue of an orator. The pith of the speech came to this: the people wanted bread. The reason for their want was that the king had enjoyed the suspensive veto for only three days, and already the aristocrats had bought suspensions and sent grain out of the kingdom. To which sensible and profound discourse his audience gave a hearty assent. Morris comments disdainfully: "Oh rare! These are the modern Athenians—alone learned, alone wise, alone polite, and the rest of mankind barbarians!" Morris's information does not always seem to have been very reliable, which adds to its value to us, because it shows the kind of rumors that were being bruited abroad through all those eventful hours. "I learn this evening," he writes, still on October 5th, "that several of the provinces are become discontented at the acts of the National Assembly, but principally with the city of Paris. At Madame de Flahaut's the company at supper was reduced almost to a tête-à-tête. The guests all decline, from the public confusion."

Larevellière-Lépeaux has contributed his page to the story of October 5th and 6th—a page in which, as is usual with him, he plays a heroic part. The chronicles

of wasted time have ignored Larevellière-Lépeaux during those early days of the Revolution; but he has made amends to himself. He reflects upon the contrast between the night of July 13th and the night of October 5th as far as the Assembly was concerned. The events of the first evening were clear as light. Despotism did its best to crush the generous efforts of liberty. The deputies did, indeed, expect to die, but to die a death that should be of service to their country by its glorious example of a patriot's end, of a patriot's sacrifice. It was very different with the night of October 5th. Then all was a clash and a jangle of factions, whose proceedings were—the words are Larevellière-Lépeaux's—as hideous as they were atrocious. All the riff-raff who flooded the hall were voluble of menaces against the deputies. Many of those who appeared to be their leaders declared that if they had found the king fled from Versailles they would have redeemed their disappointment by cutting the throats of the representatives of the people. When the Assembly went to the palace, about midnight, in response to the invitation of the king, the Avenue de Paris, from the hall to the palace, was bordered by two dense ranks of this immense mass of ragamuffins, who entertained themselves by loudly expressed intentions of playing at bowls with the heads of the deputies. No wonder that Larevellière-Lépeaux found the situation anything but reassuring, and was rejoiced when, as the deputies reached the middle of the avenue, they heard the roll of the drums which announced the arrival of the National Guard from Paris. To one deputy, at least, the arrival of Lafayette seemed to signify salvation. He does not dare to guess what would have happened but for this timely arrival. Yet to him, as to the rest of

the world, the whole business remained a mystery. He could never, he declares, satisfactorily explain it to himself. But he gives it as his belief that it was the party of the Duke of Orleans who had pushed this multitude forward, in revenge for the project which the court was presumed to entertain of destroying the Orleanists and all the patriotic deputies by the aid of the swords of the Body-Guard and the bayonets of the Flanders Regiment. The Orleanist faction hoped, in its turn, to overthrow the court, to oblige it to give up the game, or, at least, to compel it by force to come to Paris. But Larevellière-Lépeaux was inclined to believe, from some of the threats and some of the utterances of the tumultuous band, that the court itself had partisans and accomplices in its ranks. He records, however, that the next day the Orleanists were all furious with the duke, their nominal chief, for his abandonment of the cause, and Menou, with whom Larevellière-Lépeaux had a long conversation on the subject, spoke with the bitterest chagrin and contempt of the lost leader.

Larevellière-Lépeaux may very well be forgiven for feeling uncomfortable as he and his colleagues paced their gloomy way at midnight through the rows of furious faces. But when once he got to the palace he recovered his equanimity sufficiently to play a favorite part of his—the part of the rebuker of aristocracy. As the cabinet of the king was not sufficiently large to hold all the deputies, some of the number remained in the room preceding it. All were exceedingly fatigued, and Larevellière-Lépeaux sat down to rest himself. Whereupon an usher advanced with all gravity towards him and ordered him to stand up again, as he had not the titles necessary to allow him to seat himself in the royal apartment. Here was an emergency of a kind

dear to Larevellière-Lépeaux. "I made the poor man," he says, "understand how badly he chose his time, and so dismissed him." The incident is of the slightest, and yet it has its significance. If there does seem a kind of incongruity in the ceremony of an usher who insists upon the observance of court etiquette at a moment when the monarchy is reeling and when murder is roaring at the palace gate, at least the incongruity is not unadmirable. The usher had his duty to do, a petty duty, perhaps a paltry duty, but at least he did it regardless of a changing world, and he shows perhaps more estimable than the deputy who took advantage of a tumult which alarmed him as much as anybody to defy the formalities in the house of a gentleman whom he still was good enough to regard as his king.

It was not, indeed, the first time that Larevellière-Lépeaux had asserted himself in defiance of aristocracy. Larevellière-Lépeaux, sitting there in his pride and deriding an usher, must needs, we may believe, have thought also with pride of his conduct on an earlier occasion. The world has remembered Mirabeau's famous altercation with De Brézé. Larevellière-Lépeaux, in his memoirs, makes himself the hero of a yet earlier altercation with De Brézé—an altercation, however, that was less successful in its result. It took place on the very day of the opening of the States-General, just as the deputies of the Third Estate, marching at the head of the procession, entered the church of Saint-Louis. The deputies of the Third Estate seated themselves by mistake on the places reserved for the nobles and the clergy. Thereupon a fine young gentleman made his appearance, tall, well made, robed in a mantle gleaming with gold and precious stones, his fingers covered with diamonds and his head caparisoned with plumes of an astonishing

whiteness. An ebony wand adorned with an ivory handle, which he carried with grace, was the mark of his high functions. He shone with a marvellous brilliance in the midst of the sombre cloud formed by the mass of the deputies of the Third, in their black habits. This shining star was the Marquis de Brézé, grand master of the ceremonies. De Brézé asked the deputies to take the places reserved for them. Larevellière-Lépeaux, according to his own story, immediately constituted himself the spokesman of the Third Estate, wrangled sharply with De Brézé, rated him roundly, read him a little lecture upon the importance of the Third Estate and the comparative insignificance of the two other orders, and was all for staying where he was by a kind of squatter's right. The altercation lasted some seconds: the Third Estate uncomfortable and hesitating, the nobles and clergy standing sullen and impatient, De Brézé bewildered, fluttering between anger and anxiety, Larevellière-Lépeaux dignified, determined, and majestic. He even seems to have addressed to the grand master a little lecture upon the march of intellect since 1614, when the arrangements of the last States-General had afforded a precedent for the present arrangements, and he concluded sternly and firmly by saying to De Brézé: "Go, sir, and give your orders elsewhere, for you have none to give here." The arguments of De Brézé, however, if they found Larevellière-Lépeaux inflexible, had some effect upon his colleagues, who rose in a body and withdrew to the seats appointed for them, carrying with them in their retreat Larevellière-Lépeaux for all his Roman resolution. He found consolation for this check, however, a little later, by being the first to change the suit of sables appointed by ceremony as the garb of the Third Estate for colored clothes, and by

angrily haranguing and berating the Marquis de la Galissonnière, his noble co-deputy, for commenting upon his infringement of the regulations. These episodes, trifling in themselves, are yet interesting and even valuable as showing the temper of many of the deputies of the Third Estate, their evident anxiety to contest all privileges and to come into contest with the privileged, and their eagerness to assert themselves as the champions of the new order of things. Larevellière-Lépeaux was by no means a Mirabeau, but he evidently liked to think that he, too, had played, and played more than once, the part of a Mirabeau in rebuking a court official.

Larevellière-Lépeaux adds, however, an interesting addition to the episode of Mirabeau's famous retort to De Brézé, which is of more importance than his own little bickerings with authority, and which he gives on the authority of D'André, who made one of the minority of the nobles who were anxious for the establishment of a constitutional government in France. According to D'André, when De Brézé brought back to the court the defiance of Mirabeau, the order was immediately given to two or three squadrons of the Body-Guard to march against the Assembly and to drive out the mutinous deputies, if necessary, at the sword-point. This armed force was actually on its way when it was observed by a little group of the advanced nobles which was gathered on a terrace adjoining the lodgings of one of the Crillons. The group included Lafayette, the two Crillons, D'André, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, and the Duke de Liancourt. When this little cluster of gentlemen saw the advancing soldiers, and learned their errand, they resolved either to aid the threatened deputies or to share their fate. They left the terrace, they barred the path of the advancing

military, they drew their swords, and declared to the commander of the detachment that he should only make his way to the deputies of the Third Estate over their bodies. At first the commander was for trying to force his way, but when the nobles held their ground he did not venture to take upon himself the responsibility of dealing summarily with such illustrious opponents, and he accordingly withdrew with his men to take further orders in this strange emergency. The court, alarmed by this defiance on the part of great nobles and gentlemen, countermanded the original order. "The fact," says Larevellière-Lépeaux, "is notorious, and I have no doubt whatever about its details. D'André was neither an impostor nor a braggart, and all the men who were his companions were quite capable of any kind of grand and noble action." The story may be true. If it were, it would make the extraordinary inaction of the court in the face of the defiance of the Third Estate a little less amazing. It may have been, if not invented, at least imagined afterwards by those who wished the nobles of advanced views to play as brilliant a part as possible in the story of the time, or by those who wished to diminish the magnitude of the part played by Mirabeau. In any case it is of sufficient moment to call for record here, even if out of its due place and at the cost of a digression.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FIGHT IN THE PALACE

THROUGH all the watches of that October night the Leaguer of Insurrection watched the palace. All the forces of riot, of bloodshed, were latent in the multitude that choked the ways of Versailles, that huddled round bonfires, that fed when it could off ill-roasted horse-flesh, that drank whatever drink patriotism, or Orleanism, might provide, that sang barbaric lewd songs and danced savage dances. It needed very little to fuse those forces suddenly into a single force, to give those obscene voices a common cry, those armed hands a common purpose. The rabble of Paris, the rabble of Versailles, spurred with hunger, with hate, drunk with unwonted bounty of liquor, drunk with mysterious promises, mysterious prompting, drunk with the instinctive desire of the savage to destroy, were drunk above all with success. For it was success to the rabble of Paris to be thus camped there in arms, to have marched upon Versailles unopposed, to have seen order wither before them as grass withers before a prairie fire, to have domineered over the National Assembly, to have invested the palace of a king. They might do as they pleased, there seemed to be no one to say them nay; the slightest chance might set mischief afoot work what way they would. The chance came.

In order to understand the extraordinary events of

this day it is necessary to have in the mind some clear picture of the theatre in which these events took place. In the present day the observer who passes the great gateway that gives on to the Place d'Armes finds himself in a vast courtyard that extends without interruption from the gateway to the buildings. But in the reign of Louis XVI. another gateway existed, a gateway placed between the two wings of the palace, very much on the spot where the equestrian statue of Louis XIV. now stands. The space that lay between the first gateway and the second gateway was called the Court of Ministers, because of the buildings on each side which were occupied by the ministers of state. Then, as now, this Court of Ministers had two gates, one giving on the Rue de la Surintendance, stretching to the left as the observer advanced towards the palace, and nowadays known as the Rue de la Bibliothèque; the other giving on the Rue des Réservoirs, which stretched to the right. After the Court of Ministers came the Royal Court, which extended to the small space situated between the old parts of the palace of Louis XIII.; and named then, as it is named now, the Court of Marble, on account of its pavement. This Court of Marble is the highest pavement in the palace, being four hundred and sixty-six feet above the level of the sea and three hundred and ninety-five feet higher than the waters of the Seine at Sèvres. Both the Royal Court and the Court of Marble which rises from it were enclosed by the handsome buildings of the palace, with their pillars and balconies, their pilasters and statues in the ornamental style of the grand century. In the south wing of the palace, hard by the Court of Ministers, was another small court known as the Court of the Princes, because it was in that part of the palace occu-

ped by the princes of the blood. It also was guarded by a gateway. Neighbor to the Marble Court was the Marble Staircase, which led to the apartments of the king and queen. At the top, facing the staircase, was the Great Hall of the Body-Guards. At the left a landing led to the Hall of the King's Guards. After this hall came the king's antechamber, the Hall of the Bull's Eye, then the bedroom of Louis XIV., then the Hall of the Council of Ministers, and finally, to the right of this last hall, the bedroom of Louis XVI. At the right-hand side of the Marble Staircase was a door which led to the apartments of the queen. These were, first, the hall of her guards, then her first antechamber, which was also called the Salon du Grand-Couvert, then her second antechamber, called the Salon de la Reine, and then the queen's bedroom. At the end of the queen's bedroom, near the bed, was a hidden door opening upon a dark corridor coming out upon the Bull's Eye, and at the entrance of this corridor was a small staircase leading to a passage of the entresol called the Passage of the King, because it communicated with the king's apartments and permitted the king to visit the queen's rooms without being seen. This passage no longer exists, as it was destroyed at the time of the creation of the Historical Museum; but the little door by the queen's bed is still to be seen, surmounted by Madame Lebrun's portrait of Marie Antoinette. Such was the disposition of the courts, staircases, halls, rooms, and corridors which were to be the scenes of such strange, such terrible events.

Of the events of that night, as of all the important events of the Revolution, it is singularly difficult to get a clear account. Evidence is not wanting, evidence in abundance, evidence of eye-witnesses, of men and wom-

en playing conspicuous parts in the events, of writers qualified to sift and judge; but the accounts conflict with each other in the most bewildering manner. It is, however, certain that a large number of the rabble, men and women, whether instigated by conspirators or animated merely by their desire for violence and their detestation of the queen, succeeded in effecting an entrance into the gardens of the palace. That the palace should have been left so ill defended is one of the wonders of history. It is said that the mob found a gate unfastened, or at least so slightly fastened that it needed but the snapping of a frail chain to set it open. The invaders made their way into the gardens, gathering confidence as they advanced, in the gray light of the slowly breaking winter morning. As the crowd came into the Royal Court a shot was fired, and one of their number fell dead. The Royalist account is that the shot came from the ranks of the rabble; the Revolutionist account is that the shot was fired by one of the Body-Guard from a window of the palace as soon as he saw the hostile crowd in the court. Neither account is certain; either is possible. A gun might very well go off in the inexperienced hands of one of the assailants; the story of the shot fired by the Body-Guard is tainted by the approval of the Duke of Orleans. It is not very likely that the provocation for so serious and so unequal a struggle came from the few defenders of the palace, yet it must be remembered that it may be a sentinel's duty to fire under any conditions upon men who defy his challenge. At all events, a shot was fired, one of the crowd was killed, and in a moment the intentions of the invaders, whatever they may have been at first, became murderous. They swept through the Royal Court into the Marble Court, and in another minute

the palace was practically at the mercy of a band of yelling madmen.

At the foot of the grand staircase two Body-Guards stood sentinel, their names Deshuttés and Varigny. They made a brief, ineffectual effort to defend their post; they were instantly overborne, flung to the ground, struck and stabbed at by yelling men, by yelling women, covered with wounds the least a death to nature. Their dead bodies were immediately beheaded in the Marble Court by a ruffian named Jourdan, who had learned the headsman's trick and learned to love it when he was a slave in Morocco. He had been many things in his forty years of life—butcher, farrier, muleteer, soldier, slave. In this October of 1789 he called himself a wine-merchant; for the rest of his hideous life he was to be the merchant of a redder juice. He seems to have been mastered by a mere lust for blood; he had boasted ere this that his were the hands to tear the hearts of Foulon and Berthier from their bodies; he revelled now in his hangman's task. The heads were hewn off and stuck on the points of pikes.

In the meantime the mob surged towards the grand staircase. On the staircase stood certain men of the Body-Guard. One of them, Miomandre de Sainte-Marie, stepped four steps down the stair and faced the mob of pike-armed men, who seemed to be led by a militia-man of the Guard of Versailles, his hands all blackened with charcoal, and by a common soldier. "Friends," said Miomandre, "you love your king; why, then, do you disturb him in his palace?" The only answer the invaders made was to clutch at him with hands eager to drag him to his death. But his comrades were quicker to seize him, to drag him up the steps again, to drag him within the doors of their room,

to shut the doors, if only for an instant, in the face of their enemies. Only for an instant, indeed. A hundred hands were beating at those doors, the frail doors of a royal palace ; a hundred axes were splintering the panels into match-wood, a hundred pike-heads were ripping their way through the shivering defence. As the doors cracked, gaped, and yielded, the men of the Body-Guard fled across the dim, vacant hall, noisy now with the clatter of their feet and the crashing behind them, ran into the next room and shut with the same desperation, with the same hopelessness, the delicate, painted, fragile doors behind them. It was as vain as if a man should seek to stay a forest fire with a palisade of feathers. The mob dashed in, driving the Body-Guard from hall to hall, in their wild flight for life.

In the Grand Hall one of the Body-Guard was waiting—Guillaume François Tardivet du Repaire, a soldier and a Parisian—meditating, possibly, upon the events of the previous day. He had seen, on the evening of the 5th, the crowd of women come out of the king's apartments, proclaiming that they had got what they came for, and were going back to Paris. One of these women, in her enthusiasm, embraced Tardivet du Repaire, scarcely to his satisfaction. The rest of the night, however, was sufficiently tranquil, as far as he was concerned, until two o'clock in the morning, when Du Repaire was on duty as sentinel at one of the gates. Then, in the dim light, a man whose features he could not distinguish came up to the gate and thrust a pike through the bars at Tardivet, threatening him with foul speech. Tardivet and his companions were under orders to do nothing in response to the provocations of the mob ; so he immediately withdrew into the sentry-box, leaving his assailant to rage and menace darkness

as he pleased. As the night wore on Du Repaire's guard was relieved, and at six o'clock he was waiting in the Great Hall when he suddenly heard trampling feet, heard hoarse voices shouting out imprecations against the queen, and yelling horrid assurances that they had come to eat her heart. He instantly ran at the top of his speed to the door of the queen's apartment, in the hope of preventing the unknown invaders from entering. As he got in front of the door leading to the queen's rooms a crowd of men and women flung themselves upon him, seizing him by his shoulder-belt and hurling him to the ground. They shrieked at him that they were going to kill him; they rained blows upon every part of his body; they dragged him, struggling and defending himself as best he might, towards the head of the great staircase, where they proposed to cut off his head. At this moment a man, whose features he could not note, lifted a pike and aimed it to pierce Du Repaire's breast; but Du Repaire, with the quickness of despair, caught at the levelled weapon and clung to it desperately. The assailant, trying to wrench it from the soldier's grasp, dragged Du Repaire to a sitting posture, which gave him a greater opportunity to exert his strength, and he succeeded in tearing the weapon from the hands of his assassin. Thus armed, he defended himself anew, parrying blow after blow that his enemies struck at him. His desperate defence had served its turn; that it had saved his own life was not of the first moment to so brave a soldier; his defence had done a great deed; it had diverted for the moment the attack upon the queen's door; it had afforded time for another gallant soldier to take Du Repaire's place at that post.

In his flight Miomandre de Sainte-Marie found him-

self opposite the windows of the Great Hall, and saw how the sentinel at the door of the queen's apartments was being seized by the rabble and dragged away from his post. Filled with fear for the safety of the queen, Miomandre ran with all his speed into the Great Hall, where he saw his comrade Tardivet du Repaire lying on the ground with a dozen weapons aimed at him by men and women who were howling the most hideous imprecations against the queen. Tardivet du Repaire was in peril of his life, but Tardivet du Repaire was doing his duty. Miomandre had a higher duty than to come to his help. Swiftly Miomandre sped across the hall to the door of the queen's apartments, drew it open, and shouted to one of the queen's women whom he saw at the far end of the room, "Save the queen, they want to kill her! I stand alone against two thousand tigers; my comrades have been forced to leave their hall." With these wild words Miomandre drew the door again behind him and stood, with weapon poised and beating heart, as gallant a gentleman as France could boast, to face the furies. It was but his single body, it was but his single sword against the horde who filled the hall and who raved at him—but his single sword between them and the queen's life. It is one of the bravest fights of one man against a multitude that history records; it is impossible to read of it, to think of it, without a passion of admiration; it did not, it could not last long.

According to Madame Campan, the queen had gone to bed at two o'clock, worn out by the fatigues and fears of the day. She told her two ladies-in-waiting to go to bed, believing that there was nothing further to fear for that night. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately for the queen, the two ladies-in-waiting dis-

obeyed the order. One of them was a sister of Madame Campan's, and it was from her lips that Madame Campan gathered the facts of the night. As soon as the ladies-in-waiting had left the queen's bedroom, they and their waiting-women kept watch outside the queen's door. The quiet of a couple of hours' vigil was broken, at about half-past four, by cries and shots. One of the waiting-ladies immediately entered the queen's room to awake her. The other, Madame Campan's sister, ran as quickly as she could in the direction from which the noise seemed to come. She opened the door of the antechamber; the other door was hurriedly opened, and she caught a momentary glimpse of Miomandre de Sainte-Marie armed and wounded, who cried out to her his wild warning to save the queen. She immediately shut the door upon the gallant Body-Guard, and while he did his best to hold off his assailants, she ran swiftly back across the dim, deserted rooms, bolting every door as she passed through it, and so came into the queen's bedroom and shrieked to her to fly to the king. There was no time for the queen to dress. Across those intervening rooms could be heard the shouts and the noise of the fighting; there were only a few seconds between life and death. One of the waiting-women hurriedly huddled a petticoat on to the half-naked queen, who hastened with her women through the door at the foot of her bed and along the dark corridor leading to the Bull's Eye. The door of a room leading into the Bull's Eye was supposed to be only closed on the side leading to the queen's apartments, but now in this moment of terror the flying women found that it was fastened at the other side. They beat upon it wildly; the blows were heard by some of the king's servants, who opened the

door, and the queen and her companions, crossing the Bull's Eye, entered the apartments of the king. But the king was not in his room. He had been roused by the tumult; his first thought was for the safety of the queen, and he had immediately hastened by the secret passage to the queen's apartments, which he reached unseen, only to find them abandoned by the queen and occupied by a handful of the Body-Guard. Accompanied by them he returned to the Bull's Eye and entered his own room, where he found the queen waiting for him. In another moment they were joined by the little dauphin, who was brought there by the governess of the children of France, Madame de Tourzel. Madame de Tourzel, in her Memoirs, gives her account of the deeds of that night, an account which, as is the way with the evidence of eye-witnesses of and participators in, thrilling events, differs in many important particulars from the accounts of others.

As soon as the noise of the fighting had aroused the palace, M. de Sainte-Aulaire, brigadier of the Body-Guard, entered the room of the dauphin and told Madame de Tourzel that the palace was being attacked. She rose in haste and immediately took the young prince to the king's room, where she found the king and queen. Madame de Tourzel draws a fine picture of the queen's bearing at this moment. "The danger she had just run had not diminished her courage; her face was sad but calm. As she did not see Madame with me—for I had not had time to warn her—she went down to her room by a small interior staircase which communicated with it through my rooms, and seeing my daughters, who had spent the night there, she tranquillized them, told them to go to the king, and led Madame there with a firmness and dignity truly re-

markable at such a moment." This honorable composure appears to have been shared by all the members of the royal family, who were gathered together there in the face of death, and by the little handful of men of the sword, who formed the only barrier between them and their fate. The soldiers of the Body-Guard arranged between themselves to defend, one after the other, each room of the suite where a single one of them might be, the others falling back, room by room, to that where the royal family were. With the greatest courage, as we are told, as we can well believe, they awaited the death which appeared to be inevitable.

In the meantime Miomandre de Sainte-Marie's gallant defence of the doors leading to the queen's rooms had come to an end. No loyalty, no courage, no skill can in the end avail against the weight of numbers. Well and stoutly as he fought, he was overborne, beaten to his knees by the blow of a pikestaff, forced to the ground. As he lay there helpless, the militia-man who had led the crowd bade his fellows clear a space, and swinging his gun brought it with savage force upon the head of the fallen man. The blow was given with such violence that the hammer of the lock pierced his skull. As Miomandre lay still, stunned and bleeding, his assailants seem to have taken him for dead and to have turned their thoughts and hands elsewhere. So stubborn a resistance from a single man may have inspired them with a livelier sense of the danger of their enterprise and of the need for being better weaponed. They left Miomandre lying in his blood, and before immediately forcing the door he had defended so gallantly they rushed in a body into the Great Hall with the purpose of finding arms there. But the brave Limousin gentleman was not dead. He lived, he kept his senses, and when

he saw that his enemies had abandoned him he summoned all his ebbing strength for escape. When there were but three or four persons at the door of the Great Hall he got with effort to his feet, was even at the orderly pains to pick up his hat, and so dragged himself with fortitude to join his comrades.

A remarkable instance of the difficulty of getting absolute certainty as to events, even from the testimony of persons best qualified to speak, is afforded by this night's work. The Duchess de Tourzel, in her *Memoirs*, speaks with the unhesitating authority of one who was in the palace, who was in close attendance upon the royal family, who shared their peril and their fears, and must have had every opportunity of verifying her statements from the lips of the queen. The Duchess de Tourzel asserts that after the murderers broke down the defences to the queen's apartments they rushed into her just abandoned bedroom, "and, furious at not finding her there, they stabbed the bed with their pikes, so as to leave no room for doubt as to the crime they intended to commit." This is, indeed, a generally accepted version which has been narrated a score of times by as many writers, represented a score of times by as many painters. Yet another authority, equally intimate, equally uncompromising, Madame Campan, straightly contradicts the story. It is not true, she insists, that the brigands forced their way into the queen's bed-chamber and slashed her bed with their swords. She insists that as the crowd were making their way thither they were assured by the queen's servants that the queen had left her room, and that the mob, convinced of the truth of the statement, immediately changed their course and hastened towards the Bull's Eye, in the hope of finding there the fugitive queen.

The testimony of Weber, on the other hand, confirms the testimony of the Duchess de Tourzel, and Weber had at least every opportunity of being informed on such a point by the queen. He states decisively, as if the statement did not admit of question, that the assassins forced their way to the queen's bedside, lifted its curtains, and, when they found it empty, pierced it, in the fury of their disappointment, with their pikes before hastening in the direction of the Bull's Eye. Thus of three statements, all endowed by circumstances with an almost equal importance, two agree that the assailants did enter the queen's room, and did, by their mutilation of the bed, betray their purpose. In this case the majority of evidence supports the most likely story. It is scarcely probable that a furious mob, spurred by success over obstacles, and excited by the blood of its victims, would have been in the temper to be turned from its course by the assurances of a few body-servants that their quarry was not where they had hoped to find it. The point is of some importance; it is apparently impossible to settle; the student must make the best of the difficulty and accept whichever version seems to him to be most in accordance with the known facts and the probabilities of the case.

In the room of the Bull's Eye the soldiers of the Body-Guard made ready for their last stand. Against the door they piled up tables and chairs to strengthen their weak defences, and stood, with such weapons as they had, a little line of brave men between the royal family and their enemies. Many of those who might have been present, who ought to have been present to share in their honor and their peril, were missing from the side of their king. Noblemen and gentlemen, whose swords should have been ready for the defence of their

sovereigns, had already fled from the dangers that menaced the monarchy. In this disguise and that, dukes and peers had on the very eve of these attacks saved their own lives from all risks by stealthy escape from the palace and the town. The Duke d'Ayen had gone; the Prince de Poix had gone; M. de Pontecoutant, the son of the former major of the Guards, had gone, exchanging the uniform of a soldier for the livery of a lackey. It was not on nobles of this temper that the threatened king or the threatened queen could rely in this moment of danger, but on the simple soldiers of the Body-Guard, who had proved, who were ready to prove, their loyalty with their life.

The frail defence could not have long endured; the doors must soon have given way and the brief struggle ended, when suddenly the noises outside seemed to change, the blows against the doors faded from assault to summons, and in place of the yells of the mob the group in the room could hear more measured voices calling upon them, in tones that sounded friendly, to open the doors. As those who held the room hesitated, the demand was urgently renewed. "We are the French Guards," the voices cried; "we have come to save you and the king." It is said that they added, "We have not forgotten how you saved us at Fontenoy." M. de Chavannes, the brigadier of the Body-Guard, turned to his companions, saying simply that it was necessary that some one should go to find out if the new-comers were speaking the truth, that the some one should be himself, and that the rest should prepare to defend the other rooms if no good came of the parley. M. de Chavannes advanced alone towards the door. He was, we are told, a very tall man with a splendid figure. He opened the door, putting his hat proudly on his

head, and as he opened it he asked those who knocked if they came to assassinate or to defend their king. From behind the door the French Guards shouted that they had come to save the king and the Body-Guard; the next moment the French Guards rushed in, and for the time the lives of the king, the queen, and their adherents were safe. The officer in command of the French Guards took De Chavannes by the hand and saluted him as a brother. Rascaldom, eager for blood, eager for loot, was being broomed in all directions out of the palace by the bayonets of those who had come, none to soon, to the rescue.

It was not the easiest of tasks. The murderous, thievish multitude had flowed like an inundation into every part of the palace, eager in pursuit of the Body-Guard, eager for murder, eager for pillage. Some rioted in the chapel, hideously profaning the holy place, others drifted down long corridors and through stately rooms, animated by a kind of blind desire for destruction. But now their course was checked. The bayonets of the grenadiers drove them firmly but not furiously from hall and corridor to swell the seething crowd outside. One by one the Body-Guard were rescued and gathered together. One had been sheltered by Madame Elizabeth; others had found refuge in the rooms of Madame Adelaide and Madame Victoire. In the infirmary there were a number of the Body-Guard, some of whom had been wounded on the previous evening, some of whom had just been wounded. Among these, it may be assumed, were Miomandre de Sainte-Marie and Tardivet du Repaire, who had probably made their way there after the assassins had left them for dead. The mob were only prevented from entering and killing the wounded men by the readiness of the sur-

geon-major, M. Voisin, who kept the assassins in check and plied them with wine and food while a Sister of Charity helped to disguise the wounded men in the guise of pauper patients and so saved them. Du Repaire, according to Lacretelle, made his way out of Versailles and sought shelter in a wood, where two passers-by, of repulsive mien, accosted him, asked for news, and expressed regret that more of the Body-Guard had not been killed. More would have been if the rescue had been later by half an hour.

The rescue came to pass in this wise. Lafayette has been bitterly reproached by historians for his share in that day's business ; it has been said that the attack upon the palace would never have taken place, the queen's life never have been jeopardized, if he had taken the precautions which it was his duty to take. It must, however, in justice to Lafayette, be remembered that it was his action which did finally, in the supreme moment, save the queen from death and the palace from pillage. It was said of him that he slept while his sovereign was menaced, while his fellow-soldiers were being massacred. The nickname of General Morpheus, which Rivarol flung at him in cruel taunt, has clung to him and shamed his fame for generations. It is only fair to the memory of an honorable man and a brave soldier to see exactly what did happen, what Lafayette actually did do.

The Count de la Marek had passed the morning of the 5th in conversation with Mirabeau and the evening in offering the shelter of his house to M. de Châtelet, the colonel of the French Guards, whose life was said to be threatened by the mob. Towards the end of the day he felt moved by curiosity to visit the castle of Versailles in company with the Abbé de Damas. It was

then wellnigh midnight. A gloomy silence reigned over the palace; it seemed to be quite deserted by the servants. In the room just before the Bull's Eye they found Lafayette talking in a low voice with the Marquis d'Aguesseau, major of the Body-Guard. A few minutes later a frightened Body-Guard whispered something into D'Aguesseau's ear, and D'Aguesseau immediately turned to Lafayette, saying that his predictions had been fulfilled, and that the mob was marching upon the Hotel of the Body-Guard. He insisted that it was Lafayette's immediate duty to proceed to the place and maintain order. Lafayette replied that he had given all necessary orders, that he was crushed with fatigue, and must needs take some repose. M. d'Aguesseau insisted, Lafayette yielded, and left the palace in the company of La Marck, of Damas, and of his aide-de-camp, Jauge. La Marck's carriage was waiting in the Court of Princes; it was wont to come there every night, and it came this night as usual, in spite of the tumult, because La Marck's coachman was a German, who understood nothing of the events going on around him and was wholly indifferent to them. It was the only carriage in the court; Lafayette begged La Marck to carry him as far as the Hotel of the Body-Guard. But it was impossible to get so far for the crowd, so La Marck carried Lafayette to within a hundred steps of the Great Gate. There Lafayette got out to try and find his staff, and from there La Marck, having nothing to do with what he called the shindy, went quietly home.

Lafayette has often been accused, if not of treachery, at least of a carelessness which was wellnigh worse than treachery, in not attaching himself to the king's person during the whole of that night, in not insisting upon re-

maining at the palace. Lafayette's own defence was that it would seem too much as if he were taking possession of the palace if he passed the night there. Knowing his unpopularity with the king and queen, knowing his popularity with the people, with the name of Cromwell still ringing in his ears, it is possible and even probable that this scruple did largely influence the mind of a man habitually inclined to be scrupulous even to excess. The scruple was undoubtedly unfortunate. "Who," asks Lacreteille, "would have dared to blame him, under such conditions, if he had taken his rest upon a camp-bed in the midst of the men of the Body-Guard and the other defenders of the palace?" The question is pertinent. Conspiracy was in the air, but Lafayette was no conspirator, and disregarded or disbelieved its menaces. In Versailles there were notable traitors, men like Orleans, whom popular rumor pointed out as plotters, men who certainly had everything to gain by plots and violence. But Lafayette was no traitor, nor was he of a temper skilled to cope with treasons; he did his best, behaved under difficult conditions as he thought it his duty to do. It was his misfortune to fail.

When La Marck left him Lafayette immediately assured himself that the Hotel of the Body-Guard was defended by a battalion. He gave orders for patrols in the town and around the palace. He sought to see the king unsuccessfully at two in the morning, and then he went to see De Montmorin, who lived in the Court of Ministers. There he assured De Montmorin that everything was foreseen, that all was safeguarded, and that as he could scarcely stand upon his legs any longer he would seek some hours of sleep. As the day began to break, and as all appeared to be tran-

quil, he then went to the Hôtel de Noailles, which was very near to the palace, where the staff received its reports. He there gave several orders concerning Paris, and at six o'clock had taken, or was about to take, some repose, when a sudden alarm forced him to renewed activity. The sudden alarm was the news of the attack upon the palace.

Whatever may be said of Lafayette's imprudence, he faced the emergency well. If he had sought a dearly bought sleep, he showed no signs of slumber now. He immediately ordered the grenadiers of his first post, with Cadignan for their commander and Hoche for their sergeant-major, to hasten to the palace. A company of volunteers, under the command of Captain Gondran, also sped in the same direction. Lafayette leaped upon the first horse that came to hand, and made his way through a howling mob to the palace, rescuing on his way a handful of Body-Guards from the grasp of the crowd, and braving the menaces of death which some of the malcontents shouted at him. When he got to the palace the rescue had been effected. The palace was in the hands of the National Guard. The Bazoche volunteers were in the chapel. The centre company of Saint-Philippe du Roule occupied the Marble Staircase. The mob had been swept from the inside of the palace, but was assembled outside in vast numbers, unstable, unquiet, swayed by alternate fury and fear. The disciplined soldiers held the undisciplined mob in check; the grenadiers swore to Lafayette that they would die to the last man for the king. Lafayette harangued the multitude, preaching order, proclaiming loyalty, multiplying words and deeds in the effort to save the king and to redeem his false security.

By this time the royal family had retired into the king's apartment, where they were joined by an increasing number of ministers, relatives, and supporters. The momentary safety did not lessen the confusion. The keeper of the seals stood helpless to counsel, an image of despair. Necker sat motionless, with his head buried in his hands. Monsieur the king's brother, promptly warned by Mounier of the peril of the king and queen, had answered pompously that they were in a time of revolution, and that omelettes were not to be made without the breaking of eggs. Then he dressed and powdered with his habitual care, and made his way to the palace through the throng, that did not, it would seem, raise by so much as a single voice a hostile cry against him.

Through all the confusion the queen seems to have carried herself with fortitude and with dignity, standing with her children, prepared to meet the worst. Through all the confusion the king seems to have been most concerned for the safety of his Body-Guard. Their safety was almost assured. Those in the Bull's Eye whom the grenadiers had rescued had fraternized with their saviours, had mounted the national cockade. The king appealed to Lafayette to insure the safety of the rest, which Lafayette undertook to do. But the first thing was to insure the safety of the king and queen. Outside the crowd was calling upon the king to come before them. Louis appeared upon the balcony and was immediately greeted with loud cries of "Long live the king!" accompanied by other cries that the king should come to Paris. The king made a sign of assent—or it was so interpreted—and returned to his room with the cheers of the people still rising up to him. It was plain that his life was safe, for the mo-

ment; the safety of the queen was not so certain. Lafayette asked her what she intended to do. She answered that she knew the fate that awaited her, but that she was ready to die at the feet of her husband and in the arms of her children. Lafayette urged her to show herself upon the balcony. The queen hesitated, not unnaturally. From the crowd below came threats against her life of the most horrible kind. But as, all through those terrible hours, such apprehension as she showed seems to have been rather for the safety of others than for herself, she advanced to the window with her children by her side. As she appeared upon the balcony she was greeted with shouts of "No children! no children!"—shouts which seem to have meant or been understood by the queen and those about her to mean that the crowd below, who sought her life, resented any attempt on her part to shield herself by the presence of her children. Whatever the purpose of the order was, Marie Antoinette showed no fear to obey it. She calmly put back her children into the room and stood herself upon the balcony alone, looking down upon the yelling mass below. It need not be doubted that the moment was one of extreme peril. In that wholly hostile multitude there were many whose sole purpose in the early hours of that morning had been to take the queen's life, to kill her under conditions as horrible, as humiliating, as might be. Lafayette must have recognized and trembled at the danger, for he had made himself responsible for the queen's life. Joining the queen on the balcony, he quickly dropped upon his knee, and taking her hand kissed it reverentially. The courage of the queen, the chivalrous action of the soldier, seemed to have pleased the fluent fancy of the mob, for its murmurs changed to cheers for the queen

and cheers for Lafayette, amidst which Marie Antoinette and the general returned to the room. The immediate peril had passed.

Weber's statement that he saw one of the men in the crowd below the balcony level at the queen a gun that was immediately struck from his hands by another has been called in question, but it is much more likely than unlikely. The wonder would be if nothing of the kind had happened; the wonder is that in such a crowd, raging with hate against her, more attempts were not made upon the queen's life. Possibly her dauntlessness, possibly the still existing admiration for Lafayette, possibly the uncertainty, the indecision of revolutionaries not yet triumphant, not yet deliberate, united to preserve her. From whatever cause or causes, she did for the second time in that morning escape from imminent danger. She would have been happier had she not so escaped.

CHAPTER XIX

BACK TO PARIS

BUT if the dominant mob was now willing to spare the lives of its victims, it was not going to lose sight of them or to suffer a change in its stern purpose. The king must come to Paris. That was the sentence of a thousand throats. It had been agreed to. The king, by that mute gesture of his, had assented to the demand of his people. But his people would admit of no delay. Their order must be immediately complied with ; the king must return at once to Paris, in that very hour, with those who had come from Paris to Versailles to fetch him. Outside the palace the mob shouted its decree ; inside the palace, surrounded by helpless, despairing, or semi-hostile counsellors, the king had, perhaps, no choice but to obey the order.

There have not been wanting writers, and even thinkers, to maintain that a wiser thing might have been done than to obey the popular commands. Lafayette has been blamed for temporizing with the populace when, according to his critics, he might have been better employed in driving them away from the neighborhood of the palace at the points of the bayonets of his grenadiers. But it is not at all certain that the grenadiers would have obeyed any such order if Lafayette had been the man to give it ; indeed, it is as wellnigh certain as any unhappened thing can be certain that they would not have obeyed it. That they went so far

as they did go in restraining the violence of the mob is a signal proof of the influence of Lafayette, of the still surviving sense of obedience to one's general, of adhesion to one's king. But it would have been rash even to madness to attempt to force them more markedly against a people with whom they sympathized and whose demand they approved. The king, again, has been blamed, in this instance as in so many others, for his persistent refusal to have that recourse to arms for which Cromwell and the Puritans so bitterly reproached Charles I. But even if the king did not find in his study of that portion of English history encouragement for his own inactive temperament, his own reluctance to action, the time had gone by when he could hope with any effectiveness to meet force with force. What might have been possible some months, some weeks, even some days sooner, was no longer possible. He had no armies to employ, no swords to summon from their scabbards. The troops upon which he might have relied earlier were disbanded or disaffected; most of the nobles and gentlemen had deserted him; his few adherents could only be preserved from massacre by the intervention of the men whom he regarded as his enemies. His ministers were useless; even the National Assembly left him practically alone in this crisis. When it met on that morning of the 6th, at eleven o'clock, Mounier, supported by Malouet and the others of his inclining, urged that it was their duty, in this time of tumult, to rally to the side of the king, and he proposed that the Assembly should transfer its sitting to the environed palace. But this proposal was strenuously and successfully opposed by Mirabeau. Mirabeau insisted that it was beneath the dignity of the Assembly to deliberate in the palace of the king,

and he insisted, successfully, that a deputation of thirty-six members would be a sufficient step to take under the circumstances. Mounier urged in vain that a deputation would be useless, that it could not offer the king the necessary counsel, that precious time would be irreparably lost while the deputation oscillated between the council chamber of the king and the hall of the Assembly ; that it was the duty of loyal subjects to be by the side of their king. But the influence of Mirabeau was paramount for the hour, and Mounier's proposal was rejected by a large majority. Under such circumstances, what was the king to do ?

The only thing that he could do was to keep his promise and to go to Paris. Had he been inclined to retract that promise, he would have received, he could have received, no support from Lafayette. Even if the National Assembly had rallied round him, it is doubtful how far it could have had the power, even if it had had the will, to retain the monarch at Versailles. It has been urged that the business of the National Assembly was not to protect a powerless executive government from the masses, but to receive protection from the executive government. Executive authority was still in the hands of the sovereign, nominally, and if the action of the majority in the National Assembly was not characterized by any chivalrous devotion to a monarchy to which they still professed allegiance, it did not violate the principles that had caused it to exist or fall away from the letter of its duty. The king had promised to go to Paris. He had no choice but to make that promise ; he had no choice but to keep it.

While the National Assembly was deliberating upon the names of the thirty-six members who were to act as delegates of the Assembly by the side of the king,

Target, who had been sent to the palace to learn the royal purpose, returned with the news that the king was resolved to go to Paris. Mirabeau immediately moved that the Assembly was inseparable from the king, and must, therefore, accompany him to Paris. Amended by the addition of the words "during the present session," this proposal was carried. The thirty-six deputies had now nothing to do save to convey to the king the determination of the Assembly. In their absence it was proposed that a second deputation should be named to accompany the king to Paris, and it was Mirabeau, according to Rivarol, who proposed that this deputation should consist of a hundred members. "The same Mirabeau," sneered Rivarol, "who assumed that six-and-thirty deputies were sufficient in the king's peril, wished that he should have a hundred as witnesses of his captivity; and though he refused to join the first deputation, which might run some risk in succoring its king, he volunteered for the second, which could only humiliate his majesty in swelling the crowd of his conquerors." Rivarol's sneer was not quite accurate. Mirabeau did not, it would seem, refuse to join the first deputation, but he was certainly exceedingly eager to join the second. Mounier, who regarded Mirabeau as the prime cause of all the mischief of the 5th and 6th, did everything he could to keep him off. Mirabeau came to Mounier urging that it would be well for the safety of the king and queen that the popularity of Mirabeau in Paris should be at their service; but Mounier was inflexible. Mirabeau was not chosen on the deputation, and he concealed his chagrin as best he could by an ostentatious display of interest in the public business before the Assembly. "To show that the ship of state is not in danger," he said, "let us discuss finance;"

but if his body was in Versailles, his mind was in Paris.

It was half-past one when the king set out on his second and last journey to Paris. If the first visit, the visit of July 17, was melancholy enough in the eyes of a spectator of the human tragedy, this second visit might wring tears from cynics. The parade of loyalty, which was little more than ludicrous on the first occasion, now veiled an irony that forbade laughter. The procession was as wild, as grotesque, as terrible, as the procession that had marched from Paris to Versailles, but this time its triumph increased and accentuated its terror. The Paris militia tramped at the head with loaves upon the points of their bayonets. The men of the Faubourgs with their pikes in their hands; the wild women, the *Megæras* of Maillard's charivari, came next, howling in their joy that all would now be well, since they were bringing to Paris the Baker, the Baker's wife, and the Baker's boy. Some sat astride on cannon, some rode on horseback. Wagons of corn and flour seized at Versailles, and adorned with green branches, lent a mocking air of plenty to the procession. The grenadiers, the heroes of the day and the masters of the situation, marched, in their turn accompanied by the disarmed, wounded, bareheaded members of the Body-Guard wearing with despair and contrition the popular badges and the accoutrements of their conquerors. The royal carriage, escorted by the hundred deputies, watched over by Lafayette and ringed around with soldiers, moved slowly at the heels of this terrible advance guard, and was followed in its turn by a yet more confused crowd—a mass of soldiers of all kinds, of citizens of all kinds, camp-followers of the strangest army that ever marched. "I still see, I still hear," wrote a con-

temporary witness years afterwards, "those bedraggled women rendered yet more hideous by two days of barbarous fatigue. I see that Regiment of Flanders, those Chasseurs of the Trois Evêchés, ashamed of their too ready defection and seeming now to envy the men of the Body-Guard those perils which they had the cowardice not to share. I see again the General Lafayette, pale from weariness, yet more pale from the results of his fatal sleep."

There is the exuberant testimony of abundant witnesses as to the events of the march. As usual, the testimonies of those best qualified to speak clash incessantly, often irreconcilably. Madame de Tourzel, who had a seat in the royal carriage, declares on her own evidence what Madame Campan, who remained at Versailles, also states, presumably on hearsay, that the procession was made more hideous by the fact that the heads of the two murdered men of the Body-Guard were carried on pikes in the van of the troop. Though this statement is supported by other witnesses, such as Bertrand de Molleville and Lacretelle, it would seem to be as certain as anything can be certain that this additional horror was wanting to the hour. Weber does not mention it, and it is difficult to imagine Weber omitting anything that would add to the poignancy of his recital. Lafayette expressly denies it, and Lafayette must have known as well as any man, and better than most men, the accompaniments of that pitiful pageant. "It was quite horrible enough," he wrote, "that the brigands should have escaped with the infamous trophies of their crimes. But public authority had made them disappear before the king had quitted Versailles." The king and queen seemed to have carried themselves with dignity during the slow agony of that march. Surrounded by a

multitude whose red-hot fury of hilarity the steady drizzle of rain could not depress ; wearied by the foul songs of the women, the foul jests of the men ; weary of the incessant salvos of musketry, the incessant halts by the way when the fish-wives came and danced wild dances round their carriage, they still preserved a courageous composure. Weber, who, in his loyal determination to share the perils of his sovereigns, had assumed the uniform of a staff officer, and who rode for three quarters of the journey at the right hand of the royal carriage, bears somewhat foolish testimony to the conduct of the prisoners. Every now and then he looked into the carriage, "and their majesties had the goodness to express to me, by their gestures and their eyes cast up to heaven, their perfect astonishment at the state to which it had been possible to delude the people." Madame de Tourzel's description is more intelligent and more probable. She says that the king and queen spoke with their customary kindness to those who surrounded their carriage, and represented to them how mistaken they were with regard to their real sentiments. The queen, according to this evidence, assured those to whom she could speak that the king had ever been desirous only of the happiness of his people, that his family loved the whole French nation, and that the evil which had been spoken of the king and his family was only spoken to injure the people it professed to serve. If Madame de Tourzel is to be relied upon, these words seem to have touched and pleased some, at least, of those to whom they were addressed. But the soft answer that turneth away wrath was not likely to affect the mass of those who carried their captives into Paris.

It is impossible, in considering the events of the evening of the 5th and the morning of the 6th of October,

to ignore a sinister story concerning the queen. This sinister story first obtained currency in O'Meara's "Napoleon in Exile." In this book O'Meara declared that Napoleon told him that Madame Campan had a very indifferent opinion of Marie Antoinette. According to Napoleon—according, of course, to O'Meara—Madame Campan told him that on October 5 a person well known for his attachment to the queen, and who was no other than the Count de Fersen, came to see the queen and remained at the palace all night. When the mob attacked the palace Marie Antoinette fled undressed from her chamber to that of the king, while the lover descended from the window. When Madame Campan entered the room she found the queen departed, but discovered a pair of breeches which the favorite had left behind in his flight, and which were immediately recognized. Las Cases, in his record, puts a different interpretation upon Bonaparte's words, suggesting that Fersen merely was present in Versailles on the occasion of the attack. But whatever Bonaparte said, whatever O'Meara heard, and whatever Las Cases thought was meant, it is certain that the ugly story was newly, more flagrantly, and it would seem no less falsely, made public in Holland's memoirs, on the indirect authority of Madame Campan. Lord Holland said that he had it from Talleyrand, who, in his turn, professed to have it from Madame Campan, that on the night of October 5 the young Count de Fersen was in the queen's bedchamber, and that he had to fly from it when the attack was made. The story has been given currency to by many historians, even of the gravest, since. It reflects too seriously upon the character of the queen to be either accepted or rejected lightly. The editors of Madame Campan's *Memoirs* allude to the story darkly in a note,

and seem in an involved and indirect fashion to deny it upon Madame Campan's authority. Madame Campan's *Memoirs* give no hint of the possibility of such an event, but that is not in itself conclusive. The newly published *Memoirs* of Talleyrand, so disappointing, so valueless in all that concerns the Revolution, make no mention of the events of October 5 and 6, and in consequence no mention of Fersen. The elaborate work by Fersen's great-nephew, Baron R. M. de Klinckowstrom, makes no reference to the existence of any such rumor, nor does the more recent work, "*Un Ami de la Reine*," which is naturally largely based upon the baron's two volumes. It is well known that Fersen kept a careful diary of all the events of the Revolution and of the pre-revolutionary period from 1780, written from day to day. When he left Paris in 1791 he left these memoirs from 1780 to the June of 1791 in the hands of Baron de Frantz; and Baron de Frantz, fearing that they might be found in his keeping, burned them. It is not, indeed, likely that Fersen would have written anything calculated to injure the queen's honor, but, at least, his record of his doings on the day would have possibly afforded proof of the untruth of the allegation. All that we know of his acts, from his own words, is to be found in a letter to his father, dated from Paris on October 9, 1789, in which, with a most unfortunate reticence, he says that the public journals will instruct his father as to the events of the Monday and Tuesday. He does not, therefore, add the evidence that would be so precious—the evidence of so able an eye-witness. "I was a witness of everything," he writes, "and I returned to Paris in one of the royal carriages." He praises the queen here for her "desire to do well and the goodness of her heart," in much the

same spirit with which, in the letter to Baron de Taube after the death of the queen, he regrets the loss of his memoirs, because they would have served to do justice to her "great soul," and to the good which she did and which she desired to do. In both cases the words are those rather of a warm friend and admirer than of a lover. The story was very carefully investigated by Croker, who disbelieved it, and may be said to have wellnigh disproved it, although, of course, he was unaware of the existence of Fersen's memoirs, or he would not have said that "we have no evidence either way" as to whether "M. de Fersen happened to be on October 5 at Versailles."

The most cogent arguments against the scandal are based, in the first place, upon the fact that Madame Campan was not in attendance upon the queen that night, and could therefore have given no personal evidence of the slightest importance as to the presence or absence of Fersen. They are based, in the second place, upon the scene and the condition of the events. The windows of the queen's apartments, according to Croker, were about thirty feet from the ground, the environs of the palace were swarming with a crowd especially hostile to the queen, "and it was this very night of horrors that Bonaparte affected to believe the queen had dedicated to an adulterous intrigue, and it was from these windows and into this crowd that he supposed the naked lover to have escaped." The adverse arguments are based, in the third place, upon the report of the evidence taken before the Châtelet in 1790, which accounts, by the evidence of many and reliable witnesses, for practically every moment of the queen's time during the terrible evening, night, and early morning of October 5 and 6.

The six hours of humiliation did not end with the arrival at Paris. All Paris was alive and alert to conquer for the second time its king. At the Chaillot gate Bailly once again awaited his sovereign, once again addressed him in terms of curious infelicity. Bailly's speech was briefer than before ; it did not refer again to the pride of Paris in conquering her king, but his description of the day which welcomed him within the walls of the capital as a glorious day can hardly be regarded, under the conditions, as other than an unfortunate description. However essential the presence of the king at Paris might be, however admirable the principles which had prevailed, the term glorious was not the fairest phrase to apply to a day that had dawned in massacre and outrage, that had overruled all law save mob-law, that had attempted the life of a queen and menaced a king, that had made them prisoners in what they looked upon as their own realm with a parody of pomp and protection, and a savage reality of insult, of degradation, and of danger. Whatever the deserts of the royal pair, they can scarcely have been expected to salute such a day as glorious, and it is probable that Bailly's blundering civism seemed a greater insult than any of the foul words shouted by the lowest fishwoman, by the vilest rogue on the march.

The king and queen, weary and wretched, were only anxious to proceed to the Tuileries at once. But that much ease was not vouchsafed them immediately. Bailly urged the king to alight at the Town-Hall, where the three hundred members of the Commune were assembled to meet him. The king made an attempt at first to refuse, pleading, truthfully enough, that he and his family stood in too great need of rest to prolong the fatigues of such a day. But Bailly persisted in

pressing the claims of the Town-Hall, and his persistence was supported by the urgency of Lafayette, both of whom, it may well be, were very conscious that the Commune would hold them responsible for any indifference to its wishes. Bailly and Lafayette carried their point; the king gave the consent that he could not, if he dared, refuse, and the carriage moved slowly along towards the Town-Hall, while Lafayette was incessant in assurances that the king would have every reason to be pleased with the reception he would get in the streets of his capital city. It need not be doubted that Lafayette believed what he said; but if so, he must also have believed that Louis was the most easily pleased monarch in the world. Even the simulated enthusiasm of June 17 for the monarch was hardly to be discerned in the carriage of the crowd that choked the Rue Saint-Honoré; the enthusiasm was not for the king, but for the capture of the king, and even the cries of "Long live the king!" that were raised sounded more like a menace than a salutation.

At the Place de Grève the concourse of people was such that the royal carriage must perforce come to a halt. In order to get to the Town-Hall the king and his family left the carriage, and a way was made for them with no little difficulty through the multitude to the steps of the Town-Hall. At this point the few friends who had accompanied the king thus far upon his pilgrimage of pain, Weber and others, were swept away from his side, and sought in vain to make their way through the press to the Town-Hall. Through the triple square of National Guards that occupied the Place only the royal family, escorted by the municipal officers and the staff, were allowed to pass. Once inside the City Hall, the royal captives had a

further long and wearisome ceremony to undergo. A solemn daïs was prepared for the king and queen; by their sides were seated Monsieur, Madame, and Madame Elizabeth. Special seats were reserved for the members of the National Assembly. Though it was nearly nine o'clock, the prepared ceremony was enacted with all formality. Bailly expounded to the assembled members of the Commune the speech which the king had addressed to him on his arrival, a speech, said Bailly, in which the king declared that he always found himself with pleasure in the midst of the people of his good city of Paris. Marie Antoinette, watchful and appreciative, leaned forward immediately, and reminded Bailly that the king had used the words "with confidence" as well as "with pleasure." "You hear, gentlemen," said Bailly. "You are more fortunate than if I had remembered the words."

After Bailly came the Duke de Liancourt with the welcome news for the Parisians that the Assembly intended henceforward to sit in Paris. Next Moreau de Saint-Méry harangued the people and the prince, explaining, as it were, to each how happy each was in the affection of the other. By this time the king's fortitude seemed to be breaking down, and he seemed only able to murmur, with tears in his eyes, that he could say no more than he had already said. By this time the throng outside felt once more the wish to look upon the royal visitors, and to appease their clamor the king and queen appeared at the opened windows of the Town-Hall, at which lighted torches were placed to make them visible in the deepening darkness. The crowd shouted and cheered; the king and queen saluted many times; at last a measure of calm came over the populace, and the king and queen were suffered to retire

from the windows and to leave the Town-Hall for their palace of the Tuileries. Escorted by a number of the National Guards, they made their way through the still exuberant crowd to their carriage, and drove through the choking streets to the Louvre. There they alighted, there at last they were suffered to enjoy such peace as it was possible for them to find in such a place and under such conditions.

CHAPTER XX

“CARLE, AN THE KING COME !”

ALTHOUGH it might be, and indeed in this case was proved to be, a momentous thing for a monarch to journey a few miles from one royal palace to another, it would not, on the face of it, seem that this shift of lodgings was in itself a very difficult matter. And yet, curiously enough, at the time when it took place the gravity of the business, its historical importance, its tragedy and its pathos, seemed less conspicuous, at least to the official eye and mind, than the difficulty, the trouble, and the worry of the undertaking. For the King of France to come from his palace at Versailles to his palace at Paris meant an amount of perturbation, of anxiety, of a despair touching the extreme of comedy, of which few except those immediately concerned had any conception. The crowd that raved and shouted around the carriage of the king as it lumbered on its way from Versailles had no idea of the trouble their insurrectionary action was causing to unprepared officials and to a select number of respectable pensioners. If the journey from Versailles involved the fate of the monarchy, it also involved the immediate eviction of these pensioners, and exasperated them exceedingly.

Thanks to the researches, to the patience and the perspicuity of M. Lenôtre, in one of the most interesting contributions that has ever been made to what may be called the minor literature of the French Revolution,

the student of the period is enabled to gain a curiously vivid picture of the immediate effect upon Paris of the triumph of the Paris mob. The Paris mob had gone out to Versailles to seek its king; the burden of its song was "the king to Paris"; it had carried its point at the sword's point, and reluctant royalty was escorted to the capital by an army of rejoicing ragamuffins. But, as it was admitted, in those early days of the Revolution, that even a king must eat somewhere and have somewhere to lay his head, Louis XVI. was not prevented from making such arrangements as were possible to insure shelter, if not comfort, in his good city of Paris. It is true that the Sovereign of France had, nominally, his places of abode in his capital city. There was his palace of the Louvre; there was his palace of the Tuileries. But royalty had lived so long out of Paris that it had ceased to maintain any efficient hold upon the royal palaces. Both the Louvre and the Tuileries had been gradually invaded and surely taken possession of by a creeping population of the most fantastic, the most heterogeneous kind, and this population had settled down by a kind of squatters' right to what they regarded as uncontested and undisturbed enjoyment of the amount of square feet and enclosing walls in which it had pleased them to pitch their tents. It is hard to form a coherent picture of the condition of the Tuileries at the time when, on October 6, 1789, the King of France, who was so soon to be King of the French, was driven from Versailles.

A courier had been despatched in hot haste from Versailles to Paris to let the *Sieur Mique*, inspecting architect of the palace of the Tuileries, know that the king was on his way to the capital, and that his residence must be ready on his arrival to receive him and all the

following essential to royalty. It is indeed quite believable that in all bewildered Paris no man was more bewildered than the *Sieur Mique*, no man so bewildered. For he was suddenly called upon to essay a new labor of *Hercules*, compared with which the cleansing of the *Augean stables* was, as who should say, an interlude. The old dwelling of *Catherine de' Medici* had become a kind of human rabbit-warren. It was not in those days a very royal-looking building, and royalty had been so long disassociated with it that the general public had almost ceased to think of it as the habitation of kings. On the side of the *Carrousel* it was so huddled away behind all manner of other buildings, private houses, barracks, stables, guard-rooms, and the like, that it might very well escape the notice of the passer-by, who could see no more of it, above the walls that enclosed the *Court of Honor* than the high roofs of the three pavilions of the *Horloge*, of *Flora*, and of *Marsan*. On the side where the *Rue de Rivoli* now runs a long and rather high wall, fringing the terrace of the *Feuillants* for almost the whole of its length, held the place of the railing which exists nowadays. Where the causeway of the *Rue de Rivoli* now runs there was a large turfed alley, planted here and there with trees, which was used as a trial ground for horses. This was bounded, hard by the *Pavillon de Marsan*, by a clumsy group of buildings called the *Royal Stables*, the entry to which was in the *Rue Saint-Honoré*, almost opposite to the *Church of Saint-Roch*. Where the familiar arcades of the *Rue de Rivoli* now stand there ran the long, unbroken line of the walls that closed in the gardens of the mansions on the *Rue Saint-Honoré*. Three large convents occupied the ground which is comprised to-day between the streets of the *Twenty-ninth of July* and of *Saint-Flor-*

entin. These were the convents of the Feuillants, of the Capuchins, and of the Assumption. Each of these convents had its entrance in the Rue Saint-Honoré, and the large gardens of the three buildings reached to the terrace of the Feuillants, from which they were only separated by walls. On the side of the Place Louis XV. high terraces and a turning bridge across a moat made the Tuileries Gardens inaccessible, and all along the quay the supporting wall of the terrace that bordered the water formed a similar barrier as far as the Pavilion of Flora.

The casual passer-by might very well, therefore, walk all round this large enclosure without seeing anything more of what was inside than the tops of the trees or the slope of the palace roofs. The only entrance to the garden was by a narrow passage which ran between the buildings of the Feuillants and the buildings of the Capuchins on the ground of the existing Rue Castiglione, or by a narrow alley opening on to the Rue Saint-Honoré, before the Church of Saint-Roch, which was called the Street of the Dauphin.

The palace itself, in the course of years, had come to be tenanted by an amazing, a motley population. For some four fifths of a century the royal residence had ceased to be a royal residence. and had become, bit by bit, at first in slow degrees and afterwards more swiftly, the happy hunting-ground. the kind of glorified Alsatia, for an astonishing crowd of respectable Bohemians and genteel adventurers. Here were huddled together royal pensioners, play-actors, nobles, poor gentlewomen, painters, ladies of quality, officials, invalids, who swarmed in all the rooms on all the floors of the building, and converted it into a kind of human rabbit-warren. At first permission to dwell in the de-

served palace had been accorded to a few court functionaries whose duties compelled them to live in Paris, but whose means did not permit them to keep up any expensive establishment for themselves. Then there came an overflow from the occupants of the Louvre, from the artists who had been accorded shelter there by royal favor. So the process went on, the vacant spaces in the palace dwindling yearly as new applicants begged and edged their way within its walls. And once inside those walls the residents made havoc with the interior of the building, putting up partitions, making openings, erecting stairways, hollowing cellars, altering and amending at their pleasure, after a formal appeal, which was never rejected, to authority for permission to make the desired changes in the ancient building. The palace was, as it were, a sort of ruin for all these queer birds of prey to build their nests in, and so strangely was it changed by their encroachments that, according to an official report of 1783, the royal apartments were made such havoc with that it was impossible to offer the royal family even a momentary shelter. The strange colony that had invaded the Tuileries formed a kind of microcosm; it was, at the least, like a little town, with its own chapel for parish church, with no less than three theatres for the entertainment of its citizens, with shops actually set up in spare corners of the castle to provide for the daily needs of the singular settlement. But if these invaders had their comforts they had also their discomforts. In many of these eccentrically extemporized lodgings the occupants stifled in summer for want of ventilation, and froze in winter for want of chimneys to make the warmth of a fire possible. The various lodgings were constructed in such a haphazard fashion, the whole

place was such a labyrinth, that more than one of the residents, thus packed together, had to go through the kitchen or the dining-room of a neighbor in order to reach his own abode. From neglect much of the building seemed to be gradually crumbling into ruin. On one occasion the officiating priest was almost driven from the altar of the chapel by the dangerous condition of the edifice ; on another the clock of the central pavilion ceased to indicate the time and was not set going again. Indeed, indication of the passing of time can scarcely have been needed by the odd swarm of vagabonds who duffed aside the time, and let it pass in that happy-go-lucky no-man's-land of theirs, which had once been the dwelling-place of kings and queens. The lizard, if not the lion, ruled in the halls of Jamshyd.

Now, all of a sudden, the place was to become again a dwelling-place for kings and queens. Poor M. Mique, taken quite unawares, learned that he had just the space of an afternoon before him in which to have all his fantastic brood of tenants evicted, and the place swept and garnished for the reception of its royal and rightful inhabitant. But since the thing had to be done, M. Mique was apparently the man to do it. Within less time than it takes to narrate this singular episode we are assured that everybody was bundled out-of-doors, in spite of tears, cries, recriminations, menaces, and prayers. M. Mique did his best to placate his victims ; lanted at other even more excellent lodgings to be found elsewhere ; made half-promises of pecuniary indemnity for disturbance ; was affable but urgent, courteous but peremptory : the tenants had to go.

It may at the first blush seem a little surprising that so wholesale a clearance had to be effected in order to find accommodation for the king and his family. But

the surprise vanishes with a knowledge of the following which was considered indispensable for the royal family, even under conditions of so much haste and of so much danger. The list of that following has been preserved in the national archives; has been investigated by the antiquarian. Made up in haste on October 6, 1789, it evidently contains only the names of those officials whose attendance was considered indispensable. Yet this list constitutes a veritable army. The denominations of many of these attendants are whimsical enough. We find "garçons des dames de Mesdames"; we find "Bouche de la Reine, servant au réchauffoir de Madame"; we find "l'échansonnerie du Roi, la rôtisserie du Roi, le gobelet du Roi, la glacière du Roi, la crémèrie du Roi, le feutier du Roi, la boulangerie du Roi." There was a special German baker for the queen, a proof of Austrianism which would not have added to her popularity if it had been generally known. There were an amazing number of medical men in the courtly train: first and second surgeon, first and second physician, first and second apothecary. The queen had her own set of medical attendants, so had the royal children, so had Madame Elizabeth, so had Mesdames. There were attendant gentlemen of all kinds to swell the ranks of this little army, whose presence in Paris caused no small astonishment to the Parisians, long unused to the presence, the ceremonies, and the paraphernalia of a court. It was, perhaps, characteristic of these belated sovereigns that even in such a time, at such an hour, they believed so much pomp to be appropriate to their progress, and thought that the complicated and antiquated system which was helping to kill royalty was essential to its existence. A passive evil at Versailles was an active evil at Paris.

The Parisians, flushed with the sense of their new importance as revolutionists, resented and ridiculed these phantom attributes of a moribund feudality. And it was in the highest degree dangerous just then to tempt the ridicule or to invite the resentment of the Parisian mob. It had used the arms and armor of chivalry in its attack upon the Bastille, but it could make no use of the courtly attributes and appendages now made manifest to its astonished and angry eyes, and every instrument, every relic of the old order which it could not turn in some way to its own use it already showed an active inclination to destroy. The crowd of doctors, cooks, and lackeys that filled the rooms and flooded the halls of the Tuileries, and overflowed into lodgings and habitations of all kinds in the immediate neighborhood of the palace, were to the minds of the insurgent Parisians so many proofs of the folly and the vanity of the throne. It may have been unwise for the king to come to Paris at all; the unwisdom of the act was accentuated and intensified by the conditions under which the transit was accomplished, by the display before so hostile an audience of an untimely pomp and an unmeaning dignity. It was the misfortune of the royal pair then, and on another more signal and more fatal occasion, to be unable to dispossess themselves of the trappings and deny themselves the accompaniments of the royal life, not even at the peril of that life. Perhaps they could not realize then the possibility of life without such an environment of service, as they could not realize later that life and freedom could be sought for without the comforts of a castle.

Nothing in all that gloomy day was more gloomy than such a home-coming. Little had been done for

the reception of the royal family beyond the brooming out of the squatters. The place had been swept, but not garnished. Everything was sombre, dilapidated, sparsely furnished, scarcely clean, quite uncomfortable. The royal family were obliged for the moment to make the best shift they could with a roof over their heads and four walls around them. They encamped as strangers encamp at a caravansary in the East, with scarcely more accommodation than a caravansary affords. Some of the people of the suite had to seek shelter elsewhere, as there was not room for them in the palace. The king and queen accepted the situation calmly. When the little dauphin, looking about him at the unlovely surroundings of the long-deserted rooms, complained to his mother of their ugliness, she reminded him with pride that they had been found good enough for Louis XIV., and that the newcomers must not be more difficult to please than he was. The dauphin had to sleep that night without a guard of any kind in a room open on all sides, and with doors that could scarcely be made to shut. Madame de Tourzel barricaded them with such scanty furniture as she found at her disposal, and passed the night by the child's bedside, "plunged in sorrow and sad reflections."

To the king and queen—to the king even more than to the queen—the new conditions of their life contrasted cruelly with the conditions of the life they had left behind. They had exchanged a palace of unrivalled beauty for a cold, neglected, long-deserted dwelling. The smiling gardens and spacious pleasantries of the two Trianons where the queen had laughed away her youth, the glorious deep woods where the king had found his one delight in the chase, had given place to

a habitation surrounded by streets and houses, to a garden limited, overlooked, and public. The king was no longer the sole lord of almost indefinite domains; he was only the most conspicuous, and, therefore, the most observed, of a number of closely united neighbors. If the royal pair were not in the hands of their enemies, they were not in the midst of their friends.

One of the royal pair was not of a nature to grapple friends to his soul with hoops of steel. An episode of that hour shows perhaps with most significance how little Louis was graced with the kingly art, or even gifted with the kingly artifice. Miomandre de Sainte-Marie was in Paris, recovered of his wounds, and much in the company of a fellow-soldier of the Body-Guard named Bernard, who had also been wounded by a gunshot on October 6 in another part of the palace. They were recognized in the Palais Royal, they were insulted by the crowd. News of this came to the queen's ears, and she judged it best for their safety that they should quit Paris. She sent through Madame Campan a message to Miomandre de Sainte-Marie, summoning him and his comrade Bernard—not Tardivet du Repaire, as Carlyle says—to the Tuileries. From Madame Campan's hands the two soldiers received some small sum of money, some hundred or couple of hundred louis each, to enable them to pay their debts and quit Paris. The gift was accompanied by a very gracious message. The queen bade Madame Campan tell them that no money could pay such services as theirs; that she hoped on some happier day to requite them as they deserved, but that in the meantime they were to think that a sister offered her aid to a brother in distress. No more gracious message ever came from royal lips to reward faithful service. But the queen

did more. While the two soldiers were with Madame Campan the queen entered, accompanied by the king and Madame Elizabeth. The queen said that the king wished to see such brave soldiers before their departure. Madame Elizabeth spoke sweetly of the gratitude of the king. Only the king kept silence, standing up with his back to the fireplace. Miomandre spoke a few simple, soldierly words of gratitude on behalf of his comrade and himself. Still the king said nothing, though it is said that his emotion was visible, and that his eyes were full of tears. The situation was embarrassing; the queen rose; the king, still silent, left the room, followed by Madame Elizabeth, and the two soldiers passed from the royal presence forever. Marie Antoinette said to Madame Campan, despairingly: "I am sorry that I brought the king here, and I am sure that Elizabeth thinks as I think. If the king had said to those brave men but a quarter of the admiration he has for them they would have been overjoyed, but he cannot conquer his timidity." This little story is the largest commentary upon the fortunes of the king and queen. It would seem that it was as impossible for Louis to rise to the height of any situation, to appreciate anything of the kingly business, as it was impossible for Marie Antoinette to fail in queenly bearing, in understanding of what was fair and fit from her towards those who served her. Personal devotion was the last quality that Louis could inspire, as it was the first quality inspired by Marie Antoinette in the hearts of those upon whom it depended to save the monarchy, if the monarchy was to be saved at all.

One would like much to know what became of Miomandre de Sainte-Marie. But history, so far as I can ascertain, after writing his name upon one resplen-

dent page, passes him over thereafter in silence. Madame de Tourzel, in her Memoirs, simply says that Miomandre de Sainte-Marie died in exile, and that she never saw him "after that horrible day." I have tried without success to find out in what land the gallant soldier lay, how long his exile lasted, what kind of life he led after that supreme night of terror and devotion. But I have found nothing. The rest is silence, and imagination wastes itself in fruitless speculation upon the future of a life that was for once so illustrious. Little more is to be learned of the fate of his gallant comrade Bernard du Repaire. Madame de Tourzel says of him that he came to pay his respects to the king and queen as often as he could without danger, and that the little dauphin was especially cordial in his expressions of gratitude to the true soldier "for having saved mamma." But to his future the history of the time seems to be quiet indifferent. There was so much to occupy men's minds that the fortunes of two soldiers who saved a queen's life seemed a thing of little account. But they have had their reward and Carlyle his wish. Their names, as the names of brave men should, live long, will be forever remembered when men praise heroism, praise loyalty, the qualities that make men soldiers and soldiers heroes. Lacretable rises to rhapsody as he bids them farewell. He assures them that history in citing their names is amazed not to find them more familiar to the memory and the hearts of the French people. Bayard, he declared, on the famous bridge saving single-handed an army from a dangerous surprise, did nothing more heroic than their heroic deed. The eulogy is none too great; it would go hard to frame a eulogy above their deserts. It is true that they did their duty, but they did it under terrible con-

ditions. At a moment when princes of the royal blood, when the bearers of ancient names, when great captains were flying with all imaginable speed across the frontier, and leaving their king and queen to their fate, the names of these two men stand out to redeem the honor and the courage and the loyalty of the gentlemen of France.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ASSEMBLY IN PARIS

THE story of the French Revolution seems to the observer to fall into certain divisions as definite as the acts of a play or the chapters of a tale. One such portion came to its conspicuous end when the mob carried the king to Paris. For with that act all pretence at the independence of the sovereign, of the independence of the government, came to an end, and the dominion of Paris began. Now that it had pleased Paris to decide that the king must live within its walls, it was perhaps inevitable that the National Assembly should also make Paris its home. The still maintained assumption that easy and frequent communication between the king and the Assembly was important and even essential—was one argument in favor of the migration from Versailles. Another argument was the loyal devotion which must needs prompt the Assembly to be at the side of the monarch it professed to cherish. Though it was not to be admitted for one moment that the king could be in any possible danger in his own capital and his own palace, there was indeed a kind of tacit recognition that it would be decent and decorous for the representatives of the people to place themselves in close neighborhood to the royal person. The declaration of the Duke de Liancourt to that effect had proved the policy of his peers and colleagues. But it was not possible to carry that policy into immediate

effect. A habitation of a kind was ready for the monarch ; there was no habitation actually ready for the reception of the National Assembly. It had perforce to remain at Versailles until some kind of shelter was found for it in the capital. While this shelter was still to seek it occupied itself with the passing of certain regulations which served in its eyes to "confirm the Revolution." The phrase was a favorite one in those early days, when statesmen were still sanguine and not yet sanguinary, when it was amiably assumed that the Revolution was an accomplished fact, a thing of the past whose existence only needed confirmation by the proclamation of certain formulas and the manufacture of by-laws. The Assembly occupied its last days at Versailles in decreeing the responsibility of all ministers of state and of all agents of the administration, in bettering the system of taxation, in ordering the uniformity of the seal for all parts of the empire, and in effecting a change in the title of the king. Up to this time the kings who preceded Louis had borne the title of King of France and of Navarre. This title the Assembly now abolished, and substituted for it the title of King of the French. To a king whose life had been in the deadliest danger a few days earlier, and who was at that very time practically, if not nominally, a prisoner in his own palace and in the capital of his kingdom, the new title might well seem to be scarcely less ironical than the old. But it was a significant change, for it did away with the doctrine of the divine right of the sovereign, and converted an irresponsible monarch into a citizen, whom failure in the duties of his fellow-citizenship would still further convert into a felon.

The interval of separation did not last very long. After a while, on October 19, 1789, the National As-

sembly found a temporary lodgment in Paris at the Palace of the Archbishopric. This, which was never intended to be permanent, proved even less endurable than was expected. For while other quarters were being arranged for the Assembly by Paris the architect, disaster overcame the sessions in the Archbishop's Palace. A gallery gave way; many people were injured slightly; one deputy was seriously hurt. It seemed decidedly time that the popular body should find some more solid place for its despatch of business. Two-and-twenty days after its arrival in Paris, on November 9, it found a more abiding dwelling-place. This was the Salle du Ménage, or riding-school, in the gardens of the Tuileries. It stood on the north side of the Tuileries Gardens, in a kind of hole-and-corner situation; it was about as unsuitable a place for a National Assembly as could well have been chosen. A body of men who had met at a pinch in a tennis-court were not necessarily lodged with elbow-room and comfort in a dusty and deserted riding-school, even if that riding-school were one of four that had been set up, with no conspicuous success, by Louis XIV. for the advantage and the education of the sons of noble houses. The riding-school has gone long ago with the snows of yester-year and the bones of Charlemagne. The traveller who stands where the Rue de Rivoli meets the Rue Castiglione may try to reconstruct it in his mind's eye. Its dreary hall, of a length and narrowness becoming to a riding-school, indeed, but ill becoming to a parliament, had not echoed to the sound of feet, to the sound of voices, for some years before its silence was stirred by the feet and by the voices from Versailles. It was so ill adjusted for its new purpose that it could only be made to pass as the mere meeting-

house of the Assembly. All the dependent offices of a parliamentary body—its library, its committee-rooms, its various bureaux—had to be established elsewhere, in the convent of the Feuillants, which was hard by.

It is one of the grim humors of the Revolution in its association with Paris that so many of the names which are, as it were, the catchwords of its history are intimately associated with ecclesiastical institutions. The name of the Jacobins, the name of the Cordeliers, are not more closely connected with the progress of the Revolution in Paris than the name of the Feuillants. In front of the convent, which the exigencies of the hour had turned into a supplement to the Tuileries riding-school, there stretched a terrace, wide and long and stately. This terrace played something of the part in the political history of its hour that the terrace of the English House of Commons does in the history of our own day. It extended along a considerable portion of the Rue Saint-Honoré, and after the advent of the National Assembly to Paris it became the familiar recreation-ground and meeting-place of the deputies, and of the friends of the deputies, and of all persons who could obtain or had the right to walk upon it, and to discuss there the topics of the time. If solitude reigned in gloom over the gardens of the Tuileries, now denied to a public that almost hated them for the sake of the Prince de Lambesc, vivacity reigned on the terrace of the Feuillants, where, so long as the Assembly sat, men walked and talked in defiance of the wintry air at first, and afterwards through all the alternations of the seasons, until long after the first National Assembly had ceased to be.

In the gaunt, gloomy riding-school, its grimness unrelieved by any attempt at ornamentation, accommoda-

tion had to be found not merely for the deputies, but for those who made themselves the watchers of the deputies. Spacious galleries had been erected along the sides of the hall, and to these galleries the Constituent Assembly declared that the city and the world had the right of entrance. The city, at least, availed itself liberally of the permission. The National Assembly soon became but one, if the first, among the theatres of Paris ; it had its galleries to play to, and the performers soon saw the importance and learned the trick of playing to the gallery. It was the most popular place in Paris for those to whom leisure was allied with an itch for an ever-changing dramatic entertainment. In the gray of the dawn the doors of the galleries in the riding-school were daily besieged by the zealous or the curious, eager to secure or to reserve their places for the day's performance. As the demand for the entertainment increased, the abuse of the Assembly's hospitality grew the more conspicuous. People who were anxious to be present at the play, but who did not care to importune the doors at daybreak, sent, when their means permitted it, sturdy lieutenants who endured the burden and heat of the day, cooled their heels on the threshold, fought for the good seats in the scramble for places, and held them doggedly until such time as their patrons came to relieve them from their duties and reward them for their pains. Even when, after a while, to check in some degree the growing disorder, admission to the galleries was to be obtained by ticket only, the disorder and unseemliness of the galleries continued. Their occupants applauded or hissed as they pleased. The hawkers of journals, the hawkers of fruit, cried their wares unquestioned. On days of great importance the slender safeguard of entrance by

ticket was overborne, and the crowd forced its way in, successful in its defiance of all regulation.

After a little while the advantage of a majority among the spectators was as plain to the politicians of the streets, and to those who inspired them, as a majority on the floor of the house itself. It was in fact even more important, for a majority in the galleries might by its noise, its vehemence, its imprecations, and its threats command a majority in the Assembly. No pains, therefore, were spared by the enterprising party to secure that majority among the spectators who filled and overfilled the galleries. There were always plenty of men to be obtained, needy, idle fellows, who would for a consideration be as willing to sit in the galleries of the Assembly as anywhere else, would even be more willing to earn their money that way than in any other way, because it brought them not only food and drink, but the privilege of disturbance and the sense of influence. Paris swarmed with disbanded soldiers, with deserters, men who were the very lees of adventure, willing enough to huddle together all day on the benches in the galleries of the National Assembly, and to applaud their orator and hoot that orator in obedience to the signal of their leader. This was the introduction of the theatrical claque with a vengeance; but it had its effect, in the first place, in animating the spirit of the unpaid portion of the spectators, and, in the second place, of exercising its very appreciable influence upon the gentlemen whose privilege it was to make laws, or to try to make laws, for a new France. The clamor of the mass in the galleries had inevitably its grave effect upon the mass in the hall below those galleries. The fruit-eating, newspaper-reading, claque-prompted, if not claque-led, spectators in the gallery were allowed

not merely the license of punctuating with delirious applause the utterances of any speaker whom they were pleased to admire, but the yet greater license of interrupting the speeches of those whom they did not admire with shrieks, hoots, groans, and all manner of vociferations and vituperations.

Under such conditions it was plain that the blessing of freedom of speech, which it was one of the immediate aims of the Revolution to attain, hardly found the fairest field for its exercise within the walls of the National Assembly. The atmosphere of any parliamentary chamber must needs be feverish, electric, overcharged with passion, emotion, excitement, dangerously sensitive, painfully alive. But when the inevitable conditions of parliamentary life are intensified as they were in the early days of the Revolution, when the difficulties are increased in so preposterous a degree, it is of course fated that the influence of external opinion must be experienced to a degree incompatible with the decency, the decorum, and the very existence of any coherent representative assembly. The National Assembly soon became as a body little better than the butt and toy of those who had no voice in its deliberations and no share in the choice of its delegates.

But even in the beginning of its Parisian life, before it had come to its worst, the National Assembly did not seem, to some of its members, a desirable or even endurable place of debate. To men whose mettle was not quarrelsome, who could not brawl or storm, or contentedly submit to be brawled and stormed at, the prospect of public life, of parliamentary life, seemed either too perilous or too ignoble to be accepted. Some, therefore, declined to accept it. The arrival of the king in Paris was promptly followed by two emi-

grations, the one of a large body of men, the other of a single man, the one voluntarily, the other involuntarily, but both deeply significant of the temper of the time. The nobility, headed by the Count d'Artois, had set the singular example of acting on the assumption that the best way to deal with a difficulty is to run away from it. But foolish, even ignominious, as the flight of D'Artois and his first companions was, it had at least the excuse of a not unreasonable instinct of self-preservation. D'Artois and his friends knew themselves to be publicly proscribed ; they knew, or believed they knew, that the people would lose no time in putting the proscriptions into effect, and they believed, or professed to believe, that the only way to keep their heads on their shoulders was to carry them with all convenient speed across the frontier. But some of the men who now, to the world's amazement, followed the example of the fugitive princes had not such an excuse, and would not, for the most part, have regarded it as a valid excuse if it had existed. The National Assembly suddenly found its numbers remarkably reduced. A large proportion of the Royalist party in the Assembly left it with an anxious alacrity. More than three hundred deputies asked for and obtained leave of absence. Of these many, no doubt, were actuated by a desire for their own safety, which, after the events of October 5 and 6, they might well be pardoned for believing to be placed in no slight jeopardy. Many again, no doubt, professed, as the emigrating nobles had professed, to serve their king and their country best by the protest of their absence. But there were others among these new emigrants from whom a different action might have been expected, men who inflicted a severe injury to the cause they served by their abrupt if not un-

reasoned nor, indeed, unreasonable departure. The departure of men like Mounier, like Lally-Tollendal, like the Bishop of Langres, and others, whose moderation was perhaps more than ever needed in a time of such immoderate emotions, caused surprise at the time and has caused regret ever since. Lally-Tollendal explained himself at some length, and with all his habitual eloquence, in a letter to a friend which was made public. It is impossible, on reading it, not to feel that there is much to be said for Lally-Tollendal's point of view. He declared, gallantly and truthfully, that it was not the fear of death which drove him to withdraw from the National Assembly. He recognized that a man might put his life in peril once, and even many times, but he denied that any man was bound to suffer uselessly a thousand martyrdoms in each minute, and to perish of rage and despair in the midst of crimes which he could do nothing to arrest or avert. He declared that it was beyond his strength to endure any longer the bloodshed, the assassinations, the insulted sovereign, the menaced queen, the heads exalted on the points of pikes, the composure of Bailly, the audacity of Mirabeau, and the laughter of Barnave. The days of October had convinced him that the only thing left for a decent citizen to do was to quit the Cavern of Cannibals, for so Lally-Tollendal in his heat and passion chose to designate the National Assembly.

But if the self-imposed exile of Lally-Tollendal, of Mounier, and of those who thought like Lally-Tollendal and like Mounier, had at least something semi-Roman in its simplicity of motive and ingenuousness of exculpation, there was nothing either simple or ingenuous in the motives which led the Duke of Orleans to leave France. The moderates of the Assembly left of their

own accord in the free-will of their folly or of their despair. The Duke of Orleans left against his will, because he was compelled to leave, because he had no choice but to accept the degrading exile which was thrust upon him under the poor pretence of a diplomatic mission. Orleans had made enemies in two powerful quarters. He was naturally hated by the adherents of the king, who was still, in name at least, the ruler of the kingdom. He was scarcely less naturally hated by a man who for the moment was far more influential than the king—by Lafayette. It is probable that Lafayette knew all, or almost all, that there was to know about the days of October. It seems certain that he knew, or that he acted as if he knew, and as if Orleans believed that he knew, the extent in which Orleans was incriminated in those events. The exact facts no man knows, no man will ever know; but what appears to be likely is that Lafayette made the menace of revelation the means of expulsion. Lafayette could have no kind of sympathy with so ignoble, so incapable a schemer as Orleans. Lafayette's passion for liberty did not extend to allowing a prince of the blood to attempt the assassination of his sovereign and kinsman. It is clear that Lafayette thought that the air of France would smell the sweeter if France were purged of the presence of Orleans. And accordingly he seems to have insisted that Orleans must go. It is scarcely to be assumed that the king and those who stood by the king were very unwilling to say farewell, if only for a season, to Philip of Orleans. But it is characteristic of the time that even a step which the court was willing to take, it took in obedience to the impulse of Lafayette. At least it is certain that Orleans was called on to leave France, and that he did leave France, with the flimsiest pretence of diplomatic busi-

ness that ever yet pretended to shield disgrace and exile with a blazon of honor and of honorable occupation. Louis gave to his cousin a letter to the King of England and the figment of a mission. He was intrusted with the formal regulations usually given to an important intermediary. It was a part of the grotesque game to assume that the mission of the Duke of Orleans was to explain to the sovereign of Great Britain something of the meaning and the purport of the agitations existing in Belgium. There was at least a hint suggested that if Belgium came to choose a king, France, so far as France was represented by Louis XVI., would not object to see Philip of Orleans seated upon the Belgian throne. No more ludicrous embassy ever existed outside the compass of a comic opera. Yet it was characteristic of the man that he took this buffoon mission very seriously, and clowned his part with an insufferable seriousness.

Philip of Orleans arrived in London full of importance. If he was disappointed by his failure to gain the lieutenant-generalship of France, at least he had every reason to think that he might wear a Flemish crown. The chance of a throne was to Orleans as the certainty; already he fancied himself consecrated; already he and the feather-headed gentlemen who formed his court began to plan a new diplomacy and play at a new Fronde. Orleans believed that this mission to England would give him the opportunity of winning George III. to his political views and his firebrand scheme of European alliances. But he did not know that while he wore the ostensible character of an envoy, all importance had been taken from his mission by the private communications which the French government addressed to the English government, communications which made

it plain to the English king and the English ministry that the mission of Orleans was a mere feint, adopted for the purpose of getting him out of France. Orleans soon learned that his mission wore only a mask of meaning. George received him with a politeness that veiled indifference; the example of the king was followed by his ministers. Orleans was civilly disregarded by those in authority, uncivilly disregarded by those whom official responsibility did not force to offer him the show of welcome. He found a refuge from this disdain in the only solace life seemed capable of affording him—the solace of debauchery. But if debauchery afforded some alleviation for the destruction of his dreams of empire, it did not deaden his detestation of those who had duped him into exile. Little spirits, says a philosopher, think themselves strong when they know how to hate. As far as the capacity to cherish ignoble hatred went, Orleans was a giant.

The National Assembly had counted for something in the exile of Orleans. When the prince's faction heard of the mission they made an attempt to have his departure stopped by the people of Boulogne, but the National Assembly, under the influence of Lafayette, set aside all the obstacles that were raised to stay the duke's departure. The majority in the Assembly were probably as indifferent to the loss of Orleans from their deliberations as they were to the emigration of the Moderates. They had their business and desires in life, such as they were—the business of making the Constitution, the desire of confirming the Revolution—and they labored at the one with patience, and cherished the other with impatience. In the little that was left to them of the great year, in the few first weeks of their habitation in Paris, the majority in the Assembly un-

dertook and carried out two gigantic enterprises, and a third that was little less portentous, with a light heart, with a headlong swiftness. These were tasks whose bulk and gravity might have awed if not abashed enthusiasts less headlong, iconoclasts less zealous. But the statesmen, but the politicians who led and made up the majority in the Assembly, were impelled to energy of action by two impulses: the one, as it were, external, and the other internal. The first was an immediate need of money—money to restore the ruined credit of the country, to cover something of the nakedness of the national treasure-chest, and to keep the Revolution not merely alert, but even alive. The second was the conviction with which the mind of the majority was saturated, a conviction directly opposed to the Pangloss-like optimism that whatever is is right, the unflinching conviction that whatever is is wrong. The exchequer was empty; it must needs be filled, partially if not entirely. The majority in the Assembly believed that they had found the way to fill it. The whole of the realm of France was out of gear. The majority in the Assembly believed that they had found the way to remould it nearer to the heart's desire. There were ancient institutions to be reformed, and the majority in the Assembly believed that they had found the way to reform them altogether. And being the majority, they worked out the problem in their own way without, as it would seem, one tremor of doubt, not merely of their wisdom, but even of their infallibility.

The two chief tasks which the Assembly now undertook are perhaps the most amazing of their experiments and the most monumental of their achievements, for good or evil. Both have been battled over a hundred times; men are as little agreed now as they were little

agreed a century ago as to the prudence, the honor, or the sanity of these two adventures. What seems to one party the inspired heroism of saviors of society seems to the other no better than the savage and stupid spoliation of a pack of bandits. The first adventure was the adventure after money. Necker's schemes and dreams had come to nothing; neither unacceptable loans nor patriotic contributions had served to stop the hole. Necker had apparently nothing new to propose; a stronger and a stranger spirit took his place. The Bishop of Autun, inspired by or imitating Mirabeau, had a plan, and what Talleyrand proposed the majority in the Assembly responded to with rapture. It had at least the merit of simplicity. Talleyrand pointed out that the Church had vast possessions, great wealth, varied treasure; what could be simpler than to take away the wealth from the service of the Church and apply it to the service of the State. A scheme which seemed no better and no other than highway robbery in the eyes of the minority shone with the splendor of salvation in the eyes of the majority. From applauding the proposition to carrying it into effect was but a step. The minority fought hard indeed for their cause; there was a war of arguments for and against; members of the majority showing with unanswerable logic that the Church had no right to its possessions when the interests of the State were concerned; members of the minority showing with no less unanswerable logic that the Church had a right to its own, and that the interests of the State would be served by protecting that right in common with all other rights. The arguments on both sides are still to be read in contemporary pages of almost interminable debates, in pages of interminable controversy ever since. Each set of argu-

ments seems irresistible in the eyes of its advocates. But, right or wrong, the majority carried the day; right or wrong, the minority found itself, if not out-talked and out-argued, at least out-generalled and out-voted. The economic question how far a majority in a haphazard assemblage of delegates has the right, in the name of the higher virtue, to lay its hands upon that which a minority has been for generations permitted to regard as its property has not yet been answered. Majority and minority united in believing, or professing to believe, that the interests of the nation, and in consequence the interests of humanity, were of the first importance. Where they failed to agree was as to the best means of serving those interests. That vast ethical problem, more inscrutable than the Sphinx, was solved for the National Assembly by the simple expedient of a division list. Out of so many lawyers, soldiers, burgesses, priests, nobles, citizens of many kinds, chosen and gathered together for a quite different purpose and business, the larger number decided that the interest of France and the interests of humanity were best served by the wholesale annexation of the goods and gear of the Church. The question of right may still be admitted to be debatable; as to the question of might there could be no debate whatever. Whatever of force and strength, of hand or of prestige, there was in France remained more or less in the hands of the National Assembly, or of those whom the National Assembly believed that it influenced and unconsciously obeyed.

According to Talleyrand, the property of the clergy amounted to several thousand millions of francs. According to his calculations, this vast sum would not merely pay the public debt and fill the impoverished ex-

chequer, but would amply suffice for the proper endowment of the Church, the proper payment of its ministers, and the discharge of all ecclesiastical obligations. Against this proposition the upper clergy and the most part of the nobles fought gallantly and fought in vain. The Abbé Maury battled for his cause and his camp with his usual unconquerable courage, with his usual unabashable wit. He exhausted every argument, he appealed to every passion that might serve his turn, but he argued and appealed in vain. When a large number of men are convinced, wisely or unwisely, justly or unjustly, that it is for the public good and the common weal that they should have the disposal of the wealth of others, it would be hard to convince them to the contrary, even though the pleader spoke with the tongue of men and of angels. Maury may have been on the side of the angels, but he spoke but with the speech of men, and the stars in their courses fought against him as they fought against Sisera. Some one asked Talleyrand why he did not reply to Maury. The Bishop of Autun had a characteristic answer, full of sour suavity. The Abbé Maury, said Talleyrand, had an inviolability that was all his own; but he feared that if he replied to Maury the people would hang Maury out of hand. Indeed, Maury was often enough in danger of the gallows—danger from which he was saved less by the possession of an unclerical brace of pistols—for Maury was ever of the church militant—than from his never-failing wit and his never-failing courage. Maury, in the comment of Duquesnoy, had what is commonly called eloquence, which is, for the most part, no more than a kind of luxury of words and an assemblage of more or less picturesque ideas. It was at least no bad idea of Maury's to demand whence the Assembly got the power it claimed and was prepared to

usurp; how from a mass of mere deputies of so many bailiwicks it had been converted all of a sudden into a National Assembly with despotic authority to dispose of the property of others. The question had its pertinence, but Mirabeau was never at a loss for a reply. He answered the Abbé Maury, as he said, in plain terms. The deputies of the people became a National Assembly on the day on which, finding the chamber of the Assembly of the people's representatives bristling with bayonets, they met together and swore to perish rather than abandon the interests of the people. On the day on which an act of madness attempted to interfere with their sacred mission they became a National Assembly for the purpose of destroying the order of things in which violence attacked the rights of the nation. Mirabeau did not allow himself or his hearers time to ask how far violence changed its nature by changing its instruments, or how far a constitutional question was settled by a few swelling phrases not bold enough to assert the intelligible principle of the strong hand. He flung himself headlong into anecdote. He asked the Assembly to remember the story of the great man who, in order to save his country from a conspiracy, had been compelled to determine to act against the laws with that decision which the unanswerable call of necessity justifies, and who, when asked if he had not violated his oath, defended himself by the dexterous if ambiguous answer that he had saved the republic. As he spoke, Mirabeau turned towards the deputies of the left, and, extending his hand, as if in benediction, declared that they in their turn had saved the republic. If the Abbé Maury was a sophist, Mirabeau could and did beat him at his own game. There were other eloquent speakers on the right for whom Mirabeau was also

ready. The Archbishop of Aix fought for his order with an eloquence which in certain passages wrung for him the applause, not of his admirers, but of his opponents. Mirabeau himself was seen and heard to applaud him loudly, but the moment after he had given his applause he called to the archbishop that he could applaud his talent without adopting his opinions.

Mirabeau could not convince all those who supported him that the great annexation should be made without the special consultation and approval of the country as a whole. But Mirabeau did what he usually did when he set his heart upon a matter. He carried his point and carried his party with him. On November 2 a memorable motion was put to the test of a division. The motion was Mirabeau's. Mirabeau had adopted with the ardor of authorship the proposal of Talleyrand. A plan that Mirabeau inspired soon came to be Mirabeau's plan. Mirabeau's motion declared in the first place that all ecclesiastical property was at the disposal of the nation, but chargeable with a suitable provision for the expenses of religious worship, for the support of the ministers of religion, and relief of the poor, under the superintendence and according to the instructions of the provinces. In the second place, it provided that there should be assigned for the allowance of the curés not less than 1200 livres, not including therein a dwelling and garden. This motion was carried by a majority of 568 to 346, not a very conspicuous majority for so comprehensive a measure. Without involving study of the intricacies of ecclesiastical defence and anti-clerical attack, it must be admitted that a majority composed variously of sceptics steeped in the spirit of the encyclopædists, of theists exalted by the dreamings of Rousseau, of emulous Jansenists hot to mould the Church

after their own manner, of atheists, of adventurers, of lawyers guided by the old monarchical tradition of the supremacy of the State, was hardly likely to form a very impartial tribunal for the trial of so grave a matter—a matter that seemed so especially to call for impartiality and patience, for freedom from the heats and rages of faction and the petulances of haste. But men newly used to legislation by passion after the manner of August 4 were not likely to let, and did not let, questions of this kind stand in their way. They wanted the wealth of the Church; they believed it had been ill gotten and ill used by the Church; they wanted it for the nation of which they believed themselves to be not merely the representatives, but the creators; they found that it was in their power to take it, and they took it. Any hopes the opposing clergy might have founded upon the difficulty of dealing with the property of the Church were soon dissipated. A ready means was devised by their adversaries for taking their lands and distributing them among a great number of purchasers, who would be all interested in maintaining their title by supporting the Revolution which had given it to them. Crown lands and Church lands were put upon the public market to the value of nearly eighteen millions of pounds, and a State paper money was immediately issued to the same amount. This currency took the form of notes called assignats, ranging in value from one thousand livres to two thousand livres. These were to be used in payment of State creditors, and were to be received back by the State from purchases of the Crown and Church lands offered for sale. But they were also made a legal tender as money all through the kingdom and for all purposes. The holder of the assignats could at any time convert them into property if he chose to buy any

of the lands offered for sale by paying for them in assignats, while, as they also had an enforced currency, he could dispose of them as if they actually were the money that they represented. Those who received assignats in payment were always free if they chose to purchase land with them, and the assignats which were received for the purchase of land were to be publicly burned, and so were gradually to be withdrawn from circulation.

Vainly did the Clerics and Royalists inveigh against a paper currency, point with ominous fingers to the example of John Law, and prophesy national bankruptcy. The scheme, as far as it went, was financially sound, whatever its moral qualities may have been. It had nothing in common with the dust and chaff, the heat and perturbation of the Rue Quincampoix. The bold stroke beat national bankruptcy back for the instant, and even for the hour. If indeed afterwards the system of the assignat, brutally and stupidly abused, proved, at least for a time, disastrous to the interests of France, there was nothing, from the merely monetary point of view, that was condemnable or other than commendable in the step taken by the majority of the Assembly. Whether the treatment of the Church was just or unjust, the problem of replenishment, given that treatment, was worked out and answered with intelligence and dexterity. For the moment the hole in the strong box was patched up. The maw of the Cerberus whom men called Deficit was soothed. There was money in hand, there was money in pocket, and in comparison with that amazing fact the existence of an affronted hierarchy seemed a fact of the least possible moment. The enmity of the Church appeared to be a poor matter to politicians who, when they accepted the Church at

all, only accepted it as a ruin that cried for restoration, as an abuse that clamored for reform, and who for the most part regarded it with a mind trained to the fine irony of the encyclopædists or the speculative anarchy of Rousseau.

In the recently published despatches of the Venetian ambassadors during the French Revolution the student finds a lively picture of the process of converting the property of the Church into national property as it seemed in the eyes of the envoys of an ancient and Catholic State. To the Venetian ambassadors, surveying the spectacle as they did with minds as yet unconcerned for the safety of their own power, and only agitated by the sight of an upheaval so perplexing to intelligences moulded in a venerable tradition and a profound respect for the past, the action of the National Assembly was but one further step in its system of destruction and of popular sovereignty. On the Day of the Dead, they write picturesquely home, the National Assembly has dealt out death to the wealth of the Church. They emphasize with an Italian sense of irony the last clause in Mirabeau's motion—that which gave to the curates a stipulated wage, not including house and garden. This last article, they say, has been set down with malicious intent to ensnare the suffrages of the curés, and to insure a large majority, and the ambassadors are candid enough to admit that in truth the curés at least do not suffer by the change. But it was not left to the Italians to appreciate the dexterous malice of Mirabeau's phraseology. Its meaning was as obvious as it was dexterous; the net was spread, and not in vain, in the sight of the bird. No sooner was the motion proposed than some one in the National Assembly, as reported by Duquesnoy, and probably

Duquesnoy himself, saw in it the handiwork of a great rogue, but of a rogue of genius. But Duquesnoy insists that it was the ascendancy of Mirabeau—the ascendancy of a man of genius—that succeeded in formulating and finally in carrying the famous motion.

It is very remarkable, says the same shrewd critic, that the motion was carried during the presidency of Camus, long a clerical advocate, long a clerical pensioner, a man who had been elevated to the presidency only by the intrigues and the manœuvres of the Clerical party. On one important day of the deliberations which decided the fate of the ecclesiastical property Camus did not preside. According to the promulgated report, he did not preside because he was suffering from a sudden loss of voice, due, indeed, to his habitual and vehement loquacity. But the wits would have it that he had not quite the courage to preside over the humiliation of the body to which he owed so much, and it was said of him, playfully, that he was suffering from an ecclesiastical chill.

The next great enterprise of the advanced party in the Assembly was the enterprise of reconstructing France. The condition of France was undoubtedly anomalous enough. It had gradually taken its social and political shape across the centuries. Through the rise and wane of feudalism, through civil and foreign wars, through invasion and aggression, through loss and gain, the face of France had come to wear a certain aspect. It was divided into a number of provinces, very much as England is divided into counties. These provinces were of many sizes and of many shapes, irregular with the irregularity of the handiwork of time. Many of them were almost like little separate countries, speaking a different speech, and following national customs

different from the speech and the customs of the bulk of France. Almost all these provinces were governed by different local laws. Under the most objectionable rule of the old arrangement, they were each administered, as to taxation, by quite different systems, which made the fiscal relationships throughout the whole of France very complicated indeed, and very irritating to its victims. Thus, goods travelling from one end of the country to the other might come under half a dozen different impositions of duty-money on their journey, exactly as if they were being conveyed across the continent of Europe, and across the frontiers of so many separate and independent states. The abuses of the existing organization were patent enough to any body of men zealous for reform ; their evils cried aloud for remedy, and the reformers in the Assembly were deaf to no cry of the kind. But the reform which the majority in the Assembly now proposed for the abuses and evils was conceived on the simple principle of the spoiled sum and the clean slate. Because the division of France into provinces was accompanied by evils accidental, and not incidental, to that division, the enthusiasts of the Assembly could think of no better way to meet the difficulty than by boldly wiping out all the old divisions of the country, dividing it neatly into equal parts with a ruler and a pencil, and naming the divisions of their brand-new chessboard with a brand-new set of brand-new names. It was all portion and parcel of the belief which we shall find animating almost every action of the revolutionary leaders—the belief that if you call a thing by a new name it becomes a new thing. It seemed to them that the existence of so many provinces, which were almost so many little kingdoms, was a menace to the unity of the Revolution and a hinderance

to the spread of revolutionary ideas. A Burgundy, a Picardy, a Vendée, a Provence, hide-bound in traditions, animated by a spirit of individual existence, might not prove amenable to, or enthusiastic for, the new gospel of life according to the National Assembly. But if at a blow the Assembly destroyed all the old divisions and made new ones, by which the men of one province suddenly found themselves incorporated with the men of another province, in a new division of land, under a new name, and under new laws, it was hoped and believed that the different provincial centres of independence would be annihilated, and that, with a plan of harmonious unity, the path of the Revolution would be made straight.

The new men would have nothing to do with the old world. Mirabeau might be anxious to develop the spirit of the present from the spirit of the past, and to preserve that element of provincial federalism which appealed to so large a proportion of the population. But the reformers knew nothing of the golden mean. They resolved to sweep away at one stroke the political provinces, the financial generalities, the civil intendancies, the military governments, the ecclesiastical dioceses, the bailiwicks, and the judicial seneschalcies into which they found their France divided. If the France of the North—the France of the *langue d'oïl*—followed the common law; if the France of the South—the France of the *langue d'oc*—followed the Roman law; if there were here places with one peculiarity of taxation and there places with another peculiarity of taxation, the enthusiasts were resolved to obliterate them all. No longer should Corsica owe a half-allegiance to the Republic of Genoa, nor Strasburg and Alsace look for certain questions to the authority of the Germanic

Empire. No longer should Brittany cling to the old Breton constitution, which had been granted to it at the time of the marriage of Anne of Brittany, and which, though not of assured popularity in the whole of the province, was still recognized and obeyed. No longer should Burgundy, seized for the realm of France so long ago by Louis XI., preserve its contract, nor French Flanders retain customs and government akin to those of the Imperial cities, nor Roussillon seem in speech and manners to be a portion of the soil of Spain. All these differences of race, creed, tongue, custom, tradition the zealots were hot to destroy. They were for annihilating all things made, not indeed to a green thought in a green shade, but to a gray thought in a gray shade. It did not seem to occur to any of them that it was a forlorn hope to dream of obliterating the Norman, the Gascon, the Breton, and the Provençal. The statesmen of the hour, big with the bigness of their schemes, would have smiled if they had been warned that when another century had come and gone Norman and Gascon, Breton and Provençal would still exist as isolated, as individual as before, each with his own temperament, his own variety of language, and his own characteristic ways. They did not appreciate that it was one thing to abolish an evil system of taxation, but that it was quite another thing to make so many millions of contrasting men homogeneous and to alter the processes of the world with the stroke of a pen.

However, they did their best in the two enterprises. They wanted at first to divide France into eighty equal departments, but they found they could not manage this, so they divided her up into eighty-two, as nearly symmetrical in size, as nearly equal in population, as

they could manage, with the island of Corsica all by itself for an eighty-third department. These new departments were newly named after their position by great rivers or by great mountains, or by the borders of the sea. Each department was subdivided into districts, which were further subdivided into cantons. The inhabitants of these new departments were themselves divided into three classes—passive citizens, active citizens, and electors. To be an active citizen, it was necessary to be twenty-five years of age, to have lived in a particular canton for a year, to pay taxation equivalent to three days of work, and, moreover, not to be a hired servant. In order to be an elector, an inhabitant had to pay taxation equivalent to the worth of ten days' work. As for the ambitious citizen who might aspire to the honor of election to the National Assembly, he had to pay a contribution to taxation of not less than fifty livres. Every canton was the seat of a primary assembly when the number of active citizens was not more than nine hundred. When the number was more than nine hundred, two primary assemblies were formed. The duty of these primary assemblies, thus composed of active citizens, was to choose electors in the proportion of one elector to every hundred inhabitants from among the active citizens of the canton. The duty of these electors, in their turn, was, in the first place, to elect the members of the administration of the department from the eligible citizens of all the districts, and, in the second place, to elect the deputies to the National Assembly from among the eligible citizens of the department. Each department had its Administrative Council, composed of thirty-six members, and its Executive Directory, composed of five members. It was the business of the Council to decide, and

of the Directory to act. The various districts, organized on the same principle as the department, had each its own little Council and its own little Directory, less numerous than and deriving its authority from the higher Council and the higher Directory. The directories were permanent, while the councils had to assemble every year for a month to settle questions of receipt and expense. As for the cantons, formed of five or six parishes, they were merely electoral divisions, and had no administrative character. The king could only suspend the councils of a department or a district with the authorization of the National Assembly, and even then only on certain conditions.

It would have been difficult to devise any system of reform less likely to satisfy the people, whom it professed to serve, or less in accordance with the spirit in which those who had helped to make, and who were still making, the Revolution, professed to act. Ingenious in its pettiness of subdivision, its minute machinery of wheel within wheel, it was wanting in everything that lends dignity to a measure of reform and security to a measure of revolution. The people, in whose name the Revolution had been attempted, and by whose aid it had been accomplished so far, were left by this amazing arrangement out in the cold. As far as having any share in the government of the country was concerned, they were as well off under the Old Order, and would have been as well off under an Oriental despotism. The Revolution, manipulated by burgesses, was now, as it seemed to be, so curbed, so restricted, as to leave all the power it had set free in the hands of the burgesses. Even those who were constituted active citizens were by no means too well pleased with their position, and those who were forced into the position of passive citi-

zens were, if powerless as legislators, extremely active as enemies of a new system which was for them no better than the old. The National Assembly, which had been called into existence by the suffrages of some five millions of people, displayed a curious inconsistency when, in its great measure of reform, it deliberately denied the franchise on which it relied to something like two millions of the people of France. Limited reforms, limited revolutions, are difficult things to accomplish. The new scheme seemed cankered from the beginning, and doomed to perish.

But if the new scheme bore in its very nature the germ of its destruction, it was not without accomplishing much that was good. The newly created administrative divisions were made to serve also as judicial divisions. The administration of justice was completely reconstructed. Every department had a criminal court; every district a civil court. The judges of these courts were elected by the electors of the department and the district. The primary assemblies in each of the cantons into which the districts were divided elected justices of the peace for petty trials. By the new arrangement any member of the legal profession had the chance to be chosen as a judge, and judges were only elected to hold office for the term of six years. If the new justice was not faultless, at least it had fewer faults than were attendant upon the new division of the kingdom. All manner of fantastical, old-fashioned, whimsical, and even savage forms of law and of what was called justice vanished from the page of history. The new procedure gave a decent chance, and something more than a decent chance, to the accused. By a desperate innovation it was decided that heresy and magic were no longer to be regarded as

crimes, that torture as a form of law was to be done away with for good and all, and that the punishment of death was to be decreed for something more serious than the trivial reasons which had prevailed before the change. A form of trial by jury was adopted. Distinction of class was no longer permitted to count in the decisions of the law. Arbitrary arrest, arbitrary imprisonment were decently provided against. The new penal code was better, on the whole, than that of the other countries of Europe.

The base of the new social system was the commune, which was administrated by a municipal council presided over by a mayor. This municipality was made up of members whose number was proportional to the population. The municipal officers were chosen directly by the active citizens, and they alone had the power to call upon the aid of armed force. An elected official, called the procureur syndic, had the duty of defending the interests of the commune in the district.

These comprehensive changes did not pass unchallenged, or challenged only by the minority in the National Assembly. From all parts of the country a flood of protests poured in upon the National Assembly. There were petitions, piteous or indignant, from this little commune or that large district which found itself torn away from the province to which it was attached by time and tradition in order to become portion and parcel of a newly made division with which it had neither language, customs, nor history in common. But the Assembly, or at least the majority in the Assembly, paid no heed to protest or appeal, and went steadily on its way of renovation. The minority, indeed, supported every protest, lent its countenance to every

attack, and did everything that lay in its power to discredit the National Assembly. Convinced that the new condition of things could not last long, they flung themselves against their enemy with a desperation that was not necessarily heroic because it was entirely hopeless. They had to give way before the breakers of images.

In the great game of skittles which the new men were playing with the institutions of the Old Order, the upsetting of one little pin seemed almost insignificant in the presence of such wholesale havoc. Yet the abolition of the old Parliaments of France, taking place as it did at about the same time as the confiscation of the wealth of the Church and the repartition of France, was significant, even momentous enough, and would have seemed more significant, more momentous in hours less pregnant of events. The provincial parliaments, that had in their day so often battled against the authority of the kings and the encroachments of ministers, had now in the latest phase of their existence become centres of reaction—had taken upon themselves to quarrel with, to protest against, even to invalidate, or rather to declare invalid, the decrees of the deputies. They went further. They gave a covert if not an overt encouragement to certain little outbursts of sedition; they were decidedly and conspicuously counter-revolutionary; they were in the way of the new men, and the new men were stronger than they, and quietly snuffed them out of their flickering existence. On a motion of Alexandre de Lameth's, it was decreed that the parliaments should remain in vacation until the complete reorganization of justice throughout the kingdom should be accomplished. Lameth playfully called this burying them all alive. The king had little love for his

parliaments; he promptly ratified the action of the Assembly. There was a little protestation, a little bluster, a little attempt at assertion, which was decisively silenced. The parliaments of France had ceased to be.

The Venetian ambassadors, writing home to their government, see in this annulment of the parliaments a further proof that the National Assembly is the enemy of every body and of every aristocracy which is not created by itself. When they speak of the royal consent they smile, or seem to smile, compassionately. The king has no other course open to him, they say, than to approve whatever he is told to approve. The whole business fills them with a horror that expresses itself ironically in the conclusion that the French are still and ever the antique, ferocious Gauls whom Louis XIV. strove to uplift from barbarism, but to whom he could only succeed in giving an exterior varnish, which had been eaten away by time.

The measure which appeared so monstrous in the eyes of the Venetian ambassadors has a very different seeming in the eyes even of a temperate revolutionary like Duquesnoy. Those, he declares, who know the terrible powers in the hands of the parliaments, and the secret springs of every kind which they know how to set in motion against their adversaries, can only approve of the action which reduces them to impotence. Yet he notes with something almost approaching to amusement that in an Assembly which contained many magistrates of all classes, not one had the courage to raise his voice for the parliaments. He remarks, further, the whimsicality of the fact that the bitterest enemies of the parliaments were found among the most celebrated advocates attached to their courts; in saying which he was uttering, all unconsciously, one of

the epigrams of the Revolution. Never, he says, was the sentiment of hate manifested with greater rapture than when the decree was passed which struck the parliaments of France—so old, so venerable, so illustrious, and so foolish—into the dust.

CHAPTER XXII

POOR PARIS !

It is characteristic of the French Revolution, as it is characteristic, indeed, of any known revolution and of any imaginable revolution, that those who maintained it by their action or sustained it by their applause always believed that a certain point meant the end—meant the plucking of the fruit of the heart's desire. There was always something to be done which, when once done, signified the return of the time of Saturn, which uttered the open sesame to the earthly paradise, that goal of all dreams, the crown of all aspirations. When Lafayette lifted up his clear, young, insolent voice among the notables, he and those of his inclining were convinced that the convocation of the States-General meant the panacea for all the pains of France—meant the resurrection of liberty, the return of the golden age. When the third estate clasped hands and mingled oaths in the Tennis-Court its members felt sure that a union of all the three orders was all that was necessary for the creation of the ideal state. When the people, hot with haste, brawled in the streets of Versailles and sprawled in violated bedrooms and ravaged antechambers, it believed that the one thing needful for the hastening of the millennium and the conversion of France—and especially the capital of France—into a new Land of Cocaigne was to bring, by a force which was called

persuasion, the king and his kindred back within the walls of Paris.

The event did not justify the curious belief of the populace of Paris that the dearth of bread would cease with the return to the capital of the Baker and the Baker's Wife and the Baker's Boy. Famine, that had seemed to pause for a few days after the arrival of the royal family in Paris, soon reasserted itself with all its old ferocity. A hungry people easily revolt, or are easily stirred to revolt. Those who believe that all the agitations in Paris were the result of elaborate conspiracies see in these disturbances caused by famine a new example of the policy of the Orleanist faction. The feeble Catiline who had allowed himself to be driven into exile had left behind him, according to one eloquent chronicler, more than one Lentulus, more than one Cethegus much more dangerous than himself. Whether conspiracy were afoot or no, the populace were aroused. Crowds gathered in the streets, threatening the civic peace and clamoring against the mysterious monopolists, who were, according to the popular belief, the cause of all the want of food. On a morning of late October a kind of raid was made upon the shops of certain bakers. Two of these bakers were rescued from the hands of the mob by the National Guard. The mob seized upon a third baker, named François, whom some one seems to have accused quite unjustly of keeping a quantity of bread hidden away from the hungry people. The friends and the neighbors of François protested against the accusation, asserting, as it would seem with justice, that the unhappy man was the most zealous in his district to supply the necessary food for the people. But protestations and assertions availed nothing with the crowd.

It wanted a victim. For a moment the National Guard rescued François from the hands of the people, and carried him, as Foulon had been carried, to the fallacious shelter of the Town-Hall. The authorities of the Town-Hall were for sending the accused man to the safety of a prison, but before he could be carried thither he was snatched from his guards, dragged to the lantern, hanged, and his head hacked off and stuck upon a pike. This ghastly trophy was carried through the streets by the murderers, and it is said that every baker whom the crowd came across was made to kiss it. This horrible procession, this ominous triumph, was practically the greeting that Paris offered to its National Assembly when its National Assembly came from Versailles to settle down in Paris.

If the crime were a kind of challenge to the forbearance of the National Assembly, at least the National Assembly responded promptly to the challenge. Lafayette was for once found quick to act. In the first place he marched at the head of his National Guards against the horrible procession, broke it up, and made prisoner the assassin who carried the baker's head on a pike. This assassin was, the next day, brought before the Châtelet, judged, condemned, and instantly executed, on the morrow of his offence. But Lafayette did more than this. He appeared in the National Assembly, and made a formal proposition for the establishment of martial law. The demand had been made before. A month earlier Mirabeau had called for some restraint upon public disorder as emphatically and as unsuccessfully as he was now, by a curious irony, to oppose, emphatically and unsuccessfully, Lafayette's proposal. Lafayette's proposal, warmly seconded by Bailly, urged that the Assembly should enforce some vigorous law against sedition.

The debate that followed, and the result of the debate, memorable in any case, are especially memorable for two things : for the speech of Robespierre, and for the choice made by the Assembly of an emblem of authority. Robespierre was only beginning to gain a hearing and to command an influence in the circle of the Assembly. Such hearing as he had gained, such influence as he had won, were obtained by his persistent championship of the party of the people as opposed to the court on the one hand and the burgesses on the other. Robespierre, in the course of time, has been accorded many nicknames. Carlyle has called him, to weariness, the sea-green incorruptible ; Taine has been tedious with his allegory of the crocodile ; on the occasion of this speech against the martial law Lacretelle fits Robespierre with the title of "cannibal rhetorician." Yet there is nothing of the cannibal in the speech of Robespierre on this occasion, and even those who may not agree with him can scarcely urge, after studying it, that he was without a case, or that he put his case without moderation and discretion. If he exceeded discretion in asking why authority did not anticipate popular vengeance by legal vengeance, at least the main part of his speech was sufficiently temperate and the main drift of his argument sufficiently cogent for the time and for the place. But it is perhaps most interesting because it presents in little so much of the principles and the policy which governed Robespierre in the day so soon to dawn in which he filled the place in the eyes of France that now was filled by Mirabeau.

The opposition of Robespierre was supported by Buzot, by the Duke d'Aiguillon, by the two Lameths, and, in a measure, by Mirabeau himself. Mirabeau recognized that there might be need of some form of

martial law, but he insisted that the first, the most immediate, peremptory need was the provisionment of the capital. How, he asked, might a martial law avail when the congregated people cried out that there was no bread in the bakers' shops? But the majority in the Assembly was too profoundly impressed by the gravity of the situation, too eager to answer to the demands of Lafayette and Bailly, too much horrified by the renewal of atrocities to be turned from its purpose. On the day on which Lafayette asked for the creation of a martial law, the martial law was passed. By this law the municipal authorities, under pain of personal responsibility for what might happen, were ordered to repress all riots and tumults by the display and, if necessary, by the employment of force. As a preliminary, a certain kind of flag was to be flown from the principal window of the Town-Hall and to be carried before the troops into the quarters of the city in which riot raged. If the mob did not disperse after no less than three summonses to do so from the magistrate, the magistrate had the right to order the troops under his command to fire. This law, which in its main features so closely resembles the well-known riot act of English law, had one peculiarity in its connection with the Revolution and with subsequent revolution which deserves a word of notice. The color of the flag which was to be the danger signal displayed by authority against revolt was red. A red flag flying from the windows of the Town-Hall, a red flag carried before the troops marching through the streets on a magistrate's order, was the emblem of the action of constituted authority against popular agitation and popular violence. It is one of the ironies of history that the flag which was first carried against insurrection should have

come to be regarded as the chosen banner of insurrection. Revolution has chosen for its standard the flag that had fluttered against it, the flag that of all flags was most hated by the early revolutionists, more hated even than the flag of the monarchy itself. Yet it has become portion and parcel of general belief that the red flag was flown as a sign of insurrection in the earliest hours of the French Revolution. The play-goer of to-day has seen upon a stage which stands second to none in the world for care and accuracy of historical detail a representation of the taking of the Bastille, in which the forces of insurrection rallied behind a blood-colored banner. Naturally no red flag flew on that day. When, later, a red flag was displayed, it was displayed under very different conditions, and caused the most tragic results. That martial law of October, 1789, was to make many victims with its red flag, but it was to find its chief victims among those who had most eagerly applied for it and most firmly put faith in its efficacy.

The new martial law was aimed directly at the man in the streets, at the congregation of riot, at the turbulent, the tumultuous mob. But it was aimed indirectly at those persons, mysterious, unknown, alarming, who were supposed to incite to riot and to find their account in insurrection. Opinion differed widely, strangely, as to the names of those occult schemers of disorders whose influence would be so largely counteracted by the existence and the enforcement of a martial law.

The instigation of the plots which agitated Paris and impelled armed multitudes to march on Versailles was attributed often enough to the Duke of Orleans. But suspicion also pointed at another possible intriguer against the king, a man who stood nearer to the throne

than the Duke of Orleans—none other than the Count de Provence. Those who admired the Count de Provence—for even he found admirers—were always eager to applaud his abilities at the expense of his reigning brother, and to contrast what they considered to be the statesmanlike qualities of the one with the heavy incapacity of the other. Indeed, the ability of the Count de Provence could only be made conspicuous against a background so lustreless as his brother's nature. He had a taste for intrigue which made him fitter to deceive men than to lead them; his intelligence was the intelligence of the courtier; his ambitions were the ambitions of the usurper. The hopes he founded upon the sterility of the marriage between Louis and Marie Antoinette made him the chief of a faction whose deliberate policy was to lure the king from his wife, the queen from her husband, to tempt both to follies which might wholly estrange the pair, to do everything to make the queen dislike her husband and the king dislike his wife. While he at all times professed an intense devotion to Marie Antoinette, a devotion which he was careful to make known by a public display of the most ostentatious gallantry, he insidiously caused to be spread abroad all manner of malign insinuations against her honor. While he endeavored to formulate a pompous devotion in foolish verses, he and his friends sowed slanders with the sack rather than with the hand, and sowed them in a ready soil.

When the hopes founded upon the physical weakness of Louis proved to be vain, when Marie Antoinette became the mother of a daughter, the mother of a son, the Count de Provence did not hesitate in each case to express doubts as to the legitimacy of the infant. The birth of an heir to the throne, indeed, almost provoked

him from his policy of duplicity into public protestation signed by several peers, from which he was with difficulty dissuaded by his wiser counsellors. If the Count de Montgaillard were to be believed, Monsieur carried his real or pretended disbelief in the legitimacy of his brother's children so far as in later years to insult the Duchess D'Angoulême by speaking to her of Louis XVI. as her uncle. The purpose of De Provence and his party was at all times to weaken, to discredit the government of Louis XVI. It inspired the hostility of D'Esprenenil and the young, hot-headed, hot-blooded men like D'Esprenenil. It emphasized the virtues of its leader, his love for his country, his interest in the welfare of the people, the qualities which, in their report, made him so far better fitted for the throne than the prince who held it by but one degree above him. He met the events of the Revolution with something of the same phlegmatic cunning that characterized his policy in the preceding years of intrigue. While uttering the famous phrase about the impossibility of making revolutions without breaking eggs, he was ever careful to leave the breaking of the eggs to others. He neither surrendered himself to the spirit of the Revolution, like Orleans, nor had he dreamed of defying it as, at first, before he took to flight, D'Artois had dreamed of defying it. It has been said of Monsieur that he was able to conspire without drawing down suspicion upon himself, while Orleans drew down suspicion upon himself without being able to conspire. Provence and Orleans had this much in common, that both were eager to mount the throne. But it seems possible that Provence was prepared to go further to attain his ends than it is absolutely certain that Orleans was prepared to go. Mirabeau, in a secret letter to Monsieur, in which he seems

to express a sympathy with Monsieur's ambition, warns him that they were neither in the East nor in Russia to be able to clear the throne with indecent haste, and that a seraglio-revolution would not be submitted to in France. In this letter, if it be genuine, Mirabeau seems to take for granted the most sinister purposes on the part of Provence. It suited Provence very well, however, that Orleans should be regarded as the arch-plotter, that Orleans should bear the blame while Provence reaped the advantage of the popular agitations. No popular tumult in those days of popular tumult hurled itself against the doors of the Luxembourg Palace.

But if the hand of insurrection was not prompt to beat against the gates of the Luxembourg, the voice of menace was raised once and very ominously against the occupant of the Luxembourg. One day, the Christmas Day of 1789, the walls of Paris were adorned with mysterious placards. These placards were signed by a name that conveyed no meaning, the name of Barrauz. They informed the city and the world that on the previous evening the Marquis de Favras and his wife had been arrested for a plot to raise thirty thousand men, to assassinate Bailly and Lafayette, and deprive Paris of provisions. The document concluded with the ominous declaration that Monsieur the king's brother was at the head of the conspiracy.

The name of the unhappy De Favras is associated with one of the most mysterious events, or with what was for long considered one of the most mysterious events, of the French Revolution. It is improbable that we now, in this latter day, know all that is to be known, it is probable that we know all that is at all necessary to be known, about a very famous and very fatuous enterprise. It is perhaps natural that some of

the strangest blunders made with regard to the French Revolution have been made by English historians. The genius of Carlyle did not save him from a richness of error even in cases where error was not, as it often was, inevitably dependent upon the lack of authoritative information. It is perhaps scarcely surprising, therefore, to find a recent, very learned, and usually most accurate historian of the Revolution make a marked succession of blunders in a brief account of the De Favras affair. The writer, who calls the execution the murder of the Marquis de Favras, says that he was arrested for trying to raise a loan from the Paris bankers for Monsieur in order to arrange his own affairs, and he goes on to say that Favras was acquitted by the Court of the Châtelet, but that the people believed him to be guilty, and so the mob seized upon him and hung him on a lamp-iron in the Place de Grève. It would not be easy to present any event of history with greater brevity and with greater inaccuracy. The De Favras affair is not of the most vital importance to the story of the Revolution, but it is important enough to be given at greater length and with greater accuracy. De Favras was most certainly not arrested for the meaningless reason alleged in the quotation. That reason was De Favras's defence. De Favras was arrested for being the organizer of a grave political conspiracy which seemed to implicate very intimately Monsieur the king's brother, the Count de Provence, whose aim it was at that time to preserve as much popularity as it was possible for a prince of the blood to hold with the people of Paris.

But the conspiracy of De Favras was important for a graver reason than any possible risk of unpopularity for the Count de Provence. It threatened to implicate and to imperil the popularity of the greatest man of the

time, Mirabeau himself. It was of no very momentous importance to anybody, except to Monsieur, that Monsieur should be accused of engaging in a conspiracy against the growing Revolution. But it was of infinite importance to those who loved and to those who hated Mirabeau, and these between them divided all France, whether there was or was not any truth in the report that Mirabeau was involved in a Royalist plot. To be associated in any way with the career of Mirabeau gives De Favras greater importance than he could otherwise have earned either by his folly or by his courage.

The Marquis de Favras was one of those uneasy spirits who always make themselves more or less prominent at a time of social and political upheaval, men with fine hearts and feather heads, brimful of an inept chivalry, burning to set the world right, and it may be confirming themselves in their capacity to do great things by their incapacity for little things. A handsome and a gallant gentleman, a ready and eloquent speaker, an ardent enthusiast, De Favras belonged to the brotherhood of those men who are always ready to devote their zeal to the service of a failing cause without possessing the discretion that tends to make their zeal of use, or even that saves their zeal from being a positive harm. His wife claimed to be the legitimate daughter of a prince of Anhalt-Bernbourg-Schaumbourg. His house seems to have been the centre of a somewhat rowdy, even disreputable set who played heavily and were not very particular as to their company. On one occasion a valet de chambre of the Marquis de Lomenie borrowed a splendid coat of his master's, and actually obtained admission into the De Favras' circle as a Marquis du Val, an aspirant for the

hand of the daughter of De Favras, whose heart this rogue, after the manner of Marivaux or Picard, seems actually to have touched. This gives some idea, if not of De Favras, at least of his way of life. Perhaps De Favras was a visionary ; perhaps his heart and his hands were sounder than his head. All that we know of him is that he behaved with much gallantry and little prudence ; that he was devoted to the royal cause like a number of other high-spirited, hot-blooded gentlemen. In the evil hours of October 5 and 6 he is said to have encouraged Saint-Priest in a policy of resistance which certainly could not have been more disastrous to the court than the policy of surrender. After the ignominious return to Paris he seems to have been brought under the notice of Monsieur de Provence as a possible agent in a financial enterprise which concerned the king's brother very closely. Monsieur was in need of some two millions to meet immediate claims ; he hoped to realize that sum by selling out some property ; the negotiations to that effect with two Parisian bankers were given into the hands of De Favras. Why De Favras, whom Monsieur, it is said, had never seen, should have been chosen for such an enterprise it is difficult to understand. De Favras seems to have gone about the business openly enough ; he was watched, however, by spies, said to be spies in the interest of the Orleansfaction, who grudged Monsieur his small measure of personal popularity. These spies affected to discover the machinations of a monstrous plot, and De Favras and his wife were arrested for conspiracy on the night of December 24, 1789. Then in a moment it was blown abroad all over Paris that there was a scheme afoot to raise thirty thousand men, to assassinate Lafayette and Bailly, and to reduce Paris to subjection by starvation,

and that Monsieur the Count de Provence was at the head of the enterprise. Monsieur, prompted by Mirabeau, immediately made the most vehement and the most public protestations of his innocence. He showed Lafayette in the presence of others a copy of one of the accusing handbills, and called upon the general, by virtue of his great authority in Paris, to do his utmost to destroy a calumny by which the evil-minded might say that Lafayette would be the first to profit. On the same day Monsieur made his way to the Town-Hall and delivered a solemn address to the Communal Assembly, in which he strenuously, even noisily, disavowed all knowledge of De Favras and of any counter-revolutionary projects that De Favras may have entertained.

It is pretty certain that De Favras did, in his wild, chivalrous way, cherish some counter-revolutionary project, chimerical in its aspirations and vague in its intentions. He was himself but a poor gentleman, whose worldly wealth seems to have been at this time about one hundred louis, and even his heated brain can scarcely have believed that the Revolution was to be upset and royalty restored with so modest a war treasury. It seems pretty certain that he met with august encouragement, that Monsieur was not as ignorant as he professed to be of the matter. It even seems possible that the device already adopted during the affair of the Diamond Necklace was revived, and that De Favras was made to believe that his plans had the approbation of the queen herself. What is not certain is, whether Mirabeau had any knowledge of the enterprise when he spurred Monsieur to make that speech to the Communal Assembly which Lafayette disdainfully described to the queen as a platitude. In any case, Mirabeau was

accused of sinister association with De Favras in the statements of the two provocative agents into whose snares De Favras had fallen. Mirabeau seems to have taken the charges with his habitual disdain. During the progress of the trial of De Favras, in the February of 1790, Mirabeau was called as a witness and confronted with De Favras, who seems, on his side, to have admitted an acquaintance with Mirabeau which Mirabeau was prompt to deny. Mirabeau did not assert that he had never seen De Favras. He readily admitted that he had met him on various occasions, but always in connection with financial matters and always in the presence of other persons.

When De Favras asked Mirabeau if he had not discussed with him a plan for an expedition into Brabant to aid the Revolution there, Mirabeau calmly answered that in all his life he had only five minutes of private conversation with De Favras, and that it would have been impossible to have discussed any such project in that time. Brabant, he admitted, was mentioned, but there was no talk of conspiracy, of armed forces, or of any suggestion of taking Lafayette into the confidence of the proposed enterprise. De Favras, who, it will be observed, never professed to inculpate Mirabeau in any Royalist conspiracy, earnestly entreated Mirabeau to recall the alleged conversation, but without effect. It is far more than merely probable that Mirabeau was right. In any case, Mirabeau spoke afterwards with angry contempt of the courtiers of shreds and patches, the mountebank conspirators who sought to re-establish the monarchy with the assistance of an adventurer crippled with debts. But he found words of praise for the bravery of De Favras, and the praise made his hearer, Dumont the Genevan, suspect that the death of

De Favras was as much of a relief to his sympathizers as to his enemies.

The trial of De Favras ended in his condemnation, in his sentence to death. Popular clamor for the death of the accused man seems to have had more weight with his judges than the value of the evidence against him. Some fresh light has been thrown upon this strange trial very lately by the publication in 1896 of the "Memorial" of Jacques de Norvins, the historian of Napoleon. Norvins happened to be one of the four young councillors who were ordered, in the interest of their legal instruction, to be present at the trial of the Marquis de Favras, though they were debarred by their youth from any deliberative voice in a criminal case. Norvins describes the difficulty with which the magistrats of the Châtelet forced their daily way through a crowd that clamored for the head of De Favras and suggested that the judges should adorn the lantern—doing them in this an honor, he says, that they did not deserve. On one occasion Norvins had to leave a portion of his legal gown in the hands of the men who were yelling for the death of De Favras. Norvins declares that during the trial he sat so near the prisoner that their knees often touched, and that watching De Favras narrowly from first to last, he, De Norvins, was convinced of his innocence and of the flagrant injustice of which he was the victim. Norvins declares that he was so inflamed by his indignation that he actually rose and addressed the judges in angry terms, calling upon them to absolve De Favras without fear of the threats of the mob, and assuring them that if they acted otherwise every honest man would call them corrupt, and that he, for one, would have no share in their dishonor. With that he says he left the court, and

resigned all connection with a body that was about to stain itself with the condemnation of an innocent man.

Condemned upon the conflicting and contemptible evidence of two spies, assured even by his judges that his fate was a sacrifice which he owed to the public peace, De Favras made a good end. He was sentenced to be hanged, after a humiliating ceremony of public repentance, before the Church of Notre Dame. He met his doom with courage and even with dignity. After the ceremony at Notre Dame he dictated at the Town-Hall a long document which he called his testament, which, if somewhat rambling, was not without a pathos and a dignity of its own. Darkness had come on before he was finished, and the Place de Grève had to be lit with torches as he was carried to the gibbet. He met his death bravely, firmly asserting his innocence. A spectator is said to have declared that he set the faithful an example how to die. The example was to be followed often enough. If De Favras was a poor conspirator, he was a brave man, and he died a victim to his convictions and to the convenience of others. Yet Duquesnoy states that all those who had known De Favras in former days assert that he was a contemptible man, stained by twenty actions which well deserved the rope, and Duquesnoy appears to think that De Favras's reported inquiry, whether complete confession would save his life, adds another crime to the list. A nobleman, the Count de Rochechouart, when he heard of the hanging of De Favras, observed, grimly: "Bon! voilà un noble pendu! pendez-en cinq ou six par mois, mais laissez les autres tranquilles." Norvins reports the rumor that an emissary from Monsieur stood at the foot of the gallows till the execution was over, and then sped hotfoot to the Luxembourg,

where he was asked the two questions, "Did he speak?" and "Is it all over?" and that, on being answered in the affirmative, Monsieur said: "That is all right; let us sit down to supper."

The De Favras episode did not quite end with the unhappy man's expiation of his faults and follies upon the Place de Grève. Rash-headed Royalists, as enthusiastic as their proto-martyr and if possible even less judicious, did their best to force an unfortunate king and unfortunate queen into direct connection with the alleged conspiracy. It is tolerably plain, from what Madame Campan says, that Marie Antoinette was much alarmed as to the statements that De Favras might make in his last moments. This alarm would at least suggest some possible implication of the queen in whatever hare-brained scheme De Favras may have dreamed of setting afoot. What Madame Campan goes on to relate serves to show that some of the Royalists, in their zeal for the royal cause, were prepared to do what the dying De Favras had abstained from doing, and implicate yet more deeply and decidedly the queen in whatever plot may have been attempted. Certain Royalists of position, chief among them M. de la Villeurnoy, an over-zealous man, who was yet to die a victim of the 18th Thermidor at Sinamari, schemed a scheme. They proposed, on the Sunday immediately following the execution of De Favras, to bring his widow and his son, both in mourning for their father, to the public dinner of the king and queen, as flagrant mourners for a man murdered in the service of his sovereign. It is not surprising that even Madame Campan saw the folly of the proposal. It could only be a cruel trial for the queen to have the wife and child of De Favras presented to her at a public banquet, while he whom the wait-

ing woman calls the horrible Santerre, as commandant of the battalion of the Parisian Guard, stood close as her shadow behind her chair during the whole of the dinner.

The affection which it pleased De Provence to profess openly for the principles of the Revolution and for the revolutionary leaders did not prevent him from pursuing plans against the Revolution after the failure of the Favras affair. There is a letter from him addressed to one of his emissaries, in which he questions the recipient's employment of his time and of the money sent him by Provence. The evil grows apace, Monsieur declares; the Assembly persists in detaching morsel after morsel from the royal power, till things have come to such a pass that nothing will remain if action is further delayed. The passion of Provence increases as he writes, and he reminds his agent that he has often said and written to him that it is not with paid tribunes—this was no doubt a stroke at Mirabeau—with libels, with a few pitiful subsidized groups, that the courtly party could hope to get rid of Bailly and Lafayette. He argued that as Bailly and Lafayette had excited insurrection among the people, it was only fitting that they in their turn should perish by insurrection. By this pleasant plan Provence hoped to move the court to a sense of alarm, and to compel the removal of the king to Metz or Peronne. Once at Metz or Peronne, the king must resign, which, as Monsieur casuistically adds, is all for the king's own good, for as he loves the nation so much, he must needs be enchanted to see it well governed.

It is probable that the Favras episode had no small effect in disgusting Mirabeau with the Count of Provence. Mirabeau had failed to find a statesman in the

Duke of Orleans; he learned now that he had also failed to find a statesman in Monsieur. He was sick at heart of the stupidity of men with whom his fate forced him to associate himself in his efforts to save not merely the throne on the one side or the Revolution on the other, but to save both the throne and the Revolution by saving something that he set high above either of them—by saving France. He had sought once and again to find a strong man who should understand him and be of service to him and to the cause he held dear; he now made a third effort with a man who was strong in nothing and serviceable in nothing. He tried the king.

CHAPTER XXIII

DR. GUILLOTIN'S IDEA

THE execution of De Favras has an importance of a pathetic and a peculiar kind. It has been asserted that De Favras was the first noble formally sentenced to be hanged and so executed in France. It was also his curious lot to be the last, or one of the last, to suffer death in that fashion. Up to this point all the punishments by death, legal or illegal, associated with the Revolution were of the same kind. The gallows, as in the case of De Favras, or the lantern, that popular parody upon the gallows, in the case of Foulon and so many others, was the accepted instrument of popular vengeance when popular vengeance allowed itself time enough for any acceptance however ironical, for any imitation however grotesque, of the processes of the criminal law. The lantern was the emblem of doom in that dawn of change. It asserts itself most significantly and most piteously by its intrusion into a child's game. The *Jeu de la Mère l'Oie*, the Royal Game of the Goose, is a game that in some form or other has probably found its place in the pastime of youth since ever youth desired to find pastime. A board marked into certain squares, and a tectotum, or a cast of dice, are all that is needed for a game which seeks to arrive at a goal and interposes certain obstacles. For years French children had played this game after the old fashion; now, when all things were new, they must needs play it after the new fashion. A

modish game of the goose was put upon the town—a game which jumped with the fashion of the hour, a game in which success was admission to the National Assembly, and in which failure was to come upon one of the divisions devoted to the terrible lantern. It is tragi-comic enough to think of children spinning their little tops or tossing their little dice, and enjoying a grisly game in which certain of the pictured squares represented poor wretches swinging from the lantern, and others assemblages of savages carrying in ghastly trophy the heads of murdered men on pikes. To think of this game as a possible favorite with the childhood of 1789, to look at its pictured table with its glory of the National Assembly and its decline at the pike point or the lantern iron, is to get a very intimate, if not a very exhilarating, appreciation of the influence of the forces and the play of the passions that the new order of things evoked. And yet this slaughter-house of a game was soon out of date, unmodish, inept; the shambles of the lantern, if not the shambles of the pikes, were soon to be as antiquated as the *peine forte et dure*. A few years, a few months later, and those grim divisions of that ghastly Game of the Goose would have been almost meaningless to their players. De Favras was not long in his grave when the death penalty found a new instrument, the instrument that has been associated with the French Revolution ever since, that will be associated with the French Revolution forever. While the memory of the De Favras conspiracy, while the memory of the De Favras execution, were still green in the minds of all men, a deputy of the third estate, whose name until that time it would be an exaggeration to describe as unknown, made a serious proposition to his colleagues of the National Assembly. The name of

the deputy was Dr. Guillotin, a representative of the town of Paris. He had the gravest fault to find with the system of legal execution at that moment prevailing in France, but he was not content merely to find fault—his mind was big with the remedy for the fault.

Dr. Guillotin got a hearing for his scheme with some difficulty. It was not easy in that agitated Assembly, where everybody wanted to speak, and to speak at once without a moment's delay, for even the most enthusiastic and the least repressible of innovators to find his opportunity. But Dr. Guillotin did get his opportunity, and all unawares earned immortality. He began his memorable speech by proposing certain reforms in the criminal code. He advocated, in the first place, a uniformity of penalties for all individuals, without distinction of class; and, in the second place, the abolition of any other form of death penalty than the simple form of decapitation with the aid of a machine. Guillotin's speech in support of his proposition was long and unintentionally whimsical. It was believed by many that his warmth in advocating the uniformity of death penalties and the abolition of punishment by the gallows was because of his attachment to the House of Lorraine, and his fears for the safety of the Prince de Lambesc, who might, if captured, suffer, like De Favras, the punishment of the rope. If the Count de Montgaillard's bitter tongue were to be believed, Lambesc was scarce worth saving from the rope. Montgaillard accuses him of making use of his position and influence to take back, by the hands of police or of law, the money which it pleased him to lavish with his own hands upon the unhappy women who fell into his power. Perhaps Montgaillard slanders. Perhaps Guillotin did not work in the interests of Lambesc. But the precise motives

which animated Guillotin in the ebbing days of 1789 are of little moment now; what is momentous is the manner in which he proposed that his reform should be carried out.

Dr. Guillotin's mind was full of a death-dealing machine for the carrying out of capital punishment, which was used in Italy under the name of Mannaia, and was not unknown in differing forms in other countries—in Germany as Fallbeil, in England as the Maiden and the Widow. His enthusiasm for his machine seemed at the time somewhat laughable, and many extravagances of phrase are set down, justly or unjustly, to his score. He is reported, after completing the description of his machine, to have told his hearers, "We cannot make too much haste, gentlemen, to allow the nation to enjoy this advantage." If he ever did say this it must have recurred to him with a heart-breaking irony in later days. He is also credited with having assured his hearers that one of the inestimable advantages of his pet machine was that "It whisks off your head without hurting you in the least." Some of the more squeamish among his hearers found him too repulsively realistic in his description of a machine so unfamiliar, so soon to be familiar. He drew a vivid picture of the whole process; his auditors seemed as he spoke to see the whole strange ceremony—the body placed under the fatal instrument, the fall of the knife, the drop of the severed head, the spurting blood, and all the rest of the grim accompaniments. They found these details in the worst possible taste in such an assembly and on such a subject. Yet they lived long enough to find the guillotine and a National Assembly, by whatever name it were named, to be inseparable companions, and the hideous details that had shocked them to prove

the unavoidable accompaniments of daily life. Of those who laughed, Right, Centre, and Left, at the grotesqueness of Guillotin's enthusiasm for his machine, a great part were destined to become its victims.

Dr. Guillotin's proposals provoked much debate. The first portion, that which advised equality of punishment, was after a time carried, against motions of adjournment, in a form given to it by the Duke de Liancourt, who had always, according to a contemporary critic, the wit to seize advantage for himself in whatever question came to hand. The motion carried by the Duke de Liancourt was to the effect that all offences of the same nature should be punished by the same kind of penalty, whatever might be the rank and condition of the guilty person. The motion had its antagonists. They contended that in an assembly which had for its fundamental law the principle of equality, the phrase about the rank and condition of the guilty person was superfluous and even ridiculous. They maintained, further, that it was impossible to punish with the same pecuniary penalty two men whose fortunes were extremely disproportionate; that it would be impossible to punish with the same punishment of public opinion two men whom public opinion had placed at a great distance from each other, as the blame which would be a heavy penalty for the one would be accepted with indifference by the other. But these arguments, such as they were, proved weightless, and the Duke de Liancourt carried his motion. The other part of Guillotin's proposal found its opponents—that part which proposed the uniformity of the death penalty. There were some among its critics who insisted that though the penalty of death ought in general to be reserved solely for the murderer, yet that, there were

crimes—such, for instance, as parricide or regicide—which ought to receive some severer punishment than that allotted to the common murderer. The day had not yet come when regicide was to be accounted as a virtue to members of a National Assembly.

As for the alien machine so ardently advocated by Dr. Guillotin, its use was, in its fulness of time, approved and adopted. The dream of a man who was admired as a humanitarian and sneered at as a sentimentalist became a reality. The Italian engine came—not at first, but in time and soon enough—to be known by the name of its champion, came in time to have in the public mind a kind of hideous canonization as "The Holy Guillotine." It is piteous to remember that the life of its champion, through many and evil succeeding years, was devoted, with a desperate agony of devotion, to the attempt—an attempt that was sometimes, if seldom, successful—to rescue poor doomed wretches from the very instrument whose use he had so hotly urged. There was a legend that Guillotin was one of the victims of his own instrument. It was unfounded. Guillotin lived until 1814, and the misery of all his later life was the association—the not-to-be-sundered association—of his unhappy name with a weapon of so much injustice, with an object of so much hate.

The manufacture of Guillotin's machine was intrusted by the National Assembly to the doctor Antoine Louis, who held the office of surgeon to the king, and whose task it was, in days when the letting of blood was an essential part of treatment, to bleed his sovereign. Antoine Louis made his machine according to the suggestions of Dr. Guillotin, and experimented as to its efficacy upon some unfortunate sheep. When he found that it worked to his satisfaction he submitted

it to the inspection of his royal master, who had a pretty taste in mechanics. The story goes that the king was greatly interested in it, and promptly pointed out a serious defect in its composition. The knife in Antoine Louis's arrangement fell horizontally upon the neck of the victim. The king showed that the force of the blow would be more effective if the blade were made of a triangular shape, so as to fall with a biassed stroke and thus to shear with greater precision. If the tale be true, it seems only portion and parcel of the pathetic irony of the life of the sixteenth Louis that he should do this thing.

At first the machine was called Louison or Louissette, after surgeon Antoine Louis; but a little later honor was given where honor seemed due, by a song which appeared in the Royalist journal, the *Actes des Apôtres*, which spoke of La Guillotine. The name in time captured the popular taste, and the guillotine took its place in the history and the language of mankind.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE WINGS OF THE ANGEL

It has been asserted by an anonymous sage that paper is the material out of which are made the wings of the angel of knowledge. The angel of knowledge did not want for plumage in the year of Revolution. Paper as a means of multiplying the spoken word by the written word, and the written word by the printed word, was in demand in Paris as it had never been in demand before. The Revolution, in emancipating many things, in inventing many things, especially emancipated the public Press, and especially invented modern journalism. Freedom to say what one pleased, and to see it set up in type and published serially for all men to read, was a privilege that might have been sighed after by philosophers and dreamed of by encyclopædists, but which had no shadow of existence when the spring of 1789 colored the face of France with its pale sunshine. There were one or two newspapers, indeed, that contained no news and cowered before courtly censorship, but there were in the true sense no journals and no journalists. And yet when the summer of that same year was leafy the freedom of the Press had been enforced and proclaimed, and before the autumn had chilled into winter all Paris throbbed with journalism and swarmed with journalists. It might almost be imagined that the dominant noises of the liberated city were the dull creak of the printing-presses and the

crisp rustle of the pages that every one was hot to read.

To give a complete account of all the newspapers that fluttered over France out of the Pandora's box of the Revolution would demand and has obtained volumes. It is half a century, as I write, since M. Léonard Gallois devoted two large volumes of more than five hundred pages each to the journals and the journalists of the French Revolution, in the period between 1789 and 1796. The book is a monument of careful and patient study of a fantastic and perplexing subject, yet it can scarcely be regarded as more than a sketch of that subject. The materials for a profounder investigation lie in the double columns of M. Maurice Tourneux's majestic "Bibliography of the History of Paris during the French Revolution." In the eighth chapter of his second volume, a chapter which extends to some three hundred closely printed pages, the curious will find the greatest mass of material concerning the newspapers, pamphlets, and political almanacs of the French Revolution that has ever been brought together, or that probably ever will be brought together. The sense aches at the long, the seemingly interminable list of news-sheets which whetted but never satisfied the reading fury of the Parisian and the provincial public.

The earliest of these new journals were for the most part the organs of individual politicians, and existed rather for the purpose of airing their opinions than recording news. The *Courrier de Provence* spoke to its ten thousand readers with the deep voice of Mirabeau. The *Point du Jour* gave the dignity of print to what Barrère was pleased to call his opinions. The *Patriote Français* promulgated the theories of Brissot de Warville. The *Courrier de Versailles* reproduced the

views of Gorsas. Just before the fall of the Bastille a newspaper of a more general character made its appearance. This was the *Révolutions de Paris*, which has always been associated with the name of its printer, Prudhomme, though the intelligence that inspired and animated it was that of its editor, Loustalot. This was by far the most popular of the new papers, for there were occasions when its circulation went up as high as two hundred thousand copies. The *Chronique de Paris* came perhaps next in popularity. Camille Desmoulins described it in a letter to his father as the best-written journal in the capital. It was written for by many writers. Condorcet was one of its contributors, and it appealed very directly to the burgess temperament and intellect, which were not always attracted by the personal journals, and were often repelled by the *Révolutions de Paris*.

The most widely known now of all the revolutionary Press is the *Moniteur*. Panckcoucke was an enterprising publisher with a catholicity of mind. He had several irons in the fire. He owned the *Mercure*, which was edited for a season from Geneva by Mallet du Pan. He owned also the *Gazette de France*, oldest of periodical publications in the kingdom, and edited in sympathy with the opinions of the court. Having emulated Mr. Facing - both - ways by the possession of these two journals, Panckcoucke proceeded to emulate the Vicar of Bray by starting the *Moniteur*.

The *Moniteur*, by reason of the fulness of its reports of the debates in the National Assembly, made itself a monumental fame as the chief, if not always absolutely reliable, authority of the parliamentary proceedings. Its fame has often led readers and writers to place too implicit confidence in its reports, which have to be

amplified and amended by the reports of the *Logographe*, the *Journal des Débats et Décrets*, and later, for the space of its short life, by those of the *Logotachygraphe*. There came a time when the secret policy of the *Moniteur* was to please the dominant party, and when its editor, Thuau-Grandville, was not ashamed to assure Robespierre that his theory of editorship was to accord publicity to the speeches of his master and to deny it to his master's foes. Nevertheless, the *Moniteur* remains a great historical document. But the *Moniteur* did not begin its career with the beginning of the Revolution, although it appears to do so in the huge volumes with which every student of the time is familiar. It did not come into existence for some while later, and then, in order to give itself an air of completeness, it worked backwards and published numbers containing the history of the months before its birth. There was indeed, it would seem, an earlier *Moniteur*, which had a very brief existence in 1788, and which may have suggested to Panckoucke the title for his enterprise. The *Moniteur* still survives as a journal, and so does another newspaper that came into existence in 1789. This is the *Journal des Débats et Décrets*, which owed its being to the popularity of the letters which Gauthier de Biauzat, deputy for Clermont-Ferrand, wrote to his constituents, and which were read aloud to the public in the theatre of the town. He and his fellow-deputy, Huguot, and Grenier, deputy for Riom, made a curious bargain with Baudouin, the printer. They agreed to write a weekly journal for him without payment if he on his side agreed to send a certain number of copies to Auvergne, for the benefit of the constituents of the editors. The curious bargain resulted in a great journalistic success, and a circulation

far beyond the limits of the Auvergne Mountains. The paper persists to this day, greatly changed indeed in form, unchanged in ability, one of the most powerful newspapers in France, one of the oldest newspapers in the world. The *Annales Patriotiques* of Carra and Mercier made its appearance in October. Three conspicuous leaders of revolutionary opinion each had, or were soon to have, his own journal. The wittiest was the *Courrier de Brabant*, child of a child of genius, Camille Desmoulins. The most vociferous was the *Orateur du Peuple* of Freron, which appeared in 1790. The most serious, the most famous, was the journal which all the world now thinks of as the *Ami du Peuple* and associates with the name of Marat.

The journal which was henceforth to interpret to France and to the world the dreams and the theories of Jean Paul Marat was at first published under the title of *Le Publiciste Parisien*. It has been favored with a unanimity of execration by a large number of persons who have probably never seen a single copy of the journal, or ever read a line that Marat wrote. It is only just, however, to that large number of persons who inherit or accept a thoughtless or ignorant detestation of Marat and Marat's newspaper, to admit that their detestation would probably be in no wise diminished by the study of a file of *L'Ami du Peuple* or of the pamphlets which its author published in the course of 1789. *L'Ami du Peuple* is the most singular expression of a singular life. Marat was then in his forty-seventh year. All the manhood of this six-and-forty years had been one long struggle, not always unsuccessful, but never successful enough for his ambition after scientific distinction. Marat had travelled much, thought much, studied much, written

much. He had studied medicine at Bordeaux, had cured by electricity a disease of the eyes that had been given up as hopeless in Paris, had lived in Amsterdam, had practised as a doctor in London, in Soho. He had been in Edinburgh, he had been in Dublin, he had been in Newcastle. There is a strange and patently untrue story to the effect that he underwent a term of imprisonment for theft from the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. The University of St. Andrews awarded him the honorary degree of M.D. Of his many writings perhaps the best known by name is the "Chaînes de l'Esclavage," so far as the term "best known" can be applied to any of the writings of Marat. This was originally written in English, and published in England as "The Chains of Slavery." The present writer possesses a copy of Marat's "Notions Élémentaires d'Optique," with an inscription in it in Marat's handwriting to the Abbé Bassin, interesting to observe in the clearness and the floridness of the script. His medical Essay on Gleet was supposed long to be absolutely lost—was so supposed when the first volume of this record was written. Since then, however, one copy has been discovered, possibly the only copy in existence, and the generosity of its finder has enriched with a reprint the collection of the London Library.

In 1783 Marat resigned his important and lucrative post as physician to the body-guard of the Count d'Artois. He had enjoyed this appointment since 1777; he had made a considerable fortune by private practice, and for the next five years he devoted himself to scientific studies and writing. But the agitations of 1789 swung him away from science to politics, from studies of optics to the theories he had expressed in "The Chains of Slavery." A series of political pamphlets gave an

irregular publicity to his opinions. To present those opinions more regularly, persistently, and effectively, he followed the general example of the leading politicians, intoxicated by the opportunity afforded by the freedom of the Press, and published his own journal.

It is not probable that Marat's writings find many eager readers nowadays. Marat has his admirers among grave historians and serious students; the inevitable reaction against the "fiend in human shape" theory, which so simply and so expeditiously disposed of Marat and his colleagues, has perhaps tempted some among these admirers to set a higher value upon Marat's writings than they deserve, and to examine if not to applaud Marat's experiments in statesmanship with a somewhat forced enthusiasm. At least, the reaction is likely to produce a more reasonable estimate of the man, and the man's writings, than was possible in days when criticism contented itself with asserting that Marat's journal was utterly barren in political instruction and exceedingly tiresome. It certainly is by no means barren in political instruction, even if that instruction is not necessarily of the kind that Marat meant to instil, and it certainly cannot be said to be exceedingly tiresome. Its own impulse was too vehement, its immediate effect too vast, to justify the disdainful epithet.

It would be both needless and profitless to deny that Marat was animated by a sincere desire to be of service to his country. The student of the time may side with those who maintain Marat to be a monster. He may side with those who maintain Marat to be a martyr. He may side with those, perhaps more unreasonable in their show of reason and more illogical in their pretence of logic than the friends of either other faction, who regard Marat as a mere matter for medical estimation—a

man who was this or did that because of certain physical conditions—a way of envisaging the problems of the Revolution which is perhaps of all the most fruitless, because when pushed to its extreme it leaves us as wise as when we began. But it would be as unnecessary as ungenerous to deny the quality of honesty to the rude sonorousness of these sentences in the second number of the *Publiciste Parisien*, in which Marat sets forth his confession of faith. He declares that truth and justice are his sole divinities upon earth. He asserts with a kind of passion that his admiration is reserved for talent, for wisdom, for virtue, that he will always despise the idols of favor and will never burn incense before the idols of power. With a waxing animation he insists that “with whatever title a potentate may be decorated, so long as he lacks merit he counts for little in my eyes, and so long as he is without virtue he is nothing in my eyes but an object of disdain.” And while he definitely declared war against all the rogues, the hypocrites, the traitors who injured or betrayed the country, he insisted that the severity of his pen need only be feared by the vicious, and that even in dealing with criminals its severity would respect the truth. “If,” he almost shrieks, “I err for one moment so far as to injure innocence, then let the offender suffer, for he is under the hand of the law.”

It is of course easy to comment that the most honorable protestations are the common mask of imposture. But it would be hard to read with any balance the writings, to follow with any patience the career, of Marat, and to deny him a kind of savage probity. The man might be half a madman, but at least he was not a sham. It had pleased Voltaire in earlier days to retaliate upon some attack of Marat's, and to liken him in

derision to Harlequin cutting his capers to amuse the pit. But Marat was neither mountebank nor charlatan. It was the very ferocity of his convictions, the very candor of his self-esteem, which commanded so amazing an influence in so amazing an epoch. At least he went his own wild way, whither it led him, for Carlyle's fine phrase is far more applicable to him than to Mirabeau, or at least to the Mirabeau of the Revolution. He helped, in his journal of October 5, 1789, to give the signal that led to the invasion of Versailles. Even, he declared, if the banquet of the Body-Guard were a less serious menace, even if the plot of which it was supposed to be a portion were but a chimera, it was none the less the duty of all good citizens to show themselves in arms, to name their own tribune, and to possess themselves of the public forces. He had a keen eye for ineptitude, too, when he railed against Necker—"Little man, vain man, your laurels are withered; they will grow green no more"—though he pushed his argument too far when he declared that Necker was no statesman, but only a swindler for whom it was facile to predict the fate of law. It was unfortunate for Necker that the prosecution and persecution of Marat by the government should have coincided with Marat's attacks upon the financier whose sun was setting so swiftly and so sombrely. But Marat was not to be crushed. In vain was the newspaper that now bore the title of *The Friend of the People* proscribed. In vain was the man who wore the title of Friend of the People hunted from place to place, from garret to cellar—hunted at one time from France into England. Still the paper kept on appearing, denouncing, screaming; still the man kept pushing himself to the front, emerging from some hiding-place in this roof or that cellar, returning

undaunted from exile, provincial or over-seas, to assert noisily his unconquerable spirit and to foam with imprecations against all and several whose honesty, zeal, and patriotism did not come up to the standard established by the People's Friend. Marat had his adoration in his hour; he is not without admirers or at least defenders to-day; it is not necessary either to adore or to admire, in admitting the man's indomitable energy, the man's relentless persistence. He is most often denounced by those who know least about him. Many would isolate him as a freak of nature, whereas his type is not uncommon, and is almost invariably to be found, of varying intensity, in all revolutions, great or little.

Perhaps no journalist has been the cause of more exasperation to the historians of the Revolution than Fréron in his *Orateur du Peuple*. Fréron seems to have been gifted with a kind of genius for omitting dates, a kind of passion of unprecision which has proved the despair and caused the deception of many. He seems to be incapable of a closer date than the day of the week. He has a way of alluding to the most important events as happening on Tuesday, or Saturday, or yesterday, but never adding the complementary date of the week or even the name of the month. For this reason even eminent bibliographers like Barbier and Deschiens gave currency to the belief that the first numbers of the *Orateur du Peuple* appeared in the December of 1789, though it has since been made certain on internal evidence that the first numbers did not appear until the May of 1790. The vagueness, the looseness, the lack of accuracy are sufficiently characteristic of the editor of the sheet. Louis Stanislas Fréron was only two-and-twenty years of age when the Revolution began. He was the son of a critic who has earned a

grotesque celebrity for his persistent hostility to Voltaire ; he was the godchild of Stanislas, King of Poland. The elder Fréron had founded a periodical called *L'Année Littéraire*, and on his death in 1776 the young Fréron, who was then only eleven years old, carried on the enterprise of his father. Thus he early served his apprenticeship to such a form of journalism as was possible before 1789, and it was perhaps inevitable that the dawn of the new era in journalism should tempt him to do what so many others had done and start a newspaper. The only wonder is that he consented to wait so long—that he allowed so many others to get the start of him before he offered the first number of the *Orateur du Peuple* to its public. He asserted himself as a revolutionary of opinions as extreme as those of Camille Desmoulins or Marat, though he veiled his authorship under the name of Martel, which was in itself but an imitation of the name of the publisher, Marcel Enfantin. His profession of faith was not without a kind of distorted humor. He admitted that he came late into the journalistic field, that he could not presume to hope for the successes of Camille Desmoulins, of Lonstalot, of Carra, and Noel, and Mercier, who had braved the pistol of the Abbé Maury and the flaming sword of Mirabeau-Mattress, for so he was pleased to designate Barrell Mirabeau. But at least he proposed to glean where they had garnered. "I have health," he boasted, "I have good spirits, and my mother has assured me that I have a pretty wit." With these advantages he declares that he is eager to enroll himself under the banner of Desmoulins and his colleagues, and to declare open war against aristocrats of every state, of every sex, of every age, and of every complexion.

In this fire-new fashion of civism, in this fire-hot impeachment of aristocrats as aristocrats, something is to be seen of the temper of the time as well as of the temper of the author. It was the modish thing, for those to whom it was a novelty to be modish, to declare war against aristocracy. With some the declaration followed a conviction, even a passion—a conviction, shall we say, with Camille Desmoulins, a passion with Marat. But with Fréron, and the many of whom Fréron was but the type, this righteousness of anti-aristocratism was put on as one puts on a coat of fashionable cut, as one airs a neck-cloth of fashionable hue. Fréron was not indeed of the counsel of the Apostle; he was not all things to all men, but he was everything in turn according to the prickings of his disordered intelligence and the illogical purposes of his half-educated mind. Fréron had about as much earnestness of purpose as the patriot Palloy. It gave him a cheap distinction to parody the flashes of Camille's wit and to ape the scowl of Marat. But he was, like so many others who made themselves notable in that hour, the weathercock of opportunity, the chameleon of chance. We shall find him yet plying the brandy-bottle, firing his body with the courage of cruelty, fuddling his mind with the lust for blood, base even among the base, murderous even among murderers; and yet again a turncoat terrorist, ostentatiously Royalist or vulgarly Bonapartist, as it seemed to serve his dishonorable turn. The service of such as he is a stain on any cause, and the Revolution was unfortunately cursed with too many such servants. It sets perhaps the seal upon Fréron's infamy to remember that he succeeded in later years in earning the praises of Barras. For the moment he has to be accepted as the ardent revolutionary, as the uncon-

promising journalist, and his journal had its influence and performed its permitted task.

Between a creature like Fréron and Camille Desmoulins there was a great gulf. Both were indeed adventurers, but Fréron was an adventurer of the baser, Desmoulins an adventurer of the brighter sort. If he delighted in popularity and had been somewhat reckless in his solicitation of popular favor, there was a simplicity in his vanity that made it almost wholly amiable. His sudden success had turned men's eyes upon so petulantly pleasing a player among so many sombre, so many lugubrious puppets. The glitter of his ability had won him the attention of many of the most conspicuous and influential members of the Assembly. Mirabeau carried him off to Versailles, and Camille remained with Mirabeau for several weeks, remained until it would seem almost possible from his own admission that he somewhat wore out his welcome. Camille wrote to his father, on September 29, 1789, an account of his stay with Mirabeau and of Mirabeau's kindness to him. Camille was intoxicated with happiness. He related with delight that the great man and he had become allies. He brims with pleasure as he records that Mirabeau calls him his dear friend, takes his hand every minute, slaps him on the back, and is in every way hail-fellow-well-met with him. If Mirabeau resumes his dignity on entering the Assembly, he returns to Camille and companionship as jovial as he went. Camille found the company good; sometimes Mirabeau's mistress was present; Mirabeau and his guests drank excellent wines. Camille playfully pretended to fear that the delicacy and profusion of Mirabeau's table would corrupt him. He raved with a fine frenzy over his host's Bordeaux and maraschino,

and confessed that he had all the difficulty in the world to preserve his republican austerity and to detest the aristocrats whose crime it was to overestimate such excellent dinners. The vanity of Camille was as simple as his appetite. He complained in a letter to the elder Desmoulins that it had been easier for him, Camille, to make a revolution and to upset France than to wring fifty louis from his father. He was honestly convinced that he had made the Revolution; he was convinced, and with more show of reason, that the eyes of men were upon him. In the same letter he asked if it was fitting that a man who had a reputation in Paris, who was consulted on important affairs, who was invited to dinner—this was the great point—and whose pamphlets sold as well as any other man's, should lack the money for a lodging and even for a bed.

Perhaps no name is more intimately associated with the journalism of the Revolution than that of Jacques René Hébert, no journal more notorious than the *Père Duchesne*. But Hébert came comparatively late into the field. The original *Père Duchesne* was the invention of the constitutional journalist Lemaire, and it made its appearance about the middle of 1790. The idea of the savage and surly old soldier who smokes his pipe and denounces all abuses in the rough language of the streets soon had a host of imitators. In all directions arose imitations of *Père Duchesne*, sheets that imitated the form and copied the language of the original, sometimes even copying the form and imitating the language in the interests of the Royalists and aristocrats whom the original *Père Duchesne* came into existence to attack. The most famous *Père Duchesne*, however, is the *Père Duchesne* of Hébert, and it only began to be in the January of 1791. Hébert had been

many things. He had been student of medicine; he had been an official of the Théâtre des Variétés; he had lived by his wits for long enough. He found his congenial work and earned a kind of immortality when he adopted the idea of the *Père Duchesne*, and made it his own. Hébert had neither the zeal of Marat nor the wit of Desmoulins, but he played the part of the *Père Duchesne* with a well-simulated brutality, and enjoyed for a season the contrast between the fastidious neatness of his person, the elegance of his attire, and the uncouthness of his journalistic mask, the foulness of the speech in which the *Père Duchesne* bellowed forth his great joys and his great rages.

Thus all shades of revolutionary opinion found their organs in those early hours of a liberated press and an agitated people. There was the sober constitutionalism that was scarcely to be distinguished from monarchism. There was the newer constitutionalism with its half-formed aspirations for republicanism and its admiration of English institutions. There was the extreme demands of an extreme democracy and the fantasies of those who believed in the regeneration of society after the example of ancient Greece and ancient Rome. But revolutionary opinion, however divided against itself, did not dominate journalism. The news sheets of those that hated every form and phrase of revolutionary doctrine came as thick from the presses, fluttered as furiously abroad. It would be needless and thankless to repeat here their catalogue. It is enough to recognize the most famous.

Roused by the eloquence of Mirabeau, the humor of Desmoulins, the earnestness of Loustalot, the ferocity of Marat, and the brutality of Hébert, the Royalists in

their turn tried their hands at the manufacture of journalism. Like every other effort made by the Royalists to counteract the Revolution, this effort was not graced with success. The Royalist journals and the Royalist journalists are melancholy examples of the way not to behave. The writers were not properly in earnest; they seemed, at least for long enough, to be unaware of the gravity of the forces they opposed; they appeared to believe that the Revolution could really be delayed and dissipated by chaff and innuendo, by the libel and the lampoon. They only shared the baser gifts of their adversaries; they could not be as eloquent as Mirabeau, but they could rival the ferocity of Marat; they could not be as witty as Camille Desmoulins, but they could surpass in obscenity Hébert himself. Some of them, men like Champcenetz and Rivarol, had gifts and arts and graces; but they used them to little purpose, and for the most part acted as if the Revolution were to be counteracted by tap-room ribaldries and buffoonery that was often filthy and was almost always dull.

It must be difficult for the Royalists of to-day not to regret the way in which the Royalist party in the dawn of the Revolution dissipated their energies in lewd polemics and squandered opportunities for self-defence not readily, if ever, to be recovered. Peltier was a man of no inconsiderable ability; if he embraced the Royalist cause with zeal, his zeal was not the passion of principle, for he began his career by accepting the theories of the Revolution, but the belief that his own advantage lay in the service of the court. He had a ready pen, and a ready pen commanded its price like a ready sword. Whatever bargain Peltier may have made, whatever fortune he sought for himself by serving in

the ranks of the Royalists, it is to his credit that he stuck to the colors he had chosen and remained an adherent and a belligerent adherent of the Royalist cause to the end of his vexed and vagrant life. But he might have served his cause with more discretion if not with more devotion. He seems to have thought that the men of the new movement were to be slandered and sneered and flouted out of power, that a Gargantuan grossness and an apish indecency might prove the bulwark of the monarchy and the confusion of its enemies.

There was only one journal that succeeded in rivalling and even surpassing the shamelessness of the *Actes des Apôtres*, and that too was a journal in the service of the Royalists, the *Journal des Halles*. It must be remembered that the passions of the hour were hot and heady, that the manners of the age permitted a freedom of speech and a license of epithet that excuse in some degree the offences of the *Actes des Apôtres*. What cannot be excused is the short-sightedness, the want of political intelligence which made Peltier and his braves believe that they could poison their opponents with the stench arising from the pages of their journal. That at least was not the way in which Royalists of the temper of De Favras, of the Baron de Batz, of the Count de Paroy, of the Chevalier de Rougeville sought to stand by their king. They erred or they failed, but their errors were generous and their failures never ignominious. But for the most part slander or scurrility seemed to the monarchical journalists to present the two methods by which the monarchy must infallibly be saved.

There was, however, something more than mere scurrility, something better than mere slander in another Royalist enterprise. The journal *L'Ami du Roi*, which

was established by the Abbé Royou in the beginning of the summer of 1790, had fortunes almost as fantastic as those of the revolutionary *Père Duchesne*. The title was taking, the success sufficiently conspicuous to justify the imitator, and at one time there were no less than three separate series of *L'Ami du Roi* going on at the same time. One was edited by Royou; another by Montjoye; a third was carried on by the printers Crapart and Briand, who had been the printers of the first journal, and who sought to maintain a rivalry with the issues of Royou and of Montjoye, each of which claimed to be the legitimate successor of the original enterprise. After a while Crapart and Montjoye joined forces, forgetting their feud and the vituperations that had accompanied it, while the Abbé Royou held on his course with his own sheet till the day of his death, on June 21, 1792. The inspiration of *L'Ami du Roi* in all its forms was more serious than that of *Actes des Apôtres*. It was always loyally, passionately Royalist, always strenuously and fearlessly counter-revolutionary. Royou has been called the Marat of the Royalist press, but Royou added to the vehemence of Marat a care of style and a discrimination of language which, if it lessened somewhat of the vigor of his paper in the public mind, gave it a higher value as a literary instrument of political warfare. The *Ami du Roi* followed closely and with a mordant criticism the proceedings of the Assembly. Its pages were the recognized centre for the letters and protests of those among the clergy who fought the Revolution step by step and to the last. At length the Assembly that had prosecuted Marat, the Assembly so tolerant in theory, so intolerant in practice, prosecuted in its turn the Abbé Royou. It resented the extreme Royalist as it resented the extreme

democrat. The Abbé Royou had to hide as Marat had to hide; the publication ceased; the Abbé Royou died in his hiding-place, and his journal came to its end. After his death Brissot's solemn *Patriote Français* published in all gravity a death-bed recantation by Royou of his Royalist opinions, a recantation which it would be unwise to regard as other than purely fictitious.

Yet another Royalist journal, whose name has in some degree persisted above the crowd of its companions, was the *Journal de la Cour et de la Ville*. It only adopted this title after experimenting on those of *Magasin Historique ou Journal Général* and *Journal Dédié au District des Cordeliers*, but it was best known as *Le Petit Gauthier*, after the name of one of its two editors, Brune and Gauthier. It was as furiously Royalist as its opponents were furiously Revolutionary. Then there were the *Postillon de la Cour*, the *Gazette de Paris*, an elegiac journal edited by Durozoy, the *Ami des Honnêtes Gens*, the *Journal du Journal de Prudhomme*, a sheet attributed to Stanislas Clermont-Tonnerre, and devoted to persistent and pitiless criticism of Prudhomme and his writings.

So they swarmed in their hour, Royalist journals and Revolutionary journals alike. It was a delirium of writing, a debauch of printers' ink. Few of those sheets have any readers now; many of them are but names; most of them are absolutely forgotten. They did wild work in their time. On both sides, while doing their best to injure the cause of their adversaries, they were often more successful in injuring the causes that they championed.

Party passion was not the only influence to violence in the party organs. If the writers on both sides saw no other means of disabling their adversaries except by

terror, they were also spurred to excesses by rivalry in their own camps. The journalist on either side, once become popular, had his popularity to maintain, and it was only to be maintained against competition by steady increase of violence. A great deal of money was spent in the support of these papers. The ministers had to subsidize one side and to try to purchase the other. The Royalist journals must have cost an enormous amount, and Montmorin is said to have admitted to Alexander Lameth that he had spent seven millions in trying to bribe and corrupt Jacobin speakers and Jacobin journalists. It has been asserted that Desmoulins, that Danton took Montmorin's money. If they did they gave him no return, as their attacks were unabated. Droz observes that if Mirabeau had paid them he would have known how to bring them to a reckoning. It is well, however, to look upon all the stories of the purchase of popular leaders with a wholesome scepticism, if not with an uncompromising disbelief.

CHAPTER XXV

CLUBABLE MEN

AMONG the new political forces that the Revolution had evoked there was one force that was for the time even more powerful than the influence of the press ; the new force was the influence of the clubs. The word club has come to wear many meanings since first some handful of good fellows in the hired room of a tavern gave a kind of organization to their good-fellowship and named it by its name. It was to gain in the revolutionary epoch a new significance, to represent a thing, or set of things, such as the world had never seen before, such as the world has never seen since. The history of the Revolution is for long enough the history of government by club law, in the new sense of the phrase. What a contemporary called the Clubocratic Yoke was very heavy. For a little while it pleased a monarchical ministry to believe that it retained some of the attributes of authority ; for a longer while it pleased a representative Assembly to believe that its hands and voices were the hands that guided and the voices that controlled the country. But the real authority rested with those outside the ministry, and for the most part outside the Assembly, who could boast, as a proof of their patriotism and their civism, that they belonged to one or both of two organizations the mere repetition of whose names even now carries with it a sense of fear.

While the National Assembly was still at Versailles, a number of the Breton deputies fell into the custom of coming together at the Café d'Amaury to discuss in the evening the events of the day. The house which was the Café d'Amaury still exists. It is the No. 44 in the Rue de la Pompe, and one of its frontages borders the Avenue de Saint-Cloud. Tradition asserts that the room frequented by the Breton deputies was the first room on the ground floor, the room which looks upon the little open space formed by the junction of the Rue de la Pompe and the left side of the Avenue de Saint-Cloud. Amaury, the proprietor of the café, had long been known before the Revolution as a man of liberal opinions, and the deputies who held liberal opinions gravitated towards his café as if in obedience to a natural law. It was the hour when those who held liberal opinions looked with admiration upon English institutions. The little knot of Breton gentlemen chose therefore to band themselves together under an English name. They called themselves a club, the Breton Club. The limitation suggested by the title was soon abandoned. The Breton Club became the rallying-ground of deputies from all parts of France who shared with its founders liberal opinions. They were all very well pleased with themselves and their club and their café; they had not the dimmest idea that they were helping to create one of the greatest and one of the most terrible organizations that the world has ever seen.

With the translation of the Assembly to Paris the Breton Club had to say farewell to Amaury and his café, and to seek a new shelter. It set in its staff at first at No. 7 Place des Victoires, but it soon found another shelter and soon earned another name. There

stood on the Rue St. Honoré a building which had been erected some hundred and eighty years earlier as a convent and church for the order of Jacobins, established in Paris by Sebastien Michaelis in the youth of Louis XIII. and the regency of his mother. The building, says Lenotre, was in no way remarkable. The entrance to the convent was made in the Rue St. Honoré, on the very spot where the Rue du Marché Saint-Antoine opens. The entrance was composed of three arches—the middle for vehicles; the two others, which were lower, were reserved for pedestrians, and were surmounted by niches, which held on the right a statue of Saint Dominick, and on the left a statue of Saint Catherine of Sienna. After passing through these archways the visitor found himself in a large quadrangle, in the middle of which stood the church, which joined at the back to the main building of the convent.

It was mere chance which led the deputies seeking a place of possible reunion to this spot and to a new name and fame. The deputies wished to be near the Assembly; they made inquiries in the neighborhood. Somebody ascertained that the Jacobins would be willing to let one of their rooms for the purpose. The bargain was struck. For two hundred francs a year the deputies obtained the use of either the chapter or the refectory—it seems to be not quite certain which—of the convent, and for a similar sum such furniture in the way of chairs and tables as they needed. The club, somewhat primitively installed in its new and simple quarters, still called itself the Breton Club, although its earlier meetings did not include many members of the old body. The association now numbered members from so many different parts of France that the old name seemed too limited and particular for its new

conditions. It was accordingly decided that the club should be called the Society of Friends of the Constitution. But the general public did not take kindly to the new name of a body in which it was beginning to take an interest. The general public gave the body a name, or rather a nickname, from the place which sheltered it; they called it the Club of the Jacobins, and the name remained with it forever.

It was in the early days of 1790 that the club began to take new shape. Membership was no longer limited to those who were deputies to the National Assembly. It was free to any one to establish his candidature for membership. All he had to do was to find a proposer and seconder to answer at once for his morality and his civism; then his election was formally submitted to the chances of the ballot. Every duly elected member was supplied with a card of admission to the sittings, a card which he had to bring with him and to submit to verification. The club drew up rules, appointed officials, saw to the order and decorum of its meetings by definite and enforced regulations. The Jacobins had already travelled a long way from the Café d'Amaury.

At first the meetings were scantily attended. It is curious to read that during the early sittings the monks of the order, in their white robes and black hoods, used to come in large numbers, and listen with curiosity and wonder to the eloquence of the associated deputies. But very soon the numbers of the club increased; there was no need of the aid of friendly monks to make the gaunt emptiness of the room less conspicuous. In the fretful, feverish temper of the time every man wanted to play his part in the new game of politics. The walls of the Assembly were too narrow for the throng of would-be statesmen.

The passion for talking politics, writing politics, making politics, and criticising the politics of others was mounting to fever heat in the human thermometer. A delight in the voluble utterance of words, in the effusion of sonorous phrases, made every street corner a possible pulpit and every heap of stones a rostrum ; at such an hour and to such a temper the existence of an institution like that of the Club of Jacobins seemed as a blessing from Heaven. Every one who wished to serve the Revolution or to serve himself through the Revolution, every one who wished France to be saved, and was convinced that the secret for her safety lay in his keeping, beat at the doors of the Jacobin Club, and the doors of the Jacobin Club were not slow to open.

When the new society was little more than three months old it found that its new quarters were all too cramped for the flux of its adherents. A new place had to be sought, a new place was promptly, if somewhat unexpectedly, found. It seems that the Jacobin Fathers had conceived an interest almost amounting to affection for their new tenants, who admitted them by favor, as a kind of honorary members, to the sittings of the club. It may be that in their quiet, peaceful lives the animation, the enthusiasm, the eloquence of their new tenants came with an unquiet charm, and that they were unwilling to lose the excitement and the entertainment chance had put in their path. They placed at the service of the club the large hall of their library, which was situated in and extended the whole of the length of their church. We are told that it was a lengthy apartment, well aired, well vaulted, well lit by six long windows, ornamented by eighteen portraits of celebrated members of the order of Saint Dominick.

The club accepted the offer of the Fathers, and for some time forward their meetings and their debates were carried on in the room where so many religious had turned the pages of their precious collection of books. More than twenty thousand rare and costly volumes remained ranged along the shelves of the Jacobin library all through the time that it was occupied by the club. Above the door of the gallery remained an allegorical painting that represented the Angelic Doctor, Saint Thomas Aquinas, seated by a fountain which spouted in all directions the living water of truth, while monks of every order hastened to fill a cup from the sacred fluid. The sombre, gloomy pictures of squalid if picturesque disorder that have been painted of the club are inaccurate as descriptions of the early sittings of the Jacobin Club. The Jacobins, says the writer who has studied with most care the history of their habitation, brought to their sessions more calm and decorum than were characteristic of the conduct of the Assembly itself. A room enriched with valuable books, adorned with religious paintings—such is not the environment conventionally accorded to the Jacobin Club, but such was its environment in the second stage of its existence.

The Jacobins met about every second day. The sittings began at eight o'clock and ended about half-past ten. The time was passed for the most part in talking—an infinity of talk. M. Aulard has devoted a series of massive volumes to the record of the proceedings, volumes in which the historian who has yet to write the exhaustive history of the Jacobin Club will find all the available materials to his hand. Unfortunately the most essential document for the proper understanding of the story of the Jacobin Club is not available. No-

body knows what have become of the formal, authoritative minutes of the club. They have vanished from the earth like the lost comedies of Menander; to recover the one would be as precious a gain to history as to recover the other a gain to art. Perhaps they were partially destroyed by Legendre; perhaps they were finally destroyed by Napoleon. No one knows their fate, and the history of the Jacobin Club has to be built up as best it may from other sources by the patience and the erudition of an Aulard. The volumes are not always exhilarating reading, are not always entertaining, but their study is indispensable for the proper understanding of the time, and of the institution that played so memorable and so terrible a part in the time.

All manner of men gathered together within the Jacobin walls. There were men of letters, like Laharpe, Chénier, Chamfort, and Laclot; there were painters, like David and Vernet; there were actors, like Talma; there were nobles, like the young Duke de Chartres. Mirabeau was a member; Mirabeau was yet, on the last day of November, 1790, to be elected president of the club. Duport, Barnave, and the two Lameths were soon the guiding spirits of its youth. It was Duport who conceived the plan, so momentous in its results, of founding patriotic clubs all over France which should be directly affiliated with the Jacobin Club in Paris. The scheme was carried out; small Jacobin clubs sprang up everywhere in active communication with the parent body; all France was, as it were, covered with a network of Jacobinism. The business of these smaller clubs was to keep patriotism and civism alive in their centres, and to keep the Paris club supplied by active correspondence with intimate knowledge of all that

was going on in the provinces. This bold experiment converted the Jacobin Club into a kind of deliberative Assembly with much of the authority and more of the influence of a governing body. These affiliated clubs, like the parent club, began by including many men of moderate opinions ; but, as in the case of the Paris Centre, the men of moderate opinions were soon edged or shouldered out by the men who held or professed extremer opinions and advocated more violent methods of perpetuating the Revolution. As is the way with all such associations, there were wheels within wheels. Private committees came into existence which acted in more or less secrecy and guided the actions of the club without communicating their acts to the other members. Alexander Lameth was supposed to have formed a little association in Paris, which Lafayette described as an association of ten men devoted to the Lameths. These men received every day certain orders. They, in turn, gave these orders to ten men belonging to the different battalions of Paris. Thus all the battalions and all the sections received at once the same signal for agitation, and the same denunciations against the constituted authorities, of Mayor Bailly and General Lafayette. It is certain that the Lameths were powerful, and as popular as powerful. In November, 1790, Charles Lameth was provoked to a duel by the young Duke de Castries, a zealous member of the Right, and was wounded. The Jacobins are said to have, through their agents, urged the people to sack the duke's house. The house was attacked by a mob ; there was no personal violence committed, nothing was stolen, but all the furniture was broken and pitched into the street. Lafayette came with the National Guard, but he did nothing, for many of the

guard thought that there was no great harm in destroying the furniture of a man who had wounded Charles Lameth. Madame de Castries, with a witty irony, expressed her gratification that Lafayette and the Mayor of Paris should have honored with their presence the pillage of her residence.

Though Duport, the Lameths, and Barnave swayed the Jacobins, there was a little man of slender form and insignificant aspect who was most assiduous in his attendance, and who was yet to be its most remarkable member. He was struggling for power with a strong conviction of the rectitude of his purpose; he had labored to gain a hearing in the Assembly, and so far with little success. He found out that the Jacobins was the place for him, but it was some time before he ruled there. His own party discredited him by smiling when he spoke; everybody was ready to laugh at him, except Mirabeau, who treated his diminutive, feeble adversary with the respect due to sincerity and indomitable perseverance. Mirabeau had no love for the Jacobins, but he was willing to use them; he had no love for the Jacobinism of Robespierre, but he was ready to recognize the earnestness of the man whose violence he had on one occasion to reprove by a call to order. Mirabeau's sagacity discovered the true character of the man, his unbounded pride, his illimitable faith in himself, his steady purpose, his undeviating, forward course. Robespierre will go far, he observed, for he believes all that he says.

The world has learned from the "Souvenirs d'un Déporté," published in later years, something of the life of Robespierre during those early Jacobin days. The author, Pierre Villiers, was a friend, a sort of secretary of Robespierre's; his testimony is intimate,

if not always reliable. Robespierre was poor; he lived with the utmost frugality on his pay as a deputy, of which he sent one fourth to his sister Charlotte at Arras, and another fourth he gave to a mistress who is said to have adored him and for whom he is said to have had no affection. He dined at thirty sous, lodged ill, and wore an olive-colored coat, severely brushed. Villiers says that when the Assembly went into mourning for Franklin, it was an unlucky affair for Robespierre; he could not afford to buy mourning, so he had to borrow a black coat from a man much bigger than himself. The story must be inaccurate, for Lenotre quotes the list of Robespierre's wardrobe at this time, and it includes a suit of sable. His labors and the intensity of his purpose soon took away the youthful appearance that he brought with him to the Assembly; his face became dry and hard; his features expressed the concentration of his mind. He was not the kind of man to remain in the train of the Lameths; he broke away from them and followed his own course, the realization of Rousseau's "Social Contract." He was believed to be honest, and this belief in his honesty was one of his greatest aids in his efforts after power. But for the moment he was only an obscure member of the Assembly and a rising member of the Jacobin Club.

Only one degree less famous than the Jacobins was the club which also carried a religious name in curious, unconscious irony—the club of the Cordeliers. Writers have differed a good deal in their description of the habitation of the Jacobins; they differ more strangely as to where the habitation of the Cordeliers was. The name would suggest and tradition maintains that the Cordeliers met in the convent of the Cordeliers as the Jacobins met in the convent of the Jacobins. Lenotre

has argued with Aulard and Aulard has argued with Lenotre at no inconsiderable length as to the exact spot on the surface of the place called Paris which the Cordeliers at a given time honored by their presence. The point is interesting, even momentous to the punctilious. For us it will serve to be sure that in the early days of its existence the Cordeliers lived and moved and had their being in a convent of Cordeliers in a certain street in Paris, just as the members of the Jacobin Club lived and moved and had their being in the convent of the Jacobins in the Rue Saint-Honoré.

The house of the Cordeliers was one of the oldest and one of the most curious remains of old Paris. It had grown up during the centuries into a kind of conventual city set down in the midst of a populous quarter, of which the principal street was the Rue des Cordeliers. The church of the Cordeliers was one of the largest in Paris. Its site had been a gift from Saint Louis. It was consecrated in 1262 ; destroyed by fire through the negligence of a monk in 1580 ; rebuilt in 1606. Towards the end of the eighteenth century it was, in spite of its discomfort and its gloom, one of the most popular churches in Paris for the sake of its musical masses. Within its walls the convent city of the Cordeliers sheltered the Museum of Paris, a large society of men of letters, men of science, and artists. The active members of this museum, to the number of sixty, held their weekly meetings in the old Theological Hall of the convent, and in this old Theological Hall the club of the Cordeliers, known first as the Society of Friends of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen, held its meetings. It seems to have kept no record of its proceedings ; if it did they are lost ; we know very little indeed about it ; all that we know is that it did exist and that

it exercised a most extraordinary influence upon the age.

The Cordeliers had among their members Danton, their great orator; Marat; Desmoulins, who spoke rarely but wrote much; Fréron; Hébert; Fabre d'Églantine; Anacharsis Clootz, the orator of the representatives of the human race; and the butcher Legendre, a wild, illiterate man, who has been described as a good man in his lucid intervals. From the beginning of the disturbance in July, Louis Legendre had turned from his chopping-block to thrust himself prominently forward in all the popular tumults. He had helped to lead the procession of July 12, which carried the busts of Necker and of Orleans. He had been among the first to rush to the Invalides, to share in that struggle for weapons in which Rossignol, as Rossignol relates, came near to being smothered. He was one of those sons of the people, praised by Rossignol, who played their bold part in the taking of the Bastille. He was a man of great influence in the faubourgs, of an uncouth, passionate eloquence. It has been said of him that with a little more education he would have counted among the great orators of the Revolution. It would have surprised Butcher Legendre probably as much as it would have surprised those who knew him if any one had predicted that the fulness of time would turn him against the Revolution as interpreted by the men of the Jacobins, by the men of the Cordeliers, that he, too, was to be one of the inconsistent of the Revolution.

Not men alone were eminent at the Cordeliers. Théroigne de Méricourt appeared at the Cordeliers in February, 1790. She came to make a motion, and she was admitted to the bar. An enthusiastic Cordelier saluted her as a new Queen of Sheba coming to see the

Solomon of the districts. Théroigne replied that the fame of their wisdom had brought her among them. She called upon them to prove that they were Solomons, sages to whom it was reserved to build a temple—the temple of the National Assembly. Her speech was a rhapsody of classical and scriptural allusions, and ended amidst a rapture of applause. Her proposal was to build the temple of the National Assembly on the site of the Bastille. A committee, consisting of Danton, Fabre d'Eglantine, Desmoulins, and others, was appointed to draw up an address to the French nation, and to invite patriots to subscribe for this temple of liberty, of humanity, and of reason, to which all people should come to consult their oracle. The address was drawn up, but it had no result. The time had not yet come when the jargon of a fantastic classicism was to be respected as the vernacular of enthusiasm.

If the existence of the Cordeliers and the Jacobins was a menace to the Royalists, it also seemed a menace to many whose royalism was not of a kind to gain the favor of the Court. The men at whose head were Mounier and Lally-Tollendal were disconcerted at being deserted by their leaders. After the Assembly held its sittings at Paris they took the name of the Independents and the Impartials. They were confounded by the agitators with the Extreme Right, with whom they had many opinions in common. They respected royalty; they had a horror of the violence of the Revolution; they were discouraged by the aspect of affairs. The leaders of the Right, seeing the success of the Jacobin Club, resolved to form a club of their own that should strive to re-establish order. Malouet, who belonged to the Impartials, was invited to meet them. Formal negotiations were opened

between the Impartials and the Right for a plan of association. They resulted in nothing. When the negotiations broke off, Malouet and his friends published a declaration of their principles, and announced that all who would sign it should belong to their society. This declaration was not adopted by any influential member of the Left, and it was rejected by the extreme members of the Right. The Impartials met, but their club and their journal only existed a few weeks. They were afterwards revived, only to prove more powerless than before.

In the month of April, 1790, the Club of 1789 was formed, with the object of checking the violence of the Jacobins and counteracting Duport and the Lameths. The chief founders were Lafayette, Bailly, La Rochefoucauld, Talleyrand, Chapelier, Dupont de Nemours, and Sieyès. Sieyès drew up the rules and was the first president. The club met in a splendid room in the galleries of the Palais Royal, where they ate excellent dinners and paid a high price for them. Mirabeau encouraged the establishment of the Club of 1789. He went there now and then. He did not desert the Jacobins, and sometimes visited both clubs in the same evening. But Mirabeau was not the man for clubs. His gifts called for a greater theatre: he wanted the world to bustle in, and he only accepted the clubs as possible instruments for his plans.

Royalism, pure and simple, did not indeed remain blankly inactive in the face of Jacobins and Cordeliers and all their fiery kind. As the revolutionary journals called into being counter-revolutionary journals, so the revolutionary clubs called into being clubs that fought overtly or covertly against the Revolution. It cannot be said that the aggressively Royalist clubs were more

conspicuously successful, more conspicuously intelligent than the Royalist newspapers. There were many clubs which were only Royalist in the sense that the so-called Moderatists were Royalist, in the sense that so many of the leaders in the first stage of the Revolution were Royalist, in the sense that Lafayette and Mounier and Malouet and their kind were Royalist. Thus the Club de Valois, founded in the February of 1789, was a very mixed club, and represented many opinions. It included among its early members Lafayette, Talleyrand, Sieyès, Montlosier, Chamfort, Condorcet, and the Lameths. It was, according to Chancellor Pasquier, perhaps the only club where similarity of opinion was not a rigorous condition of admission. But the Royalists were in the majority. The Club de Valois only lived its somewhat languid life until 1791. Its most active members gradually quitted it to go their different ways: these between the portals of the Jacobins and the Cordeliers; those to write their names upon the roll of the Club Monarchique.

The Club Monarchique, or Club des Amis de la Constitution Monarchique, left no one in doubt as to its opinions. It was fervently, flagrantly, defiantly Royalist. It might have written over its doorway the motto chosen by *La Rocambole des Journaux*, "Une foi, une loi, un Roi." It might, like another Royalist journal, *L'Apocalypse*, have asserted its existence "Ad Majorem Regis Gloriam." It held its own gallantly enough so long as it was possible for an avowedly Monarchical club to exist openly. When liberty of opinion came to mean, first, only liberty to hold revolutionary opinions, and then no more than liberty to hold such revolutionary opinions as were approved of by the dominant revolutionaries, the Club Monarchique

ceased to be. None of the clubs, the mightiest or the weakest, was long-lived; they were carried to the shore on the first tide of change, only to be sucked back into oblivion as wave after wave spent its force and rolled back into the void and darkness of the deep.

But at one time the Monarchical Club was important enough to arouse the bitter enmity of the Jacobins, and the Jacobins resolved to destroy it. It was denounced because it distributed bread to the people. It was accused of suborning soldiers to fire upon the people in street riots. Barnave, at the tribune of the Assembly, assailed it as an insidious, perfidious, and factious association, and called upon the authorities to keep a strict watch over it. Malouet replied that the Jacobins were the cause of the disorders, and that their club ought to be closed. The Club of 1789 was afraid to let the Jacobins leave it too far behind, and it published a declaration that admission into the Monarchical Club should be considered as a renunciation of the Club of 1789. The heads of the Monarchical Club commenced legal proceedings against those who denounced it. The Jacobins took measures more effectual than legal process. The proprietors of houses were afraid to let them to the Monarchists. When they found a place at last, where they intended to meet on a certain day, four thousand men assembled in front of the house, insulted some of the members of the club, and wounded others. There was a cry that these aristocrats wore the white cockade. White cockades were indeed produced, but it is said that the leaders of the mob had brought these with them to give the lie the show of truth. Bailly came up when the disturbance was over; he did not find fault with the rioters, and he

assured the crowd that measures should be taken to prevent a society which disturbed the public tranquillity from meeting again. In fact, the club did not meet again; the vigor of the Jacobins and Bailly's want of vigor suppressed it.

The battle of the clubs, like the battle of the news-sheets, was a war of words, and the wordy warfare of Royalists and revolutionaries was not always a war of wit. The men who helped to found the Jacobin Club amused themselves by variations upon the word aristocrat, and said of their opponents that this one was an aristocrane, that one an aristocroc, and another an aristocruche. The men who rallied around the Club Monarchique retorted by labelling its adversaries as "républicoquins" or by dating, in derision, in 1791, from "the third year of the Revolt" or "troisième année de la Canaillocratie," which might perhaps be interpreted "third year of scumocracy." On both sides the weapons used were weak enough and base enough—and in those early days ineffective enough; the calling of hard names, the scourging with stinging nettles. Whether the pleasantries were concocted by Tilly and his friends at the Restaurant Beauvilliers or the Restaurant Mafs, or whether they were conceived and begotten under the shadow of the bookshelves in the Jacobin library, they had at least in common a brutality of temper; they had at least in common a magnificent misappreciation of all that was meant by the movement, all that was called for by the time and the hour.

CHAPTER XXVI

SEVENTEEN NINETY

THERE are years of historical plenty as there are years of historical famine. There are years every day of which seems to be a year in itself, primed with life, momentous, monumental. And there are other years so meagre, so poor of purpose, that their days seem to lose distinction, and the total of their sum to be less significant than the worth of one glorious week of some more resplendent season. A contrast almost as startling as this thought suggests is afforded by the sister years of 1789 and 1790.

There is scarcely a day of the earlier year that is not in itself a page of history ; there is perhaps no other year in the world's story which is so crammed with interest, so big with change, so brisk in action, so remarkable for its adventure, so amazing for its success—and all this in but half its course. It is the tale of the Titans and the siege of Olympus over again, but with the difference that in this instance it is the Titans who win the game. From those early days after the agonizing winter, when France awakening from sleep found a voice for its complainings and sent men to be its mouthpieces from every part of its soil to Paris, from those early days until winter again closed in upon a metamorphosed country, there was scarcely a day, scarcely an hour, which did not bear its part, and that

a great one, in the record of this new and most marvellous Year of Marvels.

It was perhaps inevitable that its successor should seem colorless in contrast with such a predecessor, even as, by a chance which does not seem so inevitable, it was to appear colorless in contrast with its own immediate successors. While every day of half the days of 1789 deserves the consideration of a whole calendar, it would not be impossible to sum up with justice the events and the apparent importance of the year 1790 in a few sentences, in a few paragraphs, or at the most in a few pages. It had its events and its importance and its significance ; but they seem trivial, almost petty, in their juxtaposition to the illumination and the insanity, the virtues and the crimes, the shames and triumphs and splendors of the year of the States-General and the Tennis Court, of the Bastille and Versailles, of Lantern Law and Emigration, the year that abolished feudalism with a breath and converted the King of France into the King of the French. It was the flow after the ebb, the reaction after so much action ; it seemed to the sanguine to mark the term of strife when it really was the pause before the struggle. To the dreamers of dreams it seemed that all was well, that there was little more for the leaders of men to do than to confirm the Revolution by a few ingenious edicts, a few ingenious enterprises. It was but to find a little money, it was but to explain with eloquence the equality of man, it was but to abolish a landmark here and a title there, it was but to call old things by new names, and the work was done and the game won, and the Revolution accomplished. This or something like this was what a great many people thought or seemed to think if their deeds are at all the interpreters of their minds

in the long and somewhat languid months of the new year.

After an agitated year had ended in agitation, the year that succeeded seemed to open with every prospect of calm. With the arrest and wellnigh certain condemnation of De Favras, the immediate hopes and immediate energies of the Counter-Revolutionists seemed to have been stayed and the Revolutionists themselves to be afforded a free field for the assertion of their principles and the perfection of their plans. Early in the year, on February 4, the king made his appearance before the National Assembly in the company of Necker, without any of the pomp and formality usually associated with a royal visit. He told the Assembly that the gravity of existing circumstances had compelled him to come among them in order that he might assure them that the monarch and the representatives of the nation were animated by the same sentiments, and were as one in their ambition for the welfare of their country. He informed them that he would defend the constitutional liberty, whose principles the public wishes, in union with his own, had consecrated, and that, in concert with the queen, he would at once begin to prepare the heart and mind of his son for the new order of things which destiny had brought to them.

This speech aroused a rapture of delight in its hearers. In those early days of the National Assembly it was always possible for the king to earn a flattering tribute of applause whenever it pleased him to assert his sympathy with the popular cause, and his approval of the popular leaders. His innocent little address was incessantly interrupted with the cries of "Long live the king!" and when it came to an end it was succeeded by

a singular and characteristic demonstration. Out of the riot and rapture of the general enthusiasm the voice of one deputy asserted itself, dominating the others in a somewhat singular attempt. Goupel de Prefeln rose and insisted that it was the immediate duty of the Assembly to show its zeal in seconding the sayings of the king. In order to afford the most satisfactory proof of that zeal, he called upon all the deputies present to take at that very instant a solemn oath to be faithful to the nation, to the law, and to the king, and to maintain the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly and accepted by the king. The National Assembly was always easily moved by dramatic appeals, easily responsive to dramatic suggestions. In a moment the new suggestion was accepted. It afforded one of those opportunities for picturesque display in which the Assembly delighted, an opportunity almost as picturesque, indeed, as that afforded by the oath of the Tennis-Court. At once the President, De Puzy, solemnly took this new civic oath according to the form proposed. His example was followed with tumultuous enthusiasm by all the interested deputies in turn. The general enthusiasm was too great to be confined within the walls of the Assembly. Others besides the deputies were eager to swear their oath of allegiance in the same fashion. The patriotism overflowed to the Town-Hall, where the Municipality of the city and a vast concourse of other persons solemnly made the same attestation amid joyous cries of "Long live the nation!" and "Long live the king!"

The affability and the harmony suggested by this general oath-swearing and pledge-taking did not long endure, either inside or outside of the Assembly. Agitations and difficulties began again. The disorder in the

provinces persisted in a proportion sufficiently great to alarm the Assembly into the consideration of some method of properly allaying the disorder. Various principles were formulated, various projects discussed, no definite result arrived at. During one of these discussions Lafayette made a flowing speech, which contains the famous sentence so often quoted for him and against him. In this speech he declared that, for the making of the Revolution disorders were essential. The old order was nothing more than slavery, and against such slavery insurrection was the holiest of duties. But he went on to say that in order to accomplish the Constitution it was necessary that the new order should assert itself, that calm should be born again, that law should be respected, and that the individual should be in safety. There was no very flattering prospect, however, of this desired renaissance of calm, of this desired obedience to the law. By an unhappy chance it was, or seemed to be, to the advantage of the leaders on both sides of the great struggle to permit discord and prolong disturbance. Many of those who belonged to the Royalist side believed that the interests of their cause were best served by these troubles and agitations, which were fomented by the extreme leaders and the extreme followers of the Revolution. One of the greatest hopes of the party of Counter-Revolution was that the Revolution would in time discredit itself and die of its own deeds. Between the two parties in the contest there was no possible pact and no possible peace. The extreme Royalists fought by every means in their power against the majority of the Assembly. The majority of the Assembly on their side were at no pains to conciliate in any way the prejudices, or to respect the beliefs, of their adversaries. The clerical party

especially were stirred to the fiercest hostility. It would probably have been difficult under any conditions for those who guided or tried to guide the course of the Revolution to conciliate the clerical order, but at least no attempt was made at conciliation.

Whether the treatment of the clergy were right or wrong, wise or unwise, it was at least done in such a way as must exasperate those whom it injured, and make the sense of their wrongs the more persistent. Already the Church had been deprived of its possessions to meet the stern demands of the empty exchequer. The not unnatural irritation of an order thus suddenly despoiled of what it had come to regard as its own was met by a further assault upon its dignity and its influence. Menaced by the powerful opposition of the ecclesiastical body, the leaders of the revolutionary party resolved to make an effort to force the Church into harmony with the new order of things—with the regeneration of humanity according to the provincial lawyer—and introduced the civil constitution of the clergy. This was the name they gave to the series of regulations, the object of which was in their view to incorporate the clergy with the new system, to renew antique discipline, and to reduce the whole body to obedience to the new laws. This was the scheme which the majority of the Assembly now proceeded to carry out in the most summary and headlong manner. The same vehement spirit that had animated the zealots of the 4th of August now addressed itself to complete the alterations of an ancient and state fabric. The monastic vows were abolished, religious orders were abolished, the election of pastors was placed in the hands of their flocks. Every priest was to receive from the government of the country his

authority and his wage, and it was decided that the whole body of the clergy must swear allegiance to the nation, the king, and the law. Those who made this momentous change strove indeed to justify their action from the early history of the Church. They made war upon its power in the name of the early fathers of the primitive faith, and they supported their destructive proposals by arguments drawn from the Pragmatic of Saint Louis. Naturally enough, so comprehensive an attack aroused the strongest spirit of resistance. It might have been hard at any time and in any way to unite the strength of the Church with the strength of the Revolution, but in this way at least all the strength that the Church had was united against the Revolution.

The resolution that public worship should be supported by the State practically made the clergy servants of the State. It was accordingly necessary to regulate with all the formality of a new legality the condition of the clergy in order to secure their subsistence and to satisfy the nation on the matter of religion ; for the religious feeling was still strong, and the opposition were ever ready to take advantage of it. In fact, thanks to the new policy of the new men, many who had sincerely joined the Revolution at first were alarmed. There was the curé of Saint-Étienne-du-Mont. He had led his parishioners to the Invalides on the 14th of July. Now it was reported that he had passed forty days at the foot of the altar, clad in hair-cloth, and praying to God to support the Church in its danger. The minority of the Assembly had published their declaration against the sale of the Church property, and though this declaration was signed by a minority of the clergy and of the nobility, and by only forty-nine deputies of

the commons, it produced a considerable sensation in the provinces.

The discussion of the civil constitution of the clergy began on the 29th of May. The Archbishop of Aix proposed to consult the Gallican Church by a national council. If this were not adopted he said that the clergy could take no part in the deliberations. Robespierre, on the 30th of May, supported the plan of the committee as developed by Treilhard. Robespierre's speech was made in the Robespierre manner, unfamiliar then, but soon to be familiar. He said that the priests in the social order were real magistrates, whose duty was the support and the service of the public worship. From this fundamental notion he proceeded to derive all the principles applicable to the condition of the clergy. He was as vehement as an Athanasian against Arians. He would have no ecclesiastical officers except bishops and curés, and no more than were required. He would suppress the titles of archbishops and cardinals, and would have the bishops and curés elected by the people. Having thus calmly reorganized the Church, he was going on with the announcement of something else, which he considered more important than all the rest, when he was stopped by the murmurs of an Assembly not yet attuned to the new theories, and could not finish his speech. Nobody knows what Robespierre was going to say, though some have guessed that he was going to advocate the marriage of priests. But if he failed to obtain a hearing, at least those whom he supported had the game in their own hands, and to a solid majority the civil constitution of the clergy was only a question of time.

It can scarcely be said that the Assembly was either discreet or tactful in its treatment of a great religious

question. The decree ordering an inventory to be made in the religious communities was in itself well calculated to provoke a religious war. It did, in fact, provoke one in certain districts. At Montauban the opponents of the new decree seized and threatened to hang the military commandant, who, although a Catholic, was suspected of being willing to sanction the entrance of the magistrates into the convents. The soldiers from the Town-Hall who came to his rescue were attacked by the mob. Some were killed, and the Town-Hall was taken. The Duke de Laforce, sword in hand, put himself at the head of a body of insurgents who were deliberating in the church of the Cordeliers. The municipality yielded to the insurgents. The dragoons were led bareheaded, in their shirts, with lighted candles in their hands, through the streets, to make abject apology upon the steps of the Cathedral, and were then thrown into prison. The white cockade was worn in all defiance. The cross was looked upon as the emblem of a new crusade against sacrilege and infidelity. On the news reaching Bordeaux, the municipality sent fifteen hundred of the National Guard to enforce obedience at Montauban. But the Counter-Revolution triumphed for a time. A commissioner, an officer of Lafayette's, was sent from Paris to Montauban. He found it best to come to terms with the rioters. There was no inquiry into the riot: the Nationalists of Bordeaux were not gratified with the destruction of the enthusiasts of Montauban.

The head and heart of the religious struggle in the south was a man named Froment, a man of rare ability, of desperate energy, of great organizing powers. His name is forever associated with the civil strife at Nîmes. At Nîmes, on May 2, the white cockade was

the emblem of successful defiance of the new decrees. Some volunteer companies of Catholics assumed the badge of royalty and religion. This provoked a quarrel with the Nationalist soldiers of the regiment of Guienne, who insulted the wearers of the white cockades. The populace collected and attacked the Nationalists : many soldiers were wounded, and a soldier was killed by a brother of Froment—Froment surnamed Tapage. The mayor, who by his conduct had encouraged the white cockade before the disturbance commenced, refused to proclaim martial law. Many of the Nationalists were imprisoned, and only liberated on payment of fines. The white cockade was in the ascendant at Nîmes as at Montauban.

The clerical triumph was brief at Nîmes. On June 13, which was a Sunday, Froment and his party came to blows with the patriotic party and the Protestants. Each side accused the other of beginning the attack. It was the time of the elections, and it was the duty of the municipality to call for the troops and put down the disturbance, but they did not act. At first Froment and his men had their own way. They carried all before them, and began to force the houses of the Protestants ; but of the eighteen Catholic companies which had been formed only three joined them. The followers of Froment fought desperately. They twice repulsed the municipal body, when at last it acted against them. At last Froment retired into a tower of the old castle, and tried to raise all the neighboring country by his emissaries. But the Catholics were slow in responding, while belligerent Protestants poured into Nîmes from all directions. Froment was besieged in his tower. The place was taken by assault, and the besieged were massacred. For several days Froment's partisans were

pursued and butchered. He himself escaped, to die obscure and neglected years afterwards. During all this time the two parties were firing at one another in the streets and from the windows. In three days about three hundred men were killed. The savage people of the Cevennes, who had of old suffered from persecution, were not the men to show mercy. The projects of the counter-revolutionary party at Nîmes were drowned in their own blood.

The disturbances in the South were sometimes in favor of the Revolution. At the end of April the people and the National Guard of Marseilles surprised and seized several forts, to anticipate, as they alleged, the emigrants in their presumed design of occupying them with foreign troops. One of these forts had made some resistance, which was attributed to its commander, Beausset. The next day Beausset, accompanied by the National Guard and two municipal officers, was to be taken before the municipality to explain his conduct. On the road he was attacked and murdered, without any effort being made to save him by those who had him under their charge. Montpellier, the citadel, which was garrisoned by some soldiers of the regiment of Bresse, surrendered joyously to a small party of young men. Monsieur de Voisins, commandant of the artillery in the garrison of Valence, made preparations against attack which excited the indignation of the people. De Voisins was seized and ordered to be led to prison, but on his way there he was killed by a musket-shot; and the leaderless garrison submitted to the orders of the municipality. De Voisins was accused of corresponding with friends of the emigrant princes, and association with the emigrant was already becoming the equivalent to sentence of death.

Avignon, which belonged to the Pope, had already settled its own affairs. This ancient city, which had at one time been the residence of the popes, was sold, with Vacluse, to the papal see in 1348, by Jeanne, Countess of Provence and Queen of Sicily. Following the example of revolutionary France, Avignon had organized a municipality and a militia. On June 10 the nobles and partisans of the Pope held the Town-Hall with four pieces of cannon. A conflict ensued between them and the people, in which thirty of the people were killed. The contest was renewed. The popular party were victorious. Four of the aristocrats were seized and massacred, and twenty-two were arrested. The papal arms were taken down, and those of France solemnly put in their place. On June 17 the municipality of Avignon, by a letter addressed to the deputies Camus and Bouche, prayed the Assembly to admit the ancient city of Avignon into union with France. The example of Avignon was followed by Venaissin, which was also subject to the Pope.

The National Assembly or its majority was much distressed by all these agitations. It was so busy itself and so content with its own business that it found it hard to understand that anybody could have the heart to distract its attention by bickerings and brawls. But, on the whole, the majority had reason to be content with the results of the bickerings and the brawls. The Royalist insurrections had been bloodily blotted out. All over the country the soldiers avowed their enthusiasm for the Revolution by fraternizing with the people and killing their officers when they protested against the new theory of military discipline. The Revolution was triumphant all along the line. The most unexpected people took the civic oath. It was not surprising that

the young Duke de Chartres should take it, and in taking it cast off all his titles and sign himself a citizen of Paris. It was not surprising that Orleans should send over his adhesion to the oath from his English exile. The Orleans family had proved revolutionary from the first. But when a Bouillé took the civic oath, when a Prince de Conti came back from emigration to take it in the district of the Jacobins, the majority in the Assembly might naturally think that things were going well with them, and that they could go as they pleased in their business of regenerating the world.

The majority in the Assembly, big with their business of regenerating the world, were troubled by no qualms, harassed by no doubts. They acted with the determination of the fanatic. They assumed the authority of the prophet. They were quite aware that the world was out of joint, but they had not the faintest misgiving as to the pre-eminence of their qualifications for setting it right again. It was all one to them whether the job on hand was the parcelling out of France into so many neat plots of ground, or the readjustment of the judicial system, or the entire alteration of the religious customs of the race. They felt strong in two great truths. The first, and perhaps the simplest, was that whatever was, was wrong. The second, and perhaps the most obvious, was that whatever was decided upon by the majority in an assembly of respectabilities from the provinces, many of them provincial lawyers, must invariably and without question be right. To question the righteousness of the National Assembly, as seen in its majority, was to strike at the Ark of the Covenant; to question was to blaspheme, and to blaspheme without possibility of pardon.

It seemed a mere trifle to provincial respectabilities,

to the provincial lawyers, to rearrange the whole order of the Church according to their own pleasure. In the honesty of their zeal they could scarcely understand that the Church could resent their intrusion, could deny their authority. They had their excellent plan. They were religious in their way, but above all things they were eager to make the world new again, to play the old game of life under entirely new rules; and, naturally, to find new rules for the bishop, as well as for the king and the queen, the knight and the castle. Even in the majority all were not equally zealous. Many would not have troubled themselves about the matter, but they yielded to the wishes of those who were hot to put the civil constitution of the clergy in harmony with other things. The Archbishop of Aix urged a national council, urged that the Assembly should not decide on that question by a simple vote; but the Assembly insisted upon arranging things after its own fashion. It was determined that there should be a bishop for each department; that bishops and curés should be elected by ballot, and by a majority of votes; and that bishops should be elected in the form prescribed, and by the electoral body appointed by the decree of December 22, 1789, for the nomination of members of the Assembly for the department. The curés were also appointed by popular election. On June 14 it was decreed, without discussion, that before the ceremony of consecration took place the person elected should, in the presence of the municipal officers, the people, and the clergy, take the solemn oath to watch carefully over the flock committed to his care, to be faithful to the nation, the law, and the king, and to maintain with all his power the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly.

All this might have been excellent enough if life were in reality at all like a game of chess, with rules known, recognized, and perhaps amendable. Yet it may be taken for granted that the majority in the National Assembly would not have ventured to propose to France and to the world a new series of rules for the game of chess with the same light-heartedness, the same cocksure serenity with which they blandly essayed the adventure of the civil constitution of the clergy. In the fulness of their ignorance, in the rawness of their inexperience, they took it upon themselves to do and dare in an enterprise which might have dashed the spirits of a synod of sages. Though the debates on the great question dragged through the year, the reformers never had a doubt as to their own sanity, never a doubt as to their own strength, and the tests of the divisions assuring them of the one convinced them of the other.

Louis, always the weakest of worthy mortals and worthless kings, had written to the Pope to ask his judgment on this grave question. Pius VI. replied that a purely political body could not alter the general doctrine and discipline of the Church, or make rules about the election of bishops, or the extinction of sees. He insisted that if the king had the right to renounce his crown, yet no consideration should induce him to betray his duty to God and the Church, whose eldest son he was. This was at least decided counsel, but Louis was not the man to follow decided counsel. A decree of the Assembly on November 27 finally settled the civil constitution of the clergy and completed the king's perplexity. The fifth article declared that the ecclesiastics who did not take the oath prescribed by the decree of July 24, 1790, within the times fixed by the first article of the decree of November 27, should be

held as having renounced their appointments, which would be filled up. The unstable, bewildered king deferred his consent to the decree of the 27th for three weeks. Then the President of the Assembly waited on him to know the reason of the delay. Louis replied that his respect for religion was one cause of his hesitation; another cause was his wish to prevent the disturbances which the decree might cause.

But he could not delay and he could not defy. He accepted, but unwillingly, on December 26, by letter, the obnoxious decree. From this moment the helpless king seems to have cherished hope of escape. Too weak to defend his convictions himself at all hazards, he now determined to avail himself of foreign assistance. He sent to Breteuil, who was in Germany, full powers to treat with the different princes of Germany for the recovery of his authority. In a letter to the King of Prussia, dated December 3, 1790, Louis said that he had just written to the Emperor, to the Empress of Russia, to the Kings of Spain and Sweden, suggesting to them a congress of the principal powers of Europe, supported by an armed force, as the best means of checking the factions in France, furnishing the means of establishing a better order of things, and preventing the evils under which France suffered from reaching the other States of Europe. It is pitifully characteristic of Louis that while he was writing thus privately to Prussia, he was writing publicly, by the hand of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to his emigrant brothers and the Prince of Condé, official letters to call them back and to represent to them the duty of every citizen towards his country.

The new oath was taken by above a third of the ecclesiastical members of the Assembly, and among

them were Grégoire and a number of curés. Only three bishops took the oath: Talleyrand, the Cardinal de Brienne, and Gobel, Bishop of Lidda, ever memorable as Goose Gobel. On January 4 the time fixed for taking the oath had expired, and on the motion of Barnave the ecclesiastical members of the Assembly who had not taken the oath were called on to swear. A single priest, a curé, took the oath. The President asked if no one else meant to take the oath. There was silence for a quarter of an hour. Then the Bishop of Poitiers rose, gallant in his gray hairs. He was seventy years of age, he said, and he had been a bishop for thirty-five years, during which he had done all the good that he could. Bowed down with years and studies he did not choose to dishonor his old age. He would not take the oath. He was ready to bear his lot in the spirit of penitence. Barnave moved that the President should communicate to the king the minutes of their proceedings from the beginning, and request him to give orders for the prompt execution of the decree of November 27, with respect to the ecclesiastical members of the Assembly. The motion was carried by a great majority, and the dominant party set to work briskly to carry out its purpose.

The places which became vacant in consequence of the decree of November 27 were filled up, and Talleyrand and Gobel consecrated the new bishops. The ecclesiastics who were deprived would not abandon their functions, and treated their successors as intruders, the sacraments which they administered as null, and those who recognized the new priests as excommunicated. Thus there existed two bodies of clergy, a constitutional clergy and a refractory clergy, a clergy that had taken the civil oath and a clergy that disdained to

take it. It was an inevitable result of the strife between the revolutionary party and the loyal clergy that the people began to lose their faith in the religion of their fathers. So much at least the measure of the Assembly had brought about.

Louis could not make much of a stand for the Church, but he made some sort of stand where his own domestic interests were concerned. He certainly was not very pleasantly housed at the Tuileries. His state was neglected. He found the energy to make demands. On June 9 the discussions on the clergy were interrupted by a letter from the king on the subject of the civil list, which comprehended his personal expenses, those of the queen, the education of his children, the household of his aunts, the establishment which his sister might soon expect, and the maintenance of his household troops. The king had been requested by the Assembly to fix his expenses in a manner corresponding to the majesty of his throne, and the love and fidelity of a great nation. This letter was the answer to the request. As Paris would be his ordinary place of residence, the king said he thought that twenty-five millions of francs, with the revenue from the parks, the forests, and his country residences, might, with many reductions, be sufficient for his expenses, including his household troops. He thought that the Assembly should undertake to pay the debt on the royal household. He also expressed a wish that the queen's dower, in the case of her surviving him, should be settled, and he suggested the annual sum of four millions, or about £160,000. The letter concluded by saying that, provided that liberty and tranquillity were secured, he should not trouble himself about any diminution of his personal enjoyments, as he should find his pleasures in

the delightful spectacle of public peace. It was proposed that everything contained in the king's letter should be immediately assented to, and the whole Assembly rose in approval without waiting for the President to put the question to the vote.

The Assembly was not too busy with the affairs of heaven or the concerns of kings to neglect the minutest details of the business of the earth. The body that thought little of the transformation of a Church found time to deal with the lighter question of the metric system. On March 26 Talleyrand presented the draft of a decree proposing the establishment of an unchangeable unit as a basis of the new metrical system. The decree had been framed in concert with Lagrange, Borda, Laplace, Monge, and Condorcet. The draft declared that the Assembly adopted the fourth part of a degree of the meridian as the base of the new system of measures, and that the operations necessary to determine this base should be immediately executed. The decree was accepted, and the work was afterwards duly carried out.

CHAPTER XXVII

LET BROTHERLY LOVE

THE month of July was the captain-jewel in the carcanet of 1790. It was now a year since the Bastille was destroyed, and who could deny that the anniversary of that day was or should seem an occasion for great rejoicing? On June 5 a deputation of the representatives of the Commune of Paris, introduced by Bailly, read an address from the citizens of Paris to all men in France, inviting them to celebrate July 14 at Paris. The deputation prayed that the committee on the Constitution would determine the number of deputies which should be sent from each department to assist at the grand federation of the 14th. The Assembly took four days to decide that six men out of every two hundred should be elected by the districts to represent the rest. When the distance was above one hundred leagues from the capital, they might elect one from every four hundred. The expenses were to be defrayed by the districts. The troops of the line and the royal navy were also to send deputies. It was obvious to the organizers of the festival that the Golden Age had returned. Even if the Revolution had known its baptism of blood, the bloodshed had proved salutary, had cleaned and quickened France. In any case, all that was over and done with. The era of peace had dawned, and the first business of every good and true citizen was to do honor to the birthday of the fall of the Bastille.

The conquerors of the Bastille were this day introduced at the bar of the Assembly. The committee of pensions had taken some pains to ascertain the names of the real conquerors of the Bastille; and they had called for the appointment of commissioners to determine to whom belonged the honor of the victory. It was proposed that all the conquerors should have a uniform and complete equipment; and on the barrel of the gun and on the sword-blade there should be the inscription recording that it was given by the nation to a conqueror of the Bastille. They were also to have an honorable brevet, expressive of the gratitude of the nation; and the same was to be given to the widows of those who fell. On the occasion of the federation of July 14, a place was to be assigned to them in which France could contemplate at leisure the first conquerors of liberty. It is said, however, that the conquerors of the Bastille renounced these extraordinary honors on account of the irritation which they excited in the National and French Guards. One may imagine from what Rossignol says that perhaps a certain difficulty in proving one's self a veritable conqueror of the Bastille might count for something in this modesty.

The Assembly was invited to extend its hospitality to visitors even more remarkable than the conquerors of the Bastille. The Revolution had found no more extraordinary adherent than the Prussian baron, Jean Baptiste Clootz, who lives in history as Anacharsis Clootz. Of the many whose heads were too weak for the strong wine of the Revolution, Clootz was perhaps the weakest. He was not without wit. He was not without learning. He had travelled much, read much, written a little. He was a man of means sprung from a family of breeding. It was his privilege to have en-

joyed for a time the acquaintanceship, if not the friendship, of Edmund Burke. It was his mania to regard himself as the personal enemy of the Founder of the Christian faith. He was always an enthusiast, almost always a fool, but never, as it would seem, a knave. The Revolution had quite unhinged his mind. The weakness of his wit moved him to some very ludicrous fantasies. The most ludicrous of these was the amazing comedy of which the National Assembly was made a witness. It is probable that Cloutz acted in all good faith. He solicited the privilege of introducing a deputation to the National Assembly. He desired to bring to that bar, which had been the scene of so many grotesque and theatrical displays, delegates from the whole human race to express their approval of the doctrines of the Revolution and their admiration of the National Assembly. The National Assembly, whatever its gifts, had unhappily no sense whatever of the ridiculous. It was the willing sport of any adventurer. Anacharsis Cloutz received the desired permission. The President announced to a readily impressed audience that the deputation was going to appear. The deputation did appear. It was a deputation from the whole or almost the whole of the human race—English, Prussians, Sicilians, Hollanders, Russians, Poles, Germans, Swedes, Italians, Spaniards, Brabançons, Liégois, Avignonais, Swiss, Genevese, Indians, Arabs, and Chaldæans—an amazing mob. Anacharsis Cloutz, bubbling with a wild enthusiasm, spoke in the name of all. He said that a number of strangers, belonging to all the countries on the earth, asked permission to take their place in the Field of Mars on the 14th, where the Cap of Liberty, which they would enthusiastically raise, should be the pledge of the approaching liberty of

their wretched fellow-citizens. The President, Menou, replied that the Assembly would allow them to be present on one condition—that when they returned home they would tell their fellow-citizens what they had seen. A Turk, or a man who represented a Turk, attempted to speak, but he spoke French so ill that his speech was unreported. These scenes, says a grave admirer, which appear ridiculous to those who have not witnessed them, excited a deep emotion in those who were present. It would be very hard not to regard this scene as ridiculous if we believed with many that the deputation was as preposterous as a travelling circus; that its Turks and its Chaldeans were but as stage supernumeraries hired at so much an hour and muffled in absurd costumes.

But the burlesque was eminently successful. The bombast of Cloutz, and the tawdry appearance of the representatives of the human race, kindled the enthusiasm of the Assembly; and Alexander Lameth spoke. There were four figures, representing four provinces, which were chained like the statues of tributary people at the feet of the statue of Louis XIV. at the Place des Victoires. The deputies of these four provinces had always been considered in the Assembly as among the firmest supporters of the rights of the nation. It was not fit that when the deputies from all parts of France should meet to swear to the Constitution, they should be reminded of humiliation and servitude. He moved that these four figures should be taken away, but he afterwards extended his motion to the destruction of all the emblems of servitude, such as those at the feet of the statue of Louis XIV., and to the substitution of others which should commemorate the principal events of the happy Revolution. This motion was carried.

A kind of delirium akin to that of August 4 seized upon the Assembly after the decision of the great festival of fraternity. There was not much left for them to abolish, but they felt that they must abolish something in honor of the occasion. A happy inspiration suggested to somebody that nobles still had titles, still bore coat armor. In a moment it was resolved to abolish the hereditary nobility in France, and all the long list of titles which were enumerated in the decree. It was forbidden to let domestics wear liveries, or to have armorial bearings; but the decree did not extend to foreigners in France. Lafayette persistently supported the abolition of titles, which converted him into a plain *Sieur Mortier*. A *Montmorency* spoke for the abolition. *Maury*, said to be the son of a shoemaker, spoke against it, and he urged some arguments of weight, but he lost what advantage he had gained when he went as far back as *Cæsar's Commentaries* and the ancient chieftains of Gaul. *Mirabeau* does not seem to have spoken. It is probable that he, as a sensible man, would have preferred keeping the title he was known by, though he had once in a fine frenzy said that he would give it to anybody who would have it. His mind could only be vexed by a kind of legislation which was little better than child's play—the legislation which believed that the changing of names meant the changing of things—the legislation which believed that it had benefited the human race when it had puzzled all Europe by travestying Count *Mirabeau* into the Citizen *Riquetti*. *Mirabeau* had the least imaginable sympathy for government by pedants of any kind.

History is rich in ceremonials intended to inaugurate the reign of peace and destined to prove the prelude of war and the herald of hate. It affords no more memo-

rable instance than that of the Federation of July 14, 1790, with its rapturous celebration of the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, its rapturous salutation of the dawn of the era of brotherly love. From all the four corners of France the enthusiasts of the New Order streamed in their thousands towards the Field of Mars. The whole nation was to be represented by delegation. On the evening of the great day there were one hundred thousand representatives of the popular principles in Paris, all eager to swear devotion to the Constitution, all eager to play their part in regenerating France, in regenerating the world.

It might well have seemed a costly, a difficult, even a dangerous enterprise to bring so vast a body of men to a common centre. But what was cost, difficulty, or danger to the enthusiasm of the hour? The question of cost was easily answered. The expenses of those who were chosen to represent their less fortunate fellow-citizens in Paris were to be defrayed by the localities. Many of these were poor, but contributions were raised and the deputies were equipped as best they could, though many were compelled, to their disappointment, to come without uniforms. They were lodged and entertained on the road—National Guards, soldiers, sailors—like pilgrims on their way to the national shrine, relieving the weariness of the way by song. A picturesque writer has given a picturesque description of the pilgrimage. From a surface of four times the area of England, from countries varying as much in natural character, and the habits and occupation of the people, as the parts of Europe most remote from one another, but all impelled by one common feeling of nationality, thousands of weary, dusty travellers made their way to Paris under a burning July sun. Some

were pilgrims from the foot of the Alps crowned with everlasting snow. Some were from the heats of the south and the shores of the midland sea. Some were from the valleys of the Pyrenees and the rocks of the Cévennes and Auvergne. Some were from the low and dreary Landes, lashed by the Atlantic; and from the iron-bound coast of Brittany, which projects its granite forehead into the ocean, frowning and frowned upon by another Britain. Some were from the valley of the Rhone, where ancient Rome had left imperishable monuments, and from which modern Rome had just been expelled. Some were from the vine-clad hills of the Garonne, the spaces of the Loire, and the regal waters of the Seine. Some were from the forests of the Ardennes, and the plains of Picardy and Artois, where the natural boundary between nations is obliterated in the great plain of northern Europe.

Paris was of more than one mind about its welcome of all these pilgrims tramping to the capital from all the ends of France and humming their snatches of song to cheer their minds and lend new alacrity to their foot-sore bodies. The cautious feared for plunder, the timid talked of murder. Royalists and revolutionaries alike had their fears, though their fears were different. The Royalists resented the return of an exile from overseas, the return of the Duke of Orleans, who had come back from England and had ostentatiously taken the civic oath before the Assembly. The more ardent revolutionaries, the extremists of the Jacobin Club, dreaded lest all this enthusiasm for Federation, all this rallying of representatives, might lend a new lease of popularity to the king. Such were the dangers that different men foresaw. Such as they were they had

to be faced. So had the difficulties of the enterprise, and these were faced and overcome.

One of the greatest difficulties was in connection with the destined scene of the celebration. It had been decided that the festival of July 14 should take place in the Field of Mars. There was much to do to get the place ready. The ground was prepared by moving the earth from the middle and piling it up on the sides, so as to make an immense amphitheatre. Twelve thousand men were employed at this labor, but they worked too slowly for the impatience of the Parisians, and there was some risk that the ground would not be ready in time. Somebody suggested that many hands make light work and that those who want a thing done had best do it themselves. The Parisians took the hint. They set to work themselves, rich and poor, priests, soldiers, men of all classes, women of all sorts and conditions, good and bad, young and old, plain and pretty. They came in sections, with drums and banners, spades and barrows. When the signal was given, they returned to their homes singing by the light of torches. Even workmen came to help after a day of weary labor. The revolutionary journals glowed with praises of the zeal, the devotion, and the earnestness of the patriots, men and women. Between the 7th and the 14th the work was ended. A plain was made into a valley bounded by two hills. The scene was set for the playing of the great play.

The enthusiasm that had accomplished this remarkable piece of spade-work was no less lively in its welcome of those for whom the work had been done. The hands that were galled with the pick and blistered with the spade were eagerly extended to grasp the hand of those who came tramping into Paris. Shelter was found for

everybody. Private persons took pleasure and pride in throwing their houses open to many of the delegates. For the others who had to look after their own billet the keepers of inns and the keepers of lodging-houses lowered their prices. To be a deputy for the great Federation was to deserve and to receive all attention.

At last the great day dawned. Somebody has written of the malignity of inanimate things. At least the elements have their ironies, and it should surprise no one to learn that on the day of the celebration the rain fell in torrents. It rained as if it had never stopped raining since the deluge. It rained as if it had never rained before. It rained as if it never meant to stop raining. The rain turned the grassy amphitheatre of the Field of Mars into a morass. It drenched with its pitiless severity the brave uniforms. It draggled the gay banners, battered the flowers, soaked men and women to the skin. But the Parisians and the provincials were determined to rejoice, and they did rejoice, in defiance of the weather. The Federates, ranged under the banners presented to them by the municipality of Paris, banners of the eighty-three departments from which they came, marched on the morning of the 14th from the site of the Bastille, escorted by troops of the line, sailors from the royal navy, and National Guards, through the densest crowds to the Field of Mars. Many gave them wine and food on the march; every one applauded them. Lafayette, on the familiar white horse, made himself conspicuous, the hero of a day of heroes. The amazing procession was joined at the Place Louis Quinze by the deputies of the National Assembly. In due course it arrived at its destination.

Since six in the morning above three hundred thousand men and women from Paris and its neighborhood

had taken their places on the grass seats formed round the amphitheatre in the Field of Mars. All were wet and muddy, but all made merry while they waited for the Federates and the Assembly. When the whole procession was assembled in the Field of Mars, the Bishop of Autun celebrated mass at an altar formed in the style of ancient construction, and placed in the centre of the amphitheatre. Three hundred priests in white surplices and broad tricolor sashes stood at the four corners of the altar. An awning ornamented with fleurs-de-lis was placed in front of the military school for the king and the court. On the right of the royal throne was the seat of the President of the Assembly, without any person between him and the king. On the left of the king and on the right of the President were the deputies. Mirabeau was ambitious of filling the chair of the President on this occasion, for a new President was chosen every fourteen days, but Lafayette opposed his wishes, and the Marquis de Bonnay, a colorless, exemplary man, was accorded the honor that Mirabeau had deigned to desire.

When the mass was ended, the Bishop of Autun blessed the oriflamme, or national standard of France, and the banners of the eighty-three departments, and then gave out the *Te Deum*, which was executed by twelve hundred musicians. Lafayette, at the head of the staff of the Paris militia and the deputies from the land and sea forces, now ascended the altar and swore in the name of the troops and of the Federates to be faithful to the nation, the law, and the king. The President of the National Assembly, standing before his seat, took the same oath, and the deputies and the people followed with the words, "I swear it!" The king then, standing in front of his throne, in an audible voice said,

“I, King of the French, swear to the nation to employ all the power which is delegated to me by the constitutional law of the State, to maintain the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly and accepted by me, and to cause the laws to be executed.” The queen took the dauphin in her arms, and, presenting him to the people, said, amid a rapture of applause, that her son too shared in the popular ceremony.

On a sudden the weather changed. The rain ceased, the sky cleared, the sun shone. The spirits that had been gay in the gloom grew gayer with the change. The great ceremony was over, but there was still much to do—much singing, much dancing, much eating and drinking. Paris was a blaze of illuminations, the sky streamed with fireworks. On the site of the Bastille a huge placard announced that people might dance there. People did dance there with a will all through the summer night.

The general festivity was not limited to the one day. While the Federates stayed in Paris there was feasting and dancing every day. The Field of Mars was the centre of amusement. Lafayette reviewed there a part of the National Guard of the departments, and of the troops of the line. The king, the queen, and the dauphin were present, and were received with shouts of joy. The Federates, before leaving Paris, paid their respects to the king, to whom they testified the strongest attachment. The commander of the Bretons bent one knee to the earth, and, presenting his sword, swore that it should never be stained but with the blood of his enemies. Louis raised the Breton from the ground, and returned his sword, assuring him that the weapon could never be in better hands than in those of his dear Bretons, whose affection and fidelity he had never

doubted, and repeating that he was the father, the brother, the friend of all the French.

So began and so practically ended the epoch of brotherly love, the reign of peace. The proof that there was still plenty of loyalty to the king in France exasperated the extremest revolutionaries. Marat raged at the tameness of the people, at the sight of a king receiving honors on a throne while the President of its representatives only occupied a mean seat. Desmoulins derided Capet the Elder, as he was pleased to call the king, and asserted that his throne ought to have been left empty to represent the sovereignty of the nation. Malouet denounced both Camille Desmoulins and Marat in the National Assembly. He declared that there were no more cruel enemies to the Constitution than those writers and speakers who designed to make the king and royalty an object of contempt and scandal, who seized on the occasion of a memorable festival, during which the king received from all parts of the kingdom testimonials of love and fidelity, to speak of the insolence of the throne, of the slight to the executive power. He read a passage in which Camille Desmoulins called the triumph of Paulus Æmilius a national festival, because a king with his hands tied behind his back followed in humiliation the triumphal car. Malouet then read some passages from Marat's pamphlet entitled "C'en est fait de nous." One of these ran thus: "Citizens of every age and of every rank, the measures taken by the Assembly cannot prevent you from perishing; it is all over with you forever if you do not run to arms, if you do not resume the heroic valor which on July 14 and October 5 saved France twice. Fly to Saint-Cloud if there is yet time, bring back the king and the dauphin within our walls, keep them safe,

and let them answer for events ; shut up the Austrian woman and her brother-in-law, that they may no longer conspire ; seize all the ministers and their clerks ; put them in irons. Five or six hundred heads taken off would have secured you repose, liberty, and happiness ; a false humanity has checked your arms and suspended your blows ; it will cost the lives of millions of your brothers." Malouet carried his demand for prosecution of such writings. Notwithstanding the opposition of the Left, it was decreed that the Procureur du Roi should prosecute, for treason against the nation, the authors, printers, and hawkers of publications which excited the people to insurrection against the law, to the effusion of blood, and the overthrow of the Constitution. But on August 2, on the motion of Pétion, which was supported by Alexander Lameth, the Assembly decreed that there should be no prosecution for anything published up to that time ; but that the National Assembly should instruct the committees on the Constitution and on criminal law to present to it a plan for the execution of the decree of July 31. Camus, however, carried an amendment, by which the paper "C'en est fait de nous" was excepted from the general amnesty.

The great Federation had proclaimed a peace where there was no peace. Violence still raged, castles still blazed in the provinces. Tenants still refused to pay rent or tithes, and continued to interpret August 4 after their own fashion. Vainly did the Assembly ask the king to decree that the courts of justice should prosecute all persons defying the rights of property. Pronouncements in defence of the sacred rights of property did not perhaps seem to come with any special earnestness from the National Assembly. They were dashed

aside unheeded. Decrees were futile without force behind them, and force was not at hand. If the army as a whole had been lost to the royal cause, it had not been gained to the Revolution. It was rotten with insubordination; a house divided; officers scorning their half or wholly mutinous soldiery; soldiers hating and envying their officers.

The ~~superior~~ officers hated the Revolution, because it had ~~opened~~ promotion to merit, and left the higher grades no longer the exclusive possession of birth and favor. They had taken the civic oath slowly and unwillingly, and many of them had emigrated. The soldiers were naturally in favor of a change which altered their condition and gave every man the hope of promotion. But besides this motive for attachment to the Revolution, there was dislike of the strict discipline to which the officers, generally of the counter-revolutionary party, subjected them, and perhaps the hope of better pay. Bouillé, who had full powers from Latour-du-Pin, Minister of War, did all that he could to prevent his troops from being carried away by the revolutionary spirit and to maintain discipline. But the attempt seemed wellnigh hopeless in the face of a new condition of things that sapped all the old discipline of the army and had not yet created a new discipline. We learn something of the condition of the army at this time from one who was intimately concerned with it, and peculiarly qualified for forming an impartial opinion. The "Memoirs of the Chevalier de Mautort," which were published in the early part of 1895, contribute, unfortunately, very little indeed to the history of the Revolution. Indeed, Mautort makes it his boast that he will say very little about the Revolution, and that little only in so far as directly concerns himself. He

kept his word religiously, and in consequence there are only a few of the many pages of his memoirs which make any contribution to our knowledge of the period. Yet those few pages have their interest and their value, if only as giving the mental state and the attitude of a gallant, honorable, and not too intelligent man of the sword during a great political crisis. He has placed on record his own indignation at the way in which the principles of the Revolution were instilled into the troops, and the means employed by the National Assembly to gain authority over the army. He was in garrison at Briançon when the Revolution broke out, and he congratulates himself on an isolation from the centre of insurrection, which allowed his regiment to preserve a condition of discipline and good order. But it was not easy, even at this distance from the capital, to preserve what he regarded as the integrity of the troops with whom he was associated. Every post, he declares, brought with it big batches of incendiary addresses, and all this "printed filth"—for so he terms it—was sent to the inferior officers and to the soldiers, to whom it preached the agreeable doctrine of Revolution with impunity. For a considerable time the heads of the regiment found means of delaying the circulation of these addresses by annexing them at the post-office before they were distributed. But after a while other soldiers returning from absence on leave brought with them, even to the quiet and isolation of Briançon, news of all the doings in the interior of France, and from that moment, as Mautort disconsolately confesses, it required a far stricter watchfulness to hinder the propagation of the new ideas.

After a while Mautort was sent with his battalion to Montluel, three leagues from Lyon, where he tells

that he preserved discipline with a gentle firmness. Here he was troubled by the visits of emissaries, both from the Jacobites and from the Royalists. The first he had watched as dangerous folk; he took no notice whatever of the second. But it was not until the early part of 1791, when the regiment was removed to Besançon, that he found himself most at odds with the revolutionary forces. Besançon, a handsome and of old time a joyous garrison town, was gravely agitated by the new spirit. The wealthier inhabitants had either withdrawn to their country houses or were living in retirement. "The people," says Mautort, "always people, cried, 'Long live the nation!' and were in abject misery. The watchwords of Liberty and Equality, which were the watchwords of agitators, were the tools of the Sans-Culottes and the Jacobins in their attempts to persuade idiots that they were about to be free, and that in a little while all Frenchmen would be equals." It is not surprising that an officer of these opinions was unable to take pride or pleasure in his station at Besançon, where, as he plaintively expresses it, all those who had any common-sense left suffered chiefly from their powerlessness to guide aright these misdirected spirits without being signalled out as anti-revolutionary, and exposed to the fury of the populace. Those in command had the greatest difficulty to keep their soldiers from openly taking sides with the democratic party. In the clubs which were presided over by Jacobins of the extremest order many of the inferior officers were members, and took part in the passing of resolutions which were, according to Mautort, of the most incendiary kind and subversive of all good order. "All the clubs of the large towns were affiliated to that of Paris, which had its bureaux and its officials whom

it sent into the provinces to interpret the intentions of the Mirabeaus, the Chapeliers, the Barnaves, and the other coryphées of the Revolution. In matters of great importance these gentlemen did not hesitate to send couriers at great expense to their provincial colleagues. Thus, almost invariably, the remarkable events in Paris were known in distant towns actually before the arrival of the post."

But the great grief of Mautort as a military man was the way in which the Assembly presumed to interfere with military men. He raged at what he considered as the device of the Assembly to alienate the troops by the decree which conferred upon subaltern officers the vacant places of their superior officers. Officers of the standing of ~~Mautort~~, of the temperament of Mautort, were convinced that every snare would be spread, every offensive means employed, to compel the officers who were suspected of adhesion to the principles of the Old Order to resign their commissions and leave their places vacant for more zealous revolutionary intriguing sergeants. There was not a soldier of fortune who did not seem himself in the position held, and as he was now taught to believe unjustly held, by his superior officer. It was obvious in such a condition of things that disaffection from being passive must become active; that in the general upheaval the army would not escape. The question of a soldier's duty is one that a civilian should always be diffident of approaching with any positive spirit. "It has been held," says Alison, "that the first duty of soldiers is to adhere with implicit devotion to that fidelity which is the foundation of military duties. Treason to his colors has been considered as foul a blot on the soldier's scutcheon as cowardice in the field." He proceeds to lament that these gener-

ous feelings, common alike to republican antiquity and modern chivalry, have disappeared during the fumes of the French Revolution. According to the doctrines of the Revolution, as interpreted by Alison, the soldier who was honored was not he who kept but he who violated his oath; the rewards of valor were showered not upon those who defended, but those who overturned the government; and the incense of popular applause was offered at the shrine not of fidelity but of treason. It does seem certain that an army cannot exist without fidelity, but it seems also certain that the means to secure fidelity were wanting in the French army when the Revolution began. The first, the most fatal, difficulty was the arrears of pay. It might be maintained that the soldier's oath of fidelity is given under certain conditions, and that those conditions were not kept. It was the question of money which led to the first outbreak on the eastern frontier, at Metz.

At Metz Bouillé was in command, François Claude Amour, Marquis de Bouillé, a gallant, experienced soldier, fifty years of age. It was well known of him, or at least well believed of him, that he was a loyal king's man, who placed the king's service next to the fear of God in his confession of faith. Lafayette had tried to conciliate him, had visited him in Metz, and made it plain enough that he prized his friendship. But Lafayette's advances were not met half-way. Lafayette's proffers of alliance were not returned. Bouillé, the stout soldier, had nothing in common with Cromwell-Grandison, with the semi-mutineer who was a little for the king but a great deal for himself, with the falling idol of the Paris mob, with the leader of the National Guard. To Bouillé's mind a soldier was a soldier and not a politician, and he would have none of Lafayette.

A greater and a stronger man than Lafayette admired and appreciated Bouillé. Mirabeau believed not merely in his loyalty to the king, but in his ability to help the king if the king should come to need help. The thoughts of the queen, if not the thoughts of the king, no doubt turned from what threatened to prove captivity to the governor of Metz, whose word was his bond and whose sword was his king's. But in the proportion that Bouillé was admired by a Moderate like Lafayette, by a statesman like Mirabeau, by a captive like the queen, so he was distrusted, if not disliked, by the men who rallied round the Jacobin Club, whose hatred of royalty, whose disdain of moderation, and whose distrust of statesmanship daily grew apace.

Bouillé went his way, heedless apparently of praise or blame, doggedly determined, as it would appear, to do what he conceived to be his soldier's duty, whatever came of it. He had taken the oath to the Constitution, as so many other Royalists had done, from the Prince de Conti downward. He had seen his unpopularity in Metz change to popularity. He had been offered and had declined to accept the command of the National Guard in Metz. The hour had now come when he was to face greater trials than he had known in all his life of fighting, from the Seven Years' War to the War of Independence. The spirit of mutiny was abroad, and Bouillé was not the man to make any pact with mutiny.

At Metz, as in many other places, the soldiers complained that they were robbed by the officers, who gave no account of the regimental chest. Whether the money destined for the regiments was improperly applied or not, the fact of all the accounts being carelessly kept was sufficient to excite suspicion. In February, 1790, the Assembly had raised the pay of the soldier a trifle,

but it was complained that the soldiers, so late as the month of May, had derived no advantage from the decree of the Assembly. Bouillé himself was in some danger at Metz, where the Picardy regiment, where the Salm-Salm regiment broke into revolt, and where for a time it seemed as if there was only Bouillé's body to ward off mutiny, and only Bouillé's bare sword to defend his body. After a while Salm-Salm was pacified by payment, but by payment made under somewhat curious conditions. The colonel of the regiment of Condé, in a letter to the Minister of War, wrote that the twenty-two thousand livres unjustly demanded of Bouillé had been paid by the officers to save Bouillé's life. This seemed serious enough. It implied a fatal cleavage between the leaders and the led. But for all its seriousness it proved but trivial in comparison with the graver troubles which came to a head at Nancy, and which gave to the men of the Revolution their first experience of the curse of civil war.

It is a long and an ugly story. April 19, 1790, the day of the federation of Lorraine at Mont ~~Sainte~~-Geneviève, near Nancy, marks the date at which the divisions between the soldiers and the officers of the King's Regiment began. The officers could scarcely doubt that the soldiers sympathized with the new movement. They are accused of endeavoring to excite jealousy between them and the other troops and the National Guard. It was said that some of the officers at Metz employed a fencing-master belonging to the regiment, and that this man in his time played many parts. On one day he would wear his military dress and insult the National Guards. On another day he would assume the national dress and insult the soldiers who did

not know him. The results of these masquerades were quarrels, were duels in which this terrible and somewhat legendary fencing-master won the game. At last he was arrested. It was discovered that in his own country—Cocaigne, Cloud-Cuckoo-Town or elsewhere—he had been condemned to be hanged. He was driven from Nancy with ignominy, while the officers whom he named as his instigators fled across the frontier to join the Austrians. Whether the tale were true or false, it was good enough for the enemies of the Old Order to believe. It is possible that the idea of provoking duels occurred to both sides as an ingenious means of purifying the army. In any case, quarrels were incessant, and in the beginning of August there were at Nancy all the elements of disturbance.

The garrison included the Regiment of the King, the cavalry regiment, *Mestre-de-Camp*, and *Château-Vieux*, a Swiss regiment. On August 6 a decree was submitted to the Assembly by Emmery, who acted at the instigation of Lafayette. The decree declared that, in order to examine the accounts which were kept by the officers, the king would name inspectors from among the officers; that no ignominious discharge should be given to the soldiers except after a sentence passed in the old form; and that soldiers might complain directly to the king or to the National Assembly of their grievances. Before this decree had been accepted, before it had been heard of, the soldiers of the King's Regiment had asked for and obtained a statement of the regimental accounts. Fired by this example, two soldiers of the Swiss regiment of *Château-Vieux* came to the King's Regiment on August 5, to ask for information about the way of examining the accounts. For doing this they were whipped on parade by the order

of their officers, while some of the French officers looked on and expressed approbation of the punishment. Château-Vieux was the regiment that had defied and baffled Besenval in the Field of Mars on July 14, 1789. It was accordingly popular with the French soldiers, who took the two Swiss, put their own caps on their heads, marched them through the town, and made the Swiss commandant pay each of them a hundred louis by way of compensation for their punishment. In the meantime the decree of August 6, which had been sanctioned by the king on the 7th, arrived, and was read to the assembled garrison. The decree was not the only fuel added to the flame of discontent at Nancy.

A report was spread that the officers intended to cross the frontiers with the military chest and the colors of the King's Regiment. The soldiers of the King's Regiment compelled their commander to give up the chest. The example was contagious. The Swiss lost no time in seizing theirs. Authority in Paris, perplexed and indignant, saw that this state of things would not do, but was at a loss for the prompt and perfect remedy. As early as August 8, Lafayette by letter advised Bouillé to put a stop somehow or other to the disorders at Nancy. The soldiers on their side sent an address to the Assembly, but it was intercepted; and some messengers who reached Paris with a second letter were arrested by Lafayette. On August 16 the Assembly, informed from many quarters of the state of Nancy, unanimously passed a decree which declared that the violation of the decrees of the Assembly, sanctioned by the king, was treason against the State, and that those who had excited the garrison of Nancy to revolt should be tried and punished. Those

who had taken any part in the mutiny were allowed twenty-four hours after the publication of the decree in which to express their penitence, that penitence to be formally expressed in writing if their officers wished it.

The instrument chosen for carrying out these stern resolutions was not the happiest that fate could have put into the hands of a perplexed National Assembly. The instrument was the Chevalier Guiot de Malseigne, a general officer who was summoned for the purpose from Besançon. Guiot de Malseigne was a man of iron purpose and desperate courage. It was told of him that when he was a colonel of carabineers he fell into a fierce quarrel with a comrade. Straightway De Malseigne locked the door, drew, and forced his adversary to draw. After a sharp passage of arms De Malseigne's antagonist ran the Chevalier through the body and pinned him to the door of his room. Guiot de Malseigne coolly observed that retreat would now be difficult, and the moment his antagonist withdrew his sword De Malseigne pierced him to the heart and stretched him dead on the floor. Then De Malseigne opened the door, and, wounded as he was, surrendered himself to the military authorities, who tried and acquitted him. In the first brisk days of provincial insurrection it is recorded of him, or of one who bore his name, that on an occasion when an insurgent peasantry were very like to make a tumult in the house of God with a view to overawing their old-time master, De Malseigne overawed them instead by solemnly drawing his sword and asking, in a voice of loud devotion, Heaven to pardon him for the blood he was about to shed. No blood was shed; the voice of loud devotion carried the day. It had yet to try to carry the day on wellnigh precisely the same terms at Nancy.

Guiot de Malseigne was every inch a soldier of the old uncompromising kind. It was his view—and a fine old-fashioned view, quite out of keeping with the theories of 1789—that where he was in authority his word was law and had to be obeyed. He had no idea of conciliation, no thought of tactful manipulation. Mutiny was mutiny, and a mutineer a mutineer to him. He could no more temporize with the one than he could condone the other. The very man for the moment when words came to blows, he was the very worst man possible for any kind of consultation whose aim was to prevent words from ever coming to blows. His view of life was simple. He was a soldier; he obeyed the orders of those placed above him; he expected the soldiers whom it had pleased fortune to place below him to obey his orders as devoutly, as immediately, and as unquestioningly. It would have been difficult to find a worse man to send to Nancy at such a crisis if the purpose in hand were to avoid strife. It would have been difficult to find a better if the purpose in hand were to set fire as promptly as might be to a most astonishing medley of inflammable materials. Monsieur de Malseigne, in his best barrack-room manner, lost no time in setting fire to the materials accumulated in Nancy.

The result was what might have been expected. The Chevalier de Malseigne, stout soldier and stanch Royalist, could not understand and would listen to no nonsense about soldiers' grievances. To the prevailing hot temper his hot temper added the final touch. Guiot de Malseigne was heroic; but what was one against so many? He plucked out his sword, as such a stout gentleman should. The history of De Malseigne's campaign reads like a page from one of the novels of Du-

mas, if not like a page from the "Iliad," But his good sword was of no use to him ; he was but one man against a multitude ; he found himself a prisoner where he had come to domineer. He managed, gallantly and desperately, to escape from Nancy, to ride, as for his life and hotly pursued, to Lunéville, where there were carabineers believed to be loyal. At Lunéville, however, he was given up to his pursuers, managed to escape again, rode back to the carabineers believed to be loyal, was again given up by them to his pursuers, and was carried back in triumph to Nancy and flung into prison together with Commander de Noue. Insurrection was having everything its own way at Nancy so far.

But only so far. News of the crisis in Nancy travelled swiftly to Metz, to Bouillé, as it also travelled in due time as swiftly as possible to Paris and the National Assembly. Never since the military history of the world began was there found in it a man less likely to trifle with or to temporize with military insubordination than Bouillé. The one clear thought now in his mind was that there was not room enough on the surface of the earth for Bouillé and for Nancy mutineers. He had, though he would not have greatly cared if he had lacked it, the support of the National Assembly. It had decided that commissioners were to be sent to the soldiers—in partial anticipation of later representatives of the people—and it was not prepared to permit its mandatories to be insulted, defied, flung into prison. In any case, Bouillé's mind was made up. His own rebellious Salm-Salm was now no longer rebellious. It had practically said at Metz what Château-Vieux had said at Nancy, that so long as its leaders were prepared to pay its arrears, it would follow its leaders to the

world's end. Bouillé only asked it to follow him as far as Metz, and to Metz it was ready and even eager to go. Bouillé sent his peremptory message to Nancy, calling for the immediate liberation of the captives De Malseigne and De Noue, calling also upon the Swiss regiment immediately to evacuate Nancy. The Swiss refused. Bouillé marched upon the town with 2200 infantry and 1400 horse, nearly all Germans, and about 700 National Guards. But the mass of the National Guards would not join him, and they threw themselves into Nancy. On the 31st, Bouillé was close to Nancy. He received a deputation from the municipality and the garrison. He demanded that the garrison should leave the city, and that De Noue and De Malseigne, who were now prisoners in the place, should be set at liberty. As he approached nearer, he received a second deputation. This surrendered to him De Malseigne and De Noue, both alive and well, and assured him that the soldiers were leaving the town. In fact, the two French regiments were leaving by all the gates except one, which was fortified and guarded by the Swiss and some soldiers of the other regiments.

Unhappily, the terms acceded to by the municipality had not apparently been understood by the Swiss and the others at the yet unopened gate. They still seem to have believed that it was their business to resist Bouillé to the death. They accordingly prepared to open fire upon him and his following at the very moment when everything seemed to be peaceably arranged. A brave lieutenant of the King's Regiment, the young Chevalier Desilles, flung himself in vain before the mouth of the cannon levelled by the Swiss. Even while he was protesting against their act he was shot down, hurled aside, and the cannon opened its fire with fatal

effect upon Bouillé's soldiers, killing more than half a hundred men. After that there was no more talk of pacification for Bouillé, or for Bouillé's infuriated troops. Bouillé and his following stormed the gate, fought their way inch by inch, fighting desperately and with heavy loss, to the heart of Nancy. The furious battle lasted three hours. At last the soldiers of Château-Vieux, being either killed, wounded, or made prisoners, and Mestre-de-Camp having fled, the King's Regiment, which took no part in the contest, surrendered. On the following day order was restored. Bouillé reckoned his loss at three hundred killed. No peaceable citizen, he said, was molested. After the battle twenty-two Swiss were hanged, many were sent to the galleys, and the ringleader was broken on the wheel. Horrible stories were told of the excesses which were committed in Nancy, and the stories were believed then by those who wished to believe them. It is not necessary to believe them now. It was a bad business all round, bloodily begun and bloodily ended. To the end of time one set of thinkers will sympathize with the mutinous soldiers of Nancy, and another set applaud the stern resolution and the vigorous execution of Bouillé. It must at least be borne in mind that Bouillé's action met with the approval of whatever there was of constituted authority in France at that hour. If Bouillé was a king's man, he was also a servant of the Constitution and of the National Assembly, and he had the approval of both king and National Assembly. The king thanked Bouillé for his vigorous conduct, and begged him to continue to act with the same vigor. He extended Bouillé's command from the borders of Switzerland to the Sambre. The Assembly passed votes of thanks, on the motion of Mirabeau, to the directory of La Meurthe, to the municipi-

pality of Nancy, and to the National Guards who acted under Bouillé. It declared that the general and the troops of the line deserved warm approbation for the glorious discharge of their duty. Robespierre in vain attempted to get a hearing as an opponent of the action of the Assembly.

The affair at Nancy had two unexpected results. A few days after its conclusion, Loustalot, the editor of the *Révolutions de Paris*, the most successful of all the journals, died at the age of twenty-eight. His death was generally attributed to the effect produced by the news of the troubles at Nancy. Loustalot was a sincerely honest man, and he took the interests of his cause as much to heart as most people do their own. He feared that Bouillé's victory at Nancy would prove the herald of a series of successful Royalist attempts to crush the Revolution by force. This fear seems to have hastened his end. He was a man of rare ability, and carried with him to the grave, after a short and brilliant career, a general testimony to the integrity of his aims.

The other unexpected result was, not the death of a public man, but the end of a public life. The Jacobins and their allies raged in Paris over the conduct of Bouillé and of the Assembly. Among other expressions of their indignation, they tried without success to take by storm the house of the War Minister de Latour-du-Pin. Thereupon a colleague of the War Minister made up his mind that he had played his game and lost it, and that it was high time for him to leave Paris as speedily and as quietly as he could. This defeated, baffled colleague was the once adored Necker.

Necker's credit had long been at an end. His health was impaired, and he yearned for quiet and retirement. On September 4, he communicated in a letter to the

President of the Assembly his intention to resign. His letter bore the imprint of his consciousness of integrity and of his incurable vanity. Malebranche, said Mirabeau, sees all in God; Necker, all in Necker. Necker had lent two million francs to the royal treasury, which he left without alarm under the protection of the nation. His resignation was accepted, and the National Assembly hardly took notice of his departure. Necker admits that a very slight encouragement from the Assembly would have made him stay. Lacking this, Necker, who had been the hero of the hour, the idol of the multitude, fled secretly and as if for his life from the capital. Once before, when he rode away from the capital under other conditions, his progress had been delayed. So it was now, but for very different reasons. He was arrested as a traitor at Arcis-sur-Aube. He ran for a time some considerable risk of the *lanterne*. He was finally allowed to go his own way in peace by the duly consulted National Assembly. He went his own way in peace into a nothingness that lasted some years. He had done a good deal to bring about the Revolution, but the Revolution had outgrown him and had done with him, and flung him scornfully aside and forgot him.

The immediate cause of Necker's retirement was the state of the finances. At this time the Committee of Finance, intending to present a plan for the liquidation of the public debt, thought it proper to present first a full statement of the amount of the debt. The whole sum which had to be paid was, according to the report of the committee, the enormous amount of nearly two hundred thousand millions of livres. Necker had opposed the original formation of assignats, and he was against any further issue. Though the assignats car-

ried interest at three per cent., payable at the end of the year, they were already depreciated in the departments from six to ten per cent. The debates on a further issue took place in September. Maury opposed the measure with his usual vigor. Talleyrand opposed it, pointing out the evil consequences that would follow from the further issue of these promises to pay. Mirabeau, though in his earlier writings he had called all paper money a walking pestilence, supported the proposal of a further issue, and supported it with arguments supplied, as it is said, by Clavière. Mirabeau won the day. The best thing Necker could do under the circumstances was to go, and he went.

Thus Mirabeau's course was rid of his "charlatan," and the world was free for Mirabeau to bustle in. He was more eager than ever to bustle in it to some purpose. He had not needed the military disturbances to see that the state of France was desperate. But he had his remedy for the military disturbances as for everything else. His plan was simple, heroic, and excellent. He proposed to disband the now rotten, corrupt, and useless army and to form a new one. His advice was not taken. It is the misfortune of all the history of the early Revolution that the advice of Mirabeau was not taken. He gave it fully and frankly to everybody who would listen to him. If anybody had listened to him, much might have been spared to France.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MIRABEAU DOES HIS BEST

It was a great pity that the advice of Mirabeau was not taken on the reorganization of the army. It was a great pity that the advice of Mirabeau was not taken on almost every occasion when it was proffered. It has not been unfairly said that the history of the French Revolution is the history of Mirabeau so long as the life of the one and the life of the other ran together. Mirabeau was the one supremely great man whose name is recorded in the history of the early Revolution. Another supremely great name has yet to be recorded when the Revolution was upon its wane. Between the name of Mirabeau and the name of Napoleon no name appears which could without a grossness of extravagance be saluted with the epithet of grandeur. The age reeks with the names of celebrities, but greatness can scarcely be accorded without an abuse of language to a Lafayette or a Danton, a Robespierre or a Marat, a Malouet or a Maury, to any Republican or any Royalist of them all. Mirabeau might have saved France, might have saved the throne, might have saved the Revolution. The history of the years from 1789 to 1791 is the history of Mirabeau and of Mirabeau's endeavor to accomplish the triple task.

It was Mirabeau's misfortune that he was unable to act alone. He had to seek society in his business of salvation. Because, unhappily, France was blessed with

only one Mirabeau, it was hard for him to find the suitable ally, the man to stand at his right hand or his left, and serve him with all his might. Mirabeau had only felt disgust or dissatisfaction with the various statesmen and leaders whom he had hitherto approached in his efforts to save the situation. Montmorin, Necker, Orleans, Lafayette, Monsieur—each of these had been offered the advantage of Mirabeau's advice, of Mirabeau's inspiration, either before or after the opening of the States-General. In each case Mirabeau's experiment had only resulted in disappointment to Mirabeau. Where his advice was not rejected with stupidity, as in the case of Montmorin, or with fatuity, as in the case of Necker, or with suspicion, as in the case of Lafayette, it was accepted by unreliable instruments like Orleans and Monsieur, and accepted under conditions that made it come to nothing. If Mirabeau intrigued with Orleans, if Mirabeau intrigued with the Count de Provence, it was in each case with the hope, the desperate hope, that in his fellow-conspirator he might find a man intelligent enough to understand and strong enough to execute the schemes for the safety of France which seethed in Mirabeau's brain. But men like Orleans and Provence were constitutionally incapable of understanding a man like Mirabeau. Thus Mirabeau, who wanted to save the monarchy because he believed, and always had believed, that the monarchy was essential to the safety of France, was driven in the end to hang his hopes upon the possibility of directly influencing the king. The difficulty was for Mirabeau to succeed in getting the ear of the king, but that difficulty was somewhat curiously overcome.

Destiny has its whimsical way of working out its ends, and chooses its instruments fantastically. It

chose at this period a most singular instrument for the defence of the monarchy of France. History hardly records a vainer figure than that of the Count de la Marck, born a d'Arenburg, whose fortune it was to claim at once a familiarity with the court and an acquaintanceship with Mirabeau. The Count de la Marck boasts, in the notes he left behind him, of his aristocratic tastes. He certainly was in every sense aristocratic. Born of an illustrious Austrian family, he was early translated to the French court, if not wholly to French ways. He carried himself with a special eminence in his new surroundings. He was not merely an Austrian noble, but also, in virtue of certain dexterous arrangements, a grandee of Spain, and as such entitled to peculiar privileges and honors at the court of France. For a large part of a life that was destined to be a long life he had aimed at being, and had succeeded in being, the pattern of a polished, highly bred nobleman. He had stately views of his own about decorum, as became a grandee of Spain. He was shocked at Madame du Barry's ways and at the homage paid to her. De la Marck was a man of ideas of a somewhat formal, arid kind. He piqued himself upon being enlightened in an age when it was fashionable to be enlightened. He was arrogant in his negation of any arrogance in his own nature. He was, as it were, a belated philosopher in a belated school. He found it not unagreeable to affect and even to practise the virtues of philosophy at a time when the sands of philosophy were running somewhat rapidly through the glass. He was intelligent enough to be impressed by the genius of Mirabeau. He was also foolish enough and vain enough to regard himself as in a measure Mirabeau's equal in intelligence and Mirabeau's patron in politics. He took to himself a kind of fatuous credit

for having discovered and, as it were, used Mirabeau. It was Mirabeau's misfortune that he had to use De la Marck. A great spender, a great liver, a great man of the world as well as a great world's man, Mirabeau was at his wit's end for money. He was so only because he had not the time to devote to the care of an estate which if cared for would have maintained him richly, not merely in his needs, though they were magnificent, but in his luxuries, which were more magnificent still. In this crisis of Mirabeau's fortunes, when he seemed forced to choose between looking after himself or looking after France, a man like De la Marck, standing well with the court, moneyed, urbane, sedulous in praise, affable in admiration, seemed to arrive in the very nick of time. De la Marck thought Mirabeau might be useful, and he was prodigal of promise. To do him justice, he was not niggardly of performance. While he made himself the go-between of Mirabeau and the court, he had the wisdom and the grace to assure Mirabeau that if the money essential to free Mirabeau from his mountain of debts was not forthcoming from the court, Mirabeau should never be permitted to feel the galling of its weight while De la Marck was by his side. If only for this De la Marck had his purpose and served his turn in life. De la Marck brought Mirabeau into touch with the king. He did better still, he brought Mirabeau into touch with the queen. It was something to understand, it was something to make the queen understand, that in the counsels of Mirabeau lay the hope of the monarchy.

It has been said with justice that if the student of the French Revolution wishes to understand the mighty mould in which the scattered materials which form the foundations of contemporary France were melted down,

and finally hardened into a solid block, the career of Mirabeau must be followed day by day in the work of the National Assembly. So long as Mirabeau lived, the history of the French Revolution is to a great degree the history of Mirabeau. So long as Mirabeau lived, the history of the Constituent Assembly was to a great degree his history. His genius devoted itself to the laborious conception of the long-desired Constitution which, so unceasingly interrupted and so unceasingly resumed, remains to-day, in spite of all its faults and failings, one of the charters of modern republicanism. During the slow process of creating the Constitution, Mirabeau was always to the front, giving to every hour of every day the service of his reason, his wisdom, his impetuosity, and his patience, urging with the one virtue and restraining with the other a body that was often sadly in need both of stimulus and of restraint. It has been said of him that in the midst of all those new men, those experimentalists in state-craft, he carried himself like the veteran of another and a wiser generation, experienced in politics, grown to full age in the habit and the inherited traditions of liberty. Mirabeau is too often thought of as the rhetorician who used his eloquence as a whip wherewith to scourge to extreme courses a reluctant Assembly. Yet as a matter of fact the part Mirabeau most often played, and played to most advantage, was the part of the moderator, the restrainer, the tranquillizer of intemperance. He governed the impatience of the theorists who were hot for voting the declaration of the rights of man before entering upon the consideration of the needed Constitution. He argued that the statesman cannot proceed with the rapidity of the philosopher; that he does not give arms into the hands of the people without at the

same time teaching them how to make use of the gift. He recognized with a kind of cordial irony that the bare declaration of the rights of man, applicable to all ages, to all peoples, to all the moral and geographical latitudes of the globe, was doubtless a great idea, doubtless a beautiful idea. But he suggested that before thinking with so much generosity of the possible code for other nationalities, it would be a good thing and a wise thing to agree upon, if not to fix the basis for, a code especially serviceable to the French nation. He warned his hearers that at every step they took towards a formalized declaration of the rights of man they would be surprised to find how easily the rights of man could be abused by the citizen. A great deal has been said against the unwisdom and extravagance of those zealots, philosophers, and philanthropists who believed that salvation for society lay in the pompous promulgation of the rights of man. But it has never been said so sanely, with better temper, graver discretion, or greater force than by the man who watched the whole business with a wisdom that belonged to the past and to the future no less than to the present, and who criticised contemporary events with something of the experience of the elder and something of the inspiration of the prophet.

It must be admitted that in working out his will Mirabeau was condemned to work in dubious and evil ways. The frankness—if such a term may be used—or at least the completeness of the perfidy of the hour, exercises a fascination over the student. It has its brilliancy, like summer lightning; like summer lightning it illuminates, spasmodically, men and things; like summer lightning, it is for the most part innocuous. For where everybody was busily engaged in deceiving ev-

everybody else, where advances of friendship were but the mask for a countermine, where lie answered unto lie, and cheat checkmated cheat, the conflicting forces were in a measure equalized and even nullified, and thus a universal treason left the political conditions much the same as if honor and probity and truth had been the gods rather than the idols of the publicists.

The greatest man in France was not the least in these ignoble deceptions. Mirabeau would make overtures to Necker and pretend to be dazzled by the effulgence of his genius, while, all the time, he was writing to a friend, of Necker, as "that charlatan." He would make overtures to Lafayette time and again, and all the while be despising and deriding his Cromwell-Grandison. He would plan to discredit him with the court, while he was pretending to work with him, shoulder to shoulder, for the rescue of the monarchy. Mirabeau seems to have thought it no discredit to his character to play the double-face in this fashion. To do him justice, what he practised towards others he was quite willing to assume, and quite prepared to assume that they would practise towards himself. There is one conspicuous, one flagrant, proof of Mirabeau's attitude towards life and his contemporaries at this very time in the story. When, after much anticipation, negotiation, and agitation, he went to his first, and his last, interview with Marie Antoinette, he conducted himself craftily. He was so profoundly distrustful of the intentions of the sovereign to whom he was prepared to devote his genius, that he made a near kinsman accompany him and wait in his carriage. It was agreed that if Mirabeau did not reappear within a certain time the kinsman was to hurry back to Paris at the top of his speed and proclaim aloud, to the city and the world, the treachery of which the

great tribune had been made the victim. One version of this story indeed goes so far as to say that the kinsman for greater surety disguised himself in the livery of a lackey, but this melodramatic addition is not needed to intensify the significance of the fact. Mirabeau, in the full flame of his zeal to save the monarchy, went to the Tuileries apparently with the conviction that he carried his life in his hand, that the fate of Struensee might very well be his fate, and that assassination or kidnapping awaited him, in all likelihood, at the hands of those for whose sake—or avowedly for whose sake—he was preparing to risk, not merely his life, but what he prized as dearly as his life, his popularity. It is quite possible, however, that the theatrical element in Mirabeau's nature prompted him to profess an apprehension of these Venetian modes of dealing with a political antagonist which, after all, he did not feel very profoundly. It must have added, in his sardonic mind, to the joy of obedience to the royal summons, to think of that apprehensive figure in the carriage with an eye painfully noting the passing minutes and a hand irresistibly reaching towards the handle of the door.

Mirabeau had three great anxieties. He was anxious for the existence of the monarchy, he was anxious for the existence of the country, he was anxious for his own existence. His anxiety for the country was greater than his anxiety for the monarchy; his anxiety for himself was greater than either, for it comprehended both the other anxieties. He believed in the monarchy because he believed that it was essential to the well-being of France; but he believed, and with no want of judgment and with no want of justice, that he, even he, Mirabeau, was essential to the well-being of the one and of the other. The time had come, he said in his

own splendid way to De la Marck, when men were to be valued by what they carried in the narrow space behind the forehead and below the two eyebrows. He believed—and indeed knew—that in that narrowed space of his below the enormous mass of hair which he called his “hure,” or as who should say his boar’s shock, lay the genius that could save France, the genius that could save the monarchy. He may well be pardoned if it seemed strangely ridiculous to him, as it now seems ironically ridiculous to us, that a man with such a mission, so equipped by Heaven with all the gifts for such a mission should be harassed, in the first place, by the stupidity of those with whom he had, for his misfortune and for the misfortune of France, to deal, and in the second place by what a man of genius has called the want of a few rascal counters. If Mirabeau had been a comfortably rich man—if, that is to say, he had been a man with an easy, immediate, and large command of money—he might have been less readily exasperated by the varying degrees of human imbecility which he encountered at every hand’s turn.

But, quite apart from any question of what Mirabeau’s means actually were, it must be remembered that Mirabeau might have been, in any case, comparatively a rich man if he had chosen to attend to his private affairs instead of devoting them to the public weal. Had he cared to occupy himself with the affairs of his inheritance instead of with the affairs of France he might have eaten well and lain softly all the days of his life, and owed no man a penny. But the affairs of France were for him a passion. They were to him all, and more than all, that his vehement flames of desire, his wild gusts of appetite, had been in the days of his hot youth. Mirabeau loved the gifts that money can give.

No man ever loved them with a rarer zest. He loved to eat well and to drink of the best and to lie delicately. To the last day of his life he loved to scatter money with a more than royal prodigality. It could not rest in his pockets; it could not stay between his fingers. It is surely, therefore, so much the more to the credit of a man so prodigal, so luxurious, so fiercely appreciative of all that gives delight to the senses and satiety to desire, it is surely so much the more to his credit that he never once, we will not say prostituted his convictions, but even tampered with his convictions for any gain that such disgrace might bring him. Mirabeau took money of the king because he was a loyal, an avowed supporter of the monarchy, just as he took money of De la Marck because De la Marck was pledged to the royal cause. But there were other buyers in the great market of men who would gladly have bought Mirabeau at any price he chose to put upon himself.

It needed but a word or a sign from Mirabeau to win the unscrupulous stock-jobbers who had held aloof while Necker made his ridiculous, his despairing appeals to patriotism and the nation. The hard-headed speculators who watched the fortunes of the Revolution as they would have watched a list of shares, would have bought up the orator at wellnigh any price that it might please his vanity to set upon his periods, his phrases, and his passion. But Mirabeau was not to be bought. It is true that he saw no wrong in taking the money of the court under the conditions which led him to take it. No serious student of the career of Mirabeau, putting himself with any vitality into the place of the man and the time of the man, need feel in any degree called upon to avow shame for him. Mirabeau was a monarchist to his heart's core, whether there was a penny to be made

by the belief or whether there was not. He believed that he was the only man who could save the monarchy from the chaos into which he saw that the Revolution was reeling, long before there was any probability that there was a penny to be made by that belief either. So when the court, so when the monarchy, however inspired, prompted, or goaded, chose to make overtures to Mirabeau, it seemed the most natural thing for Mirabeau to accept a reward for his services, exactly as he would have done if he had been a formally appointed minister with a formal portfolio under his arm. He did not ask for, and he did not get, a very large reward. All the money that there was in the royal exchequer, all the money that could by any pretence be lured into the royal exchequer, could in itself express even approximately the true value of Mirabeau.

It was no new thought of Mirabeau's to turn to the king. The Revolution was not yet a year old when Mirabeau wrote to the king calling upon him to compare the new state of things with the old, and to find ground therein for comfort and for hope. He pointed out that one part of the acts of the National Assembly, and that the more considerable part, was evidently favorable to monarchical government. Was it nothing, Mirabeau asked, to be without Parliaments, without the old fantastic privileges, without a despotic clergy, without a dominant nobility? Mirabeau assured the king that the idea of forming a single class of all the citizens would have pleased the astuteness of Richelieu, as equality of surface always facilitated exercise of power. Several successive reigns of an absolute monarch would not, so Mirabeau vehemently insisted, have done so much for the royal authority as the one year of Revolution had done. In the phrase of De Tocqueville, Mirabeau saw

through and beyond the anarchical character of the Revolution. In other words, Mirabeau was a statesman in an age that wanted statesmen as he would have been a statesman in an age illustrious for statesmen. The Revolution, in the force of its primitive passion, struck at all authority, laughed at all tradition, defied all influence, and made its way resistlessly and remorselessly across a ruined world. Yet out of those very ruins a new power was to arise, an immense central power, which was to attract and absorb into unity all the fractions of authority which had formerly been dispersed through the whole fabric of society. The world, says De Tocqueville, has not seen such a power since the fall of the Roman Empire. It was this simple, regular, and imposing form of power which Mirabeau perceived through the dust and rubbish of ancient, half-demolished institutions.

Mirabeau had been one of the first to perceive the danger which threatened not merely the monarchy but the very lives of the reigning king and queen. It was plain to him that they were prisoners, and not merely prisoners but prisoners under sentence of death. When the royal family had fixed their residence at the Tuileries, they lived the lives of captives. The queen, who could not go abroad with any convenience, employed her mornings in superintending the education of her daughter and in working with her needle at tapestry. We are told, and can well believe, that her mind was too much occupied with the state of affairs to allow her to read, although her library had been brought from Versailles. Twice a week she received the court before going to mass, and on those days she dined in public with the king. She passed the rest of her time with her family and children. The king's habits were greatly

changed. He could not take his beloved exercise of hunting, and as exercise was necessary for him, he walked about the rooms till he was in a state of perspiration. He ate quickly and with good appetite, but he seems to have drunk moderately. He wrote his letters, labored at filing in his workroom, read, and amused himself with his children. At Versailles he had a locksmith's workshop well fitted up, and he used to employ himself in taking off locks and altering the wards, though it is said that he generally spoiled them. There was no forge and not even a chimney in the room at the Tuileries, where he worked, and he was obliged to be satisfied with working with the file. He had none of his books brought to Paris, except books of devotion, the revolutions of the different States of Europe, and the private history of Charles I. of England—a king whose career always had its strange fascination for him. During his residence at the Tuileries, if he wanted any other books he got them from the National Library.

This monotonous life at the Tuileries, which was a disagreeable residence in summer, made the queen wish for a change. To this no opposition was made, and early in June, 1790, the royal family removed to Saint-Cloud. An immense crowd watched them leave the Tuileries, apparently to make quite sure that they were well secured by the National Guard. They went to Saint-Cloud like prisoners on parole. They might easily have escaped during the residence at Saint-Cloud, and there was a plan of escape, but it was not attempted. It was apparently soon after the royal family removed to Saint-Cloud that Mirabeau had his solitary interview with the queen. The court came back to Paris to be present at the festival of July 14, but returned to Saint-Cloud after it was over. Even so much freedom was

not long to be allowed to them. The prisoners whom Mirabeau pitied, the prisoners whom Mirabeau tried to save, were soon to learn that Paris was the cage from which they were never to be permitted to escape. It may not be surprising that the royal prisoners disliked Mirabeau, but it is still less surprising that they turned to him when they had practically no one else to turn to.

The difficulty of the task that Mirabeau had undertaken increased with every hour, with every unsuccessful attempt to find believers and allies. The progress of the Revolution in France had gradually begun to attract the serious attention of other European States, which felt that their interests might be affected by the movement. The princes of the Germanic empire, ecclesiastic and lay, whose feudal rights in Alsace, Lorraine, and Franche Comté were destroyed on the night of August 4, had protested in January, 1790. The deputies of the Circle of the Upper Rhine assembled at Frankfort, came to a resolution that the emperor and the Germanic body were bound to protect the States, the nobility, and the clergy of the empire against the arbitrary acts of the National Assembly. The resolution was transmitted to the Emperor Joseph II., and on February 16 the King of Prussia, Frederick William II., nephew of Frederick the Great and ally of England, wrote to his minister at Ratisbon, to the effect that the empire was bound to use its exertions in favor of the princes who had been wronged in contravention of existing treaties. On February 11 the French minister, Montmorin, received a communication of the resolution of Frankfort with a fresh protest, which he sent to the Assembly, who referred it to the feudal committee.

In February, 1790, Joseph II. died, and his death was

followed by great changes. He was succeeded by his brother, Leopold II., whose administration of Tuscany, as Grand Duke, had been mild and beneficent. Leopold found his inheritance in confusion. Joseph, as a reformer, was in advance of the time. Austria and Russia were engaged in war with Turkey. England and Prussia were unfriendly to the empire. The Netherlands were in revolt against Austria, in consequence of the measures of Joseph. France was making her Revolution, and her king and her queen, who was Leopold's sister, were prisoners in the capital. In January, 1790, before the death of Joseph, a treaty had been concluded at Berlin by which Great Britain and Prussia declared that they would not interfere in the Netherlands, unless they should be invited or compelled by circumstances. The contracting powers agreed to request his Imperial Majesty to secure the privileges of the Netherlands. If the Netherlands should become free, then the allies were to deliberate on the Constitution, and to determine whether they should recognize the Netherlands as free or not. In consequence of this treaty the Netherlands took into their service an English, a Prussian, and a Dutch legion, and the States named a Prussian general the commander of this force.

While war between Russia and Sweden was still raging in Finland, a quarrel broke out between Great Britain and Spain about some English ships which had been seized by a Spanish squadron in Nootka Sound. Great Britain immediately prepared a large naval force. On May 14, Montmorin communicated to the National Assembly information of the preparations of Great Britain, and stated that Louis had given orders for fourteen vessels of the line to be equipped immediately in the ports of the Mediterranean and of the Atlantic. The

king had only given these orders by way of precaution, and hoped that peace would not be troubled, as he had received assurances from the British cabinet of its wish to maintain the harmony between France and Great Britain. Nevertheless, Louis declared that he could not dispense with ordering these ships to be equipped. If, said Montmorin, England is armed, France cannot and ought not to continue unarmed. France must let Europe know that the establishment of her Constitution was far from being an obstacle to the development of her force. Montmorin further urged that gratitude as well as interest commanded such a measure under circumstances which concerned Spain.

It was the common opinion in France that England intrigued to increase the embarrassments of the French government; and that English money was employed to produce disturbance, particularly as the troubles increased at the same time with the warlike preparations of England. Disturbances at Strasburg, Nîmes, Toulon, and Brest were attributed to the secret agency of England. Though some of the clubs and societies in London had sent complimentary addresses to the French Assembly, it was supposed that the British cabinet, it was known that England's greatest statesman, entertained very different sentiments. The English ambassador had already been instructed to calm all suspicion, but the suspicion was difficult to cure. Nothing has ever been proved as to any secret influence of the British government being exercised at this time to foment troubles in France. Necker often told his daughter that, though he had made the most diligent inquiry during his administration, he never could find the least evidence that English money had been employed for this purpose. The absurdity of the suspicion is made

most apparent when we know that the aristocrats maintained that the English ministry paid the French Revolutionists, and that the Jacobins affirmed that all the efforts of the Counter-Revolutionists were inspired by English gold distributed in France.

The king in his message had said that he expected that the Assembly would approve of the measures which he had taken, and would vote the necessary expenses. The Assembly adopted the king's wish ; but Alexander Lameth observed that it must be determined who should have the power of declaring war, if war should be necessary, the king or the Assembly. It was well known what Mirabeau's opinion was. He was supposed to have been gained by the court ; and this was considered a good opportunity of depriving him of his popularity. Mirabeau contended that as war is almost always an unforeseen event, and as hostilities commence before threats, the king, who has the care of the public interests, must repel hostile attacks, and war might thus commence before the Assembly could interfere. He, therefore, advised that the executive should have the power of resisting hostilities when commenced, and that the legislature, according to circumstances, should either allow the war to go on, or demand the restoration of peace. Barnave admitted that hostilities might commence before the opinion of the nation could be taken ; but he argued that hostilities were not war ; that the king ought to repel attacks, and immediately communicate with the Assembly, which should then declare its will. Barnave's speech was well received by the people. Mirabeau was denounced as having sold himself. There was hawked about the streets a pamphlet, entitled "The Great Treason of the Count de Mirabeau." If the question had been put after Bar-

nave's speech his opinion might have prevailed ; but Cazalès and Mirabeau urged the Assembly to adjourn. Mirabeau replied on the last day of the debate. It was, he said, a strange madness, a deplorable blindness, which thus excited against one another men whom one common end, one common opinion, ought to unite, even in the most furious discussions. This madness made men put in the place of devotion to their country the angry passions of self-love ; made them the victims of popular prejudices. Only a few days ago, he declared, the crowd would have carried him in triumph : and now they cry in the streets, "The Great Treason of the Count de Mirabeau." Mirabeau declared that he did not need this lesson to know that the distance was short between the Capitol and the Tarpeian rock ; but he insisted that the man who fought in defence of reason, in defence of his country, would not allow himself easily to be vanquished.

Mirabeau then examined the arguments of Barnave, and showed that his opponent had not proposed to give to the Assembly more power than he, too, proposed ; but that Barnave's proposition of limiting the king's power to a simple communication to the Assembly, deprived the king of that consent which was necessary for the expression of the national will. If the king has not the initiative, Mirabeau said, do you mean also that he has not the veto ? If so, he argued that the king had no voice in the most important act of the national will. He asked them how they reconciled that with the powers which the Constitution had given to the king ; how they reconciled that with the public interest ? He declared that they would have as many provokers to war as there were passionate men. He defended with equal acuteness the case of the king hav-

ing the initiative. With rare precision of thought and of language the orator repeated his blows till he had struck his adversary to the earth. He defended his own proposition against the objections that had been made to it, and he triumphed with a triumph that was as complete as it was unexpected by his opponents.

The proposition of Mirabeau, as amended by Chapelier, was carried. The first article asserted that the power to make peace or war belonged to the nation, and that war could not be determined upon without a decree of the National Assembly, which should be made upon the formal and necessary proposal of the king, and must have his sanction. Thus the king had the disposal of the forces, gave notice of the commencement of hostilities, summoned the Assembly if it was not sitting, and proposed peace or war. The Assembly deliberated upon the proposal, and the king gave his sanction to the result of the deliberation. This decree gave joy to the Constitutional party, and hope to the Counter-Revolutionists, who thought that public opinion was going to change, and that this victory of Mirabeau's would become theirs. Lafayette, who had sided with Mirabeau, wrote to Bouillé giving him hopes of tranquillity and moderation, and endeavoring, as he always endeavored, to reconcile him to the new order of things.

In the meantime, however, the condition of European affairs had greatly and gravely changed, partly as a consequence of the accession of Leopold. The treaty of Reichenbach in July, 1790, settled all disputes between Austria and Prussia. Austria made a truce with Turkey, and soon reduced the Netherlands to submission. In August, Russia made peace with Sweden, though King Gustavus had lately gained a victory over the Russians; and the Empress Catherine II. had now only Poland

and the Turks to deal with. The States of Europe were at leisure to turn their attention to France. But the interest of Europe in the French Revolution was not yet, for the hour, momentous. Even the indignation of Burke did not discern all that the French Revolution meant, or the part it was destined to play in the politics of Europe. It was not what the foreign kings or what the foreign statesmen thought of the Revolution that was of real importance to France or to Europe in 1790 and 1791. It was what Mirabeau thought that was important; it was what Mirabeau was able to do that was momentous.

CHAPTER XXIX

MIRABEAU HERCULES

FOR three years the history of the French Revolution is, as we have said, the history of Mirabeau. He set his seal on every day of each year ; he saw everything and foresaw everything ; he was the greatest man in France, and he knew himself to be the greatest man in France. If a truth so clear to him then, so clear since to all the world, had been appreciated by those among his contemporaries whose appreciation was important or essential, it is as nearly certain as any unknown and unknowable thing can be certain that the record of the French Revolution would have read very differently. But it was his curse to be a man of genius in an age of men of mark, of men of virtues, of talents, of abilities. Mirabeau was misunderstood. He was mistrusted by the Royalists as a Republican, which he never was. He was mistrusted by the revolutionaries as a Monarchist, which he never for one moment ceased to be. A Revolutionist before the Revolution, he remained a Monarchist at the moment when it was the purpose, covert or overt, of the Revolution to destroy the monarchy.

Mirabeau has been accused, unjustly, of being a Counter-Revolutionist. He was always a Revolutionist, but, like all strong men, he was for a revolution according to his own ideas. As he said himself, he was not for a Counter-Revolution, but for a Counter-Constitution.

tution. He had little belief in and little respect for the men or the schemes of the Constituent Assembly. From the first he saw the insufficiency of their methods and the limitations of their statesmanship. When, against his will, a committee was appointed to draw up projects for the Declaration of Rights, it fell to his lot to present the report of the committee, but he did not present it without feeling and expressing regret for an ungrateful task. He declared that the committee submitted the report with extreme diffidence, but also with extreme docility. He insisted that the rock upon which all Declarations of Rights must inevitably strike was the certainty of encroaching, if only by way of maxim, upon the duties and the functions of legislation. He examined, one by one, what he thought the most dangerous features of the propositions, and entreated earnestly that the Declaration of Rights should not be set up as the prologue of the Constitution of which it was properly the epilogue, in order that the principles of liberty, accompanied by laws directing their due exercise, should prove a benefit to the people and not a trap.

Mirabeau was right when he declared that stable laws were of more immediate importance than vague declarations, however eloquent in language, however creditable to the heads and to the hearts of those who uttered them. But it must always be borne in mind that the laws which Mirabeau desired, and which he was convinced that France needed, were the laws of a constitutional monarchy. Mirabeau was a "king's man" always in the sane and sober sense of the term. He was not for a king like Louis XIV., with his pretensions to despotism and his theory that all the land of France was vested in him by right. He was for a king such as

England had accepted for so long, for a king such as Louis XVI. might very well be made, a constitutional monarch governing according to recognized laws accepted by the people. But he insisted upon the necessity for a king, and for giving very considerable power into the king's hand. When he argued in favor of the royal veto he declared emphatically that he believed the veto of the king to be so necessary that he would rather live in Constantinople than in France if it did not exist. He declared that he could admit of nothing more terrible than the sovereign aristocracy of six hundred persons who to-morrow might become permanent, the day after hereditary, and who would finish, like all the aristocracies of the world, by invading everything.

Against stupidity the gods fight in vain. Mirabeau urged that the members of the Constituent Assembly should be elective to the succeeding Assemblies. The Assembly disdained his counsel, and passed its famous Self-denying Ordinance by which no member of the Constituent Assembly could be elected to its successor, the Legislative Assembly. It is hard to realize how many calamities might have been spared to France, how many stains spared to the Revolution, if the advice of Mirabeau had been taken. Mirabeau urged, too, what is now one of the unquestioned doctrines of any intelligent system of government, that the king's ministers might be selected from among the members of the Constituent Assembly. To the narrow minds and the narrow hearts of many of his hearers, the advice of the statesman, the counsel of the man of genius seemed the insidious suggestion, the ignoble appeal of personal ambition, of personal vanity. A man like Lanjuinais, a man like Blin, could fear Mirabeau, could

distrust Mirabeau, could envy or hate Mirabeau, but could not understand him. He understood them and their petty fears and jealousies, and overwhelmed them with his Olympian scorn.

François Pierre Blin was the deputy for Nantes. He was a doctor of some sixty-three years. The most remarkable thing in his career is that he once was an opponent of Mirabeau. The next most remarkable thing was that he lived nearly to his century; he lived to be ninety-eight. He died in 1834. Blin made a covert attack upon Mirabeau in a speech based upon the fundamental theory that the only enemies of kings and of nations are ministers of State. Lanjuinais carried on the attack, but made it no longer covert. Jean Denis Lanjuinais was some seventeen years a younger man than Blin. He was an advocate and an authority on ecclesiastical law. He represented Rennes. The advocate, like the doctor, has earned a kind of grotesque immortality by his opposition to Mirabeau. He assured the Assembly that it was already subjugated by the eloquent genius of one man, and he asked what would not that one man do if he were made a minister. He ended by making the motion that no member of the Assembly should be allowed to accept any place from the executive power. Mirabeau's reply was one of his masterpieces. He declined to believe that even Lanjuinais maintained that the chosen of the nation could not produce one good minister, or that the confidence accorded to a citizen by the nation could be a reason for excluding him from the confidence of the king. He declined to admit that an Assembly which had declared all citizens, without other distinction than that of virtues and talents, to have an equal aptitude for every employment, could consistently deny that right to the twelve hun-

dred deputies honored by the suffrages of a great people. He concluded a long series of striking arguments by declaring that the mover of the motion must have had some secret motive, and that he believed the secret motive was to exclude certain members of the Assembly from the cabinet of the king. He therefore proposed as an amendment to name for exclusion those members whom the mover of the motion seemed specially to fear, and he offered to give their names. Only one of two members of the Assembly, he said, could be the secret objects of the motion. All the other members had given sufficient proofs of love of liberty, of courage, of public spirit. Who could this member be? Mirabeau asked; then with increasing irony he said that his hearers had already guessed that it must be either the author of the motion or himself. Mirabeau concluded a great speech by formally moving that the exclusion be confined to Monsieur de Mirabeau, deputy of the commoners of Aix.

The speech was magnificent, but the Assembly was immovable. Blin and Lanjuinais carried their point, dulness and mediocrity had their way, and France, in the fine phrase of Lamartine, was deprived of the services of the greatest political genius that modern times have seen. It is hardly surprising that Mirabeau should lose faith in a Revolution whose course came to be directed by nonentities like Blin and Lanjuinais, or that, deprived of the opportunity of rendering public service to his country and to his king, he should seek still to serve his country and his king in other ways. To understand Mirabeau's character rightly it must be remembered that his ambition was not personal aggrandizement, but to be of service to his country and to his king. He wished to be in power, because he knew him-

self well enough to know his own gifts. But he only spoke the truth when he declared that he should count himself happy if, at the price of his exclusion from the ministry, he could preserve to the Assembly the hope to see several of its members, worthy of confidence and respect, become the confidential advisers of the nation and the king.

The nation and the king wanted advisers worthy of confidence and respect. The ministers were not only without popularity, but without power. They were suspected of plots and intrigues, or accused of indecision and weakness, and they had no friends either in the Assembly or out of it. Paris, instead of the former division into sixty districts, had recently been divided into forty-eight sections, with a newly organized municipality. The sections resolved to press on the Assembly the question of impeaching the ministers, and Bailly could not refuse to present a deputation from the sections at the bar of the Assembly. Danton read the address of the sections. His great athletic form, his large face strongly marked with the small-pox, his impetuous manner and sonorous voice, lent him a resemblance of a kind to Mirabeau.

The address assured the National Assembly that all France expected the ministers to give in a resignation which the Assembly would always have the right to call for when it should think proper. The Abbé Maury, who interrupted, was called to order. Cazalès said, with a sneer, that it was necessary to listen to everything, even to political absurdities. Danton went on with the address unmoved. He said that the commune of Paris wished for the immediate dismissal of the ministers. Champion de Cicé was accused of having altered several decrees. Latour-du-Pin was an enemy of

the Revolution, because he had exposed the frontiers, and oppressed a great number of soldiers and subaltern officers. It was to no purpose to object that the commune produced no proofs. Danton insisted that the nation had a right to tell its servants that they were unworthy of the public confidence, simply because they persisted in holding power during the preparation of this impeachment. The President replied that the head of the nation would not ignore the charges which the municipality could doubtless establish by evidence. The Assembly would weigh the charges in its wisdom, and in the mean time it granted to the deputation the honors of the sitting.

Even Cazalès and his party, though opposed to the ministers, would not ask the king to dismiss them, for such a step would, in the eyes of the members of the Right, have been an attack on the king's prerogative. The ministers, however, did successively resign, with the exception of Montmorin, who was less an object of hatred than the rest. Duport-du-Tertre, an advocate, received the seals. Duportail, who was recommended to the king by Lafayette, succeeded Latour-du-Pin as Minister of War, and his first measures were to check the authority of Bouillé. But no reorganization of the ministry could have any satisfactory result so long as it was impossible for the king to include in his cabinet any of the men whose advice might have been of real service to him, and especially so long as he was unable to include the deputy for the commoners of Aix. As a minister Mirabeau might have combated with success the four enemies of the throne whom he feared—Taxation, Bankruptcy, the Army, and the Winter. As a minister Mirabeau might have succeeded in staying the disorganization that threatened to crumble into chaos.

But he had to remain a minister without a portfolio, a minister without colleagues, a secret counsellor whose despair and mortification it was to see that advice neglected which he was convinced was calculated to save the State.

Mirabeau's position with respect to the king, and his own conviction of the necessity of stopping the revolutionary movement, prompted him to form far-reaching and comprehensive designs to which his genius gave the promise of success. But Mirabeau's schemes were ignored at a time when every one connected with the court had his own infallible panacea for the salvation of the State. In February, 1791, however, Mirabeau formed a fresh plan for saving the monarchy, which he made during his presidentship of the Assembly. This tardy honor, this poor compensation for all he had been denied, came on January 29, 1791, when he was elected President for the first time. It seems unnecessary to say that he made a masterly President. During his term of office he displayed unerring tact and ability: the chair had never been occupied with more judgment and impartiality. Bertrand de Moleville, who hated him and all of his inclining, had to admit that he showed himself as able to occupy the chair as to shine in the tribune, and that, in fact, no person presided with more dignity or gave better proof of the fact that the President was not solely the organ of the Assembly, but that he ought to be, and could be, its moderator. His answers to the different deputations that appeared in the Assembly all bore the genuine stamp of eloquence and wisdom; and if he always spoke as a Revolutionist, his language, ably seasoned with patriotism, contained only the exact amount necessary to preserve his popularity.

Mirabeau's plan was made known to Malouet, who was present at a conference between Mirabeau and Montmorin, which lasted to a late hour at night. The Assembly was to be dissolved, a new one elected, and the Constitution to be revised. There were to be two chambers. The king was to have an absolute veto and the power of proroguing and dissolving the chambers. Mirabeau wished to secure the real advantages of the Revolution, and to establish a constitutional monarchy in which the power exercised in the name of the crown should be sufficient to maintain order without infringing liberty. Mirabeau knew that the chief obstacle to all his schemes lay in Lafayette, with whom he had tried again and again to come to an understanding, but always without success. He declared that Lafayette, all powerful for doing harm, must become more and more powerless to prevent harm. He uttered the curiously exact prophecy that the shame of tolerating insurrection in the presence of thirty thousand armed men might drive Lafayette some day to fire upon the people, and in doing so to wound himself mortally. But a greater difficulty than Lafayette lay between Mirabeau and his wishes, and that was the distrust and the dislike of the courtly party. They would not forgive him for his past; they could not understand that a man could accept a revolution and remain a Royalist. There were many among the adherents of the king, among the adherents of the queen, who still believed that Mirabeau had his share, and that a great one, in the terrible days and the terrible deeds of the 5th and 6th of October.

Yet Mirabeau had been cleared of complicity in the October crimes, for all who really thought that his intelligence, if not his character, needed such clearing. The Châtelet had long been engaged in investigating

the affair of the 5th and 6th October, 1789. The proceedings had been often interrupted and resumed, and they were now resumed again. Mirabeau and the Duke of Orleans were implicated, but the evidence was full of contradictions. When the court ordered the proceedings to be resumed, the object was to crush the Duke of Orleans and to leave Mirabeau alone. The duke had been received with some applause on his return from England, and the court had repulsed all his attempts to be restored to the king's favor. On August 7, 1790, the Châtelet laid before the Assembly the result of their proceedings with respect to the morning of October 6, 1789; and the Assembly instructed the committee of reports to bring before them a statement of any charges which affected the representatives of the Assembly. On September 30 and October 1, 1790, an elaborate report was read to the Assembly. The report declared that there was no evidence of the invasion of Versailles by the Parisians being the result of a plot. It admitted that there was some reason for a suspicion of the court having anti-revolutionary designs. It decided that the charges against Mirabeau and the Duke of Orleans were not worth consideration. Certainly the charges against Mirabeau were not worth consideration. One of them was that when Mirabeau heard of the Parisians approaching he went up to the President, Mounier, and advised him to pretend sickness, to adjourn the sittings, and go to the king. This prudent advice, which would have saved the Assembly from the humiliation to which it was afterwards subjected, was absurdly construed by Mounier into evidence of Mirabeau's complicity, as if there was anything strange in his knowing what was then generally known, and as if it could be treason to go and inform

the king. Other absurd charges, some of which were self-contradictory, were brought against Mirabeau. The evidence against him was of the most trumpery kind. The statement that he was seen to go about on October 5, brandishing a sabre, and inciting the mob to revolt and the soldiers to mutiny, was too ludicrous, too preposterous for a second's serious consideration. Men accused Mirabeau of many things, but they never accused him of being a fool. The conclusion of the report was a recommendation that the Assembly should declare that there was no ground of accusation against Mirabeau and the Duke of Orleans, and the Assembly by a great majority adopted the resolution. If the court had really hoped to hurt the duke, it had failed in its purpose. He may have been guilty, but it might have been foreseen that it would be impossible to punish him, even if his guilt had been satisfactorily proved, and it was not satisfactorily proved.

De la Marck has painted a moving picture of Mirabeau's horror on learning from his friend that the queen really believed him to have been one of the authors of the October riots. De la Marck says that he turned green as with sudden sickness in his rage and indignation at the thought that such things could be believed about him. It is not, perhaps, surprising that the queen should have entertained such a suspicion of Mirabeau. She knew very little about him. She had always regarded him as a bitter enemy. It is probable that those about her always presented him in the blackest colors. But Mirabeau was too great a man not to know how much he might be misunderstood, too great a man not to be aware of the difficulties that lay between him and his purpose, too great a man to be dismayed by the difficulties, too great a man not to regret

the misconception of his greatness. He looked to De la Marck as the man who was to make his name and his aim clear to posterity. He confided to De la Marck the papers which he called "noble elements of apology." He left his reputation and his fame in the hands of his friend. Lanfrey, in one of the most caustic of many mordant sentences, asks if Mirabeau's memory has not, on the whole, suffered more from his friends than from his enemies, and declares that it will go hard with his memory to redeem itself from the apologies of his friend De la Marck. The phrase is pungent; it is perhaps scarcely fair. De la Marck's vanity and narrowness of mind have left their stain upon his defence of Mirabeau. But we owe to him the material for forming the true opinion upon what Mirabeau did, and what Mirabeau meant to do, during the most momentous years of his life. When De la Marck died, in 1833, he left to Monsieur de Bacourt the correspondence with Mirabeau and the private papers which are now the most important material for the study of Mirabeau's mind and Mirabeau's ambition.

We are free to read the notes in which, day after day, Mirabeau set forth his ideas, his fears and his hopes, the plans he conceived to guide or crush the Assembly, to save the monarchy, to save the life of the king. It was not his fault if the king learned no lesson from these clandestine letters, read over, as it has been happily said, in secrecy in the morning and forgotten long before the evening, letters that had to be returned to the writer as soon as possible, letters which were kept secret from the ministers who might perhaps have profited by them. It was not his fault if the faction which was called the court grumbled at the fee of the only physician who by any chance could save its

life. It was not his fault that he could not carry the portfolio of a minister. It was not his fault that he failed to obtain the friendship or secure the alliance of Lafayette. All that a great man could do Mirabeau did. His grasp of facts was gigantic. He watched the political situation from the pinnacle and not from the plain. His schemes were at once magnificent and exhaustive, his knowledge of men profound, and in consequence often disdainful—how disdainful is shown in some of his written comments on the men whom from time to time he proposed as possible ministers of a re-organized cabinet. But Mirabeau fought his great fight single-handed, and he had his worst enemies among those who professed allegiance to the cause he served, among the men and women who fled from France. Emigration was one of the greatest obstacles to the realization of Mirabeau's dreams.

CHAPTER XXX

PARIS BY WAY OF COBLENTZ

IN the February of 1791, the king's old aunts, Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire, left France. They were uneasy ever since the civil constitution of the clergy had disturbed their devotional habits by allowing only priests who had taken the oath to officiate. They made their escape at night with the aid of Berthier, afterwards Prince of Wagram. They were, however, arrested at Moret by the municipality, and, after being released by the Chasseurs of Lorraine, they were stopped again at Arnay-le-duc, and not allowed to pursue their journey, though they had a passport from the king. Mirabeau had foreseen that their departure would engender suspicions of the king's wish for flight, and he had foretold that they would be stopped. When the arrest was made known to the Assembly, Mirabeau insisted that there was no law against the princesses leaving France, and he moved that the matter should be referred to the executive authority. He and Maury were for once on the same side ; but it was not without difficulty that the Assembly adopted the motion of Mirabeau, which was in effect to allow the princesses to go. General Menou settled the matter in their favor by saying that Europe would be surprised, no doubt, to learn that the National Assembly had spent four full hours in discussing the departure of two ladies, who would rather hear mass at Rome than at Paris. The

king's aunts went to Rome, to seek peace amid the ruins of the Eternal City.

But if Mirabeau had seen, and rightly seen, that the secret flight of the two royal ladies would stir suspicion against the king, he was well aware that the whole question of the emigration involved more serious problems than the flight of two royal ladies, or than the suspicions that their flight might cause. On the one hand, there was the incessant drain from the country of all those who were by habit or necessity attached to the royal cause. On the other hand, there was the increasing exasperation among the revolutionary party caused by the gathering outside France of so large a number of Frenchmen who were opposed, heart and soul, to the Revolution. The example which had been set in the summer of 1789 by the princes of the royal blood had been steadily followed with increasing volume as the months went by. Indeed, it may be said that emigration became a fashion. The emigrants did not anticipate a long exile. They expected to return when the royal authority was re-established. The headquarters of the emigrants were transferred from Turin to Coblenz, at the junction of the Rhine and the Mosel, within the territory of the Elector of Trèves, whose authority was almost supplanted by that of the intruders. Coblenz was a favorable position, near the north-eastern frontier of France, for keeping up communication with the foreign powers. The party which relied on raising the people in the south of France, the provincial nobility, were in a minority in the councils of the emigrants. The nobility who were attached to the court, and made their profit out of it, the party who may properly be called the court, looked only to foreign aid to enable them to re-enter France as conquerors.

This court at Coblenz was as frivolous, proud, and incompetent for all prudent action as it had been at Paris and Turin.

The recently published memorial of Jacques de Norvins, the historian of Napoleon, gives a vivid picture of the emigration and a moving appreciation of its errors. He describes the emigrants coming from all parts of the country, moving, with caution and carefully disguised, across the length and breadth of France, seeking for a shelter on the farther side of the Rhine from the persecutions and the outrages of their neighbors and their former vassals. These groups of men, sometimes composed of three generations—father, son, and grandson—wandered like new Bohemians with their wallets on their backs, travelling for the most part at night, seeking such repose as they dared to snatch in the covers of the woods or the shelter of wretched barns, and living on the poor supply of food they were able to carry with them. What, asks Norvins, could they have done for the cause of their captive king, dispersed, as they were, in the provinces where their own very lives were menaced? Seeing no safety for the monarchy or for themselves save in reunion, they found a new faith in their other princes, a new hope in that oriflamme which the brothers of sovereigns unfolded from afar.

Norvins admits that he recognized too late that things might have gone very differently with the monarchy if the two princes of the blood and the princes of the House of Condé had abstained from soliciting a sumptuous hospitality from the ecclesiastical electors of the Rhine, but had chosen instead to unite with the nobility in the occupation of some frontier town upon the soil of France. In such a spot they should have

offered an asylum to all who loved the throne ; in such a spot they should have formed a single camp under a single flag ; in such a spot, strengthened by all the aid that would have flowed in to them, they might from the beginning have opposed an armed and Royalist France to a France armed and revolutionary. It is possible that if this had been done their ranks might have been swelled by many of the frontier garrisons who would not cross the frontier to earn the hated name of deserter, but who would have rallied round their old flag if it fluttered on French soil. Had this been done the army of Royalist opposition, instead of entering France at the heels of a foreign invader, would have preserved its honor in marching alone against the enemies of its country and its king. Norvins denies that it is any answer to this idea to say that the people of Paris would have killed the king the moment the royal standard was unfurled. They did kill him, though it was not unfurled, and though they found themselves the masters of the country, of the army, and of the scaffold. Nothing could have been worse than the result of the emigration. It was a blunder from first to last.

But for the most part the emigrants made their blunder with a light heart. Young gentlemen in Paris made up their bundles and said their farewells "pour aller de l'autre côté faire la contre et revenir passer l'hiver à Paris." Their duty expressed itself in the slang phrase "faire la contre"; their faith in the announcement of a speedy return to Paris. There was even a certain rivalry in the game of emigration; the sooner a man started the better, "pour n'être pas mal vu à Coblenz." Whenever one Royalist met another in the streets of Paris the question was "When do you start?" There came a time when those who had not made their way betimes

to the sham court at Coblenz found their reception by the princes of the iciest kind. There came a time when the devotion of an emigrant was judged by the date of his arrival, and his arrival by his importance. An obscure country gentleman might calculate upon a civil reception at a relatively late period. A gentleman of ancient name and high position ran every risk of being flung into the Rhine by the gentlemen of the Body-Guard who had been more prompt in their flight from France. This fate, which befell many tardy comers, very nearly befell the Prince de Saint-Mauris, son of the Prince de Montbarrey, the former Minister of War. We have met with Saint-Mauris before. His name had served to save his father's life in the wild hours of fear which had followed upon the fall of the Bastille. If he had ceased to sympathize with the Revolution his repentance came too late, and he would have gone swimming in the Rhine but for the intervention of the Count de Provence. But though Monsieur saved Saint-Mauris from a ducking, he would not keep him near his person, and would do no more than assist him to cross the Rhine and seek a shelter with his sister, the Princess of Nassau-Siegen. This shelter Saint-Mauris soon left to return to France, where the scaffold awaited him. The proscription of Coblenz surrendered him to the proscription of Robespierre. Chateaubriand, too, has told in his "*Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*," how when he returned from America to join the royal cause he met with a sour welcome, and was assured that there were already too many of those who were brave after the battle. Those who were so fortunate as to be favorably received by the princes generally obtained a somewhat cool word of approval from Monsieur de Provence, who occasionally added that he was glad to see the new-

comer, while the Count d'Artois is reported to have been slightly warmer in his salutations.

Vanity, folly, and ingratitude were indeed the characteristics of that court which had transformed Coblenz into a town choking with Frenchmen, glittering with the splendor of a staff that would have sufficed for an army of a hundred thousand men, brave with the scarlet uniforms of the new regiments of the "Hommes d'Armes" who were intended to take the place of the French Guards, whose name and uniform were now formally proscribed because of their treason to the crown. To Coblenz came Calonne, and from Coblenz to Frankfort, where he acted as the princes' plenipotentiary and also as their banker, without any further guarantee than their good words and his own hopes. To Coblenz also came and stayed that marvellous man-at-arms the Chevalier Guiot de Malseigne, the military Hercules, the Ajax of the new "Iliad," a soldier of the build of Porthos and the daring of D'Artagnan. To Coblenz came, or at least wrote, Froment, who had made his stand for Church and king at Nîmes, and believed himself to have some claim upon the favor of the princes. Froment knew that it was the plan of the princes to form legions in France of all those who were attached to the king, and to employ them until the troops of the line should be reorganized. Froment, who wished to be at the head of the Royalists, whom he had directed and commanded in 1789 and 1790, wrote to the Comte d'Artois to grant him the brevet of colonel-commandant, and begged him to give some intimation that every Royalist who should unite under his command a sufficient number of citizens to form a legion might expect the same distinction. Froment proposed that the new legions should be called Royal

Militia. The Comte d'Artois was not unfavorable to the request of Froment, but the members of his council could not tolerate the proposal of giving military rank to one who was not a noble, and the scheme failed.

The Assembly had sought to do something to check the emigration. The Committee on the Constitution had considered whether the principles of the Constitution, and the conservation of liberty, public order, and the resources of the kingdom were consistent with a law against emigration. The more the committee had considered the question, the greater were the difficulties, the more numerous the exceptions which it would be necessary to introduce into a general measure forbidding emigration. The committee had, however, framed a draft of a law which many maintained to be contrary to established principles, to smack of a dictatorship. On the 28th February, 1791, before the draft was read, Le Chapelier asked the Assembly to determine whether they would ever adopt a law against emigration. Robespierre said that he was no more in favor of such a law than Le Chapelier, but that it ought to be discussed, and should not be rejected except on grounds of reason and public interest. The Assembly was immediately in an uproar. Some shouted to Le Chapelier to read the draft, others shouted to him not to read it. Merlin urged that Rousseau had laid it down in the "Social Contract" that in times of trouble emigration might be forbidden.

To quote Rousseau was to quote gospel for the greater part of the Assembly, but against the authority of Rousseau, Mirabeau asserted the authority of Mirabeau. He read a letter which he had addressed to the then King of Prussia on his accession to the throne, in which he advised the king to allow his subjects to leave their

country when they pleased. In this letter he said that the most tyrannical laws on emigration never had any other effect than to drive people to emigrate, contrary to that natural wish, perhaps the strongest of all, which attaches a man to his native country. Mirabeau now proposed that the draft should not be read, and that the Assembly should pass to the order of the day, without prejudice to the execution of the decrees already made with respect to persons who had pensions or salaries paid by the nation, and who were out of the kingdom. But the Assembly insisted on hearing the draft of the law, and Le Chapelier read it.

It was to the effect that in times of trouble the National Assembly should be empowered to appoint a council of three persons, who alone should exercise a dictatorial power with respect to the right of quitting the kingdom and the obligation of returning to it. This commission should name the absent persons who were bound to return, and the persons so named should be bound to obey, under the penalty of losing the rights of French citizens and the confiscation of their property. Mirabeau spoke again ; he was opposed, but he insisted on speaking. He declared that the National Assembly had not shown to the Committee on the Constitution the same respect that the Athenians did to Aristides, whom they allowed to be the judge of the morality of his own plan. He maintained that the horror which was shown at hearing the draft of the committee proved that the deputies were as good judges of this morality as Aristides, and that they had done well in reserving to themselves the decision. Mirabeau said that he would prove that the barbarity of the proposed law was the most complete proof of the impracticability of a law on emigration. He ad-

mitted that there might be occasions in which measures of police were necessary, though they might be against principles, even against the laws ; but between a measure of police and a law the distance was immense. The Assembly could adopt a measure of police, but the question remained whether they ought to adopt it, and whether it was politic to attempt to keep citizens in the empire otherwise than by the blessings of the law, the advantages of liberty. Mirabeau asserted boldly that for his own part he would consider himself released from every oath of fidelity towards those who should have the infamy to name a dictatorial commission. He declared that the popularity which he had had the honor to enjoy like others was not a feeble plant, but that its roots were deep in the immovable basis of reason and of liberty. If you make a law against the emigrants, he concluded, I swear that I will not obey it.

Even this defiance did not end the discussion. Vernier proposed to adjourn the question, and Mirabeau claimed the right to speak again on the adjournment. Some member was foolish enough to ask by what right Mirabeau exercised a dictatorship in the Assembly. Mirabeau might have appealed to the right of genius, but Mirabeau did not waste so much time. He occupied the tribune without troubling himself to reply to the question. There was some opposition to his speaking, but in the end, of course, the Assembly heard him. Mirabeau exhorted those who interrupted him—and the interruptions were incessant—to remember that he had combated despotism all his life, and to rest assured that he would combat it so long as he lived. In those words Mirabeau reminded his hearers that despotism was not limited to one party or to one creed, but throve in the intolerable abuse of power by any party

or by any creed. One of the incessant interruptions wrung from him a reply. It was one of the many interruptions that came from the Left, where Barnave and the Lameths sat together, but it moved Mirabeau to reply. "Silence!" he thundered—"silence, those thirty voices!" and as he spoke he looked in disdain at the little group of his enemies. There was silence.

Mirabeau spoke vehemently, passionately, furiously. He did not carry his own motion. The motion of Vernier for the adjournment was carried. But Mirabeau carried his point. The proposed law against emigration was shelved for the hour, and for the time no such law came into being. It was, after all, a triumph for Mirabeau, a triumph over the policy of brute force which was gradually asserting itself in the clubs and in the streets, but which had not yet succeeded in dominating the Parliament of the nation.

But the fight in the Assembly was not Mirabeau's only, or Mirabeau's most serious, fight that day. The hatred that he now aroused in the hearts of the men of the Left was not exhausted by the struggle over the law against emigration. It is said that his opponents carried their antagonism so far as to forget the elements of decent behavior. It is said that he had been invited, with others, to dine at D'Aiguillon's, and that when he arrived at the house he was refused admission. If it is true, it reflects the deepest disgrace upon D'Aiguillon; but it would be an impertinence to suggest that the insult was important enough to permit any expression of sympathy for Mirabeau. Perhaps there were those who hoped that after this rebuff Mirabeau would not venture to make an appearance at the Jacobin Club. If there were any such, they were bitterly disappointed.

On the evening of February 28, Mirabeau, fresh from what was practically a victory, if a victory dearly bought, in the National Assembly, made his appearance in the hall of the Jacobins. It was always rash to defy Mirabeau; in this instance the defiance was more than usually vain.

We have two accounts of what happened at the Jacobin Club that night. One is from the pen of Camille Desmoulins. The other is from the pen of a Swiss, Oelsner. The whirligig of time had converted Camille Desmoulins from an adorer of Mirabeau into a virulent assailant. The days when he raved about the demi-god, and extolled his maraschino and his opinions with an equal enthusiasm, had passed away. Now, if the report of Desmoulins were to be trusted, Mirabeau sank into insignificance and impotence before the attacks of an Adrien Duport and an Alexander Lameth. According to Camille Desmoulins, who is seldom happy in his images, Mirabeau is a new Christ on a new Calvary, and Camille has not the wit to see that the parallel, for all its offensiveness, is only to the advantage of Mirabeau. If the Jacobin Club on that winter's night were indeed a Calvary, then, to pursue the analogy, Mirabeau was a martyr and a saviour. But it would be absurd to take Camille Desmoulins seriously, or to rely seriously on his account of any event. He was above all things emotional, sensitive to the impressions of the hour; he cannot be gravely credited with opinions of his own; he was the prey of impulses, the sport of passions, a fascinating child.

But we get some idea from Oelsner of what really happened. Oelsner looked on composedly; he was a stranger, a Teuton, an observer; he was foreign to the malignity of Desmoulins; he was alien to all partisan-

ship. He saw one man fighting on one side and others fighting against him, and he recorded the result of the struggle as composedly as if he had been witnessing a bull-fight or a scuffle of gladiators in the arena. And his account undoubtedly gives the laurels to Mirabeau. Duport attacked Mirabeau savagely. Lameth attacked Mirabeau savagely. Mirabeau had long ago protested against treating difference of opinion as a crime, and substituting abuse for argument and calumny for logic. Lameth's attack was a whirlwind of abuse and calumny. Lameth sat down amid the bull-like bellowings of his admirers; it seemed for a moment to the spectator as if Mirabeau was alone, friendless, helpless. But Mirabeau rose to his feet; Mirabeau maintained his right to speak against a hostile President, and Mirabeau spoke. His speech, in its fury and its passion, its force and its eloquence, would seem to have puffed Lameth into space. The applause that rewarded Lameth was redoubled for Mirabeau when he declared that he was not going to leave the Jacobin Club; that he would remain with it even unto ostracism. He left the club a victor for the hour; he may well have believed that he had broken its power.

It is curious that Von Holz, in his scholarly study of Mirabeau—perhaps the most interesting contribution to the history of the French Revolution that America has given—Albert Stern, in his admirable book on Mirabeau, and Aulard, in his magnificent volumes on the "History of the Jacobin Club," have completely ignored one account of this memorable, this terrible, evening. It is to be found in the letter of Mr. A. W. Miles to Lord Rodney, written on April 1, 1791. He is speaking of the two Lameths and their jealousy of Mirabeau's popularity and influence, "both which they

lately attempted to destroy in the Jacobins, denouncing him as a traitor to his country on account of his opposing in the National Assembly a decree of confiscation of the property of emigrants." "I was present," says Miles, "at this extraordinary denunciation. The conduct was, of Mirabeau, whatever might have seduced into the path of rectitude at the time, was highly meritorious; and yet, virtuous and laudable as it was, the consciousness of the act could not sustain him under the pressure of the attack. I sat next to Charles Lameth, who, while Mirabeau, trembling and pale, was defending himself in the tribune, frequently exclaimed: 'O, le scélérat! O, le gueux!' and while the Marquis de Saint-Hurage, with his usual vulgarity and violence, vociferated: 'Ah, le coquin, vous l'avez déterré. Il faut le pendre!' You would have been astonished at the miserable answer which Mirabeau made to an accusation in which justice, humanity, and policy must have furnished him with abundant matter for defence. Instead of availing himself of any of the arguments to be drawn from these considerations, he appealed to the generosity and candor of the club, requested the members to recollect that he renounced the Society of 1789 for that of the Friends of the Constitution—the Jacobins—from whom death alone would separate him. This assurance, and the gratification felt at his defection from the club in the Palais Royal, procured him a pardon, and, amid plaudits, he descended from the same tribune which, amid groans, reproaches, and hisses, he had mounted in a panic, and in which he was some time before he could obtain a hearing." The evidence of all these three accounts certainly goes to show that Mirabeau was exceedingly agitated by the attack upon him in the Jacobins, but it also goes to show that

he was for the time successful, and that he left amid the applause of the club. His arguments may have seemed weak to an English stranger. But Mirabeau knew his audience, and if what he said was sufficient to convert a hostile into a friendly audience, then it served Mirabeau's turn.

In this same month of February, 1791, and on the very day of this discussion concerning the emigrants, a mob from Paris made an attack upon the prison of Vincennes, in which the municipality of Paris intended to place some of the prisoners from the overcrowded prisons of the capital. It was a kind of bastard taking of the Bastille, and in it, as in the greater business, the brewer Santerre played a part. Various reasons have been given for this somewhat burlesque enterprise. According to some, it was, of course, a plot of the Duke of Orleans. According to others, there was a popular belief that a subterranean passage joined the prison of Vincennes to the Tuileries, and that the king intended to make his escape by this passage. Others assert that the whole demonstration was got up in order to place Santerre at the head of the National Guard instead of Lafayette. If that were its object, it failed signally. Lafayette came swiftly to the spot at the head of his National Guards, and easily dispersed the rioters, about sixty of whom were made prisoners. So far the episode was unimportant enough. But it has incidentally a graver importance. It is intimately associated with the episode which is known as the Day of Daggers.

Much that is absurd has been written about the Day of Daggers. It has been gibbeted by the lampoonists of the Revolution as a grotesque and Hudibrastic attempt on the part of a few hot-headed and weak-witted

gentlemen to carry off the king, after forming themselves into a secret association, every member of which secretly carried a dagger. The actual facts of the case appear to be these. Many, if not all, of the Royalist gentlemen still remaining in Paris, still in attendance upon their king, believed very earnestly and honestly that the life of the king was in danger. How far they were justified in their belief the student who recalls June 20 and August 10 in 1792 can judge for himself. At all events, they did hold the belief; they were very anxious for the safety of the king, for the security of the palace, and they got into the way of assembling daily in the apartments of the Tuileries to exchange the news of the city and to discuss the position of affairs. They were certainly in no sense a secret society; in fact, their meetings were far too public for prudence. The legend of the knights of the dagger seems to have arisen in this fashion, according to one who knew the palace and its people well in those days, the Count de Paroy :

An old provincial nobleman, more than sixty years of age, the Chevalier de Court, going one day to pay his court to the king, in very simple dress, carried under his coat a little hunting-knife that it had always been his habit to wear in lieu of a sword. A National Guard noticed this hunting-knife, and in the fervor of his zeal arrested the old gentleman under the pretext that he was carrying a dagger. The mistake was recognized with the first explanation the Chevalier de Court made, but the opportunity was too good for the pamphleteers to lose, and the trifling event was magnified into the existence of a mysterious organization of knights of the dagger.

In the February of 1791 the Royalists who were in

touch with the court were much alarmed by sinister rumors which circulated through the clubs to the effect that the Jacobins were planning a fresh rising, and that it was especially aimed against the king. The Royalist gentlemen made a point, therefore, of visiting the Tuileries not merely on the Tuesdays and the Sundays of formal reception, but on the other days of the week, in order that if any attempt were made to seize upon the king they might be at hand to do their best to prevent it. The rumor spread that the Jacobin plot was to break out in a popular rising like the rising of October 5, 1789. When, on February 28, the rioting began, and Santerre's mob attacked Vincennes, the Royalist gentlemen believed that the hour of threatened conspiracy had sounded, and they hastened to rally at the palace, armed with swords and pistols. At about eight o'clock the soldiers returned from Vincennes, having quelled the disturbance, and as everything appeared to be quiet the assembled gentlemen prepared to depart. But as they issued from the royal apartments they were seized upon by the soldiers, arrested, searched, disarmed, and driven down the stairs with blows and thrusts. Certain officers of the National Guard, angered at the brutality of the soldiers, hastened to inform the Duke de Brissac and the Duke de Villequier of what was happening, and they in their turn related the matter to the king. The king immediately quitted his rooms, and, coming into the hall where several of the gentlemen still were, he assured them that he was profoundly touched by their devotion to his person, and thanked them with all his heart. As, however, their presence caused uneasiness to the National Guard, who would not allow him to have any other defenders than themselves, he requested all the gentlemen to disarm then and there, and leave

their weapons behind them. This they did, and went their way ; and each as he went out was searched by the soldiery. Lafayette ordered the weapons left to be confiscated, but that same evening they were seized by the soldiers, and sold on the following day for next to nothing. It was only natural that the Jacobin journals should make merry over the hustled, maltreated Royalists and the ludicrous fiasco of their enterprise. But it is only fair to remember that, if the enterprise had the misfortune to be ludicrous, it was not dishonorable, and that the knights of the dagger are as fictitious as the heroes of the "Vengeur."

CHAPTER XXXI

THE FALL OF THE TITAN

EARLY in March the king fell ill. It is hardly surprising that the new conditions of his life, circumscribed and guarded, the change from the liberal air of Versailles to the close atmosphere of a capital city, should have told upon the health of a man who loved the open air like a trapper, and found health and pleasure in the rudest forms of physical exercise. To the leaders, however, of the revolutionary press the king's indisposition was a theme only for mirth or for suspicion. Desmoulins made merry over the fact that the majesty of the Assembly's sittings should be interrupted daily "to hear the ridiculous technology of the doctors on the occasion of the cold of the eldest of the Capets." Marat, on the other hand, was not hilarious. To his dark mind all things were darkly suspicious, and the king's cold only another part of the eternal plot against the Revolution. The Friend of the People denied that the king had ever been ill, and insisted that the pretended malady was only an imposition practised by the ministers, with the connivance of the physicians, to favor the king's escape.

Politics are seldom a school for manners, and political journalism is not always urbane. It was the misfortune of the French Revolution that, as Mirabeau had complained, its politicians always persisted in regarding difference of opinion as a crime and personal abuse as argument. It was the misfortune of the French Revo-

lution that its journalists on all sides behaved with a ferocity, with a brutality, that has seldom been rivalled, and that could not be surpassed.

Undoubtedly the king was ill. It ought to be possible for a politician to champion the purest republicanism without finding in the illness of a king a subject merely for mirth or insult. Kings are mortal, and can catch cold as readily as the meanest. Perhaps the official bulletins, perhaps the ministerial journals, gave a somewhat exaggerated importance to the condition of the king's health. But it had always been the custom to attach a great importance to the health of reigning kings, and it was hardly reasonable to expect the official world and the ministerial world to change its habits because new opinions were abroad in France. Undoubtedly the king was ill; undoubtedly the condition of his health was of importance. But another man was ill, too, the condition of whose health was of infinitely more importance than that of the king. Mirabeau was ill, dangerously ill. During his Presidency he had for two days been obliged to absent himself from the chair, and in the first part of the month of March he suffered from violent attacks of colic. Everything combined against him to increase his illness. The uncertainty of his position—distrusted by the court on the one side, distrusted by the democrats on the other—must have harassed even his gallant spirit. He had worked terribly hard in the last few years, and he had lived terribly hard as well. If he worked like ten men, he also played like ten men. He ate much, or at least he loved good cheer. He drank much, though not to excess; drinking, said the younger Mirabeau, was the only vice his brother had left to him. He loved much—often in the crudest significance of the word. The sensual excesses which his

great physique might have endured under other conditions—conditions of activity, exercise, the open air—told heavily upon him at a time when his political labors had debarred him from all custom of exercise. Of late days he had even driven in a carriage from his own door to the door of the Assembly. He seemed, like Atlas, to have held the world on his back for a season, with all its pains and all its pleasures; but, like Atlas, he groaned beneath the load, and now it overcame him.

He appears to have been conscious of his fading health, of his waning strength; he seems to have spoken at times with pleasure of the prospect of approaching death. He was weary, he was outworn; but his courage was indomitable. Though he might well despair alike of his friends and his enemies, though he might feel with unfathomable bitterness the hopelessness of the task that he essayed, he never showed a sign of weakness, he never stayed his hand from the task. He came to the Assembly again and again in such a condition of health that it seemed amazing that he could go abroad at all, much less stand and speak. No subject was too little or too great for the last flame of his vast intellect. He read before the Assembly a long speech on the question of mines. He played a part in the discussion on the regency. When his friends told him that he was attempting impossibilities he bade them never vex him with that fool's word impossible, and applied himself with more desperate energy than ever to the work at hand. His interest in the discussion on mines was largely an interest of friendship. The question before the Assembly was to fix what in the future should be the rights of mine-owners. De la Marck, who was interested in mines, was anxious that

Mirabeau should exert his influence on the side he advocated.

Mirabeau made a great speech on the first debate, on March 21st. On the 22d he made a sudden and successful attack upon the War Minister, Duportail, for his neglect to defend the frontier of Alsace. He took a conspicuous part in the debates on the regency. Only a little while before Mirabeau himself had asked for a law of regency, but now he had changed his mind, and wished to retard a discussion from which the monarchy could hope for little good. On March 22, therefore, when Thouret brought forward a project for a regency law prepared by the constitutional committee, Mirabeau opposed the precipitate introduction of the question. He declared that he was not prepared for the debate, and he defended his want of preparation by the wretched state of his health. Cazalès, who seldom showed regard for Mirabeau, now rose and supported his plea, reminding the Assembly that under similar conditions the English House of Commons had taken into consideration the state of health of Charles James Fox. But the appeal was unsuccessful. Duport somewhat pompously declared that the Assembly should be guided by the light of pure reason alone, and not by the magic of great names, like the names of Pitt and Fox. The debate began; it lasted some time; Mirabeau spoke often. The question was difficult and complex, and Mirabeau's attitude towards it not entirely easy to understand. He maintained still, as he had long maintained, that only a prince of French birth could hold the regency. But on the question whether the regency should be absolutely hereditary, or chosen by an Assembly especially elected for the purpose, he seemed at first undecided. In the end, however, he declared that in a

constitutional system it mattered little which scheme was adopted, and he concluded that it would be better to set aside the elective and accept the hereditary plan. This was the conclusion to which the Assembly finally came.

It is said that after the conclusion of the debate on the regency Mirabeau committed the folly of sharing in a wild supper-party, and of passing the night in the company of two dancing-women. The story may or may not be true. From what is known of Mirabeau, it does not bear on its face the seal of falsehood. On March 26, in any case, he hastened to his house at Argenteuil to get some little strength from the pure country air. But he was so ill during the night that on the morning of the 27th it was as much as he could do to drag himself to Paris.

He should not have attempted to drag himself to Paris, but it was characteristic of the man to do so. Great in so many things, he was great also in his friendships. He called De la Marck his friend; he believed that he was indebted to him for much. The discussion on mines was to be resumed, and De la Marck's interests were concerned. He had promised to do all he could for De la Marck, and he was resolved to keep his word at whatever risk. When he got to Paris, De la Marck visited him, and was so shocked at his appearance and condition that he entreated him not to go to the Assembly. But Mirabeau insisted. "My friend," he said, "those people will ruin you if I do not go." He would not even allow De la Marck to accompany him. He went to the Assembly. He did everything in his power to shape the law according to his own wishes. He spoke five times, and the question was settled as he wished. After the sitting was over he staggered out on to the

Terrace of the Feuillants, where a young doctor named Lacheze was waiting for him. Lacheze carried him in his carriage to De la Marck's house, where Mirabeau fell helpless and exhausted on a bed. "Your cause is gained," he said to De la Marck, "but I am a dead man."

Lacheze carried Mirabeau to his country-house at Argenteuil, where the pains of his malady increased. He was very anxious to be attended by the already celebrated physician Cabanis, and he insisted on returning to Paris, unaware that Cabanis was on the point of setting out to find him at Argenteuil. When Mirabeau got to Paris he took a bath, which made him feel so much better that he insisted, in his madness, on going to the Italian opera in the evening. That was his last appearance in public. He grew worse, and was got to his house with difficulty. Cabanis was summoned, and found his case critical. On Tuesday, March 29, there was still some hope that he might get better, but on the Wednesday he grew worse.

It was soon known that Mirabeau was seriously ill, and at once the sympathy and alarm of all classes and parties were general. The Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, says Norvins, became a neutral and friendly territory during the brief malady of Mirabeau, where men of every party met in common anxiety to ask each other how Mirabeau fared, and if his state were better or worse. "How many hours I passed," wrote Norvins, years afterwards, "in that street, where a room on the first floor of a little house enclosed the destiny of the French monarchy and of the country!" It was in that street, he says, that he learned to what a degree of civilization and of true fraternity a common misfortune could bring beings the most unlike and alien, the most exalted or the most degraded, in memories, in hopes, in

education, and in prejudices. A strange familiarity, full of the kindest feeling, governed the crowd that daily assembled in the neighborhood of Mirabeau's dwelling. It had become a sanctuary, a palladium; people came there freely who would have been insulted or attacked in other quarters of the town.

Mirabeau soon felt that he was doomed, and abandoned all hope. Hearing the sound of cannon, he said to Frochot, "Are these already the obsequies of Achilles?" To Talleyrand, who came to see him, he gave the draft of a speech he had prepared on the law relating to wills, asking to have it read in the Assembly. It should be humorous, he said, to hear a speech against wills by a man who is no more, and who has just made his own. His thoughts were busy with the action of England towards France, and he spoke of Pitt. "Pitt," he said, "is the minister of preparations; he governs with threats. Had I lived I should have given him some trouble." He faced his fate with courage—with something of a pagan calm. Looking upon the sun which shone, as we know, so brightly in those April days when he lay a-dying, he said: "If that is not God, it is, at least, His cousin." "Open the window," he said to Cabanis; "I know that I shall die to-day. All that remains is to steep myself in perfumes, to crown myself with garlands, to surround myself with flowers, and so to enter peaceably into the eternal sleep." A little later, as it has been finely said, the death cry of the eagle succeeded to the death song of the swan. "I carry with me the doom of the monarchy, whose ruins will become the spoil of factions." On the morning of April 2 he traced upon a slate a wish for sleep—only sleep. He asked De la Marck, who had professed an admiration for beautiful deaths a little while before: "Well,

dear connoisseur in the art of dying, are you content with me?" On the morning of April 2 he died in the arms of De la Marck. He was in the forty-second year of his age.

When De la Marck was convinced that Mirabeau was dying he entreated him to allow his private papers to be destroyed, among which were his letters to the king and the queen. Mirabeau replied: "What, would you have me die altogether? Some success at the tribune has scarcely effaced the remembrance of my irregularities; but in that portfolio is my justification, my glory; by means of it would be known my views, my plans, my soul, my genius—all that would show me to my fellow-citizens such as I am, all that would have exalted me hereafter; and you ask it to be sacrificed!" De la Marck represented to him that he could not deceive the confidence of the king, nor aggravate the misfortunes of the queen, whose fate he pitied, and whose character he respected. Mirabeau then consented to allow De la Marck, with the aid of Pellenc, to go through all his papers. They did so, and burned a large quantity. What were not destroyed De la Marck took charge of, and kept in a place of safety, to be given to the world in their due season.

It was rumored abroad that Mirabeau had been poisoned—poisoned in some mysterious way by certain of his enemies. To refute this Cabanis published his account of the last days of Mirabeau; but the belief was wide-spread. The conduct of his secretary, De Comps, who in his despair tried to kill himself, gave some color to the story, and Stern, in his "Life of Mirabeau," declares that the family of Mirabeau never ceased to believe that he had been poisoned. Madame de Tourzel records in her memoirs that the queen ordered

her physician, Vicq-d'Azir, to be present at the report of the post-mortem examination, and to give an account of it to her. According to Vicq-d'Azir, mortification had set in so quickly that the body had to be placed in a tent in the middle of his garden. The queen asked Vicq-d'Azir if he undertook to say that Mirabeau was not poisoned. Madame de Tourzel says that Vicq-d'Azir made an evasive reply, afraid to answer in the affirmative for fear of the vengeance of the Jacobins. It must be remembered that the rumor of poison, on the sudden death of any great man, is easily spread, readily believed, and difficult to refute. The state of Mirabeau's health and the rashness of Mirabeau's conduct seem quite sufficient to account for his death without seeking a cause more characteristic of the Rome of the Borgias than the Paris of the Revolution.

Nevertheless, Count de Montgaillard, in his "Souvenirs," is very precise in his affirmation of the poisoning of Mirabeau. There can be no doubt, he says, of his tragic death. The three doctors, Dessault, Pelletan, and Lacoste, the operators of the dissection, declared formally in 1793 to the Committee of Public Safety of the Convention that they had found the traces of poison in the stomach and the intestines, and that they were convinced that Mirabeau had been poisoned. According to Montgaillard, the poison was administered during a dinner given to Mirabeau at Talleyrand's suggestion by thirty-eight influential deputies of the Right and Left. The dinner was at a restaurant in the ground-floor of the Opéra Comique Théâtre in the Boulevard des Italiens, the restaurant afterwards occupied by Citizen Rose. When all the guests were assembled, strict orders were given that the doors were to be closed, and that no stranger was to be admitted

into the dining-room on any pretext whatever. For some reason or other, Prince Charles of Hesse, who was devoted to Mirabeau, had his suspicions aroused. He hastened to the restaurant, but in spite of all his entreaties he was not allowed to cross the threshold, or even to send in a letter to Mirabeau. Full of anxiety, he waited for him till he came out and confided to him his fears. "It is too late, my friend," Mirabeau is said to have answered. "The scoundrels are quite capable of it." After a short talk with the Prince, Mirabeau went to the house of Mademoiselle Coulon, an actress of the Opera. This was on March 26. The next day the fatal illness declared itself.

Many historians have cherished the belief that if Mirabeau had lived he might have stayed, delayed, or changed the course of the Revolution. Others, and among them his latest biographer, Von Holst, believe that he died at the right time for his reputation. In the discussion on the residence of public functionaries a short time before his death, he said that he was resolved to resist every kind of faction which should attempt to infringe the principles of the monarchy in whatever system it might exist, in whatever part of France it might show itself. But even if he had remained faithful to this principle, there were too many obstacles to render the success of his efforts probable. A revolution may be prevented, it may perhaps up to a certain point in its progress be arrested or guided; but even the genius of Mirabeau might have struggled ineffectually against the heavy odds offered by an irresolute king, the mad partisans of the Old Order, the disorganization of the army, the strong impulse which moved the mass of the people, the despotism of the clubs, and the license of the journalists. He was

also an object of suspicion ; if his relations with the court were known to some few, they were guessed at by very many. But he knew and lamented that the greatest obstacle in his way was his want of moral character. "What could I not have done," he said, "if I had the character of Malesherbes?" Nature unfortunately rarely frames such marvels. The Cæsars, the Mirabeaus, the Napoleons seldom obey the morals of the porch or the creeds of the cloister.

It might be hard, if it were necessary, to define the religious opinions of Mirabeau. In his speeches he always spoke with respect of religion. A letter of his to Romilly, written in London in March, 1785, contains a general expression of his opinions on the immortality of the soul. If there was something pagan in his way of passing from the world, at least in his last illness he so far complied with appearances as to pass three-quarters of an hour alone with an ecclesiastic, Lamourette, the constitutional Bishop of Lyons, whose name, for another reason, remains in history. Mirabeau has been accused of ending his life, as he lived it, too dramatically. Talleyrand said of him that he dramatized his death. A French writer says of him that he died as a man dies on the stage ; he felt the presence of the people about his house and he strove to give to his last hours a poetic majesty worthy of his audience. At least, he did nothing common or mean upon that memorable scene, and he passed from the stage upon which he had played so great a part with the dignity of a Roman. "Moralities not a few" may shriek out against him, did shriek out against him in his day, have shrieked out against him since. It is no more than just that the world should wish its great men to live greatly. But what is memorable in Mirabeau is not the the-

atrical side of his character, but the work he dreamed and the work he did ; not his paganism but his patriotism ; not the nights he gave to his dancing-women, but the days he gave to France.

The National Assembly resolved that the members should attend the funeral of Mirabeau. It was also decreed that the new church of Sainte-Genève, under the name of the Pantheon, should receive the mortal remains of great men who had died since the commencement of the epoch of liberty ; and that Mirabeau should be interred there by the side of Descartes. On the pediment of the church were to be cut the words : "To great Men, their grateful country." All the public authorities of Paris and of the department, the National Assembly, the National Guard, and the various popular societies swelled the funeral pomp. The oration was pronounced in the church of Saint-Eustache. A discharge of fire-arms from twenty thousand National Guards shattered all the windows, and seemed to shake the building to its foundation. It was late at night when the procession reached the church of Sainte-Genève by the light of torches. The remains of Mirabeau were carried to the grave with more than regal honors.

At the moment of Mirabeau's death only one voice was publicly raised in denunciation of the dead man whom all Paris united to honor. Death made no difference to the passions, put no bridle on the tongue of Marat. He cried aloud his catalogue of accusations ; he exulted in the removal of an enemy ; he protested against the honor to be paid to Mirabeau's remains. "If," he said, in unconscious prophecy, "if ever liberty were established in France, and if ever any legislature, remembering what I have done for my country, should

be moved to accord me a place in Sainte - Geneviève, I protest, here and now, against the unforgivable affront." Three years later the remains of Mirabeau were removed from the Pantheon to make way for the body of Marat.

But if Marat wrote bitterly of the dead man and bruited his words abroad, there were others who thought scarcely less bitterly, but who confided their opinions to their diaries or their correspondence. We can read two judgments expressed on Mirabeau's character, immediately upon his death—the one by an American, the other by an Englishman—which are interesting as examples of the signal failure of two able men to appreciate even distantly the genius of Mirabeau and the greatness of his place in the history of his France.

Gouverneur Morris wrote on April 4, 1791: "It has been a prodigious fine day. The funeral of Mirabeau (attended, it is said, by more than one hundred thousand persons in solemn silence) has been an imposing spectacle. It is a vast tribute paid to superior talents, but no great incitement to virtuous deeds. Vices, both degrading and detestable, marked this extraordinary creature. Completely prostitute, he sacrificed everything to the whim of the moment. 'Cupidus alieni, prodigus sui'; venal, shameless, and yet greatly virtuous when pushed by a prevailing impulse, but never truly virtuous, because never under the steady control of reason nor the firm authority of principle, I have seen this man, in the short space of two years, hissed, honored, hated, mourned. Enthusiasm has just now presented him gigantic; time and reflection will shrink that stature."

Mr. Miles wrote to Lord Rodney from Paris in a letter which, curiously enough, is dated April 1, 1791, that

he had just heard of the death of Mirabeau. "If Mirabeau had been an honest man, or if he had possessed either virtuous pride or noble sentiments, he might by his talents and acquired knowledge have rendered his country most essential service ; but he was mercenary, though extravagant, and vain, vulgar, and mean, ready to sell himself to any party who thought him worth buying. I knew him personally. You may form some idea of him when I inform you that he was an object of dread and contempt to all parties." In another letter, four days later, to Mr. Somers Cocks, he wrote : "Thus has ended the life of a man who was at once the pride and infamy of his country and on whom her hopes of resurrection finally rested. In England his abilities would not have advanced him to a place of trust. Few men but what have virtues that atone for their vices—I speak of men in exalted situations ; he had none. Scenes of low debauchery marked his career through life, and with petty larceny among his vices he would have been excluded from good society."

Other and wiser contemporaries have erred as greatly, as gravely. Lord Brougham, in one of the many attractive and eccentric pages that his omnivorous and would-be omniscient intelligence has devoted to the French Revolution, has pleased his fancy with some whimsical reflections on what might have been if Mirabeau had not died when he did. The might have beens, says Carlyle, in effect, are for the most part a vanity, and Lord Brougham's singular speculations cannot be excepted from the rule. Lord Brougham thinks that, although Mirabeau died at forty-two, he lived in times when, as he finely phrases it, each week staggered under the load of events that had formerly made centuries to bend, and that he had thus lived long enough to

show all that he could have attained if his life had been prolonged to the usual period. Had he perished a few weeks earlier, perhaps a few days, Brougham thinks that some doubt might have existed over the course which awaited him had he survived, since his purchase by the court was but just completed when he died, and his eagerness to be bought had made him precipitately hurry on the completion of the bargain. But of one thing Brougham cannot doubt, that in a few months, or possibly in a few weeks, Mirabeau would have become hateful to the people whose idol he was at his death, and that his whole influence, his character for patriotism, his reputation for political courage, even the fame of his talents, would have perished in attempting to earn the stipulated price and to save the court to which he had sold himself after all but accomplishing its destruction. This judgment seems as hazardous as the information upon which it is founded is inaccurate. But it is the picture Brougham draws of the possibilities of Mirabeau's career, had Mirabeau lived, which most amazes and most amuses. It is probable, Brougham says, that he would have emigrated and lived obscure and penniless abroad. It is next to certain that had he remained in France he would have been among the first victims of the reign of terror. Here truly are a pair of astonishing prophecies. It is hard to say which is the more astounding. To picture Mirabeau under any conditions and in any exile as obscure is to display an extravagance of imagination belonging rather to burlesque than to history. Nor is it much more reasonable to assume that Mirabeau must certainly have fallen a victim to the reign of terror. It is not certain that he could have saved the monarchy—so difficult an adventure was probably rendered impossible by the

character of the monarch—but it is only reasonable to assume that the man who could dominate the Assembly and sway the Jacobins might have carried his head safe from the guillotine. It was Mirabeau's death that made Robespierre's opportunity. But it is as vain to combat as to frame such speculations ; it is enough that Mirabeau died, and that by his death France lost her greatest statesman.

To another of Mirabeau's contemporaries in England, to Hazlitt, Mirabeau was the alarm-bell of the Revolution, the mouth-piece of the Assembly, the very model of a French orator. "If he had been less of a mountebank or actor he would not have produced the effect he did. He caught with singular felicity and animation the feeling of the moment, and, giving it a ten-fold impulse by his gesture, voice, and eye, sent it back with electrical force into the breasts of his audience. He seized the salient point of every question, saw the giddy fluctuation of opinion, and rushed in and turned it to his own advantage. By his boldness and promptitude he exercised a dictatorial power over the Assembly, and held them in subjection by a brilliant and startling succession of pointed appeals, as Robespierre afterwards did by the reiterated and gloomy monotony of his denunciations." According to Hazlitt, Mirabeau bore a resemblance to the late Lord Chatham in his commanding tone and personal apostrophes, but with more theatrical display and rhetorical commonplace. Hazlitt thinks, as Von Holst thinks, that Mirabeau died just in time to save his popularity, or—and here Hazlitt partially agrees with Brougham—to prevent his becoming in all probability an abject and formidable deserter from the cause of the people. The author of "Waverley" believed that had the apostle of the Revo-

lution—for so he terms Mirabeau—lived much longer he would either have averted its progress, or his dis-severed limbs would have ornamented the pikes of those multitudes who, as it was, followed him to the grave with weapons trailed and howling and lamentation.

It is curious rather than important to read so many vain judgments, so many singular misconceptions. Mirabeau is known to the world now in all his greatness, and the faults which seemed so terrible to his contemporaries sink into insignificance beside the majesty of his genius. There is no need, as Lanfrey finely says, to undertake a rehabilitation of Mirabeau which Mirabeau would have himself disdained. Souls like his may be seen in all their nakedness, and their very vices need not fear the light, for they have at least a redeeming quality of grandeur. He was the greatest figure that the Revolution produced, the greatest man of his country and his time. It is unnecessary to speculate upon what he might have been ; it is enough to remember what he was.

CHAPTER XXXII

FLIGHT

VON SYBEL says that the first period of the Revolution closed with the death of Mirabeau. The phrase is approximately accurate. The death of Mirabeau marked the beginning of the end of the first period of the Revolution. The one supremely great man had gone from the scene; the rest of the play was to be played for long enough by men of lesser power and smaller aims. The whole conditions of the struggle were changed. The men who believed that the Revolution was ended were right in a sense. The Revolution that Mirabeau had helped to make was over and done with; the Revolution that Mirabeau might have helped to mar began to dawn with his death. Mirabeau's scheme for a constitutional monarchy supported by a parliamentary government and guided by a ministry chosen from the majority of the representatives of the people, the scheme to which he devoted all his energies, the scheme that might have made the French political system as stable as that of England, died with his death. The folly of Blin and Lanjuinais was outstripped by the folly of Robespierre when he called upon the National Assembly to prohibit any deputy from undertaking the office of minister for the next four years. That and the self-denying ordinance which prohibited any member of the Constituent Assembly from being elected to its successor were errors great

enough to account for many, if not for most, of the misfortunes that followed on their heels.

All the disturbances, all the disorders that had accompanied the dawn of the National Assembly now attended upon its sunset. The country, covered by the net-work and moved by the elaborate mechanism of the Jacobin clubs, grew daily more insubordinate to those who had been its leaders, more enthusiastic about men who had hitherto played at the best a secondary part in the business. The popular fury that in 1789 spent its rage against the castles and the owners of castles was now directed against the convents and the clergy. The papal rejection of the civil constitution of the clergy was the pretext for anti-religious riots whose victims were the priests and nuns who served and the believers who dared to profess their ancient faith. In the name of liberty, the apostles of the new dispensation scourged, drowned, insulted, and menaced those who claimed the freedom to follow their own faith in their own way. All the brutalities of the war against parchments and privileges were renewed against the missal and the monastery. It had been a crime to be a noble; it was now a crime to be a priest.

This form of patriotism had become a kind of frenzy. A noble or a former noble was hardly looked upon as a man. The agents of the Revolution and of the Counter-Revolution were scouring the provinces, working towards one end by different means. The colonies were thrown in a blaze by the declaration of the rights of man. The slaves felt that they, too, were men. The Assembly made experiments in emancipation which were excellently meant, but which unfortunately led, like so many of the experiments of the Assembly, to disastrous results for a time. Its decree that colored persons who

were born of free fathers and mothers should be eligible to the colonial Assemblies was followed by a letter from the members from the colonies to the Assembly saying that they thought it their duty to abstain from attending its sittings. Confusion reigned everywhere ; there was coherence nowhere. Louis might very well believe that the time had come about, predicted so long ago by Fénelon, the time of a sudden and violent revolution which, instead of moderating the excessive power of the king, would destroy it irremediably. The walls of his prison were shrinking closer upon the captive, and his desire for escape grew greater.

After Mirabeau's death, Montmorin partially adopted Mirabeau's plan for releasing the king from his difficulties. The ideas of Montmorin jumped with those of Bouillé. The emperor was to make a demonstration which would serve as a pretext for collecting the French troops ; the king was to put himself at the head of these troops, and then, according to Mirabeau's scheme, he was to summon the National Assembly to him and to modify the Constitution. Louis listened to Montmorin's advice, empowered him to make arrangements with the ambassadors of Austria and Spain, and all the while kept secret the plan which he had really adopted. By this plan the king was to leave Paris secretly, to throw himself into some strong place, which Bouillé should name, and there to take the necessary measures to restore tranquillity to the kingdom. If the king could not succeed in this enterprise with the assistance of his own troops, he was then to call in foreign aid. At all events, by thus putting himself at the head of this movement, he would force the emigrant princes to play a secondary part, and secure himself against the dependent position which he would be in if he

recovered his authority by means of the emigrants alone.

One event intensified the king's sense of captivity. He wished to perform his Easter devotions at Saint-Cloud, and no secret was made of his intention to leave Paris for the purpose on April 18. But the intention aroused a fury of protest. The Cordeliers flamed out into a proclamation denouncing the king for sheltering and encouraging refractory priests. The Cordeliers gave their hint, and the hint was taken by the mob. When the 18th came and the king and queen prepared to depart, they found the Tuileries surrounded by a hostile multitude whom the presence of Bailly, the presence of Lafayette, wholly failed to restrain. The king and queen entered their carriage, but they were permitted to do no more. The crowd closed about them menacingly, resolutely barring the way. There were National Guards present in plenty, but they could or would do nothing; and some even joined in swelling the volume of the cries against the king's departure. Lafayette begged the king to wait, declared that he was resolved not to give ground to riot, and vowed to clear a way by force. But it was easier to make the vow than to keep it. Lafayette was as powerless as Bailly, whose harangues had not the slightest effect upon the people. The king and queen sat for two hours in the carriage, victims of insult, and at last, in despair, gave up the contest and returned to the palace.

The next day the king went to the Assembly by the advice of his ministers. He spoke in very moderate terms of the events of the preceding day. He said that it was for the interest of the nation that there should be no doubt about his personal liberty, and he declared that he still persisted in his intention to go to Saint-

Cloud. He added that he had accepted and sanctioned the Constitution, of which the civil constitution of the clergy was part, and that he would maintain it with all his power. The President in his reply said nothing about the journey to Saint-Cloud. In order to convince the people of the king's sincere attachment to the Constitution, Montmorin communicated to the Assembly an official copy of a circular letter to the French ambassadors at foreign courts. The letter stated that the king commissioned Montmorin to instruct each ambassador that it was his most particular pleasure that the ambassador should make known to the court at which he resided the open acceptance that his Majesty had given to the new form of government, and his irrevocable oath to maintain it. This panegyric on the Revolution by the king was received with the most lively enthusiasm by the Left and the galleries, and the reading was interrupted at every phrase by applause and cries of "Long live the king!" It seems strange that Louis should have condescended to order his minister to sign a document in which the report that he was not free was called an atrocious calumny, and so called by the man who could not even go a few miles from Paris when he wished. But Louis was never a tactful or a dexterous politician. As soon as this circular to the ambassadors was sent, with its panegyric of the Revolution and its denial of the king's captivity, secret agents were despatched to the sovereigns on whose aid Louis relied to explain the king's real meaning—a meaning which might, perhaps, easily have been read between the lines of his letter. The foreign princes had only to imagine themselves in the place of Louis to understand what Louis felt and meant. He was angry and indignant at his captivity; he was at his wits' end to get away; he was undoubted-

ly prepared to countenance any duplicity, to accept any double-dealing which would serve to further his desire to escape. He may have thought that his treatment justified any deception on his part; if he did, his action was as impolitic as it was unscrupulous. But he was in a most humiliating position, a king and no king, and he may well have longed for any pretext to leave Paris behind him.

Lafayette was humbled as much as the king, for his own National Guard had refused to obey him. He sent in his resignation; and, though urged not to persist in his resolution, he did persist until it was proposed by one of the battalions, and agreed to by all, that every citizen soldier should swear upon his honor to obey the law, and that those who would not take the oath should be excluded from the National Guard. Upon this Lafayette resumed his command, on April 25, and his first step was promptly to disarm, in conformity with a decree of the municipality, a company of grenadiers who had set the example of insubordination on the 18th. But the clubs were not disconcerted. The Cordeliers denounced the new oath which the National Guard had taken, and by a placard declared it to be unconstitutional; and they received among them a man who had been expelled from the National Guard for grossly insulting the king on the day of the intended journey to Saint-Cloud. After all, the king did not go to Saint-Cloud, and he heard mass performed at his parish church by constitutional priests. He was a captive, and he knew it.

Lafayette was not alone among the leaders of the Revolution in feeling uneasy at the turn things were taking, and in dreading a decline of popularity. The bitterest opponents of Mirabeau began to realize soon

after his death that his disappearance was not the end, but rather the beginning, of their difficulties. The two Lameths, Duport, and Barnave perceived that their domination of the popular movement was no longer to be unquestioned or undivided. Barnave's sense of insecurity had led him to attempt to enter into relations with Montmorin, and now Alexander Lameth sought to do the like. The desire to govern and to guide a ministry began to animate these leaders of the people, and the desire of the leaders, vaguely guessed at by the led, awakened distrust in the popular mind and a desire for newer chiefs of a purer democratic temper. Men began to suggest to each other that the true spirit of the Revolution was incarnated in the slender body and shone through the dim, cold eyes of Robespierre. Robespierre had already assumed a new position in the Assembly; he seemed to push his way towards the vacant place of Mirabeau. He pitted himself against Duport, and with success, in the debates on the constitution and composition of the Legislative Assembly that was to succeed to the Constituent Assembly. Duport was alarmed, with the alarm that overtakes the professor of extreme opinions who finds himself faced by a champion of opinions more advanced. He professed to fear a social disorganization, to be alarmed at a mania for simple principles whose effect would be to loosen all the springs of government. While he recognized that the Revolution was accomplished, he denied that in consequence liberty was not in danger, and he urged the unwisdom of having a completely new legislative body without experience and easily misled.

All these were strange words to come from Duport's lips, and they betrayed strange thoughts in Duport's mind. They were as unavailing in their aim as they were

inappropriate to their speaker. If Mirabeau doubted his power to change the course of the Revolution, how could Duport hope to do the deed? Those who had denounced Mirabeau as reactionary, those who derided Lafayette as reactionary, were not likely to tolerate reaction in Duport. In all this debate Robespierre seemed to assert himself as the present rival, as the future master, of Duport and the men who ranged with Duport. But if they were opposed in much, Robespierre and Duport agreed in speaking against the punishment of death. The speech of Robespierre is of interest with regard to his future career. He argued that if the laws make human blood flow which they can ill spare and which they have no right to shed, if they exhibit to the eyes of the people scenes of cruelty and dead bodies mutilated by torture, then they destroy in the heart of the citizen the ideas of justice and injustice, and sow in the bosom of society the seeds of furious prejudices, which produce others in their turn. Man is no longer for man an object so sacred, society has a less elevated idea of his dignity, when the public authority sports with his life. On June 1 the Assembly decreed that the punishment of death should be retained, but that it should be simply a privation of life, without the addition of any torture, and should be effected by decapitation.

Robespierre had his own way in the matter of debarring the members of the Constituent Assembly from being elective to the Legislative Assembly, although, however, he declared himself in favor of the re-eligibility of members after the interval of one legislature. The debates were keen and hot, but they were not always bitter, not always mirthless. One of the proposed articles of organization of the Legislative Assem-

bly precisely asserted that the king should not have the power to dissolve the legislative body. A member of the Right said that he had a slight amendment to make in this article, which consisted simply in substituting for the words "the king should not," the words "the king should." This raised a laugh, but the article was voted without discussion. The constitutional committee were hastening to the close of their labors. A decree of May 27 fixed the meeting of the primary assemblies between the 12th and the 25th of June, and that of the electors, who were to choose the members of the legislative body, for July 5.

The great object of the Jacobins was to influence the new elections. Robespierre was specially appointed by the Jacobin Club to draw up the instructions for the affiliated clubs. Three thousand copies of his paper were printed, and sent to the affiliated societies and to the sections of Paris. It was an exhortation to electors to attend punctually at the primary assemblies, and to vote for virtuous men and men of ability. If they could not find both qualities united, they were to vote for the virtuous man in preference to the man who had only ability. Those whom the electors were to distrust most were the men who were cruelly moderate, as these were more dangerous than the declared enemies of the Revolution.

At this very time the king made a desperate attempt to escape, the attempt which lives in history as the flight to Varennes. Few episodes in a story which is all contentious have caused more contentions than this attempt to escape. The tale is all a tangle which it has seemed impossible to get quite straight, or even partially disentangled. Writers have wrangle dover it as fiercely, have disagreed as desperately, as over any of

the many debatable matters which make up the record of the French Revolution. The accounts of all the various persons who took part in the business in any way, and, taking part, have left any statement of their own case or of the case at large, clash irreconcilably, jar angrily, to the despair of their readers. Trying to understand the flight to Varennes is as desperate an enterprise as trying to understand the taking of the Bastille. The evidence is abundant, but exceedingly hard to put to profitable use. Carlyle's famous account is eminently picturesque, but also eminently inaccurate. The same inaccuracy without the same picturesqueness characterizes most of the early French presentations. Alexander Dumas, amazed at the doubts and the discrepancies, took it upon himself to solve the one and smooth away the others by an adventure worthy of the author of "The Three Musketeers." The adventure was not upon the face of it ill advised or likely to prove fruitless. Dumas proposed to travel along the route of the royal fugitives, to follow the course of the journey day by day, hour by hour, and league by league, to test all traditions, and whenever possible to gain information from such survivors of the time, such contemporaries of the attempt, as might still live and look upon the earth in the days when the novelist made his ingenious experiment. The idea was certainly a good one, but its execution does not rank among the successes of the author of "Monte Cristo." The great French authority on the subject, Fournel, says, dryly, that Dumas only wrote one more romance where he thought he was writing a history.

It has been left to two writers of our own time to give in recent years the most luminous and the most accurate accounts of an event that has been involved in

darkness and error. One writer belongs to England, the other belonged to France. The late Victor Fournel published in 1890 his admirable "L'Événement de Varennes," which was an amplification of earlier and elaborate studies of the subject. In 1892 Mr. Oscar Browning published "The Flight to Varennes," a clear and erudite narrative of the utmost value to the student of the theme. Carlyle's account will always remain one of the most fascinating of the many fascinating passages of his book, but it is worse than valueless as a description of what did happen, or as a critical treatment of such evidence as it was open to Carlyle to examine and to balance.

The idea of flight in some form or other had haunted the minds of the royal family, or of those who served the royal family, ever since the taking of the Bastille. Naturally, as ominous event succeeded to ominous event the thought grew stronger. It is needless to enumerate all the various schemes which were proposed, considered, and abandoned. Some of the plans urged the flight or even the abduction of the king. Others, and these by no means the least carefully thought out, only proposed to take measures for the flight of the queen. The plan which Augeard schemed, and which he actually submitted to Marie Antoinette, merely aimed at getting the queen and her children out of the capital and out of France. His argument and the argument of those who aimed, as he aimed, at the evasion of the queen, was that not only was the queen herself in great danger by reason of her unpopularity, but that her unpopularity added to the danger of the king. Augeard's plan resembled in many points the plan of flight that was finally adopted, even to the detail about dressing the dauphin like a little girl. But Marie Antoinette re-

fused to leave her husband, and thenceforward it was obvious that any plan of escape must include the king. The nature of Louis made the execution of any plan difficult in the extreme. He would and he would not ; if he was at odds with the Assembly, he was all for flight, if things seemed to be going a little better, he was all for staying where he was. He confessed to Fersen that he regretted not having gone while he was still at Versailles, and he even tried to argue that he was then willing to go but was prevented by the advice of Broglie, who, on the contrary, had from the first urged the king to go to Metz.

It has been said that the king was more willing to leave than the queen ; that the queen had to be won over after the king had decided upon flight in some form at some time. But this is scarcely to be believed. The king risked much by flight, even by successful flight ; the queen risked very little. Louis XVI. might very well lose his crown in crossing the frontiers, while Marie Antoinette would only find herself nearer to her native land, in safety, and in affectionate association with her own family. There was every reason for Marie Antoinette to wish to leave France, where she found only hatred, for Austria, where she could count upon love. It says much for her sense of her duty to her husband that she refused to gain all this at the price of leaving his side. She stayed to share his fate ; she shared his fate in sharing his attempt to escape.

The death of Mirabeau and the insults of April 18 were probably the final causes which led the king to make up his mind to secret flight from Paris. It was characteristic of him that he should make up his mind when it was too late ; that he should let slip opportunity after opportunity until the very moment when escape

was most difficult, and when the incessant rumors of his desire to escape made him and his friends the objects of a persistent and suspicious watchfulness. But at least since the attempt to go to Saint-Cloud it seemed obvious abroad that the king was a helpless prisoner. While Louis was planning escape, kings and princes were planning his rescue. The Emperor Leopold had declared his intention to release Louis from his captivity by action with the other Powers. The emperor's scheme was that troops were to assemble on the frontiers in July, but were to stay there, while a congress was held to regulate later operations. The emperor's advice to the king and queen was not to think of attempting to recover their freedom themselves, but to increase their popularity, so that when the foreign armies approached the people might see that their only hope of safety was in the king's mediation.

But the king and queen were resolved to hazard an escape. They had made up their minds at last; they had formed their final plan in co-operation with Bouillé, still in authority at Metz, though much harassed and hampered by the new War Minister. Towards the end of May, Louis sent word to Bouillé that he would leave Paris on June 19, a little after midnight. It was quite time to go if he was to go at all. Already rumors of the intended flight were blown about. Montmorin, who knew nothing of the plan nor of the counter-letters to the circular to the ambassadors, strongly denied that there was any truth in the rumors. In a letter to the Assembly he declared upon his responsibility and his honor that the project of escape attributed to the king had never existed; and he stated that he had submitted his letter to the king, who had permitted, and even commanded him, to address it to the Assembly. Lafay-

ette had spoken to the king about the rumors, and the reply of Louis was so frank and positive that Lafayette declared he would answer with his head that the king would not go. Thus suspicions were lulled, and the king and queen were able to proceed with their plans.

There were several momentous questions to settle. What disguise should they adopt? In what name should the passports be taken? What means of conveyance should they choose? What things should be taken with them? Who should accompany them? What measures should be adopted to cheat the watchfulness of their jailers and escape from the Tuileries? The king resolved to make use of a passport which had been applied for and granted to the Baroness de Korff, a Russian lady, a friend of Fersen's. There is a certain mystery about this passport, and about the person it was obtained for. Forneron asserts in his "Histoire des Émigrés" that Madame de Korff did not exist, and that her name concealed the identity of a Mrs. Sullivan, then the mistress, and later the wife, of Mr. Quentin Crauford, who lived in the Rue de Clichy. Mrs. Sullivan was a great friend of Fersen's; she was devoted to the royal family. But it seems certain that there was a real Madame de Korff, and that the real Madame de Korff obtained the passport which the royal family used. She even obtained two passports by alleging that the first had been accidentally destroyed by fire. The passport mentioned the name of the Baroness de Korff as travelling with two children, a maid-servant and manservant, and three men-servants. As for the conveyance, the king was determined that the royal family should all travel in a single coach made expressly for the purpose. He persisted in this against the advice

of Bouillé, who was all in favor of two fast, light English travelling carriages.

Fersen was intrusted with the duty of getting the coach ready for the flight. He arranged, with the aid of Mr. Quentin Crauford and Mrs. Sullivan, for the building of the new berlin that was to carry the fugitives. Mr. Oscar Browning argues that it is quite erroneous to believe, as is commonly believed, that the carriage was a lumbering vehicle, conspicuous by its form and splendor. It was a solid, well-built carriage, painted black and green, with the perch and the wheels the customary yellow. There was little out of the common about it; it looked fairly like an ordinary travelling coach. Not quite ordinary, however. It was very handsomely equipped, very richly furnished, far too heavily encumbered with appliances for adding to the comfort of the journey. It had cost nearly six thousand livres, a very large sum for the time. The description of all the appointments it contained suggests rather the furniture of a small yacht than the inevitable and essential appurtenances of a travelling carriage, the first object of which was secrecy and the second speed.

The goal that the king aimed at was Montmédy, but he resolved to reach it by way of Varennes, contrary to the advice of Bouillé. He also went counter to the advice of Bouillé when he insisted upon having military detachments placed at different points along the road beyond Châlons. Bouillé was strongly opposed to this. He argued that if the detachments were small they would be of no use, and if they were large they would excite suspicion. He was conscious, too, in his heart that he could place but little trust in his troops. The War Minister, Duportail, had done everything in his power to weaken Bouillé by obtaining the decree from

the Assembly allowing the soldiers to frequent the clubs and absorb the new opinions. But Bouillé was obliged to yield on this point, and on yet another point. He wanted the king to take with him the Marquis d'Agoult, an energetic and much-travelled man, instead of Madame de Tourzel, the governess of the royal children. But Madame de Tourzel, according to Bouillé, insisted upon her right to accompany the dauphin. Madame de Tourzel denies this, declares that she never knew of any such suggestion, that she went on the queen's wish, and would, of course, have given way if the king or queen had desired it. In any case, D'Agoult did not go. If his company really had been thought of vital importance, it is probable that he would have been asked to take the place of one of the three body-guards who did escort the king.

The three body-guards were named De Maldent, De Moustier, and De Valory. They had been chosen for the king by the Count d'Agout—who is not to be confounded with the Marquis d'Agoult—from among the body-guards who had been licensed after October 6, 1789. They were chosen chiefly for their physical strength and for their capacity to endure long hours in the saddle. All three were tall men, De Maldent and De Moustier especially tall. The Chevalier de Coigny suggested that the king, instead of these guards, should be accompanied by men of mental rather than physical equipment, men capable in difficulties of taking a decisive course, men intimately familiar with all the roads. But the king decided on the body-guards, whom, at the time that they were chosen for him, he had never seen, though he received them before his departure. These guards were ordered to provide themselves with coats cut in the fashion of couriers, coats of a bright yellow

lined with blue, a habit that scarcely seems calculated not to attract attention.

It was difficult, even impossible, to carry out these plans with absolute secrecy, without arousing any suspicion, even if the actions of those most immediately concerned had been governed by all imaginable discretion. But it cannot be said that their actions were so governed. In the first place the purpose of the royal pair was known to far too great a number of persons. In the beginning the king and queen had intended that the knowledge of the attempt should only be given to two or three persons, to Bouillé, to Breteuil, to Fersen. But Fersen took the Baron de Taube into his confidence. De Mercy knew generally of the project. The Marquis de Bombelles seems to have been initiated at least by the beginning of June. The Emperor Leopold II. was in the confidence of the queen. Gustavus III., King of Sweden, knew something of the scheme from Breteuil and Fersen. D'Agoult knew of it. The Chevalier de Coigny knew of it. Naturally the soldiers who were to be especially concerned in the attempt knew of it, Goguelat and Choiseuil, who were to meet the king at Pont-Sommeville, D'Andoins, who was to meet the king at Sainte-Menehould, Damas, whose place of meeting was Clermont, young Bouillé and young Raigecourt, who were to be ready for the king at Varennes. The Archbishop of Toulouse, Monsieur de Fontanges, who was one of the most favored counsellors of the queen, knew of the desire, almost the determination, to fly, even if he was not informed of the actual plan. Of those in the immediate service of the queen, Madame Thibault and Madame Campan were fully informed. Many others must have formed shrewd suspicions of what was forward, from Monsieur de la Borde, the queen's valet

de chambre, to her hair-dresser, Léonard, whom she had intrusted with her jewels to carry to Brussels. It is possible that the Count d'Agout, who chose the three body-guards, was partially initiated. It is probable that the body-guards were not initiated, but certain that they guessed, and, guessing, were rash enough to confide their impressions to others. Moustier breathed his belief into the ear of a woman named Preville. Valory blabbed to his mistress, who happened also to be the mistress of an extreme revolutionary. It is scarcely surprising if rumors buzzed abroad.

If friends were indiscreet, enemies were busy. The king and queen were surrounded by spies and traitors. One of the queen's most trusted women, who had been with her ever since her marriage, sent twice, in the month of May, 1781, secret communications to Bailly, insisting that the queen was making preparations for flight. Her name was Madame de Rochereuil; she was intimate with many of the deputies; De Gouvion, Lafayette's aide-de-camp, is said to have been her lover. It is asserted in her defence that she was foolish rather than evil; that she was only moved from her fidelity by the hostility of Madame Campan, who had contrived to turn the queen against her, and that she died of grief and remorse. But it was not a single warning, nor the warning of a single person, that directed the attention of authority to the proposed flight. Warnings poured in from all directions. The Royalist newspapers seem to have been scarcely less ready than the Revolutionary sheets to predict the departure of the king. Several Jacobin journals predicted the intended escape more than a fortnight before it happened. Fréron, in the *Orateur du Peuple*, inspired by the statement of a woman, called upon the authorities to be on their guard.

Escape was the theme of conversation in the Assembly; it was talked about abroad; it appears to have been spoken of in London by the Prince of Wales, who was the intimate friend of the Duke of Orleans, and Orleans himself seems to have known much about it.

There are those who go so far as to assert that both Lafayette and Bailly were not only well aware of the intended flight, but actually privy to its execution. The accusation would appear to be baseless. Even if they were rash in not paying a greater attention to the warnings, accusations, and denunciations which poured in upon them, it must be remembered that they had considerable justification for their inaction in the very multiplicity of the rumors. It was but a new version of the old fable of the shepherd who cried "Wolf!" too often. The popular press had been so persistent for the past two years in announcing the immediate flight of the king, while the king remained at the Tuileries, that those in authority might well be excused if they had ceased to pay attention to predictions that were never justified. As a matter of fact, however, both Bailly and Lafayette did pay some attention to the latest whispers and warnings. On the 20th, Bailly was so much disquieted by the increasing rumors that, as he was confined to his house by sickness, he sent for three municipal officers of the neighborhood to confer with them. He sent also for Lafayette, communicated his suspicions to him, and begged him to go to the Tuileries and make sure that all was well there.

The assertions as to Lafayette's complicity are more persistent and more precise. Augéard distinctly avers that the queen confided her intention to Lafayette and entreated him to shut his eyes to her departure if he knew of it, and that Lafayette promised to do so. The

Abbé Georgel, in his "Memoirs," gives currency to the story that Marie Antoinette, finding it impossible to escape the vigilance of the general, took him into her confidence, buying his silence in the case of success, and undertaking not to say a single word that could compromise him in the case of failure. It was agreed between them, according to this story, that Lafayette was to let twelve or fifteen hours elapse before giving any warning of the flight. A darker suggestion is that Lafayette knew of the king's project, and allowed him to go only to catch him in a trap on his way; but as the suggestion comes from Grace Elliott, it cannot be regarded as having any importance. Lafayette's own reply to all these accusations was that he and Bailly were the last two men in France to whom the court would be willing to confide a project, the first effect of which, in the hopes and anticipations of the fugitives, would be the massacre of the mayor and the commander-general. Lafayette concluded with the assertion that his personal character was his best defence. It is obvious that Lafayette had everything to lose and nothing to gain by the escape of the king. He was so much disliked by the king and queen that it is hard to believe that they could have confided in him. As to the theory of his being bribed, one can only say, in the epigrammatic phrase of Fournel, that Lafayette was not a man to be bought, and that if we may question his intelligence, we must recognize his honesty.

Whoever was or was not concerned in the flight, rumor was right for once, and the flight was about to take place. Fersen had made all his preparations in Paris. Bouillé had made all his preparations outside Paris, and had stationed the demanded detachments of soldiers at the various points along the road from

Châlons to Montmédy. When it seemed necessary to allege any reason for the posting of troops, it was said that they were to act as escort for an expected treasure. In consequence of some suspicion of one of the dauphin's waiting-women, the date of the departure was changed from the 19th to the 20th of June. The day came and brought the appointed hour. The king and queen were not to be the only fugitives that night. The king's brother, Monsieur, the Count de Provence, was for the road as well. He too was weary of Paris, he too sighed for the freedom of D'Artois, he too perhaps feared for his liberty, if not his life. All through the day of the 20th the king and queen were much agitated. In the evening they were joined by Monsieur, who said them farewell. Provence had, it appears, intended to leave some time before, but postponed his departure when he learned of the king's plan, lest his act should render the king's escape impossible. If he was so far brotherly, he had his reward. He succeeded in making his way across the frontier; the crown of France was yet for him. We have his narrative of his journey, an ignoble piece of work, chiefly occupied with his appetites and his meals. The two brothers never met again.

After Monsieur's departure the royal family supped, and, supping, talked till about eleven, when they went to their rooms and the usual formalities of the coucher. The dauphin had been in bed since nine, and Madame Royale since ten. At eleven o'clock the dauphin was wakened, was dressed like a little girl, and he and his sister, together with Madame de Tourzel, went through unfamiliar corridors to the apartments of the Duke de Villequier. De Villequier had emigrated; his rooms were unused, and in consequence the door on the court-

yard was unfastened and unguarded. Hard by a hackney-coach was waiting with Fersen on the box disguised as a coachman. Fersen drove off with the royal children and their governess, and waited at the Petit Carrousel for three-quarters of an hour. While they waited, Lafayette drove up, and entered the palace to attend the coucher of the king. Bailly had made Lafayette suspicious of attempted flight. Lafayette had taken, as he thought, all possible precautions to prevent it. He stayed talking with the king for some time. He saw nothing to justify his fears. He left, and drove away again, the lights of his lamps gleaming in the darkness, the clatter of his escort jarring the stillness of the night. When he had gone, the king affected to go to bed, but as soon as he was alone he dressed himself in the disguise he had prepared, the dress of a valet, and left the Tuileries alone and unchallenged. In the mean time Madame Elizabeth had joined her nephew and niece at the Petit Carrousel. The king came soon after, and then there was an anxious pause before the arrival of the queen. It seems that the body-guard who escorted her in her evasion from the palace was so ignorant of Paris that he did not know his way to the Petit Carrousel, and, at the queen's suggestion, was directed by one of the horse-guards who was stationed near.

Fersen drove off at once, though, for some reason, perhaps through want of knowledge of Paris, not by the shortest road. Outside the barrier the travelling carriage was ready. The king and queen, the royal children, Madame de Tourzel, and Monsieur de Maldent entered the berlin. Fersen and Monsieur de Moustier mounted the box. De Valory, the third body-guard, took horse and rode towards Bondy to prepare relays. Fersen's own coachman rode one of the four horses that

drew the carriage. The empty coach was upset into a ditch, and the berlin drove off at a rapid pace, for time had been lost ; it was now two o'clock, and dawn was beginning to break. The fugitives reached Bondy in half an hour, and found relays ready. Fersen begged to be allowed to accompany the royal party, but the king unwisely refused, and Fersen rode off, and made his way in safety to Mons. At the next post, Claye, the queen was joined by two of her waiting-women who had been sent on before in a small carriage. In the broad daylight the party went on towards Meaux. The king loudly expressed his joy at escaping from Paris, his intention to play a different part henceforward, and his amusement at the awkward position Lafayette would find himself in when the escape was known. The queen once more breathed freely and enjoyed the pleasing aspect of the country to which she had long been a stranger.

Michelet declares that the journey to Varennes was a miracle of imprudence, and that if all the memoirs were lost, it would be sufficient to consider well all that good sense required, and then to imagine the contrary, to be able to reconstruct the whole narrative. This statement is far too sweeping, but undoubtedly the royal party did many imprudent things. The body-guard, in their bright yellow jackets, were well adapted to attract attention. They had never travelled the road before, and they were unarmed. The large berlin of the king was followed by another containing the queen's women. The king was disguised like a valet, and yet he rode in the same carriage as Madame Tourzel, who acted the part of the Russian baroness : thus the servant and the mistress were sitting face to face. Though it was not likely that the king could be easily recognized in his disguise,

he carelessly showed himself at the carriage-window, and thus lost the habit of taking due precaution. One of the body-guards was on horseback at the carriage-door, another sat on the box, and Valory rode on to order the horses. He is said to have paid the postilions royally, giving them a crown apiece for drinking-money, which was what only the king gave. At Montmirail, a small town between Meaux and Châlons, an accident happened to the harness, and it took an hour or more to repair it. The journey was resumed and everything promised success: the relays of horses were punctually in readiness, and few people were seen on the road. Châlons was the only large town which the royal fugitives had to pass through, and on reaching it they were about one hundred miles from Paris by the road. At Châlons the postmaster is said to have recognized the king, but without showing the slightest emotion he himself assisted in putting the horses to the carriages, and got the postilions off as quickly as he could. The royal family quitted Châlons, and the king, the queen, and his sister simultaneously exclaimed, "Now we are safe!" The next relay of horses was at Pont-Sommevelle, where, according to the orders of Bouillé, troops were to be waiting—forty Lauzun Hussars, under the command of Goguelat. Goguelat had been sent by the king and queen to Bouillé. Bouillé sent him to meet the fugitives at Pont-Sommevelle. On the Monday, Goguelat took forty Lauzun Hussars from Varennes, passed the night at Sainte-Menehould, and rode the next morning to Pont-Sommevelle, where he was to be joined by the young Duke de Choiseul. Choiseul had set out from Paris on the same evening as the royal family, but some time before them. He took with him as his companion Léonard, the queen's hair-dresser, whom the queen had in-

trusted with her jewels, and to whom, on the journey, Choiseul confided the purpose of the night. Too much depended on these two men, Goguelat and Choiseul. Goguelat was a somewhat extraordinary man, for whom the royal family had a great regard. He was vehement, energetic, of a heavy temper, of a choleric disposition, almost a brawler. He had made himself a kind of fame by deliberately insulting the Duke of Orleans in the apartments of the king at a time when to insult Orleans was to show special proof of devotion to the royal cause. He had made himself conspicuous by his ostentatious contempt for the deputies of the Third Estate in the opening days of the National Assembly. He had been intrusted with several secret missions. The queen was convinced of his devotion ; he was looked upon as a sure man. He seemed the type of a brave and daring soldier ; he proved to be the reed painted like the bar of iron. It has been said of him that of all the blunderers in a big blunder none was so bad as he. He disobeyed the most important orders that were given to him, and did badly everything that was left to his discretion. The young Duke de Choiseul was not of much better temper. Frivolous, hasty, impatient, undecided, he was by no means the man to face grave emergency with success, or rise to the height of a great crisis.

When the berlin arrived at Pont-Sommevelle, which was not a town, but merely a posting station, to the astonishment of the travellers no troops were to be seen. This was the first of the swift succession of misfortunes. The arrangements made for the posting of troops had been hopelessly bungled. Bouillé seems to have laid his plans with care and discretion, but both Goguelat and Choiseul blundered badly. Owing to the delay at the beginning of the enterprise, the royal berlin

did not arrive at Pont-Sommevelle at the time appointed—a time, as it would appear, which it would have been difficult to have kept even if there had been no delay of any kind. Choiseul lost his head. Instead of waiting, as he ought to have waited, for the arrival of Valory, the king's courier, he drew off his men by by-roads on the way to Varennes, to avoid, as he professed, a collision with the people, and sent Léonard, the queen's hair-dresser, on the road where the detachments were placed, with the fatal message that he feared the travellers would not pass that day. The troops had arrived at their posts at the appointed hour, had lingered long enough to arouse suspicion, and something more than suspicion, only to be withdrawn from fear of provoking open hostility just at the time when their continued presence might have been of service.

The gloom and alarm which fell upon the fugitives when they found no troops at Pont-Sommevelle deepened when the next stage, Oberval, proved equally unprepared. But the first distinct threat of danger came at the next halt. While it was still quite light the royal berlin reached Sainte-Menehould, and found it in a highly excited condition. Sainte-Menehould was a patriotic town; its patriotism was inflammable, irritable. It had been fiercely irritated by the passage through the town of Goguelat and his forty Lauzun Hussars on their way to Pont-Sommevelle. It was considerably excited by the arrival of thirty-three Dragoons under Captain d'Andoins, who were drawn up in the great square. To D'Andoins came in course of time Léonard with Choiseul's fatal message, which he delivered, and drove on to deliver elsewhere. D'Andoins seems to have been a weak man, anxious to save himself, fearful of any conflict with the people. He re-

buked his subordinate Lagache for sounding the assembly and bringing the Dragoons together, and he ordered the horses to be unsaddled. The order was not an hour old when the berlin drove into the town and drew up at the post-house.

At any time the arrival of so important a travelling carriage would have roused some interest, gained some attention, at a town like Sainte-Menehould. But the town was alive, excited, agitated by the passage of the Hussars, by the presence of the Dragoons. Already at mid-day the newly formed National Guard were armed by the mayor with the three hundred muskets that had been sent from Châlons for the purpose, and it was decided that they should mount guard every evening at eight o'clock. Valory states that Sainte-Menehould was the first town where he saw National Guards in uniform. When the royal berlin rolled into the town, Sainte-Menehould was, as it were, in possession of two armed forces, the Dragoons of D'Andoins and the local National Guard, the two forces suspicious of, if not actually opposed to, each other. The king was, naturally, already agitated by the absence of the detachments of soldiers he had expected. D'Andoins was agitated by the danger of the situation. He whispered to the royal party that their plans were badly laid, and that he would go away to avoid suspicion. But suspicion was roused whether D'Andoins would or no. As fresh horses were being put to, the postmaster, Jean Baptiste Drouet, came up, fresh from work in his field. Part of his twenty-eight years had been passed in the Condé Dragoons, and the ex-soldier had seen the queen at Versailles and thought he recognized her. At this moment the king incautiously put his head out of the window, and Drouet thought he recognized him

too. To make sure he compared the king's face with his picture in little on the assignat with which Valory had just paid for the fresh horses. Drouet was convinced. The carriage contained the king. The same opinion seems to have entered the minds of other spectators. As the carriage, with its anxious occupants, wheeled away it left behind a rapidly growing belief that it carried the King, that it carried the Queen, of France.

Ex-dragon Drouet was a man of decided mind—of decided action. He was then in his political opinions what may be called a constitutional Royalist, but his devotion to the Constitution was stronger than his devotion to the monarchy. It seemed unconstitutional to him that the King of France should presume to leave his country; he was of a mind with those who would act against the king in the king's name. He made his suspicions known to the Town Council, and seems to have so acted upon and animated that body as to make them charge him with the mission to pursue and arrest the king. Drouet was a large, strong man; he was naturally a good rider in his double capacity of Dragoon and postmaster. He made ready to start. Twenty men were eager to accompany him, but there were only two horses available in the stables. He chose, or had chosen for him, as companion, a man named Guillaume, known in the neighborhood as Guillaume de la Hure, and whom an absurd legend identified later with Billaud Varennes. The two men flung themselves upon their horses and galloped hard after the carriage, which was by this time far ahead.

Meanwhile the little town was in a mad uproar. People shrieked aloud in the streets to each other that the carriage must be stopped. From every street armed

men rushed to the common centre of the market-place. The bells rang, the drums of the National Guard beat the general ; Sainte-Menehould was aflame with patriotism, furious with noise. D'Andoins, the incapable, had by this time managed to get his Dragoons' horses resaddled, and made a show of doing something when it was too late to do anything. A stout man might have done something, but D'Andoins was not a stout man. His Dragoons, who were hungry, showed no desire to follow him without first having food and drink ; the National Guard gathered about him and barred his way ; he was forced to the Town-Hall, where he desperately tried to explain that he knew nothing about the coming of the king and queen, but was only acting as escort to an expected treasure. He was commanded to disarm his men, and obeyed the command ; a little later he was flung into prison, roughly handled, and kept in confinement and some risk of his life for five days. After this he was sent to Châlons, and so drops out of the saga.

It is agreeable to find that there was one brave man on the side of the king that day in Sainte-Menehould. Quartermaster Lagache, who had acted wisely and well before in calling out the Dragoons, acted wisely and well now. He thought it would be wise and well to carry the tidings of what had happened to the Count de Damas at Clermont. With his bridle-rein between his teeth, with a pistol in each hand, he spurred his way through the crowd that tried to stop him, firing one pistol as he rode and receiving some slight wounds. The sight of his other pistol was enough to scare into the river a man who tried to stop him on the bridge leading to the wood. Once out of the town and on the height, Lagache saw before him a horseman furiously

riding. Lagache imagined that he must be in pursuit of the king. He urged his own horse to overtake him, and was gaining fast when the leading rider turned to the left into the woods. Though Lagache rode up as swiftly as he could, he lost sight of him among the trees. It is just possible that the man pursued by Lagache was Drouet, if, as some believe, Drouet, though he rode away with Guillaume, parted company with him outside Sainte-Menehould, Drouet keeping one road to Clermont and Guillaume riding by another route. In any case, Lagache had to abandon the chase, and he urged on his horse to make his way to Clermont, where he arrived, according to his own account, at night on to eleven o'clock. He lost another half-hour before he could get to see Count de Damas. Count de Damas, without telling Lagache that the royal carriages had already passed, sent him on to the village of Auzeville with the order to Captain Saint-Didier to march the Dragoons camped there as quickly as possible on the road to Varennes. When Lagache succeeded in waking Saint-Didier from his sleep, the attempt to assemble the men aroused the inhabitants of Auzeville. These could hear the sound of the tocsin at Clermont, could even hear the sound of the beating of the general. They opposed the departure of the Dragoons. Captain Saint-Didier proved another weak link in the chain of soldiers. Undecided, spiritless, he obeyed the order of the municipality of Clermont to remain where he was. Lagache had done his best; had played a brave part; he lived to serve the first Napoleon and to become General Henry, and his name abides in honor on the Arch of Triumph.

In the meantime, Drouet and Guillaume rode through the night in pursuit of the royal carriage, and the royal

carriage carried through the night aching hearts and agitated minds. The absence of troops at the points where they had been expected, the ominous words of D'Andoins, had combined to heap anxieties upon the royal party, anxieties that were only to be increased upon arriving in Clermont. Though they reached Clermont without inconvenience, bad news met them on their arrival. Count Charles de Damas came to them and told them that there was considerable excitement in the district, and that it would be impossible for him to march his regiment and escort the king's carriage. He did, indeed, make an attempt, which was unsuccessful. The authorities joined the inhabitants in preventing the regiment from leaving the town, and the troops refused to obey Damas. He was tempted to induce them by telling them that they were going to escort the king and his family, but he feared to meet with a refusal that would lead to the arrest of the king. Such, at least, was the excuse offered for the absence of an escort at Clermont. Fresh horses were harnessed, and the berlin went once more upon its journey. The heavy hearts were heavier now ; danger seemed to be closing in upon them as every stage of the journey destroyed a hope and added a terror to the course. Damas, as soon as the berlin left, sent off an officer at all speed to ride to Varennes and warn Bouillé and Raigecourt that the king was coming. But unmerciful disaster followed fast upon the flying king. The officer sent by Damas was not well acquainted with the country. He took the road to Verdun in mistake for the road to Varennes, and only reached Verdun after two hours' hard riding to find out his mistake when it was too late. Damas himself escaped with difficulty from Clermont with a few officers, and rode in the king's track.

In the meantime, Drouet and Guillaume, dogging the king's course, came to Clermont. It was a mere chance that prevented them from making the same mistake as Damas's messenger, and taking the road to Verdun. But the mere chance turned against the king. Outside Clermont, Drouet and his companion met the postilions of the previous stage who were returning to Sainte-Menehould. The postilions had heard the order, rashly and loudly given, to their successors to drive to Varennes. They told this to Drouet and Guillaume, and Drouet and Guillaume, who, but for this information, would have turned their horses' heads in the direction of Verdun, rode on towards Varennes. Drouet's own narrative does not mention this. The municipality of Clermont on their own part sent two couriers to Varennes to stop the suspected carriages, which were now going towards the little township that their arrival was to make immortal.

No narrator of the story of the flight to Varennes, not even Monsieur Fournel, not even Mr. Oscar Browning, knew or could have known that the king left his best chance of safety behind him in leaving Clermont. The memoirs of Norvins make this clear. Norvins himself emigrated about a fortnight after the royal flight. He followed the same course as the royal family. It even gave him a shudder of horror to think that the horse he was given at Sainte-Menehould, a swift rider, might have been the very animal that carried Drouet on his famous pursuit. When in his time and turn he came to Clermont, he had some speech with the postmaster there. He noticed that this postmaster still wore the royal uniform, abandoned at Sainte-Menehould and elsewhere, and was the more inclined for talk. The postmaster showed him his two sons, tall, handsome

young men, who were both about to set out to join the army of Coblenz, where, the father said, he hoped to join them. Then he pointed out to his guest that his garden gave on to the opening woods of the forest of Ardennes. If the king's carriage had been brought into his court-yard he would have harnessed the relays, the carriage could have crossed the garden, and been swallowed up in the forest, every path of which was known by heart to the postmaster and his sons, who could have guided the king to Montmédy or even to Luxembourg. The postmaster declared that he recognized the king, but did not dare to address him. He added that if Drouet, instead of taking a cross-country way to Varennes, had ridden by his door-way, his suspicions would have been aroused, he would have spoken to the king, begged him to enter the house, and guided him in safety to his destination. On so small a chance the fate of the king and of the kingdom depended.

CHAPTER XXXIII

VARENNES

VARENNES is a small town of about one thousand five hundred inhabitants, on the river Aire, which divides it into two almost equal parts. On the left bank what was called the high town rose in an amphitheatre, a collection of steep and narrow streets, in the midst of which the street of the Château and the street of the Basse-Cour descended from the entrance of the town on the Clermont side to the one little bridge which spanned the river, and led to the low town. In 1791 Varennes was very much as it is now. In the upper town there are two open places; the first is the Place du Château, commonly called the Place Verte, where the old seigniorial castle once stood. This Place, in 1791, was occupied by the tribunal of the bailiwick, the prisons, and the ruins of the old castle. A little farther on is the second, the Place du Marché, where there was a cemetery and the church of Saint-Gengoult. Saint-Gengoult is much worshipped in the regions of the Meuse and the Moselle. He lived in the eighth century, and had a wicked wife, who was false to him and who killed him. Hroswitha has written his life in Latin verses. The bell-tower of the church on the side of the street of the Basse-Cour rested upon a low arch some fifty feet long, closed by two doors. This archway was the only passage for carriages. On the other side of the little bridge the low town had, in 1791, only one square towards the

end of the town, partially occupied by a bakehouse and public wine-presses, on the spot where the church now stands. The level of this square was lower than it is now, and a large gutter where the rainwaters accumulated formed a sort of marsh peopled with frogs and toads. Local historians have, indeed, been found bold enough, as it would seem, to find in this circumstance confirmation of their theory that the etymology of Varennes is to be found in "Vallis Ranarum," "Valley of Frogs." At the angle of the square nearest the bridge, and opposite the spot where the church now is, stood the Hôtel du Grand Monarque. At this inn the relays were stabled; at this inn young Charles de Bouillé and young Raigecourt waited for the coming of the king. Varennes was not a post-town, so no horses were kept there, but it had been arranged that fresh horses should be ready for the king at the end of the town nearest to Clermont. This arrangement had been altered by the colossal blunderer, Goguelat, who decided that the relays should remain where they had first been brought, at the Grand Monarque. This fatal blunder practically took the last hope from a now almost hopeless enterprise.

Up to the night of June 21, 1791, Varennes had played no great part in history. It had accepted the new revolutionary ideas, had dismissed its parish priest for refusing to take the oath, and had some trouble with other nonjuring priests and nuns. But it was peaceful enough under its procureur, Sauce, a respectable local grocer who acted as lieutenant to the mayor, George, who had been elected deputy for the district to the National Assembly. It had been somewhat agitated by the massing and marching of troops, by the rumors of massing and marching elsewhere, by the

talk of the treasure the troops were assembled to escort, by rumors of a speedy Austrian attack on the frontier. On the 21st the second son of the Marquis de Bouillé, captain of the Hussars of Esterhazy, and the Count de Raigecourt, captain of the regiment of Royal Allemand, came to Varennes, and put up at the Hôtel du Grand Monarque, alleging as excuse for their presence that they were awaiting the arrival of their general, the Duke de Choiseul. In consequence of the changes in the dispositions of the troops ordered by Goguelat, there were only in Varennes sixty soldiers, commanded by young Lieutenant Rohrig. While Bouillé and Raigecourt were waiting anxiously, Léonard drove up with the ill news that he had carried so scrupulously all along the route. Having done his worst, Léonard drove off in the direction of Verdun by mistake, and did not get to Stenay, where Bouillé was and where his tidings might have proved of service, until it was too late.

Sick at heart for the bad news, conscious that they were objects of suspicion in the town, not knowing what to do and what to leave undone, Bouillé and Raigecourt pretended to go to bed, but really sat in the darkness at the open window of their room, waiting, watching, and wondering what was going to happen. Many things were already happening. At a little after eleven a small party of young men were about to leave the inn of the Bras d'Or kept by Jean Leblanc in the upper town near to the archway in the bell-tower. Suddenly there was a noise as of riders riding fast; the door was thrown open, and Drouet entered hurriedly. He took Leblanc aside and asked him if he was a good patriot. Leblanc answered that he was, whereupon Drouet told him of the approach of the king and called upon him to arouse the town. In a moment those

present, all excellent patriots on the testimony of Leblanc, made haste to act. Leblanc went to the house of Sauce to rouse and warn him. Drouet and others hastened to the bridge to block it at both ends with overturned wagons. Sauce's children went through the town spreading the alarm of fire. Some of the Hussars tumbling out at the alarm, unarmed and in confusion, were cleverly handled by Roland Drouet, the Major of the National Guard, who gave them wine, harangued them, and left them in charge of others commissioned to watch them and to win them over, which was not difficult. Varennes was a well-set trap, and its victims were close at hand.

Valory, the king's courier, reached Varennes near midnight, and expected to find horses on the heights and in advance of Varennes, according to the arrangement; but there were no horses. Goguelat, having left the relay of horses on the other side of Varennes, had forgotten to warn the king of this change in the plan. Louis had an excellent memory, and told Valory to look for the horses at the place which had been agreed on. Valory, finding no horses, made his way into Varennes, and groped about in the dark, knocking at the doors, and trying to wake somebody. When the king's carriage reached the heights at the entrance of Varennes, the first thing its occupants heard was that no horses could be seen.

The king and queen got out of the carriage to make inquiry. The queen, escorted by De Malden, knocked at the door of a large house in the first square, occupied by Monsieur de Préfontaine, a knight of Saint-Louis and agent for the Condé estates. He was in bad health, knew nothing of what was happening in the town, and could give the queen no information. While the queen

was within, two men on horseback passed rapidly, and one of them called out to the postilions: "I forbid you in the name of the nation to go on; you are carrying the king." This was possibly Drouet, hurrying into the town and making straight for the Bras d'Or; or it may have been one of the messengers from Clermont.

In the mean time Valory and Moustier returned from a vain search for the horses, having looked in every place but the right place, as they never thought of crossing the bridge. The king immediately told Valory that he thought they were betrayed. Just then the queen came out of the house with Monsieur de Préfontaine. Madame Royale, in her short account of the flight, seems to regard Monsieur de Préfontaine as a spy of Lafayette's, and Moustier reproaches him for his cowardice in doing nothing. But Valory, on the other hand, commends him, and declares that the king might have been saved if Monsieur de Préfontaine had been trusted. The episode is obscure; whatever Monsieur de Préfontaine might have done, he does not seem to have done anything. His descendants, in 1865, brought an action against Alexander Dumas, whom they accused of wronging their ancestor in his book on Varennes.

In the face of the danger that menaced the travellers the only thing to be done was to go on again as quickly as possible. But the postilions refused to stir. They declared that their horses were tired, that Canitrot, their master at Clermont, had told them to go no farther than the entrance to Varennes, that Madame Canitrot had insisted on their return, as they were wanted for the hay harvest the next day. Mr. Oscar Browning says that Madame Canitrot never forgave herself for the part she unwittingly played in stopping the king. The body-guards offered bribes in vain, and at last only

by threatening them with hunting-knives induced them to go slowly on. But thirty-five minutes had been lost. Later on these postilions claimed a reward from a grateful country on the ground that they had caused this delay of deliberate purpose, and that they were, therefore, largely responsible for the failure of the flight. Their names were Nicholas Renaud, Bardin, and Arnould.

The town gate was half closed, and there were a few armed men there. When the king's carriage came, the passport was demanded by the Commandant of the National Guard and the Procureur of the Commune, who put the light into the carriage right in the king's face. Sance asked for the passport, and observed that, though signed by the king, it was not countersigned by the President of the National Assembly. There was no reason why the passport should have been thus countersigned, but the pretext served. Sance insisted that the party must wait till daybreak. The party protested in vain. The armed men who barred the way of the carriage levelled their guns and threatened to fire if any attempt were made to proceed. There was nothing for it but to yield to Sance's request, that the party should take shelter in his house, which was only a few steps off; so the three women, the two children, and the king entered the shop. It was soon plain that their identity was known to Sance and the others. It was, indeed, vain for the king to deny himself; both he and the queen were recognized by their features. The last doubt was removed by the arrival of Destez, the principal judge of the place, who knew the king by sight. Destez promptly and respectfully recognized Louis. Louis then admitted that he was the king, and said that his life was in danger in Paris. The bell of Varennes was now giving tongue, and the bells of all the villages hard by

responded. The darkness of the night was everywhere starred with lights; all the country-side was aroused, all the country-side was flocking to Varennes. An angry crowd raged round the shop, even forced its way into the shop, uttering imprecations against the king, who was going to desert them. There is a tradition that when Louis declared that he had no intention of going beyond the frontier, a bandy-legged cripple cried out that he did not believe the king. Sauce maintained an attitude of respect, and said that as the municipality had, in truth, the honor of having the king among them, they wished to ask for his orders. Louis naturally replied that his orders were to put the horses to the carriages, and to allow him to continue his journey. The municipals affected a willingness to obey, but asked the king to wait till daybreak, and to permit himself to be accompanied by a detachment of the National Guard. The king consented; there was really nothing else to do. He hoped that in the morning he should be allowed to go.

Thus was the majesty of France, clad in the mean livery of a lackey, a captive in a squalid grocer's shop rank with an unbearable stench of tallow. There were two rooms on Sauce's upper floor reached by a narrow corkscrew staircase from the shop. In the back room, looking on to a small court-yard, the royal party were assembled. The king seated himself in an arm-chair in the middle of the room. Marie Antoinette sat apart in the farthest corner of the room, with her veil lowered. The dauphin and his sister, weary with travelling, dazed by this midnight delay, were put to bed and soon fell asleep, the happiest for the moment of that most unhappy company. Madame de Tourzel sat at their bedside. The three body-guards sat on a bench underneath the window.

Even then, at that eleventh hour, there was a chance to save the king, a chance to save the monarchy. Out of the darkness armed men came to Varennes, men who had been riding desperately in the king's wake from the various points of failure along the road. It was Choiseul, with his handful of men; it was Goguelat, with his handful of men; it was Damas, with his five or six men, who now galloped, hot on each other's heels, to the top of the little town. There were cannon at the top of the little town—rusty, ludicrous, not even loaded, according to Drouet, cannon made of wood according to another witness. There were armed men behind these grotesque emblems who bade the rescuers halt. Choiseul held some brief parley, and then, as if inspired by the sudden reinforcement supplied by the arrival of the heady, tempestuous Goguelat, brushed the semblance of opposition aside and rode into the little town. On his way he met Sauce, who seems to have addressed the troop of horse, telling them of the arrest of the king and appealing to their patriotism. It is probable that Sauce's words, however winged, were wasted, as Choiseul's soldiers were for the most part German, and knew no syllable of all that the procureur grocer was saying to them. Choiseul rode right on past the house of Sauce, where the prisoners were, till he came to the quarter where he expected to find the sixty Hussars under the command of Rohrig. He found neither Hussars nor Rohrig. For the Hussars had been corrupted by the people; they were dissipated here and there in the town; hardly a man was in quarters. As for Rohrig, young, inexperienced, uncertain, at his wits' end what to do, he had mounted horse and ridden out into the darkness, thinking that there was nothing for him to do in Varennes, hoping that there might be something for him

to do elsewhere, if by good fortune he should carry to Bouillé the news of that night's work. The same despair, the same hope, seems to have dominated the young Bouillé and the young Raigecourt, waiting at their darkened window in the lower town. They heard the waxing noise of tumult, they saw the growing lines of light, they knew something had happened ; they did not know what had happened. At least, they knew that they could do nothing in the town, they two against so many ; they dreamed that they might be of some use if they rode to where Bouillé lay. It was hard for them to leave the town, but with the help of a gallant bearing they did leave it, carrying most of the relays with them ; and so they, too, rode off into the night, as Rohrig had ridden.

But, however much Rohrig may be excused in his place, and Bouillé and Raigecourt in their place, the fact remains that when Choiseul clattered in and looked for a garrison he found emptiness and nothingness. He may have been feather-headed, he may have been foolish, but at least in that hour he behaved like a gallant gentleman. He had but some poor forty men with him. He made them a stirring speech ; told them that their king and queen were in peril, asked if they would fight, and, if need were, die for that king, that queen. The soldiers were for the most part German soldiers ; the queen was, perhaps, something to them if the king were little. They are said to have shouted hoarsely the names of both king and queen in their guttural speech ; they seemed to be ready to follow Choiseul wherever he chose to lead them. Choiseul did lead them to the house of Sauce, and drew them up in solemn formal battle-array before the house of the grocer and tallow-chandler who was also Procureur

of Varennes. The forty men had the support of the few whom Goguelat, the few whom Damas, had brought with them.

With some difficulty Choiseul and Goguelat forced their way through the crowd that hung about the house of Sauce, forced their way up the corkscrew staircase, forced their way through the outer room on the upper floor, where a pack of peasants with pitchforks tried to bar their passage, forced their way into the little back room where all that was left of the royalty of France sat helplessly huddled together. There was the king in his valet's dress; there was the queen with her lowered veil; there were the two children of the line of Capet fast asleep; there was Madame Elizabeth, grave and patient. Choiseul had the heart and the hopes of a gentleman. He was hot for it that all the royal family should take horse at once and ride for good or evil through the crowd, trusting to Saint-Louis and the swords of the soldiers to force a passage. It was the thought of a madman, the suggestion of a sage. If it had been done the fate of France might have changed. But the king faltered, as he always faltered; he never could follow any brave advice. He fubbed the proposal off with the argument that he might be willing to run the risk alone, but that he could not risk the safety of the queen, his sister, and his children with so feeble a protection. He also urged that the municipality had not refused to let him go, but merely had requested that he would wait till daybreak.

The only policy of this unhappy, unlucky gentleman in all this unhappy, unlucky business was wait, wait, wait. Was not Bouillé at Stenay, some nine leagues only away? Would he not hasten to Varennes at full speed, and overawe a disloyal peasantry with the sight

of a loyal soldiery? Would not all be well? With talk like this Louis chilled the zeal of Choiseul, of Damas, of Goguelat. If he could only for once just have carried himself like a king, he might have ridden with his gallant captains and his forty odd men scot-free out of Varennes, or, at least, have died like a gentleman, his drawn sword redeeming his servile dress. But he waited, as he had always waited, delayed as he had always delayed, was then, as ever, unkingly; and with every moment the peril grew, the crowd of hostile peasantry increased, the chances of escape dwindled. A bewildered municipality, driven to its wits' end by the noise of the crowd and the insistence of Drouet, sent at last a deputation to Louis to say that the people were opposed to his journey and insisted on his return to Paris. The only hope left was in Bouillé.

But it was obvious that when Bouillé came the lives of the royal family would be in peril. Choiseul and Goguelat formed their plan to protect them. They would clear the crowd out of the upper rooms in which the royal family were. The three body-guards would defend these rooms. On the narrow corkscrew staircase, where but one man could mount at a time, Choiseul, Goguelat, and five other faithful men of the sword would station themselves, step on step, and hold it until they were all killed, one after another, giving their lives gladly if in the gift they could hold the place long enough to allow Bouillé's troops time to reach the town, clear the street, and seize the house.

In the mean time there was no news of Bouillé, and the crowd of peasants had swelled to several thousands. The Commandant of the National Guard of Neuville, Monsieur de Signemont, a knight of Saint-Louis, direct-

ed all the operations against his king with a military skill and foresight which made Goguelat despair. For Goguelat went out of Sauce's house to see the state of affairs, and found them black enough. Though his troopers still obeyed him, they were but few against so many. Drouet was here, there, and everywhere, always opposing him, always swearing that he should not carry off the king alive. Goguelat tried to clear away the crowd from the king's carriage. Roland Drouet, of the National Guard, interfered, threatened to arrest Goguelat. Goguelat, exasperated, drew his sword; Roland Drouet drew his pistol, fired, and wounded Goguelat, whose horse reared and threw his rider. Goguelat was carried into the Bras d'Or, where his wound was looked to. The game was up. Choiseul, hurriedly coming down the stairs to learn the meaning of the shot, found Roland Drouet the hero of the hour and hurried back to tranquillize the king with some fictitious tale and to tell the true thing to the queen. In the mean time the Hussars went over to the enemy. The people had been plying them with wine; they saw one of their leaders shot; they were overawed by the mass of armed men about them; they declared that they would do whatever they were told, and asked for an officer of the National Guard to command them. "The Hussars behaved like angels," wrote a young patriot lady of Varennes to her mother the next day.

The king showed himself at the window, a king in the dress of a valet, with a gray coat, and a small, unkempt wig; a fat, heavy-looking man, pale, without expression in his face or eyes. He was greeted with cheers mingled with cheers for Lauzun, which told him of the treachery of the troops. Louis sought to

woo the multitude with soft words, with assurances that he only wanted to go to Montmédy, that he would visit Varennes again, and make it a flourishing city. The people only answered that he must go to Paris or to Verdun, and the window was closed again in despair. When Goguelat returned to the shop, where he spoke no word of his wound, he found the king and queen completely humbled by this unexpected reverse. The queen appealed to Madame Sauce, as if she could help them in their difficulties, asking if she had no children, no husband or family? Madame Sauce said that she should wish to oblige the queen, "but you think of the king, and I think of Monsieur Sauce: every woman for her own husband."

The hours dragged on till five o'clock, and then something happened to cheer the captives a little. Young Bouillé and Raigecourt, on their ride to Stenay, had found at Dun, Deslon, a gallant soldier, to whom at the eleventh hour Bouillé had confided the secret of the proposed flight. Bouillé and Raigecourt, faithful to their orders, would tell Deslon nothing, but Rohrig, who arrived a little later, was more communicative, and Deslon guessed that the king was in peril and knew that it was his duty to aid him. With sixty soldiers he galloped in two hours the five leagues between Dun and Varennes, which he found well defended. After some parley with De Signemont, he obtained permission to enter alone and to speak to the king without witnesses. He made his way to the house through the crowd; he assured the king that Bouillé would certainly come soon. He had to repeat this three times before Louis seemed to understand him. "I beg your majesty," said Deslon, "to give me your orders for Monsieur de Bouillé." "I have no longer

any orders to give," said the king, "I am a prisoner; tell him that I entreat him to do for me what he can."

It was not a very kingly answer, but indeed the opportunity for being kingly had gone by. If Deslon had been a man of letters instead of a man of the sword, he might have thought of some stately lines sung by a great French poet two centuries before, lines in which the poet asks what would be said by the generous souls of so many kings now lying in their dusty sepulchres—Pharamond and Clodion, and Clovis, the Pepins and the Martels, the Charles and the Louis—if they could see what misfortune had fallen upon France. Ronsard could scarcely have foreseen that such a misfortune could have fallen upon France as to have a king who did not dare give orders in a French town. But if Deslon had no orders to take he had suggestions to make, and he showed himself a dogged man whom it was hard to cow. De Signemont, who from his conduct it is hard to think of as other than ignoble, wanted to thrust himself upon the conversation between Deslon and his king. Deslon reminded him of the agreement between them, and De Signemont retired ignobly, not without ignoble protests. Deslon was, as Choiseul had been before him, all for a gallant adventure. He and his faithful followers would cut the king out of Varennes, or take the worst. Really it was Deslon who should have been king, and not Louis. For Louis would do nothing, nothing except wait. Deslon could do nothing except go away. As he took his leave, he spoke a few words of German to the queen, he the Alsatian to her the Austrian, and the crowd, pouring in again, resented this, and Deslon went his way in silence.

Deslon had a wild hope that if Lieutenant Boudet,

who commanded the Hussars in Varennes, made an attack from inside the town, which he, Deslon, should support from outside the town, all might yet be well. But his message does not seem to have reached Boudet, and while the moments slipped by two men arrived at Varennes. They were messengers from Paris; they were, in a sense, the ambassadors of the National Assembly.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE KINGLESS CITY

ABOUT eight in the morning the king's escape was known in Paris, and excited alarm and indignation. Armed crowds flocked to the Tuileries, to the Assembly, and to the Town-Hall. Santerre flamed abroad with some hundred pikemen. The royal emblems in the streets were destroyed. Lafayette, on hearing the intelligence, complained, indeed, of being duped, but took it so very coolly that some inferred that he was not sorry to be relieved from his troublesome office of the king's keeper, and that he had hopes that all might end in doing without a king altogether. As he was going to the palace he met Bailly and Beauharnais, and upon their expressing an opinion that it was necessary to stop the royal family to prevent a civil war, the general said that he would take this responsibility upon himself, and he immediately instructed one of his aides-de-camp and several officers of the National Guards to go from Paris by different routes, bearing notes signed by himself, in which the National Guards and the citizens were requested to prevent the king's escape. As Lafayette made his way through the crowd to the Town-Hall he found the people in a state of extreme irritation, for the rumor ran that the king was going to put himself at the head of the foreign troops, and that his escape had been aided by traitors, with Lafayette and Bailly at their head. His coolness and his presence of mind,

however, saved him from any danger that might have existed.

The despatches of the Venetian ambassador give a delightfully living picture of the embarrassment of Paris on the morning of June 21. There came, they say, a cry from the palace in the early morning that none of the royal family was to be found. The guards were surprised, the Assembly and the municipality in consternation, the populace furious. The Venetian letter shows how vague the knowledge was in Paris of what had happened. Paris knew that the king was gone, that the royal family had gone, that the people of the Luxembourg had gone. But as to how they had gone or where they had gone the wildest rumors prevailed. These Venetian letters are very touching to read, with their immediate pictures of Paris, with their record of amazing rumor, with their repetition of Gouviou's desperate assertion of his unfailing watchfulness. They pay a tribute to the composure of the Assembly, which, no doubt, the Assembly deserved. It loved to be Roman, and whenever the opportunity to be Roman was afforded it cannot be denied that it rose to the opportunity, and was to the full as Roman as the circumstances allowed.

It was scarcely surprising that Paris should be alarmed at the flight of its king. Paris did not love Louis much, did not love Marie-Antoinette at all, and if it had been merely a question of quietly doing without them Paris might have been well content to let them go. But it was not a question of quietly doing without them. It was a question of their coming back again at the head of foreign armies, of the restoration by force of arms of the Old Order, of the destruction of all that had been done and all that had been won since the

States-General came together. Such a prospect was well calculated to cause a general panic. An armed restoration of the monarchy meant death to the extreme men, the leaders of the clubs. To the patriotic it meant the terrors and losses of a foreign invasion. To the soldiery, to the peasantry, to the burgesses it meant a return to the old evil conditions from which they believed that they had escaped forever. Every sense of patriotism, of self-interest, was appealed to in the fear caused by the king's flight.

The Intendant of the Civil List, La Porte, sent to the Assembly an unsealed packet which he had that morning received from one of the king's servants. It was a proclamation to the French people in the handwriting and with the signature of the king. He recapitulated the insults to which he had been subjected, and showed the degraded state to which the royal power had been reduced. With many grave causes of complaint he mixed up trivial matters. He said that the palace of the Tuileries was not prepared for his reception when he came to occupy it, and that the arrangement of the apartments was not suitable for his convenience. He said that the Assembly had given him twenty-five millions for his civil list, but that the maintenance of the splendor of the crown and the charges with which it had been encumbered since the grant would absorb the whole of it. It was a foolish, unkingly document, but its author was a foolish, unkingly man.

If the king was unkingly, the National Assembly was more austere Roman than ever. Alexander Beauharnais, as President, informed the Assembly that the king and a part of the royal family had been carried off in the night by the enemies of the public interest. Prompt measures were taken. It was decreed that

couriers should be despatched to the departments to forbid the royal family to leave the kingdom, and to arrest the persons who were carrying off the king. The people were recommended to be tranquil and to respect the law, and were assured that the Assembly would watch over the public interest. The ministers were sent for, but Montmorin, who was besieged in his hotel by a crowd, required an order of the Assembly to obey the summons. The king, while attempting to save himself, had exposed his ministers, and particularly Montmorin, to the greatest danger. The Assembly gave the executive power to the ministers, and declared that its decrees should require no other sanction than the signature of the keeper of the seals, who should also put the state seal to them. When Lafayette's aide-de-camp was stopped by the people his authority was renewed by the Assembly, and he was intrusted with the orders of the National Assembly.

Of course the Jacobin Club was not idle. On the evening of the 21st Robespierre was there, deploring the feebleness of the measures taken by the Assembly. He insisted that Louis relied on the traitors whom he had left behind him; that the king admitted in his own handwriting that he had fled; and that, nevertheless, the Assembly by a gross falsehood, the purpose of which was to maintain the king in his power, had declared that the king had been carried off. He accused the Minister of War, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the Minister of the Interior of conspiracy. By such charges, he said, he knew the danger that he brought on himself, but the consciousness of his integrity would make him view death almost as a blessing, as it would relieve him from witnessing those misfortunes which he saw to be inevitable. Camille Des-

moulins, always hot-headed, always emotional, shouted that all were ready to die with him, and the club responded by acclamation. Danton made a furious attack on Lafayette, who was present. He urged his hearers to cheat themselves with no illusions. For him the flight of the king was only the outcome of a vast conspiracy. Only understanding with the leading public functionaries could have made it possible. Then Danton turned towards Lafayette, and asked him if he thought that after swearing that he would answer for the person of the king with his head he could liquidate his debt merely by appearing in the Jacobin Club. "You swore," thundered Danton, "that the king should not depart. Either you have betrayed your country, or you are stupid enough to have answered for a person for whom you could not really answer. In the most favorable view you have declared yourself incapable of commanding us." Lafayette was immediately defended by Alexander Lameth, and a little later he said a few words himself, in which, somewhat to the dissatisfaction of many of his hearers, he ignored Danton's charges and accusations, and merely declared that he had come into the club that day because it was the place where all good citizens should rally. He ended by saying that he had never been so confident of liberty as on that day, after having enjoyed the spectacle of the bearing of the people of the capital. In the end the club issued a sort of address to the affiliated clubs bidding them and every good citizen be of cheer, for all should yet be well, which was at least as practical and opportune a proceeding as quarrelling with Lafayette.

Not to be behindhand with the Jacobins, the Cordeliers put forth a republican manifesto headed with some lines from Voltaire's "Brutus" adapted to the occasion,

and they sent an address to the Assembly which declared that the king had abdicated ; that royalty, and particularly hereditary royalty, was incompatible with liberty ; that the Assembly ought to proclaim a republic, or to wait, at most, till the primary assemblies had expressed their opinion and decided the question. The demand for the republic had found a decided voice.

From the time when the king's flight was known the sittings of the Assembly were permanent, its conduct persistently Roman. It had to protect France, deserted by its king, from the danger of foreign invasion and the violence of revolutionary agitation. Commissioners were appointed to administer a new oath to the army, which was to swear to protect the country against all its enemies within and without, and not to obey any orders except such as were given pursuant to the decrees of the Assembly. The primary assemblies were still to go on with the nomination of electors, but the electors were not to meet until a time should be fixed by the Assembly.

About ten on the evening of the 22d some deputies hastily entered the hall of the Assembly with the tidings that the king was arrested. The President read a letter from the municipality of Varennes, which announced that the king was in that place, and asked for instructions. The Assembly named three commissioners—Latour-Maubourg, Pétion, and Barnave—who were invested with authority to secure the return of the king and the royal family to Paris, and they were enjoined to observe all the respect due to their rank. Bouillé was deprived of his command, and an order made for his arrest.

Gouverneur Morris treated the news of the flight with

his characteristic causticity and cynicism. He saw that if the royal family got off safe a war was inevitable, and that their recapture would probably suspend for some time all monarchical government in France. But what mainly concerned him in the whole matter was that he thought the confusion would work favorably for the sale of American lands. He saw and talked with everybody, with Lafayette's wife—who seemed to be half wild, no doubt at her husband's peril—with Lafayette himself, with Montmorin, whom he told that it appeared to him to be impossible to preserve both the monarchy and the monarch. After considering the insurmountable difficulties in the appointment either of a regent or a council of regency, Morris records this reflection: "Of course they must go on with the miserable creature which God has given. His wisdom will doubtless produce good by ways to us inscrutable, and on that we must repose."

Morris is very frank in his dislike of the "miserable creature." In his diary of July 14, 1791, he quotes Monsieur de Trudaine as "having heard from young Montmorin that the king is by nature cruel and base. An instance of his cruelty, among others, was that he used to spit and roast live cats. In riding with Madame de Flahaut, I tell her that I could not believe such things. She tells me that when young he was guilty of such things; that he is very brutal and nasty, which she attributes chiefly to a bad education. His brutality once led him so far, while dauphin, as to beat his wife, for which he was exiled four days by his grandfather, Louis XV. Until very lately he used always to spit in his hand, as being more convenient. It is no wonder that such a beast should be dethroned."

It is hard not to sympathize a little when Miss Miles

writes to her father that she thinks the king "acted a cowardly part in sneaking off, after appearing to be so well satisfied with the present Constitution. He has certainly perjured himself, and given his enemies an opportunity of triumphing over him."

CHAPTER XXXV

BACK TO PARIS

It was not long after Deslon's departure that the door of the room which contained the royal family opened, and an officer of the National Guard of Paris entered, with all the marks of hurry about him. He could hardly utter some confused words ; but he said enough to show that he had come from the Assembly, and that he had a companion who brought a decree. The door again opened, and Romeuf appeared, with tears in his eyes, holding a paper in his hand. The king snatched it from him, read it, and said sadly that there was no longer a king in France. The queen read the paper. The king took it and read it again, and then placed it on the bed where his two children were lying. The queen seized the paper and threw it from the bed, declaring that it should not defile her children. There was a murmur among the people who were in the chamber, members of the municipality and inhabitants of Varennes, and Choiseul prudently took up the paper and laid it on the table.

The king might even still have been saved if Bouillé had arrived in time. But Bouillé did not arrive in time, though he had received so many summonses. He had the best of all reasons ; he could not come. He could not depend on his troops. All the towns around were hostile to him. He was near Stenay when he first heard of the arrest of the king at about half-

past four in the morning. With some difficulty he and his son, who had joined him, got in motion the cavalry regiment of Royal Allemand, the only one that they could depend upon. The soldiers were first well paid, and they made their way at full speed to Varennes, through a country newly alive with armed men. On the road Bouillé heard that the king had left Varennes for Paris. Still he pushed on to Varennes; but the entrance was stopped up. His men forded the stream and came upon a canal which they were preparing to cross when they were saved the trouble by Bouillé ascertaining, beyond all doubt, that they could not overtake the king, who was an hour in advance of him. The Germans said their horses were too tired to go any farther; and the garrisons of Metz and Verdun were marching upon them. The game was up. Louis was well on his way to Paris. Nothing but flight was left to Bouillé. He, with a few officers, made his way across the frontier. The master of many legions was an exile and a fugitive.

It was a little after eight in the morning, on June 22, when Louis set out from Varennes to return to Paris escorted by relays of National Guards. The guards could sometimes scarcely make way for the carriage, as the whole population crowded on the road to see and insult the captive king and the royal party. An old gentleman of Champagne, Monsieur de Dampierre, who attempted to approach to pay his respects to the king, was massacred in the king's presence by the infuriated people. Between Epernay and Dormans, about half way to Paris, the three commissioners met the carriages, and read to the king the order of the Assembly. Barnave and Pétion took their seats in the king's carriage, but, though their authority preserved the royal

family from personal violence, they could not protect them against insult. A poor village curé, who attempted to speak to the king, was thrown by the crowd at the feet of the horses, and his life was only saved by the earnest appeal of Barnave.

The conduct of Barnave in the carriage was very different from that of Pétion. Barnave had those instincts which the world calls, vaguely, the instincts of a gentleman. He knew how to carry himself in the presence of distress. Requested by the queen to take some refreshment in the carriage, he respectfully declined. His behavior pleased the queen and Madame Elizabeth; he discharged his commission faithfully by treating the royal family with the attention due to their unhappy case. When the carriage stopped at the inns, Barnave had several private interviews with the queen. He had already adopted more moderate opinions, and feelings of admiration and pity for the captive queen were insensibly mingled with his ardor for the cause of liberty. He had listened with a grave courtesy to the soft voice of Madame Elizabeth as she pleaded with a kind of melancholy wisdom and with a most melancholy earnestness the cause of her brother, who was also her king. It is certain that before the flight to Varennes Barnave had begun to believe that the Revolution was slipping into the control of unfitting hands. But the results of the flight to Varennes may have had their share in convincing him that all was not well for France in the future, that it might be better for France in the present if she accepted some legacy from France in the past.

Pétion's behavior contrasted unpleasantly with that of Barnave. He ate and drank in the carriage in the way that a vulgar man eats and drinks; he threw the bones of the fowl that he was eating through the car-

riage door past the king's face ; when Madame Elizabeth was pouring out wine for him, he would put up his glass to show that he had enough, without saying a word. Gouverneur Morris has written some bitter words, that are not nearly bitter enough, about Pétion's behavior in the royal carriage on the return from Varennes. Morris may well have heard from this man and that man some account of Pétion's astonishing boorishness. But he could not know then, and the world could not know now, how despicable Pétion's conduct was without the written evidence of Pétion himself. It was not a peculiarity of the French Revolution to produce blackguards ; but the blackguards it did produce had the peculiarity of desiring to set down their blackguardism in black and white for the benefit of all and several. Nothing even in the loathsome pages of Barras is more loathsome than Pétion's own account of his conduct on that terrible return from Varennes. It is a question whether his statements, sickening in their obvious untruth, would not be more repulsive if by any conceivable possibility they could be accepted as having even a suggestion of truth in them. His bestial belief that Madame Elizabeth had fallen in love with his brutal body and was longing to offer herself to his brutal caresses is too hideous to smile, too hideous to sigh at. Pétion came to a bad end ; but it goes hard to pity him when one recalls those pages that rank among the foulest of any pages ever offered to the public view since speech became writing and writing print.

As the carriages approached Paris the crowd increased, and it was not possible for the horses to go faster than a walk. The royal family entered Paris on June 25, about seven in the evening, under a burning

sun and suffocating clouds of dust, raised by the feet of thousands of spectators, who said little, but whose looks spoke hate. To prevent any outbreak, Lafayette stationed troops on the boulevard from the Barrière de l'Étoile to the Tuileries, and the king was conveyed to his palace through a line of armed men without receiving military honors. The National Guards simply looked on as he passed, with their arms reversed. All the spectators kept their hats on, except one man, the deputy Guilhermy, who deserves to be remembered. When the mob attempted to force him to keep his hat on, he threw it from him into the crowd, choosing to remain uncovered at the risk of his life. A notice appeared in many places that whoever applauded the king should be beaten, whoever insulted him should be hanged. When the carriages had entered the gardens of the Tuileries, the mob attacked the three gardes-du-corps, who were on the seat of the king's carriage, and they would probably have been murdered if the commissioners of the Assembly had not rescued them. The queen did not leave the carriage to enter the Tuileries till the king, his children, and his sister were quite safe. De Noailles offered her his arm, but she is said to have rejected it with contempt, and to have taken the arm of a member of the Right.

So came to its end one of the most pitiable enterprises in recorded history. The spectacle of a king flying from his kingdom is seldom a heroic spectacle, either in fact or fiction. If Charles Edward had not retreated from England, if the sixteenth Louis had not yielded at Varennes, it is well within the limits of possibility that the house of Stuart might yet be reigning in England, the house of Capet yet be reigning in France. At least,

the Young Pretender was redeemed by a heroism that was denied to Louis XVI. There was nothing heroic about the flight to Varennes except the courage, the patience, and the agony of the queen, the courage, the patience, and the agony of Madame Elizabeth, and the courage, misplaced and unsuccessful though it was, of certain gentlemen who drew their swords for a dying monarchy and a deplorable monarch. Varennes remains immortal as the scene of the most ludicrous, the most lamentable tragi-comedy in the world.

On the morning of the return to Paris, the Assembly adopted the draft of a decree proposed by the constitutional committee that as soon as the king arrived a guard should be appointed which should be under the orders of the Commandant of the National Guard of Paris, and should watch over his safety and be responsible for his person. Similar precautions were taken with respect to the queen and the dauphin. All those who accompanied the king were to be put under arrest and interrogated; and the king and queen were to make a declaration as to the circumstances of the escape. The Minister of Justice was to put his seal to the decrees of the Assembly, and the sanction of the king was to be dispensed with; the executive power, in the mean time, was to remain in the hands of the ministers. This was a suspension of the royal power. The king and his family were prisoners in their palace, were subjected to a rigorous watchfulness. Things went on in the Tuileries as before, but Lafayette gave the orders and none came from the king. All the approaches to the palace were closed, and sentinels were placed in every part of it. The queen could scarcely change her clothes without being seen; and the doors of her chamber and that of the king were kept open, that the sentinels might

see whether they were safe in their beds. The king felt his degradation so deeply that for several days he did not speak to his family. The queen's courage did not fail her, but she suffered all the anguish of a proud spirit insulted and humbled.

CHAPTER XXXVI

BROTHERLY LOVE

WHILE Paris was still seething with the excitement caused by the return of the king, it occurred to certain ingenious members of the Assembly to show the Parisians a splendid spectacle which should confirm, even more than the presence of the captive monarch, the triumph of the Revolution. On May 8, 1791, one of the municipal officers of Paris presented a somewhat remarkable petition to the National Assembly, a petition which showed that the ashes of Voltaire were in danger of being disturbed. Voltaire had died on May 30, 1778; the clerical authorities had refused to allow his remains the privilege of religious burial, and his family, after some conference with the ministry, had been authorized to bury the great man's body in the cemetery of the Abbey of Scellières. When the property of the Church had been declared national property, the Abbey and the Church of Scellières were sold, like other ecclesiastical estates, in conformity with the new laws, and in consequence of this sale the commune of Romilly and the town of Troyes disputed the privilege of sheltering Voltaire's remains. The husband of Voltaire's niece, Monsieur de Villette, wrote to the Paris municipality to tell them of this dispute, and the municipality brought the matter before the National Assembly, urging it to take action. It pointed out that there was a danger of Voltaire's remains being di-

vided between the commune of Romilly and the town of Troyes ; it protested against any such partition, and urged the right of Paris to be the final resting-place of the philosopher who was born and who died within its walls. It was suggested that the National Assembly should therefore order the removal of the remains to Paris, and that May 30, the anniversary of Voltaire's death, would be the most fitting day for so august a ceremony.

The proposal created considerable controversy in the Assembly, but the majority welcomed it with enthusiasm, and vied with each other in saluting the memory of Voltaire with passionate panegyrics. There was a minority which endeavored, no less eagerly to assert its dislike of Voltaire and its disdain of these admirers. One deputy recalled and indorsed the opinion of Bayle, that Voltaire had deserved the thoughts, but not the esteem, of the human race. Another insisted that the proper spot for the ashes of the philosopher was the abomination of desolation. Yet another suggested, mockingly, that since his admirers were pleased to compare Voltaire to a prophet, it would be most fitting to send his relics to Palestine. The enthusiasm of the many dominated the opposition of the few ; the committee appointed to consider the municipal petition reported in favor of the proposal to transfer the remains to Paris, and the National Assembly decided, without discussion and without division, that the body of François Marie Arouet de Voltaire was worthy to receive the honors accorded to great men, and that in consequence his ashes should be transferred from the church of Romilly to that of Sainte-Geneviève in Paris. The solemnity had been duly fixed for July 4, but it was postponed to the 11th of the month. On the 10th a

deputation from the municipality waited at the Charenton Gates to receive the carriage which carried the coffin of Voltaire. The carriage arrived in Paris in the evening, escorted by an enthusiastic crowd, and the coffin was placed, amid the rapture of popular applause, upon the place where the Bastille had been—nay more, upon the exact site of the principal tower of the Bastille, in which, eighty years earlier, Voltaire had been imprisoned. Now a monument built out of stones taken from the Bastille called upon Voltaire in an eloquent inscription to receive in that spot, where despotism had bound him with chains, the salutations of a free country. The next day was devoted to the solemn ceremony of carrying the coffin from the site of the Bastille to the Pantheon, where the body of Mirabeau lay in solitary state.

A magnificent procession had been carefully planned out. Beautiful young girls, dressed to represent nymphs and muses, were supposed to lend a classical grace to a ceremony intended to rival the stateliest ceremonies of antiquity. Deputations of all classes of citizens were formed to assert by their presence the affection of the city for the memory of Voltaire and her devotion to his teachings. But the misfortune which more than once had attended upon the attempts of revolutionary Paris to recall the ceremonies of Greece and the splendor of Rome attended upon the glorification of Voltaire. The rain poured down with a pitiless persistence from the first moment of the ceremony to the last. Nothing is harder for an assembled humanity than to preserve dignity under a drenching downpour, and when an assembled humanity is specially got up for an occasion with flags and banners, and is adorned by the presence of beautiful young women in the costumes of ancient

Greece, the result would be entirely ludicrous if it were not partially pathetic.

Muses and Graces saturated with mud are not an exhilarating spectacle, and it may well be imagined that nothing in the course of a life which caused him considerable entertainment would have more entertained Voltaire or more moved his fine irony than the circumstances connected with his apotheosis, and the circumstances that followed it. This effervescence of the enthusiasm of humanity and universal love was followed within a little while, within but a few days, indeed, by a stern proof that the homage to the memory of Voltaire did not necessitate a wise appreciation of his philosophy, and that the assurances of universal love made in the presence of his exalted ashes were curiously ironical.

But, rain or no rain, irony or no irony, the ceremony went on to its dripping end. The design for the car, of antique form, which contained the remains of Voltaire, was furnished by David. The car bore a sarcophagus which contained the coffin, and it was covered with branches of laurel and oak, intertwined with roses, myrtles, and wild flowers. On the car were the inscriptions, "If man is born free, he ought to govern himself;" and "If man has tyrants, he ought to dethrone them." The procession opened with a detachment of cavalry, sappers, drummers, deputations from the colleges, and the patriotic societies, carrying different devices. A deputation from the theatres preceded the gilded statue of Voltaire, which was surrounded by pyramids bearing medallions on which were written the titles of his chief works. The statue, crowned with laurels, was carried by men dressed in classical costume. Members of the learned academies surrounded a gilded chest, which contained the seventy volumes of the works of Voltaire.

Bodies of musicians, instrumental and vocal, swelled the procession and preceded the funeral car which carried the sarcophagus. This was surmounted by a couch on which the philosopher was represented reclined, while Fame placed a crown upon his head. On the sarcophagus were inscriptions which declared that as poet, philosopher, and historian he gave to the human mind a great impulse, and prepared France to be free. Twelve horses drew the car, led by men in classical costume. The car was followed by a deputation from the National Assembly, the department, the municipality, the judges of the different courts, and a battalion of veterans. A body of cavalry closed the procession.

The theatres past which the procession moved were appropriately decorated to honor the man who wrote "Œdipe" at the age of seventeen and "Irene" at the age of eighty-three. The procession halted before the house of De Villette, where the heart of Voltaire was deposited; on the front of the house was the inscription: "His mind is everywhere; his heart is here." Madame de Villette placed a crown on the statue of Voltaire. Some strophes of an ode by Chénier and Gossec were sung in front of the house, accompanied by instruments, some of antique form. Madame de Villette and the family of Calas joined the procession; and other women dressed in white, with tricolor belts and ribbons, preceded the car.

History has seldom offered a more whimsical contrast. There was the king, a fugitive, arrested, brought back, and confined in his own palace. Here was Voltaire, once a captive in the Bastille, called from his humble grave to pass the ruins of his prison and be led in triumph through the streets of Paris, to rest in the national temple. There was a sterner contrast to follow,

the contrast between the principles of universal love so generously proclaimed in that hour of apotheosis and the events which, a few days later, darkened and distracted a city already dark and distracted enough.

On the 26th the Assembly decided that the tribunal of the arrondissement of the Tuileries should proceed to the interrogation of the persons who were arrested, but it appointed three commissioners—Tronchet, D'André, and Duport—to take the declarations of the king and queen. Robespierre protested vainly against this exception in favor of the king and queen. He argued that the queen was a citizen, that the king was at that moment a citizen, accountable to the nation, and in his capacity of first public functionary he ought to be subjected to the law. It appears that the commissioners made such suggestions to the king as would contribute to render his declaration more agreeable to the public, and, on the whole, it was not ill received. The king stated that the insults which he had sustained on April 18 and the impunity with which he was assailed by libellous attacks were the cause of his attempt to escape. He declared that his intention was not to leave France, and that his journey had not been undertaken in concert with foreign powers or with any Frenchmen who had left the kingdom. He added that in Paris he could not well know public opinion, but he had learned by his journey how strong it was in favor of the Constitution. The queen's declaration was very brief. The king wished to leave with her children, and she would not stay behind; she had a positive assurance that the king did not intend to leave the kingdom; and if he had intended, she would have used all her influence to prevent it. She declared that the persons who accompanied her did not know the object of the journey.

In this, as in all things, even those who do not love the queen may admit that she carried herself with her accustomed courage. It is one of the curious points in a most curious period of history that we do not know what Marie Antoinette was like. Learned historians have wrangled over the question whether she was pretty or plain. In her case, as in the case of Napoleon Bonaparte, no two of all the many surviving portraits are absolutely alike. But we do know that now, since the flight to Varennes, her hair had grown gray. It had, indeed, begun to grizzle beneath its powder in the year before, in 1790; now, under this last catastrophe, it was quite gray. But under the gray hair the eyes were as bright, perhaps as hard, as ever, and the lips as firm with that firmness of courage which neither misfortune nor humiliation could break down.

Bouillé behaved like a gallant gentleman. He wrote from Luxembourg a fiery, threatening letter to the Assembly. It was received with contemptuous laughter, and the Assembly passed on to the order of the day. But Bouillé had, we may believe, no serious hope that he could intimidate the National Assembly with Paris and the bulk of France behind it. All he wished was to save the king by sacrificing himself. He knew well enough the state of opinion in France, and in a letter shortly after addressed to the emigrant princes he warned them that nearly all France was against the Old Order; that the exceptions were a few persons who were interested in its restoration; that it was impossible to re-establish the Old Order except by force; and that if the people were subjected by force, it would be impossible to keep them quiet. Their obedience could only be secured by an order of things which should be agreeable to them individually. Tranquillity could only be estab-

lished and maintained by a government which should ameliorate the condition of the people and secure forever the destruction of old abuses. All of which goes to show that Bouillé had a very fair appreciation of the position, and might under better conditions have done better things.

The leaders of the Right, on June 29, drew up a declaration against the decrees by which the Assembly assumed all the power and suspended the king's functions. They declared that they would henceforth take no part in any deliberation of the Assembly which did not solely concern the interests of the king's person and the royal family. In all, some three hundred and fifteen deputies signed this declaration, but about thirty, among whom was Malouet, signed it with this restriction, that they would speak and vote whenever they thought it advisable. Among the signers was the Marquis de Ferrières, and yet he admits the impolicy of the measure, and says that those who drew up the declaration thought more of the damage which they could do to the constitutional party, which they detested, than of the service which they might render to the king and the royal family. The king's flight thus brought the parties more distinctly in opposition. Many of those who signed the declaration were in favor of the old monarchy, and by this act they separated themselves from the moderate constitutional party, who, however, were less afraid of them than of the men who were hot to proclaim a republic.

The name of "republic" had for some time been made familiar to the French by a few writers. Before the king's flight Camille Desmoulins had said that only the name of monarchy was left to France, and that, setting aside five or six decrees, which contradicted

one another, France had been formed into a republic. But republicans such as Brissot had treated of the republic as a theoretical rather than a practical question. Circumstances now made it a practical question. Even those who were in favor of a constitutional monarchy had served the republican cause by their measures. They had thought more of establishing a free government than of giving stability to it. But republicanism was now in the air; every one thought of it, talked of it, argued for or against it. The prospectus of a journal called *Le Républicain* was posted up at the very doors of the National Assembly. It was signed by one Duchastellet, a colonel of Chasseurs, but is said to have been drawn up by Thomas Paine, the author of the "Rights of Man," who was then in Paris, and who, according to Gouverneur Morris, was full of discontent at the way things were going. There was at this time a report that Sieyès had turned republican. Sieyès denied it in a note to the *Moniteur*. He said that he preferred a monarchy, because it was demonstrable to him that there was more liberty for the citizen in a monarchy than in a republic, and every other reason for determining in favor of one or of the other was puerile. But Sieyès thought of an elective monarchy, and he aimed at securing all the advantages of the hereditary principle without any of its inconveniences, and all the advantages of election without any of its dangers. Paine, in the *Patriote Français*, gave notice that he accepted the challenge which Sieyès gave to the sincere republicans, and would prove the superiority of the republican system over this nullity of system called monarchy.

While Paine and Sieyès argued, Lafayette, though probably in theory a republican, looked at the mat-

ter as one of expediency. The question was whether people's minds were prepared for the republic. There was no middle way between a republic and the monarchy with Louis XVI. If the king was deposed and his son proclaimed in his place, a regent would be required, and there was no person whom public opinion would accept as a regent. In the Assembly it seemed certain that there would be very few votes for a republic. The conclusion of Lafayette and his friends was that they must stand by Louis XVI. and hope for the best. It is doing Lafayette no great wrong to assume that in every crisis which occurred, if his heart was throbbing for his country, his head was thinking for himself. He liked to be king unmaker up to a certain point; it can hardly be doubted that he liked to be Mayor of the Palace. If there were no king, there could be no Mayor of the Palace, and Lafayette knew very well what measure of popularity the Sieur Motier had with the Jacobin Club and with the men of the Cordeliers, who hung upon the words of Danton. But with a do-nothing king, such as Louis was by nature, such as Louis would now wellnigh be by law, the position of a Mayor of the Palace was, if not a pleasant, at least a conspicuous position.

The Jacobins had already decided what the Assembly should do with Louis XVI. Danton said that the king was either criminal or imbecile; and it would be a horrible thing, when they had the power to find him criminal or imbecile, not to adopt the latter alternative. He proposed that the departments should assemble; that each should name an elector; that the electors should appoint an executive council of ten or twelve, who should be changed, like the legislature, every two years. An address from the club of Marseilles to the

French people recommended Robespierre—"that only rival of the Roman Fabricius"—and Danton to their especial protection. The address assured France that Marseilles had sworn to watch over the precious safety of those rare men whom the capital had the happy advantage of possessing in its bosom, and that Marseilles was ready, on the slightest show of danger, to come to the capital to tear the mask from the hypocrites, and to place truth on the national chair between Robespierre and Danton.

The Jacobin campaign against the king was ably engineered. The people of Paris were told that the departments called for the deposition of the king, and the people in the departments were told that the Parisians called for the deposition of the king. But the great majority in the Assembly were opposed to the policy of the Jacobins, and were anxious to see the king placed in a position of safety to himself and advantage to the country. Thus on July 15, after much debate, the king was, after a fashion, set upon his throne again. But he was only thus reinstated under severe conditions. It was decreed that if the king should retract, after having sworn to the Constitution, he should be considered to have abdicated. It was decreed that if he put himself at the head of an army to act against the nation, or gave orders to that effect, or if he did not, by some formal act, oppose any attempt of the kind being done in his name, the king should be judged to have abdicated. After this he would become a plain citizen, and be responsible in the usual way for all his acts after his abdication. Thus royalty was saved for a time, and the flight of the king was declared not to be a constitutional crime. Pétion, Robespierre, and Buzot protested against the report of the committee which resulted in

this decree. A deputy from Pamiers, hitherto unknown, Vadier, now made himself known by the violence with which he raged against any concession to the king. The voice was the voice of Vadier, but the words were the words of Marat; and Marat, who did not love to see his thunder stolen, declared later that the speech was a tissue of phrases borrowed from the patriotic journals, particularly his own *L'Ami du Peuple*. Of the speeches in favor of the decree that of Barnave produced the most effect. Barnave had learned and unlearned much since the days when he asked, ironically, his famous question, "Le sang qui coule est-il donc si pur?" His speech seems a prophetic warning against the miseries that were to come. He treated directly of the question that was before the Assembly, but he also treated the mighty question of the Revolution. In the simplicity of his heart he asserted that it was a great evil to perpetuate a revolutionary movement which had destroyed all that it ought to destroy, which had brought its supporters to the point at which they ought to stop—the old dream of all initiators of revolution. Barnave urged that its efforts had made all men equal before the law civil and the law political; had restored to the State all that had been taken from it. From this for Barnave resulted the great truth that if the Revolution made a single step in advance it could not make it without danger. The first step in the direction of more liberty would be the annihilation of royalty; the first step in the direction of more equality would be an attack on property. So Barnave reasoned, honestly believing that he could say to the Revolution, "Thus far and no farther." For the hour he carried his point. At the same time it was decided that Bouillé, and all others who were concerned in the king's evasion, should be prosecuted.

A little later it was decreed that the royal authority was suspended until the Constitution was presented to the king for his acceptance. The Assembly was bold enough to set at liberty the king's equerries and the two waiting-women of the queen. For the moment it seemed as if all unpleasant memories of the flight to Varennes had been amicably blotted out.

But the Jacobins were inclined to no such affable oblivion. In the evening the decrees of the Assembly were received at the Jacobins with a disgust which was only tempered by the utterances of Robespierre. Laclos and Danton urged that the Jacobins should draw up a petition and send it to all the affiliated societies for signature, and that it should be signed by everybody, even women and minors, and then be presented to the Assembly with eight millions of signatures. A committee was appointed to draw up the petition. It was to be signed on the following day in the Field of Mars. On the very day when the Jacobins took this extreme step, which might easily be construed into a menace to the Assembly, there was a surprising secession from its own body. Almost all the deputies who were members of the Jacobins met at the Convent des Feuillants, with the intention of transferring to this new locality the sittings of the club of which they were the founders, and with the declared object of purging the society, and only retaining those members whose principles were in harmony with the purposes which they had always had in view.

Secessions are seldom successful, especially when the seceders aim, as the founders of the Feuillants aimed, at being moderate, at being respectable. Duport and Lameth, Barnave and La Rochefoucauld and Sieyès, Bailly and Lafayette, were now as eager to hold the Revolution back as they had been eager before to spur

the Revolution on. They had helped to set the great machine of the Jacobin Club going, and now, when the machine was going too fast for them, they thought to stay the terror of its revolving wheels by conspicuous withdrawal. They hoped, it is possible that they believed, that if the men of the club of 89, if the leaders of the Revolution, if the nobles and the gentlemen of birth who adorned a revolution with their presence, were to withdraw from the Jacobins, the Jacobins would by that very act of withdrawal wither away and speedily cease to be. But all happened quite otherwise. The enterprise of the Feuillants is one of the most ludicrous as it is one of the most melancholy catastrophes in a story that is often ludicrous, but that is always melancholy. The men who remained in the Convent of the Jacobins saw without despair their men of light and leading desert them and gather together in the Convent of the Feuillants, adding, for the third time, the name of a religious house to the purposes of a political club. The Jacobins simply became more extreme than before, more clamorous for the deposition of the king, more strenuous in their efforts to push and present their great petition.

In the mean time the Assembly as a body had allowed itself to feel considerable resentment at the attitude of the Jacobins and the preparation for the monster petition. It is possible that it was encouraged in its attitude by the secession of the respectable party from the club. It may have thought that the hour was with the Feuillants and with it. It ignored the laws of political gravity. It forgot, or seemed to forget, its own cutthroat, self-denying ordinance. It thought that the moment had come to strike a strong blow in favor of a bourgeois revolution against a prolétaire revolution. It met the threat of the mass meeting on

the Field of Mars with a counter-threat. Bailly was communicated with. Lafayette was advised. Bailly was to play the resolute. Lafayette was to play the man. The people were warned—and under the conditions the warning was grotesquely ironic—that all assemblages, with or without arms, were contrary to law, contrary to that famous martial law of which so much had been talked, with which as yet nothing had been done. But the petition went on all the same, and the petitioners, heedless whether the Assembly talked with the speech of men or of angels, were as busy as bees.

The petitioners insisted that the king's attempted escape and his justification of that escape were practically equivalent to a formal abdication. They censured the National Assembly for failing to enforce the abdication which it had already practically recognized when it had laid hands upon the executive power, and had placed the king under arrest. The petition called for and obtained a great number of signatures. As in the old days of the League, sympathizers hastened to add their names. The petition was promptly printed and placarded all over Paris. Everybody read it, everybody talked of it. Groups formed in the streets to discuss it, and these groups soon began to increase in number, in volume, and in agitation. Proclamations published in the interests of public peace to call for calm only proved by their existence the absence of calm, and so added another danger to the peace they sought to protect. The National Guard broke up a group in one place to see it form again in another. People predicted, feared, hoped, or expected some kind of catastrophe.

In times of revolution the expectation of a catas-

trophe is more often than not the cause of a catastrophe. Constitutionalism as represented by the National Assembly, respectability as represented by Bailly, saw with alarm the growing agitation of Paris, and attributed it with a convenient vagueness to the presence of foreign agitators in the city. The old panic cry of "the brigands" was raised again. This time the brigands were the salaried emissaries of foreign courts, employed under different disguises and with specious excuses in fomenting popular movements in Paris, with the purpose, of course, of bringing discredit upon the Revolution and the national cause. Whoever may have helped to promote popular agitation, the petition and the petitioners kept the agitation going. A great ceremony was planned for Sunday, July 17, a great display of the petition on the altar of the Field of Mars, a great signing by innumerable petitioners, the whole to constitute a magnificent protest against an inert National Assembly.

One of the schemes of the promoters of the business was to make the site of the Bastille the tryst of patriotism, the rallying ground of patriots. These, marching thence to the Place of Federation, should grow in number as they marched, until they had swollen to the magnitude and the menace of potential insurrection—that old, sacred right of insurrection once so dear to Lafayette, and now so very likely to cost him dear. But this portion of the general plan came to naught. Constitutional authority had anticipated the design, and had occupied the place of the Bastille with a strong body of the National Guard, who effectually prevented patriotic petitioners from rallying there.

But if the site of the Bastille was denied to the growing groups, the very denial gave an additional impor-

tance to the altar in the Field of Mars. Petitioners, patriots, many no doubt of the merely curious, some perhaps of the salaried brigands, flocked thither to a common centre of excitement, of effervescence, of insurrection. Before the time appointed for the meeting the altar in the Field of Mars was covered with men and women. Two men were found concealed under the steps. One man had a wooden leg, one man had a gimlet. It was forthwith believed that they were conspirators hired to blow up the altar. The men tried clumsily to explain their presence. They seem to have confessed their business was some such business as that of Peeping Tom of Coventry, that they hoped for a considerable time, in security and unobserved, to observe the shapely limbs of citizenesses as they ascended the steps to sign their names to the petition. Whatever their purpose may have been, mere lubricity on the one hand or mere treason to the popular cause on the other, they found scant favor and short shrift. They were carried off to the committee of the section Gros-Caillou, and examined, but on their way to the Town-Hall they were murdered by the crowd, and their heads were put upon pikes. The murder, such as it was, of a man with a wooden leg and a man with a gimlet, was soon to be bloodily expiated.

About one o'clock there was an immense crowd in the Field of Mars, and a few obscure emissaries of the Jacobins were there. The chief members of the club were absent. The Cordeliers were there, and stirring. The Jacobin emissaries were instructed to say that as a new decree had been made there must be a new petition. The Cordeliers said that as the Jacobins had not drawn up a petition, they would draw one up on the spot. They drew up their petition, and separate

leaves were distributed in order to be signed. About six thousand persons signed, including those who merely made their mark. The petition exists, for the leaves were picked up by the National Guards. The chief names were Santerre's, Chaumette's, written with a flowing hand, Hébert's, Henriot's spider scrawl, and Maillard's. The rest were for the most part names unknown. The tumult was now at its height, and the leaders talked of going in a body to the National Assembly. But the National Assembly had been beforehand with the petitioners. Word was sent to waiting Bailly, word was sent to waiting Lafayette. The news of the double murder had reached them ; perhaps they thought the horrors of the July of 1789 were to be re-born.

Whatever they thought, Lafayette and Bailly marched to the Field of Mars at the head of a little army of National Guards. The burgesses that had overthrown the monarchy were now prepared to overawe the people. The municipality proclaimed martial law, the mayor and part of the municipal officers put themselves in motion, preceded by a detachment of cavalry, three pieces of cannon, and the red flag, and followed by a battalion of the National Guards. On the way the people began to throw stones at the National Guards, and a man was arrested who fired at Lafayette, but the general set him at liberty. When the municipality and its armed show arrived at the Field of Mars they were received with hootings and a shower of stones, and a pistol-shot passed Bailly and broke the thigh of a dragoon. Some say there was no formal summons to the people to disperse. Some say there was no time to summon the rioters in legal form. Others again maintain that Bailly did his formal, legal, municipal

duty ; that he spoke the three ordained summonses to the mob to disperse, but that he uttered them in a voice so weak, so broken that they were heard by no one, and might to all intents and purposes as well not have been uttered. In any case, Lafayette acted as if they had been duly uttered. At first he gave the order to fire without ball, but the people, seeing that no damage was done, made a fresh attack. A second discharge with ball killed some of the rioters, and the cavalry dispersed the rest. The number of persons killed is estimated at one hundred by some writers. Saint-Just spoke of two thousand being killed. The official returns make the number eleven or twelve, and the number of wounded about the same.

For the moment it seemed as if the game of the fierce Jacobins, of the almost fiercer Cordeliers, was up. The crowd, naturally enough, fled in all directions from the fatal line of fire, trampling down more victims as it fled than Lafayette's bullets ever killed or scotched. The men of the New Order had had recourse to precisely the same methods and arguments that had ever been employed by the men of the Old Order. And so the crowd fled for their lives. But not the crowd alone.

While the echo of Bailly's drums was still loud in the ears of the Parisians, while the smoke of Bailly's powder might still be supposed to hover over the Field of Mars, the schemers of insurrection became schemers for their own personal safety. This way and that they ran to cover, astonished, with an astonishment that was greater than their despair, at employment, and successful employment, of force against their force ; alarmed, with an alarm that had every apparent justification, for the security of their heads. If authority dared so much, authority might dare more. Those who flew the red flag

and fired upon an insurgent mob might dare also to disregard the sanctity of insurgent leaders. So the conspirators sought shelter in all directions from a danger that seemed immediate and seemed great. Danton disappeared ; Marat disappeared ; Desmoulins disappeared. Robespierre was not the most conspicuous of the conspirators ; he was not the most deeply implicated in the conspiracy. But he was never without a sense of his own importance, never without regard for his safety. He feared that he might be arrested if he passed the night in his own lodgings. He passed it elsewhere, and never returned to his own lodgings. The shelter of a night proved to be his shelter for the rest of his life. It is characteristic of the man and of the man's star that the chance and choice of this evening found for him a new set of adorers, who served, and by tradition serve, to perpetuate his cult, and that he was at the same time the cause of catastrophe to a number of people who till then were ignorant of his nature and innocent of his opinions. Charlotte Robespierre relates that as her brother was making his way home from the Field of Mars on the day called the day of the massacre, he was recognized and applauded by the crowd as he passed the Rue Saint-Honoré near to the church of the Assumption. As he sought to evade this inopportune enthusiasm, a man who came out of a shop offered him shelter for a few hours until the effervescence of the streets had abated. The man was a carpenter named Duplay. Robespierre accepted, as he believed, hospitality for at the most a night, and in doing so accepted the hospitality of a lifetime.

So keen is the curiosity of students of the revolutionary epoch, so living the interest which the memory of Robespierre kindles in the mind of those who hate as

well as of those who love him, that the mere accident of his establishment at Duplay's has been the cause of a voluminous, vehement, and whimsical controversy. The controversy—it began in 1895—is as to whether the house of Duplay, the residence of Robespierre, is or is not recognizable, traceable, recoverable in the house which now occupies its site. Monsieur Hamel, Robespierre's biographer and champion, maintains, and has maintained for thirty years, that all trace has vanished of the dwelling-place as it was when Robespierre dwelt within its walls. According to him, alteration and reconstruction had wholly and irreparably blotted out all traces of the place where Robespierre came to pass a night and stayed to pass so much of a lifetime as it was allotted to him to live. Monsieur Lenotre, however, the author of "Paris Révolutionnaire"—a book that is always earnest and always interesting, if not always unimpeachable—asserts that the house is still practically existing, that the alterations have modified without destroying its characteristics, and that the rooms in which Robespierre slept and ate, and worshipped himself and was worshipped by others, are still discernible to the eye of intelligence. The view of Lenotre has been adopted and championed to the utterance by Monsieur Victorien Sardou, the dramatist, who is an ardent investigator of all that concerns the Revolution and a bitter opponent of Robespierre and the Robespierre tradition. This is the place to note, as significant, the existence of the controversy; this is not the place to consider its merits. The interested will find Hamel's views in the volume of the "Revue de la Révolution" for the year 1895; they will find Sardou's arguments in his pamphlet "La Maison de Robespierre," published a few months later than Hamel's paper, and written in

direct reply. There is a return reply by Monsieur Hamel. I may, however, be permitted to say that, after carefully reading the arguments of both sides, my own opinion is that Monsieur Sardou has the best of it. It is easy to say that the matter is of no importance, but it is as absurd as it is easy. So long as human beings take any interest in the lives and the events of those who have gone before them, so long will they take interest also in the habitations, as in the graves, of those they study. The memory of Robespierre still bulks so large, his influence is still so great, the feelings aroused by his name are still so fervent and so extreme, that nothing in connection with his brief, amazing story can be considered too trivial for attention. No man knows where his body lies in death ; it is but natural that men should feel curious as to where his body abode in the days when he still lived and looked upon the earth.

On the following day the Assembly, through the mouth of the ex-Jacobin, Charles Lameth, its President, thanked the magistrate and the National Guards for their conduct in shooting down Jacobins. But if the Assembly had struck a temporary alarm into the leaders of the Jacobins, it did not follow up its victory. The clubs were not closed ; the violence of the press was scarcely restrained by the arrest of a few Royalist or a few Jacobin journalists. A draft of a law governing the press was proposed, but it was rendered null by the addition of some words proposed by Pétion, which restricted the decree to such writings as should formally urge to disobedience to the laws.

Lafayette, Barnave, Duport, the Lameths, D'André, Chapelier, and other eager, exultant Feuillants held their meetings and sang their songs of victory, but they

were too much divided in opinion to agree on any plan of operation. They wanted the vigor and sagacity of Mirabeau to direct them. In the mean time the Jacobins took to themselves the wisdom of the serpent. They passed a resolution in which they declared their attachment to the Constitution and their obedience to the decrees of the Assembly. The next day they sent an address to the Assembly, in which they expressed their sorrow at the views and principles of the club being misunderstood. Pétion published a letter, in which he admitted that some errors had been committed by the club, but that its services were great. He said he was near abandoning the cause in despair, but he had been prevailed upon by some friends to remain at his post.

There was a contest between the two clubs, Jacobins and Feuillants, for the possession of the affiliated societies; and a circular was sent by each of them to the clubs in the departments. But the Feuillants were engaged in an unequal contest. The greater part of the moderate members had retired from the affiliated societies, and these were now directed by men who did not entertain the opinions of the Feuillants. Three questions presented themselves for the consideration of the affiliated societies—reunion of the two clubs, adhesion to the Feuillants, or a continuance of union with the Jacobins. The circular of the Jacobins received the adhesion of the greater part of the clubs. Many of the deputies returned to the fold. The supremacy of the Jacobins was firmly established. In the last months of the sittings of the Assembly the association numbered above eighteen hundred members and two hundred and fifty affiliated societies.

Robespierre recovered from his alarm when he saw that the Assembly did not follow up its victory. He

felt sure that the Jacobins would triumph. He published an address to the French people in defence of his honor and his country; for to Robespierre his personality was intimately, essentially associated with his cause. If he was timid in action and alarmed by personal danger, he was bold when he saw his opportunity. In his address he painted himself as a persecuted man, a calumniated man, because he did his duty. His persecutors were a powerful faction, which aspired to rule in the National Assembly. But Robespierre was not the real object of their attack; it was his principles, it was the cause of the people, which they designed to crush by oppressing the defenders of the people. He declared that if he must see liberty fall beneath the efforts of his enemies, he would, at least, while he perished in its defence, leave to posterity a name without reproach and an example for the imitation of honest men. He said that the principles which he had brought with him to the Assembly, and which he had constantly supported, were those which the National Assembly had solemnly recognized by the Declaration of Rights as the only legitimate basis of every political constitution and all human society. He maintained that all the decrees of the National Assembly, that all his own opinions, at least, could only be consequences of the two principles to which men might reduce the declaration of the rights of man and of the citizen, Equality of Rights and the Sovereignty of the Nation. It was a logical consequence of these principles that the king was only the delegate of the sovereign nation. The king was not a power, but an individual to whom power was given by the nation. As to the monarch, Robespierre declared that he did not share in the alarm which the title of king has inspired in most free peoples. So long as the nation was

put in his place, and full scope allowed to the patriotism to which the Revolution had given birth, Robespierre did not fear royalty, nor even the hereditary character of the royal functions in one family.

This letter of Robespierre's, with its grave Republicanism, with its austere readiness to accept the presence of monarchy without the monarchical power, may be looked upon almost as the swan-song of the Revolution that had been dreamed of, that had been called into being, that had been fostered by men like Lafayette, like the Lameths, like all the excellent gentlemen who now formed the Feuillants Club. Roughly speaking—and all history must inevitably, even in an age of documents, be written with the reservation that it is written roughly speaking—the first stage of the French Revolution, that which the men of the time believed to be the French Revolution, came to its end practically with the apparent triumph of Feuillantism over Jacobinism, came to an end actually with the completion of the Constitution, and its acceptance by a king who had no choice but to accept.

One of the most pathetic little books in the world lies before me as I write. It is a small book, even a dumpy book, bound in a dingy, last-century binding, and printed in a detestably small type. It is adorned, in the phrase of the day, with cuts, and it bears the date of 1792 and the imprint of Paris and Strasbourg. It is the "Précis Historique de la Révolution Française," par J. P. Rabaut, and it is one of the most curious and the most melancholy monuments of folly and complacency whereof the world holds witness. For while it is a record, and a fairly accurate, fairly intelligent account, of the events of some three momentous years, written by a man who played his part—an honorable part—in

those events, its pathos lies in the fact that it professes to be so much more than merely such a record. When Rabaut de Saint-Étienne finished the manuscript of the queer little volume which is now such melancholy reading, he honestly believed that he really and truly was writing the history of an event which was over and done with. He believed in all simple seriousness that the French Revolution came to its peaceful, to its dignified conclusion with the promulgation of the Constitution and the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly. To his candid, open, credulous, affably ingenuous mind the Revolution seemed to be nobly rounded off, its troubles and its perils past, the glorious harvest waiting to be garnered, nothing for the high-minded husbandmen to do but to thrust in the sickle and reap.

It is impossible not to read the little book, so infinitely touching in its allusions to the merits of the reigning king, in its amiable conviction that now everything was for the best in the best possible of revolutionized worlds, without wishing the gentle and simple writer had been permitted to go to a yet more untimely grave in the conviction that all was as it should be, and that all was well with France and with the cause. He was destined to taste the cruel irony of things, and his book was destined to remain a symbol of the ironic in the lives of Revolutionists. The man who flattered himself so gently that the great crisis was past, that the ship of State, to use his own cherished and not unfamiliar allegory, had ridden through all her perils, and was piloted at last into blue water and the desirable haven, had soon to learn how inexorably rebellious to their instigators revolutions are, and how astoundingly more than rash is it to say of a revolution which is once begun, that here, at such a point, at such a stroke of the clock,

date of the year, shadow on the dial, it came prosperously and peacefully to its close. It was, indeed, but a little while after the publication of that dumpy, dingy volume, with its ineffable contentment, its assured hopefulness, that the harmless, the high-minded author was to die by the guillotine, after having learned with a merciless certainty that all he and those like him had labored for lay in the dust about the base of a scaffold, and that if the Revolution which he believed in, toiled for, and eulogized came to an end in the year 1791, another revolution, perhaps the inevitable successor of its predecessor, but at least far more momentous and more terribly bitter, began its fearful date with that year's business. The phœnix rekindled in its ashes, but it rekindled as a bird of prey.

At the moment when Robespierre wrote his address and Rabaut Saint-Étienne was scheming his history of the completed French Revolution, nobody had any eye for a possible bird of prey. One great fact was obvious. The Constitution was completed. What mattered a convention of Pilnitz, with emperors, kings, and princes protesting against the position of Louis XVI. What mattered feuds of Feuillants and Jacobins. The Constitution was completed. It was true that the Constitution had taken some little time to complete. Through two years of chaos and old night, the Constituent Assembly had labored at its work. There had been committees to form the Constitution, committees to revise the Constitution. Mirabeau had wished to be on this latter committee, and had been prevented by the inane astuteness of Lafayette. This committee had for task to extract from the solid rock of the constitutional decrees of the Assembly the pure gold of truth, and to smelt and mould it into the perfect form. With a Barnave

and a Malouet trying to make it as monarchical as possible ; with a Robespierre and a Biauza trying to make it as unmonarchical as possible, it did at last take a kind of shape, and leave the king a kind of state, and by retaining that cutthroat, self-denying ordinance foredoomed itself, not to the immortality of which its founders dreamed, but to a very brief and piteous mortality. It was meant to be the eternal table of the law for France, and not for France alone, but, by its illustrious example, for all mankind. But it was after all a Feuillantist Constitution, and the Jacobins, too, yearned for their Constitution.

Such as it was, the Constitution was presented to the king on September 3, and the king, with a whimsical show of independence, agreed to consider it with as little delay as possible. As a reward for this graciousness, the show of restraint was removed. A thousand eyes still proved by their watchfulness that Louis was the most helpless of prisoners, but he was allowed to move in a false atmosphere of freedom, which was, perhaps, more exasperating than absolute servitude. However, Louis played his part with the kind of clumsy gravity, of stolid inappropriateness, which characterized all his actions. He finally accepted the Constitution and declared that he would cause it to be executed ; but he distinctly said that he did not perceive in the means of execution and administration all the energy that would be necessary to give movement and to preserve unity in all parts of a vast empire.

After the king's letter was read, Lafayette moved and carried a general amnesty and the release of all persons who were confined on account of the king's flight. On September 14, the king pronounced his acceptance of the Constitution in the presence of the As-

sembly. The king's acceptance was the signal for public rejoicings, but Louis did not and could not rejoice. We are told that, on returning to the palace, he threw himself into a chair and burst into tears. On September 18, the Constitution was solemnly proclaimed in Paris, and in the departments and municipalities. On the 30th, the king in person closed the long session of the National Assembly by an address, to which the President, Thouret, replied. After Louis had retired, in the midst of applause, the President announced that the National Constituent Assembly declared that its mission was fulfilled, and that it now ended its sittings. The labors of the Constituent Assembly were over. After two years and four months, the curtain fell on the first if not the most important or the most instructive act of the great mystery or miracle play of what may be called modern history.

Thus, and perhaps not altogether gloriously, the Constituent Assembly came to its end. It has found the strangest fortune in history. It has received more praise and more blame than any like body of men that has ever been called together, and both the praise and the blame have been intemperate, extravagant, and, in consequence, unreasonable. It must be admitted, even by those who are most exasperated by its faults and by its follies, that the Assembly had noble aims, high aspirations, that it strove towards the goal of a lofty ideal. It came into existence illegally—or, at least, it legalized its own actions by an authority itself had created—and thereafter devoted itself for the most part to a passionate pursuit of the perfect law. Itself the child of a political convulsion, it was, perhaps, inevitably pledged to a belief in reform by convulsion, and thus all its legislative acts resemble rather the violent

results of volcanic action than the ordered outcome of a steady evolution. The deliriums of August 4 characterize all its impulses and inspire all its actions. To its initiative must be attributed the conviction which did so much to dominate and did so much to harm the Revolution long after the Constituent Assembly had ceased to be, the conviction that to call a thing by a different name had a really great and enduring effect in making it a different thing. The theory according to which something was gained by calling the Count of Mirabeau plain Citizen Riquetti was intimately related to the theory that a Burgundian ceased to be a Burgundian or a Picard a Picard because his province was carved into a new shape and called by a new name.

The thinking world has waged war over the Constituent Assembly ever since it came to its close, and has wrangled over its workers and its works. The case against the Assembly is to be found at its best in the two immortal masterpieces of Burke, in which the greatest Englishman of his day employed all the strength of his genius, his learning, his irony, and his oratory to annihilate the pretensions, to expose the follies, and to brand the crimes of the National Assembly. It has been the fashion since the days of Burke for advanced thinkers who admire Burke to express their regret for these two utterances of their master. It is certain that Burke was white-hot in his hatred of the thing specifically called French Revolution up to the point at which we, for the hour, take farewell of it. He denounced with all the wealth of his invective, he withered with all the flame of his consuming scorn, the labors which appeared to so many to be scarcely less a blessing to mankind than the Sermon on the Mount. Per-

haps the most impressive, because the most prophetic, passage in the much abused, the little read "Reflections on the French Revolution" comes almost at its close, a passage which, we must remember as we read, was written in 1790. Burke is addressing his friend, the "very young gentleman in Paris." He has, he says, told candidly his sentiments. He does not think they are likely to alter, does not know that they should alter, the opinions of the reader to whom they are directly addressed. But he goes on to say that they may hereafter be of some use to him in some future form which the French Commonwealth may take. "In the present it can hardly remain; but before its final settlement it may be obliged to pass, as one of our poets says, 'through great varieties of untried being,' and in all its transmigrations to be purified by fire and blood."

In the stately indignation of the "Reflections," as well as in the more angry passion of the "Letter to a Member of the National Assembly," written in January, 1791, when Mirabeau was still alive and the monarchy not wholly ruined, those who range against the French Revolution may find their most splendid inspiration. But those who believe in the essential truth of the early French Revolution, and who feel grateful to the men who brought it about and inaugurated a movement tending to good, will find their satisfaction in the grave eloquence and the learned austerity of Lanfrey in those chapters of his "Essai sur la Révolution Française" in which he treats of the Constituent Assembly, its hopes and its efforts, its failures and its successes. The passionate eulogy, like the illogical imprecation, can only intoxicate, can never strengthen the half-formed opinion, the growing belief. In his clear, cold pages Lanfrey

expresses, without fury and without despair, the creed of those who, after due consideration, agree to include the Constituent Assembly and its works among the triumphs of progress, among the gains of the human race.

INDEX

- ACLOCQUE, ANDRÉ ARNOULD, sketch of, ii. 126.
- Actes des Apôtres*, Royalist journal, ii. 406, 423.
- Adélaïde, Mme., daughter of Louis XV., i. 123.
- Leader of Anti-Dauphiness party, i. 124.
- Leaves France, ii. 528.
- Shelters Body-Guard, ii. 314.
- Urges flight of Mme. de Polignac, ii. 100.
- Afforty, member of Third Estate, i. 423.
- Affry, Count d', accident to, i. 406.
- Agout, Count d', requests king and queen to be present at Body-Guard banquet, ii. 251.
- Agoust, Vincent d', endeavors to arrest Parliamentarians, i. 277.
- Aguesseau, Marquis d', insists on Lafayette maintaining order, ii. 316.
- Aiguillon, Duke d' :
- Banished from Cabinet, i. 174.
- Dinner, ii. 535.
- Joins Third Estate, i. 588.
- Opposes demand for martial law, ii. 384.
- Out of favor, i. 130.
- Proposal of, ii. 201.
- Rival of Choiseul, i. 105.
- Spokesman of Breton Club, ii. 199.
- Ailly, d', Dean of Third Estate, i. 541, 543.
- Aix, Archbishop of, opposes annexation of Church property, ii. 366.
- Proposes National Council, ii. 451, 457.
- Aix-la-Chapelle, Treaty of, i. 36, 37.
- Alain, Attorney—Voltaire studies law under, i. 41.
- Alison on duty of soldiers, ii. 479.
- Althusen, i. 3.
- Amboise, Bussy d', prisoner in Bastille, i. 627.
- American War of Independence, i. 232.
- Andoins, Captain d', commands dragoons, ii. 585, 588.
- André, d' :
- Commissioned to take king's declaration, ii. 628.
- Member of Feuillant Club, ii. 644.
- Story of march of Body-Guard to Assembly, ii. 298.
- Anet, Claude, Life at Chambéry with Mme. de Warens, i. 74.
- Angiviller, Mme. d', revolutionary salon, i. 376.
- Angoulême, Duke d', takes leave of Louis XVI. ii. 97.
- Annales Patriotiques*, Carra and Mercier's, ii. 411.
- Anti-religious riots, ii. 561.

- Antraigues, Henri de Launai d' (Audanel):
 Sketch of, i. 545.
 Speeches on division of orders, i. 526, 537.
- Ariosto on lost things, ii. 102.
- Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, executed, i. 627.
- Army:
 Division between officers and men, ii. 482.
 State of, ii. 476.
 Strength of, on eve of Revolution, i. 598.
- Arné, Joseph, at siege of Bastille, i. 642, 650, 653.
- Arnould, king's postilion to Varennes, ii. 598.
- Arouet, François Marie, *see* Voltaire.
- Aronet, Père:
 Character, i. 41.
 Death, i. 42.
- Arrigucci, ancient house of Fiesole, i. 430.
- Artois, Count d':
 Dissensions between Marie Antoinette and, ii. 38.
 Elected for Tartas, i. 521.
 Emigrates, ii. 97.
 Flight, ii. 356.
 President of Committee of Notables, i. 239.
 Sketch of, i. 164.
- Ashmole, Elias, founds Order of Rosicrucians, i. 23.
- Assignats, ii. 367.
 Debate on further issue, ii. 492.
- Aubriot, Hugues:
 Makes Bastille a fortress, i. 624.
 Sketch of career, i. 624.
- Auch, Martin d', opposes Mounier's oath, i. 577.
- Augeard:
 Asserts Lafayette's knowledge of queen's flight, ii. 578.
 Plan to get queen out of France, ii. 570.
- Aulard:
 "History of Jacobin Club," ii. 432, 537.
- Aulard:
 On site of Cordeliers' Club, ii. 437.
- Autun, Bishop of, celebrates Mass in Field of Mars, ii. 472.
- Auvergne, Count of, imprisonment in Bastille, i. 628.
- Avignon, conflict in—craves union with France, ii. 455.
- Ayen, Duke d', escapes from Versailles, ii. 313.
- BABEAU, ALBERT:
 "La Vie Militaire," studies of social life under Old Order, i. 597.
 Study of Paris in 1789, i. 339.
- Bachamont, description of Marie Antoinette, i. 138.
- Bacon, Francis, Diderot's tribute to, i. 61.
- Bacon, Roger, Opus Majus, i. 60.
- Bacourt, de, Mirabeau's correspondence left to, ii. 524.
- Bailly, Jean Sylvain:
 Accompanies deputation to Paris, ii. 63.
 Account of Paris, ii. 15.
 Accused of knowledge of king's flight, ii. 578.
 Action in regard to Foulon, ii. 129.
 Comments on renunciations, ii. 208.
 Crowned at Town-Hall, ii. 66.
 Dean of Third Estate, i. 543.
 Description of Moreau de Saint-Méry, ii. 17.
 Efforts to restrain Revolution, ii. 685.
 Endeavors to quell mob, ii. 563.
 Judgment of Mirabeau, ii. 187.
 Leaves Versailles for Paris, ii. 81.
 Letter to Necker on stolen flour, ii. 173.
 Letter to La Tour-du-Pin-Paulin, on recall of Flanders Regiment, ii. 237.
 Marches to Field of Mars with National Guards, ii. 640.

- Bailly, Jean Sylvain :
 Mayor of Paris, ii. 67, 72.
 Member of Third Estate, i. 423.
 On fall of Bastille, ii. 11.
 On flight of Count d'Artois, ii. 100.
 Powerlessness, ii. 146.
 Receives king at Chaillot Gate,
 ii. 87, 332.
 Rumors of resignation, ii. 144.
 Scheme for popular Assembly, ii.
 147.
 Seconds Lafayette's demand for
 martial law, ii. 383.
 Secretary of Third Estate, i. 396.
 Sketch of, i. 541 ; ii. 72.
 Speaks for king, ii. 91.
 Speech at Town-Hall, ii. 334.
 Takes oath proposed by Mounier,
 i. 576.
 Tries to enter Salle des Menus, i.
 571.
 Urges king to go to Town-Hall,
 ii. 332.
- Bailly, Mme., ii. 74.
- Balivière, Abbé de, flight, ii. 101.
- Balzac, criticism on Louis XVI., ii.
 83.
- Barbier, description of Parliamen-
 tary procession, i. 258.
- Barçilon, Abbé of Manvans, anti-
 quarian, i. 431.
- Bardin, king's postilion to Va-
 rennes, ii. 598.
- Barentin, de, Keeper of the Seals,
 i. 507.
 Flight, ii. 99.
- Barère frequents Mme. de Panck-
 oucke's salon, i. 383.
- Barnave :
 Accompanies royal family on re-
 turn from Varennes, ii. 617.
 Assails Club Monarchique, ii.
 441.
 Commissioner to secure return of
 king, ii. 614.
 Deputation to king, i. 590.
 Efforts to restrain Revolution, ii.
 538.
 Frequents Mme. de Broglie's
 salon, i. 381.
- Barnave :
 Influence with Jacobins, ii. 435.
 Member of Feuillant Club, ii.
 644.
 Member of Third Estate, i. 423.
 Motion on nonjuring clergy, ii.
 460.
 Proposition of, ii. 53.
 Question on Berthier's murder,
 ii. 140.
 Seeks alliance with Montmorin,
 ii. 566.
 Sketch of, i. 482.
 Speech on decree on king's
 flight, ii. 633.
 Speech on king's power in war,
 ii. 509.
 Speech on recall of Necker, ii.
 78.
- Barnave, Mme. de, i. 484.
- Barras, Marquis de :
 Account of fall of Bastille,
 ii. 8.
 Murdered, ii. 166.
 On Body-Guard banquet, ii. 251.
 Opinion of Duke of Orleans, ii.
 51.
- Barrauz, signs placards, ii. 389.
- Barry, Count du :
 Character, i. 119.
 Early life, i. 119.
 Rival of Choiseul, i. 120.
- Barry, Mme. du, i. 103, 113, 130.
 Reign of, i. 117.
- Barthélemy, Abbé, "Voyage du
 Jeune Anacharsis," i. 401.
- Bartbélemy, E. de, author of Me-
 moirs of Mesdames de France,
 i. 124.
- Bassenge, bankrupt, i. 222.
- Bassenge, Louis XVI. orders dia-
 mond necklace of, i. 188.
- Bassompierre, imprisoned in Bas-
 tille, i. 628.
- Bastille :
 Archives destroyed, i. 663.
 Besieged by D'Elbœuf, i. 628.
 Description of, i. 624, 630.
 Different accounts of fall, ii. 10.
 Garrison and provisions, i. 633.

- Bastille :
- History of siege, i. 631-651.
 - Importance and effect of fall, ii. 1, 2, 5.
 - Inmates of, i. 626.
 - Names of towers, i. 630.
 - News of fall spreading over France, ii. 113, 118.
 - News of fall welcomed in foreign countries, ii. 5.
 - Prisoners in reign of Louis XVI., ii. 2.
 - Prisoners released, i. 656.
 - Resolution to destroy, ii. 69, 76.
 - Symbol of feudal system, i. 662.
 - Taken, i. 650, 660.
 - Various descriptions of siege, i. 638.
- Bastille Day Celebration, ii. 463, 470.
- Account of, ii. 471.
 - Description of pilgrimage, ii. 468.
- "Bastillism," i. 668.
- Bayle, scepticism of, i. 3.
- Beaconsfield, Lord :
- Judgment of "Nouvelle Héloïse," i. 75, 80.
 - Paradox on Siege of Troy and French Revolution, i. 1.
- Beauharnais, Mme. de, salon, i. 378.
- Beauharnais, Viscount de :
- Demands equality of punishments, ii. 205.
 - Joins Third Estate, i. 588.
- Beaumarchais, Caron de :
- "Barber of Seville," i. 128.
 - Collects documents from Bastille, i. 664; ii. 130.
 - "Mariage de Figaro," i. 128.
 - Patronized by Mesdames de France, i. 126.
 - Sketch of, i. 125.
- Beaumont, Leprévost de, in the Bastille, i. 177.
- Beaurecueil, Langrier de, relieves poor of Paris, i. 398.
- Beausire, spy, i. 222.
- Beausset, attacked and murdered, ii. 454.
- Beauvais, Vincent de, "Speculum," i. 60.
- Supports Saint-Priest's policy, ii. 277.
- Becker, "Gallus," "Charicles," i. 402.
- Bed of Justice, i. 252, 260.
- Failure of, i. 259.
- Bedford, fifth Duke of, salon in Paris, i. 382.
- Bégis, Alfred, on Bastille, iii. 3.
- Belleisle, French defeat at, i. 101.
- Belombre, Camusat de, proposes deputation to clergy, i. 524.
- Belsunce, de, murdered, ii. 159.
- Bénard-Fleury, A. J., account of séance of Cagliostro, i. 210.
- Benoît XIII., proposal to amplify breviary, i. 29.
- Bequart :
- Killed, i. 652.
 - Prevents De Launay from firing powder store, i. 648.
- Berlin, treaty of, ii. 507.
- Bernard, Jean, views of French Revolution, i. 11.
- Bernard, soldier of Body - Guard, received by queen, ii. 345.
- Bernis, Abbé de, his character, i. 98.
- Berri, Duke de, takes leave of Louis XVI., ii. 97.
- Berthier de la Sauvigny, son-in-law of Foulon, ii. 124.
- Arrested, ii. 126.
 - Death, ii. 135.
 - Journey to Paris, ii. 133.
- Berthier (Prince of Wagram), aids Mesdames Adelaide and Victoire to leave France, ii. 526.
- Bertin, Controller-General, edict on corn, i. 177, 178.
- Bertin, Georges, champion of Princess de Lamballe, i. 122.
- Besançon, Arthur Young's account of, ii. 164.
- Besenal, Pierre Victor, Baron de :
- Account of, i. 148, 153.
 - Account of Louis XVI.'s position after the emigration, ii. 104.

- Besenal, Pierre Victor, Baron de :
 Account of Réveillon, i. 404.
 Action in Réveillon episode, i. 405, 409.
 Action in tumult of July 13, i. 621.
 Arrested, ii. 190.
 Imprisonment, death, ii. 193.
 Promises aid to De Launay, i. 641, 647.
 Withdraws troops to Field of Mars, ii. 22.
- Beugnot, Jacques Claude de :
 Advice to Mme. de la Motte on diamond necklace, i. 216.
 Description of Cagliostro, i. 209.
 Destroys letters, i. 195.
- Biauzat, Gauthier de :
 Letters to constituents, ii. 410.
 Suggestion on National Assembly, i. 562.
- Biré, Edmond, on Bastille, ii. 2.
- Biron, Marshal, skill in managing French Guards, i. 614.
- Blache, Count de, lawsuits against Beaumarchais, i. 126.
- Blanc, Louis :
 Description of Calonne, i. 236.
 On the Bastille, ii. 2.
 Opinion of diamond necklace episode, i. 218.
 Opinion of Robespierre, i. 479.
 Prejudiced writer on French Revolution, i. 11.
- Blin, François Pierre, attacks Mira-beau, ii. 516.
- Body-Guard, account of, 241.
 Defend king and queen at Versailles, ii. 313.
 Distribute white cockades, ii. 248.
- Body-Guard, banquet, ii. 243.
 Appearance of the queen, ii. 245.
 British Minister's account, ii. 253.
 Story of soldier, ii. 254.
- Boehmer :
 Bankrupt, i. 222.
 Learns that queen has not received necklace, i. 214.
- Boehmer :
 Louis XVI. orders diamond necklace of, i. 188.
- Boisgelin, De, life saved by Lafayette, ii. 71.
- Bolingbroke, St. John, Lord, i. 43.
- Bonnay, Marquis de, President of Assembly, ii. 472.
- Bonne, Sorin de, arrested, i. 177.
- Bonnemère, Aubin, lowers draw-bridge of Bastille, i. 640.
 Sabre of honor, i. 643.
- Bonneuil, Mme. de, i. 505.
- Bord, Gustave, "Prise de la Bastille," i. 649; ii. 2.
- Bossey, Rousseau at Lambercier's school at, i. 70.
- Boswell, James, of Auchinleck, friend of Paoli's, i. 454.
 Visits Voltaire, i. 46.
- Boudet, Lieutenant, commands Hussars in Varennes, ii. 606.
- Boufflers, Chevalier de :
 "Aline," i. 366.
 Death and epitaph, i. 368.
 Finds "Impartials" Club, i. 368.
 Invokes aid of Assembly against mob, ii. 121.
 Sketch of, i. 365.
- Boufflers, Comtesse de, opinion of Rousseau's "Confessions," i. 76.
- Bougeart, Alfred, biography of Marat, i. 501.
- Bourgeoisie, names and influence of, i. 92.
- Bonillé, Charles de, waits for king at Varennes, ii. 594, 595, 601.
- Bonillé, François C. A., Marquis de :
 Advice on king's flight, ii. 574.
 Attempts to maintain discipline in troops, ii. 476.
 Commands at Metz, ii. 237, 480, 572.
 Deprived of command, ii. 613.
 Flight, ii. 617.
 Letter to Assembly, ii. 629.
 March to Nancy, ii. 488.

- Bouillé, François C. A., Marquis de :
 Prepares for king's flight, ii. 580.
 Unable to rescue king, ii. 617.
 Warns Necker against States-General, i. 288.
- Boulainvilliers, Bernard de, Provost of Paris, i. 400.
- Boulainvilliers, Marchioness de, patronizes Mme. de la Motte, i. 195.
- Bourbon, Duke of, Minister of Louis XV. :
 Character, i. 27.
 Dismissed, i. 28.
 Takes leave of Louis XVI., ii. 97.
- Bourdon, De l'Oise, ii. 193.
- Bourg, Anne du, prisoner in Bastille, i. 627.
- Boyer, Bishop of Mirepoix, i. 96.
- Bragelonne, De, imprisoned in Bastille, i. 628.
- Brantôme, admiration for Mary Stuart, i. 132.
- Bread riots, (1725), i. 27.
- Brentano, Funk, "La Vie à la Bastille," ii. 2.
- Brest plot, ii. 230.
- Bretagne, condition of peasantry in, i. 326.
- Breton Club, account of, ii. 428.
- Breton, Le, registrar, i. 219.
- Bretonne, Restif de la :
 Rhapsody on Tuileries, i. 344, 353.
 Sketch of, i. 379.
- Breteuil, Baron de, ii. 102.
 Flight, ii. 99.
 Interview with Duke of Orleans, ii. 47.
- Brézé, de :
 Court usher, i. 522.
 Baffled by National Assembly, i. 586.
 Master of Ceremonies, i. 414, 421.
 Takes king's letter to nobles, i. 527.
- Briançon, Abbé Robert of, "Nobiliaire de Provence," i. 431.
- Brienne, Loménie de, Archbishop of Toulouse, i. 108, 241.
 Controller-General, i. 241.
 Dismissed, i. 284.
 Dismisses Notables, i. 249.
 Exiles Parliament, i. 259.
 Friend of Marie Antoinette and Vermont, i. 248.
 Provincial opposition to, i. 283.
 Scheme of Plenary Court, i. 276.
 Sketch of, i. 247.
 Takes civil oath, ii. 460.
- Brigands, The, ii. 160, 169.
- Brissot, founds "Société des Amis des Noirs," i. 386.
 Opinion of Duke of Orleans, ii. 45.
 "Theory of the Criminal Laws," i. 469.
- Broc, Vicomte de, "Study of France in Ancien Régime," i. 598.
- Brogie, Mme. de, salons, i. 381.
- Brogie, Victor François Duke de :
 Flight, ii. 99, 103.
 Sketch of policy, i. 599.
- Brougham, Lord :
 Judgment of Mirabeau, ii. 557.
 Tribute to Sir Samuel Romilly, ii. 181.
- Broussonet, Perpetual President of Society of Agriculture, i. 508.
- Browning, Oscar :
 Account of Mme. Canitrot, ii. 597.
 "Flight to Varennes," ii. 570.
 On king's flight to Varennes, ii. 591.
- Brun, Mme. Vigée le, portrait of Marie Antoinette, i. 138.
- Brune, Editor of *Le Petit-Gauthier*, ii. 425.
- Buffon frequents Mme. Necker's salon, i. 375.
- Bujon, Pierre, "Petite Histoire de Paris," i. 339.
- Bull, "Unigenitus," i. 17.
 Battle over, i. 29.
- Bull's Eye, i. 313.
- Burgesses and proletariat, conflict between, ii. 170.

- Burke :**
 Description of Marie Antoinette, i. 111, 132, 138.
 On Constituent Assembly, ii. 652.
 Opinion of French Revolution, ii. 512.
- Burney, Dr.,** Visits Voltaire at Ferney, i. 46.
- Burney, Fanny,** description of Arthur Young, i. 296.
- Buzot :**
 Opposes demand for martial law, ii. 384.
 Opposes Necker's demand for loan, ii. 218.
 Protests against decree on king's flight, ii. 632.
 Supports Robespierre's motion, ii. 123.
- Byron, Lord,** description of Rousseau, i. 91.
- CABANIS :**
 Account of Mirabeau's last days, ii. 550.
 Attends Mirabeau, ii. 548.
- Cadet de Vaux,** *see* Vaux, Cadet de.
- Cadignan,** commands Grenadiers, ii. 318.
- Café Procope,** i. 351.
- Cagliostro,** acquitted and exiled, i. 219.
 Arrested, i. 217.
 Death in Castle of St. Angelo, i. 221.
 Fleury's account of séance, i. 210.
 His quackeries, i. 204.
 Member of Illuminati, i. 25, 212.
 Real name and history, i. 202.
 Sketch of, i. 200.
- Caillard,** Turgot corresponds with, i. 172.
- Calonne, Controller-General :**
 Dismissed, i. 241.
 Evokes the Notables, i. 238.
 Schemes, i. 236.
- Calonne, Controller-General :**
 Sketch of, i. 235.
 Unfolds plans of reform to Notables, i. 240.
 Visits Coblenz, ii. 531.
- Cambray, Archbishop of,** possessions and privileges, i. 306.
- Campan, Mme. :**
 Accounts of
 Attempted flight from Versailles, ii. 286.
 Body-Guard banquet, ii. 250, 255.
 Interview between Marie Antoinette and Lauzun, i. 157.
 March to Paris, ii. 327.
 Night of October 5, ii. 311.
 Queen and De Favras' plot, ii. 397.
 Gives message from queen to Body-Guard, ii. 345.
 Raptures over Marie Antoinette, i. 139.
 Responsible for Fersen legend, ii. 329.
- Campellis,** opinion of Lafayette's march to Versailles, ii. 292.
- Camus, Armand Gaston :**
 Amendment to Pétion's motion for amnesty, ii. 475.
 President of Assembly, ii. 370.
 Proposes declaration of duties of man, ii. 196.
 Report of riot at Poissy, ii. 121.
 Second President of Third Estate, sketch of, i. 396.
- Canada,** French lose colonies, i. 101.
- Cautrot,** horse-master at Clermont, ii. 597.
- Capello, Antonio,** Venetian ambassador to France on fall of Bastille, ii. 6.
- Caraman, Count of,** claims relationship with Mirabeau, i. 433. •
- Carlyle :**
 Accounts of
 "Faublas," i. 333.
 Flight to Varennes, ii. 569.
 Princesse de Lamballe, i. 122.

- Carlyle:
 Description of Robespierre, ii. 384.
 Epitaph on Guillotin, ii. 424.
 " Majesty of Custom," i. 52.
 Nickname for Lafayette, i. 244.
 On difficulty of describing Bastille, i. 629.
 On Mirabeau's speech, i. 524.
 Opinion of Robespierre, i. 479.
 Portrait of Mirabeau, i. 425, 434.
 Work on French Revolution, i. 12.
- Carmontelle, Portrait of D'Antraigues, i. 546.
- Carnot, Member of Rosati Guild, i. 474.
- Caron, Pierre-Augustin, *see* Beaumarchais.
- Carrault, Jacqueline, Robespierre's mother, i. 468.
- Carrette, Commandant, escorts Foulon to Town-Hall, ii. 126.
- Casanova, Jacques, interviews with Voltaire, i. 46.
- Castellane-Norante, Mlle. Françoise de:
 Marries John Anthony, Marquis of Mirabeau, i. 439, 443.
 Sketch of, i. 447.
- Castelnau, De, arrest, letters, ii. 150.
- Castiglione, Prince de Gonzague, i. 378.
- Castle War, ii. 157.
- Castries, Duke de, duel with Charles Lameth, ii. 434.
- Caussidière, De la, suggestion for taking Bastille, i. 632.
- Cazalès:
 Opposes ministers, ii. 519.
 Speech on division of orders, i. 526.
 Supports Mirabeau's plea, ii. 546.
- Cazotte:
 Personal appearance, i. 8.
 Prophecies of French Revolution, i. 6.
- Cellamare, conspiracy, i. 21.
- Cerutti:
 Correspondence with Mirabeau, i. 400.
 Epigrammatic war with Rivarol, i. 371.
- Chabannes, Antoine de, Count of Dammartin, escapes from Bastille, i. 627.
- Chabot, Admiral, prisoner in Bastille, i. 627.
- Chabry, Pierrette, one of deputation to king, ii. 280.
- Challamel, Augustin, portrait of Father Gérard, i. 493.
- Chambers, Ephraim, cyclopædia model for "Encyclopædia," i. 61.
- Chambonas, Mme. de, salon, i. 370.
- Champcenetz, sketch of, i. 372
- Champeaux, A. de, "Les Monuments de Paris," i. 329.
- Champfort:
 Epigrammatic war with Rivarol, i. 371.
 Reading his stories, i. 15.
- Chapelier:
 Amends Mirabeau's proposition on war, ii. 511.
 Member of Feuillant Club, iv. 644.
 Protest against action of clergy and nobility, i. 521.
 Reads report on disturbances, ii. 198.
- Charles Edward, Prince, in Arras, i. 25.
- Charles I., a warning to Louis XVI., i. 397.
- Charles VII., Emperor, death, i. 36.
- Charles of Hesse, Prince, endeavors to warn Mirabeau, ii. 552.
- Chartres, Bishop of, embassy to Poissy, ii. 119.
- Chartres, Duke de:
 Friend of Mirabeau, i. 456.
 Presented to Marie Antoinette, i. 113.
 Takes civic oath, ii. 456.

- Chassin, Ch. L., "L'Armée et la Révolution," i. 597.
- Château d'If, Mirabeau imprisoned in, i. 457.
- Chateaubriand :
 On effects of primogeniture in Brittany, i. 314.
 Reception on return from America, ii. 530.
- Châteauneuf, Abbé, Voltaire's godfather, i. 40.
- Châteauroux, Mme. de :
 Banishment and death, i. 96.
 Influence in France, i. 35.
- Château-Vieux Regiment, ii. 483.
- Châtelet, Duc du, colonel of French Guards, i. 406.
 Guest of Count de la Marek, ii. 315.
 Investigations of, ii. 521.
 Proposal for tithes, ii. 205.
 Report on invasion of Versailles, ii. 522.
 Sends guards to prison, i. 602.
 Unpopularity, i. 613.
- Châtelet, Mme. du, passion for work, death, i. 44.
- Châtelet, Marquis and Mme. du, Voltaire lives at Cirey with, i. 44.
- Chaulieu, typical abbé of Regency, i. 40.
- Chaumette, signs petition of Cordeliers, ii. 640.
- Chavannes, De, brigadier of Body-Guard, ii. 313.
- Chénier, André, sketch of, i. 505.
- Chénier, Marie Joseph, dramatist and politician, i. 381, 505.
- Chesterfield, Lord, opinion of "Henriade," i. 44.
- Chiappini, jailer at Modigliana, legend of, i. 268.
- Chimay, Princess de, i. 146.
- Choiseul, Duke de :
 Achievements, i. 121.
 Action during flight to Varennes, ii. 585.
 Arrives at Varennes, ii. 599.
 Dislikes Turgot, i. 169.
- Choiseul, Duke de :
 Enemy of Jesuits, i. 101.
 Mme. du Barry, a rival, i. 120.
 Plan to protect royal family at Varennes, ii. 603.
 Rumors of poisoning Dauphiness, i. 105.
 Suggestions for king's flight, ii. 602.
- Choisy-le-Roi, gardens, i. 357.
- Choquard, Abbé, Mirabeau at school of, i. 452.
- Chronique de Paris*, Desmoulins' opinion of, ii. 409.
- Church alterations made in 1790, ii. 449.
- Cicé, Champion de, accusation against, ii. 518.
- Cirey, Voltaire's life at, i. 44.
- Citizens, three classes, ii. 374.
- Claretie, Jules, account of Camille Desmoulins, i. 608.
- Clavière, tries to influence Mirabeau against Necker, ii. 225.
- Clergy, civil constitution of, ii. 449, 451, 458.
- Clergy, two bodies of, ii. 460.
- Clermont, postmaster's account of king's flight, ii. 592.
- Clermont-Lodève, supports Necker's demand for loan, ii. 217.
- Clermont-Tonnerre, Count de :
 Member of Permanent Committee, ii. 69.
 On articles of Constitution, ii. 184.
 On Castelnau letter, ii. 150.
 On Committee for Constitutional Government, ii. 24.
 Opposes new oath, i. 616.
 Paris deputy to States-General, i. 390.
 Reads address to king, ii. 33.
 Urges nobles to join Third Estate, i. 588.
- Clootz, Anacharsis, sketch of, ii. 464.
- Clootz, Jean Baptiste, i. 378.
- Clouet, Registrar, dragged to Hôtel de Ville, i. 653.

- Club de Valois, members, ii. 441.
 Club Monarchique, ii. 441; riot at, 442.
 Club of 1789, founders of, ii. 441.
 Clubs, battle of the, ii. 443.
 Clubs, Royalist, ii. 440.
 Coblenz, headquarters of emigrants, ii. 527.
 Cockade, tricolor, introduced by Lafayette, ii. 70.
 Cockades, tricolor, origin of, i. 646.
 Cocks, T. Somers, letter to Mr. Miles, on French emigrants in London, ii. 104.
 Coigny, Chevalier de, suggestion for King's Guards, ii. 575.
 Coigny, Duke de, account of, i. 147, 153.
 Colbert, tries to limit rapacity of Farmers-General, i. 317.
 Coligny, signs Cologne charter, i. 23.
 Collins, Frederick the Great's tribute to, i. 43.
 Comartin Castle, defended by burghesses of Tournai, ii. 170.
 Commission of Conciliation, *see* under States-General.
 Commune, base of new social system, ii. 377.
 Comps, De, Mirabeau's secretary, ii. 550.
 Conches, Feuillet de, account of De la Motte's application for relief, i. 224.
 Concini, Mme. La Galigai, imprisoned in Bastille, i. 628.
 Condé, Prince of:
 Flight, ii. 99.
 Imprisoned in Bastille, i. 628.
 Takes leave of Louis XVI., ii. 97.
 Condorcet, Marquis de, i. 6.
 Contributes to *Chronique de Paris*, ii. 409.
 Dislike to old form of Parliament, i. 183.
 Frequents Mme. Panckoucke's salon, i. 383.
 On sun of freemen, i. 85.
 Condorcet, Marquis de :
 Sketch of, i. 392.
 Turgot, corresponds with, i. 172.
 Constituent Assembly:
 Account of, ii. 651.
 Labors of, ii. 649.
 Mission fulfilled, ii. 651.
 Self-denying Ordinance, ii. 515, 560.
 Constitution :
 Accepted by king, ii. 650.
 Completed, ii. 649.
 Presented to king, ii. 650.
 "Constitutions," "Rentes sur l'Hôtel-de-Ville," ii. 58.
 "Consultation," burned at Rome, i. 30.
 Conti, Prince de:
 Exchanging paper money for silver, i. 21.
 Flight, ii. 99.
 Returns to take civic oath, ii. 456.
 Takes leave of Louis XVI., ii. 97.
 Conzie, De, Bishop of Arras, patron of Robespierre, i. 474.
 Corday, Charlotte, glorified by John Stone, i. 637.
 Cordeliers, Church of, ii. 437.
 Cordeliers' Club, i. 503.
 Account of, ii. 436.
 Denounce new oath of National Guards, ii. 565.
 Manifesto demanding republic, ii. 613.
 Members, ii. 438.
 Petition, ii. 639.
 Cordier, Abbé, rescued from mob by Lafayette, ii. 70.
 Corn, laws on transport of, i. 329.
 Corny, Ethis de:
 Heads mob, i. 621.
 Interview with De Launay, i. 639.
 Suggests monument to Louis XVI., ii. 91.
 Corsica, struggle in, i. 453.
 Corvées, police of the roads, i. 321.

- Coste, Marquis de la, member of Permanent Committee, ii. 69.
- Cottin, demands abolition of seigniorial justice, ii. 205.
- Coulon, Mme., Mirabeau visits, ii. 552.
- Courdemanche, Dom, memoirs of, i. 123.
- Courrier de Brabant*, Desmoulin's organ, ii. 411.
- Courrier de Provence*, Mirabeau's organ, ii. 408.
- Courrier de Versaille*, Gorsas' organ, ii. 409.
- Court at Versailles, their servants, ii. 408.
- Court, Chevalier de, arrested, ii. 540.
- Court party, policy of, i. 597, 599.
- Cousin, on Voltaire in "History of Philosophy," i. 43.
- Covet, Mlle. Marie Emilie de, Marquise de Mirabeau, i. 456.
- Crauford, Quentin, preparations for king's flight, ii. 574.
- Crébillon, teaches Mlle. Poisson elocution, i. 94.
- Croquants, ii. 117.
- Crosne, De, departure for England, ii. 150.
- Curchod, Mlle. Suzanne, *see* Necker, Mme.
- Curtius, waxworks of, i. 355.
- Custine, De, declaration on Third Estate, i. 399.
- Cuvillier - Fleury, A., opinion of Saint-Just, i. 496.
- D'AGUESSEAU, Chancellor, i. 35, 61; ii. 316.
- D'Alembert :
 Account of Condorcet, i. 393.
 Birth, i. 61.
 Diderot's colleague in writing "Encyclopædia," i. 61.
 Encyclopædist, i. 46.
 Frequents Mme. Necker's salon, i. 375.
 Sketch of, i. 63.
- D'Argenson :
 War Minister, i. 35.
 On authority of Louis XV., i. 39.
- D'Holbach, Encyclopædist, i. 47.
- Damas, Count de :
 Arrives at Varennes, ii. 600.
 Message to Saint-Didier, ii. 589.
 Sends to warn Bouillé of king's coming, ii. 590.
 Unable to escort king, ii. 590.
 Visits Versailles on October 5, ii. 315.
- Dampierre, de, massacred, ii. 617.
- Danton, Georges Jacques :
 Attacks Lafayette, ii. 612.
 Disappearance, ii. 642.
 Orator of Cordeliers, ii. 438.
 Proposes Executive Council, ii. 632.
 Reads address from Paris sections on dismissal of ministers, ii. 518.
 Sketch of, i. 503.
 Wooses Mlle. Charpentier, i. 355.
- Dauberval, Mme., revolutionary salon, i. 376.
- Dauphin (Louis Joseph Xavier), death, i. 534.
- Dauphiné elections, i. 399.
- Dauphiné, opposition to Brienne's schemes, i. 282.
- David :
 Designs car for Voltaire's remains, ii. 626.
 Portrait of Dubois - Crancé, i. 491.
 Sketch of Marie Antoinette, i. 139.
- Day of Daggers, ii. 539.
- De Tocqueville, impartial writer on French Revolution, i. 11.
- Declaration of the Rights of Man, ii. 230.
 Effect in colonies, ii. 561.
- Deffand, Mme. du, friend of de Choiseul, i. 169.
 Friend of Necker, i. 231.
- Deille, Abbé, "Jardins" poem, i. 371.

- Derwentwater, Lord, founds Freemasons' lodge in Paris, i. 22, 24.
- Deshuttés, sentinel at Versailles, ii. 304.
- Desilles, Chevalier, gallant act at Nancy, ii. 488.
- Deslon, interview with king at Varennes, ii. 605.
- Desmeuniers, member of Committee on Constitution, ii. 199.
- Desmoulins, Camille:
 Account of Mirabeau at Jacobin Club, ii. 536.
 At College of Louis le Grand, i. 468.
 Attitude towards king, ii. 474.
 Disappearance, ii. 642.
 "Discours de la Lanterne," ii. 156.
 Friend of Robespierre, i. 609.
 "La France Libre," ii. 154.
 Mirabeau's guest, ii. 291.
 On Castelnau letters, ii. 152.
 On murders of July 14, 22, ii. 140.
 On Republic, ii. 630.
 "Procureur-Général of the Lanterne," ii. 138.
 Scoffs at king's illness, ii. 543.
 Sketch of, i. 607; ii. 153, 419.
 Speech at Café Foy, i. 606.
 Supports Robespierre, ii. 612.
- Dessault, Dr., on Mirabeau's death, ii. 551.
- Destéz, judge at Varennes, recognizes king, ii. 598.
- Destouches, comedies of, i. 62.
- Dettingen, battle of, i. 35.
- Diamond Necklace Episode, *see* Cagliostro, Marie Antoinette, Motte, de la, and Rohan, Cardinal.
- Diderot, Denis:
 A revolutionary prelude, i. 59.
 Encyclopædist, i. 47.
 Life in Paris, i. 57.
 Married Antoinette Champion, i. 57.
 Philosophical stanzas of, i. 5.
 Sketch of, i. 56.
- Diesbach, stationed at Sèvres, i. 600.
- Dijon, corn riot at, i. 180.
- Disraeli, tribute to Voltaire's genius, i. 49.
- Dorat-Cubières, Rivarol's account of, i. 378.
- Dorset, Lord, English Ambassador to France, ii. 5.
 Correspondence with Count de Montmorin, ii. 184, 230.
 Letter to Count d'Artois, ii. 150.
 Letter to National Assembly, ii. 197.
 On fall of Bastille, ii. 5.
- Douceur, Louis, designs blotting-book, i. 99.
- Doumerc, arrested, i. 178.
- Drouet, Jean Baptiste:
 Pursues royal fugitives, ii. 587, 589.
 Recognizes king, ii. 586.
 Tracks king to Clermont, ii. 591.
- Drouet, Roland:
 Action at Varennes, ii. 596.
 Wounds Goguelat, ii. 604.
- Dubois, character, i. 20.
 Death, i. 26.
 Espouses bull "Unigenitus," obtains Archbishopric of Cambrai, i. 26.
- Dubois-Crancé, Edmond Louis Alexis, sketch of, i. 491.
- Duchastellet, signs prospectus of "Le Républicain," ii. 631.
- Ducis, frequents Talma salon, i. 381.
- Ducrest, opinion of Duke of Orleans, ii. 46.
- Dufaure, prisoner in Bastille, i. 627.
- Dulaure, account of old Boulevard, Paris, i. 354.
- Dumas, Alexander:
 Book on Varennes, ii. 597.
 On flight to Varennes, ii. 569.
- Dumas, Mathieu, assists Lafayette in reorganization scheme, ii. 69.
- Dumoncean, educates Jeanne Béqus, i. 118.

- Dumont, Étienne :**
 On effect of Mirabeau's speech on finance, ii. 226, 227.
 Summary of Robespierre's maiden speech, i. 555.
- Duplay, offers shelter to Robespierre, ii. 642.**
- Duplessis, conduct towards Count de la Motte, i. 224.**
- Dupont de Nemours, secretary to Assembly of Notables, i. 461.**
 Speech on preservation of order, ii. 202.
- Duport, Adrien :**
 Allusion to military orgies, ii. 257.
 Attacks Mirabeau at Jacobin Club, ii. 537.
 Commissioned to take king's declaration, ii. 628.
 Efforts to restrain Revolution, ii. 635.
 Member of Feuillant Club, ii. 644.
 Member of Permanent Committee, ii. 69.
 Opposed by Robespierre, ii. 567.
 Paris deputy to States-General, i. 390.
 Plan of founding patriotic clubs, ii. 433.
 Proposes committee on disorders at Soissons, ii. 185.
 Sketch of, i. 391.
- Duport-du-Tertre, ii. 519.**
- Duportail, Minister of War, ii. 519.**
 Mirabeau attacks, ii. 546.
 Opposes Bouillé, ii. 574.
- Duquesnoy, Adrien :**
 Account of De Favras, ii. 396.
 Deputation to Paris, ii. 63.
 Fall of Bastille, ii. 9.
 King's arrival in Paris, ii. 88, 89, 93.
 Maillard's speech to Assembly, ii. 279.
 Description of contest of renunciation in National Assembly, ii. 207.
 Journal, ii. 28.
- Duquesnoy, Adrien :**
 Member of deputation to Paris, ii. 53.
 On annulment of parliaments, ii. 379.
 On Body-Guard banquet, ii. 250, 251.
 On Flanders Regiment at Versailles, ii. 240.
 On impediments to making Constitution, ii. 184.
 On Maury's eloquence, ii. 364.
 Opinion of Bailly, ii. 237.
 Opinion of Mirabeau—Target—Third Estate, ii. 28.
- Duroveray, attempts to make Mirabeau and Necker intimate, ii. 224.**
- Duruy, Albert, study of royal army in 1789, i. 597.**
- Dusaulx, secures documents in Bastille, ii. 69.**
- Dussaulx, account of Provost de Flesselles, i. 645.**
- Duval, exiled, i. 261.**
- Duvernay, Paris, financier, i. 27.**
 In the Bastille, i. 28.
- ÉLIE :**
 At siege of Bastille, i. 643, 649, 653.
 On surrender of Bastille, ii. 7.
- Elizabeth, Madame :**
 Courage during flight to Varennes, ii. 621.
 Interview with Miomandre, ii. 346.
 Pleads with Barnave, ii. 618.
 Shelters Body-Guard, ii. 314.
- Elliott, Grace Dalrymple :**
 Account of Duke d'Orleans, i. 589 ; ii. 52.
 Memoirs, i. 382.
- Emerson, a lover of Plutarch, i. 69.**
- Emigrants, headquarters at Coblenz, ii. 527.**
- Emigration, discussion on law against, ii. 532.**
- Emigration (First), ii. 95, 107.**

- Emigration, results, ii. 529.
- Emmery, decree for inspection of officers' accounts, ii. 483.
- Eucise, Pierre, attack on his castle, ii. 159.
- Encyclopædia, i. 3.
First volume published, i. 169.
Influence of, i. 60, 102.
Writers of, i. 66.
- Encyclopædists, effect of doctrines, i. 10.
- Eughien, Duke d', takes leave of Louis XVI., ii. 97.
- England, disturbances attributed to agency of, ii. 507.
- Épine, L', defends De Launay, i. 654.
- Éprémesnil, Duval d' :
Denounces Necker in Parliament, i. 400.
Discovers edict for plenary court, i. 276.
Surrenders and is banished, i. 279.
Threatened arrest, i. 279.
- Eresby, Lord Willoughby d', Governor of Bastille, i. 627.
- Espinasse, Du Bourg l', refuses to surrender Bastille, i. 627.
- Espinasse, Mlle. de l', D'Alembert's alliance with, i. 64.
- Espremenil, D', hostility to De Provence, ii. 388.
- Essarts, Pierre des, holds Bastille against Burgundians, i. 626.
- Estaing, Count d' :
Commands militia at Versailles, ii. 236.
Conduct during women's insurrection, ii. 282, 284.
Hears of plot against life of Louis XVI., ii. 105.
- Esterhazy, Count Valentin, account of, i. 148, 153.
Entertains Count d'Artois at Charleville, ii. 98.
- Étioles, Lenormant d', marries Mlle. Poisson, i. 94.
- Étioles, Mme. d', *see* Pompadour, Mme. de.
- FALSTAFF, Sir JOHN, Governor of Bastille, i. 627.
- Farmers-General, account of, i. 317.
- Farre, De la, Archbishop of Nancy, political sermon, i. 418.
- "Faublas," description of French society in, i. 333.
- Fauchet, Abbé, account of deputation to De Launay, i. 644.
- Favart plays "Annette et Lubin," i. 310.
- Favras, Marquis de :
Advice during insurrection, ii. 283.
Conspiracy and arrest, ii. 389, 392.
Sentence and death, ii. 395, 396, 400.
Sketch of, ii. 391.
Trial, ii. 394.
- Ferrand, Jacques, prevents De Launay from firing powder store at Saint Barbe, i. 647.
- Ferrières, Charles Elie, Marquis de :
Account of Versailles, ii. 25.
Description of opening of States-General, i. 421.
Disbelief in Court counter-revolution, ii. 256.
Opinion of Duke of Orleans, ii. 47.
Signs declaration against suspension of king's functions, ii. 630.
Sketch of, ii. 25.
- Fersen, Count de, arranges king's flight, ii. 574.
Leaves diary with De Frantz, ii. 330.
Prepares for king's flight, ii. 579, 580.
- Fersen legend, ii. 329.
Investigated by Croker, ii. 331.
- Feudalism, scourge of the people, i. 325.
- Feuillants :
Aims of founders, ii. 635.
Deputies meeting on terrace, ii. 352.
Division of opinions, ii. 645, 649.

- Feuillants and Jacobins, contest between, ii. 645.
 Field of Mars, tumult, ii. 639.
 Finance, Committee of, statement on national debt, ii. 492.
 Fitzgerald, Lord Edward, i. 377.
 Flahaut, Mme. de:
 On Louis XVI.'s character, ii. 614.
 Sketch of, i. 361.
 Flammermont, Jules, "La Journée du 14 Juillet 1789," ii. 3.
 Flanders Regiment summoned to Versailles, ii. 236.
 Flesselles, De:
 Death, i. 656.
 Office of Provost of Merchants dies with, ii. 67.
 President of Committee of Paris Militia, i. 644.
 Provost of Merchants and Paris Militia, i. 618.
 Summoned by king and people, i. 620.
 Fleury, Cardinal:
 Character and government, i. 28, 30.
 Death at Issy, i. 34.
 Disputes with parliament, i. 32.
 Suppresses mandate of Bishop of Laon, i. 31.
 Fleury, Joly de, Controller-General, i. 234.
 Fontenay, Mme. de, life saved by Lafayette, ii. 71.
 Fontenelle, scepticism of, i. 3.
 Fontenoy, Saxe defeating English at, i. 36, 37.
 Foucault, Marquis de, protests against abuse of Court pensions, ii. 204.
 Foulon:
 Hanged, ii. 133.
 Mob shout for his death, ii. 128, 131.
 Seized and dragged to Paris, ii. 126.
 Sketch of, ii. 124.
 Fouquet, guarded in Bastille by D'Artagnan, i. 628.
 Fouquier - Tinville, Antoine Quentin, sketch of, i. 505.
 Fournel, Victor:
 Judgment of Lafayette, ii. 579.
 "L'Événement de Varennes, ii. 570.
 On Bastille dungeons, ii. 3.
 On king's flight to Varennes, ii. 591.
 Fox, on fall of Bastille, ii. 4.
 France:
 Alliance with Austria, i. 101.
 Bourgeoisie, privileges, i. 304.
 Faith in power of phrases, ii. 182.
 New departments, system of government, ii. 374.
 Peasantry, ii. 115.
 Repartition, ii. 373, 374.
 Riots in provinces, ii. 114.
 Situation from military and diplomatic point of view, i. 598.
 State of country in 1748, i. 37, 38.
 State of provinces, ii. 113.
 Triumvirate, ii. 112.
 Two parties in State, i. 518.
 Wealth of nobles and clergy, i. 302.
 France under Old Order, i. 300.
 Absenteeism, i. 311.
 Nobles' right to hunt, i. 316.
 Francis I., death, i. 107.
 François, hanged by mob, ii. 383.
 Frankfort, resolution sent to Assembly, ii. 506.
 Franklin, Alfred, on origin of patches, ii. 351.
 Franklin, Benjamin, at Versailles, i. 3.
 Frederick the Great:
 Quarrel with Voltaire, i. 46.
 Tribute to Englishmen, i. 43.
 Frédérique, Mlle., i. 118.
 Freedom of Press, ii. 518, 519.
 Freeman, on antique world, i. 1.
 Freemasonry:
 Different accounts of origin, i. 22.
 First lodge in France, i. 22.
 Grand Lodge of England established, i. 24.
 Spread of, i. 24.

- French emigrants :
 Abroad, ii. 103.
 In London, ii. 104.
- French finances, state of, ii. 216.
- French Guard (old) dissolved, ii. 229.
 Save king and queen at Versailles, ii. 314.
 Sympathy with people, i. 602, 614.
 Wish to return to Versailles, ii. 235.
- French provinces, account of, ii. 371.
- French Revolution :
 Commencement in 1789, i. 4.
 Difficulties in choosing starting-point for history of, i. 2.
 End of first stage, ii. 647.
 Fascination for historians, i. 2.
 Importance of, i. 1.
 Influence of salons of Paris on, i. 9.
 Men and women of, how to regard, i. 12.
 Revolutionary idea, steady growth of, i. 4.
 Two schools of historians, i. 10.
 Writers on, i. 11.
- Fréron, Louis Stanislas :
 At college of Louis le Grand, i. 468.
Orateur du Peuple, ii. 411, 416.
 Sketch of, ii. 417.
 Warning of king's flight in *Orateur du Peuple*, ii. 577.
- Frétean :
 Exiled, i. 261.
 Reads report of renunciations, ii. 209.
- Frise, Count de, letter to De Besenval, i. 149.
- Froment :
 Action in strife at Nîmes, ii. 452.
 Proposes to form Royal Militia, ii. 531.
- GABELLE OF PHILIP THE FAIR, i. 319.
- Gabelle, tax on salt, account of, i. 305.
- Galiani, Abbé, anti-free-trade dialogues, i. 177.
- Galland, Pison du, i. 560.
- Gallois, Léonard, book on journalists of Revolution, ii. 408.
- Ganilh, envoy to National Assembly, ii. 18, 30, 32.
- Gauthier, Hippolyte, editor of *Le Petit Gauthier*, ii. 425.
 "L'An 1789," i. 339.
- Genlis, Mme. de :
 Account of Princesse de Lamballe, i. 122.
 Salon, i. 377.
- Genlis, Pamela de, i. 377, 637.
- George Augustus, Prince of Mecklenburg, wishes to marry Mlle. Necker, i. 232.
- George III., reception of Duke of Orleans, ii. 360.
- Georgel, Abbé :
 Description of interviews between Rohan and Cagliostro, i. 200, 205.
 Story of Marie Antoinette bribing Lafayette, ii. 579.
- Gérard, Father Michel, i. 493.
- Gifford, John, "History of Reign of Lewis XVI." (Note on Body-Guard banquet), ii. 251.
- Girodet, sketch of De Lannay's head, i. 654.
- Gleizen, De, supports Robespierre's motion, ii. 123.
- Gluck, admiration of Marie Antoinette, i. 108.
- Gobel, Bishop of Lydda :
 Heads deputation from clergy to Third Estate, i. 521.
 Takes civic oath, ii. 460.
- Goethe :
 Description of Marie Antoinette, i. 110, 111, 132.
 Forebodings, i. 110, 115.
- Goëzman, action against Beaumarchais, i. 127.
- Goguelat, account of, ii. 584.
 Alters position of relays at Varennes, ii. 594, 596.
 Arrives in Varennes, ii. 600.

- Goguelat :
 Plan to protect royal family at Varennes, ii. 603.
 Wounded, ii. 604.
- Goislard de Montsabert, surrenders and is banished, i. 279.
 Threatened arrest, i. 278.
- Goldsmith, Oliver :
 Cazotte's likeness to, i. 8.
 Tribute to Voltaire's genius, i. 49.
- Goncourt, De, brothers, on French Revolution, i. 9, 140.
- Goncourt, Edmond de, on D'Antraigues, i. 545.
- Gondran, Captain of Volunteers, ii. 318.
- Gordon, Lord George, letter to National Assembly, ii. 178.
- Gouvernet, Marquis de, action during women's insurrection, ii. 282.
- Gouvion, De, Major-General of Parisian National Guard, ii. 264.
- Grasse, De, co-operates with Washington, i. 244.
- Great Britain and Spain, quarrel between, ii. 507.
- Grégoire, Abbé :
 Seals and hides papers of Assembly, i. 618.
 Supports Lally-Tollendal's motion, ii. 142.
- Grenier, deputy, bargain with Baudouin, ii. 410.
- Grenoble, battles against exile of its Parliament, i. 282.
 Mounier's services to Third Estate, i. 388.
- Grétry, "O Richard, O my king!" at Body-Guard banquet, ii. 246.
- Greuze, pictures of peasant girls, i. 309.
- Gribeauval, General de, museum of models destroyed, i. 663.
- Grimm, Frederick Melchior :
 Account of Necker at Saint Ouen, i. 235.
 Encyclopædist, i. 47.
- Grimm, Frederick Melchior :
 Frequents Mme. Necker's salon, i. 375.
 Judgment of Loménie de Brienne, i. 286.
 Opinion of "Aline," i. 366.
 Sketch of, i. 64.
- Grimoard, "Tableau Historique de la Guerre de la Révolution," i. 598.
- Gruel, Léon, historian of bookbinders, i. 100.
 "Guerre des farines," i. 181.
- Guibaudet, teaches Mlle. Poisson dancing, i. 93.
- Guibert, memoir on operations of council of war, i. 598.
- Guiche, Duchess de, flight, ii. 101.
- Guiche, Duke de, on renunciation of pensions, ii. 204.
- Guidomare, Étienne, Aubriot's quarrel with, i. 624.
- Guillaume de la Hure :
 Pursues royal fugitives, ii. 587, 590.
 Tracks king to Clermont, ii. 597, 590.
- Guillot, Dr., i. 569.
 Assistant-secretary of Third Estate, i. 396.
 Carlyle's epitaph on, i. 424.
 Later life, ii. 405.
 Machine for capital punishment, ii. 403, 405.
 One of deputation to king, ii. 287.
 Petition to establish civic guard, i. 616.
 Proposes meeting of National Assembly in Tennis-Court, i. 574.
 Proposes uniformity of penalties, ii. 402, 404.
 Sketch of, i. 396, 397.
- Guines, Duke de, account of, i. 147, 153.
- Guyon, Louis, "Diverses Leçons," i. 351.
- HAMEL, ERNEST :
 Biographies of Robespierre and Saint-Just, i. 497.

- Hamel, Ernest :
 On Robespierre's house, ii. 643, 644.
 Opinion of Robespierre, i. 479.
- Haraucourt, D', Bishop of Verdun, imprisoned in Bastille, i. 627.
- Hazlitt :
 Criticism of Rousseau, i. 78.
 Judgment of Mirabeau, ii. 558.
- Hébert, Jacques René :
 And *Père Duchesne*, ii. 420.
 Sigus petition of Cordeliers, ii. 640.
- Héliaud, M., death, i. 519.
- Hell, Professor, cures by magnetized iron, i. 199.
- Helvétius, Claude Adrien, Encyclopædist, i. 47.
 Sketch of, i. 65.
- Helvétius, Mme., salon, i. 376.
- "Henriade," Lord Chesterfield's, opinion of, i. 44.
- Henriot, signs petition of Cordeliers, ii. 640.
- Héricault, Ch. d' :
 Account of De Launay's death, i. 654.
 Opinion of Robespierre, i. 479, 481.
 Views of French Revolution, i. 10.
- Historic problems, i. 186.
- Hobbes, i. 3.
 Frederick the Great's tribute to, i. 43.
- Hoche, sergeant-major of grenadiers, ii. 318.
- Holbach, Baron d', author of "System of Nature," i. 64.
 Death, i. 401.
- Holland, Lord, story of De Fersen in Memoirs, ii. 329.
- Holz, Von, study of Mirabeau, ii. 537.
- Horace, Satires of, i. 50.
- Hozier, Charles d', official genealogist, i. 430.
- Hozier, Louis d', "Armorial de France," i. 432.
- Huez, Mayor of Troyes, murdered, ii. 166.
- Huguet, deputy, bargain with Baudouin, ii. 410.
- Hulin, Pierre Auguste :
 At siege of Bastille, i. 642, 649, 653.
 Receives blows meant for De Launay, i. 654.
- Hume, David :
 Entertains Voltaire, i. 75, 77.
 Turgot corresponds with, i. 172.
- Hunolstein, Count Paul Vogt d', letters attributed to Marie Antoinette, i. 134.
- ILLUMINATI :
 Adopt Cagliostro, i. 203, 212.
 Cazotte infatuated by, i. 6.
 Cipher, L.P.D., i. 25.
- Illuminatism, spread of, i. 200, 212.
- Impartials, opinions of, ii. 439.
- Issarts, Bancal des, envoy to National Assembly, ii. 18, 20, 30, 32.
- JACOB, writings of, i. 598.
- Jacobin Club :
 Account of, ii. 430.
 Address to Assembly, ii. 645.
 Campaign against king, ii. 633.
 Members, ii. 433.
 Minutes vanished, ii. 433.
 Petition to Assembly, ii. 635, 637.
 Robespierre on king's flight, ii. 611.
 Small clubs affiliated with, ii. 433.
 Supremacy, ii. 645.
- Jacobin Fathers lend hall to club, ii. 431.
- Jacobin plot, rumors of, ii. 541.
- Jacobins and Feuillants, contest between, ii. 645, 649.
- Jacobins in army, ii. 479.
- Jacquerie, new, ii. 158.
- Jansenism, sketch of, i. 15.
- Jansenius, work on St. Augustine condemned by Rome, i. 16.
- Jeliotte, teaches Mlle. Poisson singing, i. 93.

- Jesuits, order abolished by Paris Parliament, i. 101, 253.
- Jesuits and Jansenists, battle of, i. 16, 28, 33, 39, 101.
- Johnson, Dr., meeting with Paoli, i. 454.
- Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, i. 107.
Changes following death, ii. 507.
Visit to Marie Antoinette, i. 146.
- Jourdan, beheads sentinels, ii. 304.
- Journal de la Cour et de la Ville*, ii. 425.
- Journal des Débats et Décrets*, success of, ii. 410.
- Journal des Halles*, Royalist journal, ii. 423.
- Journal du Journal de Prudhomme*, ii. 425.
- Journalism, created by Revolution, ii. 407.
- Judicial reforms, ii. 376.
- Juigné, Antoine Leclerc de, Archbishop of Paris:
Joins Third Estate, i. 590.
Relieves poor of Paris, i. 398.
Sketch of, i. 394.
- Jung, Colonel, opinion of Man of the Iron Mask, i. 629.
- Jussien, Bernard de:
Botanic garden at Trianon, i. 142, 144.
In South America, i. 131.
- KARAMSINE, on Palais Royal, i. 355.
- Kaunitz:
Fosters alliance with France, i. 107.
Reassures Maria Theresa, i. 109.
- Keppel, Admiral, commands fight off Brest, i. 270.
- Kerengal, Le Guen de, speech on feudal rights, ii. 203.
- King of France and of Navarre, title changed to King of the French, ii. 350.
- King's veto, ii. 231.
- Kingsley, Charles, opinion of "Gil Blas," i. 297.
- Klinckowstrom, R. M. de, ii. 330.
- Korff, Baroness de, obtains passports, ii. 573.
- L'Ami du Roi*, three series, ii. 424.
- L'Hermite de Soliers, Jean Baptiste, supplies armorial bearings, i. 430.
- La Bruyère, comparison of his style and Rousseau's, i. 78.
- La Flue, Louis, commander of Swiss garrison of Bastille, i. 633.
Account of fall of Bastille, ii. 11.
Offers to capitulate, i. 648.
- La Harpe:
Dream of French Revolution, quotation from, i. 5.
Epigrammatic war with Rivarol, i. 371.
Frequents Mme. Panckoucke's salon, i. 383.
Prelude to story of Revolution, i. 9.
- La Porte, sends king's proclamation to Assembly, ii. 610.
- "La Pucelle," i. 5, 7.
- La Rochefoucauld, Cardinal de:
Declaration of clergy joining Third Estate, ii. 79.
President of clergy in States-General, i. 513.
- La Rochefoucauld, Duke de:
Advocates manumission of blacks, ii. 205.
Dislike to Plenary Court, i. 280.
Efforts to restrain Revolution, ii. 635.
Joins Third Estate, i. 588.
Member of Permanent Committee, ii. 69.
Paris deputy to States-General, i. 390.
Sneers at tithes, i. 248.
- La Rochefoucauld - Liancourt, i. 368.
- Lacheze, attends Mirabeau, ii. 548.
- Laclos, Choderlos de, i. 377.
Absent from States-General, i. 392.

- Laclos, Choderlos de:
 Member of Orleans party, i. 589.
 Portrait of De Boufflers, i. 367.
- Lacoste, Dr., on Mirabeau's death,
 ii. 551.
- Lacretelle:
 Account of escape of Tardivet
 du Repaire, ii. 315.
 Account of interview between
 Duke of Orleans and De Bre-
 teuil, ii. 47.
 On Lafayette's conduct on night
 of October 5, ii. 317.
 On march to Paris, ii. 327.
 On Mionandre de Sainte-Marie
 and Tardivet du Repaire, ii.
 347.
 On "patriotism" of Bourse, ii.
 218.
 Prejudiced writer on French
 Revolution, i. 11.
 Title for Robespierre, ii. 384.
- Lacretelle (the elder), prize essay,
 ii. 475.
- Lafayette, Marie Jean Paul Y. G.
 du Mottier, Marquis de:
 Account of march to Paris, ii.
 327.
 Accused of knowing of king's
 flight, ii. 578.
 Action as Vice-President of As-
 sembly, ii. 32.
 Action during night of October
 5, ii. 315.
 Admiration for De Bouillé, ii. 481.
 Arrives at Versailles with Pari-
 sian troops, ii. 289.
 At Bastille Day Celebration, ii.
 471.
 Attitude towards Republic, ii.
 632.
 Character, i. 243.
 Chivalrous action to Queen, ii.
 320.
 Commander of national forces,
 66.
 Criticism on Assembly of Nota-
 bles, i. 249.
 Desires king's presence in Paris,
 ii. 234.
- Lafayette, Marie Jean Paul Y. G. du
 Mottier, Marquis de:
 Devises "suspensive veto," ii.
 232.
 Efforts to restrain Revolution,
 ii. 635.
 Endeavors to quell mob, ii. 563.
 Faith in States-General, ii. 381.
 Fame in America, i. 242.
 Hastens to Versailles, ii. 318.
 Hatred of Duke of Orleans, ii.
 358.
 Heads deputation to Paris, ii. 53.
 Hears of king's flight, ii. 608.
 In American War, i. 233, 381.
 Influence on Notables, i. 245.
 Interview with De Montmorin on
 night of October 5, ii. 317.
 Interview with king, ii. 290.
 Introduces tricolor cockade, ii.
 69.
 Leader of army of Paris, ii. 20.
 Marches to Field of Mars with
 National Guards, ii. 640.
 Marries Mlle. de Noailles, i. 242.
 Member of Feuillant Club, ii.
 644.
 Moves general amnesty, ii. 650.
 New oath for National Guard,
 ii. 565.
 Obligated to march to Versailles,
 ii. 272.
 Obstacle to Mirabeau's plans, ii.
 521.
 Precautions to protect Versailles,
 ii. 262.
 Presents his son to people, ii.
 71.
 Proposes martial law, ii. 383.
 Proposes to read declaration of
 rights, ii. 27.
 Reorganization of forces, ii. 69.
 Serving in America, i. 3.
 Sham resignation, ii. 145.
 Sketch of, i. 242.
 Speech at Town-Hall, ii. 65.
 Speech on the making of Revo-
 lution, ii. 448.
 Suggests convoking States-Gen-
 eral, i. 246.

- Lafayette, Marie Jean Paul Y. G. du Mottier, Marquis de :
 Supports abolition of titles, ii. 467.
 Supports Mirabeau's proposition on war, ii. 511.
 Tries to save Foulon, ii. 132.
 Urges king to go to Town-Hall, ii. 332.
 Vice-President of Assembly, i. 617.
- Laforce, Duke de, heads insurgents, ii. 452.
- Lagache, Quartermaster, carries message to De Damas, ii. 588.
- Lagos, French defeat at, i. 101.
- Laillier, Michel, opens gates of Bastille to Richemont, i. 626.
- Lalande, predicts cold winter of 1788-89, i. 398.
- Lally-Tollendal, Count de :
 Addresses king, ii. 92.
 Eulogy on Necker, i. 616.
 Explains his exile, ii. 357.
 Member of deputation to Paris, ii. 53.
 Motion against disorder, ii. 185.
 Motion for proclamation to people, ii. 122, 141.
 On committee for constitutional government, ii. 24.
 Paris deputy to States-General, i. 390, 391.
 Report to Assembly, ii. 77.
 Sketch of, i. 529.
 Speech at Town-Hall, ii. 66.
 Tale of Berthier's son, ii. 140.
 Urges nobles to join Third Estate, i. 588.
- Lamartine, prejudiced writer on French Revolution, i. 11.
- Lamballe, Marie Thérèse Louise de Savoie-Carignan, Princesse de, i. 267.
 Hickel's portrait of, i. 122.
 Presented to Marie Antoinette, i. 113.
 Sketch of, i. 122.
- Lamballe, Prince de :
 Death, i. 267.
 Marriage, i. 267.
- Lambert, De, life saved by Lafayette, ii. 71.
- Lambesc, Prince de, commander of German cavalry, i. 612.
 Flight, ii. 100.
 Montgaillard's accusations against, ii. 402.
- Lameth, Alexander and Charles :
 Members of Feuillant Club, ii. 644.
 Power of, ii. 434.
- Lameth, Alexandre Malo de, i. 381.
 Attacks Mirabeau at Jacobin Club, ii. 537.
 Defends Lafayette, ii. 612.
 Efforts to restrain Revolution, ii. 635.
 Motion on emblems of servitude, ii. 466.
 Motion on provincial parliaments, ii. 378.
 On king or Assembly declaring war, ii. 509.
 Opposes demand for martial law, ii. 384.
 Seeks alliance with Montmorin, ii. 566.
 Supports Pétion's motion for amnesty, ii. 475.
- Lameth, Charles Malo de, i. 381.
 Hostility to Mirabeau, ii. 537.
 President of Assembly, thanks National Guard, ii. 644.
- Lamoignon :
 Keeper of seals, i. 241.
 Rioters fire his house, i. 289.
- Lamourette, Bishop of Lyons, ii. 553.
- Lanfrey :
 Judgment of Mirabeau, ii. 524, 559.
 On Constituent Assembly, ii. 653.
- Langres, Bishop of, ii. 222, 234.
 Action during women's insurrection, ii. 287.
 Member of committee on Constitution, ii. 199.
 Supports Saint - Priest's policy, ii. 276.
 Withdraws from Assembly, ii. 357.

- Lanjuinais, Jean Denis, attacks Mirabeau, ii. 516.
- Laon, Bishop of, i. 30.
Attacks Parliament, i. 31.
- Larchier, refuses to point out Parliamentarians, i. 279.
- Larevellière - Lépeaux :
Account of Assembly on July 13, ii. 26.
Account of night of October 5, ii. 293.
Altercation with De Brézé, ii. 296.
Altercation with usher, ii. 296.
Memoirs of, ii. 9.
- Larivière, minister of Charles VI., imprisoned in Bastille, i. 626.
- Las Casas, on Fersen legend, ii. 329.
- Latour-du-Pin :
Accusation against, ii. 518.
House stormed by Jacobins, ii. 490.
Minister of War, ii. 476.
- Latour-Maubourg, commissioner to secure return of king, ii. 614.
- Lauffeld, English defeated by Saxons at, i. 37.
- Launay, De, Governor of Bastille :
Action during siege, i. 633-650.
Death, i. 653.
Deputations to, i. 633, 635, 639, 644.
La Flue's judgment of, ii. 11.
- Lauzun, Duchess de, friend of Necker, i. 231.
- Lauzun, Duke de, i. 123.
Account of Marie Antoinette in memoirs, i. 156, 158.
Character and education, i. 155.
Imprisoned in Bastille, i. 628.
In American War, i. 233, 381.
- Laverdy, treaty on cereals, i. 177.
- Law, John :
Death in Venice, i. 21.
Schemes, i. 21.
- Le Breton, Paris publisher, i. 61.
- Le Chapelier :
Question on law against emigration, ii. 532.
- Le Chapelier :
Reads draft of law against emigration, ii. 533.
Le Publiciste Parisien, ii. 411.
Marat's confession of faith in, ii. 414.
- Le Tellier, goes into voluntary exile, i. 19.
- Leblanc, Jean, keeper of Bras d'Or, Varennes, ii. 595.
- Lebon, Mme., prophecy of Mlle. Poisson, i. 94.
- Leclerc, Bussy, surrenders Bastille, i. 627.
- Lecocq, Georges, account of taking of Bastille, i. 649.
- Lecointre, Laurent, action during women's insurrection, ii. 282.
- Lefèvre, Abbé :
Escapes hanging, ii. 263.
Present at "Te Deum" at Notre-Dame, ii. 67.
- Legendre, Louis, sketch of, ii. 438.
- Legrand, proposes name of National Assembly, i. 561.
- Lenoir, lieutenant of police, dismissed, i. 182.
- Lenotre :
On Robespierre's house, ii. 648.
On site of Cordeliers' Club, ii. 437.
On triumph of Paris mob, ii. 337.
- Léonard, Queen's hair-dresser, ii. 584, 585.
Carries ill news to Varennes, ii. 595.
- Leopold II. :
Changes on accession, ii. 507, 511.
Intention to assist Louis XVI., ii. 572.
- Leroux, oldest deputy of Third Estate, i. 511.
- Leroy, Georges, quotes saying of Sallust, i. 93.
- Lescure, De, champion of Princess de Lamballe, i. 122.
- Lespinasse, Mlle. de, account of Condorcet, i. 393.

- Lewes, George Henry :
 "Life of Robespierre," i. 479, 480.
 Opinion of Robespierre (père), i. 468.
- Liancourt, Duke de :
 Carries king's message to Assembly, ii. 42.
 Counsels, ii. 14.
 Interview with king, ii. 37.
 Member of deputation to Paris, ii. 53.
 Motion on equality of punishment, ii. 404.
 On proximity of Assembly and king, ii. 349.
 President of Assembly, ii. 121.
 Proposes striking medal, ii. 205.
 Speech at Town-Hall, ii. 334.
 Warning to Count d'Artois, ii. 97.
- Lieutaud, court physician, i. 105.
- Ligne, Prince de :
 Description of De Besenval, i. 149, 153.
 Portrait of De Boufflers, i. 367.
- Ligneville, Mlle. de, friend of Turgot, marries Helvétius, i. 169.
- Lilburne the Leveller, women demand his release, ii. 278.
- Lincy, Leroux de, history of Town-Hall, Paris, ii. 56.
- Linguet :
 "Annales du Dix-huitième Siècle," i. 384.
 On Bastille, ii. 3.
- Lisbon, earthquake ruins, i. 107.
- Locke, i. 3.
- Loménie, Louis de :
 Account of Mirabeau and deputation to king, ii. 33.
 Book on Mirabeau, i. 426, 436.
- Lorraine united to France, i. 103.
- Losme-Salbray, Major, de :
 Death, i. 655.
 In garrison of Bastille, i. 633.
- Loth, Father, secretary to Mme. de la Motte, i. 208.
- Louis, Antoine, makes a guillotine, ii. 405.
- Louis de Luxembourg, Count of St. Pol, executed, i. 627.
- Louis XI. sells seats in Paris Parliament, i. 252.
- Louis XIV. :
 Death, i. 3, 14.
 Despotism of, i. 2.
 Revolutionary ideas resulting from seeds of religious controversy sowed by, i. 15.
- Louis XV. :
 Attains legal majority, i. 26.
 Character, i. 34.
 Character at sixty, i. 116.
 Character of reign, i. 102.
 Commencement of his reign, the beginning of the Revolution, i. 2.
 Death, i. 143.
 Dislikes his heir, i. 106.
 Epigrams, i. 104.
 Illness at Metz, i. 35.
 Impersonation of Old Order, i. 520.
 Reign and death, i. 129.
 Title of "Well-beloved," i. 36, 96.
 Treatment of Parliament, i. 253.
- Louis XVI. :
 Accepts Constitution, ii. 650.
 Accepts decree of civil constitution of clergy, ii. 459, 564.
 Answer to Assembly on concentration of troops, i. 603.
 Appears in National Assembly with Necker, ii. 446.
 Appears on balcony at Versailles, ii. 319.
 Arrives at Varennes, ii. 596.
 Asks advice of Pius VI., ii. 458.
 Battle between court and people begun, i. 587.
 "Berry," sketch of early life, i. 104.
 Character, i. 106, 159, 162; ii. 108.
 Closes session of National Assembly, ii. 651.
 Commands nobles and clergy to join Third Estate, i. 590.
 Consents to compromise on question of veto, ii. 232.

Louis XVI. :

- Deputation to, ii. 31, 33, 34.
 First measures of reign, i. 174.
 Flight to Varennes, ii. 568.
 Gives Little Trianon to Marie Antoinette, i. 143.
 Holds Bed of Justice, i. 252, 259, 260.
 Illness, ii. 543.
 Influence of queen and Polignac party over, i. 571.
 Journey to Paris, ii. 82, 85 ; ii. 336.
 Letter to Assembly :
 Announcing new ministers, ii. 197.
 On civil list, ii. 461.
 On Declaration of Rights of Man, ii. 273.
 Letter to States-General, i. 526, 527.
 Letter to Third Estate, i. 563, 568.
 Letters to sovereigns suggesting European congress, ii. 458.
 Letters to Turgot on corn riots, i. 181.
 Occupations at Tuileries, ii. 504.
 On proposition of going to Metz, ii. 235.
 Order of Council of State suppressing *États Généraux*, i. 516.
 Orders closing of Salle des Menus, i. 572, 580.
 Orders diamond necklace, i. 188.
 Plans for July 13, 14, ii. 26.
 Policy of States-General, i. 395.
 Position after the emigration, ii. 104.
 Present at queen's interview with Miomandre, ii. 346.
 Present at Town-Hall, ii. 333.
 Prisoner, ii. 621.
 Proclamation to French people, ii. 610.
 Quarrel with Parliament, i. 274.
 Reception in Town-Hall, ii. 90.
 Refuses to establish civic guard, i. 617.

Louis XVI. :

- Reign of fifteen years, i. 130.
 Reply to address from Assembly, ii. 33.
 Requests gentlemen defenders to disarm, ii. 541.
 Resides in Tuileries, ii. 343.
 Return from Varennes, ii. 617.
 Return to Paris, ii. 322, 326.
 Royal plate turned into coin, ii. 239.
 Situation of, ii. 323.
 Speech to National Assembly, i. 583 ; ii. 43.
 Story of plot against life of, ii. 105.
 Takes oath on Bastille Day, ii. 473.
 Warnings against fate of Charles I., i. 184.
 Wears tricolor cockade, ii. 90, 92.
 Wishes to go to Saint-Cloud, ii. 563.
 Louise, Mme. "Chiffe," daughter of Louis XV., i. 123.
 Loustalot, Elysée, editor of *Révolutions de Paris* :
 Death, ii. 490.
 Sketch of, i. 385.
 Louvet De Couvray, author of "Faublas," description of French society, i. 333.
 Lnbersac, Bishop of Chartres, proposition of clergy uniting with Third Estate, i. 525.
 Lupé, Baron de, sits alone in Chamber of Nobility, i. 590.
 Lusignan, Marquis de, commands Flanders Regiment, ii. 236.
 Luxembourg, Maréchale de, ii. 74.
 Dislike to Plenary Court, i. 280.
 Friend of Necker, i. 231.
 President of nobles, i. 590.
 Lnzerne, De la, Bishop of Langres, *see* Langres, Bishop of.
 Lyons, Muscadins attack mob, ii. 171.
 MACHAULT, Controller-General, "acquits au comptant," i. 101.

- Magdeburg Cathedral built by Freemasons, i. 22.
- Magnus, Albertus, compilation of, i. 60.
- Maillard, Stanislas Marie:
At siege of Bastille, i. 643, 649, 653.
Character, ii. 264.
Leads insurrection at Town-Hall, ii. 263.
Leads women to Versailles, ii. 266.
Signs petition of Cordeliers, ii. 640.
Speech to National Assembly, ii. 279.
- Maldent, De, accompanies king to Varennes, ii. 575.
- Mallet du Pan:
Edits *Mercur*, ii. 409.
High-minded journalist, i. 384.
Sketch of, i. 383.
- Malouet:
Attempts to make Mirabeau and Necker intimate, ii. 224.
Declaration of principles, ii. 440.
Denounces Desmoulins and Marat, ii. 474.
Desires Assembly to move to Tours, ii. 234.
Founds "Impartials" Club, i. 368.
Judgment of Duke of Orleans, ii. 50.
Opinion of Jacobins, ii. 442.
Opposes constitution of National Assembly, i. 561.
Proposal of workshops for labor, ii. 196.
Proposition to Third Estate, i. 511, 514.
Signs declaration against suspension of king's functions, ii. 630.
Sketch of, i. 488.
- Malseigne, Chevalier Guiot de:
Emigrates to Coblenz, ii. 531.
Imprisoned, ii. 487.
Mission to Nancy, ii. 486.
Sketch of, ii. 485.
- Man of the Iron Mask in Bastille, i. 628.
- Mandar, carries news of fall of Bastille to Besenval, ii. 23.
- Mandrin, guerilla war against taxation, ii. 116.
- Mansard, builds château of Choisy, i. 357.
- Maquet, Anguste, "Paris sous Louis XIV.," i. 339.
- Marat, Jean Paul, i. 623; ii. 139.
Attitude towards king, ii. 474.
Disappearance, ii. 642.
On Vadier's speech, ii. 634.
Political pamphleteer, i. 502.
Protests against honoring Mirabeau's remains, ii. 554.
Sketch of, i. 498; ii. 411.
Suspicious of king's illness, ii. 543.
Writings, ii. 412.
- Marceau, begins career at siege of Bastille, i. 643.
- Marcel, Étienne, Provost of Merchants, founds Bastille, i. 624.
- Marck, Count de la:
Brings Mirabeau into touch with king and queen, ii. 496.
Depicts Mirabeau's horror on learning the queen's suspicions of him, ii. 523.
Leaves Mirabeau's correspondence to De Bacourt, ii. 524.
Sketch of, ii. 495.
Visits Versailles on October 5, ii. 315.
Wishes Mirabeau to destroy private papers, ii. 550.
- Maria Leszczyńska, wife of Louis XV., i. 27.
Death, i. 103.
- Maria Theresa, Archduchess of Austria:
Dreams of alliance with France, i. 106, 107.
England assists, i. 35.
Letter of warning to Marie Antoinette, i. 147.
Rousing Hungary, i. 34.

- Marie Antoinette:**
 Alarm at De Favras' possible statements, ii. 397.
 Anglo-Chinese garden at Trianon, i. 144.
 Appeals to Mme. Sauce, ii. 605.
 Appears at banquet of Body-Guard, ii. 246.
 Appears on balcony at Versailles, ii. 320.
 Arrives at Varennes, ii. 596.
 Attitude towards Revolution, ii. 38.
 Captivates Louis XV., i. 116.
 Character, i. 138, 139, 146.
 Composure during women's insurrection, ii. 283.
 Courage during flight to Varennes, ii. 621.
 Dauntless conduct, ii. 319, 320.
 Diamond necklace episode, i. 136, 186, 214.
 Dissensions between Count d'Artois and, ii. 38.
 Education, i. 107.
 Entry into France, i. 113.
 Escapes to king's apartments, ii. 308.
 Fears king's visit to Paris, ii. 26.
 Friendship for Mme. de Lamballe, i. 122, and Mme. de Polignac, i. 152.
 Illness at Trianon, i. 147.
 In procession of States-General at Versailles, i. 416.
 Influence still lasting, i. 132.
 "Little Vienna" applied to Trianon, i. 145.
 Occupations at Tuileries, ii. 504.
 Opinion of Turgot, i. 175, 183.
 Opposite opinions of, i. 11.
 Passing through Strasburg, regulation, i. 109, 111.
 Portrait by Mme. Lebrun, ii. 302.
 Present at Town-Hall, ii. 334.
 Receives Miomandre and Bernard, ii. 346.
 Refuses to leave the king, ii. 570.
 Reign of fifteen years, i. 130.
 Sketch of, i. 107.
- Marie Antoinette:**
 Suspicions of Mirabeau, ii. 523.
 Two schools of criticism, i. 132.
 Visit to a Courtille, i. 353.
 Wedding festivities catastrophe, i. 114.
Marmontel, i. 100.
 Frequents Mme. Panckoucke's salon, i. 383.
Martial Law:
 Aims of, ii. 386.
 Passed, ii. 385.
Martin, prejudiced writer on French Revolution, i. 11.
Massareene, Earl of, escapes from prison, i. 658.
Massillon, supports Dubois's claim to archbishopric, i. 26.
Maupeou, advice to Louis XV., i. 258.
Maupertuis, wild ideas of, i. 131.
Maurepas, Countess de, i. 174.
Maurepas, De:
 Death, i. 234.
 Marine Minister, i. 35.
 Plans to reinstate Paris Parliament, i. 183.
 Prime Minister, i. 174.
 Sketch of, i. 130.
Maury, Abbé:
 Brings news of Rohan's arrest, i. 215.
 Opposes further issue of assignments, ii. 492.
 Protests against annexation of church property, ii. 364.
Mautort, Chevalier de:
 Account of state of army, ii. 477.
 Memoirs, ii. 476.
Melanchthon, signs Cologne charter i. 23.
Men of the Robe, i. 255.
Menou, General, supports motion to allow princesses to leave France, ii. 526.
Meroier:
 As prophet of Revolution, i. 336.
 Description of Paris, i. 334.
 Frequents Mme. de Beauharnais's salon, i. 379.

- Mercier :**
 "New Paris," i. 336.
 On activity of Parisians, i. 347.
 On Palais Royal, i. 355.
 "Picture of Paris," i. 334.
- Merck, on fall of Bastille, ii. 5.**
- Mercy :**
 Account of Marie Antoinette at Trianon, i. 147.
 Advice to Marie Antoinette, i. 108.
 Letter to Marie Theresa ou Turgot, i. 175.
- Méricourt, Théroigne de, motion at Cordeliers, ii. 438.**
 Sketch of salon, i. 376.
- Merlin, quotes "Social Contract" on emigration, ii. 532.**
- Mesmai, De, of Quincey :**
 Arrested, ii. 168.
 Feast and tragedy at Vesoul, ii. 167.
- Mesmer, theory of animal magnetism, i. 198.**
- Mestre-de-Camp, flees from Nancy, ii. 489.**
- Metastasio, Abbé de, i. 108.**
- Métra, tale of Abbé de Boufflers, i. 366.**
- Metric system, authors of decree establishing, ii. 462.**
- Metz :**
 Outbreak at, ii. 480, 482.
 Suspicious of king's flight to, ii. 237.
- Michelet :**
 Account of Bailly in Notre-Dame, ii. 68.
 Account of flight to Varennes, ii. 582.
 On Bastille, ii. 2.
 On condition of France, ii. 172.
 Opinion of Robespierre, i. 479.
 Prejudiced writer on French Revolution, i. 11.
- Miles, A. W., judgment of Mirabeau, ii. 556.**
 Letter to Duke of Leeds, criticism on Necker, ii. 103.
 Letter to Lord Rodney on attack on Mirabeau at Jacobin Club, ii. 538.
 On French emigrants, ii. 103.
- Miles, Miss, opinion of king's flight, ii. 614.**
- Mill, proposed history of French Revolution, i. 11.**
- Miomandre de Sainte-Marie :**
 Faces mob at Versailles, ii. 304.
 Fate of, ii. 347.
 In infirmary, ii. 314.
 Received by queen, ii. 346.
 Warns and guards the queen, ii. 307.
- Miomandre and wounded soldier, story of, ii. 254.**
- Mique, Sieur, asked to prepare Tuileries for king's residence, ii. 337, 341.**
- Mirabeau, Boniface, Viscount, "Barrel Mirabeau" :**
 In American campaign, i. 381.
 Sketch of, i. 462.
- Mirabeau Castle, i. 428.**
- Mirabeau, Gabriel Honoré, Marquis of, i. 436.**
 A "King's Man," ii. 514.
 Action during women's insurrection, ii. 274.
 Acts as spokesman of National Assembly, i. 586.
 Admiration for De Bouillé, ii. 481.
 Advice to Duke of Orleans, ii. 46.
 Altercation with De Brézé, ii. 296, 298.
 Amendment to Sillery's proposal, ii. 41.
 Appeals to Assembly to support Necker, ii. 226.
 Approves "La France Libre," ii. 155.
 Ascendency, ii. 188.
 Attacked at Jacobin Club, ii. 536.
 Attitude towards popular outbursts, ii. 139.
 Attitude towards regency question, ii. 546.

Mirabeau :

- Author of "Etats Généraux," i. 517.
- Birth and education, i. 449.
- Chairman of Committee on Constitution, ii. 199.
- Character, ii. 517.
- Charges against, ii. 391, 393, 522.
- Conference with Montmorin, ii. 521.
- Confides his reputation to De la Marck, ii. 524.
- Death, ii. 550.
- Depnty of Third Estate, i. 462.
- Disappointed in his allies, ii. 494.
- Disliked by court party, ii. 521.
- Efforts to save France, ii. 399, 524.
- Exertions for De la Marck, ii. 547.
- Fails to secure friendship of Lafayette, ii. 525.
- Favors royal right of veto, i. 561.
- Fights in Corsica, i. 453.
- Funeral, ii. 554.
- Genius, ii. 552.
- Gives draft of speech to Talleyrand, ii. 549.
- Great speech in support of Necker's plan, ii. 226.
- "Great Treason" of, ii. 509.
- Greatness of, ii. 493, 513.
- His power, ii. 109.
- Illness, ii. 544.
- Imprisoned at Château d'If, i. 457.
- Imprisonment at Vincennes, i. 458.
- In favor of king's veto, ii. 232.
- Influence in district of Oratory, ii. 193.
- Interview with Marie Antoinette, ii. 499.
- Judgment of king's letter, ii. 273.
- Judgment of Pitt, ii. 549.
- Labors to create Constitution, ii. 496.

Mirabeau :

- Lack of money, ii. 496, 501.
- Learns queen's suspicions of him, ii. 523.
- Letter to king, ii. 503.
- Letter to Romilly, ii. 553.
- Letter of warning to Monsieur, ii. 388.
- Letters to Sophie de Mirabeau, i. 458.
- Makes use of De la Marck, ii. 496.
- Manner of life, ii. 544.
- Motion on Church property, ii. 366.
- Opinion of Declaration of Rights, ii. 514.
- Opinion of Necker, ii. 491, 492.
- Opinion of Robespierre, ii. 435.
- Opposes Lafayette's demand for martial law, ii. 383, 384.
- Opposes Lally-Tollendal's motion, ii. 141, 185.
- Opposes law against emigration, ii. 533.
- Opposes Malouet's proposition, i. 514.
- Opposes Mounier's proposal, ii. 323.
- Overtures to Lafayette — to Necker, ii. 499.
- Pamphlets, i. 461.
- Plan for saving monarchy, ii. 520, 521.
- Praises Marie Antoinette, i. 132.
- President of Assembly, ii. 519.
- President of Jacobin Club, ii. 433.
- Prophecy on opening of States-General, i. 422.
- Proposal for king's ministers, ii. 515.
- Proposal that Assembly accompany king to Paris, ii. 325.
- Proposal to disband army, ii. 492.
- Proposition for better regulation of debates, i. 523.
- Publishes correspondence with Cerutti, i. 400.

- Mirabeau :
 Religious opinions, ii. 553.
 Reply to Lanjuinais's attack, ii. 516.
 Reply to Maury, ii. 365.
 Return to Assembly, ii. 290.
 Rumors of poison, ii. 550.
 Scheme for government, ii. 560, 562.
 Speech :
 At Jacobin Club, ii. 537.
 In support of deputation to clergy, i. 524.
 On concentration of troops, i. 602.
 On dismissal of ministers, ii. 77, 79.
 On inviolability of letters, ii. 151.
 On king's letter, i. 531.
 On king's power in war, ii. 509.
 On mines, ii. 545.
 Story of conduct during absence from Assembly, ii. 292.
 Struggles for life, i. 155.
 Supports further issue of assignats, ii. 492.
 Supports Necker's scheme, ii. 220, 225.
 Three anxieties, ii. 500.
 Visit of Desmoulins to, ii. 419.
 Want of moral character, ii. 553.
 Mirabeau, history of family, i. 425.
 Mirabeau, John Anthony, Marquis of, *see* Riquetti, John Anthony.
 Mirabeau, Marquis, "Friend of Man," *see* Riquetti, Victor de.
 Miray, De, killed, i. 655.
 Miroménil, Marquis de :
 Keeper of seals, dismissed, i. 241.
 Letter on behalf of Cagliostro, i. 202.
 Molay, Jacques de, vengeance for death of, i. 23.
 Molé, compliments Mirabeau on his speech, ii. 228.
 Molleville, Bertrand de, i. 287.
 Description of disorder in Paris (July 12), i. 615.
- Molleville, Bertrand de :
 On march to Paris, ii. 327.
 On Mirabeau's speech on correspondence, ii. 151.
 Opinion of Mirabeau, ii. 520.
Moniteur, started by Panckoucke, ii. 409.
 Monnier, Sophie de :
 Death, i. 460.
 Flight to Holland with Mirabeau; i. 458.
 Montagu, prisoner in Bastille, i. 626.
 Montaigne :
 Admiration for Mary Stuart, i. 132.
 Scepticism of, i. 3.
 Montaigu, De, French ambassador to Venice, i. 74.
 Montauban, crusade against sacrilege, ii. 452.
 Montbarrey, Prince de, ii. 530.
 Address of, ii. 15.
 Montboissier, De, President of Nobles in States-General, i. 513.
 Montbrel, Chevalier de, connection with Cagliostro, i. 208.
 Montespan, Mme. de, accusations against, i. 628.
 Montesquieu, Marquis of :
 Description of Paris, i. 348.
 On Parisians' passion for rapid motion, i. 347.
 Paris deputy to States-General, i. 390.
 Montgaillard, Count de :
 Account of Mirabeau's death, ii. 551.
 On Monsieur's policy, ii. 388.
 Montgomery, prisoner in Bastille, i. 627.
 Montigny, Lucas de, "Mémoires de Mirabeau," i. 426.
 Montjoye, edits *L'Ami du Roi*, ii. 424.
 Montjustin, Baron de, dangerous situation of, ii. 166.
 Montlosier, story of the chase, i. 315.

- Montmartre, fortified, ii. 20.
- Montmorency, Duke of, prisoner in Bastille, i. 627.
- Montmorency, Duke Mathieu de, sketch of, i. 381.
- Montmorin :
- Advice to king, ii. 562.
 - Circular letter to ambassadors, ii. 564.
 - Dangerous position of, ii. 611.
 - Ignorant of flight to Varennes, ii. 572.
 - On war preparations, ii. 508.
 - Receives resolution of Frankfort, ii. 506.
- Montmorin, Mme. de, prophecy on meeting of States-General, i. 417.
- Montpelier, citadel surrenders, ii. 454.
- Moreau de Saint-Méry, i. 622.
- Addresses king, ii. 91.
 - Courageous conduct, ii. 17.
 - Speech at Town-Hall, ii. 334.
 - Suggests Lafayette as leader of army, ii. 19, 66.
- Morin, imprisoned in Bastille, i. 628.
- Morley, John :
- Account of Arthur Young, i. 294.
 - Admiration for Burke, i. 480.
 - Criticism of Marie Antoinette, i. 134.
 - Criticism of Robespierre, i. 473.
 - Essay on Robespierre, i. 479.
 - Opinion of "Nouvelle Héloïse," i. 77, 80.
- Morris, Gouverneur :
- Account of Louis XVI.'s visit to Paris, ii. 94.
 - Mirabeau's funeral, ii. 555.
 - Pétion's behavior in royal carriage, ii. 618.
 - State of feeling in Paris, i. 592.
 - Comment on Foulon's death, ii. 138.
 - Comment on king's visit to Paris, ii. 94.
 - Description of Mme. de Tessé, i. 376.
- Morris, Gouverneur :
- On king's flight, ii. 613.
 - On Thomas Paine, ii. 632.
 - Opinion of women's insurrection, ii. 292.
 - Pictures of social life in Paris, i. 360.
 - Plans for Mme. de Flahaut, i. 362.
 - Quintes de Trudaine on Louis XVI.'s character, ii. 614.
 - Receives news of flight of Polignac party, ii. 101.
 - Sketch of, i. 361.
- Mortefontaine, Lepeletier de, Provost of Merchants, i. 400.
- Mortemart, Duke de, on renunciation of pensions, ii. 205.
- Morveau, De, interview with Arthur Young, ii. 160.
- Motte, Count de la :
- Account of diamond necklace episode, i. 195, 214.
 - His last days, i. 225.
- Motte, Mme. de la :
- Action in diamond necklace episode, i. 195, 214.
 - Arrested, i. 217.
 - Burning letters, i. 217.
 - Cagliostro, Beugnot, and other guests, i. 208.
 - Escapes from Salpêtrière, i. 220.
 - Punishment, i. 219.
 - Sketch of, i. 195.
 - Suicide in London, i. 221.
- Motte-Piquet, La, opinion of Duke of Orleans, i. 270.
- Moulton, Mlle. Curchod's lover, i. 231.
- Mounier, Joseph :
- Account of deputation to Paris, ii. 63.
 - Councillor of State, i. 540.
 - Declaration of rights of man, ii. 178, 184.
 - Deputation to king, accompanied by women, ii. 280.
 - Emigrates, ii. 357.
 - Essay by, ii. 38.
 - Member of deputation to Paris, ii. 53.

Mounier, Joseph :

- Obtains king's consent to Declaration of Rights, ii. 288.
- On Body-Guard banquet, ii. 249.
- On Committee for Constitutional Government, ii. 24.
- Opposes Malouet's proposition, i. 512, 515.
- President of Assembly, action in women's insurrection, ii. 274.
- Prompts convocation of three orders of Dauphiné, i. 282.
- Proposal of Assembly meeting in palace, ii. 323.
- Proposes oath for deputies, i. 576.
- Report to Assembly, ii. 77.
- Services to Third Estate at Grenoble, i. 388.
- Sketch of, i. 490.
- Speech in opposition to Mirabeau, ii. 79.
- Speech on Necker's dismissal, i. 616.
- Suggestion of two Chambers, ii. 231.
- Supports Lally-Tollendal's motion, ii. 141.
- Moustier, De, accompanies king to Varennes, ii. 575.
- Mozart, admiration for Marie Antoinette, i. 108.
- Müller, Jean de, on fall of Bastille, ii. 5.
- Muscadins of Lyons attack mob, ii. 171.
- Museum of Paris, meetings of members, ii. 437.
- NANCY, civil war in, ii. 482, 489.
- Nantes, riots, i. 399.
- Nanthon, Muguët de, opinion of king's letter, ii. 273.
- Napoleon Bonaparte, birth in Corsica, i. 450, 454.
- Nassau, stationed at Versailles, i. 600.
- National Assembly :
 - Abolish titles, ii. 467.

National Assembly :

- Accompany king to Paris, ii. 325.
- Account of sittings, ii. 180.
- Annex Church property, ii. 363.
- Attitude after king's flight, ii. 613.
- Business of regenerating, ii. 456.
- Clergy join Third Estate, i. 581, 588.
- Clootz introduces deputation to, ii. 465.
- Code of regulations, ii. 178.
- Committee of Thirty report, ii. 177.
- Committee to prepare plan of Constitution, ii. 24.
- Court plans for suppressing, i. 597.
- Declares itself permanent, i. 617.
- Decree election of bishops and curés, ii. 457.
- Decrees on king's flight, ii. 611.
- Deputation of ladies offering jewels for public debt, ii. 222.
- Deputation to Paris, ii. 52, 63.
- Deputies take Mounier's oath, i. 576.
- Deputies take oath, i. 565.
- Discussion on removal of Voltaire's remains, ii. 623.
- Emigrant members, ii. 356.
- Interference with military men, ii. 479.
- King's speech to, i. 583.
- Legrand proposes name, i. 561.
- Meeting in church of St. Louis, i. 581.
- Meeting in Tennis-Court at Versailles, i. 574.
- Moves to Paris, ii. 349, 350.
- Necker's dismissal, effect of, i. 616.
- Noble and clerical orders join Third Estate, i. 590.
- Organized, i. 563.
- Peasants' expectations from, ii. 185.
- Petitions against changes to, ii. 377.

- National Assembly :
 Plays to galleries, ii. 353.
 Powerlessness of, ii. 111.
 Private donations, ii. 238.
 Proposal of moving to Tours, ii. 234.
 Reconstructing France, ii. 371.
 Reinstates king, ii. 633.
 Renunciation of rights, ii. 204.
 Resolutions passed on August 4, ii. 206.
 Right of taxation, i. 566.
 Session closed, ii. 651.
 Shut out of Salle des Menus, i. 572.
 Sitting of August 4, 1789, ii. 195, 196.
- National Guards, ii. 70.
- Necker, Jacques :
 Asks for loan, ii. 216.
 Controller-General, i. 229.
 Demonstrations in honor of, i. 234.
 Devises "suspensive veto," ii. 232.
 Difficulties in financial reforms, i. 232.
 Exiled, i. 605.
 Financial statement on opening of States-General, i. 507.
 Forbids use of Bastille dungeons, ii. 3.
 Marat's attacks on, ii. 415.
 New financial scheme, ii. 219.
 Nothing new to propose, ii. 362.
 Opposes Saint-Priest's advice, ii. 285.
 Plan for raising revenue, ii. 223.
 Plan of conciliation, ii. 276.
 Proposal for verifying three orders, i. 549.
 Recall of, ii. 77, 79.
 Report to king on States-General, i. 289.
 Resignation, i. 583 ; ii. 491.
 Retires to Saint Ouen, i. 234.
 Returns to Paris, ii. 188.
 Return to power, i. 285.
 Rival to Turgot, i. 178.
 Saves Besenval, ii. 192.
- Necker, Jacques :
 Sketch of, i. 226.
 Speech on opening of States-General, i. 422.
- Necker and States-General, i. 389.
- Necker, Mme. :
 Salon, in Paris, i. 229, 231, 375.
 Sketch of, i. 229.
 Visits Lausanne, i. 230.
- Nemours, Duport de, *see* Duport de Nemours.
- Nîmes, disturbance at, ii. 453.
- Noailles, Cardinal de, President of Council of Ecclesiastical Affairs, i. 19.
- Noailles, Duke de, dislike to Plenary Court, i. 280.
- Noailles, Mme. de, Marie Antoinette's dislike of, i. 146.
- Noailles, Vicomte de, i. 381.
 Carries account of Paris to Assembly, ii. 31, 32.
 Speech on August 4, 1789, ii. 199.
- Nobility join Third Estate, ii. 79.
- Normandy, rebellion of Barefeet in, ii. 117.
- Norvins, Jacques de :
 Account of De Favras's trial, ii. 395.
 Description of emigrants, ii. 528.
 Emigrates—interview with postmaster at Clermont, ii. 591.
 On Mirabeau's illness, ii. 548.
- Notables assembling in Paris, i. 239.
- Notables, dismissed, i. 249.
- Noüe, Commander de, imprisoned at Nancy, ii. 487.
- Noviant, minister of Charles VI., imprisoned in Bastille, i. 626.
- Noyer, Mlle. du :
 Marries Baron de Winterfeld, i. 41.
 Voltaire falls in love with, i. 41.
- Nuis, Clugny de, Controller-General, sketch of, i. 226.
- O'BRIEN, BRONTERRE, "Life of Robespierre," i. 479, 480.

- O'Meara, "Napoleon in Exile,"
Fersen legend, ii. 329.
- Oberkirche, Baroness d':
Description of Cagliostro, i. 206.
Opinion of Princess de Lam-
balle, i. 123.
Warns Rohan against Cagliostro,
i. 208.
- Oelsner, account of Mirabeau at
Jacobin Club, ii. 537.
- Oliva, Demoiselle d', i. 217, 221,
222.
- Orateur du Peuple*, Fréron's organ,
ii. 411, 416.
- Orleans, Louis Philippe Joseph,
Duke of (Egalité):
Adhesion to civic oath, ii. 456.
Anglomania, i. 271.
At riot at St. Antoine, i. 409.
Conduct towards Prince de Lam-
balle, i. 267.
Education, i. 264.
Exiled, i. 261.
Hostility to king and queen, i.
271.
In fight off Brest, i. 270.
Joins Third Estate, i. 588.
Knows of king's flight, ii. 577.
Marriage and family, i. 268.
Mission to England, ii. 359.
Opposes registration of edicts, i.
260.
Parentage, i. 263.
Policy, ii. 388.
Popularity, i. 416, 421, 464; ii.
45.
President of Committee of Nota-
bles, i. 239.
Reception on return, ii. 522.
Return to take civic oath, ii. 469.
Sketch of, i. 262, 265.
Suspicious against, ii. 175.
Wealth, i. 303.
- Orleans party, policy of, i. 589.
- Orleans, Philippe, Duke of:
Character, i. 20.
Death, i. 26.
First acts of regency, i. 18.
Resigns regency, becomes Presi-
dent of Council of State, i. 26.
- Orleans, Philippe Louis, Duke d'
(Fat Philip), character, i. 263.
- Ormesson, D', Controller-General,
i. 234.
- Ormesson, Louis d', first President
of Paris Parliament, i. 401.
- PADELOUP, ANTOINE MICHEL, book-
binder, i. 99.
- Paine, Thomas, author of "Rights
of Man," ii. 631.
- Palais Royal, account of, i. 354.
Description of scenes at, ii.
136.
Excitement on Necker's banish-
ment, i. 605.
Lists of proscriptions, ii. 139.
Of 1789, i. 355.
Political centre of Paris, i. 386.
- Palloy:
Makes models of Bastille, i. 665.
Pamphleteers, i. 291.
Sketch of, i. 664.
- Panchoaud, on speeches of Mira-
beau, ii. 227.
- Panckoucke, Mme., salon, i. 382.
- Paoli, Pasquale, fighting in Corsica,
i. 453.
- Papot, Abbé, criticism on Count
d'Artois and Condé, ii. 107.
- Paris:
Alarm at king's flight, ii. 608.
Anglomania in 1789, i. 350.
Arthur Young's impressions of,
i. 341.
Assembly of Electors, ii. 112.
Assembly of Electors, Committee
besieged by mob, ii. 128.
Assembly of Electors dissolved,
ii. 148.
Boulevard (old), i. 354.
Bread riot in (1725), i. 27.
Building mania of 1789, i. 345.
Cafés, i. 351.
Clubs, i. 385.
Communal Assembly, ii. 142.
Lafayette before, ii. 145.
Condition of streets, i. 346, 347.
Corn riots, i. 180, 181.
Demands of, ii. 76.

Paris :

- Deputation from National Assembly to, ii. 52, 63.
- Desires king's presence, ii. 233.
- Districts created, ii. 61.
- Disturbance in Faubourg, St. Antoine, i. 404.
- Division into sections, ii. 518.
- Dominion of, ii. 349.
- Dress in 1789, i. 350.
- Elections to States-General, i. 390, 395.
- Famine in, ii. 173, 215, 382.
- First struggle between military and citizens, i. 612.
- Foreign residents leave, ii. 223.
- Foreign troops stationed near, i. 600.
- Growing agitation in, ii. 638.
- Guinguette Courtille, i. 353.
- Ladies sacrificing jewels for public debt, ii. 222.
- Mercier's description of, i. 334.
- Militia, i. 618.
- Mob clamors to march to Versailles, ii. 271.
- Mob seizes arms, i. 621.
- Municipality, ii. 56, 58.
- National Guards, colleagues in every town, ii. 230.
- Need for authorized Assembly, ii. 147.
- Notre-Dame, Te Deum at, ii. 67, 68.
- Old map of, i. 338.
- Palais Royal of 1789, i. 355.
- Pamphlets, i. 593.
- Permanent Committee :
 - Members of, ii. 69.
 - Orders to destroy Bastille, ii. 69, 76.
 - Proclamation to restore order, ii. 71.
- Preparations for reception of king, ii. 81.
- Queer customs of bathing, i. 359.
- Raging over rumors from Versailles, ii. 256.
- Raid on bakers' shops, ii. 382.

Paris :

- Rioters at Lamoignon's house, i. 289.
- Salons, i. 364.
- Sixty Republics, ii. 149.
- Sketch of society in 1789, i. 364.
- State of, i. 280.
- State of July 15, 1789, ii. 14, 18.
- Three powers in, ii. 142.
- Town-Hall :
 - Account of, ii. 54.
 - Common centre, ii. 72.
 - Jurisdiction, ii. 58.
- Tumult on July 12, i. 612; July 13, 618.
- Winter of 1788-89, i. 398.
- Women crowding to Town-Hall, ii. 261.
- Women delegates appear before Assembly, ii. 278.
- Women march to Versailles, ii. 266.
- Women's insurrection, ii. 258.
- Works on Old Paris, i. 339.
- Paris, Archbishop of :
 - Condemns "Nouvelles Ecclésiastiques," i. 32.
 - Heads deputation to Paris, ii. 53.
 - Ordinance, i. 31.
- Paris Bourse, patriotism of, ii. 218.
- Paris Parliament :
 - Composition of, i. 254.
 - Growth, i. 252.
 - Position of, i. 251.
 - Protests against king's proceedings, i. 274.
 - Refuses to register stamp tax and land tax, i. 258.
 - Reinstated, i. 183.
 - Three divisions of, i. 252.
- Paris Parliament and Provincial Parliaments, i. 253.
- Pâris-Duverney, Paris banker, i. 126.
- Parliamentary society, i. 256.
- Paroy, Count du :
 - Account of flight of princes, ii. 96.
 - Account of Knights of the Dagger, ii. 538.

- Pascal, defender of Jansenism in "Provincial Letters," i. 17.
- Pasquier, Chancellor, on Club de Valois, ii. 441.
- Patches, origin of use, i. 351.
- Patriote Français*, Brissot de Warville's organ, ii. 408.
- Peace, reign of, ii. 474.
- Peasant, condition of, i. 307.
- Peinier, President de, peasants attack, ii. 116.
- Pelleport, Marquis de, imprisoned in Bastille, i. 655.
- Pelletan, Dr., on Mirabeau's death, ii. 551.
- Peltier, Jean Gabriel, journalist, sketch of, i. 373; ii. 422.
- Pembroke, Lord, reprints poems of Baffo, i. 496.
- Penthièvre, Duke de:
Bright example of old nobility, i. 123.
President of Committee of Notables, i. 239.
- Père Duchesne*, Lemaire's invention, account of, ii. 420.
- Périer, Claude, Assembly meets in his château, i. 283.
- Perry:
Account of Body-Guard banquet, ii. 254.
Calonne's reception in England, i. 241.
Troops at Paris and Versailles, i. 601.
Opinion of Lafayette, i. 244.
Sketch of Duke d'Orleans, i. 272.
- Persan, De, lieutenant of Invalides, killed, i. 655.
- Pétion:
Accompanies royal family on return from Varennes, ii. 617.
Commissioner to secure return of king, ii. 613.
Denounces conspirators, ii. 257.
Frequents Mme. de Méricourt's salon, i. 376.
Motion for amnesty, ii. 475.
Protests against decree on king's flight, ii. 633.
- Pétion:
Restricting decree on press, ii. 644.
Pétion (of Villeneuve), denounces Body-Guard banquet, ii. 273.
Piloitz, Convention of, ii. 649.
Pinelle, on tragedy at Quincey, ii. 168.
- Pinet:
Death, ii. 174, 175.
Sketch of, ii. 174, 175.
- Pitra, L. G., memoirs, ii. 3.
- Pitt, William, asks Mlle. Necker in marriage, i. 232.
- Pius VI. counsels Louis XVI., ii. 458.
- Planta, Baron de, Cardinal de Rohan's equerry, i. 201.
- Playfair, William, of Edinburgh:
Member of Saint-Antoine militia, i. 636.
Subsequent history, i. 637.
- Poigny, Duke de:
Quarrel with Louis XVI., i. 275.
- Point du Jour*, Barrière's organ, ii. 408.
- Poisson, Baron, "L'Armée et la Garde Nationale," i. 598.
- Poisson, Mme., mother of Mme. de Pompadour, i. 93.
- Poisson, Mlle., *see* Pompadour, Mme. de.
- Poissy, disturbances at, ii. 119.
- Poissy, Mayor of, requests National Assembly to put down disorders, ii. 119.
- Poitiers, Bishop of, refuses to take oath, ii. 460.
- Poix, Prince de, escapes from Versailles, ii. 313.
- Polignac, Diane de, i. 153.
- Polignac, Gabrielle, Duchess de:
Account of, i. 152.
Dislikes Duke de Coigny, i. 147.
Flight, ii. 100.
Influence over Marie Antoinette, i. 152.
Meets Necker at Basle, ii. 101, 190.
- Polignac, Jules, Duke de, i. 151, 153.
Master of Bear Hounds, i. 275.

- Polignac party, members of, i. 153.
- Pompadour, Mme. de :
 Arranges model farm at Trianon, i. 142.
 Death, i. 102.
 Opinion of "Aline," i. 366.
 Patroness of art, i. 98, 99.
 Patroness of literature, i. 100.
 Patronizing Padeloup and Voltaire, i. 102.
 Sketch of, i. 93-103.
 Triumphs over Jesuits, i. 101.
- Poncet, prisoner in Bastille, ii. 627.
- Pontecoutant, De, escapes from Versailles, ii. 313.
- Pontoise, corn riot at, i. 181.
- Pontverre, De, priest of Conflignon, i. 72.
- Pope, satires of, i. 49.
- Populus frequents Mme. de Méricourt's salon, i. 376.
- Porquet, Abbé, i. 366.
- Port Royal destroyed by Louis XIV., i. 17.
- Poyet, Chancellor, prisoner in Bastille, i. 627.
- Prague, French army retreating from, i. 34.
- Praslin, Duke de, heads deputation from nobility to Third Estate, i. 520.
- "Précis Historique de la Révolution Française," ii. 647.
- Prède, André de la, escorts Berthier to Paris, ii. 127.
- Prefeln, Goupel de, suggests new oath, ii. 447.
- Préfontaine, De, queen at his house at Varennes, ii. 596.
- Press, freedom of, i. 518, 519.
- Prie, Marquise de, i. 27.
 Banished to Normandy, i. 28.
- Provence, Count de, departure from Paris, ii. 580.
 Description of *gabelle*, i. 248.
 Implicated in De Favras's conspiracy, ii. 389.
 Letter to agent on the Revolution, ii. 398.
 Policy, ii. 387.
- Provence, Count de :
 President of Committee of Notables, i. 239.
 Protests innocence of De Favras's plot, ii. 393.
 Reception of emigrants, ii. 530.
 Remark on De Favras's death, ii. 397.
 Sketch of, i. 163.
- Provence, plague in, i. 443.
- Provincial parliaments abolished, ii. 378.
- Provincial parliaments protest against Plenary Court, i. 281.
- Provost of the Merchants, office of, ii. 58.
- Prudhomme prints *Révolutions de Paris*, i. 409.
- Pucelle, Abbé, Jansenist, i. 29.
 Exiled, i. 32.
- Puisieux, Mme. de, conduct towards Diderot, i. 59.
- Puzy, President de, takes new civic oath, ii. 447.
- QUERCY, rising of peasants, ii. 117.
- Quesnel, Father, "Réflexions Morales" suppressed, i. 17.
- RADAUT, JEAN PAUL, pamphleteer, sketch of, i. 291.
- Rabaut, Saint-Étienne, *see* Saint-Étienne, Rabaut de.
- Rabelais, i. 52.
- Rabutin, Bussy :
 Description of corrupt state of France, i. 19.
 Imprisoned in Bastille, i. 628.
- Raigecourt, Count de, waits for king at Varennes, ii. 594, 595, 601.
- Rantzau, imprisoned in Bastille, i. 628.
- Raynal, Abbé, visits Malouet, i. 489.
- Rebellion of Barefeet, in Normandy, ii. 117.
- Red flag, account of, ii. 385.
- Red flag becomes emblem of Revolution in 1792, i. 646.

- Redon, member of Committee on Constitution, ii. 199.
- Regnard, comedies of, i. 62.
- Reichenbach, treaty between Austria and Prussia, ii. 511.
- Reinach, stationed at Sèvres, i. 600.
- Reiset, Count de, author of "Modes et Usages au Temps de Marie Antoinette," i. 140.
- Renaud, Nicholas, king's postilion to Varennes, ii. 598.
- Rennes, Bishop of, states desperate condition of province to king, i. 281.
- Rennes, disturbances in, i. 399.
- Réole, La, at siege of Bastille, i. 649.
- Republicanism, ii. 631.
- Réveillon :
- Account of row at factory, i. 404.
- Disappearance, i. 657.
- Flight, i. 407.
- Revolution triumphant, ii. 455.
- Révolutions de Paris*, Loustalot editor, ii. 409.
- Richard, Claude, gardener at Trianon, i. 142.
- Richelieu, treatment of Parliament, i. 253.
- Richer, De, suggestion for gratuitous justice, ii. 205.
- Richmond, Duke of, founds Freemasons' lodge at Aubigny, i. 22, 23.
- Riding-school :
- Assembly meeting in, ii. 351.
- Citizens' right of entrance to galleries, ii. 353.
- Riquet, Riquetti, *see* Mirabeau, Gabriel Honoré, Marquis de.
- Riquetti, Bruno de, "Mad Mirabeau," i. 435.
- Riquetti, Jean Anthony Joseph Charles de, Bailli, i. 436.
- Sketch of, i. 441.
- Riquetti, Louis Alexander de, sketch of, i. 440.
- Riquetti, Thomas de, marriage contract, i. 429.
- Riquetti, Victor de, Marquis of Mirabeau, "Friend of Man," i. 436, 449.
- Sketch of, i. 442.
- "Riquetti, Vie de Jean-Antoine de," i. 426.
- Rivarol :
- Account of De Boufflers, i. 367.
- "Demagogues of democracy," ii. 172.
- Nicknames Lafayette "General Morpheus," ii. 315.
- Sketch of, i. 370.
- Sneers at Mirabeau, ii. 325.
- Rivière, Étienne de la, escorts Berthier to Paris, ii. 127, 134.
- Robert, exiled, i. 261.
- Robespierre, Charlotte :
- Account of Robespierre taking shelter with Duplay, ii. 642.
- Stories of her brother, i. 470, 472, 474.
- Robespierre, Maximilien :
- A Deist, i. 103.
- Address to French people, ii. 646.
- Artois deputy, i. 478.
- Assumes new position, ii. 566.
- Debars members of Constituent Assembly from Legislative Assembly, ii. 567.
- Different opinions regarding, i. 479.
- Essay, "Sur les Peines Infamantes," i. 475.
- Frequents Mme. de Méricourt's salon, i. 376.
- Instructions for affiliated clubs, ii. 568.
- Interview with Rousseau, i. 470.
- Life at Arras, i. 471.
- Maiden speech, i. 554, 555.
- On law against emigration, ii. 532.
- Opinion of king's letter, ii. 274.
- Opposes demand for martial law, ii. 384.
- Opposes Lally-Tollendal's motion, ii. 123.
- Protests against decree on king's flight, ii. 633.

- Robespierre, Maximilien :
 Protests against king and queen making declaration, ii. 628.
 Sketch of, i. 134 ; ii. 435.
 Speech on clergy, ii. 451.
 Speech on king's flight, ii. 611.
 Takes shelter with Duplay, ii. 633.
- Rochambeau, co-operates with Washington, i. 244.
- Rochechouart, Count de, on death of De Favras, ii. 396.
- Rochefoucauld, *see* La Rocbefoucauld.
- Rochereuil, Mme. de, gives warning of queen's flight, ii. 577.
- Rocheterie, Maxime de la, on Marie Antoinette, ii. 38.
- Rocourt, Dom, Abbot of Clairvaux, i. 215.
- Rohan, Cardinal Prince de, i. 400.
 Acquitted and exiled, i. 219.
 Ambassador to Vienna, i. 192.
 Arrested, i. 215.
 Character, i. 191, 193.
 Death at Ettenheim, i. 224.
 Interview with Cagliostro, i. 200, 205.
 Quarrel with Voltaire, i. 42.
 Retires to Ettenheim, i. 223.
 Sketch of, i. 192.
- Rohrig, Lieutenant :
 Commands in Varennes, ii. 595.
 Leaves Varennes, ii. 600.
- Roland, Mme. opinion of "Faublas," i. 334.
- Romeuf, brings message from Assembly to king, ii. 616.
- Romilly, Sir Samuel, compiles digest of rules of House of Commons for Mirabeau, ii. 181.
- Ronsard, admiration for Mary Stuart, i. 132.
- Rosati, Robespierre member of, i. 471.
- Rosen, Mme. de, Mme. du Barry's treatment of, i. 121.
- Rossiers, Archdeacon, prisoner in Bastille, i. 627.
- Rossignol :
 On Bastille Day celebration; ii. 464.
 On "Conquerors of the Bastille," ii. 13.
 Praises Louis Legendre, ii. 438.
- Rostaing, Marquis de, proposition of, i. 534.
- Rouillard, portrait of Camille Desmoulins, i. 610.
- Rousseau, Didier, settles in Geneva, i. 68.
- Rousseau, Isaac, father of Jean Jacques, i. 68.
- Rousseau, Jean Jacques :
 A Deist, i. 102.
 At Turin, i. 73.
 Attacks on society, i. 81-91.
 Birth, i. 67.
 Childish love for Plutarch, i. 68.
 "Confessions," i. 70, 77.
 "Contrat Social," i. 3, 68, 75, 80, 86, 102.
 Criticism of, i. 86.
 Robespierre following, ii. 436.
 Death at Ermenonville, i. 75.
 Early education, i. 70.
 Effect of dreams of, i. 10.
 "Emile," i. 75, 76.
 Filled by "a passion of philanthropy," i. 91.
 Influence in provinces, i. 315.
 Influence of his writings, i. 80.
 Influence on Revolution, i. 66, 89, 102.
 Invents a natural man, i. 86, 90.
 Life at Les Charmettes, i. 74.
 "Nouvelle Héloïse," i. 75.
 Opinion of De Boufflers, i. 366.
 Pupils of, i. 9.
 Statue in Geneva, i. 67.
 Thérèse Le Vasseur, i. 74.
 Visits Mme. de Warens at Anancy, i. 72, 73.
- Rousseau, Mme., adopting D'Alembert, i. 62.
- Roussillon, nobles renounce privileges, i. 399.
- Roy, Abbé, i. 405, 413.

- Royal-Cravate, stationed at Charenton, i. 600.
- Royale, Madame, account of flight to Varennes, ii. 596.
- Royalist press, ii. 421, 422, 425.
- Royou, Abbé :
Establishes *L'Ami du Roi*, ii. 423.
Prosecution and death, ii. 424.
- Rue Quincampoix, description of scene, i. 21.
- Rulhière, description of. Champcenetz, i. 372.
- Russia and Sweden, war between, ii. 507.
- SABATHIER, ABBÉ DE :
Demands States-General, i. 285.
Exiled, i. 261.
Joke on States-General, i. 258.
On Body-Guard banquet, ii. 252.
- Sabran, Countess de :
Account of punishment of Mme. de la Motte, i. 219.
Epigram on Louis de Ségur, i. 368.
Salon, i. 364.
Sketch of, i. 365.
- Saint Amand, Abbé of, possessions, i. 306.
- Saint Amaud, Imbert de, account of Cardinal de Rohan at Ettenheim, i. 224.
- Saint-Antoine, attack on Bastille, i. 631.
- Sainte-Aulaire, de, brigadier of Body-Guard, ii. 309.
- Sainte-Beuve, on La Harpe, i. 5.
- Saint-Cloud, royal family remove to, ii. 505.
- Saint-Didier, commands dragoons at Auzeville, ii. 589.
- Saint-Étienne, Rabaut de, i. 379.
Account of deputies in Paris, ii. 64.
Account of king's arrival in Paris, ii. 88, 89.
On Flanders Regiment at Versailles, ii. 236, 240.
Précis Historique de la Révolution Française, ii. 647.
Proposition to Third Estate, i. 521.
- Saint-Étienne, Mme. R. de, courageous conduct, ii. 27.
- Saint-Gengoult, account of, ii. 593.
- Saint-Germain, Count de, i. 199.
- Saint-Huberty, Anne Antoinette, i. 544, 546.
- Saint-Huruge, Marquis de :
Brawling, ii. 261.
Desires king's presence in Paris, ii. 232.
Hostility to Mirabeau, ii. 538.
Member of Orleans party, i. 589.
Prompts threats of Palais Royal, ii. 236.
Sketch of, i. 377.
- Saint-Just, Louis Antoine de, i. 69.
Opposite opinions of, i. 11.
"Organt," i. 495, 498.
Sketch of, i. 497.
- St. Lambert, i. 375.
- Saint-Marceau, attack on Invalides, i. 631.
- Saint-Mauris, Prince de :
Action in Franche-Comté, ii. 15.
Fate of, ii. 530.
- St. Médard cemetery, closed, i. 28.
- Sainte-Menehould, patriotic town, ii. 585, 588.
- Saint-Méry, Moreau de, *see* Moreau de Saint-Méry.
- Saint-Philippe du Roule, company of Guards at Versailles, ii. 318.
- Saint-Prest, Brochet de, i. 178.
Dismissed by Turgot, i. 176.
- Saint-Priest :
Action during insurrection, ii. 284.
Advice to king, ii. 285.
Plan for meeting insurrection, ii. 276.
- Saint-Simon, reference to John Anthony, Marquis of Mirabeau, i. 436.
- Salle, Marquis de la, ii. 20.
Courageous action, i. 653.
- Santerre, Sieur :
Employs coke for roasting malt, i. 623, 632.
Entertains released prisoners, i. 657.

- Santerre, Sieur :
 Leads mob at Vincennes, ii. 539, 541.
 Scheme for taking Bastille, i. 632.
 Signs petition of Cordeliers, ii. 640.
 Wounded in siege of Bastille, i. 642.
- Sardou, Victorien :
 On Robespierre's house, ii. 643.
 Revolutionary costume plates, i. 140.
- Sauce :
 Action at Varennes, ii. 596.
 Requests king and queen to remain in his house, ii. 598.
- Saudry, Chevalier de, courageous action, i. 654.
- Saulx, Jean de, Viscount of Tavannes, prisoner in Bastille, i. 628.
- Sauvigny, Berthier de la, *see* Berthier.
- Saxe, Marshal, defeats English at Fontenoy and Lauffeld, i. 37.
- Say, Léon, account of Turgot, i. 168.
- Scherer, opinion of Robespierre, i. 479.
- Schneider, Euloge, ode on fall of Bastille, ii. 5.
- Séchelles, Hérault de, at siege of Bastille, i. 643.
- Séguir, Joseph Alexandre de (Viscount), sketch of, i. 369.
- Séguir, Louis Philippe de :
 Description of St. Petersburg on news of fall of Bastille, ii. 5.
 Interview with Marie Antoinette, ii. 38.
 Letter on behalf of Cagliostro, i. 202.
 Sketch of, i. 368.
- Senart, Louis XV.'s favorite hunting-ground, i. 356.
- Sergent-Marceau, memoirs of, ii. 23.
- Seventeen-Ninety compared with 1789, ii. 444.
- Sèvres artists, patronized by Mme. de Pompadour, i. 99.
- Shaftesbury, Frederick the Great's tribute to, i. 43.
- Sheridan, Mrs. Richard Brinsley, i. 377.
- Sieyès, Emmanuel Joseph, Abbé :
 Denies being a republican, ii. 631.
 Efforts to restrain Revolution, ii. 636.
 On Committee for Constitutional Government, ii. 24.
 President of Club of 1789, ii. 440.
 Proposal for Third Estate, i. 558, 567.
 Simile of Tiers État, i. 557.
 Sketch of, i. 486.
 State of dotage, i. 540.
- Signemont, De, directs operations against king at Varennes, ii. 603, 606.
- Sillery, Marquis of :
 Proposal to Assembly, ii. 42.
 Proposes compromise, i. 589.
 Sketch of, ii. 41.
- Smith, Professor, account of queen's appearance at Body-Guard banquet, ii. 247.
- Smith, Sydney, lacking simplicity of style, i. 48.
- "Social Contract," i. 3; *see* also under Rousseau, "Contrat Social."
- Soissons, disorders at, ii. 185.
- Solages, Count de, released from Bastille, i. 656.
- Solomon's Temple, legend of building, i. 23.
- Sombreuil, Governor of Invalides, i. 621.
- Sophie, Mme., daughter of Louis XV., i. 123.
 Leader of Anti-Dauphiness party, i. 125.
- Sorel, impartial writer on French Revolution, i. 11.
- Soubise, Prince de, i. 202.
- Soulavie, story in memoirs of reign of Louis XVI., i. 360.

- Soules, Commander of Bastille, life saved by Lafayette, ii. 71.
- Souligue, Sanquinire de, story of plot against life of Louis XVI., ii. 106.
- Staël, Mme. de, i. 375.
 Judgment of Calonne, i. 240.
 Judgment of Mirabeau's speech, ii. 228.
 Opinion of meeting of States-General, i. 417.
- Staël-Holstein, Baron de, marries Mlle. Necker, i. 232.
- Stanislas Leszczyńska:
 Beaten from Warsaw, i. 34.
 Death, i. 103.
- States-General:
 Clerical deputation to Third Estate, i. 515.
 Commission of conciliation, meeting, i. 523.
 Members, i. 521.
 Composition of, i. 289.
 Conference of three orders, i. 532, 535, 557, 558.
 Debate of clergy, i. 513.
 Debate of nobles, i. 513.
 Doing nothing, i. 520.
 Deputation from clergy to Third Estate, i. 552.
 Effect of opening, i. 509.
 Elections, i. 387, 389, 395.
 Forty-seven democratic nobles, i. 513.
 Growth into National Assembly, i. 539.
 Meeting in Salle des Menus, i. 419.
 Necker's proposal for verifying orders, i. 549.
 Noble and clerical orders join Third Estate, i. 590.
 Nobles join Third Estate, i. 588.
 Parade through Versailles, i. 414.
 Royal session, i. 582.
 King's speech, i. 583.
 Sieyès's proposal, i. 559.
- Third Estate:
 Address to king, i. 559.
 Assembles alone, i. 510.
- States-General—Third Estate:
 Deputation received by king, i. 551.
 Deputation to king, i. 533.
 Description of, i. 422.
 Fights for rights, i. 557.
 Message to clergy, i. 556.
 "National Assembly," proposed, i. 561.
 Organized as National Assembly, i. 563, 567.
 Supporters of, i. 518.
 Victory over other orders, ii. 79.
- Stephens, H. Morse:
 Account of Bastille, i. 657.
 Impartial writer on French Revolution, i. 11.
- Stern, Albert, author of life of Mirabeau, ii. 537, 550.
- Stone, John, of Tiverton, with besiegers of Bastille, sketch of, i. 637.
- Strasbourg, riot, ii. 162.
- Stuart, Mary, influence still lasting, i. 132.
- Suleau, Louis François, sketch of, i. 373.
- Sullivan, Mrs., preparations for king's flight, ii. 574.
- Sully:
 Joins arsenal to Bastille, i. 631.
 Throws himself into Bastille, i. 628.
 Tries to limit the rapacity of farmers-general, i. 317.
- Swift, satires of, i. 49.
- Sybel, Von, on Body-Guard banquet, ii. 243.
- "TABLEAUX DE LA RÉVOLUTION FRANÇAISE," ii. 136.
- Taille*, property tax, i. 306.
 Risings against, ii. 117.
Taille of Charles VII., i. 319.
- Taine:
 Criticism of French emigration, ii. 107.
 Criticism of Rousseau, i. 77.
 On nobility of France, i. 302.

- Taine :
 Opinion of "Nouvelle Héloïse," i. 75, 77.
 Opinion of Robespierre, i. 479 ; ii. 384.
 Prejudiced writer on French Revolution, i. 11.
 Study of Old Order, La Harpe's fiction, i. 5.
- Talleyrand - Périgord, Bishop of Autun :
 Interview with Count d'Artois, ii. 96.
 Joins Third Estate, i. 590.
 On Committee for Constitutional Government, ii. 24.
 On Mirabeau's death, ii. 553.
 Opinion of Lauzun's memoirs, i. 156.
 Opposes further issue of assignats, ii. 492.
 Plan for annexing Church property, ii. 362.
 Portrait of Duke of Orleans, ii. 49.
- Talleyrand :
 Presents draft for metric system, ii. 462.
 Supports Necker's scheme, ii. 220.
 Takes civil oath, ii. 460.
 Visits Mirabeau, ii. 549.
- Talleyrand and Mme. de Flahaut, i. 361.
- Talma, Julie, salon, i. 381.
- Tardivet du Repaire, G. F. :
 Fate of, ii. 347.
 In infirmary, ii. 314.
 On guard at Versailles, ii. 305.
- Target :
 Demand for record of proceedings of Commission of Conciliation, i. 522.
 Member of Permanent Committee, ii. 69.
 President of Third Estate, sketch of, i. 396.
- Tavernier, released from Bastille, i. 656.
- Tempest of July 13, 1788, i. 283.
- Tencin, Cardinal, i. 35.
- Tencin, Mme. de, D'Alembert's mother, i. 62.
 Espouses cause of Mme. de Pompadour, i. 96.
- Terray, scheme of monopoly in corn trade, i. 177, 178.
- Tessé, Countess de, ii. 251.
 Salon, i. 376.
- Têtu, Laurent, holds Bastille during "Battle of the Barricades," i. 627.
- Thackeray, satires of, i. 49.
- Thibaudeau, account of women marching to Versailles, ii. 266.
- Thiébault, General, on fall of Bastille, ii. 7.
- Thiers, prejudiced writer on French Revolution, i. 11.
- Third Estate, *see* under States-General.
- Thomassin, accused of defrauding people, ii. 119.
- Thou, Mme. de, first woman imprisoned in Bastille, i. 627.
- Thouret, President of Assembly, ii. 651.
 Project for regency law, ii. 546.
- Thuau-Grandville, editor of *Moniteur*, ii. 410.
- Thuriot de la Rosière, interview with De Launay, i. 635.
- Tilly, Alexandre de :
 On character of Marie Antoinette, i. 139.
 Sketch of, i. 374.
- Tocqueville, De :
 Judgment of patriots of 1789, ii. 183.
 On Mirabeau and the Revolution, ii. 503.
- Tolls, i. 307.
- Tour-du-Pin-Paulin, De la, Minister of War, ii. 197.
 Supports Saint-Priest's policy, ii. 276.
- Tour-Maubourg, Count de la, member of Permanent Committee, ii. 69.

- Tournay, Louis, lowers drawbridge of Bastille, i. 640.
- Tournehem, Lenormant de, educates Mlle. Poisson, i. 93.
- Tourneux's, Maurice, "Bibliography of History of Paris during the French Revolution," ii. 408.
- Tourzel, Mme. de :
 Accompanies dauphin in flight, ii. 575.
 Account of march to Paris, ii. 327, 328.
 Account of Marie Antoinette's conduct during insurrection, ii. 283.
 Account of night of October 5, ii. 309, 311.
 At Varennes, ii. 600.
 On fate of Miomandre de Sainte-Marie, ii. 347.
 On Mirabeau's death, ii. 551.
- Tracy, Count de, member of Permanent Committee, ii. 69.
- Tremblay, Du, surrenders Bastille, ii. 628.
- Tresse, Count de, requests king and queen to be present at Body-Guard banquet, ii. 251.
- Trianon :
 Arthur Young's account of queen's English garden, i. 357.
 Image evoked by name, i. 141.
 "Little Trianon," i. 142.
 "Little Trianon" given to Marie Antoinette, i. 143.
 Louis XV. at, i. 142.
- Tronchet :
 Commissioned to take king's declaration, ii. 628.
 Member of Committee on Constitution, ii. 199.
- Troy, siege of, Beaconsfield's paradox on, i. 1.
- Tuileries Palace :
 Court officials to be lodged in, ii. 341.
 Description of, ii. 337.
 Inhabitants, ii. 339.
- Turgot :
 Articles in "Encyclopædia," i. 169.
 Birth and character, i. 167.
 Controller-General, i. 174.
 Death and burial, i. 185.
 Dislike to Necker, i. 233
 Edict on corn the death-warrant of Old Order, i. 180.
 His enemies, i. 183.
 His fall, i. 185.
 His Friends, i. 168.
 Hostility to Marie Antoinette's extravagance, i. 145.
 Intendant of Limoges, i. 170.
 Literary enterprises, i. 172.
 Reforms in finance, i. 176, 183.
 Triumphs, i. 168.
 Venerated by economists, i. 9.
- Turkeim, General, life saved by Lafayette, ii. 71.
- Tussaud, Mme., i. 355.
- "Two friends of Liberty" :
 Account of fall of Bastille, ii. 11.
 Description of New Paris, ii. 212.
 Enthusiasm for renunciation, ii. 210.
 On Body-Guard banquet, i. 252.
- UZANNE, OCTAVE, account of De Boufflers, i. 367.
- VADIER, rages against concessions to king, ii. 634.
- Valory, De, king's courier :
 Accompanies king to Varennes, ii. 575.
 Arrives at Varennes, ii. 596.
 Varennes, description of, ii. 593.
 Varennes, flight to, ii. 568-607.
 Persons in the secret, ii. 576.
 "Valley of Frogs," ii. 594.
- Varigny, sentinel at Versailles, ii. 304.
- Vassan, Marie Geneviève de, Victor de Mirabeau marries, i. 447.
- Vaubernier, Gomard de, almoner of Louis XV., i. 119.

- Vaudreuil, Count de, emigrates with Count d'Artois, ii. 97.
- Vaux, Cadet de, brings news of flight of princes to Bailly, ii. 99.
- Vaux, Marshal de, leads troops into Dauphiné, i. 282.
- Venetian Ambassador:
 Account of the conversion of Church property, ii. 369.
 Despatches during Revolution, ii. 6.
 On annulment of parliaments, ii. 379.
 Picture of alarm in Paris at king's flight, ii. 609.
- Vergennes, Count de:
 Letter on behalf of Cagliostro, i. 202.
 Louis bewails his death, i. 238.
- Vergniaud, frequents Mme. Talma's salon, i. 381.
- Vermenoux, Mme. de, i. 231.
- Vermond, Abbé de, Marie Antoinette's adviser, i. 241.
 Influence over Marie Antoinette, i. 108.
- Vermorel, opinion of Robespierre, i. 479.
- Vernier, motion for adjournment, ii. 534, 535.
- Versailles:
 Arthur Young's account of, i. 358.
 Attempted flight of king and queen from, ii. 285.
 Corn riot at, i. 181.
 Description of life at, i. 312.
 Description of palace, ii. 301.
 Palace invaded by mob, ii. 303.
 Plans of Court party, ii. 25, 35.
 Troops round, i. 601, 602.
- Vertot, Abbé, "Révolutions Romaines," i. 610.
- Very, Abbé de, Turgot's friend, i. 174.
- Vesoul, address on disorders to Assembly from, ii. 168.
- Vicq-d'Azir, queen's physician, i. 379; ii. 551.
- Victoire, Mme., daughter of Louis XV., i. 123.
 Exile, i. 124.
 Leaves France, ii. 526.
 Shelters Body-Guard, ii. 314.
- Viel-Castel, Count de, illustrations of Revolution and Empire, i. 140.
- Vienna, treaty of, i. 34.
- Vienne, Archbishop of:
 Heads deputation to king, ii. 33.
 President of Assembly, i. 582, 590, 617.
- Vigée-Lebrun, Mme., picture of Mme. de Sabran, i. 365.
- Vigne, De la, deputy to De Launay, i. 644.
- Vignerot, Armand de, Duke d'Aguillon, i. 381.
- Villedenil, De:
 Flight, ii. 99.
 Resigns, ii. 78.
- Villequier, Duke de, emigrates, ii. 580.
- Villette, Marquis de, i. 382.
 Letter on dispute about Voltaire's remains, ii. 623.
- Villette, Mme. de, places crown on Voltaire's statue, ii. 627.
- Villette, Reteaux de, i. 195, 196.
 Arrested, i. 217.
 Receives diamond necklace, i. 214.
 Sentence on, i. 219.
- Villeurnoy, De la, scheme, ii. 397.
- Villiers, Pierre, account of Robespierre, ii. 435.
- Villon, François, ballades of, i. 129.
- Vincennes, mob attack prison, ii. 539.
- Virieu, De, proposes new oath, i. 616.
- Vizetelly, account of Cagliostro, i. 201.
- Vizille, Assembly held at, i. 283.
- Voisins, De, seized and killed, ii. 454.

- Volney, Constantin François de :
 On three powers in Paris, ii. 142.
 Speech against Malouet's proposal, i. 528.
- Voltaire :
 A sceptic, not an atheist, i. 102.
 Apotheosis of, ii. 626.
 Attacks Marat's book on "Man," i. 501.
 Champion of Calas, La Barre, Lally, Rochette, and Sirven, i. 55.
 Character, i. 54.
 Description of Marat, ii. 414.
 Exile and studies in England, i. 43.
 Falls in love with Mlle. du Noyer, i. 41.
 "Henriade," i. 42, 44.
 "History of Jenni," i. 51.
 Influence on Revolution, i. 66, 102.
 Intolerant of error, i. 52.
 "La Pucelle," i. 53.
 "Letters on the English" condemned to be burned, i. 40.
 Life at Ferney, i. 46.
 On Turgot's corn edict, i. 180.
 Opinion of De Boufflers, i. 366.
 Quarrel with Frederick the Great, i. 46.
 Quarrel with Rohan, i. 42.
 Revolution accomplished by, i. 5.
 Satires of, i. 49.
 Moral of, i. 52.
 Sent to Bastille, i. 42, 43.
 Style of writings, i. 47.
 Tale of farmer-general, i. 318.
 "The White Bull," i. 51.
 "Vision of Babouc," i. 51.
 Visits Paris, i. 269.
 "Zadig," i. 50.
- Von Holst, Mirabeau's biographer, ii. 553.
- Von Sybel :
 Impartial writer on French Revolution, i. 11.
 On death of Mirabeau, ii. 560.
- Vyré, De, Life of Marie Antoinette, ii. 39.
- WARENS, MME. DE :
 Description of, i. 72.
 Rousseau at Les Charmettes with, i. 74.
- Wartel, member of Third Estate, i. 423.
- Warville, Brissot de :
 Definition of patriot, i. 493.
 Denounces Moreau de Saint-Méry, ii. 17.
- Washington, George, i. 3.
 Policy of, i. 242.
- Weber :
 Account of Captain D'Agoust, i. 277.
 Account of march to Paris, ii. 327, 328.
 Confirms Mme. de Tourzel's account of night of October 5, ii. 312.
 On state of court at Versailles (July 14), ii. 36.
 Statement of gun pointed at queen, ii. 321.
- Weishaupt, Adam, head of Illuminati, i. 212.
- Whyte, James Francis Xavier, released from Bastille, i. 656.
- Women's insurrection, *see* under Paris, women's insurrection.
- YOUNG, ARTHUR :
 Account of :
 Castle War, ii. 159.
 Excitement in Paris, i. 592.
 Feudal system, i. 298.
 Marie Antoinette, i. 297.
 Riot at Strasburg, ii. 162.
 Description of :
 Meeting of National Assembly, i. 569.
 Peasant woman, i. 309.
 Rural France, i. 296.
 Hears of flight of princes at Colmar, ii. 102.
 Impressions of Paris, i. 341.
 In danger, ii. 163.
 Indictment of Old Order, i. 322.
 Judgment of *gabelle*, i. 322.
 Game Laws, i. 323.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>Young, Arthur :</p> <p>On absence of news in French provinces, ii. 165.</p> <p>On absenteeism, i. 314.</p> <p>On condition of peasantry in Bretagne, i. 326.</p> <p>On National Circus, Palais Royal, i. 355.</p> <p>On state of France, ii. 161.</p> <p>Opinion of streets of Paris, i. 346, 348.</p> | <p>Young, Arthur :</p> <p>Praises Marie Antoinette, i. 132, 139.</p> <p>Sketch of condition of France, i. 320.</p> <p>Sketch of Duke of Liancourt, i. 297.</p> <p>Travels in France, accurate picture of France, i. 294.</p> <p>Visit to Burke, i. 295.</p> |
|---|---|

Erratum

Vol. i. p. 273, line 32, *for* grandson *read* great-grandson.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME

